Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You never hear from them, I suppose?" said Carlotta, in a voice which indicated but a languid interest.

"I? Oh, no! But I had a letter from Edie Sanderson the other day. Bobbie's wife, you know. And she says that the Garvocks are very intimate at Stair, and that Peter goes there a lot."

"Perhaps he will console himself," said Carlotta, absently. "I say, Judy, you have kept faith with me? You have never dropped so much as a hint to Alan about what I am doing now?"

"I haven't, though I have wanted to do it dreadfully. And when all these lovely pictures came out in the illustrated papers, I simply ached to post them to him! I was only deterred by the reflection that, if he did not happen to be flourishing at the moment, they might make him feel worse. But, of course, if we really are to go to New York, he'll have to know—won't he?"

"It will be time enough to decide when we get there," said Carlotta diplomatically. "He still writes from the Forty-second Street address. Graham Madox could easily send somebody to interview him. I have thought of it—insurance business hasn't a very hopeful sound about it, Judy. Somehow one always associates a sort of shabby, out-at-elbows person with it, who calls at doors and makes himself rather a nuisance."

"Don't!" said Judy, with a catch in her voice. "It hurts. It hurts most awfully, Carlotta. Haven't I thought luck with, and had very nearly decided upon the bore, when Sambo came other evening Chad and I dined at the Principal, and they were talking stuff about a Union's son they knew intimately, a distinguished scholar of so Peterhouse, who was pushing an ice cream barrow in Chicago the last they heard of him. So you can imagine the nature of my imaginings!"

Carlotta laughed at the vision had a little overwhelmed her.

"Don't let us go on that tack, Judy, or we shall feel quite depressed," she remarked, in a thoughtful voice.

"Rot!" exclaimed Judy, cheerfully. "Look at you, Carlotta, you're so awfully pretty, and you can't say nothing of your dresses! I don't suppose there's smaller hope for me."

"Talk to Judy, to Stair. Don't you forget to come and see the windows, and mind you promise to come to dinner and meet some of your friends. We are two women, who need something doesn't seem, Margaret, the charm the world."

"What your mission in life to the work of relieving the distress of Atlantic City is New York, he'll have to know—won't he?"

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CHAPTER XXIV.

[illegible]

"Don't take off your coat and have coffee?" she said with an anxious note in her brave, clear voice. "Don't you remember the first time we met in this very room, and I raised it?"

"I remember it right enough. Very kind to a stranger who had no credentials to offer—though I'm over now!"

"Oh, all the credentials I want—I shall want," she said lightly, "are to back up the biggest, most solid rocks, to the side of the sea, conscious of nothing but the consciousness to see him there and now, please, just begin to tell me what you have been doing since last."

"Very wish wouldn't bear telling. Don't let it at that," he smiled. "I've come to say good-bye. I'm going West to-morrow by the midnight train."

"Oh!" she said rather blankly, all at once of her [illegible] the theatre which had [illegible] seen him. [illegible] had been [illegible] for!

"[illegible] a permanent job [illegible]."

"[illegible] at least, and I may be able to keep it! I've had much luck in New York."

"[illegible] of a job? You don't like it—do you?" she asked. [illegible] delicate, woman's task [illegible] cups and saucers. "I feel that, if I haven't exactly, yet I ought to know, for I say you there was something in your eyes I didn't like to see. For the first time I've seen it in a face in this big, terrible city. It means one of two things." "What are they?" he asked.

"Never mind just now. Light up and smoke it till the coffee is ready," she answered as she handed him the little, square cigarette-box of wood with which he had become familiar during the first weeks of his life in New York. "Yes, it's pretty hard. None of my bigger club boys have come up lately, and I don't encourage the little ones in the weed, most of them don't wait for encouragement! So you're going West. How did it come about?"

"It's a long, dull story, but I needn't bore you with it. I was working at a warehouse on the East Side. It was an export warehouse, and there happened to be a Scotchman in the firm. I didn't see him at the beginning. I was managed by one of the managers, or partners, or whatever they call them; but I was the most awful outsider on God's earth. Scotch, too, but there must have been a hybrid strain in him somewhere. One of the things I shall do when I come out top dog," he added grimly, "will be to make a little call on Mr. William Donaldson and get even with him. Not for what he did to me, for his bullying and swearing, but for the women that happened and the chance of answering back.

"He is a kind of man who shouldn't have any power," put in Jean quietly as she rested her elbow, from which the soft lace of her sleeve fell away, on the table. Her kind face was very earnest and sympathetic, and Rankine's eyes rested on it as they might have rested on a shrine. That face represented to him the one oasis in the awful desert of New York life, and but for the gleam in the steadfast eyes of this woman friend, who knows! he might have gone under.

"You're right! And when it's a Scotsman, the brand somehow is particularly objectionable. He took a fiendish delight in girding at me. He got to know, somehow, that I had—shall we say seen better days? How he got at it I'm sure I don't know."

"He looked at you, I suppose—the same as the rest of us did," answered Jean, smiling a little. "Do you think you look like a packer or a sorter, or whatever you were in a down east factory?"

Rankine did not even smile.

"At last I got to the end of my tether one day, and I set out on Donaldson for cuffing the ears of a nipper who hadn't done anything to deserve it. We were in the thick of a most glorious shindy," he added, with the first gleam of a smile, "when in walked a man I'd never seen before—a short, squat man in a tweed suit and a soft flannel shirt, but with the air of careless prosperity I've learned to look out for and to know. It's astonishing how discriminating a man becomes when he's out on the hunt after the decent living he seldom gets in a place like this."

"Yes. And who was he, and what happened?" asked Jean with breathless interest.

"I don't know how long he had been there, but evidently he had observed a few of the lightning streaks and heard the thunder which was going to cost me my job. I didn't care if it sent me to Sing Sing at the moment, so long as I got even with Donaldson. I saw from his face that the newcomer was somebody. He pulled himself together all of a sudden and began to cringe—as worms like him do cringe to their superiors. Then he began to tell his lies about me. I stood by listening, and when the newcomer turned for confirmation to me I just shook my head. 'He's my superior officer,' I answered at last, and I hope I managed to put into my voice a bit at least of the contempt and loathing I felt. 'My word don't count against his, no man's does in this inferno, but if you happen to be anybody that matters I'd advise you just to put a few questions as to Donaldson's treatment of the young ones and the women here. It amounts to criminal cruelty, and if I knew of anybody who would listen to me and take action, I'd cheerfully speak up. I've nothing to lose by it, and they might have something to gain.'

"Donaldson glared at me like a fiend incarnate, and began to speak rapidly in that thick voice of his with the accent of the gutter in it. The man in the tweed suit waved him to be silent. I could see that he was chewing something over and over again in his mind and trying to arrive at some conclusion. Also he looked very steadily at me. I met his stare, for, as I said, I had nothing to lose, and I enjoyed the burst-up in spite of the fact that very probably it would give me another taste of a bed in the Madison Square Beach's temperature below zero!"

(To be continued.)

World's Oldest Forest.

A hundred million years ago, many millions of years before man himself appeared on the earth, there grew a forest, near what is now Gilboa, N.Y. Dr. John M. Clarke, New York state geologist and paleontologist, pronounced this grove the oldest known forest. He has reconstructed it from the remains in the rocks and he finds these ancient trees to have been much like modern tree ferns, probably attaining heights of fifty feet or more.

Forgeries in Frames.

Historic bank notes to the number of 27,000 have been collected by a London business man. They include notes issued in China 600 years ago and a whole series of forged Bank of England bank notes.

Handkerchief Worth $30,000.

Among the fineries possessed by the Dowager Queen Marie of Italy is a lace handkerchief valued at $30,000.

If your day's work tires you feel yourself capable of doing you cannot help losing some of your self-respect.

"A-SAILING WE WILL GO."

All ready for a sail on a yacht are the two well-dressed boys pictured above. The older boy wears his white duck "longs," and middy blouse laced up the front in true sailor fashion. The shaped yoke is set on and has a cut-in pocket. The collar and cuffs are trimmed with rows of navy-blue braid. The wee fellow, not to be outdone by his older brother, wears a plain middy. To be practical he has navy-blue collar and cuffs made of drill matching his short pants. No. 1123 provides a separate pattern for the long and short trousers, and the yoke may be omitted. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 years requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch, or 1⅝ yards of 54-inch material for the suit with short trousers; or 3⅛ yards of 36-inch, or 1⅞ yards of 54-inch material for the suit with long trousers. Price 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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 by return mail.

Don't Look.

Old Un—"In the matter of marriage you should look before you leap."

Young Bach.—"My Motto is: 'Don't look and you won't leap.'"

Following Orders.

Doctor—"Did you open both windows in your room, as I specified?"

Patient—"Not exactly. There is only one window there, but I opened it twice."

It is believed in certain parts of England that a holly bush planted near a dwelling protects the house from lightning.

Begin Movement of Buffalo Northward.

The success of Canada's experiment in conservation of buffalo is shown by the steady increase in the herd in the Buffalo park at Wainwright. In 1909 the herd numbered 709, over two thousand have since been slaughtered for commercial purposes, and this spring there were about eight thousand in the park. The herd has now reached a point where there is a substantial surplus over and above the average forage capacity of the park. That surplus this year is to be disposed of by sending the animals to the Wood Buffalo park near Fort Smith, on the borders of Alberta and the Northwest Territories. The first weekly shipments have begun and will continue at the rate of two hundred animals per week until a total of about two thousand animals have been transported. The buffalo are loaded on railway cars at Wainwright and shipped to Waterways, Alberta. Here they are transferred to scows, which are towed down the Athabaska and Slave rivers to the Wood Buffalo park, where the herd will be under the care of the North West Territories and Yukon Branch. The Wood Buffalo park or reserve is an unfenced area of ten thousand five hundred square miles, in which a herd of wild buffalo has ranged and thriven for many years.

The experiment is one of great moment, both as regards the conservation of buffalo and as to economic and food conditions in the north country.

C.G.S. "Arctic" Sails on Northern Patrol.

The preparations, which have been under way for some time in the North West Territories and Yukon Branch of the Department of the Interior, for the annual patrol of the Canadian Arctic archipelago were completed on July 1, and on that date the C.G.S. Arctic sailed from Quebec carrying the usual relief personnel, and laden with supplies for the northern posts. As in previous years it is expected the Arctic will return to Quebec about the end of September.

The expedition is in charge of Mr. George H. Mackenzie, with Captain J. E. Bernier as chief navigating officer. Dr. L. D. Livingstone is ship's surgeon; Dr. L. J. Weeks, of the Geological Survey, Department of Mines, geologist; Captain Harwood Steels, secretary; Messrs. R. M. Roster and R. S. Finnie, wireless operators, and Mr. George H. Valliquette, cinematographer. Others in the party are Inspector C. E. Wilcox, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, who is returning after spending the winter in civilization, and several members of the force.

It is planned to make the usual call at each of the existing posts in the Canadian Arctic, to establish a new post, and to perform the usual patrol and investigatory work.

Canadian Trails.

Follow the trails Canadian trails
As far as man may go.
Follow the winds blowing over them
That only the northlands know.
Follow the streams to their [illegible] heads
Down to the land where no man tread
And the Arctic is your foe.

Follow the trails that the redman trod
In moccasins swift and [illegible]
Follow them where the [illegible] deer herds
Browse by the rivers [illegible]
Mingle the bear, and [illegible] Arctic fox
Watch by their dens [illegible] where danger stalks
And only the strong can [illegible].

Follow the trails through [illegible] deep pine gloom,
The trails of romance and [illegible]
Where the [illegible] the hunger pangs
Stars as the hunters [illegible]
For in the [illegible] of the [illegible] world
Where the [illegible] of men have their [illegible]
In beauty, [illegible] and [illegible].

—Lercie Ballantyne.

[illegible] Donaldson.

Tea of Quality

"SALADA"

is blended only from tender young leaves and buds that yield richly of their delicious goodness. Try SALADA to-day.

Surnames and Their Origin

GOLDSMITH

Variations—Goldschmid, Goldschmidt, Silversmith, Silberschmid, Silberschmidt, Nasmyth, Greensmith, and Brownsmith.

Racial Origin—English and German.

Source—An occupation.

Here is another group of [illegible] names, some of which are [illegible] and some of which are uncommon.

From the fact that the German [illegible] of Goldsmidt or Goldschmidt is exactly the parallel of the English Goldsmith, there are many who assume that the latter is merely a translation of the German name. It is [illegible] in a great many cases, particularly on this continent, where a very large proportion of the population is of German descent, the German form has been changed to the English. But the name has an English origin as well, the same holds true of Silversmith.

Both of these names are to be found in the medieval tax lists and record of England, together with such names as Nasmyth, Greensmith and Brownsmith. In those days they were [illegible] always spelled with a "y" and [illegible] final "e."

The goldsmith, of course, was then as he is to-day, an artisan who worked gold into various articles of utility or adornment, while the silversmith worked in silver. The origin of the name Nasmyth is a little more [illegible] but philology and social history show that the word from which it was [illegible] was the equivalent of "nail smith," just as Arsmith, explained in a former article, is another form of "[illegible]smith."

A "brownsmith" was a smith who worked in bronze, and a "greensmith" worked in lead.

CHICHESTER.

Racial Origin—English.

Source—A locality.

The use of Chichester, as a family name is a matter easily and [illegible] explained. In its first use it was descriptive of the locality in which the individual lived. There is a [illegible] of this name in England, and many persons migrating from Chichester sections came to the [illegible] their new neighborhoods as "[illegible]chester," or "Robert of Chichester," as the case might be.

Then, in the course of time, [illegible] would come to regard the name as [illegible] distinguishing the [illegible] and its meaning as indicating [illegible] from which he had come [illegible] before would not be [illegible] minds. Hence the "[illegible]" gradually in the Norman [illegible] would be dropped, and the [illegible] sons would bear as the surname simply Chichester.

The place name, however, is [illegible] of the Saxon given [illegible] and the Latin word [illegible] means "camp" or [illegible]. The Romans, in the [illegible] occupation, [illegible] in England, as [illegible] as virtual forts [illegible] structures which [illegible] remained in existence [illegible] Romans had [illegible] "was the son of [illegible] the Kingdom [illegible]

Success Points.

By the Late Viscount Leverhulme.

"The secret of success is no secret at all. Will a man pay the price of success? That is the point. It is only [illegible] sacrifice and service for others.

"Believe me, there is more [illegible] made by doing something better than ever it was done before, or doing something new for mankind. [illegible] hard work and [illegible] man. It never did. It is a good [illegible] and it is a bad habit [illegible].

"[illegible] man ever, but the [illegible] of the opposite [illegible] and [illegible] that all the [illegible] are under young men in England [illegible].

"It is capital that is needed [illegible] young, to know all the [illegible].

"The best chance a young man in life is to start either without or short of capital.

"The fact is that the foundations of business success and of [illegible] are the same, and that foundation service for others."

"In all the ups and downs [illegible] is the look under the [illegible] of which business men revile [illegible]."

Rules of the Road—To[illegible]

This is not a joke; it appears [illegible] is in Japan's largest [illegible] Tokio:

"Rules of the Road—Tokio, Japan.

"1. At the [illegible] of the [illegible] stop rapidly.

"2. Do not pass policemen or [illegible] respect [illegible].

"3. When a passenger of the [illegible] is sick, carry him; train [illegible] first; but if [illegible] passage, [illegible] and [illegible] by [illegible].

"4. [illegible] wandering [illegible] shall [illegible] [illegible] blow at him. Go soothing [illegible].

"5. Give big space to the feet that [illegible] in the roadway.

"6. Avoid entanglements of [illegible] with the wheel spokes.

"7. Go soothingly on the grease [illegible] the brake said demon.

"8. [illegible] the brake of the [illegible] round the corner to save [illegible] trap."

Sentence Sermons.

The Real Test—Of anything in art is its power to inspire a love for the beautiful.

—Of education is the ability to work [illegible] well.

—Of religion is the ability of character it produces.

—Of money is its ability to [illegible] in an emergency.

—Of a joke is the number of people who can join in the laughter.

—Of love is the willingness of the lover to forget himself.

—Of patriotism is the patriot's [illegible] in peace time.

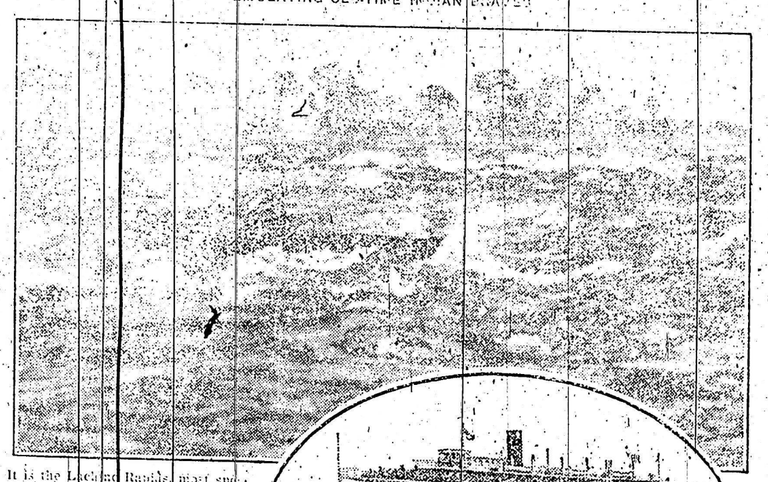
Where Bugs Are Plentiful.

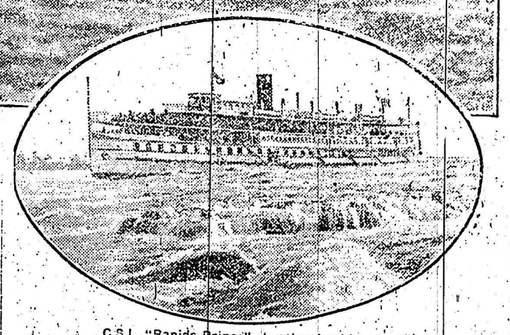
The ports of Greece are among the dirtiest places in the world. When visiting Greece experienced travelers carry their own [illegible] bags and big cans of insect powder. They sweep a portion of flooring for their beds and pour a circle of powder around their quarters.

No one is useless in the world lightens the burden of it to any one.—Dickens.

Don't give a boy a licking. him responsibility.

EMULATING OLD-TIME INDIAN BRAVES





C.S.L. "Rapids Prince" shooting Lachine Rapids.

It is the Lachine Rapids, most spectacular and deadly of all the shallows in the long course of the St. Lawrence River. The river is beaten into a maze of cross currents and undercurrents, whirlpools and foam-laced rocks, peering with jagged teeth just flush with the sweep of the stream which here attains a speed of as high as twenty miles an hour. Looked at from the decks of the Canada Steamship Lines vessels that run these rapids daily, it seems as though no ship could live for a minute in these tormented waters. Yet subtle Indian pilots have long known them to be as safe as any placid stretch of the Lake St. Louis into which the St. Lawrence broadens and through which the ship has just passed. Indian and French-Canadian pilots know the passage of the Rapids is safe, but woe to the man who should attempt to run them without full knowledge of their treacherous depths and shallows. But the old-time spirit of the voyageurs and discoverers is not dead to-day for in the past two months, though the river was swollen by spring freshets, two canoeists have actually dared the dangerous passage and have succeeded. One of them was a man from New York State; the other was a native Montrealer. Both were, of course, experts, and neither would probably try it again for any amount of money.