# Between Cousins;

## OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

He was not more than half-way home when the messenger, sent in haste from the village, met him with the great news.

"The finest lassie you could pick for miles around, they say, minister, and the missis doing splendid, but frettin' after you, and you're to come home just as fast as your feet will carry you"—such was the purport of the good tidings brought by a grinning and breathless youth perspiring congratulation at every pore.

In a flash John's heart leaped up almost to his mouth. The face of the dead woman sank into an abyss of oblivion, and a tiny baby-face rose in its stead. At that moment he was as average a man as any in the village. Not even the fact of its being a girl instead of a boy could damp the natural pride of the father.

"As fast as my feet will carry me, you say?" he laughed aloud. "I should think so! But with the hillside in this state, that won't be overfast. And she's fretting, is she? My poor Ella! It wouldn't be a bad plan to borrow the wings of yonder hawk. Would he give me a loan of them, I wonder? What say you, Sandy?"

Sandy, pleasantly astonished at this quite unusual jocularity—for John was indeed talking as though under the influence of new wine—broadened his grin, while producing a less picturesque but more practical suggestion. Though wings might not be procurable, legs might be. Or, to put it more plainly, Mick Stuart, the forester in the gully hard by, possessed a pony which he would presumably be inclined to let out, and which would certainly do the road in half the time required by human legs.

John jumped at the suggestion, and in another ten minutes came in sight of the solitary cottage. It would almost appear as though Mick had forseen his wish and met it half-way, for before his door the very pony in question stood, ready saddled and bridled.

"That's for me, isn't it?" was John's elate greeting to the lad at its head. "You thought I'd be wanting him."

Before any answer came two men stepped out of the house, one of them the grey-bearded forester, whom John knew, the other a person whom he likewise knew by sight, though never before having exchanged a word with him.

It was some months now since the heap of stones noted by John two years ago with so much disapproval had turned into that quite superfluous Catholic Chapel, but only some weeks since Father Flinter had taken possession. John had seen him from afar, never without a slight attack of heart-burning; and once or twice had even taken the trouble to make a round, in order to avoid an inconvenient proximity. To-day, for the first time, he saw his spiritual rival near.

He was a very small person, of boyish, or more strictly speaking girlish, appearance, being fair and pink, while within his clear grey eyes was that particular frank fearlessness most often seen in the faces of very young and very healthy girls. The smallness of his stature and the daintiness of his limbs were anything but imposing—a fact to which, judging from the careful assumption of gravity both in feature and movements, he seemed very much alive. Willie Robson himself, in the years of his debut in the quarries, had not been more jealously watchful of his demeanour than was the small Father Flinter. "If you think I'm a mere pink-and-white doll, you're very much mistaken," his ostentatiously serious look seemed to say; while, by forbidding his full lips to smile unnecessarily, he evidently believed himself to be vindicating the dignity of his office. People who knew Father Flinter in later life reported of him that he laughed at least as frequently as other folk, but at this early stage of professional experience he evidently labored under the impression that every sign of hilarity suppressed added something like a cubit to his stature both physical and mental.

At sight of the "minister" he first colored as deeply as any girl could have done, and then gravely lifted his hat.

Hastily and indifferently John returned his salute. Father Flinter was of no interest to him at that moment. He turned to Mick Stuart.

"I can have the pony, can I not? I must go to Ardloch without delay. I've been away since yesterday. That storm in the night kept me back."

Mick began to dig about in his beard in evident distress.

"I'm really sorry, minister, but the pony's bespoke for Father Flinter here. He's been up in the hills all night, same as yourself."

John made an impatient gesture.

"Have you no second beast? I must get home, I tell you. I've just had the news that my wife has been brought to bed. She's fretting after me."

"I'm real sorry," repeated Mick, still tormenting his beard. But at this moment the miniature priest stepped forward.

"Oh, please take the pony," he said eagerly. "I don't mind walking at all, and of course you must get home at once."

John looked at him gratefully, not at all as though at a natural enemy, but still hesitating to accept help from such a quarter.

"But you've been up all night, Father—you know you have!" objected Mick, who being of the old faith himself, evidently inclined to favor his own pastor.

"Been havin' an awful hot time of it with Tom Scott," he explained to John, in an aside. "Last stage of what they call deleerum treem's."

"I don't like abusing of your—your kindness," stammered John, sorely pressed between two considerations. A closer look at the youthful face had revealed to him bluish shadows upon its pink, and a slight droop at the corners of the lips. "I did have some sleep in the night, for my—my patient died before dark. But it's not on my own account, you see, but on that of my wife. She is waiting. And then I must confess that I am just a bit impatient to embrace my daughter."

The laugh with which he ended rang with the pride of the young father.

Father Flinter echoed the laugh, his grey eyes twinkling in a manner that was decidely more boyish than girlish. But even before he had spoken, he had remembered his official dignity and corrected his expression into a gravity more decorous.

"Naturally you must be impatient. Pray, have no scruples at all. I'm quite well able for the walk—and there is nobody waiting for me, you know."

He smiled again as he said it, but in a different way this time. In fact, John did not quite know what to make of this second smile.

"Ah, no—to be sure," he said, and in the gaze he turned upon the youthful priest there stood written a sympathy which verged upon pity. "As you say, perhaps it's, after all, I who have the first claim on that pony. So if you are quite sure—"

A few more polite words exchanged, during which John tried hard not to look too sorry for the poor celibate before him—who, strangely enough, did not look particularly sorry for himself, and on whose lips the same enigmatical smile once or twice appeared. It was still there as he stood in the doorway watching John mount, and as, with measured gesture, he lifted his hat in farewell.

(To be continued.)

### A Mother's Short Cuts.

"How do you manage to have so much time for your children outside of all the home things you do for them?" questioned one mother of a neighbor.

"By taking short cuts through my work," was the laughing answer, "and trying to be ready for play in its own time."

"What do you mean by short cuts? Clothes can't be half-mended, dishes can't be half washed, bread can't be slack-baked."

"No, that would be cutting work short instead of cutting across it. I have several simple devices now for cutting across some of my duties. For example, part of the time I wear glasses and part of the time I do not need them. I used to waste many valuable moments in looking for them when changing from one task to another. At last I made a rule that in each room I must have one special place to lay them down and never allow myself to put them anywhere else. This habit has become settled and my glasses are never mislaid.

"Another time and labor-saving arrangement," went on the hostess, "is to hang in very room a small cushion on which are five or six needles, each threaded with a different color or weight of silk or cotton so that any moment I can run up a rip, sew on a button, mend a hole in a stocking, catch the sides of a rent together, or tack up a torn hem. You may not believe it but these stitches in time save more than nine in the future.

"When I wash the dishes, I do not use wiping towels but put them upon a rack and scald with plenty of water. They dry themselves in pure air and sunshine and I have no dishtowels to wash.

"On each floor of the house I keep one large scrap-basket into which I empty the contents of all the smaller baskets which I attend to, without extra steps, as I go from room to room.

"I also gather up odds and ends of time by tucking away in a bag or a basket in each of my haunts, a piece of embroidery, knitting or sewing so that when I have a leisure half-hour I do not need to hunt up materials or patterns. This sort of employment fits in well with reading aloud, attending to the children's piano practice, helping them with their lessons, listening to confidences or joining in games."

"Well," acknowledged the visiting mother as she rose to bid her friend good-by, "I see how I can try some short cuts! Perhaps my youngsters will appreciate a little 'more mother.'"

### Macaroni Dishes.

To boil macaroni properly have a large pot or saucepan two thirds full of water on the fire, put a level tablespoonful of salt into it for every quart of water, to which, if desired, may be added half tablespoonful of butter, which gives a better flavor, and when it is boiling fast, thrown into it the macaroni, wiped with a clean dry cloth, but not washed. Let it boil until it yields easily to pressure between the fingers; then drain it in a colander and rinse it thoroughly in cold water in which it should remain until you are ready to finish it according to any given recipe.

The same recipe may be used in cooking macaroni, spaghetti or ready-cuts.

If the macaroni or spaghetti, etc., is to be re-cooked with other ingredients or baked, it need not be cooked quite so tender.

**White Sauce:**—Heat in saucepan to boiling point 1 cup milk; add 2 tablespoons butter and 1 of flour; stir until thick and smooth. Season with salt and pepper.

**Tomato Sauce:**—Cut 7 or 8 tomatoes or use a can of tomatoes, cook on a slow fire with ½ ounce of butter, 1 onion, celery, season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly for an hour, add a little flour, cook 5 minutes more. Drain in a colander, then some meat extract may be added to give more flavor, and keep hot until ready to use with macaroni, spaghetti or ready-cuts.

**Macaroni Soup:**—Boil some milk macaroni as directed, till it is tender. Drain it off, and serve it cut up into three inch pieces in some clear broth.

**Milk Macaroni and Cheese:**—1-3 package macaroni, 1½ cup of thin white sauce, ½ cup of stale bread crumbs, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Break the macaroni in 2 inch pieces or buy a package of Milk Ready-Cuts—which are always cut to size—and cook in boiling salted water until soft, about 20 minutes. Pour into a colander and run cold water through it. Put in a buttered pudding dish and thoroughly stir in 1 teaspoonful mustard which has been mixed with water. Add the sauce with half the cheese in it. Put crumbs into melted butter. Add remaining cheese to them and spread this mixture over that in the dish. Brown in a hot oven.

### Tested Recipes.

**Rice Griddle Cakes:**—Turn into a mixing bowl one small cupful of cooked rice, free from lumps. Add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of molasses, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, two well beaten eggs, 2 cupfuls of flour sifted with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sufficient cold, sweet milk to form a pancake batter. Beat the mixture vigorously and fry on a hot griddle. Serve as soon as they are baked, as standing in the oven makes them soggy.

**Buttermilk Cookies:**—¾ cup shortening, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 teaspoon baking soda, flour to thicken. Roll biscuits ½-inch thick and cut.

**Rice Pudding With Raisins:**—¾ cup rice, ½ cup raisins, 1 cup milk, 1½ quarts boiling water, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup sugar. Stir the rice into the boiling salted water and cook until it is about half done, which will be about fifteen minutes. Drain the rice, add the milk, sugar and raisins, and place in a greased baking dish. Bake in a moderate oven for about forty-five minutes.

### Can The Surplus.

Now is the time to husband your resources and to prepare for the winter by canning and preserving. Soon it will be possible to obtain sufficient fruit and vegetables.

Do not try to have just one day for canning and then proceed to work from early morn until late at night; rather do a few jars each day, so without much hardship your supply will grow rapidly.

A few points to remember before starting:

First, Use good jars, taking care that the lids are in good condition.

Second. Use only new rubbers; old ones have lost their elasticity, so fail to perform their mission.

Third. It is of the utmost importance that the proper method of canning and preserving be used if you expect your food to keep. Careless or haphazard methods will spell failure and will result not only in loss of material and jars, but also in loss of time and labor. Understand thoroughly just what you are doing and then see that each rule is carefully followed.

### THE MINISTRY OF LOVE.

**Bonds of Sympathy Between Mothers of Our British Soldiers.**

Much has been written and told of the great work that the women of the Motherland are doing in munition factories, in aeroplane works, in shipbuilding yards, in agriculture and in countless ways that will release men for military service. But little has been heard of another piece of work that hundreds of women in the Old Land are doing for our boys in throwing open their homes to them and looking after them when on leave.

Recently one of the first contingent boys just finished his fourth visit to one of these charming homes, and wrote his mother what "perfectly bully people they all were, and Mrs. C. just mothers us and makes a real home for us."

Letters have passed between the boy's mother and the dear old lady whose wonderful kindness has meant so much to the young Canadian. And now the mother here has received the most delightful pen-picture of her boy from his kind "mother" in England, telling all the dear, intimate things that a mother longs to know about her boy, but would never ask him to tell her. How comforting it was to the mother to learn that "you will be proud of him, for the two years in France have improved him physically, while in character he is still the nice, clean, lovable boy we first met at Christmas, 1914. I can assure you France has not harmed him the least little bit. He has sailed clear of temptations."

Another mother in the city whose boy was severely wounded for the second time and was in hospital in London, received a delightful letter from an English friend who journeyed away from the north to London just to see the young major. She spent several days there "fixing things up for him," and incidentally cabled encouraging news. In the letter she also gave interesting details, all about the Military Cross he had been presented with at Buckingham Palace, told of the nature of the wounds, gave the young officer all the Canadian news from her letters and wrote many for him to friends here. Still another dear mother wrote to a sorrowing mother here about her brave boy's death, and sent a flower from his grave in the English graveyard.

Many, many instances of loving thought and continued kindnesses could be recounted. They are bright spots in these trying days of suspense and anxiety, and we can only remember to thank God that such women are acting as guardian angels to our boys.

### Definitions.

A philosopher is a man who can bear another's troubles with equanimity.

A philanthropist is a man who tells others where to give their money.

A pacifist is a man who permits others to fight his battles.

Thomas: "Why in the world did you name your baby 'Bill'?" Burke: "Because he came on the first of the month."

Officer—Do you know anything about field drilling? Private—Field drilling? Oh yes, I used to have a job in an artesian well company.

Railroad extensions in China are proposed involving an expenditure of an amount estimating at $60,000,000. The projects are entirely commercial and private. One thousand five hundred miles are to be constructed through the richest sections of China, and possibly an equal amount later.


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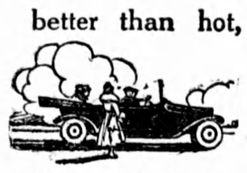

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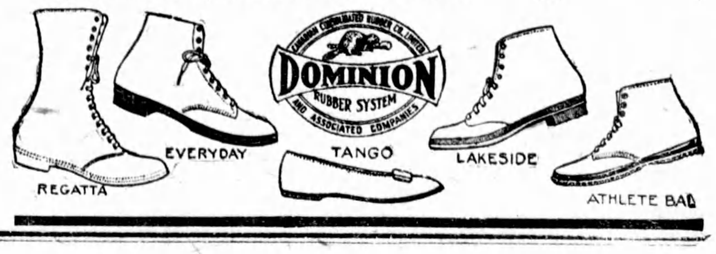


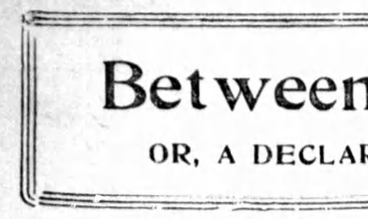


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