Time Heals Most Wounds

A Tale of Love and Disappointment

CHAPTER XXV.

With all the pomp and circumstance attendant upon his position, the body of the Earl of Wolverholme was laid in the family vault. The tragic circumstances attendant upon his death had intensified the grief that Cyril felt at his father's death.

Joel was present at the funeral, and with quiet sympathy had endeavored to comfort Cyril in his grief, but for a while he was benumbed and resented the presence of any one. His sorrow was great, but he was suffering physically from the effects of the long mental strain that he had endured. He endeavored to occupy his mind by the arrangement of the Earl's affairs, but he was incapable of the mental concentration that this necessitated. His manner was listless, and he appeared to have lost all interest in life.

He was living in London at his chambers at the Albany; for Wolverholme Castle had become distasteful to him. One afternoon, a week or two after his arrival, he received a call from Joel and Rebekah.

"I do not understand Lord Wolverholme," Joel had remarked that morning to his daughter. "He seems to take an interest in nothing, but broods all day. It is not natural, and he wants rousing."

"But what can we do? I wonder if he has seen Ethel Fetherston. I think I had better call on her."

"Yes. Go this morning."

Rebekah found Ethel at home, and the mourning which she wore seemed to accentuate her fair beauty. But her eyes were troubled, and she eagerly greeted her visitor.

"Have you heard from Cyril?" Rebekah asked at once.

"No. He has not written once," Ethel replied wistfully. "Perhaps he will not forgive me, and I dare not go to him."

"Father tells me that he is ill. Something must be done at once. You see, father and I are going abroad for a long time, and I cannot leave England with a contented mind unless I see you two happy."

"It is my punishment, and I deserve it. I may have lost his love, and I am so miserable, Rebekah, I have no pride. Shall I go to him?"

"You must remember the terrible trouble he has gone through. He loves you, you may be sure. Cyril is not one who would ever change. Shall I go and see him?"

"Yes, and give him a message for me. Tell him that his sorrow is my sorrow, and that I long to comfort him," Ethel said eagerly.

"I will go this afternoon," Rebekah replied tenderly. "You must not be miserable."

Joel consented to accompany Rebekah on her call upon Cyril, but it was with much trepidation that she looked forward to the interview. At the sight of his changed face she gave a cry of sympathy.

"You poor dear boy," she cried tenderly, "and you have been all alone."

Joel was looking round the room, which was littered with travelling trunks, and there was every sign that Lord Wolverholme was engaged in packing up his effects.

"Are you moving from here?" he asked anxiously.

"I am going abroad at once. I am in need of a change," he said curtly, but his eyes did not meet Rebekah's, who gave a cry of consternation.

"But Ethel? Are you going to see her?" she demanded eagerly.

"I don't know. Not yet," he added quickly. "I must have time; I am weary and sick at heart. Can't you understand?" he wound up helplessly.

"No. I cannot," she cried firmly. "Cyril, I must speak with you. Father, will you run away for a while?"

Joel took up his hat and obediently left them together.

"What is the matter, Cyril?" she asked with simple directness.

"I don't know," he replied listlessly. "Only that all my feeling seems dead."

"Don't you still love Ethel Fetherston? Don't you still wish to marry her?" she demanded firmly.

"Yes, but I must have time," he repeated earnestly. "I feel that I want her, but yet I cannot give her the love that I did."

She rose impulsively and took him by the arm.

"I could shake you," she cried fiercely. "But a short time ago, you were utterly miserable that you could not marry Ethel. Life wes desolate to you. Now all difficulties have been removed and she is longing to take you to her arms. Why do you hesitate? Are you fickle-minded. I am ashamed of you, Cyril."

He did not make any reply to her vehement outburst, but sighed deeply. And Rebekah was assailed by a temptation that moved her very being. Should she try and win this man she loved so devotedly? Should she snatch at the chance that seemed in her very very grasp? Might she not be able to move him, she who had sacrificed herself for his happiness? And what was the result? The wretched man that she saw before her very eyes. Might it not be possible that after all it was she he loved, and not Ethel Fetherston.

A mad joy surged to her heart, and her bosom rose and fell rapidly with her emotion. The thought of the delirium of happiness that his love would bring her seized her in its grip. She made a movement forward, her eyes filled with love.

He looked up suddenly, and there was revealed to him in a flash the intensity of her passion. He remembered her devotion to his father, the plucky fight which she had made for his happiness; her abnegation of self, and her wholehearted desire to give him the woman he loved.

She read his thoughts, and she was struck by a sense of the unworthiness of her wild longing.

"Cyril, she said timidly. "Won't you try to make me happy? Be yourself again. Do you want me to think that what I have done has been in vain? Don't go away, I implore you."

She eagerly watched the effect of her words, and gave an exclamation of disappointment when she saw that he was unmoved.

"You owe me something," she said at last, for she was determined to rouse him from his lethargy. "You expressed your gratitude for what you thought I had done for you. Do you want Ethel Fetherston to come here on her knees and beg for your love? Are you acting the generous part? Think of what she must be suffering. She wronged you. I admit that; but do you wish her to think that she remains unforgiven?"

Her fierce words had their effect.

"I will try to explain," he said nervously, "but it is very difficult. I want to see Ethel, but I don't know that I could be myself. I am not myself. I should hurt her by my manner, for I should be constrained and unnatural. She would think that I did not love her. I must wait till the recent happenings are not so vividly before me. I should imagine that she was thinking of my father's confession, and I should be miserable."

"That is nonsense. I understand Ethel now. Your father's disgrace would never have influenced her; she would have clung to you all the more closely. It was what she thought to be your treachery that forced her to act as she did. The thinking that you were disloyal. Will you dine with us to-night?" she wound up abruptly. "I must convince you that you are wrong. You can't refuse me that."

"Yes. I will come."

"Good-bye then. I see father in the courtyard. We shall expect you at seven o'clock sharp."

And with a smile she left him alone with his thoughts.

She did not return to Ethel Fetherston, but sent her a letter.

"Come round at six-thirty tonight and stay to dinner. I want to tell you all about Cyril. Don't be miserable, all will be right," she wound up.

But in her heart Rebekah was not so sure. She could only hope. She was guilty of rudeness when Ethel arrived, for she did not make her appearance till within a few minutes of seven. She was not anxious to be cross-examined by her.

"I am sorry to be so late," she said apologetically.

"Did you see Cyril?" Ethel asked eagerly.

"Yes, but not a word about him until after dinner. I forbid it absolutely," she said playfully.

But it was evident that Rebekah was nervous, for she constantly looked at the door. At last it opened and a servant stood silently there, in accordance with the instructions she had give him.

"Excuse me a moment, dear," she said to Ethel, and quickly followed the servant.

"Where is Lord Wolverholme?" she asked quietly.

"In the library, miss."

"So you've come," she began quietly, "and I'm very glad to see you. Father will be down in a minute. Won't you come into the drawing-room?"

She led the way slowly, and when she had opened the door she motioned him to preced her. Then she quietly closed the door on him, and stood just for a moment, her eyes shining with tears.

To Rebekah it was the crowning moment of her self-sacrifice, for she had conquered every bitter thought, and had emerged purified from the struggle.

And Cyril? He stood still, and the shaded lights only disclosed the figure of a woman. But a cry of mingled pain and joy told him who was present. In a few strides he crossed the room and the lovers were face to face.

Ethel looked wistfully at him, and passionate words struggled to her lips, but she was unable to utter them.

Cyril gazed at the woman he loved, and the sight of her seemed to drive away the evil spirits that had possessed him. With a glad cry he held forth his arms, and clasped her passionately to him. There was no need for words, for all the wretched past seemed to have been blotted out by the touch of love's healing hand. But Ethel was not content. She could not know happiness until she had relieved her heart.

"I must tell you, Cyril," she pleaded, as he tried to silence her. "I shall ever blame myself for not having trusted you. When I think of the suffering that I caused you, I wonder that you can still love me. But I, too, have suffered, these last few weeks, and I have learnt my lesson. Rebekah has taught me my meanness. Oh, Cyril! we owe her a debt of gratitude that we can never repay. Each passing hour as we live our lives together, I shall thank God for her mercy."

"But she will always be our friend, dear. She loves us both. It was she who brought me back to my senses. This morning I felt desperate when she came to me, and now——"

He stopped expressively.

"She is our good angel, dear. Shall we go to her?" Ethel said happily.

But they were not to see Rebekah that evening, nor for many, many months to come, for Mrs. Goldberg told them that she had retired to her room with a bad headache.

Nay—heartache was her trouble.

(To be continued.)

EAT SNAKES AND LIZARDS.

Queer Edibles Met with in Some Jap Provinces.

In Japanese provinces which are so distant from the sea that fresh fish cannot be obtained readily, and where meat is not abundant, snakes and lizards are considered good food, and are prepared in many ways. Grasshoppers rank among the real delicacies. They are always kept in captivity without food for a day, then bathed and decapitated, and made legless. Heads and legs must be torn off, never cut. They are served in various ways, but dry with a salad dressing is the most popular. An insect of the bee family which lives in the earth is also much sought. These are served with sugar or honey when eaten raw, but they are also made into a porridge. The chrysanthemum exists not only in the poetry and art of the Japanese, but has an important place on the table, where it is met as salad, candy and stew.

Most spiders have poison fangs, but few are dangerous to human beings.

Mattresses made with paper shavings are in use in Germany for soldiers' beds.

Night-work for all females, and for males under fifteen years of age, is forbidden by law in Italy.

"The physician attending me prescribed, on my rallying from an attack of rheumatism, your *Scott's Emulsion,* which I have been taking every winter since. I find it most valuable in strengthening and building up one after a severe illness. I have not had rheumatism since the time mentioned above and I owe it to your most valuable *Emulsion.* It is my life now, and makes me strong and healthy."—R. PICARD, Grand Ligne, Quebec.

For two hundred years before SCOTT'S EMULSION came Cod Liver Oil was used for rheumatism.

Scott's Emulsion

is modernized Cod Liver Oil; the purest and best oil partly predigested, made palatable and suitable for the most delicate child or invalid. It enriches the blood, tones up the entire system, and drives out rheumatism.

ALL DRUGGISTS

Let us send you a copy of Mr. Picard's letter and other literature on the subject. A Post Card, mentioning this paper, is sufficient.

SCOTT & BOWNE
126 Wellington St., W. Toronto

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

ALL ABOUT THE GREAT AMERICAN OCTUPUS.

Charges of Dishonest and Unscrupulous Business Methods Have Not Been Proved.

Some time ago, the writer interviewed Mr. S. C. T. Dodd, the solicitor of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Dodd's chief point was that the company succeeds because it pays for brains. "That is our best asset," he said. "It is more valuable than our capital, pipe-lines, fleets of steamers, and vast tank reservoirs. The company has always been in the market for brains; it pays the top price for them, says London Answers.

"The most astonishing progress of our concern was made in the years between 1870, when the Standard Oil Company of Ohio produced four per cent. of the refined oil output, and 1877, when it produced ninety-five per cent.

"We looked far ahead; we took a statesmanlike view of the possibilities of a new trade. The men who built up the Standard—J. D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, H. M. Flagler, John Archbold, and the rest—thought in continents. They established their network of refineries in geographical situations from which they could easily and cheaply supply the large markets. Whenever a new oil region was opened, they were ready to develop it."

"THEY WILL BE ON TOP!"

The late William H. Vanderbilt, head of the great millionaire family, had his own fights with the "Octopus" over freight rates when he controlled the New York Central. He was asked by a Government Commission to name the secret of the Standard's success.

"You can't keep such men down," he replied. "I don't believe it can be done by any legislative enactment. They will be on top all the time."

Mr. John D. Rockefeller formed the Standard Oil Company, in 1870, with a capital of a million dollars. Now its authorized capital is $110,000,000; but the market value of its stock is estimated at well over $700,000,000.

Mr. Rockefeller's rivals have fought him by the very methods that have been charged against him. During the great "war of the pipe-lines," the Pennsylvania Railway, which the Standard had boycotted in the matter of freight, carried oil for its competitors at eight cents a barrel under the actual cost of transportation, and instructed its allied pipeline to "sell oil in the Standard's territory at any price whatever." The Standard, after a six months' fight, crushed this opposition by superior organization, and dictated terms of peace, which gave it a practical monopoly of the production and distribution of oil in the United States. It allowed the Pennsylvania, its beaten enemy, to carry two million barrels a year. In return, the Pennsylvania gave the Standard a rebate of 10 per cent. on all its freight. It is true it offered the same concession to all shippers of oil, but hedged round by conditions which only the Standard could fulfil.

REBATES ILLEGAL.

This was the practice of other railways until the Interstate Commerce Act made rebates illegal. Since then the Standard has beaten its rivals through its ownership of terminal facilities at the seaboard, and by owning or leasing practically all the oil-tank cars on the railways, the great storage-tanks at the oilfields, and the vast network of pipe-lines which now supersede the railways in carrying the crude oil from the oil-well to the seaboard, or from well to refinery.

The enterprise of the Standard in handling a new oil region was well displayed in the case of the "McDonald rush" in 1891. In July of that year the district produced the trifle of 3,000 barrels a day, and there were no facilities for handling any more. In the middle of August, 15,000 barrels daily were being dealt with, the Standard stepping in with a complete organization. By September 1st 26,000 barrels were being handled daily; by October 1st, 40,000; in November, more than 80,000.

Contrary to popular belief, the Standard does not own most of the oil-wells. Its business is buying, refining, transporting, and retailing. It takes the oil from the producer's well—for which it has often advanced money to enable the producer to sink it.

The quantity received from each producer is carefully recorded, and at any time he chooses, he may draw payment for his oil in storage at the market price of the day, either in money, or in "pipe-line certificates," which are negotiable in the open market.

A JOB FOR LIFE.

After leaving the refinery, the oil is distributed by pipe-lines, tank-cars on the railways, and tank-wagons.

For foreign trade, the crude oil is borne to the seaboard by pipe-lines hundreds of miles in length, and poured into tank-steamers specially built for the trade. There is an enormous fleet of them, sailing all the seven seas. You may see them any day at Purfleet, at Birkenhead, and mnay other British ports. The oil for foreign trade is mostly refined abroad.

The writer has served on two oil-tank steamers, and can give the Standard a good character as an employer. With the rank and file of its men, also, it adopts the policy of paying liberally, and expecting the best service.

In 1887 the Standard made an agreement with 14,000 producers in the oil regions to limit production, in order to keep up prices. This "shutting down," naturally, injured the laborers employed in drilling wells. The Standard gave a million barrels of crude oil—worth twenty-nine cents a barrel—for their relief, and made the producers give another million. This proved to be good policy. The workmen are devoted to the Standard's interests now. In almost any position, a job with the Standard is a job for life.

WHERE THERE'S A WILL.

In recent years the Standard has devoted its attention mainly to extending its foreign markets. Mr. H. M. Flagler, one of the heads of the company, visited Jamaica in his yacht. Mark Twain was one of his guests, and the genial humorist rejoiced because he had found a place at last where the people did not burn the Standard oil.

"Don't you crow too loudly," said Mr. Flagler. "I'll see they burn it soon."

He organized a great missionary crusade in Standard oil by scores of emissaries all over the island. Fancy lamps, that delighted the negroes' barbarian taste, were given away, and oil supplied free at first. In a few months the market had been captured.

REMOVE SNOW BY ELECTRICITY.

A Berlin scientist advocates the use of electricity for clearing away snow. His apparatus consists of a platform, on to which the snow swept off the roadway is shovelled, and beneath which are a series of pockets formed of this metal kept hot by electrical radiators. The snow falls from the platform into the pockets, and is discharged as water from the hoppers. The platform is mounted on wheels for transport to various parts of the town.

Fifteen years is the average life of the modern battleship.

AS WE GO.

It good or bad, this much we know,
Life's what we make it as we go.

In time of stress be brave and true,
And put your heart in all you do,

Forgetting not that manners kind
Will leave a golden glow behind,

And those who speak a word of cheer,
By that may brush away a tear.

So live in trust, sustained by hope,
Well pleased to toil while others mope,

Contented with what life affords,
Without the dross the miser hoards;

By little cares not greatly vexed,
Nor yet by selfish schemes perplexed;

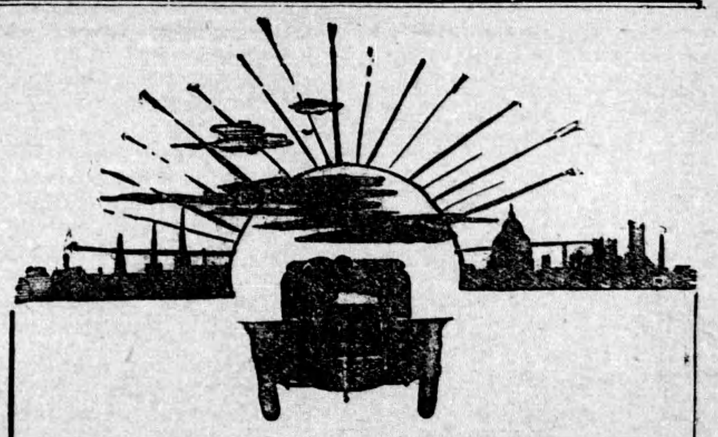
And when at last your race is run,
Look back upon your duty done.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The practical application of radio-telegraphy continues to be extended, especially on coasts frequented by ships, where its use is often of the utmost importance. In December a new station was opened at Bolt Head, South Devon, England. This station will be available for communication with all ships carrying radio-telegraph apparatus, no matter with what particular system they are equipped. The range of the station is 250 miles, but it is not anticipated that it will be much used by ships beyond a distance of about 100 miles. It will also be employed for communication with the Channel Islands whenever there is any interruption of the cable connecting the islands with England. Mr. Sidney Buxton, the British postmaster-general, anticipates that radio-telegraphy will form an effective means of communication in in mountainous or inaccessible districts where land lines are too costly or impracticable.

CHINESE INVITATIONS.

The Chinese send three invitations to their guests that they desire to see at their great repasts. The first is despatched two days before the feast; the second on the day itself, in order to remind those they exepect of their engagement, and the third just before the hour has struck, so as to show how impatient they are to see their friends arrive.



The New DAIMLER

The 1909 type Daimler is a petrol-engine of remarkable efficiency, which for simplicity of construction, economy, and silence in running is incomparably superior to any motor yet designed.

Its introduction has called forth letters of appreciation from a number of leading Motorists who have tested it, and all whom bear out the claim made for it by the Daimler Co.

A full illustrated description, together with the above mentioned letters, reproduced in fac simile, will be sent post free to all applicants to

The Daimler Motor Co., (1904) Ltd.
COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

Daimler