

leaving the lovers together. Jackson took her in his arms without a moment's hesitation.

"It is good to have you to myself, you dear little darling," he said, and showered kisses on her. But he smelt terribly of common tobacco, and Mary withdrew herself as soon as possible.

"Horace, dear," she said gravely, "how can you be so foolish. To act as you are doing in your present circumstances is worse than madness. You have a character to earn before we go away. Mr. Westlake is the kindest of masters, but he will not be trifled with. I should not dare to act as you are doing, and I should be ashamed of myself if I did. The time he pays for is his."

"Very likely he is a kind master to you. But look you—" his jealousy overpowering him, "I will not let you be a friend of his. Do you hear me? I forbid it."

Mary was silent. He looked round the room and saw how expensively it was fitted up.

"He has put these things here for you, and he keeps you in this inner office, where he can see you all day long without anyone being the wiser, and talk to you as he pleases, under the plea of being 'the master.' I will take you away. I will not have it."

HE had raised his voice so much in his anger that Ronald, against his will, heard every word of this sentence. For the first time he respected the man, for he knew that in similar circumstances he should have done the same. Mary his, and yet in close friendship with another man? Never!

"Oh, hush, dear!" she said. "People will hear you. You must not talk so loud. If you take me away now all my past work—and I have worked hard for you, Horace—is in vain. I pray you be reasonable."

She talked to him until he was convinced of the truth of what she said, namely, that they must remain. "And," she continued, "for my sake, try and conform to all the rules."

He was touched. "I will do whatever you wish, my darling, if you will put your arms round my neck and kiss me as you used to do. It is many months since you have done so. Not once since my return, you have only let me kiss you."

She put her arms round his neck, and remembered how she had parted with him, with long, clinging, loving embraces. The old love returned for a time; she kissed him as she had done formerly.

"Now you must go," she said, "for we are both wasting time."

"One minute," he said, and passed his hands quickly about his face.

"Now look at me."

"Why, Horace!" she exclaimed. "My Horace!" and she returned to his arms for a moment, then said in a whisper: "You must not. It is dangerous beyond measure. Promise me you will not do so again," for he was no longer either old, or red moustached, or bearded.

"I promise."

He had resumed his ordinary appearance, he kissed her and went out.

"I promise you, sir," he said to Mr. Westlake, "that I will endeavour to be punctual in future. I am aware that unpunctuality is a failing of mine."

"I am extremely glad to hear you say so. I am anxious to serve you if I can."

"But, sir," continued Jackson boldly, "I have a word to say to you. You may perhaps be aware that Miss Williams is going to marry me. I am quite ready to acknowledge that you have shown her great kindness as an employer, but you must make friends among your own class." (Ronald wondered whether there was a covert sneer intended, and could not decide if it were or no.) "I do not choose my wife to have any friend who is not also a friend of mine."

"I am not aware of any particular reason why you shouldn't be a friend of mine," said Ronald, who liked Jackson at this moment better than he had ever liked him before, in spite of the intense jealousy he also had suffered during the last quarter of an hour.

"Are you not? It isn't usual, even in these confounded democratic days,

for a workman to be a bosom friend of his master's. Besides, you know as well as I do that you and I would never be friends."

He spoke in a clear, ringing voice, which Ronald could not but acknowledge was perfect in its intonation. The next moment Jackson remembered that his master had probably heard him speak in the factory. With intense gravity he bade him good morning, spoke about his work in the broadest Devonshire, and slouched out in the manner of the commonest yokel, pulling his forelock as he did so.

Ronald sent for the foreman.

"Is Jackson a strong man?" he said. "No, sir; he isn't. He gets a cough, and he has fainted dead off twice from the heat of the factory."

"I thought he was not strong. I do not wish to press him too hard. Tell him to come an hour later in the morning, and add that he must be punctual then. His work is different from that of the other men, and his being late will not interfere with them."

"Is his pay to be the same, sir?"

"Certainly. Tell him of the arrangement at once."

"Miss has been getting round the master," said Simpson to himself. "First time I ever heard of a mill hand being allowed to be late. I wonder if I came an hour late if he'd think it would not interfere with the other men!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Sir Thomas Iredale.

RONALD was very unhappy. He was restless and moody, and could not settle to his work. He realized how Mary's companionship had been life to him; he thought he had no interest apart from her.

"You do not look well," said his mother.

"He wants a change," said his father. "No man could look well who spent his time in one everlasting grind. Go up to London, my boy, and enjoy yourself. If there's anything to see to I'll see to it. I haven't been master of the mill for so many years for nothing, and I'll take your place."

"You are very good. Simpson and my responsible man, Brown, get on very well when I'm away. If you will forward me the letters I think that is all you need do."

"I'll do more than that if you like. At all events, I will open the firm's letters and see which are important."

He followed his son out.

"Can't I set that pretty typist to work of a day?"

"Perhaps you could. She has done so much correspondence for me that she knows nearly as much about the working of the business as you do, or I either."

Mr. Westlake was delighted. His son introduced him before he went away, and the old gentleman declared that they would get on famously.

"It pleases my father to return to the old shop sometimes," Ronald said to Mary; "but I don't want you to work hard while I am away. Take a holiday every afternoon, and all day if you want one. And," he added with some hesitation, "I don't think I shall be away long, but I might be. You told me you preferred your money every week when you first came, but you may want it. Let me pay you in future a month in advance," and he placed an envelope on the table.

"But I might not remain a month, and suppose I spent the money!"

"Even if you did I should not be altogether ruined. I don't think our name would appear amongst the list of bankrupts in consequence. But you are not going away?"

"I never know from day to day what I may be obliged to do. If I should disappear suddenly I may not be able to write at first. You must believe, notwithstanding, that I never can be ungrateful to you, however black circumstances may look. I live, even now, in perpetual fear."

"I have long ceased to think I shall ever understand the mystery, but nothing can shake my trust in you. And you will be pleased to hear there have been no complaints about your friend of late, and Simpson says he is the cleverest man in the factory, al-

There's a Flavour of Distinction
in every cup of

"SALADA"

—something intangible but truly entrancing. Skilful blending of the finest 'hill-grown' teas and scrupulous cleanliness in preparation is the secret. This flavour constitutes the individuality of SALADA and will never change, no matter how costs may rise. B 79



Schools and Colleges

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

and Conservatory
of Music and Art

WHITBY, ONT.

Offers Unequalled Advantages for the Training of Your Daughter.

Twenty-eight miles from Toronto, 100 acres of grounds, beautiful gardens, tennis courts, large gymnasium and swimming pool. University graduates give instruction in Academic and Household Science Departments; facilities for Musical Education of the highest order (affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music). An intellectual, physical, spiritual and social environment which makes for development of the highest type of strong, capable, Christian womanhood.

College re-opens September 8th. Write for Calendar to

Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal

ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE TORONTO

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., Former Principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.)

ACADEMIC COURSE, from Preparatory to University Matriculation and First Year Work.

MUSIC, ART, DOMESTIC SCIENCE, PHYSICAL EDUCATION — Cricket, Tennis, Basket Ball, Hockey, Swimming Bath.

School Reopens September 14, 1915

Write for Prospectus.

MRS. GEORGE DICKSON, President.

MISS J. E. MACDONALD, B.A., Principal.