

PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL

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CHAPTER XIV.

In Glenshee. "Oh, Isabel, it is more than beautiful—never dreamed Scotland could be like this! Look at that heather over there—it is just one glorious stretch of purple! And could you imagine anything lovelier than that loch? And the hills! Don't they seem to shut one in?"

"Oh, they shut you in—very much so!" Isabel said, practically. "It is most inconvenient being so many miles away from a railway station. They ought to bring a railway up through the glen."

"A railway through Glenshee! Oh, Isabel!" "Well, fancy, only a coach up once a day! And having to depend on carriers. When we were here last year we were doing without things half the time. Not that I minded so very much then, for it is most expensive to buy parcels brought up, but it will be different this year, of course. George simply will not stay in a house where he is not comfortable."

"I don't think any one need want very much to satisfy them up here." "Scenery isn't everything, and George isn't a great shot. Neither is papa, but he likes to come to this part of Scotland because there are always so many good people in the lodges—they are nearly all titled."

Margot pressed a smile. The two girls were in the drawing room of the Siochduh House, a shooting lodge in Glenshee, which Sir Anthony had rented during the past three seasons. They had arrived with him that afternoon, the servants under the charge of Mrs. Dent, having preceded them a couple of days before. Archie and the Reverend George Courtney were to follow together at the end of the week—least so the Reverend George believed, but Archie had other plans. Later, a few of the elite of Sir Anthony's acolytes would visit them, and Isabel was already making a fuss about her duties as a hostess.

To Margot the journey up the long Glen had been a revelation. They had stayed over night in Blairgowrie, and that morning had swept out of the quaint little town in a high four-wheeled coach, over bridges spanning the brawling, dancing Erioch, through what seemed miles and miles of trees; past the Bridge of Cally, where the brown river danced by an loch itself in a vista of overhanging green, and behind deep, still pools beneath the old stone bridge.

The ascent had grown steeper after that, the hills higher. The road dipped and rose and dipped and rose again till the sturdy, sure-footed, straggling horses seemed to be dragging and slipping up and down a veritable switchback. Rabbits scurried about in dozens, brown and golden partridges and pheasants fitted among the bracken. The houses were few and scattered, and the fells were where shepherds and gillies dwelt, gray stone mansions and congame with their crowds of friends, their smart servants, and their motor cars.

Isabel had been cross when they reached Siochduh—she had had an uncomfortable seat, she declared, and the coach had not been amercifully; but Margot felt neither discomfort nor cross. She was looking well. The strain of the past few months had told upon her, and there was a delicacy in her whole appearance that had not been there when she left London. Even Sir Anthony had noticed the change, but he passed no remark, and no one ever heard her admit that she felt ill. The heat had tried her, she said to the one or two acquaintances who had carelessly observed the change; her holiday in Scotland would make her all right.

Once or twice she had encountered Jack in the street and they had bowed distantly, but they had not spoken to each other since the day they parted in the thick, and to get away from Fleethill and the daily dread of meeting him had been relief unexpressed. The pain of their separation was one which had not lessened with time; instead, it seemed to be growing more acute. She had had much to do regarding Tom, whose letters, though they contained no complaints, told that he was finding Canadian life hard; the worry and she had had Sir Anthony's displeasure to contend with. He had been bitterly annoyed over the breaking off of her engagement, because he had been robbed of the triumph over David Renton which he had exultantly anticipated, and had shown his annoyance very plainly. Margot had borne all this with quiet endurance—the patient who told her she would bear her

troubles bravely had made no mistake—but the struggle had left its mark. "I should like to go and climb that hill right away, Isabel," she said. "Do you mind my going out? I don't know of anything that must be done tonight." "This is a whole list of things to write out—I thought I haven't," Isabel answered, without looking up from the letter she was writing to the Reverend George. "I suppose you can get most of them from Blairgowrie—it will save railway carriage if we do. You will find some jottings in that notebook of everything, but I find I haven't," Isabel answered, without looking up from the letter she was writing to the Reverend George. "I suppose you can get most of them from Blairgowrie—it will save railway carriage if we do. You will find some jottings in that notebook of everything, but I find I haven't," Isabel answered, without looking up from the letter she was writing to the Reverend George.

Margot settled to the work without a word, but as soon as it was finished she put on her hat and set off up the hillside, one of Sir Anthony's dogs at her heels. She lost her way amongst the heather more than once; slipped clear of the boulders, and had to scramble through the bracken, but she was rewarded with a glorious view of her park, and there was a touch of bright color in her cheeks when she got back to Siochduh.

She managed to get away by herself very often after that, and the guests who had been invited arrived, and though Isabel was too much occupied with the Reverend George to give them the attention that was their due, and Margot had to do the best she could in the morning she was kept very busy. After she had dispatched lunch to the men on the moors she was generally free for two or three hours, and she had taken the Glen for miles around. One afternoon, posted a letter for Tom, then took the path to the Shee, and mounting the swing bridge stood still in the middle of it to look down at the clear water underneath and feast her eyes on the stretch of hill and valley before her. And she was standing thus, her thoughts far away, her face hidden by her parasol, when a tall man, dressed in knickerbockers and shooting jacket, and carrying a gun over his shoulder, came on the bridge from the opposite end and stopped behind her.

"She turned quickly, a half-startled, inquiring look in her eyes; then the color rushed into her face, dyeing it crimson, and her hand nervously gripped the rail against which she had been leaning. "Didn't you know I was here, Margot?" Jack Renton asked, his honest eyes looking searchingly into her changed face. "I thought you must know. I traveled north with Courtney." "He did not tell me," she answered, her voice unsteady in her great surprise. "Are you all here?" "Yes, we are all here," he answered. "I am sitting with the MacIvors, at Castle MacIvor. I and I were friends with Courtney. He glanced in the direction of a hill behind and indicated it with a nod. "We have been shooting up there since lunch; the other are on the left. But I had had enough of it, so I left them. A man I know is staying at the Spittal Hotel, and I want to see him. Are you not well, Margot? You are not looking strong."

"I am quite well, thank you. I ought to be, in a place like this." She gave the denial hastily, but she had to turn her face away that he might not see the sudden dimming of her eyes, the quivering of her mouth. Had he spoken of that? looked at her coldly, she could not have met him on his own ground, but the tenderness of his voice was breaking down the small remnant of composure which his unlooked-for appearance had left to her. "Mr. Courtney said you?" she queried, catching at the first less personal topic which presented itself. "He knew you were to be so near?" "Yes, we came on the same coach. He told me to do so for fear of the company, he told me." "Have you heard from Tom recently?" "I had a letter on Thursday. He is working—on a farm," she said, and she saw the cloud that came upon her face. "Some day, perhaps, when he manages to get land of his own, he may like the life, but I think it is trying to him now."

"It is to be the making of him; he has helped others, we quote the following letters. Read them carefully: "Mr. A. L. Godfrey, of Victoria, writes: 'Last winter I had a gripe and recovered very slowly. When I was ten pounds lighter than my usual weight, my appetite was poor, and I know my blood was thin, because cold affected me so easily. I must say that Ferrozone did me a world of good. I recovered my weight in a short time, and have felt like a different man ever since. Ferrozone is a great tonic and a first-rate remedy for people who are not feeling well.' "No person in poor health can afford to miss the robust health that Ferrozone invariably brings. Refuse all substitutes for Ferrozone, which is prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, and sold in 50c boxes, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont."

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in persevering splendidly. I too had a letter from him on Thursday. Did you know that?" "Yes," she answered, quietly. "He said that he had been writing to you." "Then you also know that he sent me money—ten pounds?" "Yes."

"Did you think me capable of taking that from him?" "Capable." She looked up, her eyes questioning him, forgetting for the moment her fear that he might touch upon the subject of their own relations. He met her gaze with a steadfast look. "I returned it the same evening. The little I did for him was done for your sake, Margot, and with me there never can be any question of loss or gain concerning you or yours. Everything I possessed was at your disposal then, and it is still, dear."

Her eyes fell and two hot tears splashed down on her hand. He bent his dark head very close to hers. "How long is this to go on, dear?—how much longer are we both to suffer? I have not changed; sweet-heart, my love for you is as strong as ever, stronger if possible. And I have never doubted that you care still—it isn't in your nature to change lightly. I know. Don't you feel that it is time to think better of it now, Margot?" "I cannot, Jack; I cannot. Everything was ended when I sent back your ring. If you would only forget!"

A gamekeeper who had been on the hill came up to the bridge just then, and she moved away, turning toward Siochduh. Jack kept by her side, walking silently, yet the determination in his face in no degree lessened. When they came to where their ways parted she held out her hand. "Try to forget me, Jack," she whispered. "Try to forget the trouble I brought you. I shall always be grateful for—"

"Margot, don't madden me!" He interrupted her roughly, flinging off her touch. "I want yourself—not your gratitude! Why you should make us both miserable—sacrifice yourself and spoil my life because your brother was guilty of one dishonest action, is beyond my comprehension. I see neither sense nor reason in it!" "His sin reflects on me," she said with a sob. "You know it does."

"It does nothing of the sort. Though he was the greatest scoundrel on the face of the earth that need make no difference to us," I cannot believe, Margot, that you will hold to this foolishness always, and I shall never give up trying to win you till you look into my face and tell me that you have ceased to care for me."

She stood still as if she was out of sight, and she had the long Highland road all to herself; then she leant her arms on the top of the moss-grown, dry stone dyke, and burying her face in her hands, sobbed as if her very heart would burst.

CHAPTER XVII. The Heaviest Blow. Tea was waiting in the library of Siochduh House; it had been served there since the advent of the Reverend George, and the consequent devolving of the superintendence of the household upon Margot. She had said the other day, she slowly stepped over the hilly road the woman flung herself face downward on the turf and beat it with her hands in an agony of despair. "My sin has found me out!" she cried. "I know now what I have done."

Masson, Jan. 4.—Just two years ago, the residents of this pretty village viewed, with alarm, the change that crept over Florence, the daughter of Mr. Jamison. From a bright, care-free child, she emerged into young womanhood, worn and wasted. It became a "nine-days' wonder." There was no radical trouble, and yet her health perceptibly failed. Finally, physicians were consulted. They prescribed—failed to do any good—and were discharged. All at once, Florence began to improve. Her eyes brightened, the color returned, and today, there is not a brighter, happier, healthier girl in Canada.

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It is popularly supposed that all industrial "kings" come from America, but Europe can still boast a few records, and among them is the production of real, genuine business monarchs. For instance, the Kaiser is the proprietor of a most important porcelain factory at Cadinen, and he might be expected, he does not delegate his duties to others.

But the Kaiser is only one of the many monarchs who have gone into trade. King Peter of Serbia is perhaps the most unconventional of them all, for he runs a barber shop, owns a patent medicine, and conducts a motor car agency in his capital.

The reigning Prince of Lippe-Detmold deals in butter and eggs, while a prosperous brick factory swells his profits. The King of Wurtemberg is the proprietor of two hotels in his kingdom, and they add \$250,000 a year to his majesty's revenue. The Emperor of Austria owns a china-ware factory in Vienna, which is one of the most famous in the world, and employs over 1,000 skilled workmen. The King of Saxony conducts a similar business, though on a much smaller scale, but, according to report, trade is increasing, so his majesty need not keep "awake o' nights" wondering if his travelers are fit for their queen.

Queen Carmen Sylva is the only working journalist among the crowned heads of Europe, but her majesty has within late years added a bookmaker's shop to the affairs of her State. This is the leading house in Bucharest, and she has opened a bookshop in Paris.

The Queen of Portugal has a chemist's shop in Lisbon, registered in her own name. Unlike the various other businesses enumerated in this article, the Lisbon establishment is conducted solely in the interests of charity, and consequently when the Queen attends to the wants of customers personally—she often makes up prescriptions herself—she is working in a good cause, and need fear no criticism.—London Tit-Bits.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO. Arrive from the east—8:30 a.m., 10:56 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 11:22 a.m., 6:25 p.m., 7:48 p.m., 10 p.m. Arrive from the west—12:02 a.m., 3:15 a.m., 8:50 a.m., 11:13 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m. Depart for the east—12:14 a.m., 3:20 a.m., 7:30 a.m., 11:22 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:53 p.m. (Eastern Flyer). The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations. Depart for the west—8:35 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 8:05 p.m. The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

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Arrive—10:40 a.m., 4 p.m., 6:50 p.m. (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m. Depart—6:35 a.m., 11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:55 p.m. (International Limited).

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Arrive—2:15 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 11:10 p.m. Depart—6:10 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:50 p.m., 5 p.m.

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Arrive—10 a.m., 6:10 p.m. Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:50 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Arrive—From the east—11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., 11 p.m. From the west—4:30 a.m., 8:20 a.m., 5:20 p.m. Depart—For the east—4:40 a.m., 8:43 a.m., 6:23 p.m. For the west—11:38 a.m., 8:10 p.m., 11:10 p.m. Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. *From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY

Depart—5:40 a.m., 6:50 a.m., 9:45 a.m., 3:30 p.m., 3:40 p.m., 17:35 p.m. Arrive—8:45 a.m., 12:15 p.m., 1:50 p.m., 4:40 p.m., 8:20 p.m., 11:30 p.m. *To and from Walkerville, without change. Trains not "starred" to Port Stanley. 1 Between London and St. Thomas only.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY

Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 9:50 p.m. Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:55 p.m., 10:25 p.m. *Runs through to Waterford.

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has helped others, we quote the following letters. Read them carefully: "Mr. A. L. Godfrey, of Victoria, writes: 'Last winter I had a gripe and recovered very slowly. When I was ten pounds lighter than my usual weight, my appetite was poor, and I know my blood was thin, because cold affected me so easily. I must say that Ferrozone did me a world of good. I recovered my weight in a short time, and have felt like a different man ever since. Ferrozone is a great tonic and a first-rate remedy for people who are not feeling well.' "No person in poor health can afford to miss the robust health that Ferrozone invariably brings. Refuse all substitutes for Ferrozone, which is prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet, and sold in 50c boxes, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., or Kingston, Ont."