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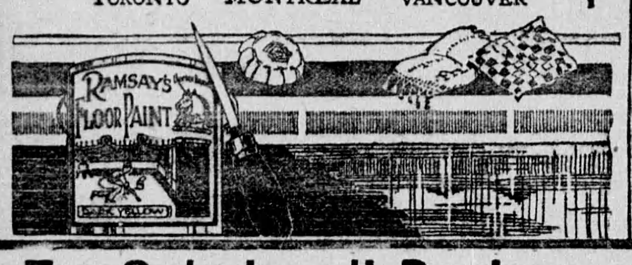

For Sale by all Dealers.

Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Some two weeks or so after the day on which Duncan M'Donnell had returned as from the dead, Mabel Atterton, attired in a black and scarlet Parisian "creation," which admirably set off her dark beauty, sat in a well-appointed lowland drawing-room, exchanging commonplaces with some half-dozen other maidens and matrons, pendin~ the male invasion from the dining-room.

Among the different pairs of eyes present, it was Mabel's that turned most persistently towards the door, just as it was her ears which listened most attentively for the ascending steps. Arrived barely in time for the dressing-gong, she had been agreeably surprised to find her cousin, Ronald Macgilvray, figuring among the actors in to-morrow's drama, to which the famed pheasant coverts of Bashwood were to furnish the scene. But leisure for more than a passing greeting there had been none, and she had several things to say to him. That was why she looked so hard at the door, and also why she had chosen the seat in the room which seemed to ensure the most privacy.

The door once opened, and his eye caught, it required no more than a slight wave of her feather-fan to bring him to her side. At dinner already she had privately noted that he was not looking as cheerful as the prospect of to-morrow's slaughter ought to have made him; and while he crossed the room towards her, the impression was strengthened. The observation fixed her determination to say what she had to say.

First a few airy generalities, so as to get under weigh, then, upon the same tone:

"I'm fresh from Balladrochit, you know. You've heard of our latest Ardloch sensation, have you not?"

Over the top of her fan, with which she was pretending to shield herself from the glare of a neighboring lamp, Mabel watched her cousin curiously. For months past, she had puzzled her head as to how far exactly that flirtation in summer had gone, and to-day she meant to know.

The start of pain he gave, as palpable as though the word "Ardloch" had been the point of a sharp knife, could not escape her, nor halting of his voice as he said:

"You mean about the missing boatman and the search in the loch; and then his turning up again? I saw something about it in the Scotsman."

"It was quite exciting, I assure you,—quite a story-book sort of affair. They were talking of nothing else when I got home. Nobody for a moment believed they'd ever see him again; and if he hadn't happened to be an A1 swimmer, they never would. Even as it was, and though he did manage to fight his way to land, he nearly smashed his skull in doing so, being hurled straight on to the rocks, 'as helpless as a bunch of see-weed,' according to his own version. And like a bunch of sea-weed he lay there all night, as good as dead. It was there that a party of poachers found him at break of day—the very same wretches. I do believe, who have been thinning out my grouse lately—sprawling all over a rock with his legs in the water. Between them, they dragged him off to their lair,—some cave in the hills, I'm told, where they have been housing for weeks past, to the distraction of my keepers. When they'd brought him round with whiskey, he naturally wanted a message sent to Ardloch; but the amateur Samaritans quite as naturally objected to the publicity of the proceeding. As he was too weak to move immediately, and being, at any rate, on the wrong side of the water, there was, therefore, nothing for it but to lie low. That's what he was doing that whole first day while they were scouring the shore and plumbing the depths. Next day, when the search had moved further down the loch, he managed to crawl forth; but it took him the whole day to reach the nearest house, that is Balladrochit, for his ankle, too, had been ill-treated by the rocks. There he nearly gave Alick—the gardener, you know—a fit by stalking in in the dusk and demanding a boat. I believe he had to punch the man's head in order to convince him that he wasn't a ghost. And the rest, of course, was all tears of joy, and so on. It's quite a shilling shocker; don't you think so?"

"Yes," said Ronald absthactedly.

She waited for a moment to see whether he was going to say more; for the shilling shocker had a sequel, which likewise had found its way into the papers, in a more or less delicately veiled form. But Ronald, though visibly uneasy, said nothing. It was to her that the initiative remained. Nor would she let it slip. Yet, determined though she was to reach clearness, and innocent of diffedence on ordinary occasions, something at this moment made an indirect way of approaching the desired subject seem preferable to a direct one. Simultaneously such a way presented itself to her mind.

The laugh she gave now, still shading her face from the lamp, seemed the continuation of some amused inner reflection.

"Yes; Ardloch has been quite exciting lately. Events just tumbling over each other. Why, your humble servant herself got mixed up in them. You'll never guess what happened to me no later than the day before yesterday!"

She looked at him with a glance which plainly said: "Don't you want to know?"—then without waiting for a demand that was evidently not coming, rattled on:

"I got a proposal of marriage. There now! And from a native, too,—that young man with the red hair, the minister's son, you know. Never was so taken aback in my life. He had been very useful all summer" (his failure in one of the uses he had been put to, that of stirring the present hearer's jealousy, was necessarily left unmentioned)—"and perhaps I had been a little too imprudently grateful; but how was I to guess that he'd take it for anything but gratitude? When I saw how cut up he was, I felt dreadfully wicked,—really I did. For the future I mean to be unapproachable to any person under fifty. But, all the same, it is rich, isn't it? That young man will go far yet."

Through Ronald's transparent physiognomy something like the sympathy of fellow-feeling was looking, as though from a window.

"By Jove, that's cheek! But, all the same—I'm sorry for the fellow."

"So am I. He's such a queer mixture of sharpness and simplicity. When I said No, he seemed to jump to the conclusion that it was his sister's marriage that was putting me off. You have heard about that too, probably. It's the proper romantic ending to the boat story."

Over the feathery edge of her fan Mabel's eyes grew keen with the words, superfluously keen, for the growing agitation was writ large.

"Yes—I—there was something in the Scotsman about that too; but I wasn't sure whether it wasn't just talk."

"It's past the stage of talk, by this time, quite a properly attested fact; and it isn't nearly so startling either as it looks at first sight. The man is her own cousin after all; and though she wears, more or less, fashiondable frocks now, her father began by working in the quarries, just the same as his father did. In a way the marriage is quite suitable; though in another way it's of course a big come-down. Nobody seems pleased except the minister,—and, yes, to be sure, mamma. You should see her patting the girl's head as approvingly as though she had just finished a dictation which needed no corrections. I've suspected for some time back that mamma's a fraud. My young man seems to feel the thing a good deal. He would have felt it more, no doubt, if they had stayed in the country, but he asures me that they won't. Going to decamp to Canada or somewhere. The old father, who would have been the difficulty, has only a little bit of tether to run, it seems. They're not quite sure whether it was the shock of losing his son or the joy of getting him back which is killing him, but anyway his days are numbered. I have all this at first-hand, from my red-haired swain, who used it, mind you, as a means of persuasion. The workman-brother-in-law wasn't a real objection, he argued, since he was going to vanish from the horizon. That he himself might be the objection did not seem to have occurred to the innocent youth."

She paused and again waited, and this time it was clear that something was coming. One little shove more and reserve would topple over.

"Have you ever heard of anything so preposterous?" she asked, with an insinuating trailing of her words.

"It wouldn't have been preposterous if you had cared for him," stammered Ronald, deep-red in the face, and very intent upon the toes of his evening pumps.

"But one doesn't care for that sort, usually."

"One does, Mab—sometimes. That's what happened to me. I don't know if you guessed—"

And then the flood-gates burst, and the story of his rejected love poured unchecked, though brokenly, from his lips. With the mere act of speaking, his ill-treated young heart grew lighter. After months of tongue-tied brooding, merely to put his grievance into words was to diminish it.

Sunk among the soft-cushions, with her fan now dropped to her lap, Mabel listened in a sort of consternation. She had not guessed this. That he had been smitten, she knew, but never in her wildest speculations had her surmises gone as far as an actual proposal of marriage. Her natural arrogance of mind forbade alike the thought of her cousin stooping so low, as of the minister's daughter not leaping at the prize. At the most she had concluded that, aware of the entanglement, Ronald had fled from the sphere of danger. It seemed a sufficient explanation of his precipitate retirement; and in her heart she had commended his prudence.

(To be continued.)

With government encouragement, extensive experiments will be made with a view to reviving the growing of flax in Scotland.

Small leftover pieces of linoleum, so often thrown away, can be used to line a coalbox or toolbox, to stand saucepans and flower pots on.

It is fine for cleaning cans - says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

7

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

The Walker House

Toronto

Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

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Sweet or Churning Cream. Highest market prices paid. We supply cans, pay express charges, and remit daily.

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Food Control Corner

People who wish to help in food conservation should consider potatoes as a partial substitute for wheat flour. Potatoes are the chief staple of the semi-perishable foods. Canadians do not eat their fair share of potatoes even in normal times. We have been largely a wheat, beef and pork consuming people. These staples are now required for overseas and it behooves us to substitute other foods for them whenever possible. We consume, perhaps, two and one-half bushels of potatoes per capita per year, or about one-third of a pound per day—equal to one fair-sized potato. In some European countries one pound per day per capita is consumed, and in some districts four pounds per day, and nearly twenty-five bushels per year.

Despite the increase in price since the war, potatoes are still among the cheapest of foods. One pound of roast beef costs ten times as much as a pound of potatoes, and twenty per cent. of beef is bone. Three and a third pounds of potatoes supply 1,000 calories of energy, at a cost of less than 10 cents, while about 2,500 calories are required for full grown persons working indoors. That is to say, if all foods were as cheap as potatoes we could live on 25 cents a day. Healthy men have lived and worked for months on a diet of nothing else than potatoes, olomargarine and a little fruit. Potatoes contain protein of the very best kind. They also contain mineral salts which neutralize harmful acids in the body. The food material in potatoes is 98 per cent. digestible.

Canadians have large supplies of potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips and by consuming these vegetables freely, they can economize with bread.

More than 300 ways of cooking potatoes are known. They combine well with many flavors. They can be used to economical advantage with meat and fish, in stews, croquettes, hash, chowders, meat pies, etc. One half a cup of mashed potatoes and two cups of flour make a bread mixture that helps the flour go farther.

Good cooks know the ways of using potatoes are various—boiled, steamed, lyonnaised, baked, chipped, fried, hashed brown, creamed, escalloped, stuffed, au gratin, and scores of combinations.

Canada has plenty of potatoes and, although the price is high compared to normal times, it is not high in comparison with other foods in war time.

Polenta, an Italian way of serving corn-meal, makes almost a meal in itself. Put slices of cold mush in a baking dish, cover with a cupful of sliced onions that have been fried in ham or bacon fat; over these pour two cupfuls of canned tomatoes and cover all with a cupful of grater cheese; bake until the cheese is melted and slightly browned.

A good way to treat an old moss-back of a pasture is to run a stout harrow over it, scatter some seed, and go over it once more with a light spike-tooth harrow. If not too rough, the job may be nicely finished by putting the roller over the land after the last harrowing.

SUN LIFE OF CANADA IN STRONG POSITION

As will be seen from the essential features of its year's operations set forth elsewhere in this issue, Canada's largest life assurance company has just closed a highly satisfactory year. Total assurances in force on the books of the Sun Life of Canada have now crossed the $311,000,000 mark, assurances issued and paid for in cash during the year totalling over $47,800,000, the largest amount ever issued by a Canadian life company.

The Company's Head Office staff is now installed in the fine new Sun Life Building recently erected on Dominion Square, Montreal, where the adoption of the most up-to-date office equipment should result in still greater efficiency in the administration of its large business.

Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery; Plate; Silver; Curios; Miniatures; Pictures; Needlework; Lace; Old China; Cut Glass; Ornaments; Watches; Rings; Table Ware.

Write or send by Express to

B. M. & T. JENKINS, Limited

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28 and 30 College Street, Toronto, Ont.

Money in Maple Sugar.

Maple sugar and syrup is produced at the time of year when the farmer is least busy, and it costs him little, if any, more now than before the war.

By tapping 100 trees he can sell 500 pounds of sugar or 100 gallons of syrup, netting from $100 to $150 in three weeks.

This is more than the soldiers fighting in France gets in thrice the time and he offers in exchange his life.

Will you who have maple trees not offer so short a space of your time to help him and to put money in your pocket as well?

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Look at these bargains:—Typewriters Rebuilt, guaranteed in perfect order, from $25.00 to $65.00. Save time, money and trouble and buy a Typewriter for your business, profession, or for your home use. List sent free on application.

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Bob Long says:

"My overalls and shirts are the best made, because—they are roomy and comfortable. I designed them with the idea that you might want to stretch your arms and legs occasionally."

Insist on "Bob Long" brand. Ask your dealer for Big 11—the big grey overalls—the cloth with the test.

R. G. LONG & CO., LIMITED

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SUN LIFE KEEPS GROWING

THE results of operations for the year 1917 show a continuance of the notable expansion that has marked the career of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. In Assets, Income, Surplus, New Business, and Total Business in Force substantial increases are recorded over the corresponding figures for previous years.

RESULTS FOR 1917

Assets at December 31st, 1917.		$90,160,174.00
Increase		7,211,178.00
Cash Income		19,288,997.00
Increase		789,868.00
New Assurances issued and *Paid for in Cash*		47,811,567.00
Increase		5,039,270.00
Assurances in Force at December 31st, 1917.		311,870,945.00
Increase		30,433,245.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders		1,560,389.00
Increase		49,488.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders, in past five years.		5,224,963.93
Total Payments to Policyholders, 1917.		8,840,245.00
Payments to Policyholders since organization	$69,994,316	
Assets held for Policyholders	90,160,174	
		$159,254,490
Premiums received since organization		153,361,226
Payments to Policyholders and Assets held for them exceed the premiums received by		$5,893,264
Undivided surplus at December 31st, 1917, over all liabilities including capital		$8,550,761.00

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1872	$ 48,210.73	$ 96,461.95	$ 1,064,850.00
1887	$77,410.68	1,312,504.48	10,873,777.60
1897	2,288,894.74	7,822,871.44	44,990,796.79
1907	6,249,288.26	26,488,595.16	111,185,604.82
1917	19,288,997.68	90,160,174.24	311,870,945.71

The Company takes this opportunity of thanking its policyholders and the public generally for the continued confidence and goodwill of which the above figures give such strong evidence.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 • HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL • 1917

T. B. MACAULAY, President