

THE CABLEMAN

AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY

CHAPTER XXIII—(Continued.)

"The tale, sir, is one that I am ashamed of," said Montague; "but I suppose you've got to know it. After Mr. Scarborough had started this morning, without waiting for breakfast, as he is young enough and foolish enough to be imprudent in these matters, I made a good breakfast and then started myself. When I reached the Chinelas I found it would have been better if I had hurried, for the widow had already gone into the town of Ribeira Grande. I had let her get ahead of me at the start, you see. However, I followed at once, and found her at the livery stables, bargaining for a carriage to take her to Las Furnas. I presented my letter of introduction, and, as Mr. Scott and Mr. Scarborough warned me last night would be the case, she laughed at me. However, I didn't mind that; in fact I had counted upon her doing so, and should have been put out if she hadn't. I improved the opportunity of her laughter to make a quaint and possibly outrageous remark or two, and thereby succeeded in amusing her further. She saw that I was a man of some originality of thought, and she was piped into answering me in my own vein. That again was what I wanted. We indulged in a regular duel of badinage in that stable yard, and if a third party had been there to listen, I think he would have agreed with my opinion that in the clash of wit against wit, we both emitted some quite brilliant sparks of fancy. The result was what I had foreseen; the widow was pleased with herself, and began to think that an hour or two spent in my company would be interesting and stimulating. I worked hard to keep that impression alive in her mind, until I had got her to agree to what I wanted; and I succeeded—as I had of course thought I should—in doing so.

"She accepted my offer to be her cicerone, and she even adopted my suggestion that we should go, not in a carriage, but on donkeys. I pointed out that the carriage road made a long sweep round, whereas on donkeys we could take a short cut across the hills which I knew of. Moreover, the San Miguel donkeys are good, and are the favorite instruments of travel in these parts; and when one is in Rome—it was not necessary to argue further; she saw the advantage of my proposal, and I think there was a certain quaintness in the idea which pleased her. I ordered the donkeys, and I had a private word with their owner first.

"Your mother, Miss Carrington, is a brilliant conversationalist, when she meets with someone who is capable of appreciating and replying to her sallies; and if I may say so without undue boasting, I think she found that person in me. Indeed, had not past experience justified me in relying to a certain extent on my own powers in this respect, I should have made a different plan. I think we both enjoyed the ride, at any rate in its earlier stages. I know, at least, that I did.

"After about three miles, the beast she was riding went dead lame. It was a contingency for which I was not unprepared. In fact, in my private words with the man from whom we had hired the donkeys, I had stipulated expressly that the one he supplied to the lady should not be able to go five miles without breaking down. The man performed more than his contract, for it broke down, as I say, in three.

"Now do you see my plan? I knew that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interrupt you, and mine therefore was to delay her, by all and any means, justifiable and unjustifiable. That was why she was riding a donkey which had been privately guaranteed to me as certain to go lame at the first or second bit of stiff climbing we came to. I thought that the widow would thereby be compelled to do one of two things: either to abandon the expedition altogether, which was not what I thought she would do; or to waste a considerable part of the morning by walking back to Ribeira Grande and hiring a carriage after all. There was a third possibility—that she might suggest continuing the journey on my donkey, and leaving me to lead the lame one back home; but to that I was ready with the unanswerable objection that she did not know the way.

"It was a pretty situation, and I was curious to see how she would meet it. Of course she met it in the one way which I had not anticipated.

"She laughed as though it did not matter, sat down by the roadside, and said that we would rest for an hour,

and admire the scenery, and perhaps by that time her steed would have recovered enough to proceed. Now I knew quite well that he wouldn't, and I thought she knew it too; but delay was what I had been playing for all along, so I fell in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and the just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in megaphors for her delectation, and thought that she was honoring me with her most alert attention, with the purpose of capping my effort if she could, she electrified me by putting a question which had nothing at all to do with what I was saying.

"Is the pie yours so far, Mr. Montague?"

"My Pegasus of poetic fancy was dashed to the ground, and there was not so much as a flutter left in his wings; I did not even finish my phrase but looked at her instead. Her manner had changed, and she was regarding me with a mocking smile.

"Is the pie yours?" she repeated. "Does our Mr. Montague consider that he is working his commission of delay with surprising ease and success? Or did he dispise his antagonist so much that he anticipated that success would be easy? Do you really think I am a fool?"

"She had taken the matter into her own hands. I realized that further pretense was useless. Since, apparently, she already knew my cards, I showed my hand.

"I think," I said, "that you will be somewhat late for the picnic at Las Furnas."

"Possibly," she retorted, "I shall not want to go. If you will look behind you, you will see a man approaching us. By the pace at which he is coming, it would appear that he is riding a better donkey than either of these which you hired for us. Whether I go to the picnic or no, will depend a good deal upon him, I fancy."

"You are going to make him an offer for the hire of his donkey for the day?" I said. "But I knew well enough that the remark was foolish."

"She glanced at me through half-closed lids.

"His name is Andrew Gillies," she said. "Do you know him?"

"Then, as though to complete my humiliation, she told me exactly what she had done and what she meant to do. She did not even pay me the compliment of regarding me as antagonist from whom it would be advisable to conceal information. I had thought that my fanciful eloquence had impressed her. I see now that she had been laughing at me all the time, and I think she regarded me as a somewhat foolish windbag. You will understand that I found that sufficiently galling.

"It seems that a few minutes after Mr. Scarborough and the two ladies left the Chinelas, Mrs. Carrington, who had been awakened by the crunching of their footsteps on the gravel, got up and looked out from her window. She saw a man in the garden, and he saw her at the window. He took a note from his pocket, held it up for her to see, and then laid it on a garden seat in full view from where she was standing. Then he went away. The man was Andrew Gillies, and she told me that he had in all probability been waiting in the garden in concealment for a long time, hoping for a chance of delivering the letter. You three, by your early start, gave him the opportunity sooner than he had hoped.

"Without waiting to dress, she threw on an ulster and went for the letter.

"I suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me sweetly, "and the place which was mentioned was this road on which we are now. You timed that good animal's attack of lameness very well. If we had gone a quarter of a mile farther, I should have had to invent some excuse for stopping. As it is you have given me the opportunity unsought. Do you still claim the ownership of the pie?"

"No," I said, with a grudging admiration at the way in which she had played with me, "it's yours. What are you going to put into it?"

"That depends," she said. "Though we agree that the pie is not yours, I can't claim that it is all mine either. Andrew Gillies will have a finger in it, too, and I shall wait to see what his contribution is before I offer mine. You understand the situation, I think. He probably found that fact out very soon, and that is why he waited patiently outside my window morning. Now why shouldn't I pool our resources—he supplies the plan, and I the additional information which makes the plan of value."

"Because you haven't got it to supply," I said at once, and I really thought she hadn't.

"She smiled. 'Didn't Mr. Scarborough tell you,' she said, 'that I was behind the door for some time last night? I know about the scratched stone.'

"But you don't know what the words on it mean," I cried. "No one does."

"No, but Andrew Gillies may be able to guess. He knows more than we do, you remember, about what my husband's movements were on the last day of his life. We will see how the point strikes you. You would like to be present at our interview, no doubt; and I owe you some return for the pleasant morning you have given me."

"She laughed, and I take it that you will believe me when I say that I was feeling pretty riled.

"I am of the other party," I reminded her sulkily.

"She laughed again, and said that she didn't consider the act of any importance. I think I never felt quite so futile as I did when that woman laughed at me. And yet, you know, I admired her for it.

"The man on the donkey didn't come up to us very fast. He seemed to be hesitating because she wasn't alone; and when she saw that, she called out to him not to be afraid that I was a friend of hers and harmless. I have been accused of being a vain man more than once in the past by people whose opinion wasn't worth considering. If they could have seen me at that moment they would have smiled, for if I am vain, my vanity was in a fair way to being flayed off me in shreds; she gave it a whip-cut at every sentence.

"I liked the way she tackled Gillies, though. She didn't give him time to think himself a great man. She just took top station from the first, and kept it.

"Don't come too near me, Andrew Gillies," she cried. "Keep your distance till you've answered a question or two. I know that your hands aren't clean, but I don't know quite how deep the stain on them is. You've got to satisfy me on that point before we go further."

"The fellow had dismounted and was standing beside his beast, with one arm resting on the saddle. She had treated me pretty scornfully, but I could have struck him for the look on his face when he answered her:—

"I didn't think you could be particular, Rachel Carrington."

"I'm so far particular that I draw the line at association with a murderer," she answered at once. "You have many vices, Andrew Gillies, and possibly they added to your commercial value in the past. One of the most noxious of them is your canting parade of piety. But you used to have one virtue; a curious virtue it is too, to be part of the complement of a common swindler. You speak the truth."

"According to my lights and conscience, I do," he replied, unctuously. "I have a different theory as to

"Silver Gloss"

Canada's finest

Laundry Starch

Three generations of Canadian housewives have used "Silver Gloss" for all their home laundry work. They know that "Silver Gloss" always gives the best results. At your grocer's.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
Montreal, Cardinal, Brantford, Fort William,
Makers of "O'Brien Brand" and "Lily White"
Corn Syrups, and Benson's Corn Starch.

234

that," she replied quietly. "Your conscience, I do," he replied, punctuously, have cultivated the habit of truth, because, considerably to your own surprise, you discovered in early life that it pays. Had you anything to do with my husband's death?"

"He shot a curious glance at her, and I thought his eyes quailed before hers.

"I did not kill him," he answered. "Were you present when he died?" (To Be Continued.)

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lord Buckmaster Was One of the Leaders of the English Bar.

Lord Buckmaster, recently appointed the Lord Chancellor, who has been urging everybody in Great Britain to economize and save all they can in war time, is one of the most important men in the Cabinet, for it is through him that King George signifies his consent to anything signed in his name.

The Lord Chancellor is technically "the keeper of the King's conscience," advising his Majesty in regard to signing all State documents. Furthermore, the Lord Chancellor is the custodian of the Great Seal which figures on these documents. The Seal is kept in an elaborate purse made of the finest purple velvet, heavily embroidered in colored silks with the Arms of England—the lion and the unicorn. Below is worked in silk a motto in Latin meaning "For God and My Country."

It is an interesting fact that the Lord Chancellor takes precedence of every temporal lord and anyone who is not a member of the royal family, and of all bishops, except the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The appointment of Lord Buckmaster to the Chancellorship in 1914 astonished a good many people, for his promotion to the highest position on the bench with £10,000 a year came after only two years as one of the law officers of the Crown. Lord Buckmaster, however, was, before his appointment as Solicitor-General in 1913, one of the leaders of the Chancery Bar, where he had a very large practice. For some years he was Chancery "special." "Specials" do not appear for a less fee than 100 guineas.

His Lordship, who is 55 years of age, is famous for his energy and youthful appearance. He only looks

about 35, and it is related that on one occasion a client remarked, "It's a nice thing to pay a boy like that such a big fee." But after Lord Buckmaster had won his case for his client, the latter made a further observation: "There's no knowing what fee that young man will want when he reaches 60."

Undoubtedly his energy and industry have been the secret of his wonderful success. Furthermore, he is held in high esteem for his personal qualities, and, when his legal duties permit him to do so, there is nothing gives the Chancellor greater pleasure than to hie himself to the country with a fishing rod and spend hours on the riverside.

Horse Items.

Careful feeding is a pretty sure safeguard against colic.

If watered after eating grain, there is danger of the grain being washed into the intestines in an undigested state.

If a team is hot and tired coming in at noon, give a half-hour's rest, and then a little water, with judgment, before the noon feeding.

If a team is given a few swallows of water in the field when the driver takes his drink, there is no danger of trouble from drinking too much water at one time.

A horse should never be allowed to drink his fill after having been deprived of water until he is famished.

One of the best cures for sore shoulders is powdered boracic acid dusted on the sore; it is healing and non-irritating.

Proper-fitting collars will prevent sore shoulders.

A team of horses spends years in faithful work. Each horse is entitled to a collar made to order and well fitted.

When a team changes owners, the collars should go with the team. No two horses have necks and shoulders just alike.

A properly made collar, made especially for the horse that is to wear it, becomes adjusted to the conformation of the neck and shoulders.

Fancy the agony of trying to wear another person's shoes. Think of it and be merciful to your horses.

All exhibits at the Canadian National Exhibition from foreign countries are admitted by the Customs free of duty.

USEFUL PRESERVING HINTS

Here's the Way to Succeed in Jam or Jelly Making.

10—Use ripe—but not over-ripe fruit.

20—Buy St. Lawrence Red Diamond Extra Granulated Sugar. It is guaranteed pure Sugar Cane Sugar, and free from foreign substances which might prevent jellies from setting and later on cause preserves to ferment.

We advise purchasing the Red Diamond Extra Granulated in the 100 lb. bags which as a rule is the most economical way and assures absolutely correct weight.



30—Cook well.

40—Clean, and then by boiling at least 10 minutes, sterilize your jars perfectly before pouring in the preserves or jelly.

Success will surely follow the use of all these hints.

Dealers can supply the Red Diamond in either fine, medium, or coarse grain, at your choice.

Many other handy refinery sealed packages to choose from.

St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, Limited, Montreal.