

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

When she came to the bedroom, she found the door closed, but opening it, passed on toward an inner room beyond, where Lady Caroline usually sat, and whence voices, suppressed yet distinct, reached her. As she approached still nearer, they rose still higher, and words became intelligible to her ears.

"If I do not get this money without delay, we are simply ruined," said Sir George, irritably.

"Then I suppose there is nothing left for you but to ask Mr. Younge for it," returned Lady Caroline, in a reluctant tone.

"I suppose not," said Sir George. "Ask Mr. Younge. Ask the father of the man whom she had not considered good enough to marry for money? What could it all mean?"

Mildred stopped short, and pressed her hands tightly together. Surely she had not heard aright. They could not mean—she drew her breath hard, and swept like a whirlwind into the room.

"Papa," she said, "what are you thinking of? What have you been saying? I heard you as I came along. By what right do you intend to ask all this money of Mr. Younge—of him of all men? What claim have you on him that you should do so?"

"Mildred, you do not understand," began her father; "it is a loan I speak of."

"Yes, I do understand," broke in the girl, passionately—"only too well. You speak of a loan? When, then, do you expect to return it—in months, or years? Why, you, yourself, told me only the other day that you could not hope to see the time the estate would retrieve itself. I ask you, therefore, is it honorable to borrow?"

"Something must be done," Sir George urged, feebly. "Else we must starve."

"Then let us starve," cried Mildred, vehemently; "far better that, or work for our daily bread as others have done before us, than live comfortably on other people's money. Let us be honest, whatever we are; and surely to borrow without hope of being able to repay is the very acme of all dishonesty."

Lady Caroline rose, pale and trembling. "Mildred," she said, "how dare you speak so to your father! You have altogether forgotten yourself. Think how can you presume to dictate to him what is right or wrong? Is he him what is right or wrong? Is he him what is right or wrong? Is he him what is right or wrong?"

"Do not speak to her like that," interrupted Sir George, gently. "She is right; she has but spoken the truth. I can not see for myself that my intention was dishonorable and dishonest."

But Lady Caroline was still stung to the quick.

"And you, you ungrateful girl," she went on, taking no notice of her husband's speech, "how can you claim to have any voice in the matter at all—"

"Hush, Carry!" interposed Sir George, authoritatively. "We have had enough of that subject; I will hear no more of it. Thinking it over of late, I can see no just reason why Mildred should sacrifice herself to please her family. If I am to be regarded in my old age"—he said, with a pained expression—"as a smile—the wretched attempt sooner it comes to pass the better. I dare say we shall at least manage to exist in one of those French towns, or Brussels, or somewhere."

As he finished his head drooped upon his breast, his assumed bravery deserted him, his whole attitude was expressive of deepest despair.

"George, dear," cried Lady Caroline, miserably, "do not give way like that!"

you, who could have saved us all by putting out your hands and would not—you—"

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"George, dear," cried Lady Caroline, miserably, "do not give way like that!"

She threw her arms around his neck; to her he was once more the him now so crushed and broken was terrible to her. She laid her head upon his shoulder and began to cry, softly, but very piteously.

An awful pain arose in Mildred's heart; her mother's words had sunk deep into it. Was she indeed the cause of all this cruel suffering? Was it through her fault that sorrow had fallen upon the closing years of her father and mother?

"Mamma, mamma," exclaimed Mildred, with sudden determination, "do not cry like that. I will do anything you wish me—only do not cry." She pressed her lips to her mother's hand as it lay on Sir George's shoulder, and ran out of the room.

She descended the stairs rapidly, and hurried across the hall, giving herself no time to think or meditate on what lay before her, and going into the drawing-room, found Lord Lyndon standing with his back to the husband of her youth, her gay, handsome, gallant, young lover. To see fire. She went up to him, and held out her hand without a word of greeting; after which, passing over to the window, she put her cheek against the cold glass, and gazed out upon the dismal darkening landscape.

Lyndon, when he had given utterance to the first usual remark on taking her hand, relapsed into silence, and stood watching her, expecting some communication from her lips. He felt that her strange, unhappy manner betokened something wrong—that some chord in her sweet life music had been played falsely; and, having so guessed, he waited patiently until she should unburden her heart to him of her own accord.

Presently she spoke.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, in a low, choked voice, still with her face turned from him, her cheek pressed against the chill pane—"will you do it?"

"Of course I will," he responded in his pleasant, cheery way. "Why do you ask me that? Have you yet to learn that there is nothing in the world I would not do for you if I could?"

"Hush!" she said. "I would rather you did not promise just yet. Wait until you have heard my request, for it is no ordinary one. I do not think you can grant it. I shall not think it in the least strange if you tell me you cannot."

"At least let me hear what it is," he requested, gently.

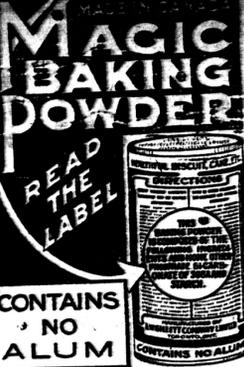
Mildred tried to speak, but could not; she felt powerless—miserable. It was the bitterest moment in all her life. To one of her nature, with whom excessive pride was a chief characteristic, her present situation caused unspeakable torture. Never afterward did she remember that hour without a thrill of anguish. At length she said, faintly—

"I want you to lend me—for an indefinite period—fifteen thousand pounds."

When the terrible sentence had been uttered—had gone out into the world of sounds, never to be recalled—she grew suddenly pale, and her hand resting on a chair, she gazed with almost reckless coolness for the answer that should be her doom.

Lord Lyndon was so taken aback that at first he scarcely recognized the importance of an immediate reply. He was rich—certainly—richer far than many men who were accounted well possessed of this world's goods; but fifteen thousand pounds was a sum that few could not their hands on at a moment's notice. He hesitated, therefore, for a little, and then, recovering himself, said, quietly:

"What day shall I bring it to you? Or would you prefer my paying it in any other way?"



"I am sure," he answered, in a hurried, pained manner, moving back a few steps from her.

"Meanwhile time was flying. One, two, three minutes passed, marked by nothing except the small ornamental ornament on the chimney-piece, as it ticked away its little monotonous existence. He gazed presently into the fire, beholding him of what all this might portend; she thought of nothing—remembered nothing—beyond the fact that, for her, life's sweetness, liberty, and tender sympathy were not.

At length, raising herself with an effort, she went up to Lyndon, and placed her hand on his. Her heart was beating wildly. Her face was the color of death.

"Do you remember a question you asked me about two weeks ago?" she said. "Do you still care to remember it? Because, if so, I have a different answer to make you now."

"Two weeks ago I asked you to marry me," he replied, in a forced, unnatural manner.

"And then I said 'No,'" she murmured, faintly; "now—now—I would say 'Yes.'" She covered her face with her hands; a thick, dry, tearless sob escaped her.

"But I have not asked you to say 'Yes,'" observed his lordship coldly, still keeping down with firm hand the ring which he held in his hand.

"What, Mildred, do you imagine that, because I have been able to help you in this little matter, I have a claim on you? You are doing both yourself and me a great injustice."

"You are too good for me," said Miss Trevanion; "and yet I know you love me. If you still care to marry me, I will gladly be your wife."

"Mildred, Mildred, what are you saying?" he cried, all the icy bravado breaking down in an instant.

"Think what your thoughtless words must mean to me—life, hope, happiness greater than I have ever dared dream of—and beware lest I take advantage of them. If you are saying all this—as I feel you are—from a mistaken sense of gratitude or pity, I implore you to desist and leave me as I was before."

"Listen to me," entreated Mildred, determined earnestly to advocate her own doom, and holding out to him her hands, which he gently took and held.

"If I tell you that I do not love you with that passionate love with which some women love the men they marry, but that I respect you above all living men, will it content you—will you take me as I am?"

"No, I will not," he answered, distinctly, "because I love you too well to permit you to sacrifice yourself for me. My affection is not so poor a thing as that, darling; I would rather wait until your heart and lips could join to tell one tale."

"It may be too late then," urged Mildred passionately. "I ask you to take me now. How will it be, later on, I am not here to take?"

"If I were quite sure you would be happy," he began, reluctantly.

"I am quite sure I should be happy," she interposed, and burst into bitter tears as she recovered herself.

now, as he stood there in possession of the secret, how could he have been so foolish as to reveal it to his wife? He could have kept it a secret, but a terrible sense of duty and a wild longing to be free.

"Shall I go now, Mildred?" he asked, faintly, fazing down into her wearied face. "You are looking very tired, my love; you have worn yourself out, thinking for and worrying about other people as usual."

Mildred sighed, "but not from that. So you may go now, and come again to-morrow at—"

"Two days," she suggested, eagerly; but Miss Trevanion said: "No, come at four; I cannot see you before then. I shall be particularly engaged all the morning."

For a moment Lyndon felt wounded and disappointed. Surely all love was not so cold, so immovable as this. Here there was none of the sweet anxiety to see him again, the tender regretfulness at parting which he had so frequently thought of, and imagined dimly, as likely some day to show itself. Had she, possibly, not even a kindly regard for him?

"Very well," he said; "I will come then at four. And, Mildred, would you wish me to speak to your father to-morrow, or allow you still further time to reconsider this matter?"

"No; you may speak to papa to-morrow," she answered; "and you must try to answer me more than you do, and believe that I feel quite happy about it all."

"I do trust you altogether," he said, fervently, "and I believe that some day you will learn to love me, although as yet, perhaps, it is a thing difficult to you. And now good-bye, my darling."

"Good-bye until to-morrow," Mildred responded.

He bent his face down to hers. "May I?" he whispered. And Mildred said "Yes."

So he kissed her; but as his lips touched her, no soft fond blush rose to dye her cheeks and mark the loving act—no happy tremor seized her, no tender agitation filled her breast. She endured his caress, went through the usual formality of kissing, and then she turned away to perform, feeling numb and chilled and lifeless the while.

When he was gone she went upstairs again to the room where she had left her father and mother, and found them still there—Sir George standing at the window gazing out upon the snow-covered ground, Lady Caroline before the fire, as though in the act of warming herself, but it had gone out without her knowing it, so deeply was she immersed in saddest thought and nothing now remained but the gray half-warm embers. Everything looked cold, cheerless, comfortless. Her eyes were still upon her mother's cheeks, and even as Mildred gazed a heavy drop fell upon her lap.

"Mamma, be comforted," cried Mildred, coming suddenly forward from where she had been standing unnoticed in the shadow of the door. "I have done what you wished me to do—I have got the money for you."

Lady Caroline started and turned toward her, so did Sir George.

"Mildred, what do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"The day after to-morrow you shall have the fifteen thousand pounds," she said; "and I—I am engaged to be married to Lord Lyndon."

Her mother rose, flushed and triumphant. Here indeed was a match worthy of her darling. All recollection of the relief to be gained through the promised money faded in comparison with this wonderful piece of news. At last Mildred had made her choice, and it was the most wise one.

"Oh, Mildred, is it true? How glad I am!" she began. "I think—"

But the girl put up her hands to her ears and recoiled from her touch. "Not now—not now!" she exclaimed, almost roughly, and her congratulations and good wishes about what seemed to her the cruellest event in all her life? How submit to questionings and kindly proings, when she felt her heart was breaking? Surely in such a case congratulations were a mockery.

She left them, and hurrying to her own room, strove hard to quiet the thoughts that raged within her; while they, remaining behind, asked each other in whispers how it had all happened, and half feared to believe the welcome news was true.

But Lady Caroline's heart smote her when she remembered the look in Mildred's eyes when they had met hers—the great unhappy light that had shined in them, revealing so much that she would gladly have kept untold.

But the mother's eyes had seen it, and so she followed Mildred to her room, only to find the poor child packing up and going with restless, feverish hands, and a face grown old with passionate care. She stopped as her mother entered, sighing heavily. Lady Caroline stretched out her hands.

"Mildred, tell me what it is," she entreated, wisely, with sorrowful, longing sympathy to her tone. "Am I not your mother?"

And Mildred cried, "Oh, mother, and falling on her knees, with arms wound round the mother's waist, and eyes hidden, sobbed a little of her grief away."

All in vain. The next morning brought a letter from Lady Caroline's solicitor, containing the news of her ladyship's sudden death, and stating that on her will being opened, it was discovered that she had bequeathed to her "beautiful and well-beloved grandchild, Mildred Trevanion," the sum of thirty-five thousand pounds.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The train steamed slowly out of Clifton Station, leaving Denzil Clifton once more alone upon its little platform. A dog-cart was in attendance, but there being nobody in it except the groom, Denzil decided on walking to King's Abbott, and leaving the man to look after his luggage, he started briskly down the village street.

Here the lounging shop-keepers were gazing at their open doors, and the rustic children shouting at their play, many giving him kindly words of welcome and smiles of recognition as he passed, while he, smiling back his acknowledgments in return, felt how blue his eyes looked and how faint his blue eyes looked and how faint his sweet a thing it is to be remembered.

(To be continued.)

Plumby Pills Cure! Chest Colds Cured! NERVILENE HAS NEVER FAILED TO CURE.

Don't suffer! Nervillene is your relief. Nervillene just rubbed on, lots of it, will ease that drawn, tight feeling over your ribs, will destroy the pain, will have you smiling and happy in no time.

"I caught cold last week while motoring," writes P. T. Mallory, from Linden. "My chest was full of congestion, my throat was mighty sore, and I had the fiercest stitch in my side you could imagine. As a boy I was accustomed to have my mother use Nervillene for all our minor ailments, and remembering what confidence she had in Nervillene, I sent out for a bottle of one. Between noon and 9 o'clock I had a whole bottle rubbed on, and then got into a perspiration under the blankets. This drove the Nervillene in good and deep, and I woke up next morning fresh as a dollar and absolutely cured. Nervillene is now always part of my traveling kit, and I will never be without it."

The large 50c. family size bottle is the most economical, or you can easily get the 25c. trial size from any dealer.

SALT AS A LUXURY. In Most European Lands It is Dear and Used Sparingly.

Along many parts of the Brittany coast where the land is low you may see the sea salt industry being carried on on a large scale. In the United States salt is cheaply produced at inland points by evaporation from salt water pumped from deep wells, but in most of the countries of Europe the bulk of the salt which is consumed is made by the evaporation of sea water.

Sea salt is not so pure as salt which is produced from wells, as it contains a percentage of salts of magnesium, potassium and lime, with traces of iodine and other elements, in addition to the sodium chloride, which is the desired substance. But it answers the purpose about as well.

The sea water is let into great shallow basins or ponds at high tide, the flow being controlled by gates. The sun, which shines very powerfully on the south British coast, gradually evaporates the water, and the brine becomes constantly stronger. More water is let in from time to time, until a certain point of saturation is reached, and then the water is allowed to dry up, and the salt is left behind as a thin crust or coating on the bottom of the ponds.

The salt is then gathered by means of rakes and scoops. In this form, of course, it is very impure, for in taking it up a large amount of dirt is taken up with it. It is piled up, and in due course the action of the rain and weather serves to filter out most of the dirt, and the salt is left in fairly pure condition.

As you go along through the salt districts you will see hundreds of these white piles of salt, containing perhaps a ton or so each. The crude salt is finally taken to mills, where it is put through refining processes and made ready for market.

Sale brings high prices in most European countries. It is such a luxury that the people have to be sparing of it. You might wonder why this is when Europe has such a huge coast line and all that is necessary is to let the sea water evaporate under the influence of Old Sol to produce all the salt any one could want.

But here is where the law steps in. The Government assumes that the sea is its property, and it will not allow ordinary citizens to make salt from it or in fact make any other private use of it without a license.

Poor fishermen in Turkey were put in prison because they boiled sea water and made their own salt. This illicit making of salt was against the law, just as the making of spirituous liquor without a proper license from the Government is against the law in this country.

FAT STOCK SHOW

The management of the Toronto Fat Stock Show announce their intention of holding a show at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Dec. 8th and 9th, 1916. We understand the prize list will contain many new classes, and offer some handsome prizes to breeders and feeders of cattle, sheep and hogs.

When your shoes squeak go to a shoemaker and have him put a peg in the middle of the set and there will be no more loud proclamations.

What a Couple of Millions Mean The Time of Day in Japan.

I had always heard that there was lots of politeness in Japan, but I had hardly expected to find that it often blocked traffic. When two Japanese meet on the narrow streets you've got to wait until the ceremony is over or go around. On meeting they do not shake hands and have it over with, as we do back home, but begin bowing and each asking the other the latest news from his worshipful ancestors. It would be an open insult—smack in the face—for one Japanese to meet another without asking him how his ancestors fared. Their ancestors are always an open subject for discussion. A Jap is never too busy to engage in conversation about his dear, departed forbears. The grepping can look out for itself. The grepping topic is how some of the ancestors are getting along who passed to their reward a couple of hundred years ago.

When two Japanese meet they stop squarely in the middle of the street and begin bowing. Their bow is not just a twitch of the waist, sweeping over the entire upper part of the body, even to the outlying hands, bending the figure over until it looks like a great inverted V teetering for a moment on one prong. There are traces of the colonial in their bow, with a pronounced military strain running through it.

When they are doubled over on one of their says to the other, "Oh, honored sir, to what do I owe my great good fortune that I have the pleasure of meeting such an esteemed man this day?"

The other man, with his head down, comes quickly back with: "You do me a great honor with such words, and I only wish that I were worthy of them. May I crave your stomach finds itself this morning?"

The first concern on one Japanese on meeting another is to know how the other's stomach fairs, and after this momentous question is settled they pass on to their ancestors, who while the conversation is on the stomach have to take a back seat.

THE UBIQUITOUS TURKEY. He Has Spread All Over the World Despite His Retiring Ways.

In every corner of the globe almost, at least where civilization has spread its epicurean taste, may be found the domesticated turkey—not, however, of his own volition. Never would he cross in his wild state, to find green fields and pastures new.

He is not so constructed. He is not bold or adventurous of disposition. On the contrary, he is timid and much afraid of things he does not understand and when undisturbed is prone to let well enough alone and get along with his accustomed feeding grounds.

Again, as a flier the turkey is not a pronounced success. He flies ponderously, almost painfully and with great effort, and only when very much frightened. His flight can be sustained for only a short distance, but what the wild turkey lacks as a sprinter, he can outrun a race horse, especially in his own native forest, where undergrowth and bushes seem to add to his speed.

He has flown over the ocean even if he had had that unnatural desire. He was taken over by the hand of man, first to Spain, then to other Mediterranean countries, to northern Europe, and the far east, until now he is well nigh omnipresent. And this spreading out of his kind even unto the ends of the earth is all due to the entrancing qualities his meat takes on when properly baked or roasted.

If a Naturalist Painted. If I were to paint the short days of winter I should paint two towering icebergs approaching each other like promontories, for morning and evening, with cavernous recesses and a solitary traveller wrapping his cloak about him and bent forward against the driving storm, just entering the narrow pass. I would paint the light of a taper at midday, seen through a cottage window, half buried in snow and frost. In the foreground should be seen the sowers in the fields; and other evidences of spring. On the right and left of the approaching icebergs the heavens should be shaded off from the light of midday to midnight with its stars, the sun being low in the sky.—Henry David Thoreau.

To save breakage of dishes and glasses, cut a piece of rubber hose and fit it over each faucet.

STINGING NEURALGIA

The Trouble Due to Nerves Starved for Lack of Good Blood.

An eminent medical writer has said that "neuralgia is the cry of starved nerves for better blood." The one great symptom of this trouble is pain, fierce, stabbing pain, that almost drives the sufferer frantic. The one cause is poor blood; the only cure is to enrich the blood. Heat applied to the inflamed nerve will give relief, but does not cure. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills furnish the blood all the needed elements, and the blood conveys them to the nerves. The only way of getting food or medicine to the nerves is through the blood, and the only way to enrich the blood is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In this way neuralgia, sciatica and other nerve disorders are promptly cured, and the whole system benefited and strengthened. Mrs. M. Gleason, R. R. No. 1, Exbridge Ont., who was a great sufferer from neuralgia, says: "I suffered intensely from neuralgia for four years. My blood was thin and I was completely run down. I suffered intense pain all the time. At different times I consulted three doctors, but their treatment did me no more than give me temporary relief. Then I tried different medicines, but the result was the same—they seemed no good in my case. I was growing steadily worse, and finally could not leave the house nor do a bit of work. The last doctor I consulted could do nothing for me but give me morphine tablets to ease the pain, and by this time I had about rested myself to a life of pain. Then one of Dr. Williams' airmen came to our house and I read of similar cases cured through the use of Pink Pills. I got three boxes and before they were all gone the pain began to decrease, and I began to have a better appetite. By the time I had taken six boxes I was again a well woman, and my neighbors could hardly realize that such a change could be made in so short a time. Later I was bothered with eczema, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me. These pills have both Pills worth their weight in gold, and I cheerfully recommend them to all who are ailing."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOES CATARRH BOTHER YOU? ARE YOUR NOSTRILS PLUGGED?

Why not give up that snuff and stop dosing your stomach? The one sure treatment is "Catarrhazone," sure cure because it goes where the disease really is. Certain to cure in your case because it has restored tens of thousands worse than you are. Catarrhazone is a thorough cure because it destroys the cause as well as the effects of the disease. Relief is prompt, the cure is quick, with this powerful remedy which is guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs. To be really cured, use only Catarrhazone and beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrhazone which is sold everywhere. Large size containing two months treatment costs \$1; small size, 50c; trial size, 25c.

SEVENTH ANNUAL TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

WILL BE HELD AT UNION STOCK YARDS - - TORONTO DECEMBER 8th and 9th, 1916

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