

A HEAVY MORTGAGE.

How a prominent farmer quickly lifted it.

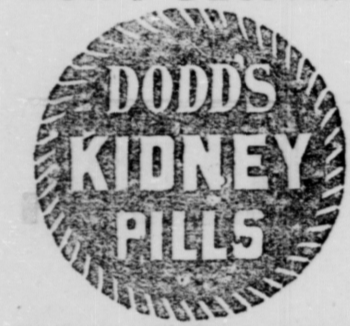
A mortgage has been described as an incentive to industry, a heavy mortgage, as a sure sign of ruin. The last is particularly true, for if a mortgage is allowed to run it will eat up the farmer. In this connection Mr. Henry Fowler, of Huron writes: "From my boyhood scrofula had made me for a victim and it seemed as if it had a life mortgage on my blood. I suffered fearfully with sores, and knowing my condition I have remained a single man. Doctor after doctor prescribed for me, and finally a Toronto specialist told me bluntly that my complaint was a deep-seated, incurable, blood disease. Sarsaparilla I knew was a good blood medicine, and I sent for a bottle of the best. Mr. Todd, the druggist, sent me Scott's Sarsaparilla, and I have stuck to it. It has lifted my mortgage, for to-day I am free from those horrible sores, my eyesight is not blurred, my tongue is not furry, and I have no irritation. I look upon Scott's Sarsaparilla as a marvelous medicine when it will cure a life long disease in so short a time."

your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care. Others far more exposed pass through unharmed. Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer. They are without power to resist disease, they have no reserve strength. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is cod-liver oil partly digested and adapted to the weaker digestions of children.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. See also page 100

DON'T DESPAIR



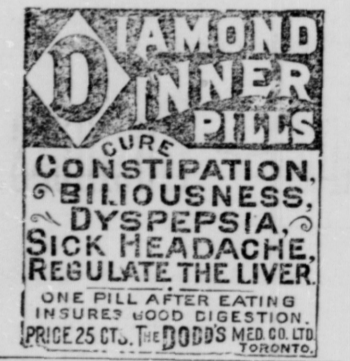
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J. D. TAYLOR, QUEEN STREET.

THE PRICE SHE PAID.

By Amelia E. Barr.

It was quite two years before any shadow darkened her life. She was then in home, and her little daughter, Ada, fretful and not well. The child had much beauty and intelligence, and had attached herself with singular affection to her father. This affection was fully returned, though it seemed to him an unnecessary and constant anxiety at Ada's side. Catherine, however, was averse to leaving her, and thus it happened that she was traveling with the Mowbrays, and duly sent little messages of gratitude to them. Catherine never undervalued him, and there came a day when she was glad he had been so innocently deluded.

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On a certain afternoon Almund promised to drive with his wife and child. The carriage arrived at the appointed time, but he was not there. Catherine went with her daughter alone. She was unusually depressed, a sense of calamity was in her heart, and the very thought of her husband's absence, her ominous deception. Suddenly her portmanteau became substantial and palpable. She saw a lover-like couple riding here. The man was her husband, and the woman, who was superbly mounted, was unknown to her. She had longed to find out the cause of Almund's growing coldness, and it had been shown her. What should she do? Her first impulse was to tax him with his unfaithfulness. Her second was wiser. She did not know that he had been unfaithful. Why suppose it? She called forth all her beauty to meet him. She gave him only snatches of affection. She made no inquiries, evinced no suspicions, but, in a favorable moment, spoke of Ada's continued fever, and said the doctor advised a change of climate.

She was delighted when Almund proposed to return to England, for this movement implied a great deal more than mere return. He had always declared he would then publicly ratify their marriage. "It had been impossible," he said, "to do this in foreign countries"; and she believed him. But in England she must take her place. Her husband's proposal, therefore, implied his realization of her right, and his intention to give her it. With a light heart she prepared for the journey, but all the way homeward Almund was irritable and unkind. He complained of taking her to his own seat or some fashionable hotel, he complained of poverty, and rented rooms in a private house in Baker Street. Every day he was so unkindly and so lightly in foreign countries, where he was unknown, grew more and more galling when among familiar faces and conditions. He began to stay very constantly at his club, and this change very greatly troubled Catherine. She could not reconcile it with the public acknowledgment of their relationship.

In a few weeks her position became unbearable, yet she constantly said to herself, "Patience! Patience! It must be disagreeable for Almund to acknowledge a marriage three years old. I must let him do it when and how it seems easiest to him. But, for Ada's sake, it must be done. For myself, I should be a coward; but for Ada I shall never flinch." One morning she received a letter from her father in answer to one informing him of her return to her native country, and promising him a visit at Christmas. The letter was but a few lines, but it filled her with sorrowful remorse. "I am dying," he wrote, "God has been good to send you back home and let me bless you before I go. There was no man returns." She wept bitterly over the pathetic entreaty, sent a message for her husband, and then went out to buy a warm garment for the winter. As she was walking through a store on Regent Street Mrs. Mowbray entered. Catherine called her in eager recognition, and advanced with both hands outstretched. The lady looked at her scornfully and passed on.

Burning with the shame of this indignity, Catherine went quickly back to her rooms. The servants were in an inner room, and she heard what they said. Her words told the last veil from her eyes, and when Almund arrived she temporized with the situation no longer. "My father is dying," she said, "I must go to him at once. Shall I take Ada with me?" "No," he answered quickly. "You would say the child was mine, and the opinion of Market-Sorby may be important to me in a political sense." "The child being yours, why should I not say so?" "If those bores took it into their heads I had wronged you, or her, it might do me an injury." "But you have not wronged us—you do not intend to wrong us. I am sure you will acknowledge our rights, the moment you think it proper to do so. And, indeed, it ought to be done at once. This afternoon Mrs. Mowbray refused to speak to me, and when I came home, unexpectedly, I heard the servants talking in the next room to the one in which she was a girl child, and—bastardy was so much harder on a girl than a boy."

"The impertinent wench! Send them away this very night." "Call me your wife before them. How soon will you do it before the world?" "Catherine, there is no use in deceiving you further. You are not my wife. I have found out that Frank Mason, who performed the ceremony, was not in order. He told me as he spoke of the make of the big fee I promised him." "We can be married again, love," she said, almost in a whisper. He answered, gloomily: "I do not wish it." "And our pretty Ada is then—what they called her?" "Right or wrong, Ada is my child." "And? What am I?" "Now, Catherine, there is no use in making it a scene. We have been very happy, let us part before we have each other. Go and see your father. When you return we will consider things, and talk this matter over." "I shall take Ada with me." "You will not. You will remember that the child is mine. The law gives her absolutely to me if I wish it so. In order to retain Ada you will have to treat me with consideration." Catherine sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands, and he stopped and kissed her hands and then left the room.

He was almost at the last gasp.

"I think you need not come in contact with her. But you must arrange for that contingency yourself. This letter will introduce you to the housekeeper, Mrs. Stead. It is the best I can do for you. You have done well for me. I am most grateful for your kindness. I have settled all my affairs, and am ready to leave my home at once." "Then go at once," he answered, "and do not lose time. There is one greater than law, and He can bring right out of wrong."

Early the next morning she was at Market Court, and an hour later she had presented her credentials and gone to the room assigned her. "A strange, sad-looking woman," thought Mrs. Stead; "so young, so pretty and yet her hair is white as snow. All in black, too! I'll warrant she has seen trouble of some kind. But she is a stranger and sad indeed, ways the circumstances that had brought Catherine as a servant to the splendid home which ought to have welcomed her as a mistress. Her place was in the linen-room, an apartment at one end of a long corridor, the nursery being at the other end. Here she sat sewing day after day, comforted at intervals by the sound of Ada's voice or the patter of her feet on the polished gallery or the sight of her going to school. From her daily drive, however, she was excluded, and eagerly she watched and listened for these tokens of her child's welfare, and carefully she scanned the face of the nurse, a young girl, who at least appeared to be kind to her charge. As the winter passed onward, the familiarity of daily intercourse brought her other favors. She grew friendly with the nurse, and easily obtained permission to sit by the sleeping child while the girl passed her evenings among her companions in the servants' hall or at dances given by the neighboring farmers or by the servants of some of the large houses adjoining.

"I like to sit alone," said Catherine, in explanation. "I have had troubles. I am a young girl, who at least appeared to be kind to her charge. As the winter passed onward, the familiarity of daily intercourse brought her other favors. She grew friendly with the nurse, and easily obtained permission to sit by the sleeping child while the girl passed her evenings among her companions in the servants' hall or at dances given by the neighboring farmers or by the servants of some of the large houses adjoining.

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Several times during the winter Lord Morpeth visited his home, and Catherine looked in various ways that Ada was much puffed by him. She saw him also very often during these visits, and was obliged to admit to herself that he looked like a man thoroughly happy. No memory of her ruined life appeared to trouble him; and yet this opinion was hardly correct. He was often sad for the past; and he never saw Ada flitting about the rooms that he did not remember Catherine with a regret that was near akin to pain.

During the ensuing weeks she endured a crucifixion of every womanly hope and desire. Her suffering often made her reckless and imprudent; indeed, it was a mere matter of personal vanity that prevented her several times from confronting the two beings who had wrecked her life. When she saw them walking through the garden with their lovely steps and attitudes, she had more than once flung away her sewing and resolved to make them suffer with her. But could she do this? She was even sure that she would have done so had she not seen the fine hair and plain, coarse clothing would lay her open to ridicule; and if she drew off her elegant dress, she would have been a laughing stock. She was even sure that she would have done so had she not seen the fine hair and plain, coarse clothing would lay her open to ridicule; and if she drew off her elegant dress, she would have been a laughing stock.

"I have been waiting for you, Catherine," he said, and he drew her close, and blessed her, and so went praying to the presence of God. "I have been waiting for you, Catherine," he said, and he drew her close, and blessed her, and so went praying to the presence of God. "I have been waiting for you, Catherine," he said, and he drew her close, and blessed her, and so went praying to the presence of God.

He was almost at the last gasp.

Timely Warning. The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market of many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria. The fac-simile signature of Dr. H. P. Fitcher is on every wrapper. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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