THE SNARE

BY RAFAEL SABATINI.

The Master Tale-Teller, Author of "Bardelys the Magnificent." Another Stirring Story of Adventure and Love in a New Setting—The Peninsular War.

WHO'S WHO.

Lt. Richard Butler of the Irish dragoons, on a foraging expedition during Wellington's campaign against the French in Portugal, commits an offence during a drunken revelry, which arouses the resentment of Portuguese officials, and disappears from his regiment.

Terence O'Moy, brother-in-law of Butler and adjutant-general, is visited by

Miguel Forjaz, Portuguese secretary of state, who warns Sir Terence that Butler must be shot for his offence. O'Moy promises.

Principal Souza of the council of regency is opposed to Lord Wellington's plan to devastate part of Portugal, and interferes with military operations until the British commander-in-chief has issued the ultimatum that unless Souza be removed from the government he, Wellington, will withdraw from the country.

Una O'Moy, Sir Terence's wife, and Butler's sister, hides Butler, unknown to her husband.

Count Somoval, avowedly an ardent supporter of Wellington, assures Una that he will aid Dick if given an opportunity.

Capt. Ned Tremayne, O'Moy's secretary, is in love with

Sylvia Armytage, Una's cousin, a clear-thinking, intelligent young lady.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

The major slowly shook his iron-gray head.

"You have no right to assume an unscalable barrier. There is no such thing as a line of fortifications impassable to the French."

"You will pardon me, Major, but I have it from the lips of Marshal Massena himself. Fortifications are constructed by building up the region of Torres Vedras and Wellington against the country behind it. You say the French cannot pass the line that how long will they be content to remain encamped on the north bank of the Tagus? Will they not starve in a few months hence, unless they receive supplies from the rear? Will they not be compelled to fall back upon their base? Will they not be forced to withdraw from Portugal, what time will the English army, which now is being transported to Lisbon, be disembarked?"

"Monsieur le Marechal has explained to you, Count," said Trenayne, "that reinforcements are to be embarked for Lisbon in June or July. That would appear to be the most important document of all. And it was not included in the dispatch as it reached Lord Wellington. Have you a copy of the note, sir?"

"Not a copy—but a summary of its contents, are pencilled there on the margin," Tremayne answered.

"Allow me, sir," said Stanhope, and taking up a quill from the adjutant's table he rapidly copied the summary. "Lord Wellington must have the memorandum as soon as possible. I had best set out at once."

Later, after Captain Stanhope had taken his departure, the duty fell to Tremayne of framing the general order.

"It's a devilish stringent regulation," he said to Sir Terence.

"But very salutary and very necessary."

"Oh, quite. But I shouldn't care to feel the restraint of it, and I thank heaven I have no enemy thirsting for my blood."

Sir Terence's brow darkened. "How a man be confident of that?" he answered.

"Oh, a clean conscience, I suppose," said Tremayne.

"Do you boast a clean conscience, eh, Ned?" O'Moy asked.

"Almost clean," said Tremayne. "Temptation doesn't stain when it's resisted, does it?"

Sir Terence trembled. And he asked point-blank: "What's tempting you?"

Tremayne was in a mood for confidences, and Sir Terence was his friend. "It's just hell to be poor, O'Moy," he said.

Sir Terence pushed back his chair, and rose. He crossed slowly to his secretary's side. "What's on your mind, Ned?" he asked with abrupt solicitude.

Capt. Tremayne looked up with a cheerful smile. "Sylvia Armytage tells me that she is thinking of returning to England."

For a moment the words seemed to Sir Terence an irrelevance. Then quite suddenly a light broke upon his mind, shedding a relief so great and joyous that he sought to check it.

"And is Sylvia the temptation, Ned?"

"Of course," Tremayne said. "Isn't it obvious to any one?"

"Have you spoken to her?"

Ned was indignant. "How do you suppose I could?"

"It'll not have occurred to you that the lady may have feelings which having aroused you ought to be considering?"

Then the door opened, and Tremayne himself came in quickly.

"Here's the very devil to pay, sir," he announced. "Capt. Stanhope has just arrived from headquarters with messages for you. The dispatches which we forwarded from here three weeks ago reached Lord Wellington only the day before yesterday. Garfield, who carried them, came into collision at Penalva with an officer of Anson's brigade. There was a duel and Garfield was shot through the lung. But you had better see Stanhope himself."

The aide-de-camp came in and repeated what Tremayne had already stated, with some few additional details.

"I don't think any feature of the case has so deeply angered Lord Wellington as the duel, and it has driven him to a step regarding which this letter will instruct you."

The letter, bearing Wellington's own signature, ran as follows:

"The bearer, Captain Stanhope, will inform you of the particulars of this disgraceful business of Captain Garfield's. While this campaign continues and as long as I am in charge of it, I am determined not to suffer upon any pretext whatever the abominable practice of duelling among those under my command. And to add force to this injunction you will make it known that any infringement of this order will be considered as a capital offence; that any officer hereafter, either sending or accepting a challenge will, if found guilty by a general court-martial, be immediately shot."

Sir Terence nodded slowly.

"Very well," he said. "The measure is most wise."

"There is something more," said Captain Stanhope. "The dispatches bore signs of having been tampered with."

"But who would have tampered with them?"

"There were signs, that is all. Garfield was taken to the house of the parish priest when he was hurt. No doubt you will have a schedule of the contents of the dispatch, Sir Terence?"

"Certainly. It is in your possession, I think, Tremayne."

Tremayne produced a strip of paper folded and endorsed. He unfolded and spread it on Sir Terence's table, while Captain Stanhope, producing a note with which he came equipped, stooped to check off the items.

"Ha!" he said, quietly at last. "What's this?" And he read: "'Note from Lord Liverpool of reinforcements to be embarked for Lisbon in June or July.' That would appear to be the most important document of all. And it was not included in the dispatch as it reached Lord Wellington. Have you a copy of the note, sir?"

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE OFFICIAL ORDER.

Sir Terence, alone in his spacious, severely furnished private room in the official quarters of Monsanto, sat back in his chair, his work neglected, a heavy frown darkening his face. He was lost in thought of his wife and Tremayne.

Five days had elapsed since the ball at Count Redondo's, where Sir Terence had surprised the pair together in the garden, and since then other things had happened to revive his bitter doubts. Daily, constantly, had he been coming upon Tremayne and Lady O'Moy alone together in intimate, confidential talk which was ever silenced on his approach. The two had taken to wandering by themselves in the gardens at all hours, a thing that had never been before. He was convinced that he had been a fool in that he had married a woman half his years; a fool in that he had suffered his former friend to be thrown into close association with her. Tremayne must go before the evil transcended reparation!

A wry smile and a shake of the head was Tremayne's only answer; and to his relief the subject was perforce abandoned.

Yet he marvelled several times that day that despite the many vexatious matters claiming attention Sir Terence should preserve an irrepressible and almost boyish gayety.

However, the matter of the missing note from Garfield's dispatch was not forgotten, and Sir Terence wrote to Colquhoun Grant asking him to call.

CHAPTER XV.

THE STIFLED QUARREL.

At noon, next day, Col. Grant came to the house at Monsanto, and found the adjutant alone in his room.

"A wise enactment this of Lord Wellington's," was his first comment. "I mean this prohibition of duelling."

"It is on the subject of the cause that I'm wanting to consult you," said Sir Terence, offering his visitor a chair. "Let me give you the details." And he related how the dispatch bore signs of having been tampered with, and how the only document of any real importance came to be missing from it.

Col. Grant listened gravely and thoughtfully while O'Moy spoke. In the end he shrugged his shoulders, the keen hawk face unmoved.

"The harm is done, and cannot very well be repaired. What do you want me to do?"

"Take steps to discover the spy whose existence is disclosed by this event."

"That is precisely the matter which has brought me from Lisbon."

"How?" Sir Terence was amazed. "You knew?"

"Oh, not that this had happened. But that the spy—or rather a network of espionage—existed. Of course you are aware that there is a strong party which would prefer to see the French prevail. The heart and brain of all this is the Principal Souza. You tell me that Garfield was cared for by the parish priest at Penalva. There you are. Half the priesthood of the country are on Souza's side. This priest discovers that the British officer whom he has so charitably put to bed in his house is the bearer of dispatches. He advises the intriguers in Lisbon. The captain's dispatches are examined and the only document of real value is abstracted."

(To be continued.)

To the Queen.

Courage that kept unfaltering guard
Ready at instant need;
That sprang to life at his highest word
Or his bravest deed;
Faith that could arm his soul to live
In the pit of hell—
Faith and courage were his to give.
And he gave them well.

There is no flow on his high renown
Untouched by friend or foe—
He has fought his fight, and the lists are down,
And the sun sinks low.
Look in his eyes where nothing clings
But weariness stark and wan;
Launcelot draws to the end of things
But I go on!

But I go on—to a sure reward
And a fate that is yet to run;
Seeing you smile in the flash of my sword
As it wheels in the sun;
Seeing your eyes in the faultless blue
Of perilous seas—
The whole of a life I bring to you
And not the lees.

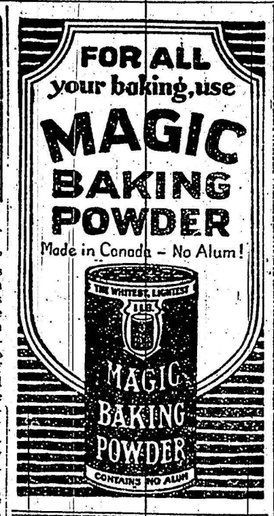
—Arthur Floyd Henderson.

Nature's Reserve.

When Nature tries her finest touch,
Weaving her vernal wreath,
Mark ye, how close she veils her round,
Not to be traced by sight or sound,
Nor soiled by ruder breath?

Who ever saw the earliest rose
First open her sweet breast?
Or, when the summer sun goes down
Light up her gleaming crest?

—John Keble.



"IDEAL Fashions" By Jean Belle Hamilton

1471

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GIFT SUGGESTIONS.

Very simply made yet extremely useful are the dainty things shown here. The dressing sacque or bed jacket is effectively trimmed with narrow lace, and has a novel tie collar, and tucks over each shoulder. The head band is trimmed with lace to correspond with the jacket. No. 1471 is in sizes 34, 38 and 42 inches bust. Size 38 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material and 18 yards narrow lace; head band 3 yards lace and 2¼ yards ribbon. 20 cents.

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To Workers All.

O workers of the world, I love you all!
We clasp kind hands
Across the wide earth's miles.

We toil, my friends, along a common way
No matter what
The task or distance run.

There is a sweet good cheer that draws us close
In comradeship
Along the upward road.

A comradeship with him, the Master strong,
Who went before
And lighted well the path.

O workers of the world, I love you all!
Together we
Will follow and be glad.

—Martha M Smith.

Forest Values.

At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into these precincts. . . . Here we find nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. —Emerson.

Vigilance Saves Lives.

When passing trucks or commercial vehicles watch out for possible children catching a ride.

One of the reasons why the flesh of the salmon is red is that it contains a pigment of that color found in sea plants.

SING AND BE HEALTHY

There seems to be a widespread belief that singing tends to make people soft—that it makes them put on flesh at the expense of muscle, renders them liable to coughs and colds, and even affects them, still more drastically, writes Eric Marshall, the popular baritone, in the London Daily Express.

I believe that these false ideas have arisen simply because most people who sing produce their voices in quite the wrong way. Forced methods of singing are bound to be harmful.

But to sing in an easy, unstrained manner results in an expansion of the chest, stimulates the action of the heart, and invigorates the whole system as nothing else can. I know of nothing that would do more to improve the health of the nation than a movement to encourage people to sing in a natural way.

Poison in Your Lungs.

I speak from personal experience. Before I learned to sing naturally, my health was far from good. I never felt fit. I was constantly catching colds. I even had to undergo several operations. But as soon as I was taught not to hold my breath, but to open my throat and let it come naturally, my health improved enormously.

Since learning to sing correctly I have never had a single day's illness. I have never even had a cold or a sore throat. At the present moment I ride to hounds, fence, box, row, climb mountains, and play golf. Even after four or five hours' continuous singing I do not feel really tired. In fact, I feel better than I have ever felt in my life.

Sometimes I am asked why singing should have such an effect on the health. To sing you have to breathe correctly. I am not a doctor, but I am told that the average man exhales only 27 per cent. of the poisons in gases from his lungs.

A man who is singing in a natural manner exhales nearly 8 per cent. of these gases. These figures may or may not be precisely correct, but I know that if I give up singing for a while I soon begin to feel that I want to ventilate my lungs.

A Natural Desire.

In my opinion singing is an integral part of a man's healthy functions. Every child wants to sing. It is a natural desire, and a child quite naturally produces his voice correctly unless he tries to imitate some one else.

The tragedy of it is that most children when they grow up either stifle this desire or develop artificial methods of singing. Instead of singing as they did in their childhood, they close their throats and hold in their breath. Nothing could be worse for them.

If everyone could be persuaded to sing freely in the way that Nature intended him or her to do, I feel sure that the health of the nation would improve immensely.

Masses Should Take Real Interest in Music.

As matters stand at the present time, no sensible reasons can be given any more why everyone should not take some real, practical interest in music, either as a student, a player, an organizer or a supporter. Good music, just as good books, should become indispensable and should be encouraged and developed in and out of the home as every other essential of our daily life.

Real interest in music is not proved by willingness to attend an occasional concert or possession of superficial knowledge of who are or are not the most successful singers or instrumentalists of the day. Love for music and real understanding for what constitutes an all-round knowledge of music essentials must be awakened in the minds of our future generation. The seeds must be laid in our schools and public institutions of learning, our children must be taught how and what to sing, and they should be taught en masse how to play musical instruments. If they are taught and trained how to sing, play and appreciate good music, if they begin to realize that such accomplishment will increase their daily and future happiness, they will continue their efforts at home, and when once introduced into the intimate home circles and encouraged and assisted by the grown folks, the child will quickly develop a natural and lasting preference for music.

And this training of the child mind, this awakening of the love for understanding for music, not as a piece of drudgery, but as an accomplishment to create happiness is, what in time will bring us that army of willing, enthusiastic co-operators, of which we are still so much in need. It will be productive of a race of music lovers who will be interested in every phase of the art, in its history, its current and past literature, its technical and emotional possibilities and, above all, its ennobling influences as a cultural factor in the home life of our nation.

Happy is the Man—

—Who has the consolation in defeat that he was right.

—Who can meet a contrary opinion without getting angry.

—Who knows when he has said enough.

—Whose past will allow him to run for office unafraid.

—Who has kept the respect of his own son.

—Who can treat with respect the man who disagrees with him.

—Who has made a friend of some great book.

The Fires Before Troy.

So many in number, between the ships and the streams of Xanthus, shone forth in front of Troy the fires kindled by the Trojans. There were kindled a thousand fires in the plain; and by each one there sat fifty men in the light of the blazing fire. And the horses, munching white barley and rye, and standing by the chariots, waited for the bright-throned Morning. —Iliad VIII., 560.

When You Can Buy "SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

Why be content with inferior tea.

WOLF TOTEM POLE AT PRINCE RUPERT

This totem pole, which now stands at Prince Rupert, B.C., merly belonged to a Nishga Chief named Bauk, and stood in the front of his lodge, at Gitwindaksh, on the Upper Naas River, in Northern British Columbia.

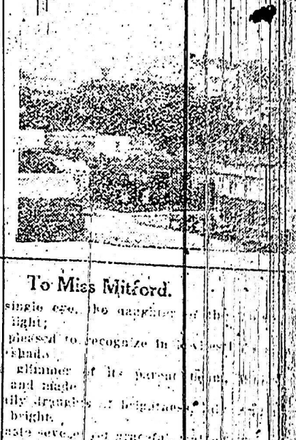
The carved figures seen on the totem pole represent the principal actors in legends describing the origin of the family crest. The totem pole of the totem pole belonged to the Wolf Clan.

The principal legend which explains how the wolf was adopted for the family crest is as follows:

One day, long years ago, a great convulsion took place, at Gitwunsalkou, on the Upper Naas River. The molten mass pushed the waters of the river back across the valley to the mountain-side and formed a great lava plain, which divided from the head waters of the Kiaanlin River to the canyon, at Gwinaha. The fiery flow overwhelmed villages and fishing hamlets in its path, and the people fled to the surrounding hills. Among these fugitives was an Indian chief named Gum-lu-gidis, the ancestor of the owner of the totem pole. Gum-lu-gidis fled, with his family and followers, to the highlands of the Sikanaf River, where they encamped. Night after night they had no rest, being disturbed by weird sounds and voices, which were attributed by the beating of tom-toms. At last Gum-lu-gidis arose and some of his braves ventured to the mountains to spy and discover where the sounds came from. On their return they described how they found themselves in the midst of "Lulaks". Spirits of the Dead. In their wanderings they beheld many strange things, and were glad to escape from these haunted regions. Gum-lu-gidis, however, was not afraid, but fearless, took up his line of march along the ancient Grease Trail to the Skeena River, and thence down the Naas, with its terrors, far behind him. By this time the winter snows had melted and the ice had left the river. Gum-lu-gidis and his people then proceeded down the Skeena River, in canoes made from cottonwood trees, until they reached the mouth of the Khern, now known as Kaien Island, on which Prince Rupert is situated. Here they had settled at Khern. Once more disturbed, this time by the howls of wolves which seemed to call Gum-lu-gidis by his name. They moved on once more, for he thought the Lulaks had again found him out. After they had continued for two nights the chief decided to meet his fate. Dressed in his dancing robes, with face painted and his head decorated in a knot, after the manner of the Haida tribe, he set out alone from the camp with his Chief's tomahawk in his hand. Following the direction from which the howls proceeded, Gum-lu-gidis came face to face with a large white wolf. Raising the tomahawk to defend himself, he noticed that the wolf was in great pain and was whining in vain to be relieved of a bone which had pierced its throat. Gum-lu-gidis said to the wolf which stood before him: "If I will remove the bone from your throat will you cause your death." After the bone was removed the beast, the wolf licked the hand of the Chief, and each time the Chief moved the beast, the wolf followed him. The Chief and the white wolf killed a deer on the way back to the camp, and lived amicably with each other.

So, the legend says, the Chief adopted the white wolf for his family totem, and in the ceremonial dances always wore the wolf skin robe.

After some years of peaceful existence at Khern, homesick, and he returned to his former home on the Naas, longed to fish once more in the Kaiplish, where the hungry salmon spawned.



To Miss Mitford.

The single eye, be negligent of the light;
Well pleased to recognize in common things
Some elements of the sublime and fair;
By daily circumstance and hourly change
Unwearied in admiration; whose pure heart
Is its own witness, and whose generous hand
Finds, like the sun, its privilege and joy
In diffusion; such, dear friend, are you,
Of whose acquaintance I am proud to boast
All these are yours, and more, the unfailing hope
Of immortality, the sympathies
That in each work of God's creation live,
The wisdom of the poet, and the power
Of love, that binds in one sweet brotherhood
All things that breathe, from the worm to man.
With kindred objects you converse, and find
Companionship in all. Nature to you
Is not a dead, inanimate thing, but wears
A living character and human form.
To kiss in loving kindness each meek flower
That springs upon your path, to look with awe
Upon the clouds, and watch the moon and stars
Through their bright courses, to feel in all
The unity of all, to see in each
Some manifestation of the power
Which governs all, to know that God is there
As well as here, and to believe that death
Is but another form of life, are joys
Which you possess in common with the wise
And pure in heart of every age and clime;
But you have others, holier and more dear,
Which they can never know. The rural walk,
The babbling brook, the daisied field, the lane
Hedged round with honeysuckle, the green hill
Side, and the quiet valley, with its low
Roofed cottage, are dear to you as to
The poet's eye, the painter's, and the child's
Of Nature, but they are not dear to them
As to the minister of charity,
Whose presence is a blessing, and whose steps
Are numbered by the benefits they leave
Behind them on the path of suffering.
Your smile is welcomed by the lowly hearth
Of sickness and distress, your voice is heard
Like that of some sweet angel sent to bless,
And all your goings are like those of one
Whose errand is to scatter happiness
And joy around his path. Your daily walk
Is beautiful, for it is holy ground
Where you have planted the immortal seeds
Of virtue, and where you have reaped the fruit
Of pure and undefiled religion, in
The widow's tear of joy, the orphan's prayer,
And the grateful blessing of the poor.

—Charles Knight.

Did You Ever Notice—

How small the dollar seems when it was spent for entertainment?

How large the dollar is when it is given to charity?

How long the speech is when someone else is talking?

How fast the time goes when you are talking?

How reasonable your own beliefs appear?

How stupid the beliefs of your neighbor appear?

How hard it is to judge your own position fairly?

Princesses Run Laundry.

The Princess Olga and Princess Marie, former members of the Russian aristocracy, now make their own living at laundry work in a peasant cottage in Switzerland.

THE CANADIAN HOMEMAKER

A series of weekly articles covering

PLANNING . BUILDING . FINANCING
DECORATING . FURNISHING . GARDENING

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INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT AVOIDS WASTED SPACE

Improvement in ventilation ideas have enabled modern architects to reduce the height of ceilings without impairing health. The saving in building costs and in heating expense, on that account, is well worth calculating.

The most marked advancement in interior arrangement, however, is the growing utilization of space that otherwise might be wasted for built-in features such as buffets, china closets, kitchen cabinets, book-cases, cosy-corners, etc. All of these things save time and steps in the housekeeper's scheme of things. They do not as a rule collect as much dust and dirt as the ordinary portable furniture, nor do they have to be moved about in order to sweep and clean behind them. Less tiresome to the housekeeper, they are also less expensive than the individual portable items which they replace.

Greater satisfaction will be assured if, before building operations are commenced, you have a preliminary set of plans made. You can then study each room, put the plans aside for a while, and then pick them up again, thus, over a period of time, familiarizing yourself with what the various rooms will be like, almost as though you were actually living in them. By so doing you will doubtless be struck from time to time with improvements that might be made, and after thinking these over, a revised set of plans can be made from which the home finally will be built.