THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd).

"He hurried on," said the pine-grower, "as though he thought I was chasing him. In a sense of course I was; but what I mean is that I got the impression that he had some strong reason for avoiding me, so I turned back. It was then that I met the woman.'

Scarborough and Varney exchanged glances. The same thought had occurred to them both. was the woman, after all, Mona de la Mar?"

"What was she like?" asked Scarborough.

"I don't know. She didn't give me a chance to see."

"What! Did she run away from you, too?" exclaimed Varney.

"Or bicycle?" said Scarborough.

"Neither. She walked—pretty fast, too! But it wasn't her speed that prevented me from seeing what she was like. I met her face to face, as one might say, without being able to get a glimpse of a feature. She was dressed in cape and capello."

"What are they?" asked Varney.

"The capello is a long blue cloak, and the cape is a hood made of cardboard and whalebone, and covered with cloth," explained Scarborough. "Some of them stick out a yard in front of the face."

"And the ledges flap together, and hide everything, unless the wearer keeps them open with her hand," added Davis. This wearer didn't. She even took particular care to keep them shut. I wondered at the time if she was troubled with excess of modesty; but in the light of our later knowledge I'm pretty sure it wasn't that. So you see, Muriel," he added, turning to his daughter, "I had some reason besides prejudice for saying that there was a woman in it."

Muriel shook her head. "I don't see the reason," she said obstinately, "but I admit that you had more ground than usual for your usual fancy."

"More ground than usual! My usual fancy! Why, I saw her! Anyway, I saw the cape and capello!"

"And marched all the rest. She was walking in the same direction as Mr. Page. What possible reason have you for supposing that she was pursuing him?"

Scarborough cut in quickly with a remark.

"That," he said, "is what we shall have to inquire into, Ready, Phil?"

"Yes," said Varney. "By Jove! we shall have to hurry if we are to be in time for the performance!"

Muriel opened her eyes rather wide. "Are you going to the circus?" she asked. "I've a great objection to circuses; but I might like to go herself; for I've never had exactly a suitable time when I've been really suggested a circus."

"Oh," said Varney, "I have to go, I'm afraid, for business, you know."

"Oh!" said Muriel. Her tone this time implied a sudden and entire loss of interest, and during the few minutes' longer that the young men stayed, she said nothing more.

"I say," said Varney, when he and Scarborough had got a mile between them and the town, "I like that girl."

Scarborough laughed.

"Do you?" he said. "Then you shouldn't have told her that you were a circus man."

"Why not?"

"Because she is very earnest, very young, and very literal. Didn't you see by her face?"

"She did rather."

"She has notions about the whole duty of man, and I expect she thinks you've missed it by a good bit. Did you? Eve m'l she's already told her father that you are on no account to be asked to go and see them."

"That so?" said Varney. "Well, I mean to go."

"You'll be snubbed."

"Can't help it. But isn't there a chance that she might like to convert me?" said Varney, with a grin. "What's the fare?"

"Guess principles for Covent Garden. Was an Army crammer in London, doing pretty well. Things went wrong, and he came out here. Doing pretty well here, too. He's smart, and I should call him the best read Englishman in the island. Muriel's a nice girl, too, or will be when she lives down a few of her crochets. At present she is just a little bit of a prig."

"Then I'll convert her," said Varney.

"I thought the programme was that she was to convert you," commented Scarborough in some amusement.

"Oh, we'll make it mutual! It will be a fair exchange. By the way, you didn't tell them that Page was Carrington."

"No. What was the use? They'll know soon enough. Meanwhile I've a notion that Elsa wouldn't care for the news to be bruited about more than necessary. She still believes in her father's innocence."

"I wonder," said Varney after a short pause, "whether she really does."

Scarborough did not reply. In his own mind the same doubt had risen more than once, only to be steadily crushed down. It seemed difficult to believe that Elsa's faith could have withstood unshaken the various shocks to which it had in these last two days been subjected; but apparently it had. He remembered, too, that she had said that there were proofs, and that the murderer had not succeeded in destroying those. But what proofs could there be? He was quite unable to guess at what she meant; but he could not but think that if she was, as he feared, pinning her faith on documents that her father told her contained his vindication, there could only be another bitter disappointment in store for her.

"Are you going to tell her about the pencilled stone?" asked Varney.

"I don't think so."

"Or about the hooded woman?"

"No, not at present. What's your theory about the hooded woman?"

"Haven't got one," said Varney, "unless it's that Miss Davis is right, and that her father is making a great deal out of nothing. By the way, I got the impression that he wasn't found of Carrington."

"What made you think so?"

"Well, he didn't express any sort of grief at his death, and he seemed very ready to believe that he was running away from that woman. When a man fears a woman so much that he runs from her, the most usual theory is that the man has something to be ashamed of. It struck me that that was the theory that had occurred to Davis."

"Very likely," said Scarborough. "I believe he didn't like Carrington."

"On general grounds? Or did he know anything?"

"I don't think so."

Presently Scarborough returned again to the subject of the hooded woman, and Varney, said sharply:

"I see what you're driving at, of course; but you're wrong. You think it was Mona."

"I don't."

"Well, anyway, you are prepared to believe that it may have been. I tell you the idea is absurd, but you don't seem to be inclined to believe me."

"I want to hear what she has to say." Scarborough returned steadily.

"Exactly. You suspect her. I promised to introduce you, and I'll do it; but I'm more than half sorry I promised, and I'm altogether sorry I ever told you about that vow business. It's that that's sticking in your throat all the time. I know. You can't understand that it was all a piece of highfalutin' nonsense, which she has forgotten long ago. She's a rare good sort, and plucky; but you want to make her out a fool!"

Varney spoke with some heat. He and th's girl had been comrades for nearly two years; and he resented suspicion as an insult to her.

"It was you who suggested," Scarborough reminded him, "that she refused to perform last night because she had business with Carrington."

"Great Scott, yes! But things have happened since then that she can have had no hand in. Her business wasn't murder!"

"I don't suggest that it was."

"But you won't take it for granted that she had nothing to do with it—could have nothing to do with it, being the girl I know her to be."

"No," said Scarborough.

Varney laughed, but there was vexation in the laugh.

"Then," he said, "the only cure for you is to meet the girl herself. If you're not a hopeless fool, you'll see in five minutes that you've been insulting her. Hurry up, and let's get there as soon as possible."

Twenty minutes later they dismounted at the door of the circus building. Val B. Montague was standing, looking out into the road.

"Where's Miss Ryan?" asked Varney.

Val B. Montague turned a straw, by a dexterous movement of his tongue, from one corner of his mouth to the other, and held out his hand to Scarborough, saying:

"I haven't the least idea. Mr. Scarborough, sir, I am pleased to meet you again, but you will no doubt share my regret that I do so under somewhat depressing circumstances. I had the honor to acquaint you yesterday with the fact that this show was going to the devil; I have the honor to inform you to-day that it has gone. Will you let me have the pleasure of standing you a whiskey and soda?"

"What's the matter now?" asked Varney.

"The matter is, sir, that the lady you asked for just now has deserted. The name of Mona de la Mar will henceforth not appear on the playbills of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination. In fact, I doubt whether that world-famous troupe will ever issue another playbill. Mr. Varney, I include you in my invitation to drink whiskey and soda."

"Look here, Montague, stop talking nonsense, and tell us what you mean."

"I mean," said Montague, 'exactly what I say; but if you ask me what that means, I can't tell you. It is a problem beyond my understanding. My schooner, the She-Horse, sailed from the harbor of Ponta Delgada this morning, without my knowledge or permission. It has not returned, and I don't know where or why it has gone."

Val B. Montague laughed as he gave the news, and saw the look of consternation on the young men's face. Then with a sudden change of manner, he collapsed, and said in a quavering voice to Varney:

"What does it mean, Phil? Ruin to me, of course! But what else?"

"Who was on board?" asked Varney.

"The four deck-hands, the nigger and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to be there. Except these six, and Mona de la Mar, nobody."

Scarborough and Varney exchanged a look.

"By Jove!" said Varney, and Scarborough gave a short laugh.

Neither of them felt much doubt about the identity of the hooded woman now. Margaret Ryan had not forgotten her vow of vengeance when she came to the islands of the Azores. She had tracked down the man who had ruined her. She had brought him to bay in the valley of the Caldeira de Morte. The injured and the injurer had met face to face. But what had happened then?"

The scene between them had been acted without witnesses. The curtain had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

CHAPTER X.

A Message From the Dead.

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider. The setting sun flashed on water mirrors of ever diminishing area. In another hour it would be dark, but even sooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken, for minute by minute the rents in it were closing.

Elsa stood up in her boat, and marked the exact direction of the rock for which she was steering. Fortunately she had had the foresight to bring a compass. She had half a mile to go yet, and the breeze was dying. She would steer by sight, so long as the fog did not hide the rock, if it did she would have to trust to her compass.

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshore—but how much? If I allow half a point for drift, that should take me near enough to let me steer by the sound of the surf."

(To be Continued).

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On the Farm

Handling Manure on a Large Farm.

There are various methods of handling manure in practice in our locality. Quite frequently we see the manure drawn out and spread on the sleigh on top of a lot of snow, a very poor way unless, perhaps, on a real level field of sod. If put on plowed ground in this way it tends to leave the soil, if any way heavy, in a soggy condition. Another method followed by some, but gradually becoming less popular, is to team the manure out in winter in small piles ready to spread in the early spring, but owing to the frost remaining in these heaps so long, they usually are not spread for a long time, and lie exposed to sun rain and wind until very little but straw is left to be thrown about, and the spots where the piles lay can be noticed in several succeeding crops, writes Wm. J. Bald, in Farm and Dairy.

Then we come to those who are more up-to-date and own a spreader. I do not wish to give the impression that I condemn this machine. It is all right in its place, and can be used to great advantage, but for handling a big bulk of manure successfully and in the shortest possible time, unless you can afford two spreaders, we prefer our own method.

We leave the manure all in the yard where it becomes tramped down tight, freezes quite hard, and very little is wasted. Right after the other spring seeding is done, we engage another extra man or two, and with two good teams and low truck wagons, if far to haul, we take a third, we manage to put a very heavy coat of all our corn ground, and probably some for hoe crop that hasn't been manured in the fall, in about three days. We then get the men at spreading which is not a bad job when done while fresh. If the field is one that has been plowed in the fall we give it a thorough cultivation before the manure goes on. Now, while the manure is being spread, two light twin plows are going, being very careful not to turn the manure under and deeper than that it is covered, and in course of a week or less the manure is out and under ground. I think in this way we have the least waste, and the soil gets all that is in the good old barnyard manure.

When all the planting is done we take the spreader, clean up all the manure that may have been left about the yard and put it on some nearby field of grain or meadow. A light top dressing on a field of oats, when up a few inches, works wonderfully.

To prove that our plan works successfully, we have a silo 12 x 36 which we filled last fall with less than six acres of corn, had four good men tramping continually, using the inside pipes, and on account of rain were stopped one day and one night, which gave it a nice chance to settle.

Picking Out the Calves.

From time to time, says one farm-paper, some exponent of more live-stock rises to remark against the slaughter of the calves and not always is this without reason. We must agree that very often calves which should be kept in the herd for breeding purposes are turned away for veal and their owner gets little profit from them, and they are not permitted to do the good in the herd which they would have done if kept for breeding purposes. However, there are large numbers of calves raised each year which should go to the veal route, and many of those which are killed while very young would be no use if kept in the herd as breeders.

The good dairyman has a basis upon which he works in selling or keeping his calves as the case may be. He uses first of all, a pure-bred sire with milking propensities well marked in the blood of his ancestors. He keeps in his herd nothing but the best individual animals and heavy-test milkers and he weighs the milk from each cow or heifer regularly and systematically, and, if necessary, has the milk tested for fat, so he knows exactly what each of his cows is doing and whether or not calves from that cow are likely to go on and make valuable animals to place in his herd. If the cow, mother of the calf, cannot, through milk production, justify her existence in the herd there is little reason why the calf from such a mother should be kept past veal age, and it is far better that such a calf should go to the butcher early in life than to prove a bill of expense, in fact, a robber in the dairy herd.

The Profitless Calf.

There is little use of keeping an inferior dairy calf to the age of two or three years, because it will naturally cost more, especially when grain is high in price, as it is now, to put meat on the wedge-shaped dairy carcass than it is worth. It would be folly then to keep all calves without discrimination. Only the best should survive for breeding purposes, and the only man who knows which are the best is the man who is using a proper sire of a heavy milking strain and is weighing the milk regularly from the cows to which this sire is bred, and keeping the calves from those cows which lead in milk production and give enough to pay for all feed and labor and leave a handsome profit besides.

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The point is, to be able to pick out there is the particular scheme which calves which should remain in the herd, something must be known about the producing ability of their dams and this cannot be estimated by the ord'nary guess-work method. The scales and the tests should be made just as important in determining the future individuals which shall comprise the herd as in determining which cow now milking shall remain in the herd.

It is important also that no faulty individual as to conformation and type be kept in the herd. It is not enough that the sire be from good milking ancestry and the cow be a heavy milker herself. They must have such conformation and preponency that the calves show the desirable type of the milking breeds.

Faulty calves should be discarded even though their ancestry be right. This close selection will send thousands of calves to the block as veal which would otherwise be kept in the herd at a loss. It may be after all that there are not too many calves slaughtered young, but that there is not enough system followed in determining which shall go and which shall be kept. Undoubtedly, many are kept which should go and equally true is it that many go which should be kept. The matter is in the hands of the dairyman, and the sooner he makes all his selections on conformation and type, backed by production, will it be righted.—Prairie Farm and Home.

FAMOUS OLD HOTEL.

Permanent Home Near London for War Cripples.

Since the fateful day in August, 1914, when it became known that Great Britain was involved in the great war, the men and women of England—the latter more especially—have been sympathetically endeavoring to alleviate the lot of the victims of the great devastation.

Charities of every description have been started, money has been poured out without stint in every direction. The great families have vied one with another in turning their town and country houses into hotels and hospitals for the wounded and sick. But in the welter of charitable endeavor there is the particular scheme which has laid hold of the imagination of the people, the home for totally disabled soldiers which it is proposed to establish in one of the beauty spots of England.

In a few months the old Star and Garter Hotel at Richmond, which in memories of bygone festivities will be ready for the reception of a number of men who have given their health and strength, their all, for their country.

All Londoners have made acquaintance with the beautiful scene which one obtains from the summit of Richmond Hill. The Star and Garter Hotel, on whose site will rise the new hospital for totally disabled soldiers, has been the scene of much and variegated gayety. Marshall Soult, Louis Philippe, King Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon were, among the many distinguished guests who have lived in it; the young guardsmen of the days of Waterloo took the air on its ample terraces, and the beaux who officied there in the early days of last century are said to have paid as much as $3 for the sight to look through its windows on the fair picture below.

Since then gay weddings and countless merry excursions of humble folk have spread wide its name, but the coming of the automobile spelled disaster and ruin for the once prosperous hostel. Richmond was found to be too near the metropolis to be used as more than a temporary halting place. Motorists stopped on the summit of the hill, gave an admiring glance at the superb view and sped on their way. But the new hostess are among those to whom speeding in any shape or form is no longer possible. Their day for work or pleasure is over, at least they can no longer take life easily, wherefore it is fitting that the nation should find for them a place of perfect peace and quietness. The old, old song the "Star of Richmond Hill", sang of the beauties of nature, beauties which can never be more appreciated than they will be by England's crippled heroes.

Little Willie: "Dad, give me five cents, and I'll be a good boy." His Pa: "No, my boy, I want you to understand that a son of mine must be good for nothing."

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From the Ocean Shore

ITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

Nova Scotia is enjoying a season of prosperity.

The new building of the St. John, N.B., Post Office has just been completed.

Upwards of 40 steamers were sighted in St. John's Harbor during March.

The result of the seal catch thus far in Newfoundland north [illegible] tons.

Scores of West Indians from the battalion, are in the hospital at Halifax suffering from frost bite.

Three bodies of infants were found on three consecutive days recently, one at Fairville, N.B., and two others in the vicinity.

A St. John, N.B., paper says: "Since the St. John fire have been anywhere near [illegible] mark.

Snowfall for March in [illegible] was more than 18 inches greater than the amount for last year.

The St. John's Young Ladies' Patriotic Association are actively seeking positions for women to [illegible] men for war service.

The new steel bridge on the [illegible] Cross Creek has been put in place. It is 45 feet in length and rests on new concrete abutments.

Several young ladies of Halifax have decided to fill positions vacated by men, in order that the latter may go to the front.

A hero of Digby is Lance-Corporal Alexander Griswold Vlets, who arrived last week from England, having lost sight of both eyes in action.

The Ladies' Association of the Nova Scotia Society are [illegible] a number of valuable [illegible] pool children of St. John's [illegible] houses.

A lot of 52 silver-black fox skins in New York and Boston trade [illegible] were sold at an average [illegible] of these brought an average of $5 each; 8 brought $1,000 each. The farm residence of Prince Edward Island, one of the returned men, [illegible] duty at the Provincial Exhibition [illegible] ings, was burned to the ground [illegible] a winter picnic held in connection, some of the picnickers [illegible] the scene of the gathering. A supper was served, cooks and a huge [illegible] ed.

Digby recently the highest record have been obtained [illegible] medium-sized lobsters [illegible] to the U.S. markets [illegible] ther in March prevented [illegible] from going out. [illegible] present, there is no [illegible] in the outports except [illegible] port, where a case of [illegible] reported last week. The [illegible] of diphtheria at Sydney [illegible] been completely checked [illegible] few days ago the Natural [illegible] eum at St. John, N.B., [illegible] magnificent skin of a South [illegible] Monday, the gift of a former [illegible] the city, Mr. Roy Harris. [illegible] skin measures $1.60 [illegible] out the head. The [illegible] near Sao Paulo, Brazil.

MODERN SURGERY.

Only Two Per Cent. of the Wounded Die.

Amidst the never-ceasing [illegible] tremendous loss of life [illegible] the present European [illegible] been a growing curiosity [illegible] how many of the wounded [illegible] brought back to the home [illegible] In previous wars [illegible] cents of death were [illegible] known that the [illegible] by hospital was also [illegible]

Jaques Bertillon, [illegible] of the municipal [illegible] for the entire French [illegible] stated that the mortality [illegible] only 2 per cent. [illegible] up and averaged [illegible] from all French [illegible] at least half [illegible] per to American [illegible]

"Out of every 100 [illegible] not being received [illegible] hospitals are sent [illegible] and the first [illegible] mortality was 4.5 per [illegible] since the improved [illegible] medical service and the [illegible] considerable number of [illegible] advantage of [illegible] substantially increased.

Hog Pasture.

To make the cheapest [illegible] Trials at the Kansas [illegible] Experiment Station [illegible] brood sows running on [illegible] and pursing [illegible] when receiving one to one [illegible] pounds of grain per each [illegible] weight of sow, as [illegible] and receiving 2 pounds [illegible] per each 100 pounds live [illegible] pasture just about cuts the [illegible] in two. The pasture alone [illegible] furnish enough feed for [illegible] brood sow with litter [illegible] pigs. They should be fed [illegible] as to make a rapid growth [illegible] way the spring pig can be [illegible] market before real cold [illegible] in.

Alfalfa, clover, bromus [illegible] rye make the earliest pasture. [illegible] these have not been provided [illegible] spring, seeding of such grain as [illegible] and barley or rape are the [illegible] thing.

The Markdale STANDARD

Is published on Thursday [illegible]
J. W. RUTLEDGE, [illegible]
Markdale, [illegible]

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DENTAL

DR. J. V. [illegible]
Dentist
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Dental Surgeon, graduate of Ontario College of Dentistry, University of Toronto. Post-office. Office hours [illegible] Parties from [illegible] please call up residence [illegible] in reception room of [illegible]

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