Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

There was a little doubt in John's tone—a doubt of which Fenella was so keenly conscious that, having given a hasty assurance, she lapsed into another spell of silence. No wonder, surely, if her father felt sceptical regarding her qualifications as an angel of consolation, seeing that she had never fairly tried her hand at the work. The part of John's children in his labors had always been as good as nil. A given number of flannel petticoats were sewed every winter, and a given quantity of soup dispensed from the Rectory kitchen. Practically they acted as a ransom from any more intimate co-operation, and a cheap ransom too, considering the embarrassments thus escaped. That soup and flannel petticoats, though excellent things in themselves, did not necessarily represent the highest forms of charity had scarcely occurred to Fenella hitherto, though she could not help dimly understanding that in her father's eyes other forms stood higher.

That father, with his world-abstracted gaze, his undying interest in what most people seemed to consider the dullest side of life, had always been to Fenella a half sacred and wholly enigmatical figure. The attraction of the enigma put a note of tenderness into the awe-struck veneration with which she regarded him. It was both mortifying and astonishing, for instance, that he should stand so completely aloof from the cult of the family beauty. He alone seemed to feel no interest in her future career. Yet, something told her that it was no want of tenderness which lay at the bottom of this strange indifference. Lately—perhaps since Ella's shadow no longer fell between them—she had begun to feel that she wanted to find out what it was that did lie at the bottom of it; and yesterday's incident had brought the resire to a head. The pathos of his solitary mission had pursued her even into the ball-room. To-day's resolve was the fruit. As she walked by her father's side up the glen that was musical with the voices both of birds and of the many burns hurrying to throw themselves into the embrace of the river in the hollow, Fenella's state of mind was a mixture of self-approval and of trepidation—of self-approval because she was doing a thing which struck herself as verging on the heroic, of trepidation because, in spite of her brave words, she was a little afraid of the painful sights awaiting her, and still more afraid of the moral discomfort inseparable from any contact with these humbly-situated blood-relations. For Fenella, despite her unspoiled heart, was as deeply imbued with the importance of her own social positions as Ella herself could have wished her to be. She was quite disposed to be sympathetic, and as helpful as need be, but even the desire of pleasing her father could not dispose her to be more than condescending.

The sight of Adam's croft, perched high upon the river-bank, and in the mighty shadow of the opposite hillside, helped to quicken her misgivings. Yes; decidedly it was a little humiliating to own cousins who lodged as humbly, even though as picturesquely as this. Adam, with his thirty-five years' earnings, might well have afforder himself a slate roof, had he chosen, but out of sheer constitutional conservation, he held on grimly to the straw thatch, and even to the dangling stones whose mission in life was to counteract the rush of winter blasts tearing down the glen from the widerness beyond, for ever on the point of lifting the roof from the walls as readily as any hat from a human head. A chimney indeed was visible, but one of that time-honored sort which is produced by inserting a small herring-barrel, with the bottom knocked out, in the thick of the thatch. What had been good enough for his forefathers was good enough for him, Adam argued. The thatch itself was in excellent repair, and the garden patch beside the cottage carefully dug; but this and various other signs of thriftiness and method could not, in Fenella's eyes, redeem the lowliness of the abode.

"You had better wait a bit, until I inquire," said John, a little nervously, standing still before the closed door.

She watched him as he bent his head under the low-hanging door-beam, and while she waited the trepidation sharpened to anxiety. Might not Adam be dead already, and she be called upon to look upon a corpse? Long afterwards she remembered the look of the bare hillside opposite, with the sheep wandering about among the boulders in search of the first green tufts, and the sound of the invisible river at the foot of the steep bank. All these things seemed to partake of that sense of expectation, of the fear of the sight of death which had come over her.

Then her father looked out and said, his voice mingling with that of the water:

"The night has been good, thank God! You can come in, Fenella, if you want to, but you must not stay long; he is very weak."

With somewhat accelerated heart-beats, Fenella, in turn, bent her head and followed her father through the tiny entrance and through a door to the left. The space within was so darkened that at first she could distinguish nothing but the flames upon the hearth, whose reflection fell upon the flagged floor, and the girdle suspended above which to judge from the smell of hot oatmeal which met her, was doubtless laden with oat-cakes.

"This way," whispered her father, taking her by the hand and leading her towards what seemed to be a sort of square cave in the wall, draped with narrow curtains.

She had stood beside it for several moments before she was able to distinguish what seemed to be a human form in the deep cupboard-bed, with a package of bandages on the pillow, which presumably was the head, and two smaller bandaged packets lying outside the blanket—probably the hands.

"Adam," said John, bending over him; "I have come back, as I promised. You hear me, do you not?

"Aye, I hear you," came the faint whisper from the bed, while one of the bandaged hands made a tentative movement, as though groping for something. "You're aye as good as your word."

"I'm better than my word, Adam—I haven't come alone. Fenella is with me, my youngest girl, you know. She wants to know if she can be of any help to you."

There was more lively movement in the bed, and then, after a speechless pause, the words came almost precipitately:

"Your girl, John? Has she come in here? Is she near me now?"

"You shouldn't have brought her in without telling him," said a voice behind Fenella, speaking in a whisper that sounded angry. "The doctor said he wasn't to be excited, and this visit is no such an ordinary thing."

Fenella, though she did not turn her head, supposed it was Duncan who was speaking, and wondered why he should be bitter as well as angry.

"Yes, she is near you, Adam; here is her hand." And John gently pulled Fenella's half-reluctant fingers towards one of the bandaged packages.

"It is good of you—very good of you, Miss Fenella, to visit a stricken wretch—and stricken through his own fault too."

"That's a lie!" said that same deep and emphatic whisper behind Fenella.

"It's because John—because your father has a kind of affection for me that you've come, I'm thinkin'?"

It was evident that, even in its present weakened state, Adam's brain required an explanation of the phenomenon.

"Yes; I—I was so dreadfully sorry to hear of the accident," stam-

(To be continued.)

IF FOOD DISAGREES DRINK HOT WATER

When food lies like lead in the stomach and you have that uncomfortable, distended feeling, it is because of insufficient blood supply to the stomach, combined with acid and food fermentation. In such cases try the plan now followed in many hospitals and advised by many eminent physicians of taking a teaspoonful of pure bisurated magnesia in half a glass of water, as hot as you can comfortably drink it. The hot water draws the blood to the stomach and the bisurated magnesia, as any physician can tell you, instantly neutralizes the acid and stops the food fermentation. Try this simple plan and you will be astonished at the immediate feeling of relief and comfort that always follows the restoration of the normal process of digestion. People who find it inconvenient at times to secure hot water and travelers who are frequently obliged to take hasty meals poorly prepared, should always take two or three five-grain tablets of Bisurated Magnesia after meals to prevent fermentation and neutralize the acid in their stomach.

The Dairy Farmer's Ten Commandments.

Mr. Charles Christadoro has issued what he calls "Ten Commandments for the Dairy Farmer" as follows:

Keep healthy cows.
Select good producers.
Use only pure bred bulls.
Feed liberally an approved ration.
Produce the feed.
Keep barn clean and aired.
Keep the cows comfortable.
Be considerate to the cows.
Provide shade and wind protection.
Feed and milk regularly.

Clean farming, the securing of vigorous growth in young plants and good cultivation are the best protective measures against insect attack.

TO GARNER CROP WEST NEEDS MEN

THE "IMPERIOUS URGENCY" OF CONSERVING GRAIN YIELD.

Survey Conducted by Canadian Northern Indicates Need of 25,000 Men Along Its Lines.

The successful harvesting of the crop in Western Canada this season is what Ex-Premier Asquith of Great Britain would term "a matter of imperious urgency."

Since men began to sow grain west of the Great Lakes, there has never been so much depending upon the yield of grain in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta as there is this year.

The Canadian Northern Railway, with lines gridironing the productive sections in the west, has already concluded a survey as to labour needs, and the prospects of the wages to be paid, and has announced that 25,000 men will be required to help the farmers garner the crops in the territory it serves. The indications are that the average wages will be around three dollars a day. A further conference between the representatives of the Government, the railways and the farmers is to be held, when further details will be brought out.

The farming situation in Ontario may not permit of sending as much help as in former seasons, but nothing should be left undone on the farms and in the towns to give the western farmers the assistance of which they stand to-day in urgent need.

Morning in the Plowed Fields.

Morning in the plowed fields, while
the dew is wet;
Singing till the sun comes, how can
life forget!
Beauty of the fresh earth, sweetened
as it lies.
Breathing out the fragrance fallen
from the skies!
Mocking birds and redwings,
The killdee and the dove—
Morning in the plowed fields
Planting dreams of love!

Second crop of hay cut, curing hour
by hour;
Half a mile of daisies all in snowy
flower;
Dew in every gold cup fresh as fairy
lips—
Ah, the wine of this world when the
morning sips!
Catbirds after cherries,
Rookery full of crows—
What men want to fight for
Heaven only knows!

Raspberries down the green lane
scenting all the way,
Grasshops in the cornfields, crickets
in the hay;
Wind among the treetops just awake,
and, oh,
The sweetness of the plowed fields
when the breezes blow!
Summer in a dreamland,
The farm bell far away—
Hot cornbread for breakfast,
And then get in that hay!

DOMINION FROM SEA TO SEA.

The Idea of Our Country's Name Came From the 72nd Psalm.

The British North America Act which made Canada a Dominion came into force on July 1, 1867, and that original essay in Dominion self-government has richly justified the faith and foresight of those who undertook it, says the Glasgow Herald.

The Convention sat in a room in the Westminster Palace Hotel, in London, which is now the smoking-room of the National Liberal Club. A tablet fixed in the wall records the fact that in this chamber the delegates conferred. Those who took part in the proceedings are all dead. Sir Charles Tupper was the last survivor, and he died at a ripe old age a very few years ago. The word "Dominion" was suggested by the Bible.

Sir Leonard Tilley had been reading in the 72nd Psalm "He shall have dominion from sea to sea," and thought the passage applicable to Canada.

An English farmer was recently fined seventy-five pounds for refusing to deliver his wool to a dealer named by the British war authorities.

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BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Sixth Lesson.—Starches and Sugars.

Starches and sugars have many properties in common, and for this reason are grouped together under the name carbohydrates. The preceding lessons have told that carbohydrates furnish heat for the body and energy to do work.

Starch is found principally in cereals, grains and vegetables. It is soluble in cold water and coagulates or thickens when dissolved in cold water and heat is applied. Applying heat causes the cell-like structure to expand and burst, thereby thickening the liquid. Dry starch when heated turns a light brown in color. This is called dextrin, and is soluble in cold water. It is the basis of British gum and is often used in making library paste. When starch is heated beyond the dextrin stage it is transformed into carbon, all the moisture being removed setting the carbon free.

Digestion of Starches.

The process of digestion with starches starts in the mouth. It is most important that all food containing starch be thoroughly masticated. Failure to chew food thoroughly will prevent the saliva from acting upon the starch and prevent the continuation of this important process in the stomach. When starch foods are thoroughly masticated the action of the saliva continues upon the food in the stomach for at least half an hour, until checked by the acidity of the gastric juices. It is for this reason many persons are unable to eat starchy foods with other food containing fruit or vegetable acids.

The stomach ferments do not act upon starch as it passes into the small intestine. The pancreatic juice and intestinal ferments complete the final changes which occur and are absolutely necessary to convert the starches into soluble sugars.

It is necessary to combine starchy foods with protein foods, as all excess starch is stored in the body in the form of fat.

Cooking Starches.

Starchy foods must be thoroughly cooked, owing to the fact that few, if any, persons thoroughly chew the food which contains starch. Carelessly cooked starchy foods will produce intestinal disturbances. This is particularly true of breakfast foods. Unless they are well coked they should not be given to infants or elderly persons.

The fireless coker is an ideal method of preparing breakfast foods, and, in fact, for cooking all starchy foods.

Sugars.

There are many kinds of sugars. The most familiar of them is the cane sugar. Sugar is also obtained from beet roots, maple trees and certain kinds of palms.

Sugar is also found in vegetables, fruits and milk. The greatest amount comes from sugar cane, which is a plant somewhat resembling corn. It is crushed between rollers, extracting the sweet juice, which is clarified and evaporated until, upon cooling, its crystals appear in a thick liquid. This liquid is molasses. The crystals are brown sugar.

The brown sugar, by a process of refining, is made into many kinds of sugar known to housewives.

Grape and fruit sugars are found in grapes, peaches and other fruits. It is two and one-half times less sweet than cane. Glucose is manufactured on a large scale from corn. Lactose, or milk sugar, is found in milk. The commerical sugar of milk comes from Switzerland, and is made by evaporating the whey of the cow's milk. It is used for sweetening drinks for infants and the sick. It is less liable to produce acid fermentation than cane sugar and is more easily digested.

The Food Value of Sugar.

Sugar is valuable as a nutriment, easy to digest and quickly absorbed by the body. Cane sugar, in the process of digestion, owing to the action of the pancreatic juices, is converted into glucose, and after its absorption it is completely utilized in furnishing heat and energy.

Sugar may be used freely during cold weather without injurious effects, but only a small amount should be used during hot weather.

Win-the-War Recipes.

Every time cornmeal is used where wheat products were once used, we help to win the war. Have cornmeal mush for breakfast, with figs, dates or fruit for variety; use cornmeal in quiet breads, yeast breads, desserts. Omit all wheat breakfast cereals. Use rolled oats for muffins, rolls and yeast-raised bread.

Cornmeal Muffins.—One cupful sour milk, one and one-third cupfuls flour, two-thirds cupful cornmeal, one to two tablespoonfuls fat, one to two tablespoonfuls sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one-half teaspoonful salt. Mix milk, egg and melted fat and add dry ingredients well mixed.

Indian Pudding.—Three-fourths cupful cornmeal, one quart milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, three tablespoonfuls sugar, or one-third cupful molasses. Heat the milk. Sift in the cornmeal as in making mush. Add salt and sugar. Turn into buttered baking dish, put dish in pan of water, and bake very slowly two and one-half to three hours. Serve with hard sauce, cream or crushed fruit.

Oatmeal Muffins.—One-half cupful cooked oatmeal or rolled oats, one egg, two tablespoonfuls fat, one and one-half cupfuls flour, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, four teaspoonfuls baking powder. Cook oatmeal, using one part oatmeal to two parts water. A large proportion of water makes too soft a mush and gummy muffins. Mix milk, oatmeal, egg and melted fat. Add dry ingredients after sifting them together. Bake twenty-five to thirty minutes. This makes ten to twelve muffins.

Rye Muffins.—Two and one-half heaping tablespoonfuls each of rye and Indian meal, one tablespoonful sugar and melted butter, one tablespoonful salt, one egg, beaten; one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar dissolved in enough milk or water to make a drop batter. Beat well, drop by the spoon in hot fat, or bake in muffin tins.

SHELLS LIKE THUNDERCLAP

British Shrapnel Explodes More Quietly than Does German.

Writing from British field headquarters, Edward P. Bell, says:—

Listening to the explosion—continuous as I write—of British and German shrapnel shells, one notes a striking difference in the sounds produced. The British shells make a comparatively soft report, while the German projectiles make a piercing, shattering sound like that of a terrible thunderclap. Moreover, the subsequent sounds are different, those from the German shells being more sibilant in quality and greater in volume than those from the British shells.

Which shell is the more destructive I cannot say. The German has a sharper, louder report, due to the fact that is is charged not only with shrapnel bullets, but with high explosive materials. This material bursts the steel shell case so that the whistling noises following are caused by a mixture of bullets and fragments of steel.

The British shell case, on the other hand, does not burst. It remains intact and pours its bullets from the shell mouth as a shotgun pours its shot; thus perhaps the bullets are brought to bear more effectively in a definite direction. Certainly the British must have some good reason for using the type employed.

Brother Fritz's penchant for "frightfulness" shows itself in all he does. There is probably no doubt, as regards his high explosive shrapnel shell, that he reasons that, whether it is really more destructive than the other or not, it is calculated to produce greater fright—a thing which commanders always must fight against among their troops. Happily for the British army, Tommy Atkins is about the hardest man to scare that ever wore a uniform.

Not To Be Cheated.

Little John had been extra specially good that afternoon, and father felt amiably inclined.

"Papa," piped John, "can I have a banana?"

"Yes, certainly, soonny."

"Papa, if I was twins would you give the other boy a banana too?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, papa, you aren't going to cheat me out of another banana just because I'm all in one piece, are you?"

Success with poultry means work, and the work must be given when needed.

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