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CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

However, he was pleased by this trivial attention, and she knew it. It was an absurdly insignificant incident, and yet here she was recalling it with something like a thrill. Not only that, but she recalled another and equally preposterous detail of the day. She had dropped her vainty-box in the car, and as they both stooped for it his cheek had brushed hers. He laughed lightly and apologized—forgetting it the next second. Eight hours later he dared remember it, like any schoolgirl. Small wonder that she glanced about to make sure the room was empty. It sent her to bed shamefaced.

The fourth day came, with the golden road still unfolding before them and her fairy prince still beside her. Then the fifth day, and that night they stopped within sight of the ocean.

That evening they walked by the shore of the sea, and Monte appeared quieter than usual.

"I have wired ahead for rooms at the Hotel des Roses," he announced.

"Yes, Monte," she said.

"It's where I've stopped for ten years. The last time I was there I found Edhart gone, and was very uncomfortable."

"It was what lured me on to Paris—and you," he smiled.

"Then I must be indebted to Edhart also."

"I think it would be no more than decent to look up his grave and place a wreath of roses there," he observed.

"But, Monte," she protested, "I should hate to imagine he had to give up his life for just this."

"At any rate, if he hadn't died I'm sure I should have kept to my schedule," he said seriously.

"And then?"

"I should not have been here."

"You speak regretfully?" she asked.

He stopped abruptly and seized her arm.

"You know better," he answered.

For a moment she looked dizzily into his eyes. Then he broke the tension by smiling.

"I guess we'd better turn back," he said below his breath.

It was evident that Monte was not quite himself at that moment. That night she heard the roll of the ocean as she tried to sleep, and it said many strange things o her. She did not sleep well.

The next morning they were on their way again, reaching the Hotel des Roses at six in the afternoon. Henri was at the door to meet them. Henri, he thought, had greatly improved since his last visit. Perhaps Edhart, from his seat on high, had been instructing him. The man seemed to understand better without being told what Monsieur Covington desired. The apartments were ready, and it was merely a personal matter between Monte and the garcon to have his trunk transferred from the second floor to the third and Marie's trunk brought down from the third to the second. Even Edhart might have been pardoned for making this mis-

take in the distribution of the luggage, if not previously informed.

That evening Marjory begged to be excused from dinner, and Monte dined alone. He dined alone in the small salle-a-manger where he had always dined alone, and where the last time he was here he had grown in an instant from twenty-two to thirty-two. Now, in another instant, it was as if he had gone back to twenty-two. It was even almost as if Edhart had returned to life. The mellow glow of the long twilight tinted the room just as it used to do. Across the boulevard he saw the Mediterranean, languid and blue.

Felix, who was in charge of the salle-a-manger, hovered near Monte as if he felt the latter to be his special charge. He served as Monte's right hand—the hand of the sling. He was very much disturbed because madame refused her dinner, and every now and then thought of something new that possibly might tempt her.

Every one else about the hotel was equally friendly, racking his brains to find a way of serving Monte, by serving madame. It made him feel quite like those lordly personages who used to come here with a title and turn the place topsy-turvy for themselves and for their women-folk. He recalled a certain count of something who arrived with his young wife and who in a day had half of Nice in his service. Monte felt like him, only more so. There was a certain obsequiousness that the count demanded which vanished the moment his back was turned; but the interest of Felix had his fellows now was based upon something finer than fear. Monte felt it had to do with Marjory herself, and also—well, in a sense she was carrying a title too. She was, to these others, a bride.

Monte lighted a cigarette and went out upon the Quai Massena for a stroll. It was late in the season for the crowds. They had long since adjourned to the mountains or to Paris. But still there were plenty remaining.

He did not stray far. He walked contentedly back and forth for the matter of an hour. He might have kept on until midnight, had it not been for a messenger from the hotel who handed him a note. Indifferently he opened it and read:

I've gone to the Hotel d'Angleterre. Please don't try to see me to-night. Hastily,

Marjory.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Bride Runs Away

Henri, who was greatly disturbed, explained to Monte that madame came downstairs shortly after monsieur left for his walk and asked for him. Being told that monsieur had gone out, she too had gone out, wearing a light shawl—to meet monsieur, as Henri supposed. In some fifteen minutes madame had returned, appearing somewhat excited, if it were permissible to say so. Thereupon she had given orders to have her luggage and the luggage of her maid removed at once to the Hotel d'Angleterre. Henri had assured her that if her rooms were not suitable he would turn the house upside down to please her.

"No, no," she had answered; "it is not that. You are very kind, Henri."

He had then made so bold as to suggest that a messenger be sent out to find monsieur.

"By all means," she had answered. "I will give you a note to take to him."

She had sat down and written the note and Henri had dispatched it immediately. But, also immediately, madame and her maid had left.

"I beg monsieur to believe that if there is anything—"

Monte waved the man aside, went to the telephone, and rang up the Hotel d'Angleterre.

"I wish to know if a Madame Covington has recently arrived."

"Non, monsieur," was the response.

"Look here," said Monte sharply. "Make sure of that. She must have reached there within fifteen minutes."

"We have had no arrivals here within that time except a Mademoiselle Stockton and her maid."

"Eh?" snapped Monte. "Repeat that again."

"Mademoiselle Stockton," the clerk obeyed.

"She signed the register with that name?"

"But yes. If monsieur—"

"All right; thanks."

"You found her?" inquired Henri solicitously.

"Yes," nodded Monte, and went out into the night again.

She had run away as if in fear. She had not dared even to talk over with him the cause for her uneasiness. And he—blind fool that he was—had not detected anything unusual. He had gone off mooning, leaving her to fight her own fight. He had been so confoundedly self-satisfied and content because she was here with him, where heretofore he had always been alone, that he had gone stony blind to her comfort. That was the crude fact.

However, accusing himself did not bring him any nearer an explanation of her strange conduct. She would not have left him unless she had felt herself in some danger. If Hamilton were eliminated, who then remained by whom she could feel menaced? Clearly it must be himself.

Monte was all wrong. From beginning to end he was wrong. Marjory had run away, not from him, but from some one else. When she left the hotel she had been on her way to join monsieur, as Henri had correctly surmised. From her window she had been watching him for the matter of half an hour as he paced up and down the quay before the hotel. Every time Monte disappeared from sight at the end of a lap, she held her breath until he appeared again. Every time he appeared again, her heart beat faster. He seemed such a lonely figure that her conscience troubled her. He was so good, was Monte—so good and four-square.

She had left him to dine alone, and without a protest he had submitted. That was like him; and yet, if he had only as much as looked his disappointment, she would have dressed and come down. She had been ready to do so. It was only the initial excitement that prompted her at first to shut herself up. Coming to this hotel, where for ten years he had been coming alone, was almost like going back into his life for that length of time. Then, Monte had signed the register "Monsieur and Madame Covington." With bated breath she had watched him do it.

After that the roses in her room and the attention of every one to her as to a bride—all those things had frightened her at first. Yet she knew they were bowing low, not to her, but to Madame Covington. This was what made her ears burn. This was what made her seek the seclusion of her room. She left like an impostor, claiming honors that did not belong to her. It made her so uncomfortable that she could not face even Marie. She sent her off.

Sitting by the open window, she watched Monte as he walked alone, with a queer little ache in her heart. How faithfully he had lived up to his bargain! He had given her every title of the freedom she had craved. In all things he had sought her wishes, asking nothing for himself. It was she who gave the order for starting every morning, for stopping at night. She chose this inn or that, as pleased her fancy. She talked when she wished to talk, and remained silent when she preferred. If, instead of coming to Nice and Etois, she had expressed a desire to turn in some other direction, she knew he would merely have nodded.

To be continued.

PIANOS! PIANOS!

In order to get our justly high grade pianos in every town, village or township throughout Ontario, we shall offer one instrument, and only one, in each place, at factory price, as far as can be done consistently. These pianos are made in Canada and have been before the Canadian public for nearly twenty-five years, and are sold with a eight guarantee.

For further information apply to

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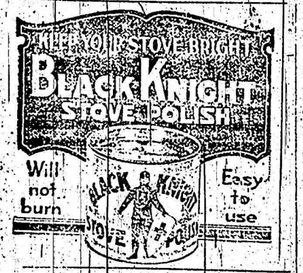

I wish there was a Walker House in every little town

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE
In every little town;
Then I could travel merrily,
And always sit me down
At night in peace and comfort,
Happier than king with crown,
If there was just one Walker House.
In every little town.

I wish there was a WALKER HOUSE
In each place where I go.
The comforts of my dear old home
While on the road I'd know.
The meals—the Cheerful Service, too,
Would leave no cause to frown,
If there was just one Walker House.
In every little town.

The Walker House
The House of Plenty Toronto Geo. Wright E. M. Carroll

SPONGE BOX AS KITCHEN COMMODITY.

A home-made sponge box or bread raiser will prove a great convenience in the wartime kitchen. It enables the housekeeper to keep her sponge or dough at the right temperature so that it will rise in less time. A sponge box or bread raiser, therefore, takes much of the uncertainty out of bread baking. It can be made from an ordinary dry goods packing box, and the government has sent out directions for making it, as follows:

A box 26 by 20 by 20 inches is a convenient size. About ten inches from the bottom of the box a shelf made of slats or strips of wood rests on cleats fastened to the sides of the box. A second shelf is placed four inches above the lower one. The shelves can be removed when cleaning the box. Below the lower shelf a sheet of galvanized iron slightly wider than the shelf is inserted. It is curved in order to make it slip in and stay in place securely. This prevents scorching of the lower shelf when a lamp is placed below and also helps to distribute the heat more evenly. The door is hinged and fastened with a thumb-latch or hook and staple.

Several small holes are bored in the lower and upper parts of the sides and in the top of the box to promote circulation of air. A cork which has been bored through the centre to admit a straight thermometer is inserted in one of the holes in the top of the box. A Fahrenheit dairy thermometer that registers as high as 100 degrees can be used. Such a thermometer may be ordered through a hardware dealer or directly from an instrument dealer.

To avoid all danger of fire, the box should be lined with asbestos or tin when a kerosene lamp is used for heating the box. If an electric light is used the lining is not necessary. A sixteen-candle power light will heat the box nicely. A small and inexpensive night lamp is placed in the bottom of the box and a shallow pan of water is placed on the lower shelf so that the air in the box will be kept moist.

The bowl of sponge or pans of dough are placed on the upper shelf. The temperature of the box should be kept as near 86 degrees F. as possible (80 degrees to 88 degrees F.) when bread is being made in the quick way. If a sponge is set over night 65 to 70 degrees F. is the better temperature until the dough is made in the morning, after which the temperature may be increased to 86 degrees F. The temperature in the box may be varied by raising or lowering the flame of the lamp or by using warm or cold water in the shallow pan.

Honey a Sugar Substitute.

Honey is much more easily digested than sugar, and much more quickly assimilated. It has the peculiarity of retaining moisture, keeping bread and cakes, for instance, fresh and soft for a long time. It is delicious on dry cereals of all kinds, even dry bran. In combination with most fresh fruits and nuts, there is no sweet like honey. Try it with baked apples, baked peaches, sour cherries, boiled or baked quinces, grapefruit, cocoanut, almonds and Brazil nuts and you will surely want it a second time. Raisins, spices and spicy seeds blend well with honey.

Honey cakes, as we have said, are noted for their keeping qualities. For this reason, the use of honey is recommended for wedding or black fruit cake, while it gives a richness of flavor and texture to even a plain raisin loaf like the following:

Honey Plum Cake.—½ cupful shortening, ½ cupful brown sugar, ½ cupful honey, 1 egg, ¾ cupful milk, 2 cupfuls pastry flour, 1 teaspoonful soda, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ teaspoonful ginger, ½ teaspoonful nutmeg, ½ teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 cupful raisins or mixed fruit. Cream the shortening and brown sugar together, add honey and egg well beaten. Mix and sift together all the dry ingredients, reserving a little of the flour to dust over the raisins. Add dry ingredients alternately with the milk to the first mixture; beat well, add raisins and bake in a well-greased and floured loaf pan in a moderate oven.

Honey is unequaled for making small cakes. The following will keep indefinitely:

Nutlets.—1 cupful shortening, 1 cupful honey, 1 cupful brown sugar, 1 cupful chopped nut meats, 1 egg, 2 scant teaspoonfuls soda, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 4 cupfuls pastry flour. Sift the dry ingredients together, beat the egg well, and mix in order given. This will make a stiff batter; drop by teaspoonfuls on a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven, as cakes made with honey will burn easily. This recipe makes about eight dozen small cakes.

Honey Hermits.—½ cupful shortening, ¾ cupful honey, ½ teaspoonful mixed spices, 1 cupful chopped raisins, 1 egg, 1 teaspoonful soda, ½ teaspoonful salt, about 3 cupfuls pastry flour. Heat the shortening and the honey together until the shortening is melted, add the mixed spices, using cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Allow it to cool. Then add the egg, well beaten; raisins, and two cupfuls of flour in which the soda and salt have been sifted. Add more flour if needed to make a dough stiff enough to roll out. Roll, cut in squares and bake in a moderate oven.

FEWER STIFF COLLARS.

Better Uses Are Found at This Time For Starch and Linen.

The separate starched collar was invented about ninety-two years ago by the wife of a blacksmith of Troy, N.Y., who made one for her husband. Since then it has grown in popularity until there is probably nobody who has not worn a starched collar at some time or other. Now its popularity is on the decline again, partly on the score of comfort and partly as a result of the war.

The crux of the matter does not lie with the collar itself, though that is made from material which is useful for bandages. It's the starch that is to be saved—valuable foodstuff that ought not to be wasted on collars.

A permanently stiffened collar is being introduced which is not celluloid, but is a regular fabric collar treated with a kind of varnish that makes it possible to clean it under the tap or with a damp cloth. Automobilists should be among those who appreciate this new fabric, for in spite of road dust, it is always possible to "feel clean" in a clean collar. A collar of this kind will last from two weeks to a month.

Destroy the Rat.

A single pair of rats, breeding uninterruptedly and without enemies, would at the end of three years be increased to 359,709,482 individual rats.

The common mouse increases almost as fast as the rat.

These facts show why it is necessary to trap and kill rats and mice to keep them from overrunning a house. If left to themselves, they maul property and spread disease.

Destroy these pests!

Eradicate cedar trees growing near orchards to keep down apple rust. It is chiefly a foliage disease, but also attacks the fruit.

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.

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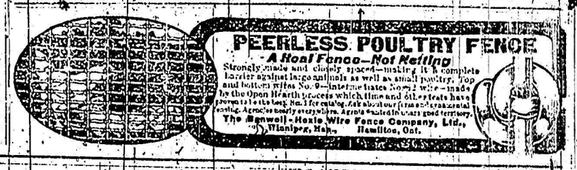

A New Dress For Your Home

Cover the scars of wear and tear on walls and floors and furniture.

A wall re-tinted—a floor varnished—a hall painted—a chair or dining room set re-stained—the whole house made fresh and bright, spic and span. There are

SPIC AND SPAN FINISHES

for every surface—for everything you want to "do over".

"NEU-TONE"—the washable sanitary, soft tone Wall Finish, in pleasing tints.
"WOOD-LAC" Stains make soft wood look like expensive Mahogany, Walnut, etc.
"MARBLE-ITE" Floor Varnish—for hardwood floors. Won't mar or turn white.
"LIQUID WAX"—for floors. Easily applied, Dries hard, Shines easily.
"SENOUR'S FLOOR PAINT"—the hard-drying paint for the floor that wears, and wears, and wears.
"VARNOLEUM" brightens up and protects Oil Cloth and Linoleum.

These Finishes have proved their worth and wear and economy in a great many homes. We have handled them for years and can guarantee results.

FRUIT JAR LABELS FREE—a handy book of them—printed in colors and ready gummed, given away. Write for them. 104

The MARTIN-SENOUR Co. LIMITED
GREENSHIELDS AVENUE, MONTREAL

Food Control Corner

Wilful waste of any food or products or waste resulting from products or waste resulting from lessness or from [illegible] facilities, has been made liable subject to penalties under the Canada Food Control Act. By virtue of this Order, [illegible] upon private citizens [illegible] food is lost by [illegible] or kept in storage [illegible] private citizen [illegible] that a cold storage [illegible] restaurant or hotel [illegible] any way, he has [illegible] of making a complaint [illegible] cipal authorities [illegible] that the law is [illegible] time like this [illegible] in the world and [illegible] in Canada where [illegible] ance still prevails [illegible] duty of the people [illegible] the law against [illegible] the full spirit [illegible] household and [illegible]

In the past [illegible] many people [illegible] about lack of [illegible] to waste and [illegible] upon the Dominion [illegible] constant reminder [illegible] the Government [illegible] cold storage in [illegible] Winnipeg would [illegible] fection and [illegible] of food would [illegible] ately would [illegible] doesn't the Government [illegible] thing?" The [illegible] tive might [illegible] to occur to [illegible] new order [illegible] abundantly clear [illegible] has "done [illegible] done all it [illegible] special and expensive [illegible] more. It has [illegible] of local enforcement [illegible] tralization of [illegible] vided stiff fines [illegible] the law against [illegible] has provoked [illegible] dertaken by [illegible] the municipal [illegible] municipal officers [illegible] local cold storage [illegible] the charge before [illegible] or two justices [illegible] securing a [illegible] half the [illegible] Similarly in the [illegible] officer securing [illegible] penalties are [illegible] fines being [illegible] tween $100 and [illegible] ternative of imprisonment [illegible] months. If [illegible] it, and waste [illegible] flagrant, both [illegible] may be imposed.

Further, if [illegible] that food is [illegible] be sold for food [illegible] only to notify [illegible] The Board [illegible] notify the offender [illegible] must be immediately [illegible] fault of officers [illegible] may step in and [illegible] sell them.

Most people [illegible] that there is [illegible] that people [illegible] pends are [illegible] Some few [illegible] new law will [illegible]

TWO LONG [illegible]

One Used by [illegible] Oliver W[illegible]

"For [illegible] those [illegible] business [illegible] startling [illegible] his writing [illegible] served his [illegible] Oliver Wendell [illegible] pen for more [illegible] ing which [illegible] words."

That was [illegible] pen compared [illegible] cal of a [illegible] more practical [illegible] eray and Holmes [illegible] Pens, in the last [illegible] have come to [illegible] ed by most people [illegible] tinual use for the [illegible] an old pen [illegible] penholder with [illegible] potential waste [illegible] is exceptionally [illegible] but the one that [illegible] for Dr. Holmes [illegible] years must have [illegible] way, it was obvious [illegible] than the average [illegible] for only two years [illegible] an old-time quill [illegible] a quill pen that [illegible] the writing of two [illegible] as those produced [illegible] be regarded well [illegible]

This economy [illegible] utensils seems [illegible] In the last ten years [illegible] have knocked out [illegible] have started on [illegible] time have probably [illegible] than half the number [illegible] Dr. Holmes produced [illegible] old gold pen. And when [illegible] think of the comparative [illegible] the words the reflection [illegible] tively humiliating.

The continued high prices of mutton and lamb have made it desirable that more sheep be kept on the farms of Canada. In many parts of the country there are large areas of rough land, weedy lots and grown up [illegible] rows which afford an excellent opportunity for feeding sheep.

The Markdale STANDARD

is published on Thursday by [illegible]
G. W. RUTLEDGE,
Markdale, Ont.

SUBSCRIPTION—Postage [illegible] Canada, $1.50 a year; in the United States $2.00 a year, in advance; when not paid in advance [illegible] discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the [illegible]

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6 " [illegible]
3 " [illegible]
2 " [illegible]
6 Weeks Contract [illegible]
4 " [illegible]
3 " [illegible]
2 " [illegible]
1 " [illegible]

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Advts. of Farms and [illegible] for sale, not exceeding [illegible] charged $1 for first month [illegible] each additional month.

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[illegible]

DR. DeVAN'S [illegible] PHOSPHONOL FOR [illegible]

Sold at Stephens' Drug Store