

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD
BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

"Not till to-day, I think. Mrs. Somebody calling at the Lees told me I believe Salars was the name. The professor had gone, and I follow tomorrow. I'm going to sleep at the Station Hotel to-night. After I get all the stuff out, your mother was very kind—she asked me up to the Lees to meet Peter's mother. Mr. Garlock 'pecks' call me Peter," he said gruffly. "I like it. And I hope you will come up to the Lees. If you will tell me when you will be here, I'll leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"Oh, how very good of you! Well, I think I will come," said Mrs. Carr. "I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

"I'll be ready to leave the Clock House, I'll send a carriage from the hotel."

to making use of them have proved their humbling in some cases, owing to a particular cause they had at heart. Why the custom of asking them and writing them has not fallen into disuse it is not possible to understand. There is nothing in this world to be had without payment, and very often the person who writes the letter of introduction knows perfectly well the utility of what he is doing. It is in the mind of the person to whom it is presented, a feeling of irritation which is hardly possible to put into words. Mostly, the letter is less to offer the kind of permanent help or service desired and expected and the utmost he can do is to speak a word of casual kindness, offer a smile, or some other half-hearted hospitality.

Affery, who knew the ropes of city life and all the tortuous ways of the office-seeker, felt a profound pity for his fellow-traveler. But realizing that he was not in a position to do anything, he now proposed to leave him severely to his own devices. He left him in the corner of the second-class car, and he himself went to the first-class car. He was looking for a seat when he saw a man in a dark suit and a hat, who was looking at him with a suspicious eye. He was looking at him with a suspicious eye.

Rankine was not favorably impressed with the leading house kept by Mrs. Carr. He was looking for a seat when he saw a man in a dark suit and a hat, who was looking at him with a suspicious eye. He was looking at him with a suspicious eye.

"I don't know how to thank you, Affery, for all your good fellow-feeling," said the man. "Oh, that's all right," said Affery, "it's my duty."

"That's my duty," said Affery, "it's my duty."

"That's my duty," said Affery, "it's my duty."

"That's my duty," said Affery, "it's my duty."

"That's my duty," said Affery, "it's my duty."

days, when I was a bartender at Joe Cassidy's, on "Paddy's Street."

"Is that the class who frequent the house?" asked Rankine rather dryly, imagining that Affery was taking rather much for granted where he was concerned.

"There are all sorts. She accommodates about a score of talented artists, and clerks of the better sort. You pay your money and you take your choice. I'm not rambling it down your throat, mind, but I think you might do worse. Will you have up your suit?"

Affery had left his with the exception of a small handbag to which he was hanging on at the moment at the station depot whence he would take next day the West-bound train. Rankine decided that in the meantime he had better agree.

"I'll take the room for a week, anyway, Affery—paying in advance."

So Rankine began paying guest to Mrs. Isaacstein, and after a few days, looking back on that day's transactions, he had to smile a melancholy smile at his own fastidious qualms.

Affery was perfectly at home; but that night Rankine had no chance of making the acquaintance of his fellow-lodgers, for Affery took him out to see New York; and they did not return till the small hours.

They slept late next day, then Affery had to make some purchases, and finally they stood together about half-past seven in the evening in the main track of the Central Railway, from which the train departed for the West. Rankine was rather surprised that Affery had not again referred to the Yukon incident, and surmising that he had perhaps wounded more tender susceptibilities than he knew by his refusal, he ventured to bring the subject up again. Affery was flinging a very fat cigarette case from a paste-board box he had bought on Broadway, when Rankine said somewhat diffidently:

"I don't know how to thank you, Affery, for all your good fellow-feeling," said the man. "Oh, that's all right," said Affery, "it's my duty."

"That's my duty," said Affery, "it's my duty."

CLIPSE FASHIONS



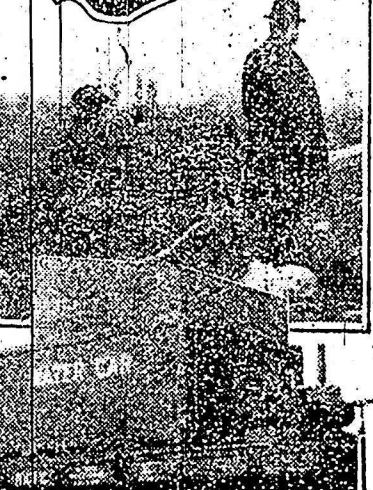
CHARMINGLY SLENDERIZING.
Slenderizing and straight-lined, this clever ensemble-effect frock of printed crepe gives the large woman an added touch of youthfulness. The wide underpanel is of contrasting color, crepe. This same color makes the cuffs and collar, and the full-length sleeves at each side which emphasize the coat effect. An all-around belt with novelty buckle adds to the tailored finish. No. 1101 is cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust. Size 44 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 or 40-inch material with 1 1/2 yards extra of contrasting material for panel, revers and collar. Width of dress around bottom, about 1 1/2 yards. Price, 20 cents.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.
Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred), wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent at return mail.



Not An Old Top.
Mrs. Gold (entering).—Did you hear that fellow call to you, "Hello, Hubby?"
Hubby.—Yes, what of it?
Mrs. G.—Well, I wouldn't permit anyone to make a remark like that! Our car-top is brand new!

The production of aluminum from bauxite ore was carried on in Canada during 1923 at Shawinigan Falls, Quebec. Ten other plants, all in Ontario, fabricated aluminum products. The value of the total output from these plants was \$7,017,830.



FIGHTING THE FIRE FIEND IN OUR FORESTS
Fire fighting has become one of the most important duties of the railway section men. In 1913 the Canadian Pacific Railway maintained 150 special fire-fighting units, each consisting of a fire engine and a crew of eight men. In the regions where forest fires are most likely to occur, where the right way runs through heavily wooded areas, there are special fire fighting units equipped with tank cars maintained. These units, stationed at Brownville, Ont.; MacTier, Ont.; White River, Ont.; Chateaufort, Ont., where power is easily accessible, do very effective work in assisting the patrolmen when fire cannot be controlled locally.

Photographs of the Saints.

Ignorance and un sophistication are qualities often—nay, usually—found among the peasants of the European countries. An especially curious sort of ignorance was observed in the portraits of the peasants by the authors of Misadventures with a Donkey in Spain. The villagers there seem to have been more familiar with the camera than with pictures drawn by the artist's hand. The Hook says:

"The usual questioning by the peasants revealed a depth of simplicity in them even greater than we had met before. They had reached question eight and we had replied that we were painters."

"You will do good trade in the villages of this district," said one of the men, "there are houses to paint. It is the season of the year."

"Not house painters!" they cried, amazed. "But what then do you paint?"

"We do it with the hands," we said, for example, these pictures—pointing to the religious portraits that decorated the whitewashed walls—these pictures are done with hands by the artist. We made gesturing motions of sketching.

"Ah, no!" they replied, wagging their heads wistfully at us. "These pictures are made with machines. They are photographs of the saintly personages."

"We had some difficulty in persuading them that the pictures contained from the imagination of the artist and that a picture of St. Mark dressed in a monkish cowl, holding in his hands a bound volume, accompanied by a lion with a most carefully dressed chin, was not a photograph of nature. (I do not think that we left an active doubt in their simple faith, but the discrepancy that the pictures were not strictly true did give them something of a shock.)

Where They Paid in Sugar.
In St. Kitts, or St. Christopher, an island in the West Indies, during the great days of the prosperity, which extended from the reign of William and Mary well into the reign of George IV., there was little or no handling of money. Everything says Sir Frederick Thesiger in the Cradle of the Deep, was paid for in sugar, indigo or tobacco.

Funny Coral Fish.
Claimed to be the most fantastic fish in the world, the coral fish of Java is deep orange in color, with yellow bands edged with black.

The Fresh Flavor



Surnames and Their Origin

FLETCHER
Variations—Armisth, Setter, Tipper, Flower.
Racial Origin—English.
Sources—Trades.

Who says there is no romance in names? How many business men, manufacturers, merchants, manual workers and professional men of the modern age go busily about their daily occupations without a thought, without even the knowledge, that their family names are the best relics of what was once one of the mightiest industries of medieval England, and which today is obsolete.

The ancestors of the Fletchers, Smiths, Setters, Tippers and Flowers were the backbone of the English nation in the middle ages, for they furnished her fighting forces with munitions, that deadliest weapon which the English maintained through independence upon many a battlefield before the final development of the musket and the rifle.

WHAT IS BLACK LIGHTNING?
Secrets Scientists Can't Solve.

Scientists are always busy devising more and more deep into Nature's secrets. Yet almost every day new puzzles crop up which are a real solution.

Flash That Wear Lumps.
How is it that the freely produced cold light? That the freely burns oxygen to produce its light seems beyond doubt, but with all its resources cannot copy this light? It has been proved that the freely uses 66.5 per cent of its energy for light, whereas in a man-made glow-lamp, only about half of one per cent of the energy available for light.

The Secret of Scent.
Scent is still many a recondite unexplained mystery. We know that most every object gives out tiny particles which produce the sensation of scent. But the size of these particles is minute beyond belief, for a grain of musk will scent a drawer for a generation without losing any weight. Affery says it is that on one day a fox lured a scent which lumps can follow a trail, while on the next there is little that the pack is utterly at fault. Scent does not depend upon the weight—that much we know.

Mysteries of Magnetism.
Again, why is it that the earth's magnetic phenomena depend so plainly on the sun? We are aware that nettle storms are always more frequent in the summer months, that in each eleventh year that in sunspots are most frequent, but one knows the reason.

Modern House in a Glass Log.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

Modern House in a Glass Log. Inside one huge log of wood, mounted on a concrete base, is a house of the future. It is a house of the future, a house of the future, a house of the future.

