

Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XLVII.—(Continued).

Sir Lucian Ferrier was walking up and down his study as the clock struck one. He had thought, long and deeply; he had apparently come to some definite and settled conclusion. Two or three sealed letters lay on the table, which he had written with a firm and unwavering hand, and left to be discovered, as he might will it, in the morning.

For Sir Lucian had determined to leave Oldham Grange to leave New York — to leave the country.

"If I am once gone," he argued within himself, "Lucie will have a home at Oldham Grange. If I remain here, nothing will prevent her from going on once more into the world which has already been so hard and heartless toward her. My poor, poor girl! what a cruel fortune is this which, while it deprives her of friends and home, at the same time places her in the power of yonder hardhearted ruffian who evidently regards her as nothing more than a merchandise to be sold for a sum of money to aid her in any respect, except by leaving her forever!"

All the night he remained there, sleepless, and racked by contending emotions — and when the first gray daylight began to peer the east, he faced Lucie with the face of a man who had passed through some mortal illness. He glanced up at the clock.

"A quarter to five," said he, to himself. "I shall catch the New York express. I go across the fields, and shall be beyond the reach of recall before my poor mother is fairly awake on this, the morning of my wedding-day."

He took his hat from the table, and moving noiselessly, crossed the threshold of the French window, and strode out upon the lawn, where the first birds were beginning to warble their matin songs, and a still, dewy freshness filled all the air. Sir Lucian had been bitterly self-satisfied that Nature had no sympathy with breaking hearts and overcharged brains. At the foot of the stone steps that led down to the railway track, he stood an instant to take his last look at the gray gables of the old house that held by the jewel-an instant which was fraught with a life's bitterness to him — and then he walked rapidly on.

The morning was over. He should never see Lucie Ford and her mother again. Between them, all the love, the hope, the sunny anticipation and Sir Lucian Ferrier walked away, a strange, unusual sensation at his heart, as of coming paralysis.

"It is worse than death," he muttered. "And yet I must strive to bear it like a man. If only I could hear it said: 'But the thought of her heart-break makes a child of me.'"

The warm glow of sunrise was irradiating the sky as he reached the platform of the railway station, a junction at which all express trains were required by law to make a stoppage. Early as it was in the morning, quite a little crowd was gathered around the station, and a man on a horse was just starting away, a man occasionally employed by the Oldham Grange property. He touched his cap to Sir Lucian.

"I'm going," said the man, "to the station. There's been an accident. And I just found the body, er, not fifteen minutes ago. A man was lying on the ground, and he was dead."

"Killed," said Sir Lucian, with the interest which no one would feel in the sudden and appalling an accident.

"He was dead as a doornail," said the man, "and his face was quite natural, except on one temple, where the cow-catcher must have struck him. He was lying on his side, with a backward motion of one arm toward the railway station, as he plumed his cap into the side of the horse. 'You can go and look at him if you like,' I dare say."

And Sir Lucian, following the instinct of a natural curiosity, glanced at the watch to make sure of the time, and then he entered the square little red brick building.

A head or two, hurriedly brought in from the platform, and laid upon a couple of camp stools, formed an impromptu tier for the men, whose souls had thus been hurried into eternity. Two or three men standing around the red brick building, which had been recently covered with a gray traveling cloth, belonging to one of the express trains, were looking at the man who had been killed.

"He's a stranger hereabouts, I guess," said one. "Ain't nobody seems to know him. Yes, it is an ugly sight. I'll allow Sir Lucian started back with a mouthful of exclamation of horror."

"It is St. Just," said the man who had killed him, "in spite of himself."

"Know him, sir?" asked the ticket agent.

"Yes," answered Sir Lucian, after a second or so of hesitation. "He was my house boy. I gave him a check for my house money. He must have met his death on his way back."

"I always said people hadn't no business to walk on the track," said the ticket agent, "but it ain't no use tellin' 'em so. Look where the cow catcher hit him on the head, sir. Must be 'a' terrible blow."

And he replaced the handkerchief once more over the mutilated face of the dead man, and strolled listlessly to the door, to look after the express train.

Sir Lucian Ferrier stood there an instant, and then walked out also into the fresh beauty of the summer day. The cloud had passed from his face, the weight was lifted from his heart. Was it wrong to rejoice in the sudden and awful death of a fellow-creature? And yet, whose hand had been the cause of this? Lucie had intended to strike down the barrier that separated him from the woman who had been his betrothed wife.

"Behold the sparrows! And yet not one of them falter to the ground without your Father's knowledge. Like a prophet the old Bible words came back to Sir Lucian Ferrier, as he stood there in the level sunshine, with the dead man lying stark and still in the little room beyond."

Sir Lucian remained at the station only long enough to see the coroner, and give what little testimony he could as to the name of the dead man. As to his antecedents, it is needless to say that he preserved an inviolable silence.

"He visited me late last night," said he. "We had business together, and I gave him a check for five thousand dollars. I suppose he meant to return to the Duke's Back Inn," for the landlord of that establishment had just arrived, and bore evidence that Mr. Jacquelin, as

the gentleman called himself, had been staying there for a week past, for the behind, as he represented, "but as to his going and coming, I am entirely ignorant. He is no friend of mine," in answer to an informal question from the coroner, "nothing but a mere acquaintance. And as this is my wedding-day, I must ask to be relieved from the necessity of appearing later in the day, to give any evidence at the inquest."

The coroner, a portly, good-natured gentleman, who had a great respect for the life and wealth of the English baronet, showed his teeth in a smile, even though this ghastly thing lay silent and grim before him.

"Under the circumstances," he said, "of course you may go. I have been for him to sign his written testimony."

No Sir Lucian returned to Oldham Grange, feeling as if he had left the blackness of darkness behind him forever. Mrs. Ferrier met him on the threshold.

"Lucian! Out already," said she. "Why, I thought I was the earliest person up in the household."

"I have been for a walk," said Sir Lucian, and, ceasing to his study, he wrote a hurried note.

"Dearest Lucie, Come to me at once. Our troubles are over."

Mrs. Minton, the housekeeper, was the bearer of this message, and she, after having related her experience in the servants' hall.

"Miss Lucie looked like a ghost when first I went in, and I don't honestly believe she shed a wink all night! But her face brightened up all at once like when she read that bit of a note my master had sent."

"Tell him I'll be there immediately," Minton said.

"And when she comes out of her room, five minutes afterward, there ain't no race in all the garden as was equal to the color in her cheeks. So I guess she's a blooming bride, after all. And that reminds me, I must go and see if then the wedding people has got the lies and blanc-manges turned out right."

Lucie and had scarcely touched the handle of the study door before Sir Lucian was at her side, clasping her in his arms, and kissing her lips, cheeks and brow.

"Dearest, dearest Lucie!" he cried. "My wife, my wife, my own forever!"

"Lucian, I don't understand you," she said, looking wonderingly up into his face. "I thought that man last night — 'That man is dead, Lucie, dead!'"

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INDIANS GREAT FIGHTERS.

Their Loyalty to Great Britain Unquestioned.

The Indian soldier fighting with the Allies in France is an interesting and significant figure. India's loyalty is remarkable. She is utterly enthusiastic to prove her full right to belong to the British Empire. Indians want to be freely admitted to Australia and Canada, and other colonies of the Empire. The feeding of these troops has proved a delicate task, which has been deftly solved so far. For some of them believe in having meat killed by cutting the throat of the animal, while others want the steers slain by a blow on the back of the neck.

Some of them get ill at the sight of cow meat, while others spit at the mere mention of a pig, according to their religion. Crime is unknown in the Indian army, and there are no cells for the Indian troops in the barracks. The men enlist for 30 years, and when the animal dies the Government furnishes another, and you must remember that these men are all sons of well-to-do families. There are 100 applicants for every vacancy that occurs in the ranks of the Indian army of Gt. Britain. That applies to all regiments there. So you can imagine what the Empire will be able to get by taking every fit man who wishes to enlist. They are accustomed to the climatic extremes, and Germans will die where the Indians will be warm and happy.

The worth of the Indian troops is by this time well known to friend and foe. Since their arrival in France they have constantly been in the thick of the fighting and have stood their ground valiantly, although several bodies from the warmer parts of India have been severely tried by the cold.

And Lucie Ford was forced to own that her lover's reasoning was correct. They were married in the little village church that afternoon, quietly married, with only a few spectators to witness the ceremony, and Lady Ferrier traveled to New York with her husband, leaving to Edmund St. Just to allow his memory to sink into oblivion. Believe me, dearest, it is better that all should go on as if this wretched man had never crossed our path.

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Years have passed since that strange, quiet wedding-day. Sir Lucian and Lady Ferrier are contented, happy in their beautiful English home, where the current of life flows on with calm and peaceful rippling. But, sometimes, sitting in the night, when the little ones are hushed in sleep, Lucie looks back upon the checker-board past, and thinks of the two years of penance she suffered for that one sad mistake of her life-marrying for money and a home.

"But it is over now," she muses, with a whispered prayer of gratitude. "And I am happy at last, yes, perfectly happy."

And Sir Lucian, looking down into Lucie's eyes, can recall every passing thought of her heart, as in a mirror, and smiles back to her smile. He, too, has missed the eyes that looked at him with love and repentance. And he, also, is happy at last!

HAD HIS OWN BATTERY.

Remarkable Incident Related by British Officer.

A cavalry officer's letter in the London Times from the battle-front tells a queer story of an old artilleryman, as follows:

There is one incident I must cite; it amused us mightily. Some time ago, when closer to the lines, we were out exercising one fine morning when the funniest old outfit came along; some old guy of a gunner with a big gun towed by a sort of traction engine. He was a funny looking old chap, had a fine head of a kind of aeroplane with him, too, on a lorry, also in tow. He was the funniest looking old cove you ever saw, seemed to be running a little show of his own. The last we saw of him he was round the corner with his traction engine half-mired in the ditch. But it appears he knew what he was about, for he put one of the enemy's guns out of action with those four shots. He made a scream with laughing, but I hope he's going strong still.

A YEAR'S SHIPBUILDING.

Lloyd's Register of Shipping in their statistical tables for 1914, state that the total addition of steam tonnage in Britain during the year has been 1,542,363 tons gross, and of sailing tonnage 16,919 tons gross, or, in all, 1,559,282 tons gross. Of the tonnage added to the Register over \$5.35 per cent. consists of new vessels practically all built in the United Kingdom. An important item among the other additions to the Register is that of vessels bought from abroad, viz., 216,189 tons. The gross deduction of steam tonnage from the Register amounts to 1,080,246 tons, and of sailing tonnage to 74,396 tons, or in all to 1,154,642 tons. On the whole, during 1914, the number of steamers on the official Register of the United Kingdom has increased by 252, and the tonnage by 462,107 tons, while the number of sailing vessels has decreased by 133, and the tonnage by 57,477 tons. The total number of vessels on the Register has, therefore, increased by 119, and the total tonnage by 404,630 tons during the year.

No Bills to Pay.

She (reproachfully) — "You didn't mind spending money on me before we were married."

He — "No; I had it then to spend."

CHIEF OF IMPERIAL STAFF.

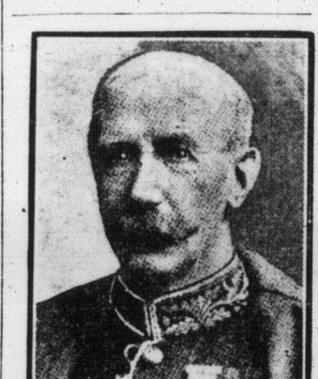
Lieutenant-General Sir James Wolfe Murray.

Chief of the Imperial staff of the British Army is the proud title of Lt.-General Sir James Wolfe Murray, a man in whom Canadians should be interested because of the fact that he is a lineal descendant of Col. Murray of the Black Watch, in whose arms General James Wolfe died upon the Plains of Abraham before Quebec in 1759. Col. Murray named his son James Wolfe, and the two names of England's great hero have been handed down from generation to generation. The present James Wolfe was born on March 13, 1853.

This boy in due time had to get his schooling, and began at the aristocratic Glenalmond in Perthshire. From there he went to Harrow, thence to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, getting a commission in the Grenadier Guards in 1872. At the "shop" no one supposed that the young Scot would have a particularly brilliant career. It was recognized that he could work for ten hours at a stretch and was extremely long-headed, but his Scotch stories required a Scotch sense of humor to be found amusing. For instance, he was made of the following: One day, he relates, he chanced to meet a "native" up in town and asked him how he liked London. "Man, it's a gran place," replied the Scot, "but for pleasure commend me to Peebles." On the other hand it is told of Wolfe Murray that on seeing the Pyramids for the first time he was observed to be pondering deeply over the spectacle. "Everyone believed him to be vastly impressed by their antiquity and grandeur until he solemnly delivered himself as follows: 'Only to think of these things standing here all these thousands of years. Give me a couple of batteries and I would guarantee to knock the rubbish to bits in a week.'"

THE "RAVENING WOLFE."

Why he should ever have been called the "Ravening Wolfe" is not clear. There is no record in any mess of his ever having attacked a sheep-fold; on the contrary, he has always been known as a most staid and respectable member of society who has been twice married, and brought up two sons and three daughters in the way they should go. In the bad old days



Lt.-Gen. Sir James Wolfe Murray, K.C.B.

when Wolfe Murray first entered the service, subalterns considered that it was the proper thing to play hard and work not at all. But Wolfe Murray was a heretic. Play he did not greatly care about, but he worked all day, studied Russian, and passed for the Staff College. It was probably there he learned that a rifle is a more or less serviceable arm for the destruction of one's enemies. In his early youth he was a keen sportsman, had a fine contempt for that weapon, and on an inspecting officer questioning him about his battery's musketry progress, looked vague and astonished. On being pressed for an answer he admitted to knowing that his men had some hand-guns, but added that "he did not know what they used them for."

His Chance Came.

On leaving the Staff College he went to the Intelligence Department at the War Office, and then on to Aldershot. At last a chance came. We had trouble with a dusky potentate. A small British garrison was shut up in Comassi, and Sir James Willocks was despatched with a force to relieve it. Major Wolfe Murray was appointed as commander of the lines of communication. Detail and hard work suited him excellently; he got a decoration and a brevet. His job in Ashanti had done him so well that when the South African War came along he got a similar one in Natal, and was mentioned in despatches both by Sir George White and Sir Redvers Buller. By this time he was a major-general, and went out to India as Quartermaster-General. The little tin gods with the brass hats looked on what he had done and found that it was good, so they revived an ancient bill, by name Master-General of the Ordnance, and this they gave to Wolfe Murray. The chief duty of the person holding this job was to give tips to those in authority over him and let them know when guns, rifles, and ammunition were reaching vanishing point in the arsenals — in other words, to get

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THE NOBLE SPIRIT.

Doing a "Small Thing" Belittles the Deed.

In one of Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's best short stories, we read of a husband who is a hard-working man, so intent on his schemes for money-getting that he has grown thoughtless of the higher obligations of life. For forty years he has been promising to replace the tumble-down farmhouse with a new one; but he has built barns instead, and now he is breaking ground for another. The patient wife turns to her endless round of housework, smarting under the sense of neglect and ill treatment.

JAPANESE BAIT, DIGGERS.

One of the Most Miserable Ways of Making a Living.

An extraordinary occupation that many of the very poor follow in Japan, is that of the estatori, or bait catcher, who spends his days gathering anglerworms. We say "gather" because the worms are taken from the soil, as is the case in Occidental countries, but from the black mud of the rivers and canals.

Tokyo is a great place for this calling. The city has numerous streams and canals connected with tide-water, and as soon as the tide begins to ebb you can see women with their baskets and their mud forks climbing down the stone facings of the canals, plunging their legs into the deep mud, and picking up the wriggling red anglerworms that they dig out of the mud.

These worms are a somewhat different species from the earthworm. They are slightly stouter, with jointed bodies and peculiar mouth-tipped mouths. The receptacles for the captured worms are baskets or tubs with covers that contain small square openings through which the women drop the worms as they pick them up. As soon as the bait baskets or tubs are full the women take them to the shop and sell them. The bait shop deals in bait only, and from these establishments the fishermen buy worms for their hooks.

The amount that the anglerworm catchers can make daily is very small — not more than forty sen for each worker; but it helps out in the household expenses. In the summer weather the work is not hard, although it is certainly hot, with the sun beating down on the stooping form and reflected from the wet mud and water. In the colder weather, however, it is more trying, for the bait catcher has to stand for hours in the freezing mud.

Diseases that are the result of their calling are frequent among the bait worms, especially beriberi and dropsy. The Japanese regard bait digging as the most miserable way of getting a living known to mortal man.

The Cigaret in England.

Who started the cigarette craze in England? To the Duke of Buccleuch, who recently celebrated his golden wedding anniversary, belongs this distinction. In 1856 he went to Russia to attend the coronation of Alexander II. Finding the cigarette very popular in that country, especially in St. Petersburg, he brought back the weed in this form to England, and English folk have smoked them ever since.

Death-like Silence.

In the rainless interior of Australia there is a "silence of the grave." This death-like silence has a peculiarly depressing effect. If two men are camped abroad to sweep out a distant township to get provisions while the other remains behind to look after the camp, the man who is to remain says to his friend in forcible, gold fields language: "Now, Bill, don't be long away. You know what kind of a place this is to live in by yourself." Or words to that effect. If his mate is away for two or three days the silence gets on the man's nerves, and in the end he shouts to make a noise. And often he is afraid of the sound of his own voice.

Saving the Powder.

The regiment was first raised in 1783, to meet the expected invasion of England by the French Revolutionary Army.

During the Peninsular War they gained great glory when they formed the forlorn hope against Badajoz — a scene the Transvaal Republic had been declared, but not war. The colonel turned to walk back to the column, in which were many women and children, but by this time the Boers had crept up all round, and suddenly opened a murderous fire. Every officer was hit, and 151 n.c.o.'s and men went down, besides many women and children.

THE SOLDIERS AND THE PEN.

Here is a scrap of real literature culled from a letter from the front. The country is now covered with a silvery coating of snow. Away on a hill stands a monastery, showing dark and grim above the peaceful country, standing like some medieval warden castle. The church bells ring out on the frosty air. Suddenly over the hill comes the incessant rumble of the cannon, now growing, now waning. Out of the sky — a speck in the crystal atmosphere — comes an aeroplane. Suddenly beside it, and behind a little puff of smoke breaks out and spreads a feathery cloud, followed by others in quick succession — shrapnel from a hostile battery. The peace of the day is broken, and the world seems on edge. The hell over the hill is brought before us — men dying and fighting — humanity's brightlight of pity and love sunk in passions of a more brutal age. Whatever the outcome, it must be faced.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

PERFORMED BRAVE ACTIONS ON MANY FIELDS.

Their Deeds Will Stand Forever On the Roll of Britain's Glory.

The earth seemed to steam everywhere, and over all hung a pall. It may have been only the mist rising from the river, or the breath of the sleeping thousands, lying uneasily in their muddy bivouac. All was silent, and the night was black as the pit.

Now and again the ghastly light of a bursting shell lit up the scene. Presently, out of the darkness came stealing men, unearthly shapes, making never a sound. Shapes silent, like the wraiths of dead heroes.

Suddenly a soldier, disturbed by an uncanny feeling of something near him, sat up.

"What the — 's this?" he asked, and in reply was told "Indian troops moving forward to a night attack." Reassured, he lay down again.

The "Garvies" to the Rescue.

On stole the brave Indians, and presently night was made hideous by the awful sounds of conflict, for our men were right among the Germans.

Great and grim was the fight which ensued, but the foe were altogether too strong. We had caught a Tartar with a vengeance, and the Indians looked like being wiped right out, until a fearsome yell arose from the British trenches, and out dashed the "Garvies" to the rescue — the "Garvies" being the nickname enjoyed by the Connaught Rangers. Up from the trenches they sprang, and dashed into the middle of the scrimmage. Then the slaughter commenced.

It was soon over, and back came the "Garvies," bringing the survivors of the Indians with them.

At Cambrai their colonel addressed them in these words:

"Rangers of Connaught, the eyes of all Ireland are on you this day. On, then, and at them; and if you do not get them, the soundest thrashing they have ever had in their lives you needn't look me in the face again, in this world or the next."

Needless to say, the thrashing was duly administered.

Held for Three Months.

During the South African War, 1899, the Connaughts performed a deed at Lydenburg which will stand for ever on the roll of Britain's glory.

This place was held for three weary months by Lieutenant Long — a mere boy of twenty-two — with 53 men of the Connaughts, aided by only 17 other men attached from various regiments.

Their sufferings from disease, wounds, and privation were awful, but they remained true to their motto, "No Surrender," until peace was declared.

At the beginning of the campaign the 2nd Battalion was marching from Lydenburg to Pretoria when they were met by a large party of Boers at Bronkhorst Spruit. This was before war had been declared, and they were told not to advance further, as the Transvaal Republic had been declared, but not war. The colonel turned to walk back to the column, in which were many women and children, but by this time the Boers had crept up all round, and suddenly opened a murderous fire. Every officer was hit, and 151 n.c.o.'s and men went down, besides many women and children.

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The method of settling accounts with the bayonet is particularly popular with the sons of the Emerald Isle, as the Germans are now learning.

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