When Good King Arthur ruled ye land,
He was a goodly King;
He stole three bags of barley meal
To make a Bag Pudding.
A Bag Pudding ye Queen did make
And stuffed it well with plums;
When Crown Brand Syrup
was the sauce
Ye maids all fought for crumbs.

Crown Brand Corn Syrup

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MONTREAL CARDINAL TORONTO BRANTFORD VANCOUVER

SAUCE FOR YE BAG PUDDING

1 Cup of Crown Brand Syrup
1 cup of Brown Sugar.
One-half Cup of Butter.
1 Teaspoon of Flour.
1 Lemon, Juice and Rind.
One-half Teaspoon each of Nutmeg, Cloves and Cinnamon.

Mix all thoroughly in a sauce-pan. Add a teacup of boiling water. Stir it constantly and let it boil until clear. Then strain. This sauce will keep for some time if put in bottles and properly corked.

The Wedding Eve;

Or, Married to a Fairy.

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued).

"But why can't I stay here?" inquired Lilith. "I can sleep as well as possible in this lovely old armchair, and I'd much rather be near you, Mr. Hervey. I don't want to meet any more strange women who tell me I ought to be a servant girl, and if I go away your relations may come, as Mrs. Nokes said they would, and persuade you to send me away and never to see me again. Let me stay here, dear Mr. Hervey, only until I go away to school. Don't send me to any more horrid women to take care of me. I can't abide women—I do like men so much better! Even that disagreeable old gentleman, and your tall friend who drew me and called me an animal, I'd rather have to do with nor women. Somehow, they never like me. They never cared for my dancing when I went about with father; and very common and dreadful ones, drinking gin at the bar, would call me a 'vagrant,' and scold their husbands for throwing me pence when I was quite a little girl. If I had my way I'd never meet any women any more. I should like the world to be just me and all the rest men. Only perhaps I'd have some women one didn't see do the sewing. Why do you laugh so much, Mr. Wray? Mr. Hervey never laughs at what I say like that. I don't like your laugh at all."

"My dear Miss Saxon," Wray said, with a deep, ironical bow, "I laugh from sheer delight and appreciation of the first feminine person I have ever met that has told me the entire truth. Every woman thinks as you do of the rest of her sex, but very few dare say so."

"Don't they?" she returned, staring at him for a moment with wide-open blue eyes. Then she turned to me.

"I'm so dreadfully hungry," she said, for the third time, with a little break in her voice.

"Wrenshaw," I said, "go to Fracatelli's and order a little dinner at once. Then take a cab to Battersea and ask your sister to put up this young lady for the night."

"Yes, sir. How many shall I say the dinner is for, sir?"

"Why, three of course" cried Lilith, growing lively at the notion of food.

Slipping off her chair, she twirled about the room, clapping her hands with delight.

"Play, dear Mr. Hervey," she cried, rushing to the half-grand piano in one corner of the studio and opening it. "Play, and let me dance to show how glad I am I have come back to you!"

So I played, and for a few seconds she flitted about in that birdlike fashion of hers, light and swift as a swallow, over the polished boards. It vexed me to know that Wray's eyes were devouring all her movements, and that he was trying to jot down some of them in his sketch-book. But most of all it angered me to see the evil smile upon his face, when, having danced to her heart's content, Lilith ran behind me, threw her arms round my neck, and pressed her flushed cheek against my own.

"Dear Mr. Hervey," she cooed in my ear, "thank you so much for playing! But I hear the waiter on the stairs with the tray, and I'm too hungry to dance any more. This is the happiest and most beautiful day of my life—like a good dream come true. 'Hot boiled beans and very good butter, ladies and gentlemen come to supper!' But I'm glad there are no ladies, except me! My, isn't this a grand feast. Let me take that nice old cat in my lap—I'm sure he wants a bit, too! What a pity poor old Mr. Wrenshaw's gone to Battersea. I dare say he was as hungry as any of us. What! Don't he have his meals with you? How should I know he didn't? You'll have a lot to do to teach me to be a lady. My! you're eating those little green plums first of all; is that the right thing, to begin with unripe plums? I should have thought they'd have made one ill first go off. Not plums, ain't they? What do you call them, then? 'Olives?' I never heard of them. Aren't they nasty, though, all salt-like! Is it the fashion to eat something nasty first, so as everything else tastes nice afterward by comparison? Well, fashionable ways are strange! And this sour stuff is proper wine—but I do like ginger-beer much better. When I have soup I mostly take it in a bowl with a bit of bread, not with a spoon; but you must tell me first where I am wrong. I want to please you and be a lady. How funny to have different sets of knives and forks for fish It must make a deal of washing up after the meal is over. Is that a bird? Why, it's no bigger than a sparrow! I tasted chicken once—my! but it was good. What a lot of thick gravy all about everything; and I've never seen potatoes in those thin little chips. I am becoming fashionable all of a rush, am I not? Is that champagne? Do let me try it! 'Fizz,' father called it. Poor father! How he'd have enjoyed this! But he'd never have let me come, and he'd have been sure to get drunk and to want to fight somebody before it was over, so maybe he's better where he is. Poor father!"

CHAPTER X.

"And what do you mean to do with her?"

Sooner or later I knew it would come, that inevitable question, wherever Lilith Saxon's name cropped up, and I was only waiting for Nicholas Wray to ask it.

The child had gone away at last, in Wrenshaw's care, after startling me, scandalizing him, and hugely amusing Wray, by bestowing a frantic hug upon me as a parting salutation. We had drawn our chairs forward on the hearth-rug before the flower-filled grate, and settled down to pipes and a talk. At least, Wray wanted to talk—I did not. Never had the fellow appeared less congenial to me than that night; and although, as it happened, his accidental presence in my studio had relieved me from the embarrassment of a false position with regard to Lilith, I was none the less angry with him—not so much on account of his words and manner toward her, which had been well-nigh perfect in indulgent politeness, but because of a certain look in his eyes as they fastened themselves upon her which had more than once during the evening filled me with an insane desire to strike him.

I was up in arms, therefore, almost before the question was out of his mouth.

"You have heard what I am going to do with her," I answered icily; "I am going to send her to school."

"Yes; but when she comes out?"

"When she comes out, she will be eighteen and capable of planning her own course in life."

"Oh! if she is to follow her own inclinations," observed Wray sarcastically, "it is pretty clear where they will lead her."

"Where?"

"Into your arms, of course, my dear boy. You are not particularly vain, but I presume you cannot fail to see the girl's in love with you?"

"Nonsense! Lilith is a child!"

"I grant that she is child enough to be incapable of concealing her feelings. Also, she is probably unaware of their nature. But she is in love with you, all the same."

"You forget her age——" I was beginning, when he cut me short.

"Pshaw! Age has nothing to do with it. Besides, she is sixteen, and among the vagrant class from which she springs girls are habitually wives and mothers at sixteen. It is only among the professional and what are called the higher classes that the regulation of passions has been made into a system—a species of religion. This little wayside weed has grown apace, in sentiment at least, among her uncultivated surroundings. She never takes her eyes off you. She talks to, listens to, looks at no one else. She is always wanting to touch you, on any pretext, and preferably to kiss you. She is anxious to 'be a lady,' as she calls it, simply in order to please you. She owns that her ideal of happiness is to be your parlor-maid, your model, anything, so that she may be near you. Well, frankly, I've envied you before, pretty bitterly, as you know, for your money, your artistic success; but I never in my life envied you as ardently as I do at this moment."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I mean," he said, springing up from his seat and planting himself before me on the hearth-rug, "that I would give ten years of my worthless life to have such a girl as Lilith Saxon look at me as she looks at you! Why, you must be made of wood and stone not to feel it when those sky-blue eyes, with the lovely and wholly deceptive look of utter babylike innocence in them, gaze up into yours with that whole-souled admiration in them. It would turn St. Anthony into flesh and blood to be tempted by such a witch. Great Scott! what wouldn't I give to be in your shoes. Her movements are as full of unrestrained grace as those of a young kitten, and her form is as supple as a willow-branch bending in the wind. Her coloring, too, is delicious; one wonders that constant exposure hasn't spoiled it, instead of giving just the touch of golden-brown and red sunburn which sets off the yellow of her hair and the whiteness of her teeth. If I were only in your place!"

He sighed heavily, and sank down in his armchair again, burying his long fingers in his wavy hair. His enthusiasm concerning Lilith's charms annoyed me; but the subject had so evidently carried him away that it was impossible for me to resent it.

"Well, I inquired, after a pause, "if you were in my place, what would you do?"

He looked up suddenly.

"Need you ask?" he said scornfully. "What would any man with one ounce of feeling do? Any man, I mean, not tied down to conventions, hidebound by social bandages, decorous, and law-abiding, and popular among his own set, such as you. I should not dream of spoiling the girl's unique charm by having her educated out of her delicious frankness and originality; but I should take her abroad with me, and let traveling give her what polish might be necessary. Think of the pictures such a personality would inspire one to paint! And she sems a docile little soul, too, though even a virago might be pardoned with such a face and figure."

"You would marry her, then?"

"My dear Hervey, why should I? Men don't marry girls like Lilith. They keep them until mutual boredom sets in, and then the pretty little birds fly off to seek some more congenial mate."

"Look here, Wray," I exclaimed energetically, "I can't insult a man in my own house. But, on my soul, your way of talking sickens me. If you cannot speak decently about a modest and innocent girl, I must ask you not to discuss her at all. Lilith Saxon is my friend and ward. Her childlike purity is very far above your comprehension, but at least you might curb your loose tongue for the sake of her youth and her unprotected position."

"Do you mean to marry her yourself, that you take it so much to heart?" he asked, staring at me curiously.

"No!" I almost shouted. "I do not mean to marry her! You are quite aware that I am engaged to another lady. But I will not have Lilith Saxon spoken of in terms which you would not dare to use if you were speaking of my sister!"

Then I crossed the room to the bookcase, being wearied and disgusted by the man's cheap cynicism, and somewhat vexed that he had provoked me into losing my temper.

After a few minutes' pause, during which my back was turned toward him and I affected to be absorbed in an old volume of prints I had taken out at random, Wray's voice broke the silence, speaking in markedly mild and conciliatory tones.

"I'm really awfully sorry, Hervey, that I annoyed you by speaking out my private opinion of your little protege. I had no idea that you would resent what was, after all, only an individual expression of opinion. The fact is, you're so kind-hearted and high-minded, and so inclined to see good in people where it really doesn't exist, that you run considerable danger of being deceived at every turn. Well, I won't say any more on that subject. I don't want to put your back up again. What I will say is that I know just the place for little Miss Saxon—a school near Clifton Suspension Bridge, kept by a distant connection of mine whom I haven't seen for a good many years, Mrs. Stanhope Morland. Her husband, Captain Stanhope Morland, has been dead eight or nine years, and she has since then run a sort of private finishing school for about a dozen young ladies of neglected education. She's a very smart, clever woman, and I believe her school has been a great success. She is related to me on my mother's side, and my mother was very proud of being a Trevor Stanhope. You know that I personally don't care a twopenny hang for that sort of snobbish, double-bareled flummery, but, of course, it pays in that sort of fashionable school. Kate Morland, from what I remember of her, is a well-bred, well-mannered, well-dressed woman, with a great deal of tact, and I believe she guarantees to make any girl presentable in a couple of years. Of course she has to be exceedingly particular regarding those she takes. I believe they're mostly the connections of jumped-up manufacturers, and that sort of thing, and no doubt her charges are pretty stiff; but I should say she is just the woman for your purpose. She's about three or four and thirty now, but I think I have an early portrait of her somewhere which will give you an idea of the woman, if you care to see it."

"Thank you," I said. "I should like to see the portrait."

Wray rummaged among the sketches and letters which filled an untidy parcel behind a sofa in one corner of the studio, over which, with characteristic slovenliness, he had flung a tapestry cover from a table near. Presently he found the photograph, and brought it to me. It was inscribed, "From your Cousin Kate," in large, feminine handwriting, and it represented a comely young woman, attired in the height of the fashion of ten years ago, with a round, pleasant face and a somewhat overplump figure. There was an air of mingled good nature and good breeding about her which suggested an amiable personality, and as I studied the picture I decided that such a woman would probably be kind and patient with Lilith, and ready to make allowances for the girl's deficiences in education.

"Would you like me to write to her?" asked Wray.

"If you will give me your cousin's address, I will go down and see her tomorrow," I answered. "From what you say, it seems just the sort of thing I am looking for."

"Much better to see the school for yourself, and have a chat with Mrs. Morland. Her address is Morland House, Clifton Downs. If you can tell me what train you'll travel by, I'll send her a line to keep her in to receive you. I shall be glad to do Kate a good turn."

So it was settled, after a consultation of time-tables, that I should go down by an early afternoon train on the following day; and a sense of relief stole over me at the thought that the problem of Lilith's education was nearing its solution.

For not among the least of my anxieties concerning her was the knowledge of the passionate delight her presence in the studio afforded me. It was clear I had better see as little as possible of the girl, and I hardly knew whether I ought to feel pleased or angry when, before I had finished my breakfast on the following morning, a hurried tapping at the front door, followed by a spirited altercation and a scuffle in the hall, preluded Lilith's tempestuous entrance into my studio.

This work-place of mine, which occupied the whole of the first floor, served for such meals as I took in the house—seldom more than breakfast, which was supplied by the landlady, who, with her family, ocupied the basement and a room on the top floor, where also Wrenshaw's room and that of another lodger were situated. My bedroom and dressing-room were on the ground floor, and in the latter Wray had made himself quite at home, and had speedily reduced the place to chaos with his constitutional untidiness. He was a man addicted to late hours and interminable gossip over pipes and whisky; and long after I had my bath and breakfast, and often a morning stroll as well, and had got to work, he would still be sleeping the untroubled slumber of the lazy downstairs, by which proceeding he never failed to rouse my man Wrenshaw's ire.

This morning in question, Lilith, as I said, swept in like a spring breeze, and, rushing up behind my chair where I sat at breakfast, threw her arms round my neck and kissed me lovingly on each cheek.

"Isn't that splendid!" she exclaimed. "I'm just in time to have my breakfast with you. And I'm so hungry! I really think I always am hungry. I wouldn't stay and have breakfast at Mrs. Jackson's. Oh, she's such an inquisitive person, and I had such fun with her! I stuffed her up with a lot of lies. I told her I was a granddaughter to an earl, and that all my affairs had been left in your hands, and that you were going to prove my claim to the family estates and the family diamonds. It all turned on a will, I said, which was believed to be in an iron safe under the castle moat—I read something like that in an illustrated supplement last Christmas. And she took it all in at first, and my! she did stare! But presently, when I began to lay it on a bit too thick, she got cross, and told me not to talk nonsense; and this morning she wanted me to give the children their breakfasts. But if I'm going to be an educated young lady, it don't do to go in for nurse-maid's work. So, while her back was turned, off I slips and jumps in a cab and away here. I hadn't any money left, so I told Mr. Wrenshaw when he opened the door, and asked him to pay the cabman, and he got that cross he made me nearly cry with laughing. Because, you see, the cabman had to have his money, and, if I hadn't any, what was to be done?"

She seated herself at table facing me, after she had thrown her hat across the room. Prettier than ever she looked in the clear morning light, her blue eyes dancing with excitement and gaiety, as, like a little hungry bird, she poised herself over the dishes, lifting covers and examining them critically with her head on one side.

(To be continued.)

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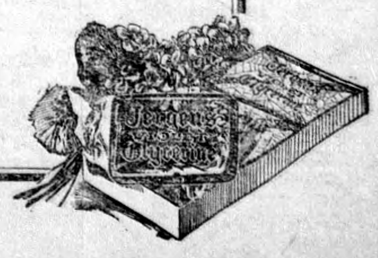

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