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Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me."

Then she would lift up her head bravely and try to smile through the tears that would come—for she knew that John Grey had gone for ever out of her life.

Arnold Bassingbroke, true to his resolve to place beyond the reach of want the two good souls who had befriended him in the hour of adversity, bought a comfortable annuity for Martha and Jacob Smillie.

Their gratitude and astonishment were unbounded. They intended still to live in the mews, but so closely did Violet cling to them that they yielded to her entreaties to join the quiet little household on the cliffs above Clovelly, and end their days in peaceful comfort far from the cares and sorrows of the Metropolis.

Martha in her simple way, took both the lonely girls to her big motherly heart, and poured out the fulness of her love upon them.

Rose slowly built up again some of the wasted energies of her youth, but though she once more gathered strength she could not entirely efface the terrible effects of those fearful years that followed her secret marriage, nor did she ever regain the brilliant beauty she had lost.

Martha, watching over her two charges with a brooding care, would sometimes shake her head and murmur solemnly: "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

And Jacob would say: "Amen!—that's so, Martha—that's so."

### CHAPTER XXIX.

#### The Woman Thou Gavest To Me.

ARNOLD BASSINGBROKE was once more in the full swing of the professional career which had been so strangely interrupted. His active brain seemed all the more keen and alert for the enforced idleness it had undergone.

With added interest and vigour he renewed his researches into the more abstruse and obscure mental conditions of that most intricate and delicate organism the brain—those minute cells which hold the secrets of the human race.

He made some startling and wonderful discoveries in the course of his patient studies. In the world of medical science he could hold his own even with Sir Lawrence Goss—and there were many besides James Kenway who began to regard him as a mental healer with almost miraculous powers.

Without haste, yet with that delicate intuition which guided him in all his actions, he allowed himself time to establish upon a firm basis an intimate friendship with Margaret Assitas upon which to build an indestructible love, and now, believing the right moment had arrived, was about to put his fate to the test.

Spring had once more filled the green window boxes of the White Maissonette with crocuses and daffodils as Arnold Bassingbroke's big car one morning throbbed at the kerb. It had stood there so often of late that the neighbours on either side commenting upon the fact wondered who could be ill at the Maissonette to justify the doctor in calling so often. They were more puzzled, as apparently all the inmates of the dainty house looked in their usual health.

Henry had, after the great mental struggle, sorted out John Grey from Doctor Bassingbroke, and being by nature an astute youth, ushered the visitor with becoming dignity into the presence of Miss Margaret Assitas, without considering it necessary to disturb Miss Pragg from her literary labours. Margaret, for her part, looked sweetly disconcerted as Arnold, with a strange humility, drew close to her and, taking her hand, pleaded his cause in a low but eager voice.

"My darling—need we say 'a marriage has been arranged'—may we not say—'a marriage has taken place'?"

"Dearest," murmured Peggy, with a radiant look at the earnest face of the speaker, "was it not arranged from

the beginning of all things? See by what extraordinary happenings we were brought to know each other!"

For answer he caught her two white hands, and kissing both of them, held them to his breast.

"Tell me, my beloved—when did you first know you loved me?"

His eyes looking into hers, held the love-light she had once surprised in another man's when he had mistaken her for Madge.

She laid her fair head on his breast, and as he drew her into his arms, kissing her soft braids of hair, she whispered tenderly—

"I loved you—oh, my dear, my dear—I loved you, when you were—just—John Grey."

"My own darling—my own—my life—I have loved you from the—beginning."

She lifted up her face, and he immediately seized the opportunity to kiss her on the lips.

"Oh, Arnold, and to think I might have had a worse fate than even Madge or Louisa—if you had not left your place in the world."

Peggy gave a shuddering sigh as she clung closer to his protecting arm.

"Thank God, you escaped that inhuman scoundrel," said her lover in a low tense voice.

"Arnold," said Peggy, lifting grave eyes to his, "poor Madge was loved by a brave, true man—and married the wrong one; Louise too was loved by a brave true man—and married a—a beast; and I am loved, my dearest, by the best man in the whole world," she said this with a note of proud exultation in her voice—"and yet I might, oh! I might have married—him!"

"But you refused to marry him, Peggy, my darling," said the man, kissing her again.

"That was because—oh, my dear—because—I loved you," confessed the girl, her face glowing with blushes.

"Then it shall be—a marriage has taken place," said the young doctor, his dark eyes blazing down upon her, "I will not wait a day longer, beloved. I shall get a special license and we will be married as soon as possible."

"It will be the last straw for dear mamma," said Peggy demurely.

"Because the first girl of the family has had the courage to choose for herself and marry the man she loved, instead of having her life's happiness wrecked for her by ambition," chimed in Miss Pragg, who had entered unnoticed by the two who were so absorbed in each other.

"Margaret! I thought you were going to be an old maid? I'm astonished at you!" she added with a touch of malice.

"We are going to be married at once," cried Arnold with a happy laugh, "and you shall be the first to congratulate us."

"SO I do," said Miss Pragg heartily, "so I do, and Eliza can do what she likes."

Margaret laughed a shy, joyous laugh. "It will be the last straw for poor mamma."

"And a good thing too," retorted Miss Pragg unmercifully. "Eliza had her way with the other two girls—and I've had my way with you. If I hadn't taken this matter in hand, you young people would never have met. I take the credit of this match—you owe it entirely to me—and I never make mistakes!"

Miss Pragg sat down on a chair and looked at the laughing pair with a challenging eye.

"Auntie dear, you are a marvel," admitted Peggy, "and to show how I appreciate you, I insist on your being chief bridesmaid!"

Miss Pragg threw up her hands in horrified protest.

"And if I could find that little chap of five, in the white drill sailor suit, I'd have him for my best man," declared Arnold Bassingbroke. "I owe him a deep debt of gratitude for trying to stop that big car for me."

"Oh, Arnold—don't—darling—if it had killed you—I never—never should have loved anyone again."

"That's when the Pragg family lost its last chance of another old maid," commented Miss Pragg resignedly.

Thus it fell out that a week later,