Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued)

Lady Ellen moved to follow him, but stopped as she reached the door, paused and then shrugged her shoulders; then she said—

"I am a fool!—a fool!"

A moment later her butler brought up a note that had arrived by hand. It was from Mr. Tenderten. He wrote to say that he had a box for a certain musical piece which Lady Ellen had expressed a great desire to see, and he wanted to know if she could give him the pleasure of occupying the box that evening.

"Please ask anyone you like," he wrote. "I am dining out, but I should like to come in during the evening if I may and pay my homage to you."

"He really is rather a dear!" said Lady Ellen.

She scribbled back a reply, accepting the box, and thanked Mr. Tenderten very warmly; then she spent the next half-hour in telephoning to such people as were in town; and finally got her cousin, the Duchess of Wiltshire, to promise to join her.

It was part of Mr. Tenderten's shrewd cleverness just to hover on the outskirts of Lady Ellen's life, never to permit her to get bored or bothered with him; but his heart had a little thrill as he realized that she was now beginning to drift more surely into his hands; and certain vague dreams which he had scarcely permitted himself to define did take faint shape in such a moment as this.

He arrived at the theatre after having eaten a dull dinner at his club just in time for the last act; and his heart gave a new thrill as he realized that Lady Ellen was accompanied by no less a person than the Duchess of Wiltshire.

It was a proud moment for Edgar Tenderten to be seen escorting two such well-known women, when the curtain dropped and everyone trooped out of the theatre.

In the vestibule he had the satisfaction of meeting several people whom he knew in the city, and to whom he vouchsafed just a cool nod of the head; but as he returned from seeking the duchess's footman he came face to face with a man whom at first he only just vaguely recognized. Then Mr. Tenderten smiled his curious smile, for this man was Julian Bryant. He was standing almost aimlessly, letting the crowd go past him. They exchanged only a few words, and then Mr. Tenderten hastened back to his party.

But Lady Ellen had noticed Julian.

"What an awfully good-looking man!" she said. "He reminds me awfully of some one I know. Who is he? I saw you speaking to him."

"His name is Bryant," Mr. Tenderten said. "He has just come into a pot of money; he's an awfully nice chap! I am afraid he is awfully lonely; he doesn't seem to know anybody."

"Introduce me," said Lady Ellen in her autocratic way.

Mr. Tenderten hesitated just a fraction of a second, and then went to do her will.

As he turned away Lady Ellen turned to the duchess.

"I have sent him to bring that man to be introduced; doesn't he remind you of Adrian before he went out to Africa."

The duchess examined Julian Bryant through her long eye-glasses and nodded her head.

"Yes; he is rather like Adrian," she said. "Who is he?"

Lady Ellen shrugged her shoulders in her favorite fashion.

"I don't know; but he looks nice! I say, Poppie, won't you come back and have some supper with me, then I can ask these two men to come, too."

But the duchess declined.

"I have had so many late nights," she said; "one does far more when one is in town just for a few days than in the whole of the season, it seems to me; and I am off to the country quite early to-morrow. You had better let me take you with me, Nell. You aren't looking a bit the thing, you know!"

"Oh! I am only tired," Lady Ellen answered in her restless way.

The next moment she was smiling on the man who had followed Mr. Tenderten rather shyly and in a sense not willingly.

"How do you do, Mr. Bryant?" she said in her pretty frank manner. "Do you know, you are so exactly like a cousin of mine that I very nearly spoke to you without an introduction."

She presented him to the duchess, and they chatted on about the play. After the first moment of uneasiness, Julian drifted back quite naturally to the proper attitude. Indeed, it seemed to him as he stood there talking to these women of society that he was just what he had been in those years before his father's death, and that all that had followed afterwards had been nothing but a strange dream.

Mr. Tenderten found himself envying the other man, for there was something about Julian Bryant's manner and way of speaking which he would never acquire. And with this there was a faint suggestion of jealousy, for undoubtedly Julian Bryant was a handsome man. Moreover, the late experiences had made him interesting also. Nevertheless, Mr. Tenderten felt that he held the strings in his hands.

There had been no question of discussion between himself and Bryant as yet; no suggestion as to the share Edgar Tenderten was to have in the good things which had fallen so lavishly to Bryant. But this was all to come, and Mr. Tenderten smiled a littly grimly to himself as he wondered what Lady Ellen and her cousin would say if they were to know that only a few weeks before, this man, to whom they were talking so pleasantly, had been nothing higher in the social scale than the driver of a cab in the public streets.

"I intended to have asked you both back to supper with me," said Lady Ellen, as the duchess's footman announced that the motor-car was approaching; "but my cousin wants to go home, so my supper must be for another occasion. Do come and see me, Mr. Bryant. I'm in London, alas!—I almost say 'alone in London,' for everybody belonging to me is scattered."

"I will come," said Julian.

He had a slow, curious way of speaking, and the more Lady Ellen looked at him the more she traced the resemblance between him and Adrian Dawney, although as a matter of fact the resemblance existed far more in suggestion than in definite likeness.

The two men stood at attention as the car rolled away; then Tenderten slipped his arm familiarly through Julian's.

"I'll walk back with you," he said. Then he laughed. "So glad to see you going out and about, Bryant; that's a sensible thing to do! A man gets hipped to death if he always stays with his own society."

"I came out to lose my own society," Bryant answered.

He drew his arm away from Mr. Tenderten's hand; and occupied himself in lighting a cigarette.

"I'm none too good company for myself," he added; then he held out his hand. "I hope you won't think me inhospitable, Mr. Tenderten; but I am not going straight home."

"All right, old chap," said Edgar Tenderten, lightly although he was really annoyed. "I'll look you up very soon. Why not come and dine with me at my club to-morrow night That reminds me, Bryant, of course you'll belong to some clubs yourself."

"I have no clans," Bryant answered him coldly, almost rudely. "Good-night."

He nodded his head and crossed the road to escape from further conversation; and he drew a deep breath of relief as he found himself alone. It was true; he did not go straight home, but walked the streets for hours. It was a lovely night; there was a glorious moon; but the beauty of the night was blotted out for Julian. He despised himself, and yet he knew that he was powerless now to stand between himself and the future which this man from whom he had just parted had thrust upon him.

CHAPTER VIII.

After hesitating a very long time, Julian resolved to write a few lines to Frank Derrymore, the man home from India who had been so good to him.

He sent the letter to the club, and did not expect to hear for some time, for when last he heard from Derrymore the other man had told him that he was going over to Ireland for at least a couple of months.

The next morning, however, when he was aroused from his short, heavy, and unhappy sleep, Stephens brought him among other letters one from his friend. Derrymore was in London, and suggested lunch at his club.

"I am awfully anxious to see you, dear old chap," he wrote. "our letter was so mysterious. Fortunately, I was in town for a couple of days and just happened to get it. You say that something very strange has happened to you, and as you write from another address I am hoping that this strange something is good also. You might just telephone through to the club to say if you can be at the club. I leave for Ireland again to-morrow night."

Mr. Bryant instructed his valet to at once telephone through to the Naval and Military, and say that he would be there to meet Mr. Derrymore at the time suggested.

He smiled a little faintly to himself as he noticed the valet's surprise, and by a certain satisfaction at this message.

"Though he takes my money," Julian said to himself, "no doubt he has considered me as something picked out of the gutter."

His mood was calmer, his outlook less distorted in the morning, and as he turned over the various begging letters which formed the mass of his correspondence, that sense of power, which all men love, crept into his veins and helped to restore him in his own eyes.

He resolved that his charity should not be given sparingly. He had suffered so much himself, he never intended to turn away any man or woman without going fully into their case and seeing where and how they could be helped.

As he ate his breakfast, Julian resolved to make his way to Mr. Pleydell's private residence. He loathed Tenderten, the man was a living reminder of all that he wanted to forget, for he was resolved to forget: yet, though he covered over the burning eagerness of his heart, he could not set aside altogether the clamoring of his conscience—Enid. He must know something about her, where she was, or what she was doing. How she was living.

"Pleydell will look after her for me," he said; "at least I shall insist that he does this."

There were moments when sophistry came to his aid and the words that Enid had written in her letter struck him as being so significant of truth. They were better apart for a time at least; they had drifted away from the beauty of life: even if they were to be together now, and she were to share all that had come to him, would there not be for ever the shadow of that grim dead old woman to divide them: moreover, she could not share, it must be either he alone or he and Enid together, back in the old poverty, back in the misery and the drudgery, and the humiliating knowledge of failure; and Julian Bryant shrank even from the thought of such a return; yet he could not forget, and look where he might he always saw Enid.

There had been a girl on the stage the night before who was very like her. For an instant his heart had stood still, and then he had half risen in his seat to go round and claim her: then he had seen his mistake, the girl on the stage only suggested Enid. His wife had been so different.

He ordered the car to be brought round, and he drove to Mr. Pleydell's modest home: the housekeeper informed him that she expected her master within a week.

Julian went back and got into the car. There was still an hour or so to fill before he could meet Derrymore.

He drove into Bond Street. The sensation of having money to spend was still very strange that he always hesitated before he entered a shop; but Stephens had made many suggestions to him that morning about various things he required, and he ordered lavishly, being waited upon with that obsequiousness which now characterized the manner of everyone about him.

He dismissed the car and determined to walk slowly about until he could go to the club, and half way down Bond Street he met Lady Ellen.

She wore the prettiest of gowns, and had a French bull-dog trotting at her heels. She stopped him, holding out her hand.

"How nice to see you!" she said. "Do you know, I was just thinking about you. I wanted to ring you up and ask you which night would be convenient for you to dine with me; but I couldn't find your number in the telephone book, Mr. Bryant."

He colored a little, and then he said—

"I don't think it is in the book, but it will be in later"; and then he gave her his address.

"Oh!" she said; "that is where that queer old Mrs. Marnock used to live. Do you know, I was always sorry for her. She seemed so lonely. Did you know her?"

Julian was now quite pale.

"Yes," he said. "I knew her, Lady Ellen. She left me her house; she left me all that I have."

"Now that was very nice of her," Lady Ellen said in her pretty, boyish way. "I read all about her will. Hadn't she pots of money. I don't remember seeing your name in the paper," she added.

"I wasn't mentioned in the will," said Mr. Bryant. "It was a special legacy and no one knows anything about it excepting the lawyers, excepting yourself."

"Do you want it to be a secret. Oh! am awfully good at secrets," said Lady Ellen. Certainly this man did remind her of Adrian, and certainly also she did like him; he was very nice, and so good to look at, younger than Adrian and with two strong arms, not crippled like poor Adrian. "Were you in the army?" she asked him.

He hesitated an instant, and then told her in what regiment he had served.

"Oh! you musn't mind my asking questions," Lady Ellen said. "I am awfully curious about people I like; and I like you, Mr. Bryant," she said, "because you are so like my cousin. I hope you'll meet Adrian one day; he is such a splendid man. I dare say you know him by name, Colonel Adrian Dawney. He was wounded in the Transvaal; but he got all sorts of honors."

"Indeed, I do know Colonel Dawney by name," Julian said warmly.

"Well, we are going to be friends, aren't we?" Lady Ellen held out her slim hand and smiled at him. "Do come and dine one evening. Are you fond of bridge? I think I could scrape up a party."

"I never touch cards," Bryant answered hurriedly, and then he added with a faint smile. "I am afraid I am really a very dull sort of individual, but I shall be delighted to dine, Lady Ellen. It is very good of you to ask me."

"Dull!" repeated Lady Ellen to herself as she walked on. "No, my dear man, you are not dull! How I wish you weren't so like Adrian!" she sighed. "Now I suppose I must bet somebody else to meet him, but who? Not Mr. Tenderten. I must go home and think it out."

Bryant felt cheered by this little meeting with Lady Ellen Crooper; he liked her.

She had a very straightforward way of speaking which appealed to him.

He had to wait a little while for his friend when he reached the club, and he sat pretending to read the papers. He was irritated with himself in that he showed so little strength of will that he could not bring himself to find pleasure in his present condition; indeed, when Captain Derrymore joined him he found himself looking at Julian rather closely.

"I say, you must have had a bad time, old chap," he said. "You've grown a lot thinner than you were, and you hadn't too much flesh to be proud about when we met last."

"Yes, I have been going through a bad time," said Bryant; and then he smiled; "but I suppose I ought to ask for your congratulations, because when you saw me I was pretty nearly as low down as a man can be, and now"—he laughed—"well, now, I've got some money, more than I know what to do with."

"That sounds interesting," said Captain Derryman, as he led the way to luncheon. "How have you managed it, Julian?"

"It has been a case of luck, a most unexpected thing to come my way."

"Well, I'm jolly glad, dear old chap. You always were one of the best, and you deserve all the good you can get. Tell me some more."

Julian Bryant very briefly gave him the story of his inheritance, of course, without any reference whatever to the condition attached to it.

"By Jove!" said Captain Derryman. "You may well say that you are in luck. This is something worth having, isn't it? Well, what are you going to do with yourself? I don't think that you were intended to be an idler; but," he added the next moment, "I dare say your wife has plans about your future?"

"No," said Bryant. "I have to make my own plans." He laughed a curiously strained laugh and then he said: "The fact is my wife and I are not together. Things got so strained between us, she took herself out of my life. Derryman, you don't know what an ugly thing real downright poverty is!"

"I'm sorry," Captain Derryman said. He paused for an instant, and then added, "I don't mind confessing to you, Bryant, that more than once since I saw you I have found myself envying you. You told me so much about your wife that I felt that whatever else was going wrong with you, at least one very great happiness was bestowed on you. Mrs. Bryant seemed to me just the sort of woman I've always wanted to meet."

"Don't change in that, Derryman, because it is the truth. I don't think there is another like her, but—" Julian stopped abruptly, and the other man very quickly turned the subject of the conversation.

He talked about all sorts of things, and never once again touched on Bryant's own personal matters.

In fact, they spent a very pleasant hour, and when Julian rose to go he did so reluctantly.

"I want you always to put up with me, Frank," he said, "whenever you are in town. I am sorry you are going away to-night. I should have liked you to come and stay with me now."

"I promise to put in a few days with you before I go back to India," Captain Derryman said; "but why do you stay in town? What you want is change of scene, change of air, change of surroundings."

"I am just drifting," Bryant answered; and he spoke the truth. "I don't quite know what lies in the immediate future." Then he laughed that strange, empty laugh. "Don't be surprised if you find me back in the gutter again."

"I'll tell you what," said Captain Derryman, "just make up your mind to come across to Ireland for a week or so with me. My people will be delighted to see you. I can promise you some good fishing, if the birds are not of the finest quality."

"I think I will come," said Bryant suddenly; "but I have a certain amount of business which I must attend to before I can leave town.

Acting on a sudden impulse when he left Derryman, he walked to the Academy of Music. He thought it probable that Enid might have turned there, or that the authorities might in some way know something of her movements.

But the porter only shook his head. He remembered Enid perfectly well as a student, but he declared that he had not seen her for more than a year, and was convinced that she had not been.

"She promised to write," Bryant said to himself, as he walked away. "Why doesn't she let me know where she is? What is happening to her? Oh! this terrible silence!"

It was something more than her silence which pressed upon him. It was the sense of responsibility.

When he reached his home he ordered the touring car to be prepared, and intimated to his chauffeur that he would drive himself.

To Stephens, the imperturable and the discreet, he said as he got into the car—

"I am going for a long spin in the country. I don't quite know when I shall get back. Perhaps I shan't return to-night. I will telephone through."

"Yes, sir. I understand, sir. Won't you take Morten with you, sir? He'd be handy if anything was to go wrong, you know."

"I know all there is to know about a car," said Julian with his curious smile. "I don't want anybody with me."

(To be continued.)

Ruins Caused by German Artillery at Boore, France.

HOW TO AVOID CONSUMPTION.

Precautions Issued By Ontario Provincial Board of Health.

1. The special measures required for producing conditions destructive to the virulence of tubercle bacilli which may have found lodgment in a house are, fortunately, those best calculated to preserve and improve the health of the inmates.

2. These are air, light, sunshine, and dryness, which, while they aid in rendering individuals able to resist the establishment of the germ of the disease, at the same time are most destructive to its vitality.

3. Ventilation by means of fresh air is most important for the preservation of the health of children, as well as adults, fresh air preventing the development and spread of consumption. Ventilation is essential in factories, workshops, offices and houses, particularly when the air of such places is associated with gaseous fumes and fine dust.

4. The breath from the lungs contains foul organic matter, which becomes poisonous if rebreathed. Hence the air of living and sleeping rooms, workshops, schools, churches and public vehicles should be quickly changed, otherwise persons breathing it become weakened, and thus may become predisposed to consumption.

5. Overcrowding is both dangerous and injurious to health, and should be avoided.

6. Windows should be made to open to the external air, they should be kept open day and night sufficiently to provide for a continuous supply of fresh air, but injurious draughts should be avoided.

7. Open spaces around buildings are necessary for the access of fresh air.

8. Rooms, staircases and passages should be frequently flushed with air by opening windows and doors. This rule applies equally to churches, school rooms, factories, hotels, public halls, as well as to the homes of consumptives.

9. All rooms should be kept clean, otherwise the air can never be pure. Cleanliness and good sanitary surroundings are essential for the prevention as well as the cure of the disease.

10. To protect against the germs of tuberculosis, as found in both meat and milk, these articles of diet should be subjected to a temperature of at least 180 degrees F. (60 C.). The former should be well cooked through and the latter should be heated to at least 140 degrees F. for 25 minutes.

11. All bed linen and body linen should be disinfected before being sent to the wash.

12. The clothing, wearing apparel and other effects of a consumptive should either be destroyed or disinfected by superheated steam before being used by another.

13. Never put coins, articles of the toilet or other small objects in your mouth. Do not use a pipe, wind instrument or implement which goes to the mouth that has been in use by any other person.

14. The extent to which outdoor exercise and fresh air should be indulged in should be regulated by the physician in charge, as also the character of clothing to be worn and the daily dietary.

15. All cases of tuberculosis must within 12 hours be notified by the physician in charge to the Medical Officer of Health. Regulation 1, Tuberculosis.

Personal Precautions.

1. Consumption is contracted by taking into the system, chiefly through inhalation, the germ or microbe of the disease.

2. This germ is contained in the sputum or spit of the consumptive, and the minute droplets which he sprays into the air in coughing or sneezing. The germs may be inhaled directly through the air. When the sputum and droplets become dry they mingle with the dust, and, being inhaled with it, introduce the germs into the body, or the germs may be inhaled directly through the air.

3. The consumptive person, therefore, must not expectorate about the house or on the floor of any public building, cab, street car, railway carriage or other conveyance, nor on the street or other public place.

4. The consumptive must not expectorate anywhere except in a spittoon kept for the purpose, which spittoon should contain water, to which a disinfectant has been added, preferably a 5 per cent. solution of carbolic acid, which is prepared by dissolving one ounce of carbolic acid in one imperial pint of hot water.

5. When absent from his own room, the consumptive should use a small, wide-mouthed bottle, with a carefully fitting cap (pocket spittoon), the contents of which when emptied should be destroyed and the receptacle carefully cleansed, being kept in boiling water for at least ten minutes.

6. A consumptive should not spit into a handkerchief, but, if not provided with spittoon, should use a piece of cloth or paper, which should be burned at the first opportunity.

7. Handkerchiefs, which may have been used, should be boiled one-half hour before being washed.

9. Kissing by consumptives should be prohibited. When coughing, a consumptive patient should always hold a handkerchief in front of the mouth, and should avoid coughing in the direction of another person.

10. The greatest care should be taken to prevent the smearing of hands, face, clothing and bedclothes with the sputa. Should an accident of the kind happen, the parts should be immediately cleansed, and for this reason the clothing and wearing apparel of consumptives should be thoroughly disinfected before being used by others.

11. A consumptive should not hold a situation in which he is required to handle the food or wearing apparel of others.

12. A room occupied by a consumptive should not be swept or dusted. Such few floor rugs as are used should be frequently taken up and exposed to the sunlight, and also disinfected at intervals. They should on no account be shaken, beaten or swept. In cleaning such rooms wet cloths must be used to wipe the floor, woodwork, windows, furniture, etc., and these cloths should be frequently boiled. These rooms should be thoroughly cleansed at least once a month, in addition to the daily cleaning.

13. On a room being vacated by a consumptive, it should be thoroughly and completely disinfected. The wall paper (if any) should be removed, and the walls, ceiling and floor well washed with a disinfecting solution and well aired.

14. Special sets of spoons, forks, knives, plates, cups, etc., should be kept for the exclusive use of each person affected, and these articles should be placed for a few minutes in boiling water before being washed.

15. Milk and other articles of diet should not be permitted to stand in the bedroom of a consumptive; they should be brought to him in only such quantities as are required for immediate use.

16. All cases of Tuberculosis must within 12 hours be notified by the physician in charge to the Medical Officer of Health. Regulation 1, Tuberculosis.

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Do you say decisively:
"A 5-lb. Package of REDPATH Sugar",
or "A 20-lb. Bag of REDPATH", and
—get a definite quantity
—of well-known quality, "Canada's best"
—clean and uncontaminated
—in the Original Package?

Or do you say, thoughtlessly:
"A quarter's worth of Sugar", or
"A dollar's worth of Sugar", and get
—an unknown quantity
—of unknown quality
—scooped out of an open barrel
—into a paper bag?

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