# Between Cousins;

## OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

"Not so far—but it's coming—never fear! I've got an idea which I hope will work. I mean to persuade my father that Fenella ought to leave us for a bit. We've got friends in Glasgow; I'll get her an invitation; and, once she's gone, there are all sorts of possibilities. She's so pretty that she's bound to pick up admirers, and if Duncan gets jealous—and his devil's pride will serve well here—a mistake so easily arises."

He was speaking with that hurried eagerness, that brillancy of gaze which betrays a fever of mind and almost of body. As Mr. Berrell watched him a curious smile distended his thick lips.

"I see. And if a mistake refuses to arise, I suppose it wouldn't be so difficult to give it a shove, eh?"

Albert's flush deepened, but his eyes did not drop.

"If it was to save her from life-long misery I should consider even subterfuge allowable."

It was boldly said, under the instinctive conviction that here was no need for over-delicate consideration of nice points of honor.

Mr. Berrell said nothing. He was looking away from Albert now, towards the face of rock opposite on which the human ants were busy.

"It's not a bad idea, I think?" persisted Albert.

"Deuced slow, and deuced uncertain. There must be quicker ways than that."

"I can think of no quicker way which wouldn't collide with the law of the land," said Albert, with a nervour laugh, devoid of all gaiety.

"There he is!" remarked the manager suddenly, pointing a big finger across the abyss at their feet.

"Where?"

"That fellow on the rope—there beside the long cleft—the one swinging just now—see?"

Ablert strained his eyes towards the man, who, suspended from a height of some forty feet, was at that moment swaying rapidly from side to side in avoidance of some loose stones from above, and with a sheer wall of some two hundred feet descending straight from under him. The face of rock on which he worked bristled with iron spikes as a pincushion with pins. After five or six lively swings, he checked himself by one of them, and astride upon that perilous seat, set to work again with his tool. Although the sight was not new to Albert, yet merely to look on gave a slightly sick feeling.

"It would be an awful fall," he said, speaking low. "He would be smashed to pieces, I suppose?"

"To smithereens! That's a quick way, if you like!"

He laughed in a fashion which grated strangely upon Albert's nerves. The young man could not forbear a shudder.

"But these accidents are very rare, are they not?"

"Pretty rare. If they slip off the peg, there is the rope, you see."

"And does the rope never break?"

"'Never' is a big word. They're periodilally inspected, of course; but with the amount of friction they go through, mishaps can't be quite excluded. It all depends upon the man above. If the fastening isn't secure, or if the rope gets rubbed through, it's he who is responsible."

Albert laughed in his turn, a little shrilly. "I shouldn't like the man above to have a grudge against me."

"Might be awkward, certainly, considering that one slice of his pocket-knife would send you to glory. And the man above isn't a man at all in this case, as you see, but a mere boy. He can't get anything but a crew of boys nowadays. 'Strikes me a bit foolhardy of him to put his life into such juvenile hands."

"Foolhardy, beyond words," said Albert, with conviction.

With an elaborate yawn, the manager turned, and gave a quite superfluous kick to a broken wheel, shed by some decrepit truck years ago, and rusting away peaceably under the shelter of nettles and docken-leaves.

"Well, a fool's blood will fall on nobody's head but his own. But no doubt he'll have a fool's luck. It's always the inconvenient accidents that happen."

He gave another awkward laugh, his white-negro face looking almost foolish as he did so. For a moment or so the two men, avoiding each others eyes, stared across at the grey wall of the amphitheatre, with the scars of the blasts, and the white quartz veins running over its face, while the familiar "chip, chip" sounded loud in their ears.

"It's shocking to think of," said Albert quickly, after that moment, and, for the second time to-day, put out his hand.

For the second time Mr. Berrell delayed taking it, jerking his eyes back to the other's face.

"You've heard of the return?"

"Whose return?"

"The Attertons. Due at Balladrochit on Saturday."

"How do you know?" asked Albert precipitately.

"Had it from Mrs. Perkin, who had it from the Balladrochit housekeeper. It's quite fixed."

Albert stood for a moment longer, apparently trying to collect his thoughts. Then finally took his leave.

"I'm afraid you're in for a bad spell. Looks like dirty weather."

"I'm afraid so too. All the more reason for getting over in time."

He walked rapidly away, shaken by a new and strong feeling of repulsion for his future brother-in-law, but nevertheless aware that the seed of some sort of a new idea had been dropped into his mind.

CHAPTER XXII.

Between Ardloch and the loch-end the seed grew apace, with a forced growth, as it were, for which that parting piece of news had to be thanked. Mabel to be back within a week, and nothing yet done to blot out the family disgrace! Once upon the spot, would it be possible to hide from her quick eyes the blackness of Fenella's guilt? And was not revelation synonymous with the renunciation of his hopes?

Let it not be forgotten that the man now racking his head over the problem was the same who, months ago, had said to Mabel: "When you are marching towards a goal, you can't stop to negotiate with obstacles; they have got to be either cleared away or else trampled down."

He had tried the clearing-away process, and had failed. There remained the trampling—not so completely uncongenial an idea to the descendant of such ancestors as Albert M'Donnell could boast of. The uplifting of his narrow head and the quiver of his thin nostrils, as he viewed the prospect, said as much. Worldly wisdom notwithstanding, Mabel had probably been right when she surmised that a dirk in his hand would prove a more than usually dangerous instrument. The untamed Gaelic blood might be deeply overlaid by utilitarian principles, but for all that it still lived, as a coal lives under the ashes. A wild desire to fight out the matter with Duncan, physically and palpably, came over him again to-day, as it had come over him on the day when he had all but sprung at his throat in the lane beside the spawife's grave. Projects—mediaeval in their simplicity— of proposing to his antagonist a sort of rustic duel, upon whose issue the decision should depend, whirled through his brain, only to be as inevitably rejected as the first suggestion. What remained? Nothing that he could see, beyond a general resolve to keep his senses on the alert, and a vague confidence in that saying which asserts that the gods have a habit of helping those who help themselves. Ah, but they would have to help quickly, with Saturday so close!

The "dirty" weather predicted by Mr. Berrell had become dirtier by next day. So wild was the morning, and the loch so formidable with white crests, that Albert, having taken a look round, perforce gave up all hope of seeing his spirit-level that day.

Smithy work was about all the day was fit for, apparently; so, having given his orders for a general overhauling of implements, Albert retired to his den and to his primitive lunch.

He had barely done eating it, without the smallest relish—since nothing nowadays seemed to have any taste in his mouth—when, gazing idly through the window, in one of the comparatively peaceful intervals, he let out an "Ah!" of surprise, for upon the tumultuous field of water a black speck which could only be a boat was ploughing its way onward.

"Can it be my spirit-level, after all?" he asked himself, well-pleased. "Julia must have bribed that fellow finely!"

That the craft was making for the loch-end was clear, from the simple fact that there was nowhere else to make for.

He waited until the shape of the plunging boat became plain, and then, taking his cap, walked down to the water's edge, and stood there expectantly. The tide was at its highest just then, and the rocky galleries, running along for a mile or two on either side of the narrow loch-end, deeply submerged, with only some trailing end of their seaweed draperies floating up at moments into sight. The four or five boats tethered at the landing-stage were curtseying tumultuously, and, with the rage of the last squall barely spent, its successor was already pushing its black head round the shoulder of the hill. The herons that dwelt among the ash-trees above came flapping back uneasily from a brief fishing excursion.

When the boat was within a hundred yards of the shore, Albert suddenly craned his neck and kept it rigid, his eyes narrowing in their sockets.

Surely it could not be—yes, it was, though! Every instant and every

(To be continued.)

### Their Fathers.

Two little Scotch girls were boasting about their respective soldier fathers. "My father's a soger," said Jeanie. "My father's a soger tae," retorted Jessie. "Ah, but my father's a brave man, a terribly brave man," persisted Jeanie; "he's been in a war an' he's got medals, a terrible lot o' medals; an' he's got the Victory Cross, and the King fastened it on with his own han'!" "But my father's a braver man than yours," said Jessie, sticking up valiantly for the honor of the family, "an" he's got a wudden leg 'at the King nailed on wi' his ain han'!"

### Prepare For Next Winter.

Unless all signs fail, the coal shortage next winter will be more acute than this winter, and every effort should be exerted to provide a supply of dry hardwood. Farmers and villagers will be expected to look after themselves, but in cities and towns the responsibility is devolving upon the municipal authorities. These should lose no time in organizing to have wood cut, hauled and stored to dry during the summer. If this is not done, the situation next winter promises to be very serious indeed.

Gunns Shur-Gain Fertilizer

# Food Control Corner

Mr. H. B. Thomson, Canada's new Food Controller, in his first personal public statement to the Canadian Press, called for broad-minded, constructive co-operation by all the people of the Dominion. He also paid tribute to the work of the Hon. Mr. Hanna, his predecessor in the Office.

"When the history of Food Control is written, the initial handling of a most difficult and complicated situation will be appreciated. Not till then will the work of the Hon. Mr. Hanna be fully recognized. The people of this country will then come to the conclusion that Canada was truly fortunate in the selection of Mr. Hanna as Food Controller," said Mr. Thomson.

"Now that the full seriousness of the world food situation has been grasped by Canadians, all will devote their energies to helpful and constructive co-operation in this nation-wide work.

"Food Control viewed from the eminence of the 'parish pump' is very simple: but there are no 'parish pumps' in Canada of sufficient altitude to command a view of the forty-ninth parallel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 3,800 miles.

"The war is not being fought by one man. Canada presents a solid front of some 400,000 men in the trenches. The Victory Loan of $450,000,000 was not raised by a few, but was paid for by one person in every nine throughout Canada. This was all voluntary work under guidance. Now that the whole situation and the pressing necessity of conservation and production have been put before the people, each of the eight million citizens of Canada should constitute him or herself a Food Controller. It is up to everyone of you to see that there is no break in the line.

"The whole urgency of the case is summed up in two words, THRIFT and INDUSTRY. Get to understand the meaning of both of these words and then 'DO YOUR UTMOST.' Miracles cannot be performed; but enormously greater good can be accomplished if we all pull together."

After conference with General S. T. Mewburn, Minister of Militia, the Food Controller has issued a statement pointing out that it is entirely unnecessary for additional food to be supplied by relatives and friends to Canadian soldiers while in this country, in view of the liberal and varied food ration issued to the troops by the Militia Department.

The statement adds that the aggregate quantity of food thus privately sent to the soldiers is very large and that much of it, having been conveyed long distances in heated express or mail cars, is more or less spoiled and consequently injurious to the health of the men. The public are, therefore, asked to discontinue the practice of sending foodstuffs to the soldiers in Canada.

The waste referred to can be checked only by getting each soldier's family and friends to realize that they individually are the persons who are asked to stop sending food in this way. The situation overseas is so critical that every avenue of food waste must be closed, the statement concludes.

### WOUNDED HEROES SERVING.

**Needle Becomes War Weapon To Men Eager to Serve.**

Sewing is no longer a despised art for men. The needle is now classed among small arms in this war, and the wounded soldiers in the convalescent hospitals are still able to do their bit.

A contented mind is half the battle of convalescence and to have an easy mind, the wounded men must kill time with some occupation. Sewing and embroidery, even crochet and tatting have been brought into service by the vocational training instructors of the Military Hospitals Commission who also direct the occupational work in the hospitals.

The men in the Canadian Hospitals are not yet engaged in practical sewing as are the convalescents in many of the continental convalescent hospitals where the wounded are engaged in making clothes for the war stricken peasants of Syria and Palestine, but they have many art novelties which have been sold to support relief funds for such purposes.

The convalescent soldiers in Europe were given at first the straightforward sewing of children's simple dresses which had been cut out and tacked together. They became so proficient in a short time that they were allowed to cut them out as well, and now they are skilled seamstresses or "seamsters." Sewing machines have been installed through the agency of the Red Cross and the work is going ahead with great speed. The completed garments are going to the refugee camps.

Go back to the simple life, be contented with simple food, simple pleasures, simple clothes. Work hard, pray hard, play hard. Work, eat, recreate and sleep. Do it all courageously. We have a victory to win.

### TRY THESE ONE-DISH DINNERS.

**Fish Chowder**

Rabbit, fowl, or any meat may be used instead of the fish, or tomatoes instead of milk. Carrots may be omitted. 1½ pounds fish (fresh, salt, or canned), 9 potatoes, peeled and cut in small pieces, 1 onion, sliced, 2 cups carrots cut in pieces, ¼ pound salt pork, 3 cups milk, pepper, 3 tablespoons flour. Cut pork in small pieces and fry with the chopped onion for five minutes. Put pork, onions, carrots, and potatoes in kettle and cover with boiling water. Cook until vegetables are tender. Mix three tablespoons of flour with one-half cup of the cold milk and stir in the liquid in the pot to thicken. Add the rest of the milk and the fish which has been removed from the bone and cut in small pieces. Cook until the fish is tender, about 10 minutes. Serve hot. You can omit salt pork and use a tablespoon of other fat.

**Dried Peas with Rice and Tomatoes.**

1½ cups rice, 2 cups dried peas, 6 onions, 1 tablespoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 2 cups tomato (fresh or canned). Soak peas over night in two quarts of water. Cook until tender in water in which they soaked. Add rice, onions, tomato, and seasonings and cook 20 minutes.

**Potted Hominy and Beef**

Hominy is excellent to use as part of a one-dish dinner, if you have a fire in your stove so that you can cook it for a long time, or use a fireless cooker. Heat 1½ quarts of water to boiling; add 1 teaspoon of salt and 2 cups of hominy which has been soaked overnight. Cook in a double boiler for four hours or in the fireless cooker overnight. This makes 5 cups. This recipe may be increased and enough cooked in different ways for several meals. Hominy is excellent combined with dried, canned, or fresh fish, or meat and vegetable left-overs may be used. Here is one combination: 5 cups cooked hominy, 4 potatoes, 2 cups carrots, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ pound dried beef, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour. Melt the fat, stir in the flour, add the cold milk, and mix well. Cook until it thickens. Cut the potatoes and carrots in dice, mix all the materials in a baking dish, and bake for one hour.

These dishes supply all five kinds of food. Each is enough for the whole dinner for a family of five. Eat them with bread and with fruit or jam for dessert. Then you will have all the five kinds of food your body needs. These five kinds are:—1. Milk, cheese, eggs, fish, meat, beans, peas. 2. Cereal: corn, rice, oats, rye, wheat. 3. Syrup, sugar. 4. Fats: butter, oleomargarine. 5. Vegetables, fruits.

Choose something from each of these five groups every day.

**The Clean Plate.**

"Please don't eliminate the leftovers altogether. My husband and boys like some of my left-over dishes better than the originals."

Thus reads a letter just received from a reader. From what she says and from the examples of the dishes she makes from those left-overs, it is very easy to see that she is one of those rare cooks who waste nothing that good cooking can make eatable. For her a little extra cereal or a few slices of toast too many are not a waste; they are an opportunity.

But the moral of the slogan "Eliminate the left-overs" is this: Nothing should be left over that cannot be used, and remember that left-over dishes which are most costly after the necessary additions are made to transform them into palatable foods than entirely new dishes would be are not an economy. The cook who can use the extra servings to good advantage need not worry about cooking a little too much, but the less resourceful housewife will do well to count heads and measure carefully.

However, the "clean plate" recommended by the Food Controller is a matter which cannot be argued. "I hate to be so skimpy about my serving that I cannot tell whether my children are satisfied or not," reads a letter from a person who preaches and practices generosity. This is the old Canadian attitude. But look at it in this light: The generosity you show in serving your children and your guests more than they want is depriving other human beings somewhere in the world of food which is actually necessary for their existence.

Carelessness about butter is a common Canadian sin against thrift. In nearly every family some member has the habit of taking huge helpings of butter which he or she does not use. The remedy is simple. Cut slices off the oblong pound of butter a quarter of an inch thick, and cut each slice into four pieces. When the butter is served, let each member of the family take one small piece at a time. It sounds like a small economy, but it is one which careful city housewives have practiced for years, and now that we are asked especially to conserve butter, country women will do well to follow their example.

# WHEN I GOT MY "BLIGHTY ONE"

### "HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE WOUNDED?"

**A Famous Writer, Who Has Himself Experienced the Sensation, Tells All About It.**

First voice: "Where's th' officer?"

Second Voice: "He's buried, pore beggar!"

Third Voice: "No he ain't! He's in the shell-hole yonder!"

People are fond of asking men in hospital what it feels like to be wounded. When I got my "Blighty one," the above conversation was the first intimation I had that I was wounded. At the same time, I was conscious of some warm fluid trickling down the back of my collar. I found myself lying on my back in a deep hole. I wondered dully what had become of the sky. I was making a feeble effort to focus my eyes so as to solve this riddle, when I suddenly discovered myself looking into a dark, sunburnt face.

**The Long Sleep.**

Then it dawned upon me—I was wounded! I remembered hearing a shell "coming for me," as much experience of the sound of approaching shells has taught men in the trenches to say. Something hit me hard—and I gently went to sleep. I have often thought since that Death must come to men in action like that.

When I came round I was all pain and very frightened. The man with the sunburnt face bandaged my head and found a flask in my pocket. The brandy brought me back to my senses to the extent of my suddenly realizing that war was highly dangerous, and I longed—oh, how I longed!—to be somewhere safe, somewhere soft and warm and clean, where one need not think, but only rest and sleep.

Most men who have been wounded will tell you afterwards that they remember only snatches of their subsequent movements, faint, inconsequential pictures, like impressions of one's early childhood. I have not the slightest recollection of getting out of my shell-hole, but I have a hazy idea of seeing a knot of dishevelled and very meek German prisoners, and of being told that I was to take them down to Battalion Headquarters with me. I don't in the least remember what became of them, but the orderly who escorted me back told me afterwards that he handed them over, with numbers complete.

**"Out of the Game."**

A wounded officer has always seemed to me like a man in a tennis tournament who drops out early in the contest. Once he is beaten, he has no further personal interest in the game, and he likewise ceases to engage the attention of the other competitors who are playing or waiting their turn to play. This sensation of being "out of the game" was, I remember, very strongly on my mind as I made my way down on a sunny autumn afternoon from the front line, past the dead bodies of men who had been "over the top" with me a few hours before.

Somehow I felt neutral. I seemed to be a leisurely spectator who had no business with all these active men, digging trenches, laying lines, bringing up ammunition. I was out of it all, and I knew it, and somehow the knowledge hurt.

**Revulsion of Feeling.**

I was given a man at Battalion Headquarters to help me along, as walking was very painful. I put my arm around his neck and he put his round mine, and so we hobbled along. In what had been our first objective that morning, a German trench much damaged by shell fire, where the regimental aid-post was reported to be, I came across a man from my own regiment, a machine-gunner. I remember resenting the breezy way in which he greeted me.

"Hallo, you've taken the knock, too, have you?"

I told him rather testily that his surmise was absolutely accurate, and asked him the news.

"Jack's killed," he said, mentioning a man we both knew. "A shell got him and his orderly early this morning."

Now Jack was a particular friend of the speaker, but the latter's voice was steady, and he spoke quite unemotionally. In action one realizes next to nothing, and one may thank God for it.

**A Good Samaritan.**

The Germans were shelling that trench, fitfully and inaccurately, I expect, as no shells burst near us. But the old feeling of panic came over me again.

Near the aid-post my escort handed me over to a doctor, who was going down to the dressing station. That doctor was a Good Samaritan. He led me very gently through the barrage and on to a road where our ways parted. There we fell in with an officer who had been shot through the knee, who was hobbling along, using a rifle as a crutch. With a pat on the back the doctor left me. I never saw him again, and I never knew his name, but I hope the Recording Angel booked what he did for me on the credit side of his account.

The next stake of my journey that I recall is the dressing station, a great jumble of stretchers and muddy walking wounded, and horse ambulances stuck up to the axles in the mud. There was a doctor there in a blood-stained surgeon's smock, who said to all and sundry:

**The Callousness of War.**

"If you can walk, please do, as you'll be sparing a place for a more seriously wounded man!"

So my companion and I trudged on. A friendly gunner, who emerged from nowhere, gave us a drink of hot tea out of his mess tin, which made the other officer sick. After this my impressions are blurred again. There wes a very deep dug-out, I remember, where a cheery and bespectacled youth changed the bandage round my head, and after that an interminable journey over atrocious roads on a jolting munition-limber. Of that journey I only recall one little incident. The limber halted outside some kind of dressing station installed in big white and brown marquees by the roadside. Just outside one of the tents there stood a man with a lantern—for dusk had fallen—and he was bawling with stentorian voice:

"Only bleeding wounds here! Only bleeding wounds here!" for all the world like a "barker" outside a picture palace.

**Unshaven and Begrimed.**

After that someone, somewhere laid me on a bed and gave me hot beef-tea to drink, a seemingly endless drive in a motor char-a-banc, loaded with groaning wounded, followed, and at length, shivering with a rising temperature, I reached a casualty clearing station, where the doctors promptly labelled me a lying-down case. Four sturdy and very youthful German prisoners carried me to the ambulance train; they paused a minute to wipe the perspiration off their foreheads.

"What is that one?" said Hun No. 1.

"He is an Indian," promptly replied Hun No. 2.

"He has not got a turban," said Hun No. 3, doubtingly.

"But he is black!" retorted Hun No. 2.

Then I knew what the sun and the mud had done to my complexion.

**Do Not Use Coal Oil..**

A prominent surgeon has called attention to the fact that every year there are several cases of fatal burns from coal oil being used to hurry up a slow fire. Sometimes also people will lay a new fire, thinking that the old one is out, and pour on a little coal oil, with the result that the oil takes fire explosively, catches fire to the oil pouring from the can, which in turn ignites the clothing of the person, and perhaps the building.

If you are accustomed to use coal oil, ponder over the possibility that death by burning is exceedingly painful, and that if you continue the practice you many be the next victim.

Excellent bread can be made of wheat, barley and rye.

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