

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd)

Hazel tied on her plain straw hat and took up the small white envelope resolutely.

"I may be gone an hour or more, Gay," she said; "you may as well go to bed, do not sit up for me, I have a pass-key."

She bent over her sister, kissing the tear-drops away from the pretty dark eyes, almost crying herself the while.

On the threshold she turned and looked back at the brown, curly head buried in the ruffled white pillow, and as she beheld her darling Little Gay then, she beheld her never again in this life.

And the hour came when gentle Hazel Esterbrook cursed the mad folly that caused her to leave Little Gay by herself that evening.

"Oh, how I should have loved to have gone," sobbed Gay, rising from her couch and folding up the pretty tarlatan dress with its fluttering ribbons. "How lovely this would have looked on me."

She slipped on the dress, and the pretty slippers that were sent with it, just to see how she would have looked in it.

Was it the spirit of girlish mischief—or fate, that put the next thought into her impulsive, thoughtless little head?

"I wonder if Hazel would care if I went by myself and peeped in at the grand ball for just one minute? I did not think of asking her that. I am sure she would not care as long as I do not go in. It couldn't be so very wrong, I may never see another grand ball while I live. I could see, too, if Percy is there—and if she is—how they look on me."

The last thought decides her, and thoughtless Gay catches up a dark cloak, throws the hood of it over her curls, and slips into the star-lighted night, and as she creeps up the long porch of the Highland House toward the lighted window, she comes directly face to face with Percy Granville.

"Gay!" he exclaims surprisedly, adding reproachfully, "you refused my escort, yet I find you here after all; surely you did not come by yourself?"

"Yes, I did; I ran away from Hazel, I only mean to take one peep in, then go home again," she said, with a bewitching rippling laugh.

"Now, that you are here, you must come in and have one waltz at least, then I will take you home if you like," Percy pleaded eagerly.

Gay hesitated, and in hesitating she was lost. The door opened and seemed to thrill her very soul. She forgot how very angry Hazel would be. The music seemed to enrapture her, and the great golden lights she could see through the window—the sheen of satin and the glitter of diamonds—to dazzle and bewilder her.

Though Percy Gay allowed himself to become persuaded, and before she could scarcely realize what was happening, the same arms that were around her in the cold dark waters were infolded about her once again, and they were whirling down the beautiful, gilded, flower-embowered hall to the strains of the dreamy waltz music.

A jealous pair of steel-blue eyes watch them. Miss St. Claire, all radiant in sky-blue satin and diamonds that encircle her white throat like a band of glittering fire, has just entered the ballroom with Harold Tremaine, whose escort she has accepted at the very last moment.

Her clasp tightens upon Tremaine's arm, and she clutches nervously at her fan and bouquet.

"Who can that exquisite little fairy be whom Percy Granville is waltzing with?" she asks aloud. "Surely it is madness to imagine that any other girl—"

They are nearing her each moment now, and Evelyn St. Claire bends forward eagerly to peer into the face quite hidden by Percy's broad shoulder; and as she looks her face grows fairly livid with the fire of jealousy.

"Ah! it is Gaynell Esterbrook!" Every one is watching the sylph-like figure in the rose tarlatan robe and satin ribbons, which float around her like a cloud of crimson glory. Murmurs of admiration are on every lip, and Miss St. Claire cannot shut her ears from hearing the comments she chooses about her.

The little beauty in the pink tarlatan dress, with a face like a Spanish princess, and glorious dusky eyes like burnished stars, is undoubtedly the belle of the ball.

Miss St. Claire clutches Harold Tremaine's arm with a vise-like grip.

"It is that miserable little beggar—that loom-girl they call Gay!" she gasps. "He has dared bring her into our set. We must resent it, Harold. You or I must humble her for her audacity in coming here."

Harold Tremaine's dark face flushes; he remembers the vow he had made on the day Gay had so daringly struck him that sharp blow on the face in the counting-room, to humiliate and crush her.

Yet, he catches his breath sharp as he watches her.

He had always thought her uncommonly pretty in her simple print dress. Now he sees that she is as gloriously beautiful as a dream. Something very like a wild throb of awakened love stirs in his heart.

Harold Tremaine is alone when the waltz ends, and by the strange complication of fate or folly he finds himself seated directly by the side of Gay.

"You are warm," Percy says, lingering by her side. "Will you allow me to bring you an ice, Gay?"

"If you will be so kind," Gay says demurely. "I should like one ever so much," and her eyes droop under the glance from his bonny blue eyes that makes her girl's heart beat so tumultuously.

The next moment he was gone, and at that moment, too, Gay becomes aware who it is who sits beside her, staring at her so impatiently with his bold, black eyes and insolent smile.

"Ah, Gay," said Tremaine, "you are having quite a time of it. 'Pon my honor you are outdoing yourself—eh?'"

Gay bowed stiffly, and vouchsafing him no reply, turned her eyes in another direction.

"I say Gaynell," he went on, giving the plump little hand so near him a decided squeeze, "what would you say, now, if I were to ask you to dance with me—to dance with me, you know?"

Gay snatched her hand away with blazing eyes.

"I should say that I would refuse you on the spot," she asserted. "I would dance with you to save your life, Mr. Harold Tremaine; so there!"

He flushed a dull angry red. All those about them had heard, and his intense mortification knew no bounds. Instantly he seized upon an ignoble revenge, and it would pay up the old score, too.

"Oh, my," he sneered insolently, raising his voice to a pitch loud enough for all about them to plainly hear, "how high we do fly. What mighty airs we put on for a beggar factory girl, who runs one of the looms in the Passaic Cotton Mills at six dollars per week and the glittering throng whirled about poor, hapless Little Gay! The music seemed to fall on her ears with a horrible crash."

She could see those around them gazing at her with scorn and withering contempt. She could hear the haughty exclamations of:

"Only a factory-girl! Dear me! What in the world possessed her to get herself up like a lady and come here?"

Poor Gay! Poor, hapless Little Gay. She shrank coweringly back from her cruel enemy, and from the scornful, angry eyes turned upon her from all sides, she a wounded, fluttering bird in the clutches of death. She put out her hands gropingly, with a little, piteous cry.

"Oh, why had she come? If she were only back in her humble little attic-room again, and could sob away the pain of her bursting heart on Hazel's breast."

Why had she come among this throng of beautiful young girls to be laughed at, to be scoffed and jeered at because Heaven had willed it that she must earn her own honest bread in the Passaic Cotton Mills? Oh, why had she come to the grand ball!

Little Gay cowered away from her cruel, triumphant, enemy great tears gathered in her dark eyes, and fell like rain down her white face from which all the joy and brightness had been stricken—as a cruel bolt of lightning blasts a tender little blossom.

At that moment Percy Granville returned with the ice. Gay crept up to him—he was her only friend among all that throng of cold, proud faces.

"What is the matter?" he asked, looking from one to the other in the greatest amazement, hurriedly setting down the ice.

Tremaine laughed, and the flaming, insolent light in his eyes deepened.

"Pshaw! I simply asked our beautiful fury here to have a dance with me," he ejaculated, "and she flew into a high and mighty temper. Just think of it—a miserable little loom-girl flying into a rage at me—that right honorable people with whom they are any way? They're nobody—confound 'em."

"Stop!—not another word!" commanded Percy Granville, in a voice of thunder. "Neither I nor any other honest man will stand by and hear aught that is insulting spoken of a poor young girl who honest toil wins for her her daily bread. My respect and admiration for a working-girl is profound; every true gentleman will voice my sentiments."

He turned tenderly toward Little Gay, but not an instant too soon, for the slender figure was swaying to and fro, and would have fallen in a dead faint to the ball-room floor if he had not put out his strong arms and caught her.

"I would advise you to hand that girl over to the attendants," sneered Tremaine, "unless you wish to give color to the story that is circulating about you two. By the eternal I believe now that it is quite true."

He leaned over and whispered a few words in his cousin's ear—words that made the blood run cold in Percy Granville's breast and made the veins stand out like whipcords on his forehead.

"Villain! a sound lie!" he retorted in a low, intense voice. "By Heaven, Tremaine, you shall answer to me before the sun rises, for daring to speak as you have of Little Gay. I will protect her honor with my heart's blood. I will take her home, then I shall return and we will settle this matter."

"We have been good friends until now," said Harold Tremaine, turning white; "do you mean that this factory-girl is to come between us?"

"We are bitter enemies now," cried Percy Granville, hotly.

"Well, as you have taken it upon yourself to be her champion, I suppose you mean that we are to have a duel to settle this affair?"

"That is precisely what I mean," replied Percy, laughingly; "a duel it is to be. I will avenge the honor of beautiful, spotless Little Gay before the sun rises—or I will die."

CHAPTER IV.

Percy Granville bore the slight figure quickly from the ballroom to the cool, green conservatory beyond, where, with the aid of the attendant, who was dispatched for her wraps, and who quickly returned with restoratives also, Little Gay was soon brought to consciousness.

She clung to Percy—like a hysterical child, hiding her pretty, tear-stained face on his arm, sobbing piteously:

"Oh, take me home—take me home, Mr. Granville. I do not want to stay any longer. I am sorry I came. Hazel will never forgive me—never!"

"Gay," said Percy, gently, as he led her away from the lights and the echoing music, out into the pale, clear radiance of the starlit night, "I shall never forgive myself for the cruel insult you have been forced to endure to-night. It was all my fault; if I had not pleaded so hard with you to come in and waltz with me it would not have happened."

"I had a right to do so, in the first place," sobbed Gay. "I had no place among all those rich people who were so far above me."

"Do not say that, Gay," responded Percy, warmly; "you are fitted for any society. Do not weep, Gay, he said, taking her little, clinging hands from his arm and clasping them in his own; you must not be startled at what I am going to tell you—a secret that has filled my heart ever since we faced death together that night, with the cold, dark waters curling around us. I told you I loved you then, and my love has grown a hundred-fold since. And now, my dear, I am going to ask you to give me the right to protect you. I love you with all my heart, Little Gay—will you be my wife?"

"Your wife," she echoed, in dismay, looking up at him with dark, startled eyes; oh, indeed, I could not—please don't ask me."

"Why not, Gay?" he asked quickly; "don't you love me?"

"It is not that," faltered Gay, naively. "Then what is it?" he whispered, bend-

ing his fair, handsome head nearer the curly brown one.

"I could never be your wife because you are so far above me," she sobbed. "You are very rich, and I am only a poor—little—little—"

"You are a little darling," Percy interrupted hastily, clasping the rose-leaf hands he held still closer.

How soft and beautiful were the eyes swimming in tears, and lifted so timidly to his face. She could not have touched Percy Granville more deeply.

"Wealth shall be no barrier between us, Gay," he cried. "What is all the wealth of the world compared to love? Do not say that again. Love outweighs everything. Even though you bid me go away and forget you, Gay—I could not do it—I cannot live without you."

"Do you really love me so much—and want me? I thought you cared for the rich heiress, Miss St. Claire."

"It is you, and you alone whom I care for," he answered; and as he came near her he could see the blushes stealing up into the pretty, dimpled face.

The glamor of love was upon him—he could see no faults in sweet, little, artless Gay.

True, she knew little of learning or books; but what did he care for that?—what was the world's opinion to him? Other men, as proud and wealthy felt themselves honored in wooing and wedding a working-girl, why should not he?

He stood in suspense beside her, watching the conflict going on in the girl's heart.

"I lay my life, my love, and my happiness in the two little white hands I am clasping," he murmured. "Remember the

Then another thought rushed across his mind.

"I would be a madman to apologize to Granville to avert this affair," he muttered. "For if he falls in the duel, there will be no question as who will inherit the Passaic Cotton Mills at the end of the stipulated year. Yes, let the duel go on."

IMITATIONS ABOUND

Every one shows the dealer a larger profit, but none possess the flavour of

"SALADA"

or give the same satisfaction to the tea drinker. Black, Mixed and Green. Sealed lead packets only.

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(To be continued.)

FOREST RANGERS' HOUSES.

Are To Be Built On Many Dominion Reserves.

In order to protect and administer the Dominion Forest Reserves to the best advantage, they are being subdivided into ranger districts and houses are being built at strategic points for the use of the rangers in charge. The first of such houses to be occupied on the Duck Mountain Forest Reserve is located at Madge Lake, a few miles from Kamsack, Sask.

Madge Lake is a beautiful, island-studded sheet of water, covering seven square miles, and this ranger-dwelling is picturesquely placed on its southern shore. It is a comfortable house, well planned and well lighted, containing living rooms, as well as office. It will be painted a dark green with white trimmings.

The trail from this ranger station to Kamsack will next year be widened and otherwise improved. This will benefit the ranger, convenience the public who have forest business to transact, and induce an increasing number of people to enjoy the many delights of a summer outing at Madge Lake.

The ranger at this station has direct charge of some two hundred and thirty square miles of highly valuable, young, second-growth spruce and poplar forest, and his central object and work will be to safeguard it from fire by every possible means, so that in two or three decades it may yield welcome and abundant supplies of fuel and lumber to the dwellers on the prairies.

Citizenship.

Every one of us should leave some mark on our nation's life. Perhaps we cannot write a song that will live extolling the virtues of patriotism, nor perform a deed of courage that will become an inspiration to others, but we can at least give the country one more true and worthy life, though it be only a lowly one—a life in which homely virtues shall shine and which shall leave behind a record of kindness and of good wrought. He who has done this has made himself a blessing to his country, and has written his name in the list of the immortals.

CORRECTION.

Through an error in our make-up, an advertisement of Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens appeared in last week's issue of our paper instead of the issue of to-day.

Often a man who has great conversational ability has little else.



Sir Cecil Arthur Spring-Rice. The new ambassador to the United States.

fate of two hearts depends upon the answer you make me. Do not send me from you, my darling—give me the right to protect you forever from the world's frown, and from Hazel's anger. You must—must, Little Gay, for I cannot give you up."

He was so handsome, so eager, so thoroughly the impassioned lover. His hands were clinging to her own, his face drooped so near hers, his pleading, bonny blue eyes were searching her very soul.

Gay was young, romantic, and impressive; she wondered if Hazel would be so very angry with her if she were to marry Percy Granville. It would be so nice to have a handsome young husband to love and protect her.

If she married him she would not have to go to the mill any more in the summer's heat and winter's snows. And then she loved him so well—she owed her very life to him; yes, she loved him with all her heart.

The peachy bloom on her cheeks deepened.

"Is it to be 'yes' or 'no,' Gay?" he whispered eagerly.

"Yes," she murmured shyly, and in the prettiest confusion.

He forgot the terrible anger of the stern old uncle, who never forgot or forgave, which was sure to follow. He thought only of Little Gay. He caught her to his heart in a rapture of delight.

"We will be married at once—to-night—Little Gay," he said. "Delays are sometimes dangerous; from this hour we belong to each other. We will be made one in name as well as in heart."

Half an hour later they were standing at the altar in the little graystone church—Gay shrinking, timid and dazed, like one in a dream; Percy fearless and resolute.

The fatal ceremony that followed seemed like a confused dream, too, to poor little Gay.

At length Percy turned to her with a smile and a kiss, calling her his bride, his own lovely little wife.

It was done; nothing but death could ever undo it. Whether it was to bring happiness, or bring the cruellest woe, only Heaven alone could have foretold.

"Are we really married, Percy?" she whispered, clinging tightly to his arm as they left the church. "It seems so strange that I cannot realize it."

"It is quite true you are my own now, to love and protect while life lasts," he answered reassuringly.

Then it came to him with a sudden shock; how long, after all, was he to live to protect her? In the excitement of wooing and winning Gay, he had quite forgotten the duel that was to be fought to settle the matter.

He caught her passionately in his strong arms, and held her tightly for one brief instant against his throbbing heart, his handsome face paling to the very lips. He must tear himself away from his pretty little bride at once, if he would have the courage to go at all and leave her; then he put her from him gently.

"Would you mind accepting the rector's hospitality—to come into the parsonage and rest awhile? I am obliged to return to the Highland House, but I will not remain away from you one moment longer than necessity compels."

And, leaving her in care of the rector and his wife, he kissed the rosy, trembling mouth, turned quickly, and walked hurriedly away, swiftly retracing his steps through the moonlit path that led through the tangled brushwood over which he had so lately passed with Gay, by his side—his heart in a tumultuous whirl.

The grand ball was at its height when he entered.

Few knew of the incident which had so lately transpired in their midst, and which was about to lead to a tragedy.

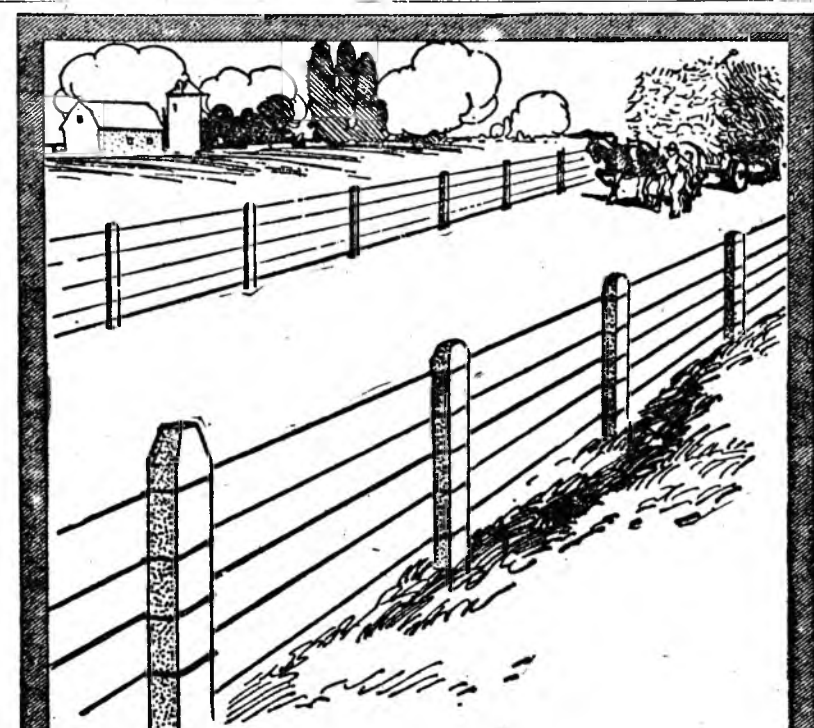
TWO POINTERS ON HOW TO CURE A COLD

When you begin to sniff and feel a burning sensation in the nasal passages, or when a tickling irritation in your throat starts you coughing, the first important thing is to act at once. It's the neglected cold that becomes troublesome and dangerous.

The second important thing to do is to take Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne, and keep it up till the cold disappears entirely.

Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne is absolutely free from harmful drugs, and can safely be given even to moderately young children. It is pleasant tasting and quick acting, promptly relieving the irritation of the throat and nostrils, loosening the mucus, promoting expectoration, and checking the cold.

Your druggist has Na-Dru-Co Syrup of Linseed, Licorice and Chlorodyne in 5c. and 10c. bottles, or can quickly get it for you. Compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.



How Much of Your Road Money is Spent in Filling Ruts?

IF the millions of dollars that have been spent repairing worn-out, washed-out streets and roads had been used to build more miles of good highways, fewer farmers would now be wasting valuable time and money taking "round-about" routes to town.

FIRST cost of an ordinary dirt or macadam road is usually only a "starter." The cost of upkeep soon equals that first cost and there is always an ever-increasing annual expense for repairs. The worst feature of it is that such a road is never a really first-class highway.

IN estimating the cost of a road you should include the expense of keeping it in good condition for at least twenty years. If you don't, you're figuring on the first payment for that road, only. And the remaining payments are as certain as taxes. The upkeep cost of concrete roads is practically nothing.

Concrete roads are the best roads from the first—and the best and cheapest roads at the end of ten, fifteen and twenty years.

CONCRETE is the ideal paving material for streets in small towns as well as for main highways in the country.

Edward N. Hines, Wayne County, Michigan, Road Commissioner, and one of America's foremost authorities on good roads, says:

Any community that wants a good road, a road that is cheaper for even a short time under fairly heavy traffic than any other good road, a road that is extensively maintained, a road that is sanitary and dustless, a road that is not slippery, a road that affords good traction for any type of vehicle 365 days in the year, a road that in the long run, say 10, 15, 20 years and longer, is the cheapest of all good roads, should investigate the merits of concrete.

WRITE for the facts about Concrete highways. When convinced, use your influence to have the roads for which you pay built to last.

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