JEMIMA JANE;

OR, THE DEPUTY HOUSEMAID.

"I am sorry," says Tremaine, untruthfully, and straightway banishes the Countess and her headache from his thoughts. He is in radiant spirits, and looks it. Lord George, he discovers presently, is out of town; so the morning is all his own. Gwendoline is in her sweetest humor, and for some time conversation flows briskly.

Then "a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." The door opens and a footman advances noisely; he bears with him a marvel of a bouquet, composed of palest blossoms only, and presents it to Lady Gwendoline.

"With Lord George Millefleurs's compliments," he says, solemnly, and departs.

Sir Hilary lapses into eloquent silence; all his radiancy has deserted him, while in its place an expression half sullen, wholly miserable, has settled upon his countenance.

Lady Gwendoline has gone into raptures over her snowy bouquet.

"How delicious!" she says, with a pleased smile. "I do so love white flowers! It was quite too good of Lord George to remember that; but he is very thoughtful. And how sweet they are, how fresh, like a little breath straight from the country! Are they not so? See—" Stooping forward, she holds the obnoxious bouquet with a charming grace right under his nose.

"Very," returns he, in a freezing tone, recoiling a little.

"Don't you like flowers?"—with innocent surprise.

"Some flowers,"—in a marked tone.

"Anything the matter with you, Sir Hilary?" demands she, with touching concern. "Do you know you really do look very badly? Of late I have often noticed how fitful your spirits are at times. A minute ago you seemed quite cheerful, and now—— Is it toothache? neuralgia? Do tell me if I can help you in any way?"

"You can," exclaims he, rising, "if you will. I shall be cheerful again, directly, if you will only pitch those flowers out of the window!"

"Throw my lovely flowers to the London gamins! Dear Sir Hilary, why?"

"Because,"—desperately, and getting as close to her as circumstances will permit, considering how she is hemmed in by a gypsy table, the fender, and the huge footstool on which her feet are resting—"because—I love you! And to see you accept flowers from any man except myself renders me absolutely wretched. Gwendoline," stretching out his hand, "let me dispose of them for you."

"I will,"—sweetly ignoring the first part of his speech altogether. "Bring me over that Venetian vase on the cabinet, and I will let you arrange them with me. No? you won't help me? How uncivil of you! Well, never mind, then. I shall do them myself, and, just to let you see I bear no malice, I shall give you one whole flower all for yourself!"—holding one out to him.

"No, thank you,"—icily.

"Not when I give it to you?"—with arched brows of astonishment.

"No, thank you,"—with increased coldness.

"But indeed you must have it," says Beauty, her temper charmingly unruffled; and, as she always gains the day, he presently finds himself the richer by one detested sprig of stephanotis.

"Now," exclaims she, a few minutes later, having arranged the flowers to her satisfaction, "sit down over there, and put that ugly little frown in your pocket, and let us be pleasant. Tell me something more about that odd Irish village with the funny name, and your mysterious beauty."

"I told you something a few moments ago which you take no heed,"—reproachfully.

"Did you?"—blushing faintly. "Are you sure? I though you had been singularly stupid—taciturn, I mean—since your entrance. Perhaps I was not attending."

"No,"—bitterly; "you were too much taken up with Millefleurs's offering."

"Then suppose you tell it to me again now."

"May I?"—eagerly. "Gwendoline, I told you I loved you."

"Oh! Sir Hilary!" in tones of the liveliest reproach; "what is it you are saying? You! who have given every atom of heart you possess into the keeping of that perplexing Irish maidan! No, it is no use your denying it; it is only too palpable."

"Nonsense! I never spoke to her in my life!"

"Not once?"

"No, At least nothing I can remember."

"Then she must have spoken to you, which—forgive me—was surely a little forward of her,—the worst possible taste, I think. I do not beileve she could have been a very nice girl. What did she say?"

"How could she speak to me, when I tell you I did not speak to her?"

"Sir Hilary, don't prevaricate; that is not a straight-forward answer to my question. Tell me what she said."

"It was nothing to signify."

"But it does signify, and I insist on knowing"—with an adorable pout.

"Must I tell?"

"You must,"—imperiously.

"Well, then,"—with a calmness of despair,—"she said, 'Champagne, sir?' "

"She said—what?"—rising slowly.

"'Champagne, sir?'"—doggedly.

"Why, then, she must have been—she was—a——"

"Parlor-maid," returns he, with all the desperate determination of a man who has made up his mind to say his worst and be done with it.

"And you have dared to compare me with a parlor-maid!" says Gwendoline; and then she turns her back upon him, and, walking over to the window, leaves him standing on the hearth-rug, in a frame of mind impossible to describe. His eyes are fixed miserably upon his offended idol, and as he looks he can see that a slight agitation shakes her slender frame. It may be grief; it may be anger; it may be laughter: who shall say what it is? Sir Hilary, feeling thoroughly unhappy, inclines toward the second belief.

"Gwendoline, you are angry with me," he says, speaking from a respectful distance, but with all his heart in his tones.

"I am,"—faintly; "and—you should not call me by my Christian name, without premission: I am not a parlor-maid!"

This is a cruel stab. Tremaine winces, but wisely refrains from speech.

"She cannot have been like me," says Gwendoline, presently, still in a subdued voice. "Do say she wasn't."

"I can't,"—despairingly, but still true to his colors, for which she secretly admires him. "I don't know whether she was really a servant, or a princess in disguise. I only know she was the loveliest woman I ever saw, and that you and she are so alike I should not know one from the other. But that you have led me to believe you have never been——"

"I do not care to be like—that sort of person," interrupts she, hastily.

"If you had seen her, you would forgive me,"—softly—"she was so beautiful,—so sweet,—so like yourself!"

Gwendoline smiles. Turning to him, she extends a forgiving hand.

"As she was so lovely, I pardon you," she says graciously, and Tremaine, bending over the white fingers, presses upon them a grateful caress. Just before he takes his leave she says,—

"By the bye, are you going to the theatricals at Mrs. Gore—Palliser's next week?"

"Are you?"—cautiously.

"I am going to act. I have only got a minor part, but I should like you to come and give me some slight applause."

"I shall surely be there,"—with considerable warmth.

"And, Sir Hilary," calling to him mischievously as he reaches the door, "you may bring a bouquet to throw at me; and remember how I adore white flowers!"

When he is gone she raises her hands to her head, and falls into an attitude expressive of the deepest inward research.

"I wonder," murmurs she, anxiously, "where Hamper could have put that linen dress and that memorable cap and apron!"

* * * * * * * *

The curtain has risen; the guests are all seated; every one is on the lookout for the first break-down. Mrs. Gore-Palliser, with her face wreathed in smiles, is secretly battling with a growing fear, and is in an agony of apprehension lest the eldest Miss Gore shall forget her part. All Miss Gore's woman-friends are in an agony lest she shouldn't.

She does not, however, and the curtain falls upon a very successful first act in a drawing-room comedy. Universal applause follows; though Sir Hilary's, who is disappointed at Gwendoline's non-appearance, can scarcely be called animated.

Five minutes pass away. The music, that fills up the interval, has ceased. Fans grow once more silent as the second act commences. The heroine (Miss Gore) is in her dressing-room, looking almost handsome in a priceless morning robe. A gentle soliloquy follows; and then, from the wing, a maid, dressed in a quiet linen gown, a faultless cap, an irreproachable apron, glides slowly on the stage.

Sir Hilary's heart stops beating. He half rises from his seat: is it Mr. Wyndham's servant, or Lady Gwendoline Primrose? He grows very pale,—his eyes meet hers,—and then all at once he knows.

When the act is over and the curtain falls, he leaves the room, and, going through an outer apartment, pushes his way into the impromptu greenroom. Finding Gwendoline there, with a slightly embarrassed expression upon her usually riante face, he draws her unresistingly into an adjoining room, and deliberately shuts the door.

"It was you, then, all through,"—his face white with agitation. "You were in Ireland the last time I was there. Oh! how I persecuted Wyndham about you, and went half mad because I could learn nothing! My Darling, why did you not tell me before?"

"Tell you what?"—withdrawing her hand with a rather nervous laugh. "That I have been to Ireland in my time? And pray, Sir Hilary, who gave you permission to call me your 'darling,'—you, a young man addicted to par——"

"Do not jest now," entreatingly. "You were at Mrs. Wyndham's last autumn. I cannot be mistaken. Is it not so?"

"You are so positive I do not dare to contradict you."

"But how was it? It is the most amazing thing! What induced you to take up such a part in real earnest?"

"Mind, I do not commit myself, but I will suppose a case for you. Perhaps Georgie was in despair, because she had people coming to dinner and her own maid had deserted her; perhaps she had a good friend given to private theatricals, who undertook to save her from social extinction; perhaps the good friend helped a certain gentleman to all she had of the best and"—archly—"got cruelly stared at for her pains! Oh! Sir Hilary, how badly you did behave!"

Turning to a side-table, she takes up an open bottle of champagne, salver, and a glass, and, having filled the latter, presents it to him in due form.

"Champagne, sir?" she says, demurely.

"How it recalls everything!" exclaims he. Then in a properly matter-of-fact tone, taking the glass from her, he says, "Thank you, I will drink—if you will allow me to pledge you."

"Under what name?"—smiling. "Jemima Jane, or Lady Gwendoline Primrose?"

"Neither." He had grown very grave, and somewhat pale and anxious. Touching the wine with his lips, he says, "I here pledge the future Lady Tremaine!"

Gwendoline blushes generously and involuntarily moves a few steps from him; and yet, in spite of her evident emotion, a slight smile still hovers round her lips.

"Are you sure you know to whom you are proposing?" she says with an attempt at her old insouciance, "Without this cap and apron I shall cease to be the heroine of Ballykillruddereen. Is it Mrs. Wyndham's maid you love, or indeed myself?"

"How can I tell? They are both so blended in my brain. For the future (for your sake), all parlor-maids shall be precious in my sight."

"Oh, no, I hope not," says Gwendoline. Then, very softly, and with a charming smile. "Think how jealous, how wretched that would make me."

"Then you accept me?—you do, indeed, love me?" exclaims he, eagerly, slipping his arm round her, and Gwendoline, with a glance half shy, half tender, lays her hand in his.

[The End].

French Poilu Ready for Winter Campaign.

This typical "poilu" as the French private is known among his countrymen, is shown in full winter equipment. The photograph was made on the Verdun front where thousands and thousands of this type are battling with the Germans despite the inclement weather.

GIGANTIC ORDERS.

Russia Takes Eleven Hundred Miles of Khaki for Uniforms.

Russia recently placed an order with the manufacturers of the West Riding for two million yards, or over eleven hundred miles, of khaki cloth for uniforms. The goods are to be delivered next Spring, says London Tit-Bits.

Russia is never niggardly in the way of Government orders. During her war with Japan she gave one Chicago firm a contract for six million pounds of beef. On another occasion, when there was a coal strike in this country, and Russia could not get her accustomed supplies of steam coal for her navy, she cabled to a firm in the United States an order for three million tons. This was the largest export order ever received.

Compared with such mammoth demands as these, the Australian order of 1913 for three hundred and seven miles of cloth for military uniforms seems a small matter. Yet, considering the comparative populations of the two countries, it was not so bad.

After the South African War the British Government contracted for forty miles of ribbon for South African War Medals. These were issued to about 300,000 men, each getting a nine-inch strip.

One wonders how many hundred miles will be required for the Empire troops at the end of the present appalling struggle.

A Grouch.

"He's a chronic grouch."

"Nothing suits him, eh?"

"No, He's never as well as he might be, and his neighbors are never as sick as they ought to be."

Redpath SUGAR

When you pay the price of first quality sugar, why not be sure that you get it? There is one brand in Canada which has no second quality—that's the old reliable Redpath.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it." 3

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—
10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.

Made in one grade only—the highest!

Paying for Milk and Cream on a Quality Basis.

Many phases of dairying have increased by leaps and bounds during the past few years, but none has been more marked than the butter industry. This growth is attended with new problems which must be solved if Canadian cheese and butter are to be held in as high esteem in the future as they have been in the past. In 1907 about 6,000,000 pounds of creamery butter were manufactured in Western Ontario. The home market consumed the major portion of it, but in 1915 20,000,000 pounds were manufactured and the home demand was lessened by the Western Provinces being able to supply their local trade. Ontario butter must cater to a foreign market in competition with butter from other countries, and these markets will be a little more exacting as to flavor, texture, etc., than our own people.

The other Provinces of the Dominion have led Ontario in the matter of cream grading. In 1915, 96 per cent. of butter manufactured in Alberta was made from graded cream and 59 per cent. graded specials, with only 7 per cent. seconds, which is a tribute to the high-quality cream delivered by the producer. In Saskatchewan 98 per cent. was graded and in Manitoba 61 per cent. In Quebec cream grading is compulsory, and dairymen in the Maritime Provinces are strong supporters of the system. Ontario lags behind, and the effect was noticed by the failure to win prizes with butter when in competition with other Provinces However, the new Dairy Act which comes into force in March provides for the grading of all cream. Such legislation should be welcomed by producer and manufacturer alike. First-quality butter cannot be made from second-grade cream, nor can the best butter be made from the mixture of a first and second-grade cream. The dairyman who through carelessness in handling his cream, delivers a second quality, not only hurts his neighbor, who endeavors to keep his cream in the most approved manner, but he tends to cripple the whole industry for the Province. On the market one pound of low-grade butter will disparage 100 pounds of the finest quality. More free advertising, is given the poor stuff than the good. It is the case with everything; consequently, as competition becomes keener, more care must be taken to manufacture goods of the best quality.

Cream Grading.

Cream grading was started when creameries were first established in the West, so that dairymen were not familiar with any other system. The high quality product manufactured has given them an enviable position. In Ontario it has been different. For years creamerymen have taken the cream whether it was of the best quality or not. It they didn't take it they knew their nearby competitor would; the dairyman also knew it, and was aware that the same price would be paid if it had a good flavor. Pasteurizing the cream at the creamery overcame much of the difficulty and gives a uniformity of quality of butter, but that quality cannot be so good as if made from only first-grade cream. Besides, the careful dairyman suffered by the carelessness of his neighbor. The point has been reached where something has to be done to hold the best markets of Ontario butter. Second-grade cream is not worth as much as first-grade for butter making. To pay the same price puts a premium on carelessness, and discourages the careful man. The Legislature has put an Act on the statute books, which comes into force in March, compelling cream grading. This will offset the competition for cream regardless of quality and cream will be paid for on a quality basis, thus giving an incentive to dairymen to take precautions to look after the cream properly. It is in the dairymen's interests to aid in facilitating the working out of the new regulations. If cream is graded No. 2, there is a cause for it, and the cause is usually to be found in the handling of the cream from the time it leaves the separator until it is delivered at the creamery. Few dairymen would intentionally injure the industry which means so much to them, but so long as good butter was manufactured and a fair price paid for butter-fat, they did not concern themselves particularly about the condition the cream was in when it left their hands so long as it was accepted. When cream is bought on a graded basis, every dairyman will endeavor to have his product in the first grade. It will pay him to care for the cream in the most approved manner. First-grade cream will make make first-grade butter, which will tend to change the verdict on the Ontario product from "good" to "extra good", thus keeping it in demand on the most exclusive markets. It is anticipated that the producers will do their part towards facilitating the working out of the grading system in Ontario. It has proved a good thing for the other Provinces and will do likewise for Ontario dairymen.

Quality at Cheese Factories.

Evidence shows that the average quality of milk delivered at the cheese factories has decreased rather than increased during the past twenty years. In the report of G. G. Publow's work twenty years ago, as Chief Dairy Instructors for Eastern Ontario the average per cent. of fat contained in 6,800 samples of milk, gathered in several counties is given as 4.2. In 1914 the report from the same territory shows the average test to be 3.5 per cent., or a decrease of over .5 per cent. in twenty years. As the fat decreases in the milk, the quantity of cheese per 100 pounds of milk becomes less. The system of "pooling" the milk, so commonly practiced, put a premium on poor milk, or at least encouraged dairymen to increase the quantity at the expense of quality and is largely responsible for the decrease in quality. When payment is made on a quailty basis, it will be an incentive to select and breed the herd to improve the test, which in turn will give more of a richer cheese from 100 pounds of mlik than is secured at present.

Grading of cream at creameries and paying for milk at cheese factories according to quality would have been to the best interest of Ontario dairymen years ago. The loss caused by lack of these systems for so long a time can be partly retrieved, by every producer of dairy products aiding in their working out now that they are to be adopted throughout the Province. There is no question but that the Dairy Act to be enforced this coming spring is to the best interests of the man behind the cow, as well as of the whole industry.—Farmer's Advocate.

Horses Will Be In Demand.

Speaking at one of the Winter Fair luncheons Dominion Live Stock Commissioner John Bright, had the following to say regarding the future of the horse market: "Although horse question differs a little from other lines of stock, yet it is relatively in the same position as far as future prospects are concerned. Good horses are absolutely scarce in Canada to-day. I doubt whether real good draft horses were ever as scarce as they are now.

"Horses differ from other lines of stock in that they cannot be converted into beef and they, therefore, do not find the same ready sale as beef cattle. Depend on it, gentlemen, that there is no live stock that you can keep on your farm with more profit for the future market or that you can breed to give better returns than a good horse. You will not have to wait very long to find that out. Horses are going to be alarmingly scarce in the near future.

"We have a number of horses in every province, and a very large number in some provinces that are ill-bred and poorly fed. These horses are of no use for anything. They are not good enough for the purposes of the war. We cannot blame the French and British buyers for not taking these horses.

"The farmer is safe in breeding a good heavy carriage horse and a fair sized roadster. There will always be a sale in Canada for a good horse of that breed, notwithstanding the automobile and the tractor. It will take some time before the tractor will take the place of a good horse. The farmer can always produce his motive power on his own farm by breeding good horses. I am speaking of mixed farming in Ontario, and I do not want to be misunderstood, but this certainly applies to the Province of Ontario.

The winter of the first year of the calf or colt's life is generally the hardest one on it. Many farmers seem to think that straw and roots is about all these young animals should receive. This is a sad mistake, for at no period of their life should they receive better care or better food.

CHILDREN IN WARTIME.

Drawings by German Children Full of Blood and Slaughter.

As illustrative of the evil influence of the great war on the minds of even very young children, the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung recently printed excerpts from a book called "Children and the War," by Floerke, and from Rothe's work, with a similar title. The following passages are from the exercises of children between 8 and 13 years old attending elementary schools:

"Should the Kaiser send me to the front, I would take a rifle and hammer the Russians to a pulp. I would kill many of them, and stab many."

"Soldiers at the front must bear many privations, but all is forgotten when the order for storming comes. Cut them down! Wherever Germans go, only blows. The French know this, and run like hares."

"The Russians built mighty fortresses, and then we fell on them with hearty cannon thunder, which was our greeting."

"In the west the French and the British grocers are in a desperate situation, the remnants of the Belgian army have broken down, and in a short time German armies will be in England."

A seven-year-old girl wrote: "Shoot dead many wicked French for me."

A nine-year-old boy wrote: "All we boys say it would be splendid if the French, English, Russians and Serbs came. We would give them a dressing. I have a sword and helmet already—all I want now is a rifle."

A boy writes to Hindenburg: "Dear, good Hindenburg, knock the Russians hard and drive them again into the lakes. They will then yell and implore mercy. Drive them into the mud that the Czar may be miserable."

A child from the Palatinate wrote: "O dear Hindenburg, beat the Russians until the bits fly and we get another holiday."

Referring to the war drawings of German children, one of the authors declares that the children know no limits in their goriness. The drawings, so to say, dripped blood. It is not battle they depict, but slaughter. One of the writers states, according to the London Chronicle's translation, that he visited a school where he noticed a boy at a war picture. It was an obscure work, all lines and broken fragmentary things. The author could make nothing of it, and asked the boy for an explanation. The answer was, "A Russian hacked to pieces." The author's comment is:

"It is nonsense to say that the child who drew this did it with childish spontaneity. It had been suggested to him by the moral atmosphere in which he lived."

Work for Russian Army.

The Department of Rural Economy and Statistics of the Russian Ministry of Agriculture has compiled from Zemstvo reports a statement of the activities of the koustar or peasant workers in the making of products for the use of the army. Thus there were made in the Government of Viatka alone 167,467 short fur coats, costing 1,568,890 rubles; 92,615 pairs of felt boots, at 428,684 rubles; 11,030 pairs of stockings, at 5,294 rubles; knitted gloves, socks and mittens to the value of 1,952 rubles; 57,400 earth-carrying bags. Large quantities of material are being sent from all the Governments of the empire, and the nature of the product varies with the local industry. Thus in the sections where shoes are manufactured almost the entire output is being devoted to military purposes.

Debtor: "I want to pay that little bill of yours." Creditor: "Thank you, sir; thank you!" Debtor: "But I can't!"