BOVRIL

Body Building Power independently proved to be 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)

"Is it that you would rather not be seen with me?"

With a rush of eagerness she answered: "No—oh, no! Please do not believe that, Duncan!"

"Then let us get along," he said shortly, and tramped on.

Accepting the inevitable, she kept by his side, not without a certain inward trepidation, since a meeting would undoubtedly be awkward. Yet what choice had she in the matter? Only the choice of offending him again by flatly refusing his escort; and she was feeling far too glad of having made her peace with this so unmanageable man—a gladness which at this moment amounted to light-heartedness—to court that danger so soon again.

With the minutes the trepidation passed, perhaps diverted by the interest of the subject started, for Duncan, fresh from a conflict with the manager, had got launched on a theme round which his daily life was wrapping itself more and more closely.

"He thinks to frighten me out of going to law, but he'll sooner frighten the deer off the hills and the seals out of the loch."

Fenella listened with the alarmed interest which the subject always aroused in her, yet to-day she was listening with but one ear, as it were. With the other she was hearkening to the voice of the leaping burns which, through the darkness, called on: "I come! I come!" to the impatient river below. Their hurry and their shouts served but to make more palpable the cool, blossom-scented peace of the glen.

Fenella was quite astonished when the bridge was reached, beyond which protection became superfluous; and the good-night she gave her escort was devoid of that condescension which hitherto had marked her most gracious mood, and all the warmer for that consciousness of a reparation due.

CHAPTER X.

"Red wi' plood, and plack wi' smoke—that's what it was— the most hell-like night that th' Almighty ever sent to curse this mortal earth."

Thus spoke Lame Liz, propped against a mound of chintz-covered pillows, her large flat face—enlarged yet by the supplementary frill of a perpetual nightcap—looming out of the shadows of the cupboard-bed in which she spent her days.

This was the sort of thing she loved; thus to hold her court in the midst of a half-circle of attentive listeners, the very doubt and half-repulsion of whose gaze flattered her secretly, tribute as it was to that uncanny reputation which it was the object of her life to live up to. For there were gruesome things said about Lame Liz. That she possessed the "second sight" no one seriously doubted; but it was not this which caused most people to choose the further side of the road when passing her hut—nor was her supposed familiarity with the spirits of the dead calculated to lower her in her neighbors' esteem. She might be frere cochon with as many ghosts as she chose, and no one think the worse of her. But Ardloch's large-mindedness in matters occult drew the line at the arch-enemy of manhind, and it was with no less than intimacy with him that Lame Liz was universally credited. Unholy rites in lonely places, the assumed form of both four-footed and feathered beasts, all this was put down to her account. Her very infirmity had, according to popular belief, been caused by a stray shot fired on a certain full-moon night on which she was masquerading as a hare, which, hitting her—for the time being—furry hip, had ever since kept her tied to that bed, so often abandoned with evil intentions.

Upon all these points Mabel had been informed before entering the sibyl's hut, where, to her deep disappointment, she found nothing but a very ordinary old woman in a nightcap, and with surroundings which had nothing whatever in common with a sibyl's cave—for the unwashed plates and soiled linen, in Adam M'Donnell's hut so conspicuous by their absence, flourished here unchecked. Whatever other uses Liz might be supposed to make of broomsticks, their normal, domestic use was obviously much neglected within these walls.

But when she began to talk, matters improved, for the store of incidents which, with a vigour of consonants highly diverting to Mabel's English ears, she laboriously produced, was well calculated to further that rare luxury: a genuine shiver. Already the company had been regaled with supernatural anecdotes, and had heard expounded the meaning of the "corpse-lights," whose mission, floating over the Burial Island, was to forefell a death in one of the three chief families of the community. And now Albert M'Donnell, leaning insinuatingly forward upon the stool that was his seat, and exchanging meanwhile a glance of amused understanding with Mabel, made an approach to a more delicate subject.

"Will you not tell this lady, Liz, how you came to be confined to your bed?"

At this, in the dim light of the recess, Liz might be seen to straighten—perhaps to stiffen herself upon the pillows, while her large, knotted hands, folded on the top of the patchwork coverlet, unclasped uneasily, and then shakily refolded.

"No, no, Mr. Albert! Ye know full well that that's forbidden talk, just calculated to bring Father Grey down upon me with his penances. I'm thinkin' he wud no be ofer well pleased to have peen listenin' this last half-hour. He's just wild against any talk of the 'seein';'—suppersteeshun, he calls it. If by ill-luck he should coom in now and find ye all here, he'd guess in a moment what you've peen after; and he whiles cooms in at this very hour," finished Liz, the frill of her dingy nightcap visibly quivering in a crescendo of agitation.

"She's a Roman Catholic," explained Albert, aside to Mabel; then aloud: "Father Grey isn't anywhere near, and we won't betray you. Come: Liz; what was the truth of that nightly adventure thirty years ago,—or was it thirty-five?"

But Liz, though visibly tempted, continued to shake her large head. The delight of posing as a genuine "spaewife" evidently fought hard against her dread of Father Grey, with whom, upon this very subject, she stood in a chronic feud. For Father Grey, despite his mild white hairs, had declared war to the knife against beliefs which he termed "heathenish."

"He can't take it in, poor man, and how should he?" Liz would say, with a pity which was real. "He's no o' our folk, and they Southerners have no imageenashun."

But for all that she writhed under the spiritual threats of the man of no imagination, and submitted to the extent of never positively confirming the legend concerning her own lameness, though not to the point of admitting—as he would have her do—that nothing more occult than "the rheumatics" forbade her putting her foot to the ground. At this humiliating confession she stopped short, today as always, while the darkness of the hints which she allowed to hover around the subject, and which, issuing from the depths of the cavernous bed, gained considerably in darkness, might be supposed to reconcile conscience and desire.

From this point the company, perhaps gorged with the supernatural, had turned to more earthly matters.

"Red wi' plood, and plack wi' fire," repeated Liz, obviously pleased with her own choice of epithets, and settling herself in her pillows for the narrative of the "Massacker," for which she had been called upon.

"Maybe ye've read in yer history books"—("No, I haven't," interpolated Mabel, from mere force of habit)—"how the usurrper called William putt his heel down on our folk, and how the chiefs were held to make their submeeshun by a certain day, or else to lose their heads. Well, our chief, Alan Macdonald, held out to the last—God pless him!—and when he did set out wi' heavy heart and his auld, weary feet, the road was ower bad, or else he made a mistake about the place, and he missed the turn by quite a wee bit, an because of that wee bit the bloody order was given. They do say that the auld chief's submeeshun was kept from the English William by the M'Muirs, of course, who stood in favor just then, and who for a hundred years had been thirsting for our blood. And wherefore? Because of a few head o' cattle, forsooth, which the puir fools had been too feckless to guard, and which our folk had better use for than they. And it was done in cold blood too—in cold, Saxon blood; for the company of red-coats that came from the South were too weak to do it alone. For fourteen days they sat in our huts, eatin' our bread, warmin' themsels at our hearthstone, kissin' our maids, and all the while waitin' for the other red-coats from the North that were to help them in the butcherin'. Fearfu' must have been the oaths that bound them to silence; for some o' them had hearts the stane in the glen—it's no far off the monument—to which one o' the red-coats—one o' those that kissed the lasses, I'm thinkin'—tried to speak the truth wi'out breakin' his word. 'Oh, in their bodies. They'll show you stane,' he said, and stood before it, 'if I was you I'd lift myself out o' a place where such black deeds are gettin' ready, and I'd leap ower the mountains rather than look upon that which be comin'.' But our folks were deaf and blind, as honest folks are, and they went on feedin' their murderers, and the chief himself lit the candles every evenin' on the card-table, to do honor to the English captain who was quartered upon him.

"It was at the card-table they were sittin' when the signal-shot was fired by the company from the North, comin' down the glen. They'll show ye the thorn-bush where the gun went off, and they'll show you the walls up the glen with the mark of the smoke still upon them and the brackens growin' out o' them,—for it was at that shot that the murderin' and the firin' began. Wi' the chief it began. Upon his own doorstep he fell, whither he had stepped out to hearken if more shots were comin'—stabbed in the back by the very man who had sat at his table for two weeks. And in the huts the English swords held fine harvest. Like bullocks our people were butchered—wherefore? Wherefore?" asked Liz, sitting up slowly in her bed, one big, gaunt hand clenching in mid-air. "For the sake of those very bullocks which those fools ha not known how to herd. Ah, it was a night that the M'Muirs had seen in their dreams for long—for long! And yet, by the mercy of God, they did not get all the blood they wanted. The old bull fell, but the bull-calves got away over the hills. It was the snow that helped the brave boys, the heavy snow and their own wits. For more than a mile they walked as folk say the crabs do—backwards—and so made fools o' the thick-skulled English murderers. Red wi' plood—red wi' plood—that's what it was!"

(To be continued.)

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Seventeenth Lesson—Meats.

Meat is a bundle of lean, muscular fibers that are held together by connective tissue, containing albumen, or protein; gelatinoids, or gelatine, and extractives or flavoring.

There are two factors to be remembered when cooking meat:

First. When making soups, broths and teas, the meat is placed in cold water and brought slowly to boil and then cooked on the simmering burner at a temperature of 165 to 180 degrees Fahrenheit. By using this method, a rich delicious broth is obtained which contains all the nutriment of the meat.

Second. When searing the outer surface of the meat quickly use a strong heat. This keeps the juices and nutriment in the meat. Then continue cooking the desired length of time. By using this method all the gelatinoids and extractives are kept in the meat.

It is a known fect that albumen, gelatinoids and extractives or flavoring in meat are soluble in cold water.

Marketing

Many housewives try to eliminate this feature of the household regime as much as possible and so order by telephone or leave it until the last minute and then rush out to buy anything, helter-skelter. The purchasing of food supplies should be the most important duty of the housewife. In this day of advancing prices it behooves us to husband very carefully our resources. Get full value for each penny spent.

By this I do not mean purchasing cheap foods, but that you must know just what you want and the time to get it. Cook in an appetizing manner and serve temptingly and you will feel well repaid by the hearty appreciation of your family.

Do not order by telephone if you can possibly help it. Slip on your hat and coat and see for yourself just what you are paying for. Under your own personal supervision your butcher or grocer will give you much better service.

Many housewives feel very inexperienced at buying. When about to purchase meat and unable to make a choice of cuts she invariably falls back on, "Oh, I guess steak or chops will do." Or, "I really don't know what to get; I'm tired of meat, anyway." Many butchers, realizing this state of affairs, gladly take advantage of it and play upon it to the utmost of their powers.

Know the Various Cuts

It will be found that knowing the cuts of meat and being able to judge by appearance will help, but first and foremost the odor of the meat will give you a definite idea about its condition. The odors of poultry and fish will help you in the same way. Meat should have a good appearance. By this I mean it should have a good red color shortly after cutting. The fat should be creamy white and firm in appearance, and should have a pleasant meaty odor. All this is absolutely essential for good meat.

About 26 per cent. of the beef carcass is in the fine and fancy cuts of meat and, therefore, accordingly high in price, because three out of five women usually say "steak."

Here are a few recipes for the cheaper cuts of meat, which are delicious and nutritious, and they will be heartily welcomed by the man of the family:

Casserole of Shin Beef

Prepare two pounds of shin beef by browning quickly in two tablespoonfuls of fat in hot frying pan. Then put in casserole dish or baking dish and add four medium-sized onions, six potatoes, one pint of water. Put the cover on the dish and bake for one hour in a moderate oven. Or use a saucepan that can be covered tightly and then cook on the simmering burner. Thicken the gravy with browned flour. Season with salt, pepper and finely chopped parsley. Then serve.

Reducing Expenses

The war has so increased the cost of living, the housewife must make her money go further.

By using Red Rose Tea, which chiefly consists of strong, rich Assam teas, she can keep her tea bills down. The rich Assam strength requires less tea in the pot—and there's only one tea with the rich Red Rose flavor!

Kept Good by the Sealed Package

640

Geo. Wright & Co., Props.

If You Are Not Already Acquainted

let me introduce you to the Walker House (The House of Plenty), wherein home comfort is made the paramount factor. It is the one hotel where the management lend every effort to make its patrons feel it is "Just like home."

THE WALKER HOUSE

The House of Plenty

TORONTO, CANADA

Cleaning and Dyeing

BLANKETS
CARPETS
LACE CURTAINS
FEATHERS
FURS
DRAPERIES
GOWNS
TABLE COVERS
QUILTS
GENTS' CLOTHING

Quick Service
Excellent Work

Send for our Catalogue on Cleaning and Dyeing

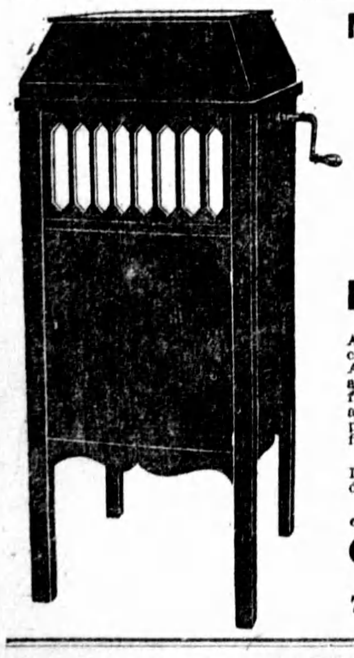
Moderate Charges

We Pay Carriage Charges One Way.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers

791 Yonge Street - - Toronto



MANUFACTURER'S OVERSTOCK

To be cleared out at

WHOLESALE PRICES

500

Phonographs

Reg. $50 to go at $35

An exceptional opportunity to get a first-class machine at a bargain. Equipped with A.1 Motor, Universal Tone Arm that plays all makes of records and Tone Control for full or modulated volume. Has, in fact, all the features found on the higher priced machines. The case is in mahogany finish, 41 in. high.

One year guarantee with each machine. If not as represented return within 10 days and get your money back.

Price while they last $35 cash with order or C.O.D.

G. D. ROBERTSON,

Manufacturers' Agent,

77 BAY ST., - TORONTO

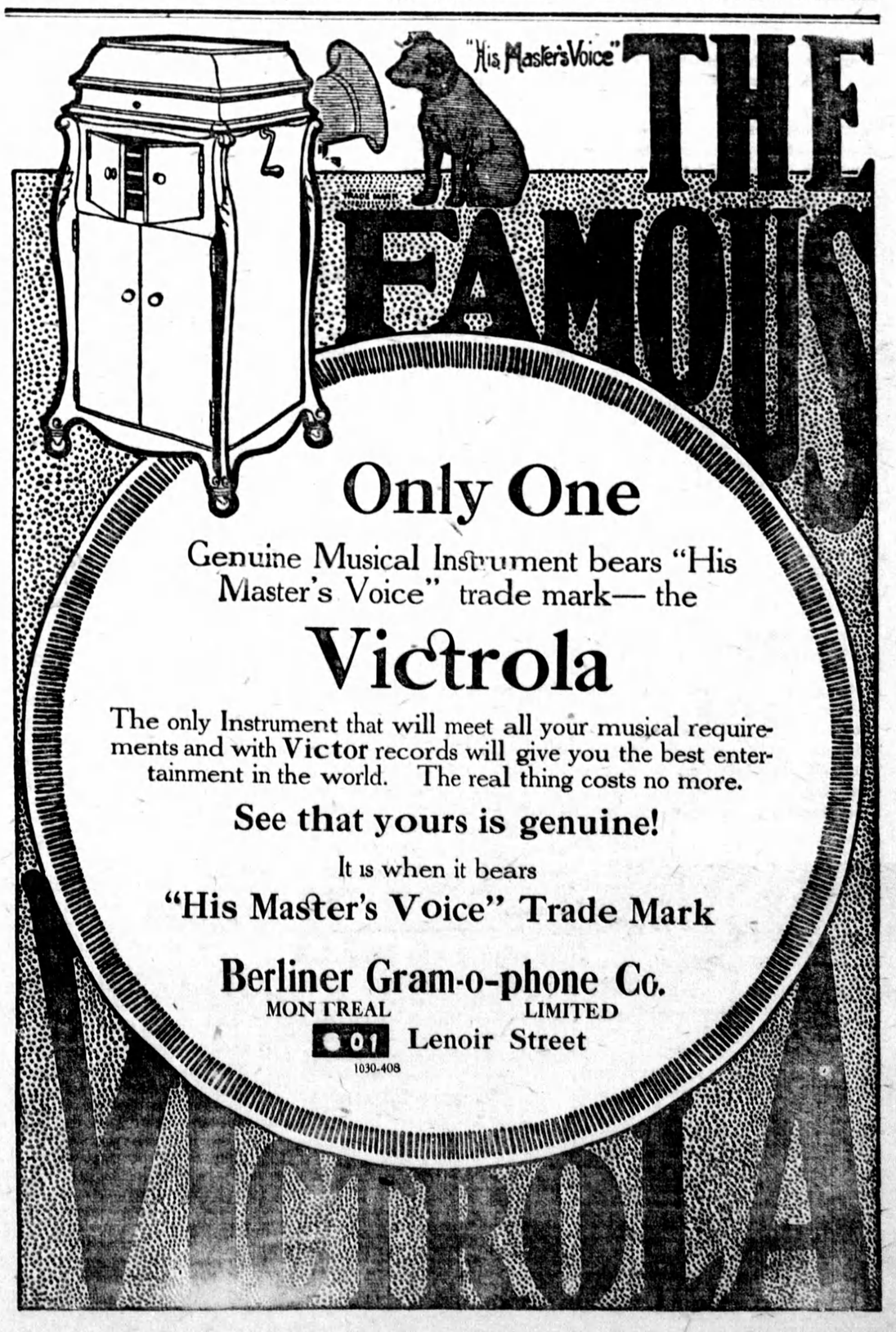
BLACK
WHITE
TAN

SHOE POLISHES

2 IN 1

10c

F. F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA LTD.
HAMILTON, CAN.



Only One

Genuine Musical Instrument bears "His Master's Voice" trade mark— the

Victrola

The only Instrument that will meet all your musical requirements and with **Victor** records will give you the best entertainment in the world. The real thing costs no more.

See that yours is genuine!

It is when it bears

"His Master's Voice" Trade Mark

Berliner Gram-o-phone Co.

MONTREAL LIMITED

Lenoir Street

1030-408