

The Sacrifice;

FOR HER FAMILY'S SAKE.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)
 Then the silken train rustled by, and the shrill voice of her mother-in-law, "Allow me, Herr General, to have a word to say to the lady."
 "I am sorry, madam, but I must insist upon your saying nothing, for everyone's sake. If this lady is an impostor, it would be beneath your dignity, if she is not, it would certainly be useless." Do you understand?"
 "Lora had now come out of her hiding-place."
 "Uncle," she cried, hurrying up to him, "take me to mamma, I beg of you."
 "Certainly, my love. I can understand that you are longing for your mother's arms."
 The young wife went in to her bedroom, and soon came back with a face hood over her head, and wrapped up in her old cloak, which she had lately brought home secretly. She had her prayer-book in her hand and her father's photograph in a simple frame.
 At the sight of her, Frau Becher broke out into sudden hysterical sobs. "Lora," she said, "why can't you go?"
 "Yes, I can," she replied, breathing quickly. "I am going, and I will never come back—never."
 "You cannot be sure of that," said the general.
 "Yes," returned Lora, who fairly seemed to glow, she drew herself up so proudly. "Yes, I can. For even if she is not his wife according to law, she is so in my eyes, and if anything could add to the contempt I already feel for him, it would be the sight of this child whom he has deserted. Never will I set my foot across his threshold again—never!"
 "Oh, it will come out right, sobbed Frau Becher.
 "Never!" repeated Lora, and she gathered up the train of her mourning dress, as if even the garments that she wore should not be allowed to touch the floor of the house she was leaving.
 "Pardon, madam, she is frightfully agitated, naturally," said the general in excuse. I shall be back again directly."
 He hurried after Lora, who was waiting for him at the hall door.
 "Oh, child," he said gently, "suffering her his arm.
 She clung closely to him, but she did not speak again. He had crown dark outside, the wind had come down and the bells sounded deep and solemn from the towers of the city. It was Christmas Eve.
 Lora's heart suddenly warmed and softened, and something came back to her of the faith of her childhood, the certainty that there is a God of compassion, and of love.
 She dropped her uncle's arm, and he nodded.
 "I will go and prepare your mother, and then go back to Frau Becher."
 She walked slowly on through the crowded street. Church-gongers came from nearly every house, and took the same way that she was going, drawn by the sound of the bells. On the high altar two Christmas trees were blazing with light. Tears came into her eyes, and a solemn feeling came over her. Just in front of her, a half hidden by a great pillar, sat a stranger. Her worn, delicate face was turned toward the blazing trees. She held the child's little hand between her own, and listened to the old Christmas hymn.
 "Bringing good tidings of a Savior's birth,
 You and all the nations upon earth."
 Lora went into the same pew, sat down beside the child, and bent her head in prayer. The eyes of her neighbor opened wide as she looked at her face, down which a clear drop after the other slowly ran.
 "For the child's sake forgive me for disturbing your peace," said the stranger to her, in a whisper, after the sermon was over.
 "I forgive you? Ah, you must forgive me. But believe me, I am guiltless of sin," replied Lora. Her hand rested for a moment in that of the stranger, and her eyes looked searchingly at her face. No; it was not that of an impostor.

mis-step—but to leave the service. And you see Lora made a good match, and—"
 "Very good, I understand. She did say yes at last!"
 He did not say another word; everything suddenly became clear to him.
 At length Frau Elfrieda appeared. Aunt Melitta was requested to wait in another room.
 She went out in fireful anger, and she had to put up with the fact that the Polish carp in the kitchen were done to rags, and the Christmas tree in the ball room remained unlighted, and the costly presents awaited their recipients in vain. What was the use of her making sofa-pillows and pin-cushions by the dozen? But the worst was yet to come. After two hours of painful expectation her brother left the house without asking for her; Frau Becher sent word through the servant that she was so tired that she could not see Frau von Tollen again; Aunt Melitta put her cloak on with a sigh, cast one more glance at the dimly-lighted Christmas room with all its gay presents, and went downstairs past Lora's flippant maid, who was standing whispering with the footman. The servants' faces had a curious, insolent expression, and they looked after her and laughed. And this was Christmas Eve!
 As she walked through the park the clock struck eight. From the window of the gardener's cottage a brilliant Christmas tree shone out. Yes, there was still joy somewhere.
 At her own door, a moment later, she found a slender figure, gazing eagerly at the Schonberg's house. There was a light downstairs in the Frau Pastorin's room and in the hall, the door of which was wide open, the scholars of the gymnasium had just lighted the tree, and were singing a Christmas song.
 "Katie, is it you?" cried Aunt Melitta, in amazement.
 "Yes," said the girl, without turning her head, "I have been waiting for you a long time already. Everything seems to be at sixes and sevens. What has happened, I should like to know? The Christmas family party gone to pieces—Lora suddenly at home—mamma in tears, and uncle like a thunder-cloud. Can I come up with you, Auntie?"
 "If you like, Katie; but it is cold in my room, and I haven't even a morsel of gingerbread in the house; it doesn't look much like Christmas with me to-day."
 "As if it were any more like it with us," said Katie bitterly, and as the song across the way had ceased, she followed her little aunt into the house, sat down by the window in the cold room, and looked with burning eyes at the dark gable window opposite. He was downstairs with his mother; there, there was a fragrance of evergreen and wax candles; there was happiness.
 Katie clenched her fist and said to herself, "I will be there next year—I will—I will!"
 CHAPTER XXIII.
 The general in the meantime sat opposite Frau Becher, every inch the soldier. He developed his strategic talent, and began first to reconnoitre.
 "Frau Becher sat on the yellow flowered damask sofa of her boudoir, with an air of being ready for the fray. On her coarse features, swollen with crying, however, there rested in contradiction to this, an expression of injured innocence and gentle resignation.
 "Madam," began the general, "this is a sort of thing—yes, yes; you need not tell me. I am an old man, I know the world. It is true, young men will be young. So this lady was in your house, Frau Becher?"
 "Yes," replied Frau Becher, with a sigh. "and God knows, if I had had an idea, when she came to me, of what misfortune she was bringing to me, I would never have let her cross my threshold," and she made an expressive gesture.
 "Of course, of course, no one could blame you. And you had a great deal of trouble with her?"
 "Ah, Heaven, only knows how much," she moaned. "First, all the fuss when Adalbert fell in love with her. I always said to him, 'Stop that nonsense. Girls like that are sure to give trouble; you will repent it.' But young people all know so much. Afterward when he had got his way, then the trouble began in earnest. She was always writing for money; that sort of person always needs so much more than a respectable woman."
 (To be Continued.)

RIVERDALE

Wm. Irwin and wife spent Xmas in Rocklyn.
 Miss Sprung started school on the 3rd January.
 Mr. and Mrs. John Boales spent Christmas in Markdale.
 Wm. Boyd was down to the city for a short visit last week.
 Miss Annie Bodes spent her Christmas holidays in Markdale.
 Ms. C. Gibson, of Edmonton, is visiting his brother, Robert, here.
 We wish the readers of The Standard and also the editor a joyful New Year.
 Mr. J. Edward Irwin and Miss Nancy Irwin, of St. Vincent, visited friends here.
 Mr. Prskine, of Grand Valley was up for a few days visiting his cousin, Gordon.
 Wm. Stephenson has purchased for himself a nice new cutter; also a set of light harness.
 A few of our young folks had a real good time at the home of Mr. J. E. Boales the other evening.
 Wes. Hawken, of Harkaway, stopped a few days with his sister Mrs. S. Walker, near the townline A. and E.
 The scarlet fever excitement is about over in this part of the globe, but there are a few first prize tickets up yet.
 Miss Martha Lomas, of Markdale visited Mrs. John Boales last week. She also visited friends in St. Vincent recently.
 Mr. Louis Boales and Mr. Fred Cutting sawed, split and piled 60 cords of wood in 75 hours for Mr. Boyd. How's that for Riverdale boys?
 At the school meeting on the last Thursday in the old year, Mr. John Fadden was re-elected as trustee; John Lee got the wood contract and John Faulkner caretaker. Who is to sweep the floor and act as Secretary, we have not yet learned.

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 Many wonderful cures right here in Markdale have been effected by its use; and we ask all of our customers to try Vinol on our guarantee to return money, every time it fails to make rich, red blood, increase the appetite, cure stomach troubles, give strength and renewed vitality to the aged, run-down, tired and debilitated, or cure chronic colds, hacking coughs or bronchitis. W. Turner & Co., Druggists, Markdale.
 Nell—I really think May is in love with you.
 Ned—Do you really? Why?
 Nell—I heard her remark yesterday that homeliness in a man is not really a fault, but a sign of character.

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In buying a cough medicine for children, never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is almost sure to follow. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough, and there is no better medicine in the world for these diseases. It is not only a certain cure for croup, but when given as soon as the croupy cough appears, will prevent the attack. Whooping cough is not dangerous when this medicine is given as directed. It no opium or other harmful drugs, and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult. For sale by R. L. Stephen.

Another Letter from Arcola.

Arcola, Sask., Dec. 3, 1907.
 Editor Standard:
 Dear Sir—It may interest some of your readers to see a few pointers on the land of this fair age far West. It ranks high as wheat raising land. The climate not so high, yet experts say the climate, as well as our soil, is "needed" to raise "No. 1 hard." For the best grains, fruits and roots are raised at the northern limit of their production. During the season now passed we seemed a little too far north, not a few suffering from frost as the wheat was filling. What should have been 100,000,000 is turning out 70,000,000. The price is better than usual, but the banks are keeping a very close grip on their funds, in some cases not willing to furnish money to buy wheat, good or bad. It appears to some of us that the many millions invested in the U. S. by them would be better used helping the country that has fostered them with many privileges and immunities. The farmer suffered last year from a shortage of cars to handle crops. This year from a shortage of cash to buy them. Many farmers will suffer in consequence. I have seen it affirmed that the first crop will pay \$25 per acre for land in Alberta. It occurs to me that requires a grain of salt. Doughtless Saskatchewan has land just as good, and five to ten years would come much nearer the truth. Some young men of my acquaintance, well equipped for farming and fortified by several years' experience prairie farming in N. Dakota, have not yet paid for land bought at \$7 and \$9 per acre bought and entered upon four years ago, and within four miles of the thriving town of Arcola, pushing, thrifty, sober and capable young farmers, morally and physically above the average immigrant. The C.P.R. and speculators are holding lands at \$20 per acre 16 miles from a railway station. We could get along better without the land speculator. Let the land be sold at a fair price to the actual settler and rule out the man who buys at a small and looks for a big price from some poor hayseed. There is a strong tendency in our municipal government to sit a little harder on the land speculator. A good many theories are ripe just now amid the scarcity of money here and elsewhere. The common conclusion is that we have been going too fast, and not paying as we go. Many good farmers who had the prospect of several thousand bush of wheat before the frost, now look on empty granaries, without the usual accommodation to meet their debts, and are in very uncomfortable circumstances. If a farmer is making a good, comfortable living and laying something by for a rainy day in Ontario, let him pause before he lifts his stakes to plant them in the lauded Northwest. That is the deliberate opinion of many I have met who are quite capable by long experience to form a correct estimate of the merits and demerits of these new provinces. I agree with the opinion after four years' residence here.
 Yours truly, F. W.

MAKE IT YOURSELF.

There is so much Rheumatism here in our neighborhood now that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be high-appreciated by those who suffer:
 Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kaffoon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in a teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.
 It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.
 This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys, so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter, which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman or feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffer from urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

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 "Our home druggists say they will either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription ready to take. Your readers ask for them."
 Minister (to intoxicated parishioner)—Mac, I am very sorry to find you in this state!
 Man—Are you verra sorry?
 Minister—Yes, Mac, I'm very sorry!
 Man—Ah, well, it's verra really verra sorry I'll forgive you.
 FROM THE ANTI-LEGS
 Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Beneficial as a City Councillor at Kingston, Jamaica, Mr. W. O'Reilly Fogarty, who is a member of the City Council at Kingston, Jamaica, West Indies, writes as follows: "One bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had good effect on a cough that was giving me trouble, and I think I should have been more quickly relieved if I had continued the remedy. That it was beneficial and quick in relieving me there is no doubt and it is my intention to obtain another bottle." For sale by R. L. Stephen.
 "My daughter, that young man of yours established a record last evening."
 "What do you mean, pa?"
 "Your mother reported him off the back at 10 o'clock, and he hadn't made the vestibule when your brother steamed in at 12."
 "Every choice in life is an impact that determines the shape of character."

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