

His Sense of Gratitude.

EDWARD H. COOPER, IN THE SKETCH.

"Gone! Every shilling, every penny. . . gone!"

A young man seated at a gambling table in the famous, or infamous, according to taste, little house in Park street belonging to the young Marchioness of Merton, muttered the words to himself with a nervous smile flickering weakly on his lips.

Everybody knew nowadays the meaning of Lady Merton's invitations to luncheons and dinner parties, to her concerts, dances, and at-homes. They meant gambling—endless, omnipresent, simple gambling; bridge, baccarat, roulette, poker, trente-et-quarante, for any stakes which anybody liked to ask for, and with total disregard whether the company was young or old, rich or poor, innocent or initiated. The house was the scandal of all Mayfair and Belgrave. Men warned their sons against it; women with daughters to guard and reputations to lose tossed the young Marchioness invitations into the fire without troubling to answer them; Scotland Yard officials had sent for the Marquis twice and told him that on the smallest pretext, at the very slightest slip made by either of them, he and his wife would be prosecuted, and every point of law strained to its utmost to give them merciless punishment. But the Marchioness laughed gayly when her husband came back to her, looking rather scared, and repeated this warning. She knew the gambling laws of England as well as anybody in Scotland Yard. Moreover, a prosecution would have amused her.

The smile on Harry Grahame's face, as he turned it slowly around the table, bore a somewhat insecure appearance, and presently gave place to a hard defiant stare. He had been looking for sympathy, as weak-minded, emotional, and intensely selfish youth will; and he saw . . . faces. When you have lost everything you have in the world, you do not want to see faces—to see unemotional eyes looking at you without pity or blame or sympathy but just curiously. The game finished at the next deal, and with a few laughing words to his neighbor Harry got up from the table and prepared to leave the room. Lady Merton came up to him with smiling condolences, and he answered her civilly; he supposed so, at any rate, since she passed on without further look or word of surprise. Then Jim Wentley, the famous engineer, who had taken the bank during the last game, as well as on the previous evening, when Grahame had also lost a considerable sum, came and spoke to him.

"Your luck seems to be a bit off at baccarat when I take the bank," said Wentley, with pleasant apology in his voice. "I'm afraid you lost a good deal last night and to-night. We do play frightfully high here, and your chief object to-night was apparently to stagger even us."

"I was playing to get back last night's losses," said Grahame, "and I've nearly succeeded in losing every farthing I've got in the world. I must go home."

The effort to speak lightly was a gallant one, but it failed on this occasion. The young man's voice broke suddenly, his face blanched as if he had been holding some color in it by sheer force of will, and must now give up the effort; and he glanced up at his companion with a passion of frightened, babyish, pitiful appeal in his eyes. The two men were about the same age, Grahame being five-and-twenty, and Wentley three or four years older, and they understood one another very well.

"Oh, I wouldn't go off just yet," said the other soothingly, answering the appealing eyes; "and I certainly would not go off by myself. By the way, if it isn't a rude question, what have you lost to me?"

"Just over thirty thousand pounds. I must have a week or two to pay the checks and I. O. U.'s; but they'll all be paid," added the young man suddenly, fancying that he detected in the other person's voice some doubt on this point.

"Why, of course," said Wentley, with a quick sympathetic smile; "whoever questioned that? But you mean it's about all you've got?"

"I mean what I tell you," was the answer, in a stifled voice. "For God's sake, man, don't make me repeat it again; it's no concern of yours, anyhow. And I!"

Wentley caught hold of his companion's shoulder thinking for a second he was going to fall, for his lips turned blue-white and his eyes were mad with pain. Coming toward him across the room was a very young girl, looking not only as if she ought to be in bed, but as if she would much prefer to go there. She came straight up to Grahame, put her hand on his arm, and then eyed Wentley doubtfully.

"My cousin, Lady Eleanor Masham, Mr. Wentley," Harry Grahame just found voice to introduce the two, and Wentley remembered the tale of the little Eton lad, fifteen years ago, who had saved his child cousin from being burned to death by a feat of bravery with which all the newspapers of the time had been filled. The little pair had promised next morning to marry one another,

according to the popular story, and had been steadily and unwaveringly in love ever since. Their wedding, if he remembered right, was to be this month.

The girl, apparently, was in some plight too desperate for strict caution and politeness; she hardly lowered her voice as she asked lamentably: "Oh, Harry, can you take me away from here? Couldn't you take me on to the Grdiners' and leave me with Mrs. Gardiner? Dad said I wasn't to come here, and mother said she'd only just look in for a moment. But she's sat down to play at that table over there, and dad's coming on from the Highland dinner, and he'll be just furious."

"Yes, come away," said Grahame, almost in a whisper. "I'll drive you to the Grdiners'. I—I have got something to say to you."

But it appeared to be something not very easy to say, for Harry Grahame sat in dead silence throughout the drive, while the girl prattled on in her soft and quaint, innocent language about her evening's parties. It was only as the hansom turned into the quiet roadway of Carlton House Terrace that Grahame suddenly drew the child into his arms and covered her lips and forehead with kisses, and muttered something which she did not catch at first. The words were repeated and the pretty child-face grew white and alight with terror.

" . . . Mind if you give it all up and go away? . . . Shall I—shall I mind? Are you mad, Harry? What have you been doing at that house? Dad always says it. . . . Oh, here we are! Come straight into the garden and talk to me."

"I won't tonight. I must go home to-night, most darling little sweetheart, and think. Early tomorrow I will come to you—if I can live through these hours. Good night, darling, and be as brave as you can here. No, no; I mustn't take you home. You must be brave, sweetheart."

II.

Crazy to be alone, to get check books, bank statements, and a pencil and calculate the worst, Grahame drove back to his rooms in Buckingham Gate and ran upstairs. As he opened the door of his sitting room he stood still with a scarcely repressed curse, for Wentley was sitting in an arm chair with a cigarette and a novel.

"I thought you would be later," he said, rising with a pleasant smile, "so I got a book to pass the time. I want five minutes' chat—a word of promise from you, a box of matches and a clean space in this flower-decked fender for a small bonfire."

"A promise—? Matches—? I don't understand. I'm not very bright tonight. Will you tell me seriously what it is you want here?"

"Certainly." The man threw away his cigarette, took some papers from his pocket, set them on fire and dropped them into a space in the fender which he had been clearing with one foot. "Those are your checks and I. O. U.'s; it is an entire waste of words to argue about the matter, for nothing in earth or heaven would induce me to cash one of them. I shall say nothing to anybody but under no circumstances do I intend to touch a penny of the money. Now, I want your promise to play no more—anywhere—for ten years. Will you give it me? Do you feel honestly obliged to rake all of that burnt paper out of the fire? Nothing will persuade me, you know, to touch a penny of the money."

"Oh! Do you mean—do you think I really may—?" Harry Grahame sat down by a table and put his head in his arms, and burst into a passion of tears, through which incoherent promises and exclamations of gratitude stammered their way at sobbing intervals. When at last he looked up Wentley was gone.

III.

Dear Sir Harry Grahame: I am a little uncertain whether you will remember the name of a certain James Wentley, who ten years ago won from you at baccarat a large sum of money, which you very sensibly allowed him to return to you. I have not, of course, spoken about the matter to you or to anybody else since then, and possibly you have forgotten it.

During these ten years my own fortunes have ebbed in a somewhat uncomfortable fashion, and I am left now almost penniless. Moreover, Fate has been so unkind as to cause me to fall in love with a young girl, who has also been so rash as to fall in love with me. I am extremely anxious, therefore, to get

He Knows
the kind of
Waterproof
Oiled Clothing
that stands the
hardest service

Do You Know?

TOWER'S
FISH BRAND

Made for all kinds
of wet work or sport

SOLD EVERYWHERE

TOWER'S CANADIAN CO. LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.



RED ROSE TEA

"IS GOOD
TEA"

The more particular you are,
The better you will like it

The fine quality of Red Rose is most appreciated by those who are the most particular.

Notice the clear, amber color in the cup and the delightful fragrance when poured from the teapot.

Will you try a package to-day? Ask your grocer to send you one!



BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL

The Perfect Substitute for Raising Calves

100 lbs. of it Makes 100 Gallons of Rich Nutritious Gruel

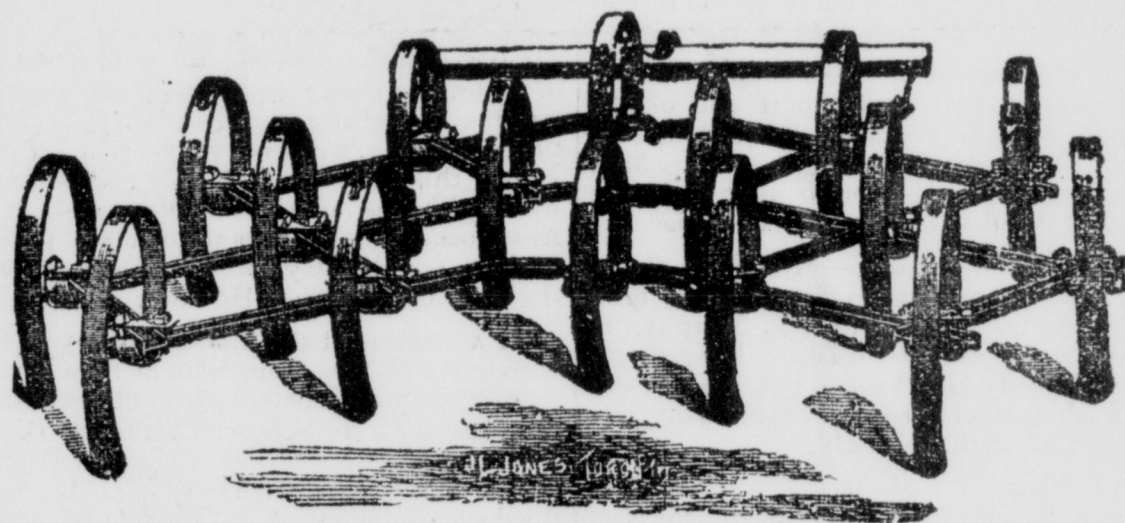
It is now a well recognized fact that one of the most successful aids to profitable farming is using a good milk substitute for raising calves. Thousands of the best farmers in the country are now raising their calves on Blatchford's Calf Meal at about half what it used to cost to raise them on milk.

Blatchford's Calf Meal may really be called the Standard Milk Substitute of the world. The foreign trade in it alone is more than the total trade of all other makes of calf meal combined. It has raised more calves, more fine stock, fine animals, and prize winners, etc., than any other calf meal.

It is absolutely the only Milk Substitute that contains all the elements necessary for bodily growth in approximately the proper proportion, and it is the only Calf Meal that is thoroughly cooked and prepared for digestion by the tender stomach of the very young animal. Calves can be vealed better and quicker by using the meal mixed with skim milk than letting the calf have the milk direct from the cow, and you save the cream for butter which at present brings a good price.

FOR SALE BY

W. F. DIBBLEE & SON,
Woodstock and Centreville.



Steel Frame Harrows,

12, 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 teeth,

Teeth either 1 1/4 or 1 1/2 inch wide.

Wood Frame Harrows,

16 and 18 Teeth.

Lever Spring Tooth Harrows

Fitted with Adjusting Lever to Raise or Lower Teeth.

Horse Hoes. Cultivators.

CONNELL BROS. Limited,

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

THE BEST PLUMBING

At most reasonable prices is what I am offering the public.

Estimates cheerfully furnished on any kind of work in my line

A full line of materials of all kinds. Aqueduct Pipe at specially low rates. All work guaranteed first class.

I. C. CHURCHILL,

Connell Street,

Woodstock

It is important that persons placing FIRE INSURANCE

should select strong and reliable companies. This being the case it would be impossible perhaps to find four stronger and more reliable companies represented in Carleton County in one office than the following companies for whom the undersigned is agent, namely:

CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office

NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797.

ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III

and the QUEEN.

I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

LOUIS E. YOUNG,

Woodstock, N. B.

FARM FOR SALE

A 165 acre farm in Jacksontown, formerly owned and occupied by Cook Estey. Eighty acres cleared and rest well wooded. House and farm buildings. Apply to Rev F S Todd, Woodstock, Jan 9, 11

some work out of England, where we could both live quietly without entertaining; and a vacant post has just come to my notice in Uganda in connection with the new railway. The salary is £500 a year; the engineering work would suit me extremely well; and I am fortunate in remembering that your influence is almost paramount at the Colonial Office just now, and that a word from you would assure my getting the post.

This is about the first favor I have ever asked of anybody in my life, and in most cases I should be very nervous as to how it would be taken, but with you I feel able to hope for the best.

Remember me to Lady Eleanor Grahame, to whom you introduced me on that very disastrous night, and whose charming little note, sent to me on the following day after you had told her of the incident, I still keep. Sincerely yours,

Private.

JAMES WENTLEY.

Dear Sir: I am directed by Sir Harry Grahame to acknowledge the receipt of your letter asking him to use his influence regarding an appointment on the Uganda Railway.

The fact that, as you say, Sir Harry Grahame's influence would be paramount in such a matter compels him, of course, to use it with extreme care, and I am directed to say that he regrets in this case being unable to exert it on your behalf. Sir Harry feels sure you will understand, with regard to a large financial scheme of this description, that the most rigid carefulness and exactitude in money matters is imperative, and that the scene where you and Sir Harry last met not only does not justify him in using his influence for your benefit, but would place him in a serious position with the directors and with the Colonial Office if anything went wrong and the truth about his recommendation became known.

Sir Harry Grahame read with some slight surprise, and he hopes, with a mistaken view of its meaning, your concluding paragraph with regard to a letter written to you by Lady Eleanor Grahame. Such a suggestion as you appear to make is always best dealt with promptly; and I am directed to say that if you have any idea of obtaining money from Sir Harry Grahame by threatening to show Lady Eleanor Grahame's letter to friends, you would do well to abandon the scheme at once. Sir Harry is perfectly indifferent as to whether the whole story is told to the world or not. Faithfully yours, J. F. Featherstone.

Colic and Diarrhoea.

Pains in the stomach, colic and diarrhoea are quickly relieved by the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by All Dealers.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Charles Vanwart, late of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton his Heirs Executors Administrators or Assigns and all others whom it may concern:—

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of mortgage bearing date the tenth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety eight and made between the said Charles Vanwart of the one part and Helen M. Good of the said Town of Woodstock of the other part and registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the said County of Carleton in Book Y., number three of said records on pages 753, 754 and 755 there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Charles Comben on Main Street in the said Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton on Saturday the second day of June next at the hour of ten of the clock in the forenoon the lands and premises described in the said Indenture of mortgage as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Town of Woodstock aforesaid on the south side of the Meduxnakeag River more particularly described as follows, viz: Commencing on the eastern side of the Main Highway at an angle formed by said Main Highway and a street (thirty feet wide) leading to the Meduxnakeag, thence south eighty five degrees east along the south side of said street so leading to the Meduxnakeag River a distance of sixty-five feet, thence south five degrees west a distance of thirty feet, thence north eighty five degrees west a distance of sixty-five feet to the Maine Highway aforesaid thence northerly along the eastern side of said Main Highway a distance of thirty feet to the place of beginning."

Together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining. Dated this Twenty Seventh day of April A. D., 1907.

HELEN M. GOOD,
Mortgagee.

CHARLES COMBEN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.
May 1-5.