

# PAYING THE PRICE

BY AGNES C. MITCHELL  
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## CHAPTER XV. Greta's Motor Run.

"What are you doing?" Greta put the question when she found her tongue. The woman uttered a startled cry and wheeled round, dropping something she had in her hand, and stood motionless for a moment. Then she slowly closed the heavy iron door, but her fingers could not turn the key, and Margot, crossing the floor, quietly put her side.

"What have you been seeking? Where did you get this key?" she asked. "Is it Sir Anthony's?"

"No; it is my own. I have not taken anything—everything is there as I found it. I—I didn't come to steal anything belonging to Sir Anthony, Miss Beresford; I swear I did not!"

Mrs. Dent wrung her hands as she spoke; her face and voice both were quivering. "For once her glasses had been left off, and her eyes—dark, passionate eyes, bright still, notwithstanding the many wrinkles surrounding them—looked up entreatingly at the girl's fair disturbed face.

"You always find me out," she muttered. "It is always you. God knows whether that's my curse or my blessing! But you won't tell, Miss Beresford; you won't tell me this time!" she implored, her voice rising. "You have spared me before—spare me this once and you won't regret it. You would forgive me if you knew."

"I suppose we would all forgive each other if we knew just how each one was tempted," Margot said, a trifle wearily. "But then we don't, Mrs. Dent, and that is why most of us suffer so much. I cannot understand why you should pry into anyone's safe if you were not intending to steal. What were you after?"

"I can't tell you, miss—don't ask me. Only try to believe me and don't have me sent away. I'll go some far, some day you will know and understand, and

you won't be sorry then for being lenient with me."

A wave of indecision swept across Margot. She ought to tell Sir Anthony she knew; if she did not, the same thing might occur again. On the other hand, if she did tell him, he would almost certainly hand the woman over to the police. Margot forgot the mercy she had begged so hard for a few short months ago, and her heart was very pitiful towards the wrongdoers and the suffering ones of earth.

"You give me your word you did not take anything?" she asked slowly.

Mrs. Dent held out her empty hands. "Nothing! You don't need to doubt me, miss. I wouldn't be begging you to let me stay on here if Sir Anthony was likely to find out tomorrow that his safe had been robbed. And I can't tell you how much I want to stay! I had hard enough work to get this place!"

She sat down and commenced to cry. Margot looked at her pityingly. "I don't wish to be harsh," I only want to keep you from temptation again," she said. "I shall take this key and destroy it; wherever you got it, it must not be in your possession any longer."

She locked the safe as she spoke and withdrew the key and before Mrs. Dent had time to speak the steady beat of horses' hoofs and the sound of carriage wheels was heard on the drive outside. Margot put up her hand to the door and instantly the room was in darkness.

"We must not be found here—go back to your room," she said in a rapid undertone. "You will never hear any more of this from me—I will think I have dreamt it, and do you the same." But do not pry any more."

She left the key in her dressing gown pocket when she went to bed, and there the housekeeper, creeping into the room at dawn, found it. She took it out and passed stealthily down the staircase carrying it with her, but very soon she crept back and replaced it, and when Margot awoke and remembered it, it was ready to her hand.

That afternoon Margot had occasion to go down to Fleet Hill, and she took the key with her, and before returning homewards made her way down to the river and threw it far out into the sluggish, inky depths. When it had splashed in and disappeared, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"That is safe now, at any rate; she will not get into mischief with it again," she said to herself. Then a problem which had been with her more or less since Mrs. Dent first came to Abbotsdale, and which last night's events had quickened into an acute question, disturbed her for the hundredth time that day.

"I wish I had not got all these strange ideas about that woman into my head, but I have got them, and I think I must be growing weak-minded for I can't throw them off. I would be thankful to believe that she was doing nothing more than prying out of sheer curiosity last night, but I can't—I've always felt there is a mystery about her, and I feel more than ever now. And I don't think she requires those glasses; her eyes looked quite strong. Now that I have seen her without them I'll never be able to keep from imagining that they are a disguise."

She shuddered slightly, and tried to turn her thoughts, but nevertheless she puzzled over the housekeeper and her ways all the time of her walk up the long stretch of road which lay between the town and Abbotsdale.

Near the gate which led to the one which poor Gladys Beresford had bought with such pride, and which Tom had sacrificed to his gambling debts—rushed out, Archie himself in a huge motor coat and goggles, driving, she showed up, and he saw her.

"Don't I look like the thing, Margot? I give the girls a treat when I go through the town," was the swaggering salutation. "Jolly dust I'm kicking up, but that's in my line. Nothing like it."

"I hope you won't melt," Margot said politely. "Are you off for the evening?"

"You bet! I'd ask you to come with me, but I'm fixed up already," Archie gave a wink, which Margot pretended not to see, and complacently settled the collar of his coat. "Got a tricky little girl to keep me company! Don't tell Isabel that, though," he added, hastily. "She and her parson both would be getting on my track if she knew."

He set off, sending a continual "Toot-toot" before him, louder and more insistent as he passed through the town, rushing round corners at a speed which sent everybody near scurrying out of the way in terror, and brought down many a malediction on his head. He saw, though he did not hear, and his smile grew broader. To cause a sensation and attract attention was one of the delights he lived for.

Past the gate which led to the end of the town, he raced; past his father's coal pits and the white house where the manager lived, and on toward the open country. But half a mile beyond the house he came to a stop, for there Greta Arbuthnot was waiting by the roadside.

You are to let me drive tonight, Archie. You promised," she said as she climbed in.

"After a bit—after we have passed just been waking up the town—letting everybody see what I can do, and I want to show you some speed."

"If it is speed you want, I'll give it to you," Greta assured him, laying her strong little hands on the steering wheel. "Just sit there, and I'll dash you into the middle of next week before you know where you are. You won't have anything to complain of in the way of speed."

"But, Greta—"

"You sit still and say your prayers, my dear; that's all you have got to do meantime. Perhaps you'll need them."

It was only within the past few weeks Archie had got the use of his motor. Though Sir Anthony had been

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MATHIA DEAN.



4297

### 4297—A PRETTY FROCK IN OVER- BLOUSE EFFECT.

The little dresses in guimpe and overblouse style are very popular wear for girls of all ages, and one which has been much admired is here sketched. The blouse fullness is arranged in inverted pleats in back and front, the guimpe being joined to the straight gathered skirt under a belt. The fanciful yoke bands give a unique effect, and the sleeves, which are cut in one with the overblouse, afford a graceful finish. The lining is of some material, the neck facings and sleeves (which may be made long or short) being of a contrasting material. If desired the guimpe may be finished separately, and the dress worn with any preferred guimpe. Any of the modish materials would be suitable for making the dress, while fancy braid or embroidery is the most appropriate trimming. For the 10-year size 3½ yards of material 24 inches wide will be required for making.

4297—7 sizes, 6 to 12 years.  
The price of this pattern is 10c.

### PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

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, 32, 34, 36, 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 one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,  
LONDON ADVERTISER.

kept in ignorance of the basis on which it had charged hands, he had not approved of his hopeful son's acquisition of it and it had been borne in on Archie that it would be wiser to keep it out of sight for a time.

He was ailing it very frequently now, however, and Greta, who had had numerous drives in it, had decided to learn to manage it. She had no lack of self-confidence or courage to hamper her, and the accomplishment would be handy when she had a car at her own disposal, she told herself, calmly.

She sent it flying onwards now at a speed which amused Archie the first mile, but made him draw in his breath and cry to her to be cautious before the second one was covered. Greta's only answer was a laugh, and a minute later he was holding on to the back of the seat to save himself from being pitched headlong into the road.

"Greta, stop it! Slow down!" he shouted. "Do you want to break both our necks?"

"Shake you up a bit!" she laughed back. "You wanted speed, didn't you?" Then she flashed her eyes on him. "You're afraid!" she said.

"I'm not out of my wits, I tell you! Oh!"

An ugly word came hissing through his set teeth. They had been on level ground hitherto, but had reached a sharp dip in the road now, and the car leaped and rocked and pitched dashing down at a terrific pace. Greta, utterly powerless to apply the brake, grew suddenly cold, but the smile did not leave her lips, and when they had been bumped into a hollow and been shot halfway up a steep incline, she regained control of the machine, slackened speed, and finally pulled up as calmly as if she had not known for one full minute that they were on the brink of being dashed into eternity.

"You would have lost your head if you had had that rash down there yourself, Archie," she remarked, sweetly. "That's the good of having me to look after things, you see. Why, my dear, you are a bit of a duffer."

"Not much wonder! It's a miracle we weren't both done for." He got up and motioned her to take his seat. "We will change places," he said. "You can't use the brakes, and you would be had up for furious driving if you came across a policeman. There would be the dickens to pay then!"

To show up before a staring, exclaiming crowd was one thing, to risk his own bones and not have the benefit of an audience was another. Archie's sense of the fitness of things rebelled at the idea of that.

"But, my dear boy, you are really not able to drive now," Greta patted his arm softly with one hand while she kept the other on the steering wheel with the other. "Just keep your seat. You have seen that I can manage, and I won't frighten you again. I'll go quite slowly."

"I was not frightened," he protested sullenly.

She gave him a laughing glance. "Did you ever hear of George Washington?" she inquired, pleasantly.

"She needn't make matters worse by being nasty," he muttered. Then he relapsed into a state of torpor, telling himself that this would be her last drive in his motor car—the last time he would take her out under any condition. He wasn't going to be badgered by any girl; Greta was too high-handed for him, and he would break with her this very night.

Once or twice the girl looked at him out of the corners of her eyes and presently she hazarded a remark, apropos of nothing in particular.

"I saw you at a Reunion in town today and you gave me such a look—I think you had known me ever since that night you and I met him in the copple lane. Isn't there any word of him and Miss Beresford making up their quarrel, Archie?"

She was perfectly acquainted with Tom Beresford's shortcomings and the supposed reason for the breaking of Margot's engagement—Archie had told her the whole story.

"No," he answered with a scowl, "starting straight in front of him."

"It is too bad of her—as if there is any sense in making him miserable simply because her brother was a fool!" They had come to a nasty curve; she negotiated it skilfully, in silence, then spoke again, her attention still given to her steering.

"I shall never treat you like that, Archie, dear. Why, I wouldn't let you go, no matter what happened! But you and I have made too many promises to each other for anything of that kind. You are pretty safe."

To Be Continued.

### REMEMBERED DR. POTTS

Sunday School Convention at Boston  
Holds Memorial Service.

Boston, Jan. 2.—Men representing all phases of Sunday school work in North America met in Boston, having come here to attend a conference called by W. N. Hartshorn, chairman of the executive committee of the International Sunday School Association.

The executive committee, the uniform lesson committee, the Sunday School Editorial Association and the denominational publishing concerns of the country were represented in the assembly of the leaders who are authorized to speak for nearly all the denominations of the Christian churches, and whose constituency represents some 155,000 Sunday schools.

The subject for discussion is "How Can We Improve the Lesson System?" The issue being presented by an increasing demand for a more systematic and better graded plan of general instruction.

The international lesson committee which is responsible for the uniform system now used generally throughout North America and in many sections of Europe, prompted by action taken at the last triennial convention at Rome in the spring of 1907, has had the question of changing the system to meet advancing conditions under consideration, and there has been much discussion of plans by members of the Editorial Association and the publishers of the lesson helps of the various denominations.

When the conference was called to order more than fifty were present, representing all sections of the country. The first half hour was devoted to a memorial service to the late Rev. Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, chairman of the international lesson committee.

Spain leads in the production of lead. Germany is second.

## WOMENS' NEGLECT

SUFFERING THE SURE PENALTY

Health Thus Lost is Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

How many women do you know who are perfectly well and strong? We hear every day of some story over and over again. "I do not feel well; I am so tired all the time!"



More than likely you speak the same words yourself, and no doubt you feel far from well. The cause may be easily traced to some derangement of the female organs which manifests itself in depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere or do anything, backache, bearing-down pains, flatulency, nervousness, sleeplessness or other female weakness.

These symptoms are but warnings that there is danger ahead, and unless remedied a life of suffering or a serious operation is the inevitable result.

The never-failing remedy for all these symptoms is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Miss Clara Beaubien, of Beaufort, Quebec, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham: For several years I have suffered with a female weakness which proved a serious drain on my vitality, sapping my strength and causing severe headaches, bearing-down pains and a general worn-out feeling, until I really had no desire to live. I tried many medicines, but did not get permanent relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. In two months I was much better and stronger, and in four months I was well; no more disagreeable discharge, no more pain. So I have every reason to praise the Vegetable Compound, and I consider it without equal for the ills of women."

For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge. Her advice is free and always helpful. Address, Lynn, Mass.

## FRENCH IMPOLITE TO THEIR WOMEN

In Every Grade of Society, It Is Said, the Gentler Sex Is Treated Discourteously.

Paris, Jan. 2.—So rapid has been the decline, in recent years, of the Frenchman's traditional politeness, that a league has just been formed in Paris to arrest the movement and to promote a renaissance. The new organization is to be called "The League of Politeness to Women." The nature and the aims of the league are explained by one of its founders as follows:

"For many years past we Frenchmen have been losing our old reputation for good manners. In fact, we are no longer as polite to ladies as we are to English or the Americans. This is evidenced every day in a hundred little ways. For example, not once in a hundred times will a Frenchman ever think of giving up his seat in the subway or omnibus, no matter how weary or tired-looking he may be, when he is standing around him. It is also a common thing in these days of rapid transit to see a man elbow his way through a crowd of women to get in front of them."

"Even in the best social circles, where politeness to women should be considered one of the essentials of good breeding, we find men saluting women much less respectfully than they used to do. Nowadays, a man's greeting to a woman acquaintance is a brief and familiar—barely condescending to lift his hat. And the pleasant old French custom of raising one's hat to a woman passed in a public place is now rapidly dying out. The note of the old order of things was a lofty deference. That of today is familiarity."

"Our league does not advocate a strict return to the old forms of ceremonious politeness, such as obtained in our grandfathers' day. Much of that was artificial and ridiculous. But we do wish to keep alive—revive would be the better word—something of traditional French courtesy."

"I confess that our task will be difficult in these days of hurry and bustle. We have not elaborated our programme yet, but there is one point that we have decided upon. We shall post up in all public places where impoliteness is now unhappily notorious—in railway and omnibus stations, in street cars and subway cars—a small placard bearing this inscription, 'Be Polite to Women.'"

Many French vineyards are likely to be turned into rose gardens. The perfume factories pay \$600 per kilogramme for pure essence of roses and the demand is greater than the supply.

The passport system dates back to the time of the Crusaders.

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THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1908.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

## Are There Not Several Things You Would Like to Buy From Us At 20 Per Cent Reduction?

We believe there are. Just take a pencil and jot your wants down and then look over this list of goods, which are offered at 20 per cent reduction during our great One-Fifth-Off Sale, and see if what you would like are not included in the wide range.

All Black and Colored Dress Goods, all Fancy Silks, all Lace Curtains, all Drapery Materials, all Ladies' and Children's Underwear, all Men's Underwear, all Gents' Furnishings, all Dress Trimmings, all Laces and Embroideries, all Wool Toques, Tams, etc., all Wool Blankets, all Comforters, all Table Linens and Napkins, all Fancy Linens, all Wrapperettes, all Dress Muslins, all Wool Flannels, all Millinery and Millinery Goods, all Ladies' and Children's Coats, all Ladies' Skirts, all Ladies' Waists.

This One-Fifth-Off Sale means a great deal more to you in dollars and cents than you might imagine from just a casual glance. It means you pay 80c instead of \$1, \$4 instead of \$5, \$8 instead of \$10, \$16 instead of \$20. It means a straight saving of one-fifth on anything you purchase from the above list, provided it is within the next three weeks. We know you'll decide this sale is decidedly worth while and shall expect to see you start your savings programme tomorrow.

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

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## The Question of Absorption

is a most important one for bakers, and one which should be seriously considered by all.

A strong, rich flour, which absorbs a great deal of water, is more satisfactory, inasmuch as, pound for pound, it will make more bread than a weaker flour, and with less trouble. Consequently it is more economical.

All bakers who are desirous of reducing their expenses and increasing their profits proportionately, should use our "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" brands. These are strong, rich, Manitoba Flours, especially suited to fill the requirements of the bakery trade, and which will be found more economical than any ordinary brands on the market.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,  
MONTREAL.  
Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

The Mikado and the Crown Prince of Japan are each having an album made of photographs of all the military and naval officers killed in the war with Russia.

NOTICE  
is hereby given that the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the City of London intends to undertake the following works or improvements, and that the names of the owners thereof, so far as the same can be ascertained from the last revised assessment roll, and otherwise, is now filed in the office of the clerk of the municipality, and is open for inspection during office hours.

The following schedule shows the estimated cost of each of the proposed works, the amount hereof to be provided out of the general funds of the municipality, the approximate annual rate per foot, and the number of such annual assessments, as aforesaid:

No. of work.	Description and location of work.	Total cost.	No. of City's assessments.	Approximate annual rate per foot.
45.	In Dufferin avenue, between William street and Adelaide street.....	1,729 50	425 00	10 150
147.	5 feet wide, on the west side of Napier street, between Blackfriars street and a point 301 feet 6 inches southerly.....	190 00	102 00	10 3 6-10e
9.	A short asphalt pavement, with cement curb and gutter, on Queen's avenue, between Talbot street and Richmond street.....	7,100 00	1,960 00	10 55e
A Court of Revision will be held on Friday, the 10th day of January, A. D. 1908, at the hour of 4 o'clock p.m., at the City Hall, in the said city, for the purpose of hearing complaints against the proposed assessments or the accuracy of frontage measurements, or any other complaints which the persons interested may desire to make, and which are by law cognizable by the court.				
Dated at London, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1907.				
S. BAKER, City Clerk.				

CEMENT WALKS.  
No. 148-4 feet 6 inches wide, on the north side of Palmer street, between Wharfedale road and a point 35 feet westerly therefrom.  
No. 149-6 feet wide, on the south side of Central avenue, between Maitland and Palace streets.  
No. 150-5 feet wide, on the south side of South street, between William and Adelaide streets.  
No. 151-6 feet wide, on the south side of Elmwood avenue, between Marley Place and Ridout street.

CEMENT CURBS AND GUTTERS.  
No. 19-On the north and south sides of Piccadilly street, between Maitland and Adelaide streets.  
No. 25-On the north and south sides of St. James streets, between Colborne street and Thornton avenue.

TILE SEWERS.  
No. 47-In Carling street, between Talbot and Ridout streets.  
No. 48-In Louisa street, between St. George and Richmond streets.  
No. 49-In Elmwood avenue, between Marley Place and Ridout street.  
No. 50-In Richmond street, between Victoria street and a point 50 feet north of Sherwood avenue.

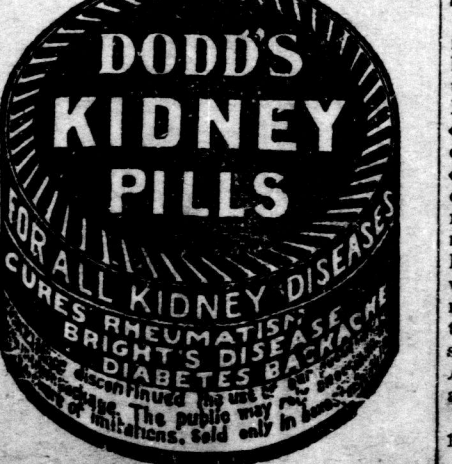
And that the number of such annual special assessments will be ten.

And take notice, that unless the majority of the owners of such real property to be benefited thereby (to be ascertained under the provisions of "The Consolidated Municipal Act, 1903," and bylaw No. 295 of the City of London, passed on the 3rd day of April, 1905), representing at least one-half in value thereof, petition the said council against the same within one month after the last publication of this notice in the Advertiser newspaper, published in the City of London, the council will undertake the said works or improvements, and proceed with the same under the provisions of Section 629 and the other sections of "The Consolidated Municipal Act, 1903," relating to local improvements applicable thereto.

City Clerk's office, 24th December, A. D. 1907.  
S. BAKER,  
City Clerk.

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## GRAY'S Syrup of

## Red Spruce Gum

A safe, sure and prompt cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchial and Throat Affections. 25c. and 50c. a bottle. At all drug stores.

Dover, England, will have a new harbor which will be completed in 1910, when it will accommodate 50 men-of-war.

The salamander looks like a lizard, but its character is that of the frog. The old story that the salamander can endure fire is unfounded.