



By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER III.

The Bride.

Frederic flatly refused to meet the steamer when she docked. As if swayed by his decision, Dawes and Riggs likewise abandoned a plan to greet the returning master and his bride as they came down the gang-plank. But for the almost peremptory counsel of Mrs. Desmond, Brood's son would have absented himself from the house on the day of their arrival. Jones and a footman went to the pier with the chauffeur.

It was half-past two in the afternoon when the automobile drew up in front of the house and the fur-coated footman nimbly hopped down and threw open the door.

James Brood, a tall, distinguished-looking man of fifty, stepped out of the limousine. For an instant, before turning to assist his wife from the car, he allowed his keen eyes to sweep the windows on the lower floor. In one of them stood his son, holding the lace curtains apart and smiling a welcome that seemed sincere. He waved his hand to the man on the sidewalk. Brood responded with a swift, almost perfunctory gesture and then held out his hand to the woman who was descending.

Frederic's intense gaze was fixed on the stranger who was coming into his life. At a word from Brood, she glanced up at the window. The smile still lingered on the young man's lips, but his eyes were charged with an expression of acute wonder. He had never looked upon a more beautiful creature in all his life. A kind of stupefaction held him motionless until he heard the door close behind them; in the brief interval, however, a picture had been impressed upon his senses that was to last forever.

She was slightly above the medium height, slender and graceful even in the long, thick coat that enveloped her. She did not wear a veil. He had a swift but enduring glimpse of a curious pallid, perfectly modeled face; of jet black hair; of a firm, sensitive chin. Somehow he received the extraordinary impression that the slim, lithe body was never cold; that she expressed in some indefinable way the unvarying temperature of youth.

He hurried into the hall, driven by the latent spur of duty. He heard his father's warm, almost gay response to the greetings of the old men, whose hands he wrung with a fervor that was unmistakable. He heard him present them to the new Mrs. Brood as "the best old boys in all the world," and they were both saying, with spasmodic cackles of pleasure, that she "mustn't believe a word the young rascal said."

He was struck by the calm, serene manner in which she accepted these jocular contributions to the occasion. Her smile was friendly, her handshake cordial, and yet there was an unmistakable air of tolerance, as of one who is accustomed to tribute. She merely smiled and thanked them in simple, commonplace phrases. Her voice was low-pitched and marked by a huskiness that was peculiar in that it was musical, not throaty. Frederic, on first seeing her, had leaped to the conclusion that her English would not be perfect. He was somewhat surprised to discover that she had but the faintest trace of an accent. He awoke suddenly, however, to the realization that he had been looking into his new stepmother's eyes for a long time and that she was returning his gaze with some intensity.

"And this?" she said, abruptly breaking in upon one of Danbury's hasty reminiscences, effectually ending it, "this is Frederic?"

She came directly toward the young man, her small, gloved hand extended. Her eyes were looking into his with an intenceness that disconcerted him. There was no smile on her lips. It was as if she regarded this moment as a pronounced crisis.

Frederic mumbled something fatuous about being glad to see her, and felt his face burn under her steady gaze. His father came forward.

"Yes; this is Frederic, my dear," he said, without a trace of warmth in his voice. As she withdrew her hand from Frederic's clasp, James Brood extended his. "How are you, Frederic?"

"Quite well, sir." They shook hands in the most perfunctory manner. "I need not ask how you are, father," said the son, after an instant's

hesitation. "You never looked better, sir."

"Thank you. I am well. Ah, Mrs. Desmond! It is good to be home again with you all. My dear, permit me to introduce Mrs. John Desmond. You have heard me speak of my old comrade and—"

"I have heard you speak of Mr. Desmond a thousand times," said his wife. There may have been a shade of emphasis on the prefix, but it was so slight that no one remarked it save the widow of John Desmond, who had joined the group.

"Will you go to your room at once, Mrs. Brood?" asked Mrs. Desmond. The new mistress of the house had not offered to shake hands with her, as James Brood had done. She had moved closer to Frederic and was smiling in a rather shy, pleading way, in direct contrast to her manner of the moment before. The smile was for her stepson. She barely glanced at Mrs. Desmond.

"Thank you, no. I see a nice, big fire and—oh, I have been so cold!" She shivered very prettily.

"Come!" cried her husband. "That's just the thing." No one spoke as they moved toward the library. "We must try to thaw out," he added dryly, with a faint smile on his lips.

His wife laid her hand on Frederic's arm. "It is cold outside, Frederic," she said; "very cold. I am not accustomed to the cold."

He was prepared to dislike her. He determined that his hand should be against her in the conflict that was



"But I Shall Not Be a Stepmother," She Said, Quickly.

bound to come. And now, in a flash, a strange, new emotion rushed up within him like a flood. A queer, wistful note of sympathy in her voice had done the trick. Something in the touch of her fingers on his arm completed the mystery. He was conscious of a mighty surge of relief. The horizon cleared for him.

"We shall do our best to keep you warm," he said quite gayly, and was somewhat astonished at himself.

They had preceded the others into the library. James Brood was divesting himself of his coat in the hall, attended by the leech-like old men. Mrs. Desmond stood in the doorway, a detached figure.

"You must love me, Frederic. You must be very, very fond of me, not for your father's sake but for mine. Then we shall be great friends, not antagonists."

"He was helping her with her coat. 'I confess I looked forward to you with a good deal of animosity,'" he said.

"But I shall not be a stepmother," she said quickly. Her eyes were serious for an instant, then filled with a luminous smile. "I shall be Yvonne to you, and you, Frederic, to me. Let it be a good beginning."

"You are splendid!" he cried. "It's not going to be at all bad."

"I am sure you will like me," she said composedly.

Brood joined them at the fireside. "My dear, Mrs. Desmond will show you over the house when you are ready. You will be interested in seeing the old place. Later on I shall take you up to my secret hiding place, as they say in books. Ranjab will have the rooms in order by this evening. Where is your daughter, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She is at work on the catalogue, Mr. Brood, in the jade-room. In your last letter you instructed her to finish that—"

"But this is a holiday, Mrs. Desmond," said he, frowning. "Jones, will you ask Miss Lydia to join us for tea at half-past four?"

"You will adore Lydia," said Frederic to Mrs. Brood.

Apparently she did not hear him, for she gave no sign. She was looking about the room with eyes that seemed to take in everything.

"I am sure I shall be very happy in this dear old house," she said quickly. "Your own mother must have loved it, Frederic."

James Brood started. Unnoticed by the others, his fingers tightened on the gloves he carried in his hand.

"I never knew my mother," said the young man. "She died when I was a baby."

"But of course this was her home, was it not?"

"I don't know," said Frederic, uncomfortably. "I suppose so. I—I came here a few years ago and—"

"But even though you never knew her, there must still be something here that—that—how shall I say it? I mean, you must feel that she and you were here together years and years ago. One may never have seen his mother, yet he can always feel her. There is something—shall I say spiritual—in—"

Her husband broke in upon these unwelcome reflections. His voice was curiously harsh.

"Mrs. Desmond is waiting, Yvonne."

She drew herself up. "Are you in such great haste, Mrs. Desmond?" she asked in a voice that cut like a knife. Instinctively, she glanced at Frederic's face. She saw the muscles of the jaw harden and an angry light leap into his eyes. Instantly her arrogance fell away. "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Desmond. I have many bad habits. Now will you kindly show me to my room? I prefer that you and not of the servants should be my guide. Au revoir, Frederic. Till tea-time, James."

Her eyes were sparkling, her husky voice once more full of the appealing quality that could not be denied. The flush of injured pride faded from Mrs. Desmond's brow, and a faint look of surprise crept into her eyes. To her further amazement, the younger woman laid a hand upon her arm and gave it a gentle, friendly pressure.

The men watched them in silence as they left the room, side by side. A moment later they heard the soft laughter of the two women as they mounted the stairs together.

Frederic drew a long breath. "She's splendid, father," he said, impulsively.

Brood's face was still clouded. He did not respond to the eager tribute. Father and son faced each other. They were a striking pair, each in his way an example of fine, clean manhood. The father was taller by a couple of inches than the son, and yet Frederic was nearly six feet in his stockings. Both were spare men, erect and gracefully proportioned.

Brood gave out the impression of great strength, of steel sinews, of invincible power; Frederic did not suggest physical strength, and yet he was a clean-limbed, well-built fellow. He had a fine head, a slim body whose every movement proclaimed nervous energy, and a face that denoted temperament of the most pronounced character. It was not a strong face, nor was it weak; it represented character without force.

On the other hand, James Brood's lean, handsome face was full of power. His gray eyes were keen, steady, compelling and seldom alight with warmth. His jaw was firm, square, resolute, and the lines that sank heavily into the flesh in his cheeks were put there not by age but by the very vigor of manhood. His hair was quite gray.

Frederic waited for his father to speak. But James Brood had nothing to say. "She is very attractive, father," said the young man at last, almost wistfully. He did not realize it, but he was groping for sympathy.

Brood had been in the house for a quarter of an hour, after an absence of nearly a year, yet his greeting had been cold, casual, matter-of-fact. Frederic expected little more than that; still he felt in a vague way that now, if never again, the ice of reserve might be broken between them if only for a moment. He was ready and willing to do his part.

Brood was studying the young man's face with an intensity that for the moment disconcerted him. He seemed bent on fixing certain features in his mind's eye, as if his memory had once played him false and should not do so again. It was a habit of Brood's, after prolonged separations, to look for something in the boy's face that he wanted to see and yet dreaded, something that might have escaped him when in daily contact with him. Now, at the end of the rather offensive scrutiny, he seemed to shake his head slightly, although one could not have been sure.

"And as charming as she is attractive, Frederic," he said, with a faint flush of the enthusiasm he suppressed.

"Who is she?" asked his son, without realizing the bluntness of his eager question.

"Who is she?" repeated his father, raising his eyebrows slightly. "She is Mrs. James Brood."

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered Frederic. "I didn't mean to put it in that way. Who was she? Where did you meet her and—Oh, I want to know all there is to tell, father. I've heard nothing. I am naturally curious—"

Brood stopped him with a gesture. "She was Yvonne Lestrangle, before we were married—Mademoiselle Lestrangle. We met some time ago at the house of a mutual friend in Paris. I assure you, her references are all that could be desired." His tone was sarcastic.

Frederic flushed. "I'm sorry I asked the questions, sir," he said, stiffly.

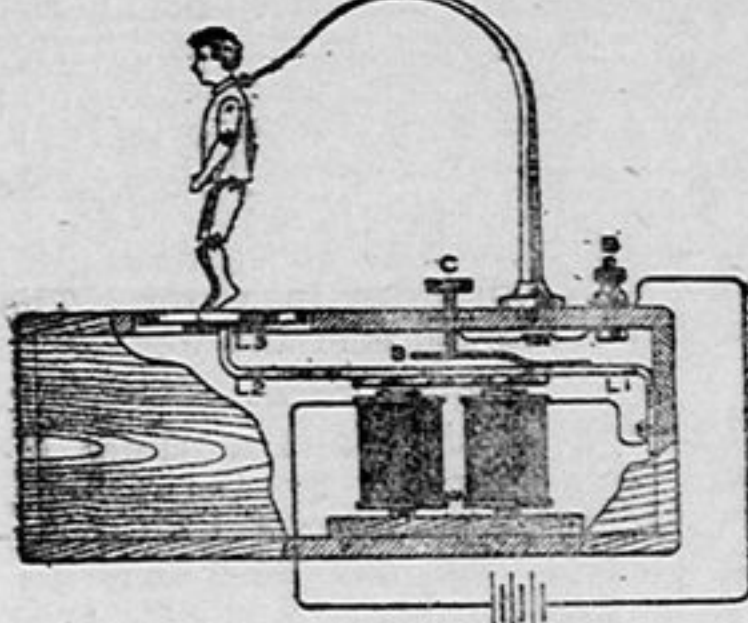
Brood suddenly laughed, a quiet laugh that had some trace of humor and a touch of compunction in it. "I beg your pardon, Frederic. Come up to my room and smoke a cigar with me while I'm changing. I'll tell you about her. She is wonderful."

To his own surprise, and to Frederic's astonishment, he linked his arm in the young man's and started toward the hall. Afterward Brood was to wonder even more than he wondered then what it was that created the sudden desire to atone for the hurt look he had brought to the eyes of Matilde's son—and the odd longing to touch his arm gently.

Continued next week

AN ELECTRICAL DANCER

The modification of the well-known mechanical dancer shown in the illustration is based on the principle of the electric bell. While the amusing antics of the mechanical dancer are controlled by the hand, the manikin shown is actuated by the electromagnet. The mechanism is contained in a box. It consists of an electromagnet with a soft-iron armature carried by a spring. A wire from the battery



goes to the magnet. The other terminal of the magnet connects with the armature spring at L1. The spring is bent at a right angle at its other end, L2, and carries a platform, L3, strengthened by a smaller disk underneath. The dancer performs upon this platform.

A contact spring, S, is carried by the armature spring. A contact screw, C, is adjustable in its contact with the platform S. A wire runs from the contact screw to the binding post B, to which the other battery wire is connected.

The current keeps the platform in constant vibration, causing the dancer to "dance." By means of screw C, the action of the current may be varied, and the "dancing" will vary correspondingly. The figure is made of wood with very loose joints and is suspended so that the feet barely touch the platform.—From Popular Mechanics.

CHARACTER AND SHEEP

Patience Required in Shepherd—Western Canada Flocks

It is not so easy to be a flockmaster as some would have us believe. The man who does not love sheep would better leave them out of his farming operations. The man who is not careful and gentle in disposition will do well to seek a change of heart before he puts a flock on his farm. While the shepherd requires a peculiar disposition to succeed, yet many thousands of farmers possess the right natural qualifications, and only require a little experience to reap the double profits from the animal with the golden hoof.

There are, of course, difficulties in the way of sheep husbandry on the Western Canadian farm. We are not organized for the small flock.

What is wanted first of all, is a campaign for more efficient dog and coyote proof fencing, and a more intelligent division of the small farm, so as to facilitate some sort of crop rotation, which will admit of portions of the farm being utilized for grazing at intervals of so many years. The Western idea that all grazing must be done on the public domain or other vacant land, dies very, very hard. Sooner or later, the small farm must become self-contained and it is a good thing to be prepared for the inevitable. In the meanwhile, it is, of course, good policy to use the vacant lands to the greatest possible extent. But prepare for sheep in small flocks.—Farm and Ranch Review.

CHEAP PAPER AND PRESS

Halfpenny Newspapers Troubled Sales in Short Period

The threatened shortage of paper in England brings to notice the rapidly increasing requirements in paper making materials. Besides wood pulp, something like a million and a half tons of rags, straw, and waste paper are also used to supply the requirements in paper. It was the introduction of wood pulp in paper making that so cheapened the materials as to make the half-penny newspaper possible. Indeed, it is said that the circulation of English newspapers tripled between the years 1875-1885, owing to the cheapening of paper following the introduction of wood pulp. Quite a variety of other things are, of course, produced from wood pulp, besides the paper necessary for the weeklies, dailies, and magazines. The most novel are paper saucers, which have been used by Japanese soldiers among others, and ladies' imitation silk stockings, these being hardly detectable from the real article.

TRAILS COME FIRST

How to be Prepared to Fight Bush Fires

Trails are the basis of forest fire-fighting, not built in a haphazard manner, but built to the very best advantage. For fire-fighting purposes a trail need not lead anywhere definite provided it has a strategic value from a fire fighting point of view. In fact trails, outside of those connecting two places or points, should be of two kinds, namely, patrolling trails, preferably on the tops of ridges, and fire trails or feeders to strategic points. Main trails should be eight feet wide and all others four feet, grades being not greater than one in seven.

Markets For Feathers

There are certain by-products of poultry that have not been given consideration. There is quite a market for feathers and quills. The care of feathers is very important. They should be kept in a dry place and turned out quite frequently in order to allow them to properly dry. One of the best markets for feathers is the United States.

Cleanliness and carelessness are the by-ones in successful domestic.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo Lucas County, ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. (Seal) Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O. Sold by all druggists. 75c. Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

"THE MICHIGAN SPECIAL"

New Night Train Between Detroit-Chicago via Canadian Pacific Railway.

A new night train, "The Michigan Special," now leaves Toronto 11.50 p.m. daily, arriving Windsor (M.C.R.) 8.30 a.m., eastern time; Detroit (M.C.R.) 8.10 central time; leaving Detroit (M.C.R.) 8.25 a. m. central time; arriving Chicago (M. C.R.) 3.30 p.m., central time.

Note the convenient hour of departure, enabling passengers to spend the entire evening in Toronto, reaching Detroit at a most desirable hour in the morning.

Equipment is modern in every detail, including electric-lighted standard sleeping cars Toronto-Detroit, and Toronto-Chicago.

Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Agent, or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

The sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. Applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the District. Entry by proxy may be made at any Dominion Lands Agency (but not Sub-Agency), on certain conditions.

Duties.—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres, on certain conditions. A habitable house is required except where residence is performed in the vicinity.

Live stock may be substituted for cultivation under certain conditions.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Six months' residence in each of three years after earning homestead patent; also 50 acres extra cultivation. Pre-emption patent may be obtained as soon as homestead patent, on certain conditions.

A settler who has exhausted his homestead right may take a purchased homestead in certain Districts. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Duties.—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate 50 acres and erect a house worth \$300.

W. W. CORY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. 41166m

Cheaper Than the Cheapest

If possible I wish to dispose of my entire stock before the end of the present year, and if prices at cost and below cost will move the buying public then our stock will be sure to move. We are determined to get rid of it, so we advise you to see for yourself.

The stock consists of Dry Goods including, flannellets, blankets, woollen goods, men's underwear, ladies' underwear, men's pants and overalls, gingham, muslins and ladies' and gent's sweaters.

ALL MUST BE SOLD Call and get our Moving sale prices. There's money in it for you. Eggs and Butter taken as Cash.

S. SCOTT Opposite the Old Stand Durham, Ontario

Window Screens

Half or Full Sections Screen Doors To Suit Requirements

Insect proof with 14 mesh wire, and made to fit.

Windows may be opened to desired height, free of all obstruction, while screen remains in place.

Best and cheapest, because they last and can be re-wired at any time.

See us for Mill and Carpenter work.

C. J. Furber & Co. Durham, Ont.

Special Prices on Feed

We have a stock of Yellow Corn on hand that we are selling at \$1.65 per 100 lbs. in ton lots.

We have a good stock of other Feed on hand, which we are offering at following prices in ton lots:

"Chieftain" Corn Feed, ... per Ton \$29.00 sacks included Ground Feed Wheat ... 25.00 Clansmay Stock Feed (nearly pure corn) per ton \$32.00

If you want Feed shipped to outside stations, call us up and get delivered prices.

We are in the market for Milling Oats, Feed Oats Mixed Grain and Barley, and will pay highest prices for any quantity at our elevator.

PHONES 14 and 26

The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Co. Oatmeal Millers.

Vertical advertisement on the left edge of the page, partially cut off, mentioning 'BIA DS', 'Restaurant', 'Trust', 'Singing', 'Weber and', 'No mis-', 'amous funny', 'Stars - Billy', 'Mike S. Whallen', 'Medians on the', 're decidedly at', 'Columbia Re-', 'dealer on the', 'have him send', 'you want. No', 'lip-up there-if', 'artist, you'll like', 'BIA DS', 'ELL', 'Durham, Ont.', 'Yucca', 'Talcum', 'in flesh and white, 25c', 'is a real top-notch', 'try it.', 'Delightful odour,', 'finest of talcums.', 'Leggett's', 'Chocolates', 'The Thistle package, \$1', 'Red Feather " 80c', 'The Elect 50c and \$1', 'The Princess, 35 and 60c', 'Nothing finer made.', 'Store', 'Save Your Coupons'