Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)

"I can well believe that it shuold put you out, Mr. Albert, and you with such plans in your head. But it is so certain that we shall trouble you? If it were not for father, I should be for leaving the country—it would be easier for Miss Fenella herself; but I cannot leave him in his ailing state."

This tone of quiet assurance and that "we" was the last drop in the cup of Albert's wrath. Such a descent into details seemed to put a seal of certainty upon a thing which he still persisted in treating upon the level of a mere bogey.

"You are a blackguard," he said, between his closed teeth, yet plainly enough, while by his sides his hands nervously closed.

"And you are—her brother, else you might well happen to choke upon that word."

The face of the elder man had grown dark and hard, but scarcely discomposed.

With craned neck and starting eyes, his hands still clenched by his sides, his body taut and ready, Albert stood close before him. One movement of Duncan's would inevitably have precipitated a physical collision, that old, original way of settling quarrels, to which, in moments of elementary passion, even civilised and even educated Man occasionally returns. But Duncan, although his eye held that of Albert in a grip that in itself was a warning, moved as little as does a big dog when a little dog is snarling into its face. His hands were in his pockets, nor did he even take the precaution of withdrawing them, and as little as there was a preparation of defence, as little was there a provocation to attack.

For the space of a few breaths Albert's tense attitude persisted, then gradually relaxed, and with the relaxation came a rush of smarting shame. The boy's impotent fury felt itself silently rebuked by the man's mature self-mastery.

To end the interview with as little further loss of dignity as was possible seemed all that remained.

"Oh, it is no use talking while you are in this pig-headed mood," he declared, gathering together the fragments of his initial haughtiness. "But you will think better of it, and so will Fenella; I will make her think better of it. And, in any case, this preposterous thing shall not happen. What am I here for, I should like to know?"

And without waiting for a retort which was not coming, Albert flung away down the lane, his brain seething with wild plans of action, his vanity smarting under the consciousness that the advantage of the interview had not been on his side.

CHAPTER XXI.

Upon its death-bed of withering heather and yellowing bracken, the Ardloch summer lay beautifully dying; and from that very bed, as from a bed of birth, autumn rose up, with in her face a sadder, milder, more insinuating because more suggestive beauty.

For Fenella this season of passage was a passage in more senses than one. These stormy autumn weeks held for her both a new bliss and a new torture. She had been too used to cherishing—even though calculating—care, to petting and approval, to be able to bear disapproval lightly. So much coldness after so much warmth could not but chill her to the heart. How much greater would have been her happiness had she been able to share it with those nearest her!

Without her father's support, there were moments when Fenella's courage might have tottered. And even his support was but a passive one.

These weeks of betrothal, full of secret happiness, were nevertheless empty of what is usually understood as joy. This was as Fenella had known it must be. Even when, in the Pass, she had felt Duncan's hands upon her own, and had raised her face to meet his, it had been with an overflowing, but not with a light heart. She had sinned against a social law, and must pay the penalty. The very scene of their bethrothal—stern and hard-featured—seemed to warn the young people of that which lay before them: no pleasant dalliance, but a bitter struggle with the prejudice of a caste. Yet, for all the voice of reason, it remained hard to be treated as a traitor to a common cause.

From the outer public the situation still remained screened, the engagement being so far unpublished—the one concession wrung by Albert from his father. So long as it was not announced it remained possible to consider it as non-existent; which meant a gain of time for further measures. The absence of the Attertons on a round of visits struck Albert as a providential arrangement, since even well-guarded secrets have a way of leaking out.

To Mr. Berrell, however, it had been necessary to speak, precisely for fear of this leaking process. True, in the statement which Albert, in some trepidation, personally made to his future brother-in-law the fact did not figure as a fact, but rather as a danger to be averted. Even in this modified shape Julia's fiance took it badly.

"That fellow? The troublesome workman?" he repeated, in a tone or arrogant astonishment. "Has your sister gone off her head? How did she get acquainted with him?"

Somewhat shamefacedly Albert explained about the sick-calls.

"Deucedly imprudent of you to allow such a thing! Young girls are just like young cats—certain to be after the biggest Tom a-going. At her age a fine lump of flesh is enough to strike any of them silly. If she wasn't moonstruck she'd probably feel sick at the idea of marrying a man with a tool-bag on his back."

"But she's not going to marry him," hastily explained Albert, not very pleasantly touched at recognising his own taunt in this more brutal garb. "It's just a passing fancy, of course, and it's the business of her relations—the rational ones—to prevent her making a mess of her life. Trust me for that! I'll make it impossible, somehow; but meanwhile I think you ought to know how matters stand, considering your impending connection with the family."

"Humph!"

Mr. Berrell, sitting in his office-chair, before a table piled with ledgers fell into a brown study, whose depth by no means beautified his low-browed, thick-lipped face.

"How about Macgilvray of Rockshiel? He's just been making fools of you all, I suppose. If he had come to the point this couldn't have happened. That would have fixed her up, you bet!"

Here, also making a virtue of necessity, Albert confessed the truth, whose primary result was to cause the manager to bound in his chair in an almost shuttle-cock fashion.

"What! Refused him? Decidedly you'd better hand her over to the nearest asylum. Preferring a quarryman to a landowner—why, it's not even decent! A fine connection, indeed, ha, ha!—and I who have been saying to Julia that Mr. Macgilvray's influence would probably be able to get me on a better job than this!"

He sat down again, drumming impatiently with his thick fingers upon the arms of the chair, and lending only half an ear to Albert's soothing assurances.

"How do you mean to prevent it?" he ungraciously inquired.

"First by gaining time. His father is against it, mercifully, and he is ill; that will delay things anyway through the winter; and during the winter it's ten to one Fenella will become rational."

"And if she doesn't?"

"Then something else may happen,—will happen, in fact. I don't know what, but it's just got to."

"I know what would happen if she was my daughter," and Mr. Berrell disclosed his large teeth suggestively. "Bread and water and solitary confinement until she came to her senses."

Not without a touch of regret Albert pronounced the arrangement unfeasible.

"How about buying him off?" suggested the manager, after another gloomy pause. "A hundred pounds goes a long way with a man who earns thirty shillings a week. And I shouldn't mind going halves if it rids us of him."

Albert shook his head, with increased decision. To Duncan's interlocutor of the other day Mr. Berrell's proposal seemed almost humorous.

"Ah, high and mighty, is he? That's the worst sort to deal with. Yes, I might have known it—had a taste of him in spring. A regular pig-headed, cantankerous fellow; and always just he crossing my path."

"And mine as well," laughed Albert bitterly. "We're in the same boat, so far as that goes; but surely we'd need to be idiots not to find a way out of it!"

"Well, find a way out of it! It's your business to do so, since it's your imprudence that is to blame."

Through the words there rang a certain note of warning, appreciated by Albert at its full value.

Left to himself, the black-haired manager remained scowling into space, which was his fashion of being depressed. It really would be an awful bore to have to break off his engagement, but it would be a still greater bore to have Duncan M'Donnell for a brother-in-law. Rather than that he would let Julia go. At this point of his meditations Mr. Berrell noisily expelled the air from his puffed cheeks,—his fashion of sighing. For, though practical considerations had been the chief motor of his action, they had not been the only ones. It was his reason which had pointed out to him the advisability of "settling down," but it was his taste which had selected Julia, whose large and somewhat "loud" personality had for him that peculiar attraction which bright colors and big patterns have for certain primitive minds. In his opinion she quite outshone her sister, if only for the reason that there was more of her. To renounce her would unquestionably cost a pang; the mere thought of it quickened his spite against the cause of that possible renunciation. Sympathy here joined hands with antipathy; for despite the suit withdrawn, Duncan's presumption of the spring still rankled, and always would; and this offence was blacker than the first. Ah, but he should be made to feel it, just as he had been made to feel it in summer. There were ways and means enough, the heavens be praised!

(To be continued.)

Shown Up.

Ignorance, says Dr. John Grier Hibben, is quick to betray itself. A young woman met a young man in a library, and in the course of their conversation the man remarked that he was a great reader.

"I am reading Shakespeare now," said the girl. "Did you ever read Romeo and Juliet?"

"I've read Romeo," said the young man.

Prune puddings or whips make cheap and wholesome desserts.

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ELECTRICITY FOR CROPS.

British and French Experiments Show Amazing Results.

So successful have been the English experiments in increasing crops by electrical charges that France is going into the work with great energy and on a tremendous scope. Le Journal, one of the leading Parisian newspapers, gives the results of the first trial of the experiment at Ecosse. Thirteen acres without other fertilization were fed by electric charges emanating from twenty-one parallel wires strung on six and one-half foot posts across its surface, 90,000 volts were shot through these wires, striking at frequent intervals ball-like interrupters between which they flash and sparkle across sixteen inch spaces. This electric current stimulates the growth of the seed.

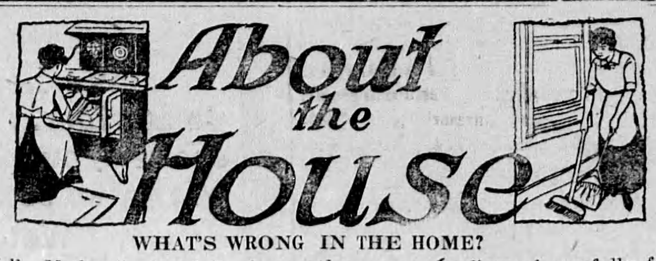
The oats, sown on the 27th of March, came up on April 13 and the current was fed it thenceforth. From the 16th of May on a noticeable difference in the growth of the oats in this field and others not treated by electricity could be noted.

On June 18 the electrified oats were fifty-eight inches high, while the oats not treated so were only forty inches in height. On June 25 the comparison was seventy-three against fifty-six inches and on July 3, 101 against sixty-three.

On August 17 the charges were discontinued. On Sept. 12 the oats were thrashed with the following amazing results. The electrified crop measured 108.5 bushels to the hectare (two acres), while the other crop came only to 72.5 bushels. The straw of the former crop weighed almost double that of the latter.

Prunes are one of the best fruits to serve on wheatless days, since they supply iron, as does whole wheat. Dried apricots, prunes of other dried fruit if soaked for twenty-four hours instead of overnight seem to require less sugar for sweetening. Sugar is scarce and expensive.

Feed to produce one dozen eggs costs 10c. with pullets, 14c. with two-year-old hens and 19c. with three-year-old hens in a three-year feeding test recently reported by the United States Department of Agriculture.



WHAT'S WRONG IN THE HOME?

"Well, Mother," cheerfully began Mr. Benton, "what do you want for your birthday?"

"Nothing at all!" Mother answered defiantly.

"Why, Mother!" faltered Ruth. "What's the matter? You're not sick, are you?"

"Yes," she answered, "sick of having new things come into the house when all the time it is the old things that should have attention. I tell you, these little annoyances are getting on my nerves and I can't enjoy my home at all for worrying about all the things that need attention. The kitchen faucet leaks. The dining-room window rattles until it nearly drives me distracted. The window-blind in my bedroom refuses to go up more than half way and the bottom board on the stairway creaks loud enough to wake anyone from a sound sleep."

"No wonder you are nervous," comforted Father. "They are startling. I never thought of them collectively before. Make out a list of the little things all over the house which need attention and the children and I will give you a shower of 'annoyance removers' for your birthday. How's that?"

"I'll begin at once!' exclaimed Mrs. Benton, determined to grasp the opportunity. "I never fell that we can afford to have an expert come out here and attend to these little things and you never have time."

"I'll take a day from the plowing," promised her husband.

Mrs. Benton immediately started on a tour of the house, trying to view it through the critical eyes of a stranger. The eyes can usually endure more than the ear so she listened carefully for disturbing sounds as well.

A squeaky hinge of the swinging door in the dining-room caught her attention as she passed through it. Down went a memorandum. The wind was blowing and the offending window in the same room began its rat-tat-tat. "Never mind, you're doomed," promised Mrs. Benton as she wrote, "West dining-room window rattles."

The bathroom door stuck at the bottom and the window had to be propped up because the rope holding its iron weight had broken. One hinge was missing from the kitchen cupboard door and the spring on the back screen was weak so that the door could not shut quickly enough to keep flies out. The offending board on the stairway and a board on the back steps which needed additional nails were noted.

The kitchen stool had a habit of losing one leg at unexpected times. The iron grate in the kitchen range had to be handled carefully lest it fall into the ash pan.

At last the list was complete. Though much longer than she had expected, Mrs. Benton viewed it with satisfaction. What a joy it was to know that all these petty annoyances were to be wiped out in one day!

What is wrong in your home? If the items were counted, the sum total would doubtless astonish you. Induce the handy man of the house to set a certain time to attend to all these little repairs; or be your own "handy man." You will be surprised and delighted to see how much can be accomplished by determination plus glue, nails, string and a few simple tools. Try it.

WAR MENUS TO SAVE WHEAT, BEEF AND BACON.

Breakfast. — Buckwheat griddle cakes, syrup, toast, tea or coffee.

Dinner.—Boston roast, corn bread, apple sauce, tea.

Supper.—Potato soup, oatmeal muffins, apple sauce, tea.

The recipe for Boston Roast, mentioned above, is as follows:—

Boston Roast.—2 cups dry kidney beans, 1 cup bread crumbs, 2 cups grated cheese, 3 teaspoons salt, ½ cup liquid, 1 tablespoon chopped onion. Soak beans 24 hours. Cook in salted water until soft. Drain, put through food chopper, add onion, cheese, crumbs, more salt if needed enough of the water in which beans were cooked (about ½ cup to moisten). Form into loaf, bake in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Baste occasionally with hot water and fat.

Breakfast.—Oatmeal porridge, baked apples, brown bread toast, tea or coffee.

Dinner.—Fish pie, mashed potatoes, boiled carrots, cup pudding.

Supper.—Cream of celery soup, war bread, cottage cheese, tea biscuits, syrup, tea.

The recipes for Fish Pie and Cup Pudding, mentioned above, are as follows:—

Fish Pie.—2 cups flaked fish, 1 cup seasoned white sauce. Mix the flaked fish with the white sauce, put into a greased baker, cover the top with buttered bread crumbs, and cook in the oven until the crumbs are brown.

Cup Pudding.—Put into each greased cup 1 tablespoon of jam. Cover to one-half the cup with a batter made as follows:—2 tablespoons of butter, ½ cup of sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 2½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder. Cream the butter, add sugar gradually, and egg well beaten; mix and sift flour, baking powder, and salt; and alternately with milk to first mixture. After turning into cups, put in the oven and bake.

Breakfast. — Cornmeal porridge, toast, pear jam, tea or coffee.

Dinner.—Fried haddock, mashed potatoes, creamed onions, emergency biscuits, honey.

Supper.—Pea soup, baked potatoes, brown bread, rhubarb jam, tea.

The recipes for Pea Soup and Emergency Biscuits, mentioned above, are as follows:—

Pea Soup.—Cover a shin bone with cold water, and bring to a boil. Boil gently for the whole of two hours. Then add one cup of peas brose, pepper and salt to taste, and a very little grated onion. Boil for half an hour longer strain and serve.

Emergency Biscuits.—1 cup white flour, 1 cup graham flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter substitute, 5 teaspoons baking powder. Milk to moisten into a dough a little too soft to roll. Drop by spoonfuls onto a greased pan, and bake in a hot oven.

Breakfast. — Buckwheat griddle cakes, syrup, corn bread, coffee.

Dinner.—Baked beans, brown bread, baked potato.

Supper.—Scalloped tomato, bread, stewed prunes, tea.

The recipes for Baked Beans, Brown Bread and Barley Bread, mentioned above, are as follows:—

Brown Bread.—2 cups graham flour, 1 cup white flour, ¾ cup molasses, 1¾ cups sweet milk, ¾ teaspoons soda, 1½ teaspoons salt. Sift the flour, salt and soda. Add the molasses and the milk. Pour into well greased moulds and steam about three hours.

Barley Bread.—4 2-3 cups wheat flour, 2 1-3 cups barley flour, 2 cups milk and water, or water, 1 cake compressed yeast, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 teaspoons salt. Soften the yeast in part of the liquid. Combine all the ingredients, and mix into a dough. Knead and let rise to double its bulk. Knead again. Put into the pan, and when double its bulk bake about ¾ of an hour. This recipe makes two loaves.

Baked Beans.—Pick over the beans, cover with cold water and soak over night. In morning, drain, cover with fresh water, heat slowly (keeping water below boiling-point), and cook until skins burst. Drain beans, throwing out the water. Put into a bean pot a few pieces of salt pork cut into cubes. Cover with the beans, and add 1 tablespoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of molasses, 3 tablespoons of sugar. For every quart of dry beans used, add 1 cup of boiling water, and as they cook add more boiling water to cover. Cover the bean pot, put it in the oven and bake slowly six or eight hours, or cook in a fireless cooker. Some prefer to add a little mustard.

Food Control Corner

Standard Flour and Standard Bread For Canada.

Announcement is made from the Office of the Food Controller that a date would soon be named after which Canadian mills will not be permitted to use more than 265 pounds of spring wheat or more than 275 pounds of winter wheat to produce 196 pounds of flour. This will give standard grades of spring wheat and winter wheat flour for all Canada and no mill will be allowed to manufacture flour of a lower extraction than the standard. By making available a larger part of the wheat berry for human consumption and by stopping the manufacture of patent flour, a considerable saving of wheat for export to the Allied nations will be effected. Moreover a uniform extraction will be established which may be increased if considered advisable.

The Food Controller is also making arrangements for a standard loaf of bread from the standard flour. He has written to millers, wholesale flour dealers, wholesale grocers, retail flour dealers and retail grocers, emphasizing the necessity of discouraging hoarding of flour. It is pointed out that the new regulations will not lessen the quantity available for consumption in the Dominion.

Millers are asked not to sell more than the usual quantities of flour to bakers and wholesale dealers and to advise their customers not to stock heavily with regular grades of flour. Wholesale dealers are asked not to allow retail dealers to stock heavily with regular grades of flour and retail dealers are asked not to sell more than one week's flour to families, except in cases where it is impossible for the customer to secure supplies weekly. Millers are also requested not to require dealers to take certain quantities of flour when purchasing other products of the mill.

Mr. Hanna states that it should be distinctly understood that "millers, wholesalers and retailers who do not accede to these requests will be promptly dealt with and the shipment of flour by or to these persons will be prohibited."

The letter adds that a date will be set after which bakers will be required to sell their bread based on the price of the standard flour. Therefore, bakers who purchase large stocks of patent flour may find themselves in an unfortunate position when the Order is issued for the production of bread from standard flour.

The standard flour will be of high quality and will be quite as palatable as the patents and even more conducive to health. Samples of the standard spring and winter wheat flours will be furnished and all mills will be required to produce a quality of flour which will not be superior in color to the standard samples. Every mill must furnish to the Food Controller's Office every two weeks a statement showing the quantity of wheat ground and the weight of flour produced therefrom. Failure on the part of any of the mills to comply with the Food Controller's regulations may result in cancellation of license.

One hundred and sixty-seven Canadian flour mills are already under license from the Food Controller's Office. All the remaining mills will be similarly licensed. The profits of the licensed mills have been limited to a maximum average of twenty-five cents on the milling of enough wheat to make a barrel of flour (196 lbs.).

THE RATE OF TREE GROWTH.

How Fast Does a Forest Rebuild Itself?

The rate of growth of trees in the forest is usually exaggerated greatly.

Dr. C. D. Howe, who during the past summer made a study of the reproduction and growth of the pulpwood species after logging, in the St. Maurice Valley, Quebec, on behalf of the Commission of Conservation, produced the following conclusions:

Over 2,000 trees were analyzed to determine their rate of growth in diameter, height and volume. While the results of this study have not yet been tabulated, they have gone far enough to justify the statement that within the forest type under consideration, it takes about 40 years for the little spruce trees to acquire a diameter of one inch; 100 years to make a six-inch tree, and 150 years to reach the minimum diameter limit of 12 inches established by the cutting regulations in Quebec, for white and black spruce. Balsam grows somewhat faster. A one-inch tree is made in about 16 years, and it takes in the neighborhood of 70 years to reach the Quebec diameter limit of seven inches at two feet from the ground.

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THE SAFE WAR.

Percentage of Killed is Far Less Than In Battles of Old.

Despite the number of deaths in modern battles, the percentage of killed is far less than in the battles of old. In the 1917 spring drive of the French army 15,000 men were killed out of approximately 200,000 engaged. Compare this figure (one of the bloodiest on the allies' side) with some statistics from ancient and medieval battles.

At Cannæ 40,000 Romans out of 80,000 were killed; at Hastings the Normans, though the victors, lost 10,000 out of 60,000, and at Cr ssy 12,000 Frenchmen out of 100,000 were, it is asserted, killed, without reckoning the wounded.

When the flintlock reigned the average proportion of killed and wounded in ten battles, beginning with Zorndorff in 1758 and ending with Waterloo, was from one-fourth to one-fifth of the troops present on both sides. The heaviest loss was at Zorndorff, where 32,916 out of 82,000 were killed or wounded. It was also very heavy at Eylau, being 55,000 out of 160,000 men.

In the campaign in Italy in 1859 rifles were used on both sides, and the proportion of casualties to combatants was at Magenta and Solferino one-eleventh. In the Franco-Prussian war, when both sides were armed with breech-loading rifles, the average proportion of killed and wounded at Worth, Spicheren, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte and Sedan was one-ninth, the heaviest loss being at Mare-le-Tours, where it was one-sixth, and the smallest at Sedan where it was one-twelfth.

WOUND STATISTICS.

Showing the Percentage of Mortal Injuries on Battlefields.

Statistics of men wounded in trench warfare have just been published for the period between January, 1916, and June, 1916. Seven and eighty-seven hundredths per cent. of wounded men die on the battlefield. Ten and sixteen-hundredths per cent. die later from their injuries or 18.03 succumb, a proportion far less than the 25 per cent. estimated mortality which surgeons drew up when the war began.

Artillery causes 54.74 per cent. of wounds, rifles and revolvers 39.16 per cent., bayonets 0.59 and gas 5.61. Bombs, which have supplanted bayonet work so largely, are classed with artillery.

Percentages for wounds in the head and neck are 21.92, for the trunk they are 21.63, while wounds in the extremities stand at 56.4 per cent.

Twenty-three and sixty-two hundredths per cent. of the wounds are classed as serious, 63.01 as medium and 13.07 as so slight that the victims can return to the lines immediately.

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NOW there IS just one WALKER HOUSE
In ONE TOWN where I stay,
And, say, you ought to see me grin
When my trip heads that way.
The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows,
Was when a kid Dad bought me Red topped boots with copper toes.
When other travellers hit that town,
They, too, don't want to roam,
For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE
It's just like staying home."
Where is the ONE TOWN where that
WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know?
Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O.
The House of Plenty
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Baby's Own Soap

Its fragrance is pleasant
but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin
Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own.
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