

'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

The letter began, "My dear Niece," and ended, "Your attached Aunt, Harriet Disney," its contents being to the effect that Lady Egleton—Lady Caroline's aunt by her father's side—had generously made up her mind to sacrifice her pleasures, inclinations, habits, and self generally for the purpose of bestowing her society upon her "dear niece" aforesaid. This was indeed a heavy blow, her ladyship—having attained the troublesome age of eighty-two—being one of those people whom to entertain is a kind of martyrdom and bitter humiliation.

Her two betes noires were Sir Geo. and Francis Sylverton—Sir George on the strictly Dr. Fell principle, as nobody had ever been able to discover the cause of her animosity or anything about it, beyond the fact that she did dislike him, and that very thoroughly; Miss Sylverton on account of her fearlessness and utter disregard of all unkind comment, whereas her ladyship was much given to commenting, and enjoyed seeing those within reach of her remarks duly impressed thereby.

Pride was the old lady's strong point, and seeing Mildred showing signs and tokens of the same trait, it was on her she chose to concentrate all her ambitious views. Not that she ever expressed any intention of leaving to her all or any of the moneys reported to have been amassed by her during a long lifetime—a report not without some foundation, as for thirty years she had been carefully laying up for future emergencies or lucky heirs, from a handsome annuity, her husband, good man, having died at a comparatively early age—some said of scarlet fever, some of Lady Egleton.

Be that as it may, the news of her coming scarcely caused the rapture it should have caused in the Trevanion household, moving, as it did, Lady Caroline to tears and Charlie to accept an invitation to Ford Abbey, where the Younges resided.

As misfortunes never come single, it was just about this time also that Lady Caroline heard for the first time of Mildred's refusal of Denzil Younger. The girl had hitherto kept it nervously to herself, thinking of it now and then with mingled feelings of pain and something akin to pleasure, but outwardly suppressing all sign until this day, when Lady Caroline timidly and without preface touched on the subject of his evident admiration of her.

"It seems a pity you could not care for him, Mildred," she said, interrogatively, as though it were by no means a certainty that Mildred did not care for him; "we should all like it so much, and your father says—"

Mildred rose hastily and threw down her work, while two red spots appeared on her cheeks.

"Mamma," she said, "perhaps it will be better, and will put a stop to all further mention of this matter, if I tell you the truth. Mr. Younger did propose to me, and I refused him."

"She finished almost defiantly and turned to leave the room."

"Mildred, is it possible?" exclaimed Lady Caroline, aghast, remembering on the instant all the bright thoughts and brighter dreams built upon this plan, only to lie shattered now, and dead within her breast.

"Oh, Mummy," cried Mabel, who was also present, with lively reproach and disapproval in her tone.

"Is it such a crime, then? Has nothing of the kind ever been done before?" demanded Mildred, passionately, turning for a moment to face them at the door; and then she went out and left them to their wonderings and measures on her conduct.

When eventually Sir George was told the unlucky news, it rendered him at first furious, and then despairing. Things were becoming more embarrassing and entangled day by day, the immediate possession of a large sum of money being the only hope his lawyer could hold out to him of ultimately saving the estate; and, as affairs were, it would be a difficult if not impossible task to secure it. Denzil, with his immense wealth, and out of his great love for Mildred, would have thought little of lending twice the amount required. But now all that was changed, and Mildred had been the hand to dash the hope aside. To Sir George her conduct appeared but in one light—she could have saved him, and would not.

Both he and Lady Caroline were strangely distant and unsympathetic to her in these days; her father irritably so, his other with a sort of mournful gravity that touched her far more. Mabel, too, who in Mildred's absence, was ever her warmest supporter, came to speak of all this dispiriting as "poor Denzil," and openly shrunk from any converse on the matter—conduct which incensed Mildred to the last degree. In time this sort of thing came to an end, and affairs went back to their original footing, but Mildred could not forget that she had been "sent to Coventry," and, though she made no open moan, suffered acutely from the remembrance of it in secret.

In a far kinder mood than she otherwise might have done. All the little world of Clifton were beginning to look upon it as a settled matter, there being no mistake as to whom his devotion was given, as Roy Blount's wooing, and Mabel's acceptance of it, were very transparent things indeed; besides, just now, "the queen" was too much taken up with sorrowful misgivings and tender reflections to admit of any division of her favors, young Blount having received orders to join his regiment, which was stationed in Ireland, without further delay; so that scarcely a week remained to them before "Farewell"—that saddest of all words—would have to be uttered.

The news had been communicated to Mabel in a doleful whisper, and had been received as dolefully. For once all coquetry was laid aside, and she confessed herself as miserable at the idea of his going as he could be to go. There was no actual engagement existing between them, no decisive words had been spoken; but there was a mutual, perfect understanding that left no room for outspoken declarations. Each knew how deeply the other loved, and rested satisfied with the knowledge.

CHAPTER XIV.

Lady Egleton and her "train" arrived at King's Abbott, the "train" consisting of one long suffering maid, one ditto man, one lapdog, and one dilapidated canary, rumped in appearance, uncertain in color, and devoid of tail, on which her ladyship lavished all the sentiments of which she was capable.

"The canary always means three months, does it not?" asked Eddie, tragically, as the cortège swept up the stairs, escorted by most of the Trevanion servants.

Mildred burst into an unrestrained laugh. It was so long since she had given way to any merriment so entirely from her heart that they all turned and looked at her in amazement, and then, catching the infection, joined heartily in the laughter. Mildred, growing almost hysterical presently, sunk into a chair and put her hand to her side.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she asked.

"What is to become of us? A little of Lady Egleton goes such a very long way. Mr. Blount—to Roy, who had walked over, as usual, and who, having seen the procession, was enjoying the whole thing as much as any of them—I will give you anything I possess if you will show me some method of getting rid of a troublesome old woman before Christmas time."

"And I will give you anything if you will just take her out and tie her to a tree and deliberately shoot her," said Eddie, gloomily—"as that is the only method of getting rid of her that I know of."

"Edward, how can you speak so disrespectfully of your grandaunt?" put in Lady Caroline, reprovingly, walking away down the hall, her face covered with suppressed smiles.

For a week everything had gone on as usual, or rather there had been no actual outbreaks on the part of Lady Egleton, though smothered hints and comments had been numerous. In a covert manner she inveighed against actions, habits, acquaintances, and all that came beneath her notice, but carefully subdued any open demonstrations of disapproval until the day before Roy's departure, when she chose to be particularly offensive.

Blount had come over rather earlier than usual, it being his last day, and he and Mabel had gone for a farewell walk amongst the shrubberies and through the winter gardens where they had loved to linger all through their hurried courtship. As he was not to leave until a late train the following day, he parted from her with the assurance that he would be down the next morning to take a final farewell.

Slightly flushed, and wholly miserable, Mabel entered the small drawing-room, where she found her mother, Mildred, and Lady Egleton assembled.

"How heated you look, child! What have you been doing with yourself?" demanded the old lady the moment she came within her view.

"Walking," returned Mabel, shortly.

"With that young man again, I presume?" grunted her grandaunt, ominously; whereupon Lady Caroline began to look uneasy.

"I was walking with Mr. Blount," said the queen, defiantly. She was sore at heart, and longing for sympathy, so that the old woman's words and manner grated cruelly on her overwrought feelings.

"I really think all decency and order have gone from the world," went on Lady Egleton. "Society nowadays is widely different from what it once was. Even common propriety is a thing of the past. In my time a young woman would scarcely be allowed, under any circumstances, to walk alone with a young man for hours together—certainly not unless they were formally betrothed, having the consent of all parties concerned—and probably not even then. I presume he has made you an offer of marriage?"

Mildred rose, as if to interpose; but Mabel spoke again, without giving her time.

ROYAL YEAST
MADE IN CANADA
MAKES PERFECT BREAD

he doing, seldom or never mean anything, I dare say he is only agreeably whiling away his time down here, and will think no more of you once his back is turned."

Mabel was choking with rage, but could think of nothing to say. Lady Caroline, who sat a little behind her aunt, put out her hand to her daughter with a gesture of sympathetic affection, but she was nervously afraid of this terrible old woman, and knew not how to interfere effectually.

"Young men now are not what young men were," continued Lady Egleton, impressively, "and I think Mr. Blount one of the worst specimens I have yet seen. His manners are so cool; and he is so insolently self-possessed; and he has none of the well-bred diffidence, the courtly elegance that distinguished the men of my generation. He is not half good enough for you, my dear, even were he in earnest, which I am pleased to consider extremely doubtful. I will receive you for a month or two, Mabel," declared her ladyship, magnificently, "and introduce you to those with whom you ought to associate. You shall return with me to my home, and gain those advantages that this secluded country place can never afford."

"Your ladyship is wonderfully kind," returned Mabel, "but I find 'this secluded country place' quite good enough for my tastes. Besides, I could not dream of accepting your invitation."

"May I ask why not?" demanded her grandaunt, majestically.

"Because there is nothing in the world to which I should more strenuously object than to spend two months in your ladyship's society," answered Mabel, losing all sense of decorum.

"You wicked girl!" almost screamed Lady Egleton, rising and supporting herself on her gold-headed stick while she quivered with anger. "How dare you presume so to speak to me! Caroline, why do you not order her to leave the room? Am I, at my age, and after all the sacrifices I have made for my family, to submit to the impertinence of a chit of a girl like that?"

Poor Lady Caroline was terrified. "Dear Aunt Harriet, she did not mean it," she said—"she did not, indeed—did you, Mabel? Speak, darling, and tell her it was all a mistake."

"She shall apologize to me, or I will leave this house, never to enter it again," protested Aunt Harriet, still raging.

"So she will, I am sure, Mabel, my dearest, tell your grandaunt how sorry you are for having used the language you did," said Lady Caroline, imploringly—"apologize to her."

"Apologize for what?" demanded "the queen." "She asked me to pay her a visit, and I declined. She then inquired my reasons, and I gave them. I do not see that any apology is necessary. However," she went on, turning toward the old lady, and executing an impertinent little courtesy, "if it will in any way gratify you, I beg your pardon, and admit that I am extremely sorry to think I was the cause of putting you in such a dreadful temper." With this she escaped from the room, having succeeded in carrying away her last word, a circumstance that vexed her grandaunt more than all the preceding warfare.

Lady Caroline, after considerable difficulty, having managed to smooth down the old lady's ruffled plumage, she consented to forgive and forget, and once more peace was restored.

But Mabel, when the terrible "last night" came the following day, although she never for a moment doubted Roy's, yet felt somehow shy and constrained, remembering vividly that one little biting question of Lady Egleton's as to whether he had or had not ever made her the requisite offer of marriage. At the time she would have given almost everything she was worth to have been enabled to say "Yes," but truth had compelled her to answer in the negative.

Meanwhile Roy's sorrow had swallowed up all nervousness and every other sentiment, leaving him only able to hold her hands and entreat that she would never forget him.

"I shall be back soon," he said—"so soon that you will scarcely have time to miss me; and meanwhile I shall write by every post, and you will do likewise, will you not?"

To which she returned a sad, half-reluctant "Yes."

Had he been less wrapped up in sad thoughts about the coming parting, he might perhaps have fancied his love somewhat cold and cruel; but, as it was, he saw nothing. Presently he spoke the words that, had they been uttered yesterday, would have caused his "queen" to stand in such a different light before her tormentor.

"Shall I write to your father?" he asked. "You know, Mabel, it is time there was some decided understanding between us. I think this should have been done before, but somehow, while with you, and feeling you to be so much my own, the necessity seemed of less import. Shall I ask your father's consent to a regular engagement, darling?"

"Yes," Mabel answered, partly comforted—"I suppose it will be best"; then, sadly breaking down, "Oh, Roy, what shall I do without you?"

then they kissed their last fond kiss and parted.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Egleton rejoiced exceedingly at Roy's departure, while Mabel mourned, and Mildred, with her mother, expressed true sympathy. But, as there comes to every grief some grain of comfort, so the third morning there came to Mabel a letter directed in an unknown handwriting, which she took with falsely assumed indifference that tallied but badly with her brightened eyes, and carried away to her own room, there to read and reread it at her leisure, free from curious eyes.

Her grandaunt, who seldom came down to breakfast, and who on this particular occasion had been prompted by some evil genius to do so, had witnessed the arrival of the post-bag, the distribution of the letters, and Mabel's conscious smile and blush as she received hers. As her ladyship never forgot an injury—always making it a point to repay it, if possible fourfold—and as the late skirmish in the drawing-room was still fresh in her mind, she felt this was an opportunity not to be neglected, so she spoke as follows:

"I did not imagine it possible, Caroline, that you would allow your daughters to receive and open letters from gentlemen without first handing them to you for inspection."

"My dear Aunt Harriet, what do you mean?" asked her niece, anxiously, who knew her meaning well enough, but was afraid to say so.

"I may have been mistaken," said her ladyship, with heavy accusation, and considerable severity; "but I certainly did think I saw Mabel receive a letter just now, addressed in the handwriting of a gentleman."

Hearing this, Lady Caroline grew suddenly unhappy, and, half believing her aunt to be in the right, and half fearing she herself was acting with imprudence toward her daughters, asked Mildred privately to find out from her sister whether the letter in question was everything it ought to be.

"Not that I wish to force myself into her confidence," Lady Caroline said—"you understand that, Mildred—I have the fullest faith in Mabel, and I know the dear child would show me her letter sooner or later—but merely to satisfy your grandaunt; she is so hard on Mabel—that I want her to see how dutiful in reality she can be."

"I understand," said Mildred, who never despised her mother's weakness, however strong she might feel herself to be, and went upstairs to Mabel's room, which she found locked against all intruders.

(To be continued.)

DEMONSTRATION FARMS

The demonstration farms which the Canadian Pacific has set up, both east and west, have been employed with signal success in one special direction—the setting up of higher standards.

Through precept and example the company has brought about a most flattering change in values. In other words, the example and encouragement of these farms and by other means have caused those who have food products to sell to give closer attention to quality than was their former habit. The company insists upon the first-rate quality of food products on the cars; and has taught the farmers, both east and west, how best to supply all quality in butter, eggs, fowl, etc. In the neat and tidy putting up of food products, too, there has been decided improvement. The farmers have been set a fine example, and the people have seen, right at their elbow, that values can be greatly enhanced by careful attention to details.

Investment Bargains.

The investor who picks up desirable property when everybody is selling and no one buying will have to wait until a reasonable time to secure his reward. I recall when real estate in several large cities was a drug on the market. Everybody seemed anxious to sell and no one to buy, but the buyers in those periods have realized enormous profits, far greater than one can get in the Stock Exchange.

The man who has money, even if it is but a small amount, can always turn it over to advantage if he will wait for the opportunity. Don't go with the crowd when everyone is wild to buy something, but quietly abide an opportunity when everybody is anxious to unload and buyers are few. At such a time the bargain counter opens.

Beggar—Please, sir, wud ye give me a few pennies fer me starvin' wife an' child? Pedestrian—I should say not. What do you suppose I'd want with a starving wife and child, huh?—Indianapolis Star.

Why Haul The Extra Burden
The burden of friction means a shorter life for horse, harness and axles.

MICA AXLE GREASE
kills friction—makes a perfect bearing surface.

Dealers Everywhere
The Imperial Oil Company Limited
BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

PILES.
You will find relief in Zam-Buk!
It eases the burning, stinging pain, stops bleeding and brings ease. Perseverance, with Zam-Buk, means cure. Why not prove this? All Druggists and Stores—No box.

Zam-Buk

WISE AHMED RUSHDI.

He Used the Gifts of Abdul Hamid to the Best Purpose.

Many fantastic stories are related of Abdul Hamid, the ex-sultan of Turkey, and his court. The following, however, came to me from a reliable source, writes a contributor to Chambers' Journal, and once when I told the story in company one of my listeners told me that he personally knew it to be true. It is worthy of a place among Scheherazade's famous tales.

Not far from the sultan's palace lives a certain Ahmed Rushdi Effendi, one of the hundreds of clerks employed at the sublime porte. Ahmed's duties consisted of writing ornate official communications to provincial governors. For this he was supposed to receive a salary of 200 piasters (about \$8) per month. If, however, he received his salary six times a year he thought himself lucky.

Compared to many of his colleagues in the government offices, Ahmed was in comfortable circumstances. He owned his own house, so he had no rent to pay, and he gave his leisure time to cultivating the tiny garden that supplied his family with fruit and vegetables the whole year round. Ahmed Effendi, not being ambitious, was a contented man.

In his peaceful household there was only one discordant note. The cause was a dwarf peach tree in Ahmed's garden that bore every year six or eight mammoth peaches. Early in his married life his wife dreamed that her husband would one day attain eminence and that the peaches were connected with his fortune.

Fifty times each year she urged him to take the peaches as an offering to the sultan. "We are simple people," she would say. "Such magnificent peaches are not for us. Carry them, I pray thee, to the palace and present them to the benefactor of the world."

But Ahmed would reply: "Wife, no good comes to those who have relations with the palace. I, who have always been discreet, do not wish to fall under suspicion."

But at last, after 20 years, Ahmed yielded to his wife's importunity and carried the beautiful fruit to the palace. There he entrusted the peaches to the grand chamberlain, who, knowing the sultan's fondness for fruit, promptly carried them into the presence of the illuminator of the universe. The sultan graciously accepted the gift and commanded Ahmed to wait until he was at liberty in order that he might himself thank the grower of the splendid fruit.

It happened that the reception room where the scribe awaited the pleasure of his master was empty, and Ahmed was presently hustled away to prison with the supposed revolutionaries. He was thoroughly confused by the rough treatment of the guards and could only stammer: "I am the man who brought the peaches!"

In prison he soon became known as "the man of the peaches" and was looked upon as a harmless lunatic. After many months the suspected bomb-throwers, including Ahmed, were brought before the criminal court. He told his story to the judge and asked that the grand chamberlain be called to confirm his words. The judge granted his request and was greatly surprised when the dignitary told of the arrival of Ahmed at the palace some months ago and of his mysterious disappearance. The chamberlain took the afflicted scribe to his own suite in the palace and went to explain matters to the sultan.

The sultan, sincerely sorry for the unlucky mistake, commanded the chamberlain to promise Ahmed that any wish of his should be fulfilled. Ahmed replied that he would accept not one, but three gifts, and that he must name them to the sultan personally. The sultan was much concerned and ordered the scribe ushered into his private study.

"Sire," said Ahmed, "I ask for a hatchet, the sum of 200 piasters and a copy of the koran."

"Your desire is granted," answered the sultan, "on condition that you explain the meaning of your singular request."

"Sire," replied our hero, "with the 200 piasters I shall obtain a divorce from my wife, the original cause of all my trouble; with the hatchet I intend to cut down my peach tree, and upon the koran I wish to swear an oath never to enter the palace gates again so long as I live." Exchange.

Only One Athens Now.

There is and has been for many centuries only one Athens. But antiquity knew no fewer than nine cities or towns of that name in various parts of Greece, and even in the time of Plautus it was sometimes felt necessary to distinguish the great one as "Attic Athens." It was natural that Greek cities should take their name from Athens, the goddess of wisdom, war-like prowess and skill in the arts of life, who, according to some legends, herself founded the City of the Violent Crown. Others ascribed the naming of the city to Theseus or other mythical kings. The "s" of the termination is a real plural, for the city was given a plural name (Athenai), as being made up of several constituent parts.—London Chronicle.

The man who feels that he is in a class by himself can't be very fond of company.

GATHERED FROM HERE AND THERE.

A caterpillar will eat twice its own weight in leaves every 24 hours.

A good grade of paper can now be commercially made from the hop refuse of breweries which has heretofore been thrown away.

Uncle Sam made \$2,500,000 last year from the sale of wood from the Government forests.

Since the outbreak of the war 30,000 settlers from the United States have entered Canada.

Two per cent of metallic sodium will harden lead so that it will ring when struck.

A novelty in dabbing brushes is one in which the bristles are so arranged that they may be pushed forward by means of plugs as they wear down, and thus the life of the brush is increased considerably.

A Swiss aviator rose to the height of 19,800 feet, overtopping the best previous ascent.

The United States produces 80 per cent of the oil of the world.

The "trench knife" is a new weapon of warfare, with a blade of about 15 inches. It is used for fighting in the trenches where there is no room to swing a sword or bayonet.

In the U. S. electricity is a \$3,000,000,000 industry.

The street lighting bills of the city of New York for 1915 will be \$400,000 less than for 1914. A godly portion of the saving is said to have been effected by the use of nitrogen-filled tungsten lamps in place of the arc lamps.

Upward of 300 children are being killed each year in the streets of New York and about 7,500 others injured.

The new rice crop pays California \$70 an acre, or more than finest wheat land gives.

In time lost and medical attention, the wage-earners of the U. S. have an annual sick bill of \$680,000,000.

While much has been done to improve the condition of the employed by factory inspection, yet the statement is made authoritatively that the real solution of the public health problem lies in the improvement of the home.

The total value of tires used in 1915 in the United States, including solid tires for trucks, tires for buses and taxicabs, amounts therefor to \$250,000,000 in round numbers. To this sum should be added about 200,000 motorcycle tires, worth from \$5 to \$10 each.

To find a splinter under the fingernail is often difficult. By placing the fleshy part of the finger against the lens of a pocket flashlight in a dark room, however, the splinter can be plainly seen through the nail almost as if it were under the X-ray.

The public electrical stations of the U. S. represent a valuation of \$400,000,000.

A new German invention consists of a wedge-shaped cushion, the sides and bottom of which are smooth, is covered on top with a sheet of rubber sponge that absorbs the perspiration of the invalid and prevents bed sores.

AGE OF THE EARTH.

Different Systems of Computing It and Their Varying Figures.

As long ago as 1860 John Phillips, the geologist, estimated that the time required for the deposition of the stratified rocks lay between 38,000,000 and 96,000,000 years. This was probably the only estimate prior to Kelvin's epoch making paper of 1862.

Since that time many estimates have been made, varying all the way from 17,000,000 years to 400,000,000 years.

Kelvin was the first to discuss the age of the earth considered as a cooling body. In 1893 Clarence King introduced the important criterion of tidal stability and reached the conclusion that 24,000,000 represented the conditions. This result was adopted by Kelvin in 1897, and then he placed the limits as 20,000,000 and 40,000,000 years.

Only Sir George Darwin has discussed the age of the earth from a purely astronomical point of view. From his theory of the earth moon he derived an estimate of more than 56,000,000 years, which for a long time stood between groups of higher and lower figures. J. Joly was the first to base estimates of the age of the earth in 1899 on the sodium contained in the ocean. Adopting the hypothesis that the sodium content of the ocean is derived at a constant rate from that of the rocks, he arrived at an age of 80,000,000 or 90,000,000 years and increased this by 10,000,000 in 1909. In 1909 Mr. Sollas made a searching inquiry into this subject and placed the age of the ocean at between 80,000,000 and 150,000,000 years.

Many a man's downfall is caused by tripping over his good resolutions.

FLEET FOOT SHOES
for Playful Children

NOTHING BETTER FOR SUMMER WEAR

Worn by Every Member of the Family