Between Cousins;

OR, A DECLARATION OF WAR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—(Cont'd.)

To-day's revelation was as unexpected as it was mortifying. But, though the tears of spite had actually started to her eyes, they were resolutely crushed between her eyelashes. Common-sense had already pointed out that to betray this mortification would be not only perilous, but likewise foolish, since the minister's daughter was no longer to be feared. In a flash she saw her chance. For what was it that at this moment Ronald most urgently required? A confidante and sympathy. He should have both. Before he had done stammering out his story she had recovered her self-control and chosen her part. His last words found her hand stealing into his, in the shelter of the feather-fan.

"Poor Ronnie! Now I understand. I really had not before appreciated the depth of your sentiment. You must forgive me for those stupid jokes. What a bad time you've had of it! But you're not the man to cry out your eyes for the moon, are you? And she's quite as unattainable to you as the moon, you know; though it's rather a reversal of the positions really. Just fancy preferring a great, hulking quarryman to you!"

The glance which went to illustrate the words carried a balm equally applicable to a wounded heart as to wounded vanity, and laid it on pretty thick too, for this was not a case which called for any far-fetched subtlety of treatment, as her intimate knowledge of the patient told her.

"Thank you, Mab—thank you!" And he pressed the fingers within his with a vigor which made the smile she sent him seem heroic even to herself. "It's good to have you on my side. I may talk to you about it sometimes, mayn't I?"

"As much as you like. A song? Delighted, Lady Anne, I'm sure!"—the last sentence being pitched considerably higher, and addressed to the hostess, who, across the room, had been pleading for some music.

A minute later Mabel sat at the piano, with her cousin turning over the pages for her; and an hour after that, having dismissed her maid, her dressing-gown wrapped about her, her place was at her bedroom fire—that spot, and that attire, and likewise that hour which witnesses so many self-commenings.

"Six months," she mused, as she poked the coals. "I'll give him that; —I think six months will do it. But, all the same, it's just as well that Duncan M'Donnell is not lying at the bottom of the loch."

She smiled into the embers—a smile of trust in the future. Things would, after all, work out to that so satisfactory arrangement which she had had in her eye all along. For those who knew Mabel best knew that, for all her random chatter and reckless bearing, she had a most excellent business head upon her shoulders—a far better business head than, for instance, the stately ex-governess. It was not from the casual daughter, it was far more likely from the precise mother that any act of sentimental folly might be looked for.

And yet there was something tender too about that smile of trust and triumph. After all, it was not only because he had a fine estate of his own, and because he would make an excellent and useful master for Balladrochit, and a most comfortable, submissive husband, that she meant to marry Ronald, it was also a little because he was just himself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

To Maggie Maclish the reappearance in the flesh of Duncan M'Donnell, had been as annoying as it had been gratifying ot Lame Liz. Had she not all along maintained that Maggie's corpse lights were a fraud? But presently the triumph was tempered by Adam's demise, which, taking place within the fortnight, seemed to justify Maggie in her declaration that she had mentioned no names, and that the "lights" would do for the father quite as well as for the son. Her occult reputation, though having sustained a narrow shave, still survived; and at the thought that the omen had not been wasted, all Ardloch breathed more freely.

It was on a still, white day with the air full of noiseless snowflakes, behind whose moving curtain the hills had vanished away as though they had never been, that Adam set sail for the Island. Among those who stood waiting upon the little slate-stone pier beside the old ferry-house, round whose black tongue every boat in the place had been gathered, there were full-grown men who could not remember such a snowfall as this. As they kicked the snow from their boots, pending the arrival of the funeral procession from the glen, the elder ones dug precedents from their memories, while the pessimists foretold great things in floods. Yet the general impression on the public was stimulating, even exciting. These dazzling, whirling masses, this unbroken whiteness on all sides, was a little awe-inspiring, to be sure, because so unfamiliar; yet, by virtue of this very unfamiliarity, festive as well as fearful. Winding-sheet or bridal veil? The likeness held either way. Yet, even among the nearest mourners, there were some to whom, despite their sorrowful hearts, this white world appeared to smile rather than to weep.

As the little fleet of boats full of black figures which the flakes were doing their best to paint white—at its head the one coffin-laden, in which the minister's surplice looked almost grey by contrast with its surroundings—drew to the Island there was the usual whirr and flutter overhead, as the white birds, and the black birds, the gulls and the crows, rose screaming into the air from the snow-laden trees.

"It's real wonderful how the minister keeps up, and him loving him same as a brother," whispered one man to another during the wait that followed; for the tide was at its lowest, and to hoist a coffin containing a man of Adam's size up a face of rock eight feet high, required both muscle and ingenuity. By merely rounding the nearest point, where the shore dipped abruptly, a much easier landing was to be effected; but, chilly work though it was to sit still in a boat with the snowflakes creeping down the back of your neck, and sticking in your eyelashes, the idea of such an expedient did not so much as enter into the heads of the most shivery of the mourners. Had not this inhospitable rock been the M'Donnell landing-place for generations past? To have made use of the Robson or the Stuarts' equally time-honored stages would have so gravely offended Ardloch tradition as to endanger the repose of Adam in his grave. Such a breach of Island etiquette could not even be contemplated. Ardloch, used to these little tussles with the fortress of Death, waited patiently, in a silence broken only by the shouts of the men hauling at the ropes, and the grinding of the boats against each other. The bank straight opposite lay there barely visible, and as still as the Island itself; for all hands had turned out in honor of the dead comrade. That familiar "chip, chip" which seemed like the voice of the place, was to-day hushed under the deserted sheds.

Presently, muscle having triumphed, the dusky procession wound away among the white billows, scarcely recognisable as the usually so familiar mounds—the perfect carpet of snow trampled to tatters beneath the many feet. It was a new place to them all to-day, dimly seen through the ceaseless snow-dance. The raised horizontal slabs had become more than ever like tables, by virtue of the white cloths spread upon them; or, with snowy cushions piled ,and thickening every moment, seemed to be inviting to a chilly repose. Even the upright stones bore rims of white, which soon would trickle over the worn names of the dead in showers of cold tears. Among all this whiteness the new-dug grave alone yawned dark.

Beside it stood John M'Donnell, with the flakes flying about his white uncovered head, his narrow figure upright amid the restless whirl. The speaker of a few minutes back had not been the only one who had felt a vague astonishment at the minister's bearing. One and all, they knew of the affection which had united these two men since boyhood; one and all—Christian resignation notwithstanding,—they had expected to see him deeply bowed under this loss—for they knew him to be of tender heart. Some had wondered whether he would have the strength to conduct the ceremony. All had expected to hear his voice falter, and to see his head droop over the heavy task. And now that the moment was come, that white head seemed poised a little higher than usual; and his brown eyes were to-day not those eyes of the dove which they knew so well, but those of the eagle, which also they knew, for having, at rare moments, trembled beneath this glance, and shining from them a light which they did not know. Nor was it the voice of a broken man which spoke the words of the Burial Service.

That something sustained him while he stood upright on the edge of the open grave, they all indistinctly felt, without suspecting the real nature of the invisible prop. And when—the last words spoken—the minister stooped suddenly, and, gathering up a handful of earth, threw rather than dropped it on to the lowered coffin, there was not one man present who came near to guessing at what the act meant to the doer of it.

That evening Albert sought out his elder sister. It was his last chance of a private conversation, since his box was packed, and in order to meet the boat at Bonnet Ferry he would have to be gone next morning before the house was well astir. With the conclusion of his own particular job at the loch-end he had succeeded in obtaining employment in Glasgow, and thither he was hastening without the loss of a single day, thankful to shake the dust of ungrateful Ardloch from his feet. What work remained for him here? As little as at the loch-end.

When he had found Julia alone, and having made the usual remarks about being called in the morning and touching an early breakfast, he relapsed into momentary silence, then said, with sudden decision just touched with embarrassment:

(To be continued.)

No Gentleman.

It was their honeymoon trip, and the first time they had ever been out of their own county.

As they waited on the platform at their destination for the guard to bundle their boxes out of the van, the young bride and bridegroom were manifestly embarrassed.

Then a porter came up and asked: "Can I look after yer baggage for yer, mister?"

The red blood mounted to the young bride's cheeks, and, turning to her hubby, she demanded:

"Well, well, well! If ye' ain't agoin' to thrash him for refairin' to me like that, ye're no man, George!"

Gurns Shur-Gain Fertilizer

CREAM WANTED

Sweet or Churning Cream. Highest market prices paid. We supply cans, pay express charges, and remit daily.
Mutual Dairy & Creamery Co.
743-5 King St. West. - Toronto

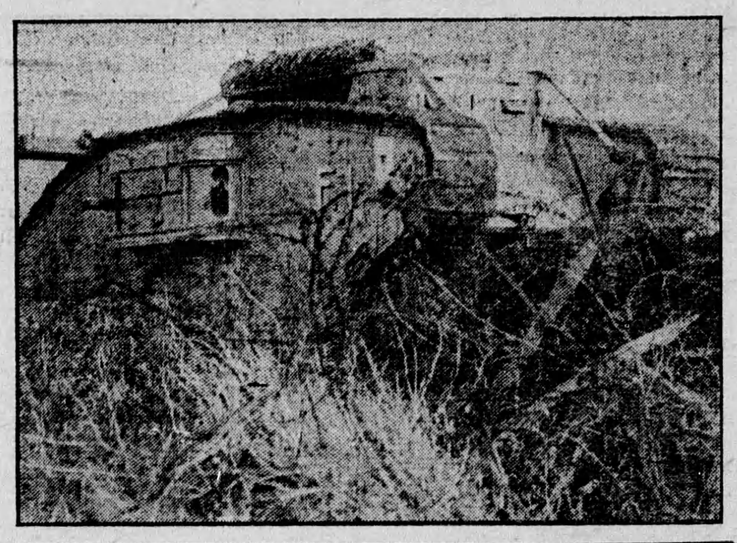
BRITISH RECRUITING MISSION.

To Secure 20,000 Men From U. S. in Three Months.

For the week ending March 2nd the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission dispatched to Canada 1,089 volunteers for the British and Canadian armies. During the absence of Brigadier-General W. A. White, C.M.G., Colonel J. S. Dennis of the Canadian Expeditionary Force is in command of the recruiting program in the United States. Brigadier-General White is making a tour through the South in an effort to stimulate interest in recruiting.

The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the campaign that is being carried on in New York by the Mission. Brigadier-General White and Colonel Dennis have started a whirlwind campaign for recruiting Britishers and Canadians in the United States covering the next two months. Their ambition is to secure 20,000 men from the United States, if possible, before the terms of the draft convention between the United States and Great Britain become effective. During the eight months the Mission has been at work in the United States it has secured 22,000 volunteers for the British and Canadian armies, and has examined about 16,000 more.

Brigadier-General White has made the point that if a Britisher or Canadian desires to aid the Allies he can do so by promptly volunteering, because the machinery of the British and Canadian armies for training men has been so well developed by three and a half years of experience that it can train a man, put him in the firing line, and have him invalided home in six months. This has actually been done in quite a number of cases. On the other hand, the United States Government, starting much later, has had its hands full in training the first contingent of the draft numbering about 700,000 men, and the second draft will follow close upon the heels of the first.



Food Control Corner

Those who are crying to the Government to provide feed for hogs, and bitterly criticising officials for failure to supply sufficient bran and shorts, should take a look at the facts. Canada does not produce sufficient bran and shorts to feed hogs in normal times and recourse to other feeds has always been necessary. In the effort, however, to aid farmers, an export embargo was placed on mill offal and the price of bran and shorts was fixed in fair proportion to the price of wheat and several dollars a ton lower than in the United States. This, of course, was satisfactory as far as it went but the trouble was that it could not possibly go far enough. Not enough bran and shorts are produced in Canada to go around. Canadian mills from September 1st, 1915 to February 1st, 1918, ground at the rate of 18,000,000 bushels of wheat a month, which was a very high proportion as compared to normal. From this amount of wheat, however, under the new standard flour regulations, about two per cent. more of the wheat berry is retained in the flour. Only 120,000,000 bushels of feed can be produced in a month, or 21,000,000 pounds a day. There are 17,322,000 odd horses, milch cows, cattle, sheep and swine in Canada, not taking poultry into consideration at all. The bran and shorts produced in Canada would thus give each animal one meal in two or three weeks. A cow would consume five pounds a day; a hog, according to its age, from one-half pound to three pounds—though little shorts, of course, is fed to the more mature hogs. There were, approximately, 3,619,328 hogs in Canada last year, so that out of every five or six hogs, only one would be able to get a full three-pound ration of shorts per day or, if the shorts was divided equally among all the hogs, less than two-thirds of a pound would be the maximum allowance.

Nor is this all there is to the problem. The question of distributing this feed to the farmers throughout Canada arises. It has been suggested that farmers be allowed car-load lots. There are 714,646 farms in Canada. Giving each one its share would mean that each farm would get a car-load once in twenty-four years. A car-load contains twenty-five tons and there are about eighty-four car-loads of bran and shorts produced in Canada per day. It takes a 100 barrel mill about fourteen days to produce a car-load of feed. Sixty per cent. of Canadian mills have no greater capacity than 100 barrels a day or less, and could ship a car-load no oftener than once a fortnight.

Nevertheless, despite this difficulty and all difficulties, Canada will have to produce more hogs. The European situation depends on it. The difficulties will have to be overcome. Farmers will have to grow the coarser grains and depend less upon mill offal. American corn will be coming more freely into Canada as the fine weather develops and transportation difficulties lessen. Every farmer should realise that we are at war, that Allied Europe is hard pressed, and determine to do the best he can, under his own circumstances.

FERTILIZER

ONTARIO FERTILIZERS, LIMITED
WEST TORONTO - CANADA

TO MAKE A MAGIC BOAT.

An Interesting Experiment for the Small Boy to Make.

The surface of all water is covered by a film of the water itself, which in its action is not unlike that of a thin sheet of india rubber. To comprehend this one must imagine the rubber to be transparent. The surface of the water itself is so elastic and under tension, so that a needle, though heavier than the water, may be floated on the surface.

Several interesting experiments may be made with the elasticity of this film. One of the best is to place two slender splinters of wood side by side on the water. Now drop a little alcohol between the splinters. This alcohol will immediately break the surface film between the splinters, and the pulling force of the remaining film, since there is nothing between to hold them, will cause the splinters instantly to fly apart.

Another interesting experiment is to whittle a thin, slender splinter, pointed at one end somewhat like a boat. Place a tiny bit of gum camphor on the rear of this splinter and the gum will destroy the surface film so that there will be no pull in the rear. As there is a pull in the front not balanced by one in the rear, the tiny boat will run forward as rapidly as the camphor can dissolve the film in the rear.

Some interesting little "magic tricks might be developed from these experiments which would surprise and instruct friends.

Manure should be thoroughly incorporated with the fine ploughed section of the soil. The more porous and better drained the soil the deeper manure can be ploughed under.

Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.
It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-18A

The best you can get

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
R. M. & T. JENKINS, Limited
ANTIQUE GALLERIES
28 and 30 College Street, Toronto, Ont.

War Limits German Frocks.

More silk dresses are being worn by the women of Germany than during the first two years of the war. This is not because of growing prosperity, but results from the fact that no more wool or cotton can be obtained for women's clothes.

Silk also is becoming exceedingly scarce, as it is being extensively used in making airplanes and observation balloons. Italian smugglers who take the risk of being shot in getting past the frontier are earning enormous rewards by bringing silk into Germany.

Shopping in a Big City

Scarcely anything pleases a woman more than to come to the city to shop. There are so many big stores with such endless variety and choice of everything.

Still there is just that little drawback about where to stay. The Walker House solves that problem. It is a home for you while in the city, and you can have all your purchases sent direct there, where there are special facilities for looking after your parcels.

Come to the city to shop and stay at

The Walker House

The House of Plenty
TORONTO, ONT.

P.S.—Special attention given to ladies and children travelling without gentlemen escorts.

Send it to Parker's

YOU will be astonished at the results we get by our modern system of dyeing and cleaning. Fabrics that are shabby, dirty or spotted are made like new. We can restore the most delicate articles.

Send one article or a parcel of goods by post or express. We will pay carriage one way, and our charges are most reasonable.

When you think of
CLEANING AND DYEING,
think of **PARKER'S**

Let us mail you our booklet of household helps we can render.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, LIMITED
CLEANERS AND DYERS
791 Yonge Street - - Toronto

An Investment Free from the Dominion Income Tax

Dominion of Canada 5½% Gold Bonds Maturing 1st December, 1922, 1927 or 1937. Now obtainable at 98⅞ and interest. Will be accepted at 100 and interest, in the event of future issues of like maturity or longer made in Canada by the Government.

Denominations: $50, $100, $500, $1,000. Bearer or Registered Bonds.

Complete information Furnished upon Request.

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION
LIMITED.
Established 1901
HEAD OFFICE:
26 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO

E. R. Wood - - - - President
G. A. Morrow - Vice-President
J. W. Mitchell - Vice-President
W. S. Hodgens - - - Secretary
J. A. Fraser - - - - Treasurer
T. H. Andison - Ass't Secretary
A. F. White - - Ass't Treasurer

MONTREAL BRANCH
Canada Life Building
R. W. Steele - - Manager

LONDON, ENG., BRANCH
No. 6 Austin Friars
A. L. Fullerton, Manager