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the cry of a suffocated creature, shut her door and locked it with a ringing clang.

"She's walked too far and got a little nervous," said Dick, screwing up his lamp; "poor thing!"

Then he went into his room to look at Del's photograph awhile before he burned it; for he meant to burn it.

Asenath, when she had locked her door, put her lamp before the looking-glass and tore off her gray cape; tore it off so savagely that the button snapped, and rolled away—two little crystal semi-circles like tears upon the floor.

There was no collar about the neck of her dress, and this heightened the plainness and the pallor of her face. She shrank instinctively at the first sight of herself, and opened the drawer where the crimson cape was folded, but shut it resolutely.

"I'll see the worst of it," she said with pinched lips. She turned herself about and about before the glass, letting the cruel light gloat over her shoulders, letting the sickly shadows grow purple on her face. Then she put her elbows on the table and her chin into her hands, and so, for a motionless half hour, studied the unrounded, uncolored, unlightened face that stared back at her; her eyes darkening at its eyes, her hair touching its hair, her breath dimming the outline of its repulsive mouth.

By-and-bye she dropped her head into her hands. The poor, mistaken face! She felt as if she would like to blot it out of the world, as her tears used to blot out the wrong sums upon her slate. It had been so happy! But he was sorry for it, and all that. Why did a good God make such faces?

She slipped upon her knees, bewildered.

"He can't mean any harm, nohow," she said, speaking fast, and knelt there and said it over till she felt sure of it.

Then she thought of Del once more—of her colors and sinuous springs, and little cries and chatter.

After a time she found that she was growing faint, and so stole down into the kitchen for some food. She stayed a minute to warm her feet. The fire was red and the clock was ticking. It seemed to her home-like and comfortable, and she seemed to herself very homeless and lonely; so she sat down on the floor with her head in a chair, and cried as hard as she ought to have done four hours ago.

She climbed into bed about one o'clock, having decided, in a dull way, to give Dick up tomorrow.

But when tomorrow came he was up with a bright face, and built the kitchen fire for her, and brought in all the water, and helped her fry the potatoes, and whistled a little about the house, and worried at her paleness, and so she said nothing about it.

"I'll wait till night," she planned, making ready for the mill.

"Oh, I can't," she cried at night. So other mornings came, and other nights.

I am quite aware that, according to all romantic precedents, this conduct was preposterous in Asenath. Floracita, in the novel, never so far forgets the whole duty of a heroine as to struggle, waver, doubt, delay. It is proud and proper to free the young fellow; proudly and properly she frees him; "suffers in silence"—till she marries another man; and (having had a convenient opportunity to refuse the original lover) overwhelms the reflective reader with a sense of poetic justice and the eternal fitness of things.

But I am not writing a novel, and, as the biographer of this simple factory girl, am offered few advantages.

Asenath was no heroine, you see. Such heroic elements as were in her—none could tell exactly what they were, or whether there were any; she was one of those people in whom it is easy to be quite mistaken—her life had not been one to develop. She might have a certain pride of her own, under given circumstances; but plants

grown in a cellar will turn to the sun at any cost; how could she go back into her dark?

As for the other man to marry, he was out of the question. Then, none love with the tenacity of the unhappy; no life is so lavish of itself as the denied life; to him that hath not shall be given—and Asenath loved this Richard Cross.

It might be altogether the grand and suitable thing to say to him, "I will not be your wife." It might be that she would thus regain a strong shade of lost self-respect. It might be that she would make him happy, and give pleasure to Del. It might be that the two young people would be her "friends," and love her in a way.

But all this meant that Dick must go out of her life. Practically, she must make up her mind to build the fires, and pump the water, and mend the windows alone. In dreary fact, he would not listen when she sung; would not say, "You are tired, Sene;" would never kiss away an undried tear. There would be nobody to notice the crimson cape, nobody to make blue neckties for; none for whom to save the Bonnes de Jersey, or to take sweet, tired steps, or make dear, dreamy plans. To be sure, there was her father; but fathers do be given—and Asenath loved this on which Sene had fallen.

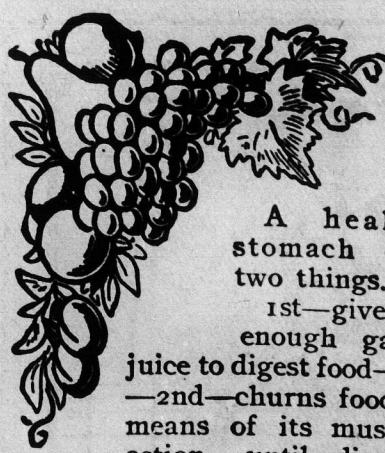
That Del Ivory was—Del Ivory added intricacies to the question. It was a very unpoetic but undoubted fact that Asenath could in no way so insure Dick's unhappiness as to pave the way to his marriage with the woman whom he loved. There would be six merry months, perhaps, or three; then slow worry and disappointment; pretty Del accepted at last, not as the crown of his young life, but as its silent burden and misery. Poor Dick! good Dick! Who deserved more wealth of wifely sacrifice? Asenath, thinking this, crimsoned with pain and shame. A streak of good common sense in the girl told her—though she half scorned herself for the conviction—that even a crippled woman who should bear all things and hope all things for his sake might blot out the memory of this rounded Del; that, no matter what the motive with which he married her, he would end by loving his wife like other people.

She watched him sometimes in the evenings, as he turned his kind eyes after her over the library book which he was reading.

"I know I could make him happy! I know I could!" she muttered fiercely to herself.

November blew into December, December congealed into January, while she kept her silence. Dick, in his honorable heart, seeing that she suffered, wearied himself with plans to make her eyes shine; brought her two pails of water instead of one, never forgot the fire, helped her home from the mill. She saw him meet Del Ivory once upon Essex Street with a grave and silent bow; he never spoke with her now. He meant to pay the debt he owed her down to the uttermost farthing; that grew plain. Did she try to speak her wretched secret, he suffocated her with kindness, struck her dumb with tender words.

She used to analyze her life in those days, considering what it would be without him. To be up by half-past five in the chill of all the winter mornings, to build the fire and cook the breakfast and sweep the floor, to hurry away faint and weak over the raw, slippery streets, to climb at half-past six the endless stairs and stand at the endless loom, and hear the endless wheels go buzzing around, to sicken in the oily smells, and deafen at the remorseless noise, and weary of the rough girl swearing at the other end of the pass; to eat her cold dinner from a little cold tin pail out on the stairs in the three-quarter-of-an-hour recess; to come exhausted home at half-past six at night, and get the supper, and brush up about the shoemaker's bench, and be too weak to eat; to sit with aching shoulders and make the button-holes for her best dress, or darn her father's stockings till nine o'clock; to hear no bounding step or cheery whistle about the



## A Proven Cure For Indigestion

A healthy stomach does two things.

1st—gives up enough gastric juice to digest food—and  
2nd—churns food, by means of its muscular action, until digestive

they give you a healthy stomach.

"Fruit-a-tives" actually strengthen the muscles of the stomach—increase the power of the churning movement—and also enable the stomach to excrete sufficient gastric juice to completely digest every meal.

"Fruit-a-tives" also cure the Constipation

Thousands have been cured of Indigestion and Dyspepsia by "Fruit-a-tives" alone.

An unhealthy stomach

is either too weak to properly churn the food or it does not give up enough gastric juice to make digestion complete.

Then you have Indigestion—Heartburn—Distress after Eating—Sour Stomach—Headaches—and finally chronic Dyspepsia.

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia because

and Biliousness with which so many Dyspeptics suffer.

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**Fruit-a-tives**  
(OR FRUIT LIVER TABLETS.)

## FREE \$200.00 IN CASH AND 500 VALUABLE PREMIUMS

In order to introduce our goods into homes where they are not already known, we have decided to give away the above-named sum and 500 handsome premiums. The cash and premiums will be given in order of merit to persons sending in the best ending to the Limerick Verse that is written in part below.

1st prize.....	\$50.00 in cash
2nd prize.....	\$40.00 in cash
3rd prize.....	\$35.00 in cash
4th prize.....	\$25.00 in cash
5th to 9th prizes, five prizes of \$10.00 each.....	\$50.00 in cash
10th to 14th " Five Ladies' or Gents' Gold Filled Hunting Case Watches.....	
15th to 19th " Five Family Liner Sets, (57 pieces).....	
20th to 24th " Five Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Plated Watches.....	
25th to 29th " Five sets of half a dozen Silver Plated Knives and Forks, (Rogers).....	
30th to 34th " Five Ladies' or Gents' Solid Silver Watches.....	
35th to 39th " Five Handsome Violins and Bows.....	
40th to 44th " Five Hardwood Accordions.....	
45th to 49th " Five Magnificent Fur Ruffs.....	
50th to 54th " Ten Ladies' Toilet Sets.....	
55th to 59th " One Hundred Ladies' or Gents' 14k Gold Filled Rings.....	
60th to 64th " One Hundred Waterton Fountain Pens.....	
65th to 69th " One Hundred Sets of 6 Silver Plated Tea Spoons (Rogers).....	
70th to 74th " Forty Ladies' Hand Bags.....	
75th to 79th " 110 Sets of Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers).....	
80th to 84th " 110 Sets of Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives (Rogers).....	

Below will be found the Limerick Verse WITH A MISSING LINE, which line we expect our competitors to supply:

In giving good prizes we take pride,  
They make known our goods both far and wide:  
Why delay,  
Call or write to-day,

(Fill in the line above.)

Please note that the last line should rhyme with the first two lines. As a last WORD for the missing line, we would suggest the use of any of the following words: "divide," "applied," "laid," "simplified," "provide," "couple," "supplied," "denied," "beside," "sighed," "tried," "decide," "betide," "cried," "dried," "bride," "side," "complied," "died," "implied," "spied," "inside," "died," "tried," "ride," "tied," "abide," "aside," "deride," "astride," "belied." These words all rhyme with the endings of the first two lines in the verse.

### CONDITIONS

There is another simple condition attached to this contest about which we will write you as soon as we receive your answer to the above. This condition does not involve the spending of one cent of your money.

The judging of the Limericks will be in the hands of a committee of three gentlemen of undoubted integrity who have no connection with this office. No employee of ours or any of their relations will be allowed to compete, and the committee's judgment must be accepted as final.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of three appointed by the Bovel Manufacturing Co., and enter this competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

(State whether we are to address you as Mr., Mrs. or Miss.....)

Please write very plainly. Cut out this advt. and send it to us after filling in the blank line. The filling in of the missing line may take a little thought and time, but it should be time and energy well spent. There are over five hundred prizes, any one of which is well worth the time and energy that we ask you to expend. Surely this is enough for everyone! Write to-day. Do not send any money. We will answer your letter immediately, and tell you of the simple condition that must be adhered to. Address very plainly

BOVEL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 14, MONTREAL