THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes; he, too, may have been Gilles," said Scarborough. "I hope he was; because if he was, he hasn't got the stones yet, and we may get them first. We shall have to find out where he is, and watch him. Unfortunately I can only do it between duty spells, but I'll get some of the other cable men to help. And of course—here's a man who has plenty of spare time—haven't you, Phil?"

Phil Varney had come into the room while Scarborough was speaking. He shook hands with Elsa and said:

"I was riding back from the Casa Davis just now, Miss Carrington, and I met your mother. She was driving home to the Chinelas in a hurry. She says she has been robbed of a valuable document."

Scarborough jumped to his feet with an exclamation.

"The letter from the stone jar!" he cried.

Mona laughed.

"Andrew Gillies, the hooded woman, the man in the small boat, or whom?" she said, excitedly. "This is becoming interesting."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Phil Varney gave a quick glance round the group. His news that Mrs. Carrington had lost a document would appear to be momentous; for they were all showing strong excitement.

"I seem to have dropped a bombshell unawares," he said, with a laugh. "What plot are you people hatching?"

Scarborough turned to Elsa.

"Did you show your mother the scratched stone?" he asked—"or tell her about it?"

"Neither," said Elsa. "I probably should have done both, but her comments on my father's last letter to me which I did show her—made me determine to tell her, for the future, no more than I had to."

Scarborough looked relieved. "That may turn out to be a lucky determination," he said. "It puts us more on a level with her."

"How?" asked the girl.

"Well, if your father's last act in life was to make those scratches on the stone, they are probably important. We know about them, and she doesn't. On the other hand, she knows what was in the stolen letter, and we don't; but perhaps the information that has been stolen from her wasn't complete. Don't you see? I'm inclined to think that it wasn't, and that the scratched stone was meant to supply what was lacking. Where, by the way, is the stone?"

"In my desk at home."

"Locked?"

"Yes," said Elsa, and then added meaningly, "but it's a common little lock. Any key that—"

"That an inquisitive person—shall we say Andrew Gillies?—tried, would open it?" said Scarborough. "Or it might not be Andrew Gillies?"

"It might be my mother," said Elsa. "I think she is capable of it."

"Quite so. Then will you ride back to the Chinelas at once, and see that she doesn't?"

"Yes," said Elsa.

"May I go with you?" asked Mona, suddenly. "We are not performing this week, you know."

Elsa hesitated, and then, seeing the almost pleading look of friendliness on the other girl's face, she said:

"Yes, come if you like. Your interest in the thing is as great as mine."

It was not perhaps a very gracious response to tht overture of friendship, but apparently Mona meant to be satisfied with it.

"I won't be a minute," she said, as she hurried from the room. "I've only got to fetch my hat and gloves, and pump up the front tire of my bireling, and then we can start."

"What are you going to do?" Elsa asked Scarborough.

"Oh, Phil and I will see you safely off, and then we are going to the venta where the apologetic Aberdonian spends his time in studying controversial theology. I hope we shall find him at home."

"If you don't?" Elsa asked.

"We shall look for some clue to his whereabouts. He must be found."

Elsa nodded. "But if you do find him at home?" she went on—"I don't think that you will—but if you do, what then?"

Scarborough laughed. "Really, I can't tell you," he said gaily. "I fancy it will depend a good deal upon him. If he's in a theological mood, we may discuss John Knox; if he's combative, we may fight. I'm not going to the venta with any formed and definite plan of action, partly because there isn't time to make one, and partly because he would probably upset it in any case. Phil and I are neither of us good schemers; but we've been in scrapes together before, and worried through all right. We must trust to the spur of the moment to jog our wits."

Scarborough was in high spirits. The misunderstanding between him and the girl he loved was a tan end. The days of inaction were over and there was something definite to be done; an adversary—two adversaries, if one counted Mrs. Carrington—to be fought. He had fretted sorely at his inability hitherto to do anything but spin theories, a task at which he knew he did not shine. Now, at length, he could act, and he gloried at the prospect. He would have liked to begin by telling Elsa again that he loved her, and that he wanted her for his wife, but he had made up his mind that he would say nothing about that until he had read the letter that was coming from his uncle, whom Scott had christened Croesus. There was in this decision something of the pride which forbids a man to ask a girl to share his lot in life, and make a home for him until he knows exactly what he has to offer, and what sort of home it will be in his power to give her; but there was more of the prudence which comes from having already suffered one rebuff. He had meant once before, on the night when the "Danger—Circus" cablgram passed through his hands in the Ribiera Grande instrument room, to ask her to marry him; and she had not allowed him to say the words. He did not think that she was yet ready to hear them. The return to understanding between them was a little bit too recent, perhaps, and her mind was too full of other matters for the present.

He had said nothing to her therefore, on the ride from the Chinlas to Ponta Delgada, of the one thing about which he thought the most; and now he was ready to let her ride home without him, with his question still unasked. But the question should be asked by and by, and meanwhile hope and the happier turn in his relations with her kept his spirits high. Also he was not a little pleased with his own wisdom in recognizing the diplomacy of delay. And a comforting self-approbation had its usual joyous effect upon him as upon every healthy man of his years.

Elsa saw, of course, that he was excited, and happy; but she misunderstood the cause. She knew that he was, by nature energetic, and she guessed how he had fretted at the inactivity which her own resentment had, by keeping him in ignorance of facts which she knew, partly been responsible for forcing upon him. She thought that he was happy because at last he had something to do, and incidentally, perhaps, because that something was to be done for her sake. Also she suspected that he was looking forward to the excitement of a possible fight with the Scotchman.

"Be careful," she said anxiously. "He is dangerous."

"He is five-foot-five," said Scarborough lightly. "Phil and I should be able to manage him."

But Elsa's nervousness was not to be calmed by a boast.

"If he was, as you suggested just now, the man whom my father went to meet," she answered earnestly, "I think that he is to be feared. Father's letter hints that he, as least, feared him. Be careful, Horace. If the man wha dangerous then, when it was only a case of blackmail, he is likely to be more dangerou now, if he thinks he is fighting for twenty thousand pounds. Besides, we don't know what it was that killed my father."

"You think that Andrew Gillies may have murder on his conscience already?" asked Scarborough.

"If my father died in the midst of a contest with him at the Caldera de Morte, he has," said Elsa; "even if he did not lift a finger against him in actual voilence."

"Well, I won't let him hurt me," said Scarborough lightly. "Probably you overestimate the tenderness of his conscience. Don't be nervous about me, little girl."

"I am. I can't help it," said Elsa simply, and Scarborough's heart leaped at the thought of all that the confession implied. A tender answer came to his lips; he wished Phil Varney anywhere but in the room listening to them; but before he had decided whether to speak the words which were trembling on his tongue, Mona came in to say that she was ready, and the opportunity was lost.

A few minutes later the two girls had started, and Scarborough and Varney were on their way to the venta on the north road.

"As it appears that I am to be pressed into the service," said Varney, "I'd like to know what the services is. I've been rather out of things lately, you know, and I'm very much in the dark."

Scarborough gave him a brief outline of the facts, and at the end Varney remarked:

"I see. There are three parties in the field—Gillies, the Carrington woman, and you. Gillies and the Carrington woman work alone, and you others seem to be a sort of syndicate. Like to know which I would bet on?"

"Yes."

"The Carrington woman. I knew her in the old days, and she has a pernicious habit of getting her own way."

Scarborough laughed. "Are you free to help us in disappointing her?" he asked.

"So far as professional engagements go, yes, until next week."

"But you have other engagements?" Scarborough hinted.

"I'm trying to enter upon one," Varney coolly. "I expect you can guess where. She's a dear little girl, Horace, and a jolly sight too good for me. She doesn't in the least mind letting it be seen that she knows it, too," he added ruefully. "I wish you could have heard some of the lectures she has treated me to!"

"I have the pleasure of knowing Muriel Davis rather well," said Scarborough laughing, "so I can easily imagine them. I warned you she wouldn't approve of you, you remember."

"So you did, old man. But she has taken infinite trouble in pointing out the error of my ways, you see, and I'm rather hoping that in denouncing the sin, she may have grown more tolerant of the sinner. She says I ought to give up the circus business and steele down to something serious. She's right, of course."

"Does she suggest fruit-farming in the Azores?" asked Scarborough with a smile.

"No, but Mr. Davis does."

"What! You've got round the father, Phil! Your gift of making people like you is positively impudent! What right have you to hang up your hat in the Casa Davis? That's what you're going to do, I suppose."

"Well, something like that."

"It's monstrous."

(To be continued.)

The Neutral Newsmonger.

Who cheers us when we're in the blue
With reassuring German news
Of starving Berliners in queues?
The Neutral.

And then, soon after, tells us they
Are feeding nicely all the day
Just in the old familiar way?
The Neutral.

Who sees the Kaiser in Berlin
Dejected, haggard, old as sin,
And shaking in his hoary skin?
The Neutral.

Then says he's quite a Sunny Jim,
That buoyant health and youthful vim
Are sticking out all over him?
The Neutral.

Who tells us tales of Krupp's new guns
Much larger than the other ones,
And endless trains chockful of Huns?
The Neutral.

And then, when our last hope has fled,
Declares the Huns are either dead
Or hopelessly dispirited?
The Neutral.

In short, who seems to be a blend
Of Balaam's Ass, the bore's godsend,
And Mrs. Gamp's elusive friend?
The Neutral.

—Punch.

20 LBS. Pure Cane
10 LBS. Pure Cane
5 lbs. Pure Cane
2 lbs. Pure Cane
Lantic Sugar
Extra Quality Granulated

2 and 5-lb. Cartons
10 and 20-lb. Bags

Don't buy sugar by the "quarter's worth" or "dollar's worth" when you can buy

Lantic Sugar

in these full weight original packages, containing the "fine" granulation every housewife likes.

"The All-Purpose Sugar"

Vaseline
Trade Mark
Camphor Ice

Soothes and smooths chapped hands and lips. Keeps the skin soft. Sold in metal boxes and tin tubes at chemists and general stores everywhere.

Refuse substitutes.

Free booklet on request.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

PRACTICAL FARMING

The Farm Home Grounds.

During 1915, an agricultural survey was conducted by the Commission of Conservation on 600 farms in Ontario. In answer to the question "Are the grounds around the house neat?" it was found that 53 per cent. of the replies were in the negative. In travelling over Canada one cannot but be impressed by the general untidiness and the absence of plan or system in the planting and care of the farm home grounds.

Clean-up and Arbor Day campaigns conducted each spring in many of our towns and cities, should be extended to rural communities. The first question the farmer asks is: "What will it cost?" feeling that he cannot afford it. It will cost a little time in planning and work in planting but these will be well repaid by the added attraction and consequently increased value of the farm. In many parts of Canada trees and shrubs for planting can often be secured from the wild. Nothing is better for home planting than the common trees from the surrounding woodland; no shrubs purchased from an agent are superior to those native to the district, and no purchased vines can surpass some of those growing wild, such as the Virginia creeper, bitter sweet or the wild grape. Many of the choicest wild flowers, when transplanted to the flower border, often flourish more than in the wild. Yet in spite of the ease with which these attractions may be obtained, many farm home grounds are unplanted, untidy and unattractive. All that is needed to make them really beautiful is a little planting and care.

The morning glories, used to beautify the cabin, were planted by the housewife. In fact, it is usually the woman who takes an interest; the man is too busy with the crops to bother with such things.—F.C.N. in Conservation.

Try Alfalfa Again.

Although it is now generally admitted that alfalfa is the one best feeding crop for livestock, and despite the fact that it has been proved suitable to nearly every district in Ontario, many farmers refuse to give the plant a trial on their farm, while others give up trying to grow it after making a very feeble effort for success.

Those who wish to excuse themselves for neglecting to even try alfalfa say that it interferes with their rotation, is hard to break up if once established, and is not suited for pasturing; while those who give up trying to grow the crop say that their land is unsuited for it.

The first reason given for not sowing alfalfa is perhaps the best, but it is not a very good reason at that. Alfalfa is known to improve with the length of time that it occupies a field, but even if the third or fourth year are sacrificed to maintaining a rotation the whole benefit of the crop is not lost; and what cuttings are made in the first few years of its life are equal, if not superior, in value to cuttings of any other crop in the same period.

As for the trouble of breaking up a field of alfalfa, this only occurrs in very old fields, and the fault found by the plowman—that the roots run his plow out—is often due to the occurrence of an odd plant of alfalfa that comes as a surprise after the plow has been running through light or poor sod for some time.

The third reason for objection to alfalfa cannot be very well maintained by many who make it, because the crop is so valuable as hay, and is capable of producting so many cuttings in a season that other ground than the alfalfa field may well be given over to pasture and the alfalfa crop used for soiling if the Summer feed is insufficient.

The Contented Cow.

There is a firm, whose business it is to supply milk to city consumers, who make a specialty of advertising that their milk is drawn from contented cows. There is a lot in this for the farmer to consider. Milk production bears close relationship to nervous condition. An excited cow will not readily "let down" her milk, as everybody knows. Excitement is an intimation that she may require her energies for self-preservation, and the milk making process adjourns its activities to allow her to meet the apprehended emergency.

Annoyance in any form produces some degree of worry, irritability, and consequently excitement. Keep the cows contented, and functional activity in milk secretion will be the more generous.

Hence it is that dogs, unusual odors, vitiated air, sudden chills or draughts of air, irregular feeding or watering, noise, roughness in handling, all help to decrease the milk yield. Keep the animal quiet and contented, in well ventilated but quiet quarters, feed regularly, and act in a kindly and gentle manner when about the cattle.

The War on Smut.

The prevalence of smut in the Ontario grain crop last season induced many farmers to treat their seed before sowing this spring. One druggist in a small town told a representative of this paper before seeding started that he had sold 200 pounds of formalin and expected to sell 75 pounds more before the season was over. This is significant, especially where his sales of this material amounted to very little in 1915. There are farmers in the Province who have treated their seed for the past ten or fifteen years annually and without fail, and the results have well repaid them for their trouble. We have also known of farmers who have never treated for smut, and their grain has become so badly infested and their threshings so dirty that the neighbors refuse to assist them at threshing time. Fruit growers are obliged to spray in order to produce a marketable commodity, and the time may come when farmers generally will be obliged to treat their seed grain in order to prevent severe loss. Anyway, it is a precaution that costs little except labor and trouble, and, not knowing what the season will be like, it will probably pay to make it an annual practice just as is the seeding itself.—Farmer's Advocate.

Harrow or Roller?

There is often a considerable difference of opinion as to whether a field of grain should be harrowed or rolled in the spring, and if it is to be both harrowed and rolled, whether the rolling or the harrowing should be performed first. The proper method of procedure is really determined by the state of the soil. If the soil is lying very light and open on the surface, then the rolling is the best, for it will consolidate the soil round the plants, but in nearly every case the rolling should be followed by a light harrowing with a chain harrow or a set of very light seed harrows, so that the top half inch or so shall be again broken up. When the soil is inclined to be solid, then rolling is generally a mistake, and should not be undertaken unless it is necessary to smooth the surface somewhat or press in the stones in anticipation of harvest. Rolling is very seldom really required unless the land is quite light on the surface.

Little Potato Disease.

The Little Potato disease causes little potatoes as big as a pea, or a little larger to form on the potato stems, and no potatoes form on the roots. The reason is that this disease closes up the pores in the stem so the starch made in the leaves cannot go back to the roots to form potatoes. Potatoes affected with this disease have small spots on the surface made up of gorm masses, that look like a little soil stuck on the surface. The difference comes out when one tries to remove the spots. They do not come off while soil will. This disease is also called Russet Scab and Rhizoctonia. It is best not to use affected potatoes for seed. If they must be used first treat for two hours in a solution of 4 ounces corrosive sublimate to 30 gallons of water. (Corrosive sublimate is now four dollars a pound.)—D. G. M., North Dakota Experiment Station.

The Secret of Flaky Pie Crust

It's in our Recipe Book, with a lot of other recipes for making Good Pies. But—we're going to tell you right here how always to get the crust fine and flaky—and how to have the under-crust baked even when using fresh fruit.

Just ask for part.

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

Instead of all wheat flour. Try it and prove it.

Get a package of BENSON'S at your grocers, and write to the Benson Office for copy of our new cook book, "Desserts and Confections" that tells how.

THE CANADA STARCH COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL. CARDINAL. BRANTFORD, 218 FORT WILLIAM.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Is Unaggressive, But Will Not Stand for Nonsense.

When the Prince of Wales got short leave to go to Buckingham Palace to say "good-bye" to his parents, brothers and sister before going to the front, Prince John asked him, "What are you going to do when you get there, David?" (David being the name by which he is called at home.) "David" rubbed his chin and said, "I think I'll grow a beard for one thing," he answered.

Figuratively speaking the Prince of Wales has "grown a beard" since the war began—that is to say, he has ceased to be a boy and has become a man. The change is very apparent to all who come in contact with him. Always inclined to seriousness, he has taken his share in the war very seriously indeed. His staff work included carrying despatches, acting as interpreter, superintending the making of trenches, and duty as assistant transport officer. He has been in imminent danger of death scores of times.

There is nothing aggressive about the personality of "P. W." but he has a quiet way of standing no nonsense.

One day at the front he was on duty watching transport wagons being filled. Packages were being thrown up to the man in the wagon, whose duty it was to count them out loudly, pausing as each fifth 25 packages were reached. The man in the wagon, "tried it on" with the Prince to save himself trouble, he started calling out "25" when he should have been saying "20." But it did not work. "Twenty-five already?" said the Prince blandly. "I make it 20. One of us is wrong. Just unload the wagon and begin from the beginning again."

The world can get along without you but that's no reason for not trying to be one that the world doesn't want to get along without.

When a mother begins to tell her children how smart their father is they look at her as reproachfully as if they thought she was losing her mind.

Doctor Tells How To Strengthen Eyesight 50 per cent In One Week's Time In Many Instances

A Free Prescription You Can Have Filled and Use at Home.

Philadelphia, Pa. Do you wear glasses? Are you a victim of eye strain or other eye weaknesses? If so, you will be glad to know that according to Dr. Lewis there is real hope for you. Many whose eyes were failing say they have had their eyes restored through the principle of this wonderful free prescription. One man says, after trying it: "I was almost blind; could not see to read at all. Now I can read everything without any glasses and my eyes do not water any more. At night they would pain dreadfully; now they feel fine all the time. It was like a miracle to me." A lady who used it says: "The atmosphere seemed hazy with or without glasses, but after using this prescription for fifteen days everything seems clear. I can even read fine print without glasses." It is believed that thousands who wear glasses can now discard them in a reasonable time and multitudes more will be able to strengthen their eyes so as to be free from the trouble and expense of ever getting glasses. Eye troubles of many descriptions may be wonderfully benefited by following the simple rules. Here is a prescription: Go to any active drug store and get a bottle of Bon-Opto tablets. Put one Bon-Opto tablet in a fourth of a glass of water and allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two times daily. You should notice improvement in your eyesight right from the start. Inflammation will quickly disappear and if your eyes are hothering you, even a little, the first few days' application should bring relief. It is so simple that it should be kept on hand by everybody. Many hopelessly blind have been saved if they had carefully used this prescription in time.

Note: Another prominent Physician to whom the article was submitted, said: "Bon-Opto is a reliable ready-to-use remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to ophthalmic practitioners and I feel safe in guaranteeing it to strengthen eyesight 50 per cent in a short time in many instances or refund the purchase price. I feel it should be kept on hand in every family."

It is sold in Toronto by Vulcanus Drug Co.

2 in 1 SHOE POLISHES

A combination of both liquid and paste. They produce a brilliant, lasting shine with very little effort.

These polishes contain no acid and will not crack the leather. They preserve the leather and increase the life of your shoes.

F. F. DALLEY CO. OF CANADA Ltd.
Hamilton - Canada

BLACK-WHITE-TAN
10¢

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

ENGLISH WOMEN GAIN EQUALITY BY WORK

WHAT THEY DO FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT

War's Silver Lining to Women

"It is difficult for people after the war to realize the devastation in the lives of the women of the various countries, of young women and children, thousands of them left in cold blood or difficult, I say, circumstances some of them facing a dreary Winter ahead. Ahead! Why, years, and years, and years of the most grinding toil and toward one end, that of the work of the world, toward the mending, healing, also, it is hoped, of the gory Wards generally in which the armies, at the moment, helped the Government and by coming in thousands to the factories of those at the front any a silver lining.

The lives of women are second but useless sacrifices, conditions were now might result to the rest and their own men.

The Invasion

Indeed, the women of France, freely, without reserve are at least.

In one factory engaged in danger great fuse shop. On the Clyde men has been more than anywhere has amazed at the work done, but sense share of the whole of England to the main war supplies.

It was thought at shrapnel shop for men must be the hospital in and out of "the women three five minutes," and that "war may be generations, but to be ready for part of the education Mrs. Ward visited with an official view the superintendent the women.

"As to the women hands—they are they. They don't ours? They work overtime twelve days a week that they'd like ment is insisting two Sundays—and they're not resent it. And you tired.

They Laugh

"If I go down girls there's a bit ment is pushing have—can you Why, they'll stay then pour out and singing surgical dressing here for nearly never had a holiday wouldn't take one. at the front? making? they ask. And he told here had been Zeppelin them in, fearing. Of course, the women sat in the keep the home fire, sipperary," and man "felt a lump he knew they sweethearts here.

Yes, those women are passing furnace, and it would from the burning the King but pure gold. workingman stake, the front, where England's sharing gium, unprotected then half a million ready to do their duty. And the working the women the English women it seems to can say to the eternal fire settling in the web of things.

It Was on

during his in the west drouned from checking on his neck in the morning shouted. "Tea! the attention of the officer. "Can't you?" "Can't you the tourist. "No, sure, it's of