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WINNIPEG AND BRANDON

ried to please me he can still have a home at Chester Hill, but his marriage with a portionless bride will not please me. You imagine love will make poverty easy to bear. You do not know Guy. He is self-willed and impetuous. If you uphold him in opposing me, he will marry you, and take you to New York, to live upon a thousand a year and his hope of being a great lawyer. And I, very slowly and distinctly, "will leave every dollar I own to a charity, for I will never forgive him. In a year or two you will be in debt, Guy will fret for his club, his suppers, his horses, and reproach you for his poverty. He will tire of you, as he has tired of a dozen fair faces before yours attracted him, and you will be the burden and torment of his life."

"But what am I to do?"

"Leave him. Go at once, without farewell, to your grandfather's and I will allow your present salary to continue."

"No!" was the quiet, firm answer. "If I go, it will be for Guy's sake. I do not require a bribe!"

"It will be better in every way for you to go, believe me—better in every way. Guy will forget you in six months, and marry Laura Marcy, who will be able to give him every luxury he now enjoys, and who worships the ground on which he walks."

Amy's sensitive lip curled. Gentle as she was she had sufficient spirit to despise the unmaidenly conduct of her rival. A latent pride, almost hidden in her shy, modest nature, was asserting itself, and spoke presently. "I will tell you tomorrow," she said, "what I will do."

"And Guy will persuade you to marry him."

"I will say nothing of this conversation to Guy. You may trust me!"

But Mrs. Chester did not trust her. She listened for Guy's step, and, meeting him in the hall, said:

"I wish you would go to New York for me Guy."

"Won't tomorrow do?"

"No; you can stay over night, and come down in the morning; I particularly wish—" and then followed the long excuse for the trip.

"Where's Amy?" was the expected question.

"In her own room! Don't call her, Guy; she wants to be alone. We have had a long talk."

"And you were good to her?"

"I said no word of blame. She will tell you herself tomorrow."

"But she can come down just a minute."

"If she does, you will miss the 4.30 train. Do go! You owe me some compliance after this morning!"

And Guy—easy-going Guy—kissed her and strode away from all happiness. It was noon the next day when he returned, and his mother met him at the door again.

"Guy," says she, "Amy is gone!"

"Gone! Where?"

"I cannot imagine, unless she tells you in this."

And a little note in Amy's handwriting was placed in Guy's gloved hand.



"One look showed Guy a little figure half lifted from the bed, arms outstretched, lips smiling, eyes radiant."

He tore it open quickly. No address, no date, no signature. Only these words:

"It is better in every way for me to leave you. I shall not return even if you seek to find me. A penniless wife would become a burden to you, even though you loved her. So it is better to say—farewell."

That was all!

There was a scene, of course. Mrs. Chester expected it, but her fastidious taste was shocked at the quantity of wine Guy drank at dinner. He was a gentleman, and it was against his former refined ideas to confuse his brain with drink, but on that night his ascent of the stairs to his room was not easily accomplished.

But this was not repeated the next night, nor had it been when Laura Marcy came three weeks later. By that time Guy had worked himself into a state of sulky resentment against Amy. He had left no stone unturned to find her, but having troubled himself very little about her antecedents, beyond the fact that his mother and her own were cousins, he had entirely forgotten the existence of her paternal grandparents.

She had never cared for him! She was a sly little flirt! She would have married the heir of Chester Hill, but was afraid to wed a student lawyer with a thousand dollars a year. She was mercenary!

So he rang the changes over the yearning grief he could not smother. And the ambition she had roused, the aims she had encouraged, sank before the reckless quest of pleasures to resist the only really deep love Guy had ever known. Just in this state he met Laura Marcy half way, flirted desperately, rode over the country roads beside her, till it was one of the unexplained problems what saved their necks in their headlong racing; sang with her, and found himself bound by an engagement before he half realized how far he was involved.

The marriage was hurried on, both the mother and willing bride energetically preparing all things for a grand wedding, and within six months Amy, in her dreary home, reading her cousin's letter, said, with a heart-broken sigh:

"She was right! Guy has forgotten me in less than six months. Oh, if I could only forget!"

But she could not, poor little, crushed, faithful heart. She thought she was so far happy, that when her share of the farm drudgery was over she could wander in the woods, and dream her love-dream over, comfort her aching heart with the memory of what had been, and whisper with but a faint, faint hope: "His mother may be wrong. He loved me so dearly, he will be faithful, and when Mrs. Chester sees that, she will relent and send for me."

She drooped visibly in those summer days, working over the unaccustomed routine of housework to help her grandmother, having a tender love from both the grandparents, but no mental excitement to drown her heart's hunger.

Very conscientiously Amy tried to do her duty by the old people who had given her loving welcome, overtasking her strength to aid in the daily routine of work, and careful of many little attentions the young can so gracefully offer the old.

But there was nothing to feed the cravings of brain and heart but memory and that faint hope. And upon the yearning cry of the loving heart for love and life came the letter inclosing Guy's wedding cards.

"She's over quiet for one so young," the country people said, and looks peaked."

But nobody saw the shadow under which the girl drooped and faded, her little feet treading unconsciously in the valley of Death. And Guy, with his energetic and boisterous wife, was plunging into city life with a rush and fervor that rather amazed his old associates.

"By Jove!" Creighton Daily said, twirling his blonde mustache, "I always thought Chester was one of

your slow, lazy fellows, v indolent to be vicious; l awakened up with a veng will break his neck yet on he rides. I'm a pretty fa I wouldn't be on her ba hour for half a million. N And he plays so high Grantley whistles over Never in my life saw a changed!"

"Somebody said he wa for law in earnest," said voice.

"Bah!" said a third, "Estate must come to him, all the Marcy money."

But Guy had found "had quite a shrewd comm of her own, and meant t purse-strings in her o Every dollar of Mrs. Lau fortune was securely settle self, and she gave her understand laily that i gamble and give expens he must tax his mother fo

And so, in a mad search fulness, a restless desire from the uncongenial so wife, a dread of the self thought, Guy Chester w away all the finer instinc ture, sinking lower and l scale of true manliness.

Spring was coming worn out in spite of his sique, by late hours and reckless dissipation, Guy to run down to Chester week or two.

"If there are any lett you can open them," his rather careless, now that h gained, of Guy's knowl machinery that had been ration to accomplish it. to you to judge if any a enough to forward."

There was but one f Mrs. Chester's correspo sufficiently intimate to must use her city add November and May.

But that one Guy tor trembling fingers, knowi renned the address, in f ing lines.

"Dear Cousin (the lett have been very sick all a little weaker eve now I know that I shall ter again. I know I ough Guy, since he is marrie to remember it is wron I am dead, will you no left him because I loved were so sure it would h him to forget me. Give —my love that will not standing I try so hard to

He never fainted, and even groan as he read the setting his teeth hard oved curse that might h even his mother's selfs went back to the railway took a train that would Harrisburg, the nearest town from which the posted.

"Will it be today? O to-day!" said old Mrs when the doctor turned the bed where Amy lay.

He only shook his head from the room, while the woman bent over the v scious face upon the nearly a week, since wr thetic farewell to love a had lain just so, withou consciousness. She swa ently all food, medicine to her lips, but she never lifted the drooping lid covered her large eyes.

"Passing away pea lamb!" the kind-heart said, and no one hoped e for the return of consc as she lay on that still breath coming with n sighs, her face growin the touch of the great s denly lifted her hand, eyes, and smiled.

"Hush! He is coming