Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd).

"I am confident you won't do that. My hand is not a weak one. Such a course would render public the fact that the Earl of Wolverholme sold his country for a bride, and the Earl, in a short time, will be your daughter's father-in-law. I am not to be bluffed, Mr. Josephs."

"Neither am I, sir. I absolutely refuse to be blackmailed. You seem to imagine that the twenty-five thousand pounds was obtained from me by threats. You had something to barter, I valued it at the price and bought it from you. That's all. What is your position if I refuse to give you money? You can do two things. You can publish to the world the Earl's infamy, or you can keep silence. The former will do you no good. In fact it will give you a couple of years' hard labor. That is not in your line, Mr. Ackroyd. If I am any judge, you will hold your tongue."

"You are quite right, from your point of view. But you forget one thing. I have had a taste of wealth, and I like it; unless I get money I shall be made a bankrupt. I have no intention of going back to my former poverty; I would rather kill myself, but before doing so I should publish my story to the world," Ackroyd said earnestly.

"You have omitted one thing. You handed the proofs over to me, and I do not think your reputation is sufficiently high that your bare word would be accepted as irrefutable evidence," Joel said with a sardonic smile.

"Perhaps not, but for once in your life you were not so careful as you might have been. I'm no fool, Mr. Josephs, and I decided to retain evidence in my own hands."

"You blackguard!" Joel said cuttingly. "But I don't believe you. More bluff."

"Not at all, for I have photographs of the letters. You can see them if you like."

Ackroyd held forward the prints and Joel glanced at them. Then he was silent and appeared to be thinking deeply.

"That does not help you much," he said at last. "I am convinced that a respect for your own skin will keep you quiet. No, it's of no use. I've made up my mind, not another penny."

"Think again, sir," Ackroyd said impressively. "You are naturally proud of this marriage; it is a good one for your daughter to make, much better than you could reasonably expect."

Ackroyd broke off and in a flash he saw the use that had been made of the letters.

"You are a fine fellow to call me names," he said triumphantly. "Now I see why you wanted the letters. It was not to protect the Earl's name, not for a moment. It was to do a bit of blackmailing on your own account, but money was not your object. I suppose you could not get the husband you wanted by legitimate means, so you descend to chantage. There is not much to choose between us. I think you will prefer to pay, and, Mr. Joesphs, I am not going to ask you for a large sum again."

Joel was annoyed that his act had been discovered, but his fighting instinct was aroused. Ackroyd had made a false move if he desired the money, for he had touched the Jew on his tender spot, pride in his daughter.

"Again you make a mistake," Joel said coldly. "You really are not fitted for this kind of game. The facts you maintain do not strengthen your hand; you can do nothing."

"I can stop this marriage," the other cried angrily, for he began to think that his errand was likely to be a fruitless one, but he did not yet completely despair of success.

"My same argument applies; the fear of imprisonment will prevent you."

"Yes, but there is such a thing as revenge. I suppose your daughter does not know of this little transaction?"

Joel flushed hotly at the insult.

"Of course she does not," Ackroyd continued. "I will do you that justice. Come now, be reasonable. Give me five thousand pounds; it will enable me to tide over my difficulties, and the sum is nothing to you. You shall come with me to destroy the negatives, they are in the safe at my chambers."

"How am I to know that you haven't a dozen prints? No, this must be put an end to. I am not going to be worried by you. Good afternoon, sir," Joel said firmly, and rose from his chair.

He moved towards the door, but Ackroyd retained his seat. He would not give in without another effort.

"I haven't finished yet. I will see Lord Harecastle, perhaps he will be more generous," he said reflectively.

"You won't do that, for he will naturally refer to me. If you do that you will force me to violent measures. I am not a patient man, Ackroyd."

"I must have this five thousand pounds. I appeal to you, but at the same time I swear that I will have my revenge if you do not give it me," he cried desperately.

Just for the moment Joel wavered, but it was only for the moment, for his obstinacy reasserted itself, and he closed his lips determinedly.

"Remember what I have done for you. Cwn that if I asked you for fifty thousand pounds you would have given it, if I had stuck out for it."

"Yes, probably I should, but that does not affect the position. I think you've said everything you came to say?" Joel said quietly.

Ackroyd still kept his seat. His brain was busy trying to devise something that would move this man of iron. He realized that he had pursued the wrong tactics in, for a moment, trying to browbeat him, for he was not one to give way to force. He again thought of what this money meant to him, and he would not leave without making another effort.

"Forget all I have said, Mr. Josephs," he began pleadingly. "Will you lend me five thousand pounds? In a few weeks I shall be able to repay you."

Joel laughed harshly.

"I never lend money unless I see a return for doing so. I sometimes give it away, but I usually get a quid pro quo. You rather amuse me, Mr. Ackroyd. You are not strong enough to play the villain, you had better try an easier role."

"You are forcing me to do what you will repent. You seem to think that I am going to accept the position and to tamely sing back into poverty. These photographs are worth a good deal to somebody, and some one will have to pay."

"Weaker and weaker, Ackroyd. Now, if you had come to me with a bold front, and convinced me that you meant business I might have parted. But you see I have built up my fortune by my judgment of men, and in a very few minutes I knew that you were all wind. You've got yourself into a pretty mess, and you won't get any help from me. That's final."

Still Ackroyd would not budge. His brain was working at high pressure, but he could not determine upon his next move. There seemed to be nothing left but an ignominious retreat, and this was but little to his liking. He could imagine himself in the Bankruptcy Court and going through his public examination.

"I shall be made a bankrupt," he began eagerly, "and they will ask me some awkward questions. I shall have to state where I got this money from. My banking account will show two of your cheques, each for twenty-five thousand pounds, and one of them payable to the Earl of Wolverholme. What shall I say when I am asked what they are for?"

"That is your affair. You might tell them that it's hush money. It would be the truth, if that's no objection," Joel said jeeringly.

"Won't you change your mind? It will remove all these complications. It's sheer obstinacy on your part."

"Call it what you like. It's immaterial to me," Joel said cheerfully.

"Very well, Mr. Josephs," Ackroyd said, and at last rose from his chair. "I will give you twenty-four hours before making any move. You will find me at my chambers until this time to-morrow. You are wrong to think I am bluffing. At any rate I will have revenge," he wound up vindictively.

"Just as you please," Joel answered easily. His plan was to make Ackroyd think that he was firm in his decision, and he succeeded in doing so.

Joel accompanied him to the door and watched him get into his car.

"A fine 'turn out,' Mr. Ackroyd," he said pleasantly. "Fit for a millionaire. How much do you want for it?"

Ackroyd recognized that the Jew was jeering at him, and his face flushed with anger.

"I am afraid it's too quiet. The colors aren't gaudy enough for men of your race," he answered quickly, but his shot missed the mark, for Joel merely smiled.

Ackroyd gave an order to his chauffeur and they swiftly raced down the drive. Joel watched them disappear and returned to his library well content with the way he had handled his visitor. He felt sure that he had heard the last of him. Just for a moment he wished that he had given him the money, for he knew that if by any chance Ackroyd did carry out his threat the effects would be awkward in the extreme. But he dismissed the idea as absurd.

Once out of sight of the house, Ackroyd gave full vent to his disappointment. In his heart he had never dreamt that he would not succeed in getting the money. His position was dismal in the extreme, and in vain he tried to think of a solution of his difficulties. He knew that it was useless trying the Bank, for no one would lend much on the speculative copper shares that he held.

He pulled up at the first hotel and ordered a stiff brandy and soda for he was feeling the effects of the strain. Just as he was re-starting a large car appeared behind them, and kept them in sight during the run up to London. Even when they reached the outskirts the car still followed. Ackroyd in vain tried to get a glance at its occupant, but the body was closed, and he was unable to do so.

He began to grow nervous. Could Joel be coming after him, and if so, what was his object? He tried an experiment, and just past Croydon he left the main road, but the car took the same turning and he felt convinced that he was being followed. Was it possible that Joel really feared his threats and had been bluffing? A horrible fear seized him that the Jew might be about to take criminal proceedings against him, but he quickly dismissed it.

The pursuing car kept closely in touch with them. Once Ackroyd pulled up and the other did the same.

"If they want me they can come to my chambers," Ackroyd said desperately to himself, and he told his chauffeur to drive straight home. When he reached his chambers he saw the car dash round the corner. He did not wait to see who it was, but at once entered.

He stood expectantly in his room, and in a few minutes his servant entered.

"Miss Josephs to see you," he announced, and Ackroyd was dumbfounded.

"Ask her to come in," he said quietly.

(To be continued.)

Heard Her Death Sentence.

To obtain temporary relief when suffering is a great boon, but to be permanently cured and restored to health after being assured that one has not a year to live, is an experience that cannot fail to bring joy to any heart. Yet this is what Mrs. A. E. Ternan, of Norwich, Ont., says PSYCHINE accomplished in her case. She says: "It is ten years since I took PSYCHINE, and I have not taken ten dollars' worth of medicine since. I should not have lived out the year had it not been for PSYCHINE. I am now in excellent health." Can any testimony be stronger than this? If you are feeling worn out and run down try PSYCHINE. The greatest of tonics, PSYCHINE, restores the throat, lungs, heart, stomach, digestive and blood-making organs to perform their proper functions. The only specific known that will cure chronic weakness, catarrh and decline. Sold at all druggists and stores. 50c and $1. Send for a free sample to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Spadina Ave., Toronto.

HISTORY OF CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

Everyone who is interested in the history of Canada will welcome a new book, "A History of Canadian Journalism," which has just been issued. The volume, which furnishes in permanent form the first comprehensive history of the press in Canada, covers a great deal of ground not dealt with in any other extant publication. The reader, as he peruses its pages, is constantly surprised to find in it hitherto unpublished sidelights on the careers of our public men, as well as full and first hand information regarding our great journalists and our great newspapers. Altogether, it is one of the most valuable historical works which has appeared in Canada.

Not only is the matter fresh and interesting and important, but the style throughout is quite equal to the best. This will be better appreciated when it is stated that the contributors include Goldwin Smith, Dr. A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario; John Reade, F.R.S.C., Montreal Gazette; Arthur Wallis, Toronto Mail and Empire; J. E. B. McCready, Charlottetown Guardian; J. P. Robertson, Winnipeg; Robert Sellar, Huntingdon Gleaner; J. K. McInnes, Regina Leader; J. W. Bengough, Toronto, and R. E. Gosnell, Vancouver.

One portion of the book presents an exceedingly interesting history of the Canadian Press Association, in honor of whose 50th birthday the book was first projected, with other sections devoted to the press in each of the Provinces.

The book includes 268 pages with over 40 half-tone portraits of prominent journalists. Typographically the book is very pleasing with its large type, heavy paper with rough edges and gilt top, and its handsome cloth binding. Orders may be sent in care of John R. Bone, Secretary Canadian Press Association, Daily Star, Toronto. The price is $2.00 a copy, postage 15 cents extra.

About the Farm

THE VALUE OF HUMUS.

The effects of humus on soils are both physical and chemical. Its physical effects are due in part to its remarkably porous structure which not only lightens the texture of soils, but also increases the absortive powers of soils for water and the plant food dissolved in it. Compounds formed between humus and lime, iron and some other elements have strong cementing properties and hence improve the crumb structure of soils, rendering them more friable. The chemical effects on the soil are in fact those due to the slow decay of the humus and the liberation of the nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium of the original vegetable matter from which it came.

The nitrogen is especially important, and Hilgard says: "Soil humus is doubtless the chief depository of soil nitrogen and the main source from which, through process of nitrification, the nitrogen supply to plants is usually derived."

The total nitrogen in the soils of the college farm was nearly proportional to the humus and averaged one part of nitrogen to 14.8 parts humus in the clay loam and 1 to 12.8 in the clay.

There is also considerable evidence that humus can unite with some of the compounds used in fertilizing our soils. It has been shown that ammonia salts will combine with humus, the ammonia of the salts replacing lime in the humates.

Similar results have been obtained in the laboratory when potash salts were used instead of ammonia salts. The potash disappeared from solution when humus was added and lime was found instead, showing that the potash must have combined.

It is stated also that humus absorbs monocalcium phosphates, or what is commonly called superphosphate of lime.

It was also noted in our work that nitrates did not seem to leach away in the presence of humus. On three plots used for a top dressing experiment, fertilizers has been applied as follows:

a 300 pounds per acre of complete chemical fertilizer, including nitrate of soda.

b No manure or fertilizer.

c 300 pounds per acre of nitrate of soda.

The humus and total nitrogen percentages were:

a Humus 2.56	Nitrogen 0.18
b Humus 2.57	Nitrogen 0.16
c Humus 2.51	Nitrogen 0.20

Experience is needed to determine whether humus combines with nitrates as well as with ammonia-salts. However, it is more likely to be the fact that by reduction nitrates are changed to ammonia and held by the humus, as in the addition of ammonia salts.

The compounds of humus with the soluble superphosphate of lime, ammonia and potash must undergo decomposition similar to those by which the original fertility elements of the humus are made available in the soil. Thus in the presence of humus not only are there plant elements from decaying vegetable matter, but also added fertility elements may be held in a similar condition of availability.

Without the humus, phosphates and potash salts must at length change to the insoluble compounds of those elements naturally present in the soil minerals, while nitrates are leached from the soil by the drainage water.

When these different effects of humus are considered, it can be readily seen how important it is to soils and why sandy loams are regarded as poor soils.

There is a difference of 75 per cent. between the sandy loam and the clay loam in the humus, which calculated on a basis of 3,000,000 pounds of soil per acre foot, in eight inches would mean 15,000 pounds of humus, or 7.5 tons, requiring over 28 tons of stable manure to make it good. The manure is calculated on the basis of it containing 29 per cent. of organic matter, not all of which would be humus and consequently a pound of organic matter in manure would not be equivalent to a pound of humus in the soil.

Such a difference in humus means also a difference in the moisture, nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash associated with it, which, as has been shown, are in the most purely available forms for plants to use.

Since sandy soils are especially favorable to the destruction of humus, these available forms of plant food change to less soluble forms, or leach away, as the humus decomposes, unless taken up by the crop then on the land. Large dressings of manure, therefore, have not the lasting effect that is noted on heavier soils and the same is true of chemical fertilizers. Frequent rotations of crops are especially beneficial on these soils, since there is thus added many hundred pounds per acre of vegetable matter in the form of roots and stubble, by the decay of which humus is formed and the texture of the soil and also the chemical composition improved.—N. H. Bulletin.

MARRY, AND GET LAND.

English Village of Foulton Scene of Remarkable Experiment.

The outcome of a remarkable experiment in the letting of small holdings, with the condition attached that all applicants must marry, has become known at the village of Moulton, South Lincolnshire, England.

All the small holdings in question consist of crown lands, which have been leased by the Moulton Parish Council, and there has just been married at Moulton Parish church the last of the young bachelors who accepted holdings on these conditions. The clause in the agreement which was signed by each tenant ran: "The tenant to reside on his holding as soon as the house is erected and ready for occupation, and, if a single man, to satisfy the Parish Council of his intention within a reasonable time to marry and settle on the land."

The phrase "within a reasonable time" has been held by the Parish Council to cover twelve months, but in no case has so long a period elapsed between the entry of the tenant and his marriage, marriages being generally brought about within the first six months of occupancy.

Within the past ten years marriages have taken place on the lands which Earl Carrington has let for small holdings in South Lincolnshire, new houses being erected in all cases. Evidently the authorities to whom Lord Carrington has let these lands recognize the value to a small holder of a practical housewife.

In the case of the last marriage one of the wedding presents was a cow.

THE FLAG OF ENGLAND.

Unfurl the flag of England,
And fling it to the breeze;
Beloved by British hearts at home,
And those beyond the seas;
The symbol, as in ages gone,
Of reverence for the right,
That leads men ever on and on
Through liberty to light.

Its folds to all of friendship speak,
Of enmity to none;
Protection for the wronged and weak
Wherever shines the sun;
And when the Union Jack is seen
Rippling o'er wave and wind,
Men hail it, for its tidings mean
Peace unto all mankind.

God guard the Flag of England,
The Empire, and the Throne,
And sister nations far away
In every sea and zone!
And when at freshening dawn it flies
Anew beneath the sky,
Vow we once more, should need arise,
To strike for it, and die.

V. HOLT.

NO SAILOR.

Two ladies who had just lately been introduced to each other became very friendly. The husband of one of the ladies had been captain of a ship for a good number of years, while the better-half of the other had just been promoted to that office.

"And so I hear," cooed the former lady, "that your husband is a sailor, too, Mrs. Brown?"

Mrs. B. drew herself up indignantly, and looked unutterable things of scorn.

"Indeed, no; he's no sailor! He's a captain of a ship!"

The youth who is unwilling to toe the mark usually remains at the foot.

Angelina—"Oh, dear! the diamond in my engagement ring has got a flaw in it." Edwin—"Take no notice, darling; love should be blind, you know." Angelina—"Yes; but it hasn't got to be stone blind."

"I was sorry to hear, Brown, that you have failed in business." "Yes; I struggled hard, but I lost everything save my honor, thank goodness, and the property I was wise enough to settle on my wife when I found myself getting into trouble."

"You say the victim was shot in the head?" queried the coroner. "Yes, sir," replied the witness. "Previous to the shooting, had there been any trouble or threats that would have led the victim to expect the shot?" "No, sir; I don't think such a thing ever entered his head before."

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" asked a Scottish minister of a farmer on meeting him a day or two later. "I was at Mr. McClellan's kirk," said the other. "I don't like this running about to strange kirks," continued the minister. "Not that I object to your hearing Mr. McClelland, but I'm sure you would not like your sheep straying into strange pastures." "I widna care a grain, sir, if it was better grass!" responded the farmer.

SAW SNOW IN THE MAKING

RIDING ABOVE THE CLOUDS IN A BALLOON.

Lee Stevens Tells of Wonderful Experience—Snow With Rainbow Colors.

Said Lee Stevens, the well-known aeronaut, recently:—

"Ballooning is wonderfully spectacular. Last summer over Pittsfield, Mass., I saw snow in the making. It was beautiful. We were at an altitude of one and a quarter miles.

"First the snow resembled a great shower of granulated sugar. The sun shining through it gave it all the rainbow colors, so that it looked like a great shower of confetti. Then the reflection of the sun's rays played queer freaks. At times the shower appeared to go up instead of down, sweeping by us as though whirled up from the earth by some enormous blast. Down below us when the light cleared we could see the specks spread out into big, beautiful flakes."

DESCRIBES AN ASCENSION.

Stevens' face lighted up with an aeronaut's enthusiasm. "I love to live in the air!" he exclaimed. "Once the launching ropes are off I am happy." And, leaning back in his chair, he gave me a picture of an ascension I shall never forget.

"You are floating softly upward into a great blue ocean of air, fresh, sweet, exhilarating. Swiftly the earth sinks away beneath you, bowling up around the horizon line till it seems like the mouth of an enormous crater. The noisy shouts of 'bon voyage!' die away in a faint wavering strain, and soon you are in the midst of original silence. Not a sound is heard save the quick ticking of the barograph.

CHANGES INTO MAP.

"The earth changes into a great strange map. Tall buildings look like pepper boxes and then are lost in the general squatness. Cities and villages become mere diffused outlines of ground plots. Fences change into tiny, evanescent lines; roads look like pale yellow ribbons and rivers like silver cracks in the earth's surface.

"Over there is a thin white streak of smoke weaving its length over the green vista. A train is rushing along. Suddenly it is gone, swallowed up, it would seem, in that strange looking earth. But no. It has merely plunged into a tunnel beneath a towering mountain, the very presence of which is lost to the balloonist's eye.

"Now you pass above the clouds and into a dazzling sunlight. The white billows beneath, with the shadow of the car upon them, look like a great trackless field of snow. So realistic is the scene it seems as if you could put on snowshoes and walk away.

ON NEW PLANET.

"You are on a new planet now, roused with a wonderful exhilaration. Beautiful rainbow effects create a veritable fairyland all about you. Suddenly a faint, weird music of sweetest cadence strikes the ear and is gone as swiftly as it came. That is some great jarring noise from the earth or the heterogeneous roar of a big city merged into measured vibrations of harmony and wafted up to your new world by some uprising current of air."

"I purchased a bottle of *Scott's Emulsion* and immediately commenced to improve. In all, I think I took 14 bottles, and my weight increased from 133 pounds to 184 pounds in less than six months. I know from personal results the efficacy of *Scott's Emulsion*."—FRED. R. STRONGMAN, 417 Bathurst St., London, Ont.

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Strongman's letter. He had a trying experience, had got run down

Scott's Emulsion

built him up, as it has thousands of others.

The strengthening and flesh-producing properties of SCOTT'S EMULSION, are unequalled by any other preparation, and it's just as good for the thin, delicate child as for the adult. Be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's been the standard of the world for 35 years, and is worth many times the cost of the numerous imitations and substitutes.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a full copy of Mr. Strongman's letter and some other literature on the subject. Just mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto