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by
Mrs. Edwards.

She's the cook who puts spice into spiciness—and variety into all sorts of meat dishes.

BEEF LOAF. Take three pounds of lean beef off the round, chopped or ground fine. Add eight soda crackers rolled fine, four eggs, one cup milk, quarter cup butter or good dripping, teaspoonful of onions chopped very fine. To this add one packet of EDWARDS' DESICCATED Brown Soup, form into a loaf, and place in baking pan, with a little hot water. Bake two hours, basting often.

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THE SPORTING SPIRIT

"We're an entered more or less," announced Berric, who was less hard than any. "Who's the favorite—and what odds?"

"Blatchford," returned Van Norden. "Jack Blatchford. He's our blue ribbon winner. He's a good fellow, too, and good looking."

"With not a penny to his name."

"She's got all the gold that's necessary. That's one reason why it would be such an excellent match.

"Langley's head over heels in love with her."

Both men haw-hawed their amusement.

Langley's—"Dick" Langley's—polo and consequently in a measure "Dick" Langley himself was something of a joke. Almost every club wherever situated had had some of its best snapped up to form part of Langley's stable.

Through this very fact he took a marked position in the polo world. His handicap was the lowest—in fact, now at near the close of his second year a simple zero stood after his name in the association's books.

Think of any good man—if Blatchford were mounted like that." Berrick had often found occasion to groan discontentedly.

"There's not a member of the Langley family for three generations that has had a spark of the sporting spirit or would know it if they met it in board daylight. As for Dick—why he has a laboratory and shuts himself up and invents things."

The week of the match for the Colony Cup was approaching. The knowledge of its nearness haunted the Westmead mind, disturbing peace and destroying happiness. Played on their own ground, failure was not to be considered, and yet nothing appeared more likely.

"He's determined to play," Berrick continued bluntly to Miss Newlands, "and you must know the reason. He wants to show-off before you. Do the gallery rackett."

"Oh, I can't think as badly of him as that," she said, and added decidedly, "I don't."

"You know," said Langley to her one day as he drew up his steed beside her trap, "that I am to play in the cup games."

"Yes," she answered.

"I must do something then," he almost groaned. "I fell that it's my only chance. I know what the sporting spirit is to you."

"The sporting spirit—yes," she answered at once. "I believe in it thoroughly."

"It's for me to show you that I've got a little in me," he declared, desperately. "I want to do something to help our side win."

"That's it!" she approved, enthusiastically. "That's the thing—to help our side to win."

The week of the Colony club matches was the height of the Westmead season.

At last the players stood in line in the center of the field with the Northbrooks grouped before them. All were present except Langley.

Sally Newlands suddenly grasped Mrs. Elswick's hand and held it.

"What is it?" the other gasped.

"See."

"What?"

"Why—oh—Jack Blatchford is there all dressed and ready. He is mounting. He is joining them. He is taking his place." A moment of silent intensity followed. "Oh," Sally cried, "They have begun. He is number two. Mr. Langley isn't one of the team."

"And Jack Blatchford's riding Dick's best pony Frisco," gasped Mrs. Elswick. "I don't understand at all."

To tell of the game were surplusage. It lives in Westmead annals.

"Please," implored Mrs. Elswick to Brackenbury, who hurried up, "what does it mean?"

"Why," he explained, "Langley saw at the last moment that the only hope for us was to have Blatchford play. He went to Van Norden and said that he would lend Blatchford all his ponies. Van Norden jumped at it. Consequently Blatchford is in with all Langley's stable to use. Isn't he a wonder? Did you ever see anything like him?"

If perfect pole was ever witnessed it was to be seen in Blatchford's performance that day. Miss Sally Newlands sat as if in a trance, no incident escaping her steadfast gaze.

When the gong finally sounded, when there could be no doubt as to the result of the hardly fought field, and the Colony cup was theirs, then a great shout went up. Instead of turning away at once the crowd lingered for several minutes. Not a person, not a trap, moved each onlooker cheering wildly.

Blachford, the centre of a turbulent group, was almost lost to sight. Two men were shoving him by each hand. Three were pounding him on the back. Langley, a polo mallet in his hand—almost seemed to be supporting his dragging steps with it—was making his way alone toward the club house. Sally Newlands, standing up in the automobile, saw them both.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I can't wait. I want to get down.

"Where are you going?"

"Never mind," she answered, hurriedly descending. She fairly ran forward over the field.

"Mr. Langley—Dick," she called softly.

He, advanced slowly, turned with a start and stared in amazement.

"Oh," she panted, "it was splendid—glorious—I wanted to tell you at once!"

"What?" he demanded.

"What you did. Letting Mr. Blatchford have the ponies—making it possible for him to play—"

"How he did it!" Langley exclaimed with generous enthusiasm.

"Yes, I know," she answered. "But that is not it. It—it's you—"

"I?"

His tone betokened that he stood astounded.

"You are the real victor!" she exclaimed, with breaking voice. "Don't you understand?"

"I—," he said. "I thought you'd never want to see me again after I chose to drop out—after Blatchford did so well. It was the only way for our side to win."

"That is it. What did we say?" she asked, as they suddenly stood still. "To help our side to win. Oh! the sporting spirit isn't playing for the gallery. Generally the best of it is what the gallery doesn't see. It's quite as much self forgetfulness and sacrifice and doing everything one honestly can, so that—yes, that is it—so that one's side may win. Didn't we agree that was the test—standing by each others?"

"Really!" he half cried in amazement. "Are you satisfied with me? May I—will you—"

"I said—almost," she answered briskly, "that I'd give my heart and hand myself to who did the best, and you are he. Oh, Dick, do you want me?"

"I've thought of nothing else—lived for nothing else—sweetheart."

"Then—then—it's all right," she sobbed.

Reports From Railton

Railton, March 4.—Sunday night's snowstorm was very severe, leaving the roads blocked from traffic for two days. We have not had any mail from the post office. Herbert Buck has purchased the handsome farm of Stanley Guess, west of Kepler, and has disposed of his farm here to George Cransom. Mr. Buck will not take over his new farm until another year. School has been closed for the past couple of weeks, owing to the death of the teacher's mother, Mrs. Driscoll, Wolfe Island, but will re-open this week with Miss Nora Stanley as teacher. Mrs. Charles Smith attended the funeral of her sister, Mrs. B. Martin, Maple Grove, on February 20th. Rev. Lewis Staley had a good turnout at his ice bee last week. Most of the farmers in this district have their wood up. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Lawrence, at H. Buck's; Andrew and Miss Alice Grainger, at John Fowler's, Murvale; Mr. O'Reiley has returned to Kingston after spending a few holidays at James E. O'Brien's; Mr. and Mrs. Jeffery, Sydenham, at Thomas Hogan's; Miss A. M. Grainger has returned to Toronto, after spending two weeks' holidays at her home.

Budget From Bongard's

Bongard's, March 3—Owing to the blocked condition of the roads there was no mail on Monday. Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Bongard and Mr. and Mrs. D. T. McCormock attended a dinner party at H. Bongard's Waupoos on Tuesday. Mrs. O. W. Hicks and Mrs. D. McCormock entertained on Friday evening last. Mrs. C. W. Wright, son and daughter, of Sandhurst, visited Mrs. J. D. Bongard and other relatives here last week. The Misses Eaton spent a couple of days at Conway last week. K. Cambridge and C. McCormock spent the week end at Napanee. H. Carnahan and wife spent Thursday at Mr. and Mrs. Huggabone's, Sandhurst. J. Kearney under went an operation for appendicitis on Tuesday. He is progressing favorably. Mr. and Mrs L. Miller, Napanee, were at L. Pierce's. Mrs. J. R. Bongard had an auction sale of farm stock and implements on Tuesday. A. McDanniel, of Black River Bridge, spent a day at J. D. Bongard's Allan Harrison entertained a few of his family friends on Monday evening. Miss H. Kinpley is the guest of Miss G. McCormock. The Misses David entertained on Friday evening last. A debate was given by Epworth league on Wednesday evening and was much enjoyed.

Died at Crosby Station

Crosby Station, March 3.—James Stout, a highly respected resident of this neighborhood, passed away on Sunday, March 1st. Deceased had been in poor health for some months, but was not considered dangerously ill until a few days before his death. Mr. Stout was a good neighbor, and will be greatly missed in this locality. He leaves his wife, two sons and two daughters; Sherman, of this place; Mrs. Earl, Soperton, and Leonard and Mabel at home.

A very successful social was held at the residence of James Barker on February 20th in aid of St. Mary's church, Newboro, the proceeds amounted to $126. Miss Lucy Leggett, music teacher, held a rehearsal at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hull on Febuary 17th. Some excellent music was rendered by Miss Leggett's pupils and others present, and a very pleasant evening was enjoyed. The Epworth League of the M. E. church held a heart social on Tuesday evening, February 28th. A fine programme was prepared by the members of the league, refreshments were served.

Miss Elva Dewolfe, Miss Mabel Stout and Miss Mildred Hull are receiving the congratulations of their many friends for successfully passing their recent examinations in music. They all took honors. Roy Derbyshire, Chantry, has rented his farm and moved to his factory here. He intends making cheese the coming season. Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Church and little daughter, Grace, visited friends at Sweet's Corners on Sunday last. School is progressing nicely under the able management of G. W. Wheeler.

Writing Life of Strathcona

London, March 5.—W. T. R. Preston, a late official under the department of trade and commerce, who now resides here, is preparing a life of Lord Strathcona, based on the author's own records.

J. L. Milligan, editor of the Peterboro Review for the past eight months has resigned.

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