Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd)

Ackroyd had been busy in the City. He was now quite resolved that he would speculate no more. To his delight the copper shares had risen a little, and he hoped that in a few weeks they would be at a sufficiently high price to allow him to realize, and retire.

His business finished, he hastened to his chambers, and there found Rebekah. In her hand she held the notes, and she mutely placed them on the table.

Neither said a word, but Ackroyd took his keys from his pocket and unlocked the safe. He produced the photographs, which he gravely handed her. He was not able to keep his countenance, for he blushed with shame as she pushed the notes towards him. He did not take them up, but allowed them to lie there.

Rebekah examined the photographs.

"Are these all?" she demanded curtly.

"Yes."

"And there are no others in existence?"

"None."

With a sigh of relief she began to tear them into little pieces.

"I wish you every happiness, Miss Josephs," he said diffidently.

"In what?" she asked coldly.

"In your marriage, of course," he replied with surprise at the question.

She gave him a look of contempt, and without another word left him. She travelled home as fast as her car could take her. She found awaiting her a telegram from Lord Harecastle to say that he would arrive some time in the afternoon and that the Earl would accompany him. The news gave her no pleasure, but only added to her difficulties, for she had no desire to see him until she had had her talk with her father.

The sooner that was over the better, and she hastened to her father's library. He was writing at his table and glanced up as she entered.

"Where have you been?" he asked pleasantly.

"Father, I cannot marry Lord Harecastle," she said firmly.

Joel leapt to his feet, and looked at her in consternation.

CHAPTER XVII.

"What do you mean, child? You are mad!" Joel cried furiously.

"No. I am quite sane, but I am going to ask Lord Harecastle to give me my freedom," Rebekah replied firmly, and with a brave look at her father.

"You haven't spoken to him, then?" he broke in quickly, and his voice expressed great relief.

"He is coming here this afternoon, I shall ask him then. I thought it better to tell you first," she said with a wistful glance.

"I am very glad you did," he said grimly. "You had better understand that you must do nothing of the kind. Your marriage shall take place."

He spoke with fierce determination, but Rebekah faced him unflinchingly.

"I have quite made up my mind, father. Won't you consider my happiness? I should be utterly miserable if I married Lord Harecastle; surely you don't want that," she said pleadingly.

She saw at once that she might as well have remained silent, for Joel was eyeing her sternly.

"Pray what reason have you for this sudden change?" he asked coldly. "Please remember that the marriage is to take place in a few days' time. Some of the guests are arriving this evening; you have received numberless presents. The idea is impossible. Be sensible, my child."

He wound up less angrily, and Rebekah hoped that he was relenting.

"I should be miserable—utterly if I married him," she repeated dully.

"You must be frank with me. What is actuating you in this? There must be something," he asked sharply.

"Only that I have suddenly realized its impossibility," she answered slowly.

"Has Harecastle been speaking to you? Is it anything that he has said or done?"

She shook her head in reply and approached her father. She laid her hand on his shoulder.

"You are fond of me, father. You cannot be cruel. Fall in with my wish, and let us at once send out an announcement that the marriage will not take place."

"Never!" he cried emphatically. "I swear that you shall marry Harecastle, and nothing shall turn me from my decision."

"I refuse," she answered proudly; "you will find that I, too, can be obstinate. I am not your daughter for nothing. You cannot drag me to the church, besides you will have Lord Harecastle to deal with."

"I can easily manage him," he said jeeringly, "and you will find that you, too, will have to do what you are told. You love the man, and through your love I will make you do my bidding."

He watched the color slowly mount to her cheek.

"I thought so. There's a mystery somewhere, and you had better say what has happened."

"I have already told you," she said wearily, "and you must reconcile yourself to the marriage being broken off."

"You've given no reason, absolutely none. I demand to know," he cried furiously.

"And I refuse to tell you," she answered defiantly.

She understood that a meek and pleading attitude was not one with which her father should be met, and she determined to brave him.

"You shall tell me," he shouted hoarsely.

He seized her by the arm, and she drew back, for she thought that in his anger he was about to strike her. He saw her action and he let her arm fall. Suddenly he became calm, and sitting down, motioned Rebekah to a chair.

"Let us talk it over calmly," he began quietly. "I am sorry I lost my temper, but you must own that I have reason. Come, dear, I haven't been a bad sort of father to you, have I?"

"No."

"Then trust me. Tell me what is wrong. I may be able to set matters right. I am sure you love him, so it can't be that. What is it?"

"Put it down to a woman's whim. Are we not allowed to change our minds?" she answered with an attempt at playfulness that was pitiful in the extreme.

"No. Not in a matter like this. Everything has been arranged; the lawyers have prepared the deeds; Lord Wolverholme comes to-day; Royalty has consented to be our guests on the day of the wedding. You are not some unknown Miss whose marriage is of little account. You have been paragraphed and photographed. At the present moment you are deemed one of the luckiest girls living. In a few days you will be able to call yourself 'My lady.' What more can you want?"

"It is no use talking, father. Nothing you can say will alter my determination."

"We shall see," he cried vindictively. "So far you have found me an indulgent father. Every caprice and whim has been gratified as soon as expressed. But now I shall show the reverse of the picture. I repeat to you in cold blood that you shall marry Harecastle."

She shook her head wearily.

"But you will," he continued in a cold, cutting voice, "and I know how to make you. You love him, that is sure. Very well, Break off the marriage. Do it."

"I am so glad, father. I knew that you could not be so unkind as to force me into it," she said joyfully.

"Yes. Break off the marriage, and I will announce to the world the reason."

"We can make up some excuse," she said quickly.

"No, my reason is to hand. Just listen to a little history," he continued, and his voice was coldly threatening.

Rebekah could not repress a start. Her hope was dashed to the ground and she dreaded to hear what was coming.

"Some thirty years ago Lord Wolverholme was sent to St. Petersburg to make an agreement for the British Government. I won't give you details, but it is sufficient to say that he sold his country; that he was an infamous traitor, and that if it were known he would be hounded to death."

"Why do you tell me this?" she gasped.

"I am merely telling you the reason that I shall give to the world for the breaking off of the marriage. My discovery in time of this treachery rendered such a marriage impossible. I could not allow my daughter to ally herself with the son of a man who had been guilty of such dastardly conduct."

He stopped to watch the effect of his words, and by the blanching of her cheeks he saw that his shot had hit the mark.

"Do you understand now?" he asked with a malevolent smile.

"You can't mean it. Such an act would be infinitely worse than the Earl's, bad as that was. Say you don't mean it," she pleaded.

She dropped on her knees beside him, and buried her face on his knees.

"You are doing more than you think, father. You are robbing yourself of my love for you. Don't be so cruel, dear. I am only a girl, and I'm all that you have. Do be kind to me."

"Will you marry him?" he insisted more quietly.

"I can't; oh, I can't. Don't you understand? I appeal to you, to the memory of my mother whom you loved. Don't do this base deed. Let us go away together. I will be content to live with you always, and I will lavish my love on you. You shall never have cause for complaint. Just grant me this one wish."

Sobs broke from her and she clutched at his hand.

"I am trying to save my love for you, don't kill it utterly. Let me be your little girl again, I'll never want to be anything else."

He shook her from him and rose to his feet.

"It is of no use. Nothing will change me. Have you decided to be sensible?" he asked coldly.

"Can I say nothing that will move you? Do you wish to drive me to desperation?" she cried hoarsely.

At that moment the door opened and Mrs. Goldberg entered. She ran forward when she saw that Rebekah was in tears, and took her in her arms.

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked tenderly.

"Matter enough," Joel answered. "She says that she won't marry Harecastle. Do you know anything about it?"

"No, Joel, but I am not sorry to hear it," Mrs. Goldberg answered firmly.

Rebekah gave a cry of joy.

"You will support me, aunt. I can't marry him. I really can't. And father wants to force me to."

"Shame! Joel. I told you from the first that I did not like this engagement, and I'm not surprised to hear this."

"She shall marry him. It would be as well that you should understand this, Rachel. And I forbid you to encourage Rebekah in her disobedience. You and I have lived together for many years and we have not quarrelled. Don't let us commence now."

"Realize that I mean every word that I said just now," he continued, turning to Rebekah. "Please leave the room for a moment, Rachel."

Mrs. Goldberg looked hesitatingly at Rebekah, a world of pity in her eyes, but she knew sufficient of her brother not to cross him in this mood, so she went out with a backward look of concern at her niece.

"This is the position," Joel said firmly. "You can break off this marriage if you like. I give you a free hand. In the event of your doing so, I shall immediately give forth the reason that I told you. Such an announcement would naturally ruin Harecastle. You don't want to injure him, do you?"

She shook her head, and a cowed look came into her eyes.

"I thought not. All you have to do is to marry him. Will you do so?" he asked quietly.

"I must," she answered in desperation. "You leave me no alternative, but you have broken my heart, father."

She burst into a flood of tears and rushed from her father's presence.

Alone, Joel did not feel pleased with himself. He hated having to take such a stand, but he felt that he would do so again should occasion arise. He realized that there was something contemptible and paltry in bullying a girl with such a threat. But such was the nature of the man; he could not see that he was ruining his daughter's happiness by forcing her into this marriage. He had arranged it only after much strenuous exertion, and a great expenditure of money, and why should he forgo the fruits of victory when they were so ripe for plucking?

Her appeal to the memory of his wife had touched him, just for the moment; but he had conquered the feeling with an effort. Yes. He would pursue his course to the bitter end, be the result what it might.

A knock at the door called him from his unpleasant thoughts. A servant entered.

"Lord Wolverholme," he announced, and the peer walked slowly in.

"I have come earlier than I expected, Joel. I suppose I'm none the less welcome."

"I am glad to see you about again Wolverholme. You are looking much better."

"I'm beginning to feel quite fit. How is Rebekah? I haven't seen her yet."

"She's very well," Joel replied. "She was here a minute ago. Where's Cyril?"

"He came down with me. I suppose he must be looking for your daughter. That's the natural thing for him to do, isn't it? When he went into the drawing-room, I thought I would come along to you."

The Earl made himself comfortable in a chair, and took a cigar from the box that Joel handed to him.

"I am really feeling very happy, Joel. All my wishes seem to be gratified. I only want to live to see a grandson, and hold him just once in my arms, and I shall die content."

"Don't talk of dying. You've years of life before you yet, if you take care of yourself," Joel said heartily.

(To be continued.)

North American Life

ANNUAL MEETING

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1908

The Twenty-eighth Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at its Home Office in Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, 1909, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended Dec. 31st, 1908, was presented:

CASH INCOME.

The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was $1,897,078.28, showing the satisfactory increase of $81,980.59.

REDUCTION IN EXPENSE RATIO.

The business has been conducted on a conservative basis, as is shown by a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income, thereby placing the North American Life in the front rank of economically-managed Canadian companies.

PAYMENTS TO POLICYHOLDERS.

The amount paid on policy-holders' account was $654,991.05, and of this sum $368,831.76 represents payments for Dividends, Matured Endowments and Investment Policies.

ASSETS.

The Assets increased during the year by the sum of $854,762.01, and now amount to $9,590,638.09. The Assets continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities available; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.

NET SURPLUS.

After making ample provisions for all liabilities and paying the sum of $124,771.26 for dividends to policy-holders, the net surplus was increased to $876,214.15.

INSURANCE.

The policies issued during the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of $4,465,224.00, making the total insurance in force $40,341,091.00.

AUDIT.

A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. A committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit of the securities each quarter.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director. J. L. BLAIKIE, President.

The Annual Report containing a detailed list of the securities will be sent in due course to each policy-holder.

WHAT CITY OF LONDON IS

PEOPLE COULD ALL BE MASSED IN HYDE PARK.

The Greatest Aggregation of Humanity the World Has Ever Known.

The often asked question, "What is London?" seems to be answered pretty fully in the annual volume of statistics of the County Council for the past year, which came out a few days ago. In the first place the book says administrative London is composed of 74,816 acres of land and water, the land being laid out as follows: Miles of streets 2,134½; houses, 611,786; factories and workshops, 28,265; parks and open spaces (acres), 9,026.

On this land live 4,795,789 human beings, while around them within a few miles another 3,000,000 make their homes. This is the greatest aggregation of men, women and children in one place the world has ever known.

If the 4,795,789 inhabitants were spread over the whole acreage there would be 60 persons to every acre, and in each acre there would be eight houses for them to live in. Mass them all together, however, giving each person about two square feet to stand in, and it would be possible to get the whole population in Hyde Park and still have over 100 acres to spare.

WEALTHIEST AND POOREST.

London is probably the wealthiest city in the world. Its property is insured from fire at over $5,200,000,000. Despite this, however, there is a large amount of poverty. The figures show that one person in every 33 is a pauper, and that 20 persons in every 100 die in a workhouse or a workhouse infirmary. London does much to cope with its burden of poverty, and every year $50,330,215 is distributed by various charities.

No one can tell what it costs to feed London's population. Here, however, is a part of its enormous yearly bill of fare:—

Dead meat (tons	419,037
Live cattle	58,735
Live sheep	375,950
Fish (tons)	174,332
Milk (gallons)	80,826,330

ARMY OF PURVEYORS.

In addition to these items, an army of 60,275 Londoners are busily working all the year in preparing other food and drink for their fellows' consumption. Here are some of them:—

Bread and confectionery making	13,756
Jam making	5,242
Cocoa and chocolate making.	2,406
Other foods	14,108
Brewing, etc.	9,885
Aerated waters manufacturing	4,283

The water consumed by Londoners and used for washing and other purposes reaches the enourmous volume of 82,154,249,000 gallons a year, and for this they pay $9,163,800 a year.

London is essentially a place to work in, despite its many attractions to the visitor. In its 28,265 factories and workshops alone 558,641 men, women and children find employment. The largest number of these are engaged in making cloths. Here are the figures of the principal occupations:—

Dress	9,499	130,500
Wood and wood articles	4,031	82,702
Paper and printing ..	3,011	79,150
Metals and machinery	2,872	60,946
Food, etc	2,324	60,275
Laundries	1,781	29,506

HIS SAND-PAPER CHIN.

Man Asked Clergyman's Advice And Got It.

"Sir," he said, as he stalked into the clergyman's study, "you are the man who tied the knot, I believe?"

"I beg your pardon," said the clergyman, looking up from his sermon.

"You performed the marriage ceremony for me, didn't you?"

"Yes, certainly, Mr. Billings. What, may I ask——"

"Then you know what the rights of a husband are?"

"Why, yes, in a general way."

"And the rights of a wife?"

"Of course."

"Well, now, sir," said the caller, drawing a chair up to the clergyman's desk and taking a seat, "has a wife a license to torture a husband?"

"Certainly not."

"If she makes his life miserable he has redress, of course?"

"Yes, but I should advise——"

"Never mind you advice now, We'll come to that later. My wife complains that I don't shave often enough."

"Oh, that's a small matter."

"Is it, sir? Is it? Just wait! I told her that that was my affair, and then she taught the children to cry when I kissed them, so that she could say that my rough chin hurt them."

"That hardly showed a Christian——"

"Wait a minute! Yesterday morning I found them playing with the cylinder of a broken musicbox. You know how that seems to the touch?"

"Certainly."

"Well, she'd taught them to call it 'papa's chin.'"

"Really, sir, I must admit——"

"Wait till I'm finished. To-day one of them got up on my knee, passed his hand over my chin, and called it 'papa's music-box.' Now, sir, I ask of you as a Christian man, and as the man who tied the knot, what shall I do?"

"Get shaved," replied the clergyman, softly, as he returned to his work.

"I can truthfully say that I believe that, but for the use of your Emulsion I would long since have been in my grave. I was past work—could not walk up-hill without coughing very hard."

THIS, and much more was written by Mr. G. W. Howerton, Clark's Gap, W. Va. We would like to send you a full copy of his letter, or you might write him direct. His case was really marvelous, but is only one of the many proofs that

Scott's Emulsion

is the most strengthening and re-vitalizing preparation in the world. Even in that most stubborn of all diseases (consumption) it does wonders, and in less serious troubles, such as anemia, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or loss of flesh from any cause the effect is much quicker.

Do not delay. Get a bottle of SCOTT'S EMULSION...be sure it's SCOTT'S and try it.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you Mr. Howerton's letter and some literature on Consumption. Just send us a Post Card and mention this paper.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

About the Farm

FEEDING STANDARDS.

The term "balanced ration," is one around which considerable misunderstanding exists. Many have the idea that a balanced ration is a certain combination of feeds which always remains the same. When we consider, however, that a certain combination of feeds that is best adapted or balanced for a certain class of animals of a given age and under certain condition would probably be unbalanced for any other class of animals, under different conditions as regards age, maturity and work being done, we must realize the fallacy of this idea.

A balanced ration for a growing calf differs materially from a balanced ration for a dairy cow, and again either of these rations would be unbalanced for a fattening steer. It is apparent then that there must be a balanced ration for each species of animal and under its various conditions. This necessitates the compounding of a great many balanced rations, or standards for breeding, which constitute a combination of feeds, mixed in such proportions to provide the essential constituents, protein, carbohydrates and fat in such quantities as experience has shown to give the best results under a given set of conditions.

Many dairymen realize the importance of feeding standards and by making use of them have increased production of their herds. The importance of them should be realized by all dairymen. Balanced rations have been compounded through long and careful experimenting by numerous experiment stations and their results can be obtained easily in bulletin form upon application. It would pay dairymen to have such information. A little simple artihmetic is all that is necessary to make the feeds at your disposal conform to those rations which contain the animal nutriments in the recognized proportions and amounts which science and experience have found to produce the best results under given conditions. These factors have been calculated at the outlay of much time, labor and expense. They are embodied in tables to save labor to you. Repeated trials have shown that the various combinations offered give the best results in each case. It is in your interest then to make use of them and economize your feed.—Canadian Dairyman.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

A horse brought in wet should be rubbed dry and blanketed, the legs and feet cleaned, and, if possible, a warm bran mash fed him. These precautions require a little time, but they may prevent much loss.

In feeding meal, bran, ground oats, and shipstuff, change the materials occasionally by giving meal and shipstuff one day and ground oats and bran the next, and at times using all together. Fowls are very fond of a change of diet, and the above method should be adopted sometimes by way of variety.

It is comparatively easy to teach a young calf to be led by the rope, and if it is to be bred for a cow, the advantage of having the accomplishment will greatly increase its value. Docility, in being easily led, will give it more frequent changes of feed when tied by a rope. It will prove an advantage so long as it lives, and the sooner this docility is learned, the better for the animal and its owner.

As a rule, young sows should not be bred from at an earlier age than eight or ten months. They will then have their first litter when they are twelve or fourteen months old. This general rule is, however, subject to numerous variations, and for obvious reasons. Sows of the smaller and earlier maturing breeds may often, without disadvantage, be allowed to breed when younger than others. On the other hand, very large or coarse sows are sometimes bred at an early age, with a view to their becoming finer in form as they approach maturity. But with this fineness, there is apt to be an impaired constitution in the sow and a lack of strength and vigor in the pigs.

CLASS-MAKING MARVELS.

A machine has been introduced recently which can be built to produce either the narrow or wide-necked variety of bottles at an extraordinary rate. Its capacity is estimated at twelve bottles per minute, and one man can look after three machines at the same time. The speed of the machines is not sufficient for them to run hot; they can therefore be operated for twenty-four hours every day, which makes the out put about 360 gross of bottles per day at a labor expense of three men on eight-hour turns or two on twelve.