

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER I.
A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

In her excitement she has drawn closer and closer to the motionless figure, and now she is so close that she could, if she does not restrain herself, actually touch it, but she seems to remember herself in time. She pulls up short, and brings her hand down upon the window sill.

"Girl!" she says, with a short breath, "you are enough to drive a woman mad. There! I—I can't bear your white face any longer. Take—take the work home, and think—think—as you go, of the chance that lies before you—the chance of escaping from the life you are so sick and tired of, and from me—oh, I know," she adds bitterly, "there is no love lost between us, though I am your father's sister. There, go over with the cross, and think! Not that it matters, for sooner or later you will marry Jacob Burney."

Olive waits to hear the last threat, for it is nothing less; then, having put on her hat and cloak, leaves the room.

As she goes into the open air, she pauses a moment, and looks up with a long sigh, as if for breath; then, with the light box in her hand, hurries on.

Looking at her, one would have said: "There goes a princess in disguise—there's a girl who will cause many a heartache."
But the princess in disguise was only a poor hard-worked girl, and the only heart that ached—unless the other was Jacob Burney's—was her own.

CHAPTER II.
ANOTHER OFFER.

IT was dusk by the time she had reached the end of the long street, and when she turned to the right, there rose up before her the tall elms that surrounded her destination, the Court.

She was about to enter the avenue, when a footstep caused her to turn her head, and there came out from among the trees and stood before her a young man.

Olive was not given to starting or blushing, and was not by any means timid, but she paused irresolutely, and a faint color stole over her pale face, and gave the finishing touch to her beauty. The man raised his hat with an eager, deferential air, and revealed a face that just escaped being handsome, a face full of a certain caring, defiant recklessness, and had just a suspicion of selfishness about it. At that moment it was at its pleasantest, full of an eager wistfulness and eager humility.

Olive had seen this face twice—three times before. She could scarcely pass on; indeed, the stranger almost stood in her path.

"Miss Estcourt—Olive!" he said, and anxiously putting out his hand with a gesture of entreaty, "one mo-

Too Nervous to Sleep.

Nerves Wrecked by Accident—Was Afraid to Go in a Crowd or to Stay Alone—Tells of His Case.

When sympathy was felt in this city for Mr. Dorsey, who met with a distressing accident when his foot was smashed in an elevator.

The shock to the nervous system was so great that Mr. Dorsey was in a pitiable condition for a long time. He was like a child in that he required his mother's care nearly all the time. He feared a crowd, could not stay alone and could not sleep because of the weakness and excited condition of his nerves.

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ment—only a moment. Listen to me for a moment only, I beg of you. At least, wait until I have asked you to forgive me."

Olive hesitated, looked irresolutely to the right and left, then stopped and looked at him with a slightly troubled gleam in her dark eyes.

A sudden flash lit up his face, evidently he had not expected his prayer to be answered.

"Thank you—how can I thank you?" he said, in a low voice. "I don't deserve that you should stop or speak to me, I know that; but—but I could not leave the place until I had obtained your forgiveness."

Olive looked at him, with a faint flush.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said.

"Yes, yes!" he responds eagerly, "you have a great deal to forgive, I know that. I had no right to speak to you, I have no right to speak to you now; but—but how could I help myself? You told me when I saw you the first time—it was at the post office, you remember—ah! I remember it!—that there was one belonging to you to whom I could speak, to whom I could go. They told me—I mean the people in the village—how cruelly you were shut up, how hard you worked—you! who ought not to know what the word means, who ought to live a life of joyful, pleasant ease! You see, Miss Estcourt, I have learned all about you—please, do not go! Wait a moment until I have finished!"

Olive had made a movement as if to leave him, but at this pleading tone she stopped, again, and listened, with her eyes cast down.

"I have only seen you three times," he continued. "If you send me away now—if you tell me to go, I shall never see you again. Let it be so, if you so decide; but I will not go—I say I will not go," he said, with a passionate kind of defiance—"until I have told you that I shall never forget you—that I love you!"

Olive started, and raised her pale face, and looked at him.

"Yes," he went on with a gesture, "I have said it. I meant to say it plainly the next time I met you. I have waited here in the village to see you, and to tell you, and then, if you would have it so, to leave you forever! Miss Estcourt, am I to go?"

Olive trembled, and was silent for a moment.

"Why do you speak to me like—like this?" she said. "Why do you tell me this? I have only seen you three times. You do not know me; you know my name—"

"I asked the people at the post office," he broke in quickly. "Was that wrong?"

Olive was silent.

"When I saw you the second time, it was one evening in the churchyard. You were sitting under the trees, and I remember the very look of the sky, and the sun upon the church tower. When I saw you the second time, I asked you to let me come and see Mrs. Dennett—your aunt, the only person belonging to you whom I could see."

Olive shook her head.

"Yes," he assented eagerly. "You told me that I could not come—that I was never to speak to you again, and I promised that I would not do so. I meant to keep that promise, and to go away from this place, that will be the happiest or the most miserable spot on God's earth for me. Just as you decide. Well, it was too hard a thing to promise; I could not do it. I am here, you see, almost against my will; I cannot go! Since that evening when I first saw you, I have had no peace or rest—I think I am bewitched, Miss Estcourt; do not send me away!"

It was so strange, so startling, so unlike anything that the girl, in her innocence, had ever read or dreamed of, that she stood silent and trembling, not knowing whether to go on without a reply, or to move away with a cold rebuff.

But the man at her side did not give her much time for thought.

"I know what you are thinking—I can read your face," he said hurriedly. "You are thinking that you do not know me, that I am an utter stranger, that I am everything that is bad—that, although I know your name, you are ignorant of mine."

Unconsciously, Olive's face gave assent.

"You see," he exclaimed, with eager triumph, "I can read your thoughts! Well, let me tell you who I am. My name is Rawdon—Stephen Rawdon. I am an artist; I came down here to sketch and to take a holiday. I am like yourself—I have no father, mother, sister, or brother. I am quite alone in the world; and—and that is all; there is nothing else. I live in London, alone, always alone; and I shall go back to-night, miserable, unsettled, unhappy, unless you tell me that I may stay, in the hope that I may see you now and again, if only for a minute at a time."

Olive shook her head; she had had time to realize the position, and common sense was battling hard against the charm of the glib tongue, the novelty of the situation, and the dim, faint chance, of which she was scarcely conscious, of escape from the fate that awaited her at her aunt's hands.

"You will send me away!" he said bitterly. "You are offended because I have stopped and spoken to you like this. Be just! What other course was open to me? I knew that I loved you, that I could not be happy unless I won you, and yet I was not to have the opportunity of seeing you. They told me that your aunt, the only person belonging to you, meant to sell you—"

Olive started.

"To sell you," he repeated, with a passionate intensity, "to some old money grubber in the village. That decided me; I should have gone but for that piece of news. I swore that I would stay and see you, and tell you the truth. Miss Estcourt—Olive—you see I know your name; it is the sweetest name that was ever spoken—will you let me stay here so the

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chance of helping you? I do not insult you by supposing that you consent to your aunt's scheme, it is not possible, it is too shameful. One word! Tell me that it is not so—that I may hope to see you again."

Olive shook her head.

"I cannot see you—you must not speak to me again," she said, in her low, soft voice—yet it was a troubled voice, too, for his words told, every one of them, and she was just in the state when such words were likely to tell.

"Then you do not believe me?" he said despairfully; "you mistrust me, you think that I am lying, perhaps!"

"No, no!" said Olive, flushing, for there was a reproach in his voice, almost fierce in its intensity.

"Then," he exclaimed eagerly, "grant my prayer; let me see you once—only once more, to-morrow evening, I will wait for you in the churchyard, you always walk there. Oh, I have watched you when you did not think that I was near. Give me one word—only one word, say 'go' or 'stay.' That is all I ask. You will come? No! At least, you will come to tell me that I must go?"

In his eagerness, he was terribly excitable and passionate, he laid his hand reverentially and respectfully enough on her arm. Olive felt it tremble and quiver, and her heart seemed to quiver and palpitate in sympathy. Her lips formed the word "no," but before she could utter it there was a clatter of horses' hoofs, and the flash of carriage lamps.

Her companion seemed straited, and drew back with a quick movement. Olive turned as quickly.

"Oh, go!" she said.

"Yes, yes!" he responded. "But to-morrow—to-morrow! You will come!"

Then he vanished, so to speak, among the trees.

Olive stood, too confused for the moment to go on. A dogcart, drawn by a couple of spirited horses, driven tandem fashion, dashed close beside her—so close, that the leader, a nervous, fidgety animal, was startled by the motionless figure, and sprang aside. The road was none too wide, and but for the skill of the driver, there would have been a decided upset. But, with a flick of the long whip, the leader was brought to order, and the thing dashed on, but not before Olive, her senses strained to the utmost, caught the sound of a cheery, musical laugh, and the words, thrown carelessly out on the evening air:

"Very near a spill that time, George. What was it—a witch?"

"Dunno, my lord," was the reply, in a servant's voice. "A young lady going up to the Court, I think, my lord."

Olive hurried on, too agitated to think, walking fast, as if trying to get away from the necessity of realizing that strange scene which had—though she did not know it—opened the great drama of her life.

Pale, but calm, for it would not do to be anything but calm at the Court, she rang the great bell which hung at the entrance, and was admitted to the hall. A footman, resplendent in the Rivers' dark-purple livery, motioned her, superciliously, to a seat, and then leisurely ascended the vast staircase to acquaint her young ladyship that Olive was waiting.

He may have stopped on his way to read the paper, or hold a conversation with one of his fellow servants, or else my lady was engaged, for Olive waited for what seemed half an hour before he came as leisurely down the stairs, and, with a polished bow, requested her to step up to Lady Rivers' boudoir.

(To be Continued.)

Bits of ham creamed and served on toast will prove a savory breakfast dish.

The coal in the kitchen range should never be beyond the top of the fire bricks.

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Household Notes.

Bread crumbs that are used to roll fish in before trying are better with salt, pepper and chopped parsley added.

Fireproof dishes which have become brown from baking can be cleaned by soaking in a strong borax water.

When tea leaves are allowed to remain in the boiling too long the aroma is lost and the tannin extracted.

Try soaking bacon in cold water for three or four minutes before frying; it will prevent the grease from running.

To keep a brier fire in the range all day, it is better to add a sprinkling of coal often, rather than to let it nearly burn out.

When boiling new potatoes, place them in boiling water to which a little salt and milk have been added.

This prevents them from turning black.

When dipping croquettes or oysters in egg, add one tablespoonful of water and two of milk to each egg. This will save eggs.

In these days when flour is high avoid having bits of dry bread left over by cutting the bread as it is wanted at the table.

The careful housewife will market early in the morning, thereby saving much time and having the first choice in the market.

A kettle should never be quite full when boiling, as water expands and in boiling over does injury to the stove and makes needless work.

Curled celery is made in the following way: Use white celery, remove the coarse fibres, and stand in a pan of ice water until served.

Remember that milk scoured in large quantities is sometimes nauseating to the weakened stomach. Better fill the glass the second time than to

antagonize the invalid.

Meat should be broiled only long enough to loosen all the fibres. If the meat will spring up instantly when pressed with a knife it is done.

If the legs of the table or chairs are uneven, tack a piece of cork to the cork and hot scratch the floor.

Marks on mahogany, caused by dampness, may be removed by rubbing the surface with a soft cloth moistened in a little sweet oil. Rub it in well.

When fruits, such as currants, raisins or citron have become hard and dry, they may be made soft by placing them in a warm oven for a while.

If yolks of eggs which are not wanted for immediate use are dropped into cold water and put into a glass place, they will keep fresh for several days.

And the Worst Is Yet to Come

NOTICE
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Signed MAYOR





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LONDON

LONDON, Dec. 31st, 1917.

THEY KNOW THE BISHOP.

Who is the Londoner who, if he walks along the Embankment in civilian attire is recognized and saluted by every Colonial soldier strolling there? The Bishop of London. I happened to walk from the Temple to Charing Cross behind him this afternoon and can certify that every Colonial soldier knew him and saluted—still rather a special favor for the big fighting men from the Colonies to pay. Yet I have seen others in Whitehall walk blankly past Lloyd George.

THE LATE DR. GARRETT ANDERSON.

The memorial service at Christ Church, Endell Street (in the West-end district of London) to the late Mrs. Garrett Anderson, the first English woman doctor, was a moving tribute to her work for the world. Two significant features marked off the service. First, women took a considerable part in it. In place of the ordinary choir a number of women medical students led the singing, others acted as sideswomen, while a woman played the organ. Then, again, the note of the service was not one of grief, but of thanksgiving and joy in the memory of a noble career. Instead of the customary funeral march the service ended with "Hark! the herald angels sing," followed by a carol. One felt that all this was fitting, and the Bishop of Stepney in a glowing tribute emphasized the lesson to be drawn by the "spiritual daughters" (as he called them) of the deceased pioneer. In her earliest struggles she was cheered by Sir James Paget, the great doctor, and now his son the Bishop seemed to revive the enthusiasm of the father expressed by the son's affection in a moving and noble eulogium.

HISTORY FROM THE SHOP WINDOWS.

The rewriting of history from the point of view of a shop institution or a single form of enterprise is no new thing, but from one or two venturesome and not unsuccessful experiments lately we seem to be threatened with a rather notable development of it. The time may yet come when every tradesman will think it necessary to supply his customers with a history of his own town as seen from his shop window. It will be researchful and entertaining his-

ABSENT-MINDED AGNER

IF I WANT THAT 840 TRAIN HAVE TO ADVANCE SPARK A BIT



HARVEY'S LINIMENT CURE GET IN COWS