

A LITTLE CHILD'S PRAYER,

OR, THE DUEL IN THE GLEN.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

She did not realize this—God help her—she only realized that her uncle had solemnly requested her to marry a man she could never love; whom, on the contrary, she quite disliked.

She looked at Heathcliff with a low, shuddering cry, took one step forward to quit the room, and fell at the old lawyer's feet in a deep swoon.

For once in his life Heathcliff had the grace not to intrude his presence too soon on the grief-stricken girl.

To Mrs. Grey he left the delicate task of unfolding to Irene by degrees, the truth that this home which she had considered hers so long was hers no longer, unless she accepted him with it.

On the day following the reading of the will, Mrs. Grey had gone to Irene's apartment for the purpose of determining what Irene proposed to do under the existing circumstances. She found her, lying with tear-stained face, on the sofa.

"Irene," she said, crossing the room and laying her kindly hands on the bowed curly head, "I have come in to have a quiet talk with you. Don't lie there and sob, my dear; sit up and attend to what I have to say to you. The time has now come when you must listen."

Irene meekly obeyed. The old housekeeper scarcely knew how to begin; she plunged into the heart of it awkwardly enough.

"Banker Middleton's will was a most unexpected turn of affairs," she said, slowly as she seated herself. "It seems hard to bring you to a full realization of the situation, but my dear, I feel it my duty to show you the very delicate position in which you will be placed in a very few days."

The dark, curly head was raised from the white hand that supported it, and the wistful eyes looked at her wonderingly.

"Of course, my dear," continued Mrs. Grey, "that the banker's death necessitates many changes—great changes."

"I have—have not thought," faltered Irene, with a sob.

"The time has come, Irene, when you must leave off crying and think. I leave the will to-morrow, Irene; all the servants about the place have been dismissed, and—well to break into the plain truth—you, a young and unmarried girl, do not expect to remain here alone—in the home of a bachelor. It would be highly improper; in short, not to be thought of, you see, child."

CHAPTER IV.

The startled look in Irene Middleton's large dark eyes, showed Mrs. Grey the consciousness of the bitter truth was slowly coming to the girl in its full force.

She was beginning to realize the terrible reality—the home which she had always looked upon as hers was hers no longer—she was living at that moment on the charity of Mr. Heathcliff, and was face to face with the world, being wholly unprovided for.

"Now," questioned Mrs. Grey, sympathetically, "what do you propose to do, Irene?"

"Do do?" repeated the girl, vaguely.

"Yes, to do," answered the housekeeper, pitying Irene from the bottom of her heart. She was not surprised to see the girl shrink back, and a look of dismay deepen in the dark eyes.

"You are all alone in the world, save for Mr. Heathcliff," she pursued, "and now the question, my dear child, is—do you think you will marry him, or go into the world. Weigh the chances carefully, Irene; to whom could you go? On one side, a husband and a home are offered you—on the other, the chances of success of a penniless girl, poor and proud, tossed mercilessly by each wave of circumstance, buffeted about, a prey to poverty and despair, alone—friendless! Those who have courted and fawned around Banker Middleton's prospective heiress in her prosperity, would pass her by in adversity with a scornful, haughty stare."

"Oh, Mrs. Grey, what would you do if you were in my place?" sobbed Irene, clinging to her and looking up into her face, piteously. "I am so young, I have never had one thought of such a thing as marrying anyone!"

"That is a matter in which you should follow the dictates of your own judgment."

"Ought there not to be a little love—between those who marry?" asked the girl, timidly; a wave of color crossing the whiteness of her face as she uttered the words, bashfully.

"Of course there should be," admitted Mrs. Grey.

"I have heard that it was a sin to marry without it."

"My dear Irene, you express yourself so oddly," said the housekeeper—"some of the happiest of marriages have been when people have learned to love each other after marriage."

"I had such a different idea of it," said Irene, slowly. "I thought it took place when two souls were attracted insensibly toward each other. What happens if the wrong souls ever go together?" she asked, suddenly.

Mrs. Grey was startled.

"My dear Irene," she said, "what odd notions you have, I do not know how to answer you."

"I should think the wrong souls would part, and each go to the right one—that must be it," she said, musingly.

Mrs. Grey held up her hands with a gesture of amazement.

"Was there ever a young girl with such peculiar thoughts. Did you ever see any one whom you think you would have cared for, more than Mr. Heathcliff, Irene?" she asked, anxiously.

A vision of a noble face—with deep, earnest blue eyes, and a deep voice saying:—"In the face of it all, I will be your true friend; I cannot help it,"—recurred to Irene, but she answered proudly—"No."

The face of the young man who had uttered those words had lingered often in her thoughts, and there had come to her the vague thought, should she ever meet him again?

"Take until to-morrow to think over what I have said, Irene," said Mrs. Grey, rising—"but remember this, as you consider the matter, your uncle wished for this marriage."

For an hour or more after Mrs. Grey had left her, Irene paced the floor in deep thought. "I will go out into the air," she murmured, "perhaps I can think better there, what is best to be done."

She had barely reached the avenue of trees that led to the park ere she heard rapid, familiar footsteps behind her; and, glancing around, she saw Mr. Heathcliff swiftly approaching.

He lifted his hat with the eager grace characteristic of him; but, for the first time, Irene noticed that he seemed nervous—greatly agitated. His face was pale and his eyes restless; even the tone of his voice sounded strangely hoarse and unnatural, as he addressed her.

"I am glad to have met you, Irene," he said, "I sent for you a little while since at the house and when they told me that you were not in, I was greatly perturbed; I wanted to see you at once, and on a very important subject."

"Well, here I am," said the girl, raising her clear, dark eyes to his, "what do you want me for, Mr. Heathcliff?"

"I want to tell you that I am called suddenly away from London, Irene," he answered, "I must catch the next outgoing train. Here he hesitated, and glanced uneasily at his companion. "My return is very uncertain, Irene," he went on, "I may be gone long years—perhaps forever. Therefore I am obliged to ask you to decide here and now, if you will be my wife." He added, "it is abrupt, I realize; but I am forced to know the issue now. Circumstances alter cases very materially. I am obliged to have my answer without delay."

"I—I—could not make up my mind so soon," said Irene, piteously, "indeed I cannot."

"Do not think me harsh or imperative, if I say you must, Irene," he said firmly; "this matter will brook no delay."

"Could I not write you, in a little while, what my answer will be?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"It is now or never, Irene," he answered; "even now we are wasting precious moments. I do not attempt to coerce you, I only add my entreaties to your uncle's."

Irene, Irene, and have loved you from the first moment I saw you. My heart was empty and my life was lonely. I should not have remained in London; there are a thousand reasons why I should have been far away—the hope of winning you yet kept me here."

Would you want me to marry you, knowing I do not care for you?" she asked proudly.

"It is my only chance of winning and I seize the opportunity," he answered. "I will reward you with a life of devotion. I will make you the happiest of women, if love and wealth can accomplish it. Our uncle desired this marriage with his whole heart; for his sake I ask you to grant his last request."

He well knew, the girl's intense love for the dead banker; that was the most powerful argument he could use, to gain her consent. She was only eighteen—with as little knowledge of the great world around her as a dreaming child of eight.

Is it to be wondered at, that at length he persuaded her to accept him—even though in the same breath she told him she did not love him.

"Love will come in time," he answered—"I will give my whole life to the winning of you."

"I am sure that you will not succeed," she said—"I tell you frankly, I consent, because I cannot disobey the last request of my uncle—hard though it be."

He looked at her, she was so royally beautiful in her utter indifference to him, so much more worth winning than any other woman in her most complaisant mood; that Heathcliff felt that he could have given his life for that victory.

He bent his dark, handsome head over the little hand he held; he looked at the beautiful face, but dared not touch it with his lips, held back by her quiet cold politeness, and the knowledge that he had her love to win, therefore he must not be too precipitately demonstrative.

Though his heart was beating wild with triumph, he merely said—"Thank you, Irene; you have made me one of the happiest of men. The ceremony must be performed immediately; we will go to the nearest rectory. You shall not walk; I will call a hansom cab," he said, placing her on one of the seats close by the entrance. "Wait for me here, Irene. I shall be but a few moments."

She watched him as he walked away.

He was tall, handsome, with a well-proportioned figure, and she wondered, vaguely, if she ever would like him—she thought not. How strange it was within the hour she was to be his wife; yes, this would be her wedding-day. Like all young and romantic girls, she had had day-dreams of what her wedding-day would be like, and of the bridegroom who would come to claim her. How widely different the reality was! Why should her heart sink as she looked at the sunshine and listened to the birds? Why did a faint shuddering cry escape her pale lips? She did not realize that it was the cry of a young heart sick and faint with its own forebodings—the prophetic cry of a soul seized for the first time with unutterable dread—and yet, no one could wonder at it, for marriage is a very solemn thing to a young girl.

Heathcliff walked rapidly toward the nearest cab-stand. He was triumphant; he had barely hoped for so great a success. Irene was so beautiful, so haughty, that he had hardly dared to hope that she would listen to him. There was that in the dark, checked life of Karl Heathcliff, which should have made him pause and consider well, ere he linked the life of this bright young girl with his. He thought of her high spirit, her noble nature, and wondered how he would make the life that lay before her, he wondered whether in time to come, she would dislike him, hate him—loathe him. He wondered over all these things; yet the idea of sparing her, of saving her was beyond him. He was not capable of the sacrifice.

As he walked hurriedly down the street, once or twice he gave a quick start, glancing about him.

"The conviction has haunted me all day long that I am watched by unseen eyes," he muttered—"I have been a fool to remain here as long as I have."

Suddenly a hand fell on his shoulder. Heathcliff started back with a low-breathed imprecation, but an expression of relief spread over his face as he saw who it was who had accosted him—and he muttered—"It's only Lennox."

"The young man standing before Heathcliff was a very fair specimen of a good-natured young Englishman—too good-natured, in fact, for his own welfare."

"Ha, Heathcliff," he cried, holding out a slender, white hand; "the very man I wanted to see. 'Aven't seen you for a fortnight; my horse won on the Derby but I lost it all the same night; h' I expected you round but you didn't show up. I'm sorry to see you pressing, but h' I—ah! h' I say, 'Heathcliff, h' I must have that money you owe me, by to-night, you know."

"Hush, not a word of that here, Lennox, you'll ruin me," said Heathcliff, glancing hurriedly about him.

"Ruin you? that's pretty good," cries the young Englishman, going off into a peal of uproarious laughter; "egad, h' I thought you were ruined h' already, 'Heathcliff, h' I believe h' honestly, the h' only 'object belonging to the 'Heathcliff estate which remains h' unmortgaged—is yourself."

"I am equally sure that no one would lend money on me," returned Heathcliff. "Come into this cafe," he added, knowing the other's particular weakness; and taking this means of ridding himself of him, "and we will have a champagne to-gether."

"No," says Lennox, drawing back, "h' I've sworn h' off, so please my mother h' and sisters; h' I've just got h' over a week's sickness the result h' of our last champagne to-gether; h' I vowed h' I pulled through that, h' I'd cry quits."

"Nonsense," retorted Heathcliff, impatiently, quoting with a sneer on his face

"IF" As an authority says—"Truth well expressed makes the best advertisement"—then here's one of the best advertisements in the paper.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Is the best flavored and most economical Tea in the World.

Beware of high profit bearing substitutes. Sealed Lead Packets only.

Canada's finest sugar at its best

Your love of cleanliness and purity will be gratified by this 5-Pound Sealed Package of

Pedbath
Extra Granulated Sugar

It's Canada's finest sugar, fresh from the Refinery, untouched by human hands. Each Package contains 5 full pounds of sugar. Your Grocer can supply you.

Canada Sugar Refining Company, Limited, Montreal.

which by no means improved its expression—

"When the devil got sick, the devil a monk would be. When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

"That would be more like you, Lennox—eh?" taking him by the arm, notwithstanding the poor fellow's entreaties, Heathcliff soon had him in the cafe. A few minutes more, and despite all Lennox's resolutions, he was unable to leave it for the present.

"I'll see you later, my dear boy," said Heathcliff, turning him over to a party of congenial friends they found there.

"He is disposed of," he muttered, as he gained the street—"a soft-brained fool, that, who hasn't the stamina to stick to it when he does say 'no.'"

"I have already lost ten minutes," he soliloquized. "Irene will wonder what detains me."

She was still sitting on the rustic seat where he had left her, when he drove hurriedly up to the park entrance.

"Has the time seemed long to you, Irene?" he asked, as he handed her into the carriage.

"No," she answered simply. "I was so absorbed in thought, I quite forgot you."

"That is not very complimentary," he remarked, quickly.

He did not tell her that, anticipating her consent, he had already taken out a

special license and engaged the services of the rector, who was waiting at that moment to receive them.

As they crossed the portal of the old church she was startled by a sudden cry from his lips—by the sudden pallor of his face. "Why, Irene," he cried, "do you know that you are attired in black crape? I am not superstitious, but it frightens me. Who ever heard of a bride coming to the altar in black crape?"

(To be continued.)

BOVRIL Herds—

roam over nine million acres of the finest pasture land in Australia and over four hundred thousand acres in the Argentine.

H-2-12

Concrete-mixing is Easily Learned

It is no more difficult than mixing bran mash, once the simple instructions have been read.

The materials—sand, crushed rock or gravel and cement—each play a separate part. The rock provides the bulk of volume at very low cost; the sand fills in all crevices between the pieces of rock or gravel. The cement, mixed with water, forms a "bond," in other words a rocky "glue," that binds the other materials firmly together.

with a strength that increases with time. Concrete is really artificial rock, more firmly bound together than natural rock, which often has cracks, veins, fissures and other weaknesses.

Any farmer can learn how to mix Concrete and to apply it to the hundreds of uses to which it is fitted.

But in order to be absolutely sure that his proportions are correct and that his materials are properly suited to the purpose, he should send for the book,

"WHAT THE FARMER CAN DO WITH CONCRETE," and read the careful directions for mixing Concrete for all purposes. It also describes in detail hundreds of ways in which Concrete may be used to make the farm more comfortable, more convenient, more profitable and more valuable.

Just send us your name and address—in a letter or on a postal card—and the book will be sent to you by return mail free. Address

Canada Cement Company, Ltd., 30-35 National Bank Building, Montreal.

SEND ME YOUR BOOK.

Take A Scoopful Of Each— Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrence" Sugar—its perfect crystals—its pure, white sparkle—its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that

Absolutely Best St. Lawrence Sugar Absolutely Pure

is one of the choicest sugars ever refined—with a standard of purity that few sugars can boast. Try it in your home.

Analysis shows, "St. Lawrence Granulated" to be "99.95/100 to 100% Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever"

"Most every dealer sells St. Lawrence Sugar."

THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL.

65