

A MISSION FULFILLED

"Yes, they will wait," she said, "they will believe me when I tell them that I will pay in time. But Colonel Stockton must be paid at once—it is different."

"And how will you pay him, Margherita?"

"She smiled at him as brightly as if she had the pleasantest of projects before her mind's eye."

"Ask me not, Signor, Keith," she said, "do you not know we women are clever—cleverer than you great, big, heavy men? Trust your wife, caro mio, and ask no questions."

And, delighted to see her husband looking for the moment interested and almost cheerful, she ran gayly out of the room. A few minutes later she was leaving the house, waving a smiling farewell to Keith as he stood beside the window, while he, the moment she had turned the corner, was out of sight, regretted that he had let her go, on whatever errand she was bound, alone and unprotected. He was relieved at her return a couple of hours later, and asked no questions, judging merely from her satisfied countenance that things had prospered with her.

It was late that evening when a messenger rang the front door bell, and her maid put a letter into her hands. She was seated, still writing letters, before her desk, although the clock on the mantel-piece pointed to eleven, and she found the note through twice without flinching cheeks. Then, as at that moment her husband entered the room, she hesitated, but finally, rising, placed it in his hands.

"He asks me not," she said, "but it is better you should see it, Keith, mio. He will never know. Ah, even he is good to me!"

Keith read the few lines in silence, and as silently handed them back to her. They ran as follows:

"You should not have sent me the two hundred pounds; but I know you better than to return it. You ask that all he owes me—it is. You write in your husband's name, but it is your own doing, and I am sorry you have done it. You are a noble woman; there are few like you. For your sake, I promise that your husband's secret shall never pass my lips. It is known to no one else. You may tell him this, if you like; but do not show him this letter, and tear it up when read. God bless you, and give you a happy life. Yours faithfully, F. S."

A minute later and Margherita had

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



A PRACTICAL WAIST FOR EVERY DAY USE—6783.

The woman who is looking for suggestions in waists for general wear will be pleased with the accompanying sketch. The waist is double-breasted and quite military in appearance. The box pleats in front and back are pressed flat, and the front ones are stitched at the shoulder. A plaid waist of the material used, but a taffeta, fonce or mohair might prove quite as attractive. For the medium size 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material are needed.

6783—Sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name

Street Address

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Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

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turned the letter up, but, before she did so, with a sudden impulse, she pressed her lips upon it. It was the only way she could give vent to the gratitude that filled her heart toward the man who had shown this generosity to her husband. The action passed unnoticed by Keith. He was meditating—not without a little touch of bitterness and self humiliation—upon the unguessed phases of some men's characters—of the strangely different point of view of the same person presented to him, Keith Ronaldson, and to his wife Margherita; how a hard, dry, worldly man like Frank Stockton may yet possess some deep-buried roots of chivalry, of generosity, only to be brought to the light by a good woman's influence.

"Child," he said, after a few minutes' silent reflection, "how on earth did you get that money? Did you borrow it?"

"No, dearest, it was my own, all my own! My jewels, Keith, mio, I scarcely thought I should get so much so easily."

"And you have sold all your jewelry, Margherita?"

"Why not, sposo mio? I shall not let it any more. I have worn it here among your grand people, and been grand myself. That is well; but now—now that we go into a cottage, that we are going to work—why, what good would it be? Would they not laugh at the artist's wife in a diamond necklace?"

He made no reply; it was too late now, the deed was done. But his regret contrasted strangely with her utter indifference to her loss; and for the moment mortification almost swallowed up the great relief of Stockton's promise—but not for long. The sword of Damocles was removed; Stockton was not a man to break his word. And for the first time for many nights Keith slept that night, released from the horror of expected and impending social disgrace; and rose in the morning prepared to face his lot and to put his shoulder to the wheel like a man once more.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Miserable Journey.

They were approaching Naples, and Margherita's heart beat high with anticipation. It was still warm with the remembrance of the many kindnesses she had received from friends before leaving England, while the thought of once more meeting her dear ones at home—dear as ever, although now so divided from her by circumstances and station—shone before her in the near future. It had been a trying time to Keith, that of their departure from London; he was anxious to get away, and yet his heart grew more sore day by day with the many petty mortifications of debt and of impunctuality—acquaintances, he fancied, looked coldly upon him or even cut him, some of his creditors were urgent and implacable while the actual want of ready money, the face to face introduction to poverty, was as new to him as it was galling.

His spirit, which under other circumstances might have risen to meet difficulty or danger, failed him now under the loss of position and the critical eyes of those among whom and for whom he had lived; and had it not been for Margherita's never-failing cheerfulness of spirit, for her tender consideration, and her optimistic view of matters, he might at this time have made utter moral shipwreck of his life. But it is difficult for a man, united to a woman at once strong and tender-hearted, to lose himself entirely in the quagmire of trouble; and, at this stage the husband and wife reversed the natural positions, and the former found shelter and support for a broken spirit in the increased energy of the latter. But it was hard work and she toiled so constantly both in mind and body as now, when she was least fitted for it, it was sometimes as much as she could do to keep the spring of hope within her heart, the smile of cheerfulness upon her lips; but, if the struggle were hard, it was a secret one, unguessed of all by the man for whom she lived and worked and hoped and smiled; and its traces might only be read in that added sweetness of those who are conquerors "after hard-won fight."

Two days before the start she had been in considerable doubt and perplexity. All little bills of her own she had scrupulously paid up, doing the same as far as was possible with her husband's and making a careful list of the larger ones, to be discharged on the sale of the house, partly or entirely. She had then turned to the wine merchant, the piano man, and the Bond street tailor—and they had all received her explanations with a politeness which had astonished and touched her; she had said good-bye to the three or four friends who were intimate enough to expect it, and had sent cards to the others. Everything had been done with social decency and order, so far as was possible, for Keith's sake. It mattered little to her if these rich and titled acquaintances of his were never to speak to her again, for him it was different; he had been brought up with such people, and would feel the want of them if ever he returned to live in London; the tongue of gossip must therefore, so far as she knew how, grow loud and powerful.

And then she had sat down and counted over her remaining money—for Keith, in a sort of despair, had left all these matters in her hands—and to her dismay discovered that the contents of her purse would scarcely carry them to their journey's end, still less suffice to keep them in food and lodging for any length of time. A little more might be looked for after the sale of the house and furniture, but that could not be foreseen now. Only that morning a letter had come to her, anonymously, containing a fifty-pound note, "with the good wishes of a friend," but Keith, agreeing with her that it must be the gift of Lady Teasdale, had insisted upon her returning it at once to that lady with grateful but firm refusal, and now by this evening's post had arrived Lady Teasdale's response, in the shape of half a dozen words: "You are a naughty, obstinate child; I shall try to be even with you some day."

She had acquiesced in Keith's decision, yet not without a feeling of regret. She felt none of her husband's offended pride at the offer. An honorable woman feels differently from an honorable man on these points. Women think less of the obligation of a loan or of a gift, either when given or re-

ceived; they are more sentimental, perhaps, less businesslike.

"I'm not sunk so low as to accept charity, thank God!" Keith had said, with a bitterness which surprised her. He seemed more angry than grateful for the well-intentioned act of generosity.

But Margherita, when assenting, had not known, those few hours ago, how bad matters were nor how low their funds had sunk. And now she dared not tell her husband. He must not be burdened with this new worry. Something might turn up at the last moment—at the worst, there were still some handsome dresses, some personal knick-knacks which might, if necessary, be sold. But it must be done in secret. Keith would never have permitted her to go to these second-hand dealers; his pride could not have tolerated the notion of his wife lowering herself to visit such people, to bargain with them.

It was not a pleasant business; these old Jew scavengers, male and female, with their cunning, leering eyes and their dirty, claw-like hands, were not congenial company even to the clearest coral girl. She shrank from their unwashed persons, their grasping hands as much as any well-born English lady; they were quite as horrible to her as they would have been to her husband, and a good deal more terrifying.

But then Keith could afford to indulge in sentiment, and his wife could not. Something to be done, and what mattered it to Margherita how disagreeable that something, so long as the very mention of it was kept from wounding his more sensitive organization. But the young wife's rest was disturbed that night. What if her husband should discover her plan, and forbid its being carried out?

But with the morning came relief, and joy to her face; her anxiety for the moment was over. Ah, it was always so—at the blackest moment some unexpected light always broke forth to brighten the way that seemed so dark, before them!

Keith had received a letter from Florence; one so kind, so warm-hearted, so sisterly that even his pride could not refuse the help that it contained.

Florence enclosed a check for thirty pounds.

To be Continued.

CAREFUL HANDLING OF APPLE CROP

Second Only in Importance to the Raising of the Best Fruit.

Guelph, Oct. 8.—In regard to the proper handling of the apple crop, Prof. H. L. Hutt, of the Ontario Agricultural College, makes the following timely suggestions:

Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Oct. 8.—In commercial orcharding, the business end of the enterprise, that of marketing the crop to the best advantage, is second only in importance to that of producing fruit of the best quality.

It is in this particular that there is the greatest need for improvement at the present time. There are hundreds of apple growers who can grow first class fruit to every one who can place it on the market when and where it will bring the best price, but the growers who make the most out of their apples are those who keep in touch with the best markets at home and abroad. During the shipping season these men watch the market reports daily and their prices are satisfactory they hold their fruit until good prices prevail. The great majority, however, of those who have apples to sell for what buyer to come along and sell for whatever he chooses to offer, usually from 50 cents to a dollar a barrel, or a lump sum for the crop on the trees. The latter plan is bringing less than gamblers in apples, and in either case the grower seldom gets one-half what his fruit is really worth if it were properly handled.

The remedy for this state of affairs, and what is going to put the apple trade on a better business basis, is for the growers in each apple growing section to unite and form a co-operative association through which the grading, packing and marketing of the fruit may be accomplished.

During the past year a number of these associations have been formed in various parts of the Province, and the prices obtained by some of them for last year's apples have made the growers enthusiastic over this method of handling the crop.

An effective co-operative association for this purpose involves the selection of an honest, wide-awake business manager, and the erection of a central packing and storage house at the most convenient point for shipment. Through such an organization, boxes and barrels can be purchased, wholesale, at better advantage than they can be obtained by single individuals; the grower can devote his whole attention to gathering the crop at the proper season, and delivering it in good condition at the central packing house; the association relieves him of all care and responsibility in grading, packing and marketing, and with this work in the hands of expert packers, the grade of fruit can be made uniform, and the time inspires confidence in the purchasing public. In short, the co-operative system of handling the apple crop, under proper management, assures the consumer of a better product, and realizes to the grower a greater profit.

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After Piles have existed for a long time and passed through different stages, the suffering is intense—pain, itching, throbbing, tumors form, filled with blasting and black blood.

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It will cure the most stubborn case in existence, and a bonded guarantee to that effect goes with each package.

Hem-Roid is to be had for \$1 at the drug store, or from the Wilson-Fyle Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

PARIS WORKSHOP OF FOREIGNERS

Correspondent Tells of Colony of Writers, Musicians and Artists.

Paris, Oct. 9.—Wherever you go in Paris you find familiar faces, not only of the tourist multitude, but of other Americans who are living here temporarily. There is an unusual gathering of writers, artists and other professional men, many of whom have been attending international conferences in different parts of Europe. Paris always has its quota of actors, actresses and musical people. They come over to get ideas and costumes and new plays, while novel writers come for plots and inspiration of which Paris is always productive. Booth Tarkington, Vance Thompson, George Barr McCutcheon and other members of the Hoosier Story Tellers' Union, are to be seen on the boulevards every day, their faces wearing the frown that always indicates intellect. Miss Frances Benjamin Johnston, of Washington, has been making photographs and has added a new occupation to her repertoire. She has become a literary agent or broker for manuscripts of books, plays and magazine articles. That is getting to be quite a business created by Miss Elizabeth Marbury, of New York, the pioneer. She has been so successful that she now has a suite of offices in Paris and another in New York, with several clerks to carry on her correspondence and cashiers to handle the health she is accumulating. Several other persons have since gone into the profession, and there is plenty of room for them because the business grows. It is customary for authors and playwrights to conduct their business through a middleman—to say a middleman, perhaps, would be more correct in this instance—who usually can do much better for them and increase their receipts much more than the amount of the commission that is charged, besides keeping their accounts, collecting their royalties and seeing that their books or plays are well advertised.

Miss Flora Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, who recently enlisted in the literary colony, has finished a novel of western life, entitled, "The Scotch Captain." It is her first attempt at a long story, although she has written several charming short ones. The manuscript which has been read and highly commended by several critics in Paris, has been forwarded to a New York publisher and, I suppose, will be issued for the holiday trade. Miss Wilson has been in Paris for two years and has been a very busy woman. She lives over in the Latin quarter, surrounded by an interesting group of her fellow country-women and countrymen, students in the university, the conservatory of music and the Beaux arts, and has herself been studying painting and painting in addition to her literary work. She was fortunate enough to secure the studio formerly occupied by Whistler, the famous American painter, when he lived in Paris, and that has been an inspiration in her work. I saw a paragraph in a paper some time ago that Miss Wilson expected to make her debut in opera very soon, but she never had any such intention. She may appear on the concert stage, she says, when she returns to the United States, if anybody wants to hear her sing, but has not been thinking of it. She spends her summers in Scotland with her father's friends and relatives, and last summer was the guest of Andrew Carnegie at Skibo Castle.

Another girl who is likely to distinguish herself is Miss Mary A. McEvilly, a protégée of Senator and Mrs. Carter, of Montana. She is the favorite pupil of Jean de Reszke, who is training her for the operatic stage. De Reszke has given up the operatic stage and is now devoting himself entirely to teaching. His greatest ambition is to discover and introduce "the prima donna of the future," and he has several young women of great promise in charge. Miss McEvilly being one of them. She made her debut in concert last May with great success, and has since supported herself by singing at private parties in exclusive circles. She hopes to be ready to make her debut in grand opera during the coming winter, but Mr. De Reszke has not yet given his consent. She will at least appear in concert, making a tour in England and afterward of the United States next spring.

Miss McEvilly was born in Helena. Her father is a miner. He was one of the "forty-niners" of California, and later a pioneer in Montana. She has been singing from childhood, and while visiting Paris as the guest of Senator Carter, she sang at the opera house. De Reszke heard her sing and offered to train her for the stage. She took advantage of that incomparable opportunity, placed herself entirely in his hands and has since been studying in his studio. Other famous singers are taking an interest in Miss McEvilly's work, because they recognize her talent and see a promising future for her. Calve says that Miss McEvilly's voice is a duplicate of her own at the same age.

SPECIAL CHAPEL FOR BRIDE

Structure to Seat Four Hundred Guests Erected for Krupp Sisters.

Berlin, Oct. 9.—A handsome chapel of wood that will seat 400 guests, is being erected at her villa for Miss Bertha Krupp's wedding, Oct. 15 next. The chapel will stand until next spring, when her sister, Miss Barbara, will be married. Great preparations for the wedding are being made at the villa. The 73 bedrooms are being entirely renovated and refurnished, the whole house, the garden, the conservatories, are being overhauled. Dressmakers here who flattered themselves that they alone would supply Miss Krupp's supposed simple and inexpensive trousseau, feel bitterly because she was unpatriotic enough to order numerous gowns in Paris and to send an extensive order for lace to London.

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All pure wool. Per yard 50c

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Greens Are Favorite

shades this season. We've a large range of the most fashionable tones in Venetians, Broadcloths, Cheviots, Panamas, etc. Prices range from 50c to \$1.50 per yard

The Very Stylish New Shades of Maroon

are exhibited in some elegant lines of fine, smooth fabrics. Prices range around.... 75c, \$1, \$1.25

Shades of Blue

Shown in all pure wool materials ranging in price from 50c to \$1.25

New Brown Dress

and suit materials are displayed here. Brown is the ultra-fashionable shade this fall—leaders of fashion show it great favor. Have plenty of brown in swell materials, which are priced at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.25

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

CANADIAN PACIFIC TO SHORTEN RUN

R. R. Crossing to Vancouver Island at Seymour Will Save 36 Hours.

Vancouver, B. C., Oct. 9.—Canadian Pacific officials have projected railroad extensions in British Columbia and on Vancouver Island to connect at a new Vancouver Island port with the company's oriental fleet. The building of a new port on Barclay Sound and the extension of the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad is expected to shorten the oriental run 24 hours, but when the larger scheme of a railroad built northwest from Vancouver in British Columbia, crossing to Vancouver Island at Seymour Narrows and running out to the northwestern point of Vancouver Island, is completed, mail and passengers can be landed in Vancouver Island 36 hours earlier than is now possible.

Details of the plan have not yet been fully worked out, but Canadian Pacific engineers are satisfied the plan is entirely feasible. The railroad project along the shore line of British Columbia and on Vancouver Island is no more serious than other lines the Canadian Pacific has built.

There is nothing to be gained by landing mails or passengers in Victoria. The Canadian Pacific liners are able to make as fast time into Vancouver by rail, and a ferry scheme from Victoria would permit, and the steamship operation is much cheaper.

A temporary project of extending the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad to Barclay Sound would permit passengers and mails to be landed there and hurried across the island to a convenient ferry point, and landed 24 hours quicker than the Empress liners themselves could circle the island and reach Vancouver. If this plan is adopted as a temporary expedient in the race to save time it will not be continued as a permanent plan.

Ultimately Canadian Pacific engineers expect to build northwest from Vancouver along a coast line that is badly cut up by small inlets, and is rather hilly to Seymour Narrows. The distance between the mainland and Vancouver Island is short, and can readily be bridged. This would permit the road to reach Vancouver Island and to build to Clayoquot Sound, Quatsino Sound, or any other point selected by the Canadian Pacific as a permanent terminus for the line.

Primarily the object of the new railroad in building and the shortening of time for the oriental trip is to facilitate the handling of mails, but the advantage of cutting 26 hours off the trans-Pacific voyage for passengers would give the Canadian line an important lead over all other steamship companies in the trade.

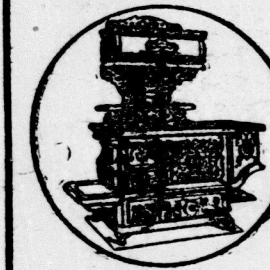


Some stoves need as much poking and urging as an "old-skate" horse. Such stoves waste fuel, waste time, spoil the cooking, exasperate the spirit and make the whole household go wrong. All that kind of bother and delay and disappointment are unknown where they use a

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