

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

I for generations. Her flance, Basil Cour-is for scentrations. Her flance, Basil Cour-search for her, and finally receives intelliger indo isobel, almost dead, in an abandoned aged, and when she recovers she seems to experiences has been wiped out by the priv girs a new life. Her character is guite chi masil, whose affection for her heretofore has ers, com

nly kind. I the pockets of her gown is found an old Testament, which Sir David and he seems unexplainably perturbed over her return. tories of the girl's experiences are cided and attract the atten-in Ashe, a fortune hunter, with the set of the set of the given at Meanwhile Sir David extractions a promise from Basil that he will not referent until Christmas, which is four months away. Then, to comome. Meanwhile Sir David extracts a promise from Basil that he will not his engagement until Christmus, which is four months away. These, to com-matters further, Ashe saves laobed is in Sir David's possession may con-scovers that the old Testament which is in Sir David's possession may con-clue to the mystery of her setting the and identity. skiifully aroutes disappearance of her portrait from its place on the wall aron the fiylest throws her into a faint and another spell of illness. The benefit of her health and of Sir David's the Stormants go abroad. Ashe and in Switzerland, overhears the keepers of an Emglish orphan asyum her upon the wonderful resemblance of Isobel to a runaway cirl who had

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CHAPTER XXII (Continued)

HEN the question arose of what should be done should be done with her," Mrs. Thistle thwaite was pounding on, "a vacancy had just occurred in the laundry: really it quite a provi-dence. I took pains to point that out to her, and even to accompany her to the scene of her new duties."

"Ah, it's that personal effort that tells I've known Mrs. Thistlethwaite go round the refectory at breakfast time and taste every bowl of porridge," put in Mr. Thistlethwaite. "Heroic!" murmured Ashe,

"I may truly say I have done what I could," / sighed Mrs. Thistlethwaite, "but-"

"Your protegee did not recognize it," said Ashe.

"Recognize it! The ungrateful creature decamped that very night-took ad-vantage of a little extra liberty which had been given her, and though she had no money, and every inquiry was made, not a trace could be found of her. Now, I daresay it seems impossi-ble to you, but that young lady is the ble to you, but that young lady is the very image of that poor, lost creature." "Which, I am certain, you will be considerate enough not to speak of," said Ashe. "It would be painful to any one to know that they had such a double as your very unsatisfactory pro-tegee; and while as men of the world, Mr. Thistlethwaite and I, of course, know," he shrugged his shoulders and "Henry's" eyeglass became lambent with satisfaction, "in this case that sup-position may be wholly put aside." "Of course-of course-friends of yours." mumured Mr. Thistlethwalte: "Dut may I ask-who..." "They are one of the best-known and the closest of Scottish families," said Ashe, knowing that the hotel register would supply the information if he ddi not. "The Stormonts of Scormont, and the young lady is Sir David's ohly child. I must have a word with them by and by, but really I got inferested in

that the one reason why 1 can't-do what he wants? Would you do harm to the man you loved, and just because he loved you?" "But, my dear child, be reasonable. What harm could you do him? That you cannot remember is not after all such a terrible thing, and no one doubts but that your memory will return." "And what if I remembered some dreadful thing - something that I would be afraid to tell him," her voice sinking; "something that would always stand between us, something that, though he loves me now, he could never forgive-" "But-but-Isobel, child!" Her mother tried to speak, but Isobel cried imno

eyes aglow. "If I care for him, isn't more the conventional young lady, as point de vise in manner and expression as was her very correct and dainty traveling dress. she was a foe well worth conquering; not a mere weakling.

worth conquering; not a mere weakling, to be made use of At Caux she had played her part with When he had uttered the name which he was now certain must un-lock for her a grim past, after a mo-ment of white slience, she had stepped where the shadow of the palms, where the bars of light and shadow were a more baffing screen than even the dusk. "Thistlethwaite " musingly. "What a funny, difficult name to say," lisp-ing a little over the final "th." "Have I ever heard it before? Ought I to remember 1t? for, if so, please en-lighten me, for though I tell people

to treat an inexplicable aberration light-

"Well, Mr. Ashe, what have you to say to me which cannot be said in ordinary circumstances. 'Needs mus: when-' I won't finish the proverb, however-my latest acquirement in my mother-tongue."

"Your mother-tongue," said Ashe, with slow significance; and though the eyes looking into his did not flinch, the color wavered up and sank again in the delicate face.

"Yes, my mother-tongue," in the same hard, light, half-bantering tone. "If you jungine that I am not proud of being Scottish on both sides of the house-" "I think that is where the difficulty comes in, About Miss Stormont's

mother-tongue there might be no doubt. tut yours-" Isobel stared. Then, like one resolved

and that is that the young lady who is now known as Isobel Stormont is more likely Isobei-Brown!" "Do you threaten me, Mr. Ashe?" cried Isobel. She stood at her full height, her slender neck lifted, her gray eyes steel-bright like the sparks

struck out by the jar of crossing "Need we keep this up? You have made a brave fight of it," said Ashe, with a sudden change of tone. "Do. you think that I don't understand-that

I don't honor you for it? I know that it is not for yourself. I can see what it is costing you. Isobel, listen to me. When I first saw you do you think that the knowledge that you were agreat heiress, the last of an old line, could blind me to your beauty, your sweetness, to all that makes you what you are? No; but

that, there was no other way than to strike that monstrous bargain with Evelyn Ashe, then-then better the mercy of the wild waters than his

yielding rail, when a step rang out on Was he to come between her and de-liverance? It was the last touch to the trembling balance. Half-delirious, she flung herself back-

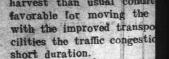
> when a hand caught her arm. "Let me go!" she panted. "Let me go!

CHAPTER XXV

A RESPITE.

and darkness, and this is what the Stormont folk would call an 'unco place," with a glance round the gorge, now a black pit of thundering noise. "Your mother was getting anx

prese, will a grance round the gorge, now a black pit of thundering noise. "Your mother was getting any lous about you, so I thought I'd bet-ter take a look round tor you. I'n afraid I startled you coming so sud-denly on you, but I thought you d hear me on the bridge, though the water does make a row," he went on, to give Isobel time to recover-an un-conscious Orpheus, had he known it, who had brought his Eurydice back from the very brink of the shades. To the girls disordered the shades. To the dill touch of Death to this warn human clasp was for the moment too bewildering. "Has anything happened? Did any one venture to-" began Conyers, a sharper nott in his voice. His cou-site a station was some what exces-sive even for the natural "ceineness" likely to beset a girl alone in the falling dusk in such a creer, place, as he mentally styled it; yet there seemed nothing else to accourt for it. "No, no," said isobel, mastering her way, ne must be close beind them now. In the first enormous pilef of inding that it was not he, but Basil, who stood beside her, she had been incapable of any other thought of sensation, but now she began to won-der what had brought Conyers so sud-denly upon the scene, and to realize how infinitely more difficult his pres-ence t. ould render her position. True, he would as he brought Conyers so sud-hould as hold his hand? Till there was no smallest chance of gaining his desires or making some profit of his hesires or making some profit of his h



Profitable Year The prices received for v oats were the highest in y to many of the farmers the with all its discouragemen one of the most profits year has its own particulat last year's being the car s and the inadequate fuel a the short crop and the m the country has to a gre

extent escaped these. Dur and winter there has co problem—to which all the which the country labors

attributed; but the clouds

ing and we are in hop mists will soon clear awa simply what was prophe ago. The increase of cap

country did not keep pac expansion. The banks re limit. For several year merce of the world has i leaps and bounds. The securities and the extensi led to wild speculation, living and unparalleled lu prices of all commoditie up and the cost of livin ly increased. We, who do called this an era of mar perity, but the few w knew that there must ine a day of reckoning and a adjustment, and it is simply history repeatin think that it will prove a blessing in disguise.

for a little this strenuo in this mad rush and ta our surroundings, and be anxious to add acre to a to farm, but wait a litt

the world's finances time themselves. Shortly, after the las two of your executive, ridge and F. W. Green,

tawa, giving evidence re combine, and took that of laying before the D ernment the different re

sed at the last convent port will be laid befor the close of this conven

-. Report of Comm The report of the row has recently been laid ment and the newspape ed same in detail, and had a fairly good chan

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Want Sa

ance---Pre

Weyburn

Saskatoon, Feb.

onvention of the Sask

Grain Growers Associatio

here yesterday under the I

of Mr. E. N. Hopkins,

Jaw. There was a large at

Addresses of welcome wer od by Mayor Wilson, and M president of the Board of T

The president then read h

The members of the Sasl

Grain Growers association. men, I have much pleasure

mitting to you my second :

port since the organisation

The season of 1907 differ

its predecessor in many resp spring was exceedingly back laying the seeding until I the usual seeding time. At

of the season, germinat greatly retarded by cold an orable weather, and, later t

continuous rain made grov rank. Had there been the u

warm weather in the latter August and the first days tember, we should have aga a bountiful harvest of the fi

It seemed marvellous to t settler what our soil coul

under favorable weather o

the records showing that

in spite of the unfavorable

in spite of the unfavorable very large quantity of the ling wheat produced in the last year. Several se storms visited portions of vince during the year which ably reduced the total yie to be hoped that these will a warning to the grain gr that they will take advant

protection our government vided in this regard. After was cut the weather was

threshing and other fall

consequently a larger area al was prepared for seedi coming year. Owing to harvest than usual condit

association.

which was as follows

President's Address

to mourn a dead child, to cherish a pure memory, than to face a living lie in her lost child's very shape and If, to save her mother from Nearer and nearer she stooped, heav ier and heavier she leaned on the frail. sounding planks. Evelyn Ashe!

ward for the one last effort needed,

66 SOBEL, my dear little cousin. what is it?" said Conyers, as, after one wild cry of "Basil!" Isobel clung speechlessly to was shaken bimself by the relief, the unmistakable gladness in her voice. He was not altogether unwelcome then! "You've been out too long alone. You've got scared by the could

It could shut my mouth, it could make me feel how mad I was even to lift my eyes to you, a poor man, with nothing, but an old name, though an honorable one, to bring you. But I was only a man, after all; I couldn't be near you and not love you, not long for you, not strive for you. Isobel, we are on a level today, there is neither mame nor riches between us. You know that what L have said is true. Isobel, I can pro-fect you now, I can be of service to you now, I can ask you to be my wife now."

petuously: "No, no no; if I cared for him

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ter-"that thwaite!"

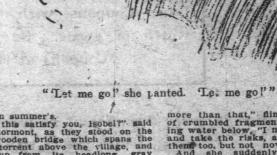
CHAPTER XXIII

THE MOUNTAIN CHAPEL.

THE MOUNTAIN CHAPPEL

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familiar with their i would expect that the receive the most earn tion of this convention summer your executive visable to call a con

three prairie province the report of the roy mission, and if nece pound a scheme for and transportation of

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