Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XVI.

What Ackroyd had thought to be a secretary's room which led from the library at Leighton Manor, was in reality a boudoir belonging to Rebekah. She was there writing letters when Ackroyd had been shown into the library. When her father entered she had risen to close the communicating door, but what she heard held her spellbound. Little did the ethics of eavesdropping trouble her, for she was listening to news that burnt into her heart. She could not credit her senses as the base plot was unfolded.

All her doubts were dispelled. Harecastle did not love her, but was being forced by her father to lead her to the altar. She shuddered with loathing of the position in which she had been placed, and the respect in which she had held her father was torn from her in shreds. Not a complaint of Harecastle, for she realized to the full the terrible alternative that had been before him. Her love for him welled to her heart. Yes, it was of him she thought, for she loved him devotedly.

The marriage could not take place, of that she was determined, but how to prevent it she knew not, for she was beginning to understand her father's unbending nature when he had once made up his mind.

She was utterly confused and her mind was in a whirl. The loss of the man she loved overpowered her, but she endeavored to turn her mind to the peril of his position. Should this man carry out his threat, an avalanche of pain and suffering would envelop Harecastle. He had consented to marry her only to save his father, and she would make every endeavor to accomplish the object of his sacrifice.

She listened to the words that were passing and was appalled that her father could be so base. Did he imagine that he was forwarding her happiness. Did he think that she would accept a husband upon such terms? She had difficulty in suppressing a sob of grief at the thought that she could be the daughter of such a man.

But al else was driven from her mind but the danger which was threatening Lord Harecastle. She was not experienced in the ways of men, and feared that Ackroyd would carry out his threat. Could she do anything to ward off the disgrace from the man she loved? Why did not her father give the man the money he asked, and have done with it?

A desire seized her to break in on them and offer to pay it herself, but she knew that her father would not permit her to interfere; besides she was loth that he should know that she had discovered his wicked act, for she was not able to throw off years of love and affection at a moment. She knew that he could have but one object, and that was to obtain for her the man she loved, but how he must have misunderstood her nature to think that she could have accepted such a bargain. The more she thought, the more her pity for Harecastle increased. She would love him all her life, for she could never change; she would be his dear friend if he would accept her friendship.

She was astonished as she heard her father's repeated refusals to give Ackroyd the money for which he asked. To her it seemed such a small thing compared with the vital interests that were at stake.

But what could she do? She quickly made up her mind and only waited to hear the termination of the interview, for perchance her father might weaken and so render action upon her part unnecessary.

She heard Ackroyd's parting threat when he stated that he would wait twenty-four hours before taking action. Then she moved to the door of her room which led to the hall. She watched them out of sight and then rushed to her bedroom where she put on her motoring costume.

Her determination was to follow Ackroyd to London and endeavor to obtain the papers from him. She proceeded to the garage, which was close to the house, and was fortunate enough to find a car ready.

Ackroyd had but a few minutes' lead, and there would be little difficulty in overtaking him.

She gave the chauffeur instructions to that effect and they started on their journey. She had decided not to speak to Ackroyd en route, but to follow him to his destination. She had remembered to bring her cheque-book with her, and she was thankful for the first time that her father was more than generous in money matters where she was concerned. For the first time too, she really understood the value of the money she possessed, for would it not be an instrument to purchase security for the man she worshipped?

Curiously enough she was not nervous of the coming interview. Some dormant fighting spirit seemed to have been roused into action. In fact, she was only too glad to have something to do that would distract her mind from the benumbing sense of her loss that was stealing over her.

At last they reached London, and followed Ackroyd to his chambers. There was no mistaking the astonishment depicted on his face when she entered his room, but as he thought quickly the astonishment changed to hope, for her presence could have but one meaning.

"Miss Josephs?" he said interrogatively.

"Yes. I overheard the interview between yourself and my father," she commenced breathlessly.

"Please take a seat," he rejoined politely, "I am sorry that you have had this journey. I suppose it was your car that was following mine."

"Yes. There was no other way. I want those photographs, Mr. Ackroyd," she said appealingly.

"I do not think that this is a business in which a lady should concern herself," he began persuasively.

"It's black enough, if that's your meaning," she ejaculated scornfully.

Ackroyd shrugged his shoulders, but he looked ashamed of himself, for this girl's presence was bringing his conduct home to him in its true light. But he was not in a position to be generous, for his first instinct had been to hand over the photographs, without demanding payment for them; but it was merely a passing whim that vanished immediately.

"You must tell your father, I will then deal with him," Ackroyd said firmly.

He had no intention that she should do this, but he was doubtful whether she herself would have sufficient money, and he desired to ascertain if this were so. His remark had the desired effect.

"There is no necessity for that; I will give you the money," she said firmly.

She eyed him anxiously, for he did not seem to be inclined to assent to this course.

"There can be no difficulty, surely?" she continued eagerly; "I heard the whole of your conversation. You badly want the money. Take it and give me the photographs."

"Have you the money with you?" he asked casually.

"No, but I have my chequebook," she replied earnestly.

"You keep a large balance at your bank, you are a lucky woman, Miss Josephs," he remarked pleasantly. "But I am afraid I could not accept your cheque even if I were to do as you ask."

"Surely there can be no question. An hour ago you were only too anxious to get this money. What is the reason of the change?"

"You remember how your father treated me. Do you expect me to show you generosity in return?" he said caustically.

By some perversity in his nature he was beginning to enjoy the situation. All scruples had vanished, and he was only too glad to jump at this chance of saving himself. He looked admiringly at his victim and determined to prolong the interview and play with her as Joel had played with nim.

His answer, coupled with his manner, caused her to fear that for some unknown reason he had altered his mind.

"If the money is not enough, I could give you more," she cried desperately.

His eyes gleamed covetously, but he suppressed any sign of delight. Suddenly his better nature asserted itself, for the man was a man of inconsistency.

"No. I asked for five thousand pounds, and I will stick to it," he said at last. He felt quite virtuous at his decision, for he saw that he could bleed this girl of every penny that she had available.

"I cannot accept your cheque, but if you will bring the money here in tht morning I will give you the photographs in exchange for it," he said with a smile that was intended to be ingratiating.

"I will do that, but there are the negatives?" he stated, for she remembered what her father had said at the interview.

"Quite right, Miss Josephs. They are here."

He went to the safe and took out the plates.

"See, I will destroy them now," he cried, and he took out his knife and began to scrape off the film.

"I am trusting you, Miss Josephs."

"Is that the only copy that exists?" she asked suddenly.

"It is," he replied swiftly.

"Will you give me your word of honor that another print has not been taken?"

"Yes, Miss Josephs. I will swear it if you like," he said quietly.

She looked at him steadily, but his eyes did not fall before her gaze.

"I trust you. I believe you are not so bad as your actions would make you appear. You must have been driven to this."

"By poverty. I don't really understand myself, but I promise you that this shall be my last criminal offence. Hereafter I will live a sober, virtuous and upright life."

He spoke jocosely, but beneath his levity she thought she could detect a certain earnestness. She was quite right, for Ackroyd had come to the conclusion that he had had sufficient of wrongdoing.

She made an appointment to be at Ackroyd's chambers at twelve o'clock on the following morning, and she took her leave with a relieved mind. At any rate Lord Harecastle would now be saved from an exposure of his father's infamy. She at once motored back to Leighton Manor, and hoped that her prolonged absence would not have been remarked upon.

She escaped to her room, for she did not feel equal to meeting her father, until she had had time to think out her future conduct.

Long into the night she communed with herself. There remained but a week till the wedding day, and soon the guests would be arriving. A rupture at so late a moment would naturally cause a great scandal, and she realized that she would have to bear the fierce blast of her father's anger when she announced her decision to him.

There was no other course open to her, for marry Harecastle she would not. She saw only too clearly that his sentiments towards her were purely those of a friend. She placed herself and her feelings entirely in the background. She had determined upon self-sacrifice, however bitter it might be.

How would her father receive the news? She dreaded his anger, for she had never given Joel cause to visit it upon her. She knew that he loved her, but was his nature such a one that could sink its own desire and look only to the ultimate happiness of the one she loved?

She feared not, for she knew his obstinacy only too well, and she had never known him so desirous of anything as he was of this marriage.

But her great difficulty was to devise a reason that she could give him for the breaking off of the marriage. She feared to tell him the truth, and she did not wish to tell him a lie.

She thought she would say that she had mistaken her feelings and that she did not really love Lord Harecastle. But he would not believe her, for he had seen her too evident rejoicing in her happiness. Her object was to save Lord Harecastle as much as possible from her father's wrath, and to do this she must be prepared to take the whole of the blame on her shoulders.

Her eyes alighted on the packages in her room, and she sighed deeply, for they were wedding presents. She idly opened one and read tht name of Ethel Fetherston. She remembered her invitation for the morrow and she determined to postpone it.

Then a horrible thought struck her. What if the rumor of Lord Harecastle's engagement to Ethel Fetherston had been true? She blushed for shame to think that she might have come between them. But she remembered Ethel's candour to her at their recent meeting, and surely she would not have accepted her invitation if this had been true.

At last she fell into a troubled sleep, and it was a ghost of her real self that faced her when she rose in the morning.

She had breakfast in her room, and leaving a message for her aunt she left at an early hour for London. Her first visit was to the Bank, where she drew in notes the five thousand pounds. Then she hastened to Ackroyd's chambers, but found that she was too early for the appointment. However, she entered his chambers and determined to await him.

(To be continued.)

"My youngest boy, 3 years old, was sick with fever last June, and when he got better the doctor prescribed *Scott's Emulsion*, and he liked it so well that he drank it out of the bottle, and is now just as plump and strong as any child of his age anywhere . . . two bottles fixed him OK."—MR. JOHN F. TEDDER, Box 263, Teague-Freestone Co., Texas.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is the greatest help for babies and young children there is. It just fits their need; it just suits their delicate, sensitive natures; they thrive on it. Just a little does them so much good and saves you so much worry. You owe it to them and yourself to make them as strong and healthy as possible. SCOTT'S EMULSION will help you better than anything else; but be sure to get SCOTT'S. It's the best, and there are so many worthless imitations.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Mr. Tedder has just written us another letter about his brother-in-law's children. Let us send you his letters and other information on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

SHUT THE OPEN WINDOW

VIEWS OF A LEARNED AND WISE LONDON DOCTOR.

Cold From Sleeping in Frigid Bedrooms—Too Great Change From Hot Room.

"What is your opinion of cold-catching, doctor?" said I, reflecting that every other person in town and country seems afflicted with some species of cold, particularly throat complaints, writes Marcus Woodward in the London Express, and the wise and learned doctor in whom I trust made me this answer:—

"Extremes of temperature, in my opinion, are chiefly responsible for the prevalence of all manners of colds and bad throats to-day. Children are very heavy sufferers; sudden changes of temperature powerfully affect their throats, and we find respiratory diseases rampant; they form 80 per cent. of children's ailments.

COLD BEDROOMS.

"No one more ardently believes in the value of fresh air than myself. The crusade against foul air, especially in bedrooms at night, has had marked effects for good. The doctrine of the open window at night has been very largely accepted by the public; one hears it preached everywhere."

"Your next word," said I, "is 'but.'"

"But," said the doctor, "a very grave peril sits on the open window-top. The open window is a good idea badly applied. Fresh air we must have at night, but few of us are strong enough to stand the cold, raw, night air of winter. The open window is slaying its tens of thousands."

"And so," I said, "you would smash one of the most cherished of all our progressive ideas. You will say we are insane to sleep in gales of wind, and to allow the snow, if it will, to drift to a depth of a yard on the bedroom carpet. I believe you will even attack our joyous cold baths in the morning."

AS TO COLD BATHS.

"It is not natural," he said, "for a land animal to take a cold bath in the winter. My horse will run to water in the summer; in the winter he rolls to clean himself. A rub with a tepid, damp sponge or towel really cleans the human body sufficiently in cold weather. The cold bath is a dangerous fetish.

"I feel convinced that the most important factor in the cause of most throat illnesses is the matter of temperature, especially night temperature. If we could insure that the temperature of all bedrooms never fell below 60 degrees at night, we could diminish all epidemic forms of throat troubles by half.

"Almost all illnesses begin at night, when the nervous system is asleep, the circulation quiet, and all tissues are at rest. Then the harmful germs steal a march and begin their havoc.

BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.

"This is how throat illnesses and allied troubles begin. The temperature of our bodies in health is 98.4 degrees. In summer the air day temperature may be 90 degrees, falling suddenly at night in bedrooms with the window open to 50 degrees. The difference of the body temperature and the day temperature is about 8 degrees, which relaxes us considerably. But the difference of body and night temperature in our bedrooms is nearly 50 degrees. And the bronchial tubes, when in a weak state, are not able to stand a difference of about 50 degrees, especially when it comes during sleep. In winter our workrooms may stand at 80 degrees, and our bedrooms at 40 degrees.

"Nature steps in and endeavors to warm this night air and impede the current as much as possible by providing a larger heating surface at the back of the mouth and nose in the form of enlarged tonsils and adenoids.

HEAT GIVEN OFF.

"Well, a child falls asleep with the window open. Some 50 degrees of heat must be taken with each inspiration from the tonsillar region for air-warming purposes — 15 times in the minute, 900 times in the hour, 7,200 times during the eight hours' sleep. When not in perfect health, this is too great a strain, the vitality is lowered, the throat gives way, and ulceration or congestion follows.

"As there is no scientific system applied to bedrooms whereby bad outer air is purified, filtered, disinfected, and heated before being breathed, the safest plan is to sleep with the door open, allowing pure, but warm air to enter from halls and passages. Air in passages is likely to be pure, because of the many chances that fresh air has to enter, and it is never so cold as air through the window. Cold air is not necessarily pure air, nor warm air impure.

MAN NOT A COW.

"To sleep in the cold is madness. Man is not a cow or a horse. Primeval man was a cave-dweller, and we have wandered too far from the Garden of Eden to sleep in a garden to-day. It is against Nature's laws. We might as well think of sleeping in a cold bath to keep the pores of the skin clean and open.

"Animals are adapted for sleeping in the open in a manner peculiar to themselves, and the air they breathe is heated by radiation from the body. The sparrow puts his head under his wing. No animal is intended to breathe extremely cold air when sleeping, except the whales and cold-blooded fish and invertebrates.

TOO HOT ROOMS.

"The man who sits too long in an over-heated room, causes the mucous membrane of the respiratory tracts to become tender; then at night he goes out or to bed, and breathes raw air at a temperature of 32 degrees. If he breathes through his nose, this may bring on nasal catarrh, or cold in the head, or influenza; if he breathes through his mouth, this may cause tonsilitis, quinsy, bronchitis, or laryngitis; if he breathes through nose and mouth, this may bring on any or a combination of the ailments.

TRADERS BANK PROSPERITY.

It is very comforting to Canadians to review the history of the past eighteen months and compare the manner in which their country has come through the dangers of the recent panic, with the troublesome times experienced in the United States and other countries older but less fortunate from the banking standpoint. The perfections of the Canadian banking system and the services which it has rendered to the Dominion as a whole and to individual Canadians are not always adequately appreciated by the Canadian people. We are apt to accept as a matter of course such unobtrusive, smoothly working business institutions.

One of the greatest banks in this very excellent system of ours is the Traders Bank. In fact, in point of capital it is our sixth largest banking institution. The reputation of its management for conservative, save progressiveness has been amply borne out by the business of the 24th fiscal year which was completed on December 31st, 1908.

The Annual Shareholders' Meeting was held in the head office building, Yonge street, Toronto, on January 27th. The statement of the year's operations presented by Mr. Stuart Strathy, the General Manager, shows a position of exceptional strength and very large profits on the year's business. The high esteem in which the Traders Bank is held by the general public is evidenced by the large increase in deposits. This is particularly noteworthy in view of the disturbed financial conditions of the past twelve months.

The net profits of the past year amount to the large total of $500,217.60, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts and reserving accrued interest. The amount, together with the premium of $100 on the issue of new stock, and the balance, $25,364.39, at credit of profit and loss account, brought forward from last year, gives a total of $525,688.99. This was disposed of by the payment of four quarterly dividends at 7% per annum, amounting to $304,699.40, and by writing off $20,000 from bank premises and furniture for depreciation and transferring to Officers' Guarantee Fund, $5,000, and to Pension Fund, $5,000, and carrying forward to Profit and Loss, $190,982.49.

The amounts now on deposit have reached a total of $25,385,117.02. The liquid assets of the Bank now amount to over 30% of the liabilities to the public, while the total assets have reached the large amount of $34,859,590.

The address of the President, Mr. C. D. Warren, as well as that of the General Manager, Mr. Stuart Strathy, reflected an optimism that is most encouraging and a caution that is admirable to the last degree. The shareholders and depositors of the Traders Bank are indeed fortunate in having as president of their institution a man of the business experience and great ability of Mr. Warren.

THE WEALTH OF FRANCE

SHE HAS LENT $3,200,000,000 IN SIXTEEN YEARS.

Collects Annually in Interest Something Like $300,000,000 From That Source.

M. Edmond Thery, one of France's soundest experts on economic and financial statistics, has just published a book on "The Economic Progress of France Since 1892," which tells once more the story of the enormous increase in the wealth of the country.

It shows that in the last sixteen years France has lent $3,200,000,000 in gold to foreign countries after making deduction for repayments during that period.

At the same time the gold in France has increased by $785,800,000 for the same sixteen years.

This means that between the end of 1891 and the end of 1907 France's balance of accounts with foreign countries leaves her nearly $4,000,000,000 to the good, of which these foreign nations have paid her four-fifths in securities and

ONE-FIFTH IN GOLD.

The world's production of gold for the same period was about $4,500,000,000.

Of the $785,800,000 gold which France has received, $411,800,000 has been converted into French coins, $224,000,000 has been absorbed by the artistic industry (jewelry, gold and silver manufactures etc.), and the surplus, $150,000,000 remains in the form of ingots or foreign gold money in the Bank of France or the vaults of other big banking firms.

M. Thery explains the origin of these large revenues from abroad in this way: Before 1892 France exported every year an average of $158,600,000 worth of food products (wines, butter, fruits, vegetables, etc.) and bought an average of $297,600,000 worth of wheat, cattle, coffee, tea, etc. Thus she paid out every year a sum of $139,000,000.

Since 1892 the annual production of wheat has increased by 11,000,000 hectoliters, wine has increased by an annual average of 17,000,000 hectoliters, sugar by 275,500 tons, alcohol by 286,000 hectoliters, and all export food products have increased to a great extent, so that France now pays for her coffee, tea and all imports by the surplus of

HER OWN FOOD PRODUCTION.

M. Thery points out that on the other hand Germany's annual deficit in food products has increased in the same sixteen years from $161,400,000 to $381,600,000 and England's deficit has increased from $651,400,000 to $937,200,000.

Another source of France's wealth and one that cannot be valued with any accuracy is the immense amount spent by strangers who come to visit the country or to settle down in it. Public wealth has developed enormously in the last sixteen years in America, Canada, Mexico, Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Australia, South Africa, etc., and France has benefited by this development, which has allowed the inhabitants of these countries to visit Europe.

The French in 1891 drew an annual revenue of $220,000,000 from their investments in foreign countries, while to-day they collect something like $360,000,000 from that source.

CROWS ON A SPREE.

Sitting in an Indian garden one day, and irritated beyond measure by the petty larcencies and effrontery of a party of Iidian crows, the writer was tempted for once to put them to the proof in this matter, says the London Globe. They had taken the bananas from the table in front and the biscuits from the plate at his side with shameless persistency. So a few more biscuits were procured and surreptitiously soaked in rum. It was not long before half a dozen crows came down and cleared the plate as usual. The spirit worked very promptly upon them, and in ten minutes they were all in a state of semi-intoxication. While a few made futile efforts to reach branches overhead others essayed to perch on the roof ridge of the nearest bungalow and helplessly failing, rolled into the gutters.

A JAPANESE LOVE TRAGEDY.

A Japanese woman believes that there is marriage in heaven; so that, if she is compelled to marry one man while she loves another, or not to marry where her love goes out, she will be united to the man she loves in the world beyond. At Mimagori, a young girl named Michi has just been arrested for attempting to stab her lover, named Uzen, because she saw no chance of being united to him in earthly matrimony. It was her intention to kill him, and take her own life afterwards; thus, they would have travelled together to the great white heaven.

The world is wide, but there are lots of narrow people in it.