

**If You Are Thinking of Building**  
 this year it will pay you to get our prices for cement, blocks, bricks, etc., as you will save \$250.00 between solid brick and cement blocks.  
 We also have all sizes in tiles, lintels, pier blocks, caps and bases at reasonable prices.  
**Kingston Cement Products Factory**  
 Factory Cor. of Patrick and Charles Sts.  
 Office: 177 Wellington St.

**Now is the Time to Get Your Spring Foot-wear at the Right Place.**

Try our store for your wants of Boots and Shoes for spring. You will find by trading with us that you will get better value for your money than elsewhere in the city. Give us a trial and be convinced.

**H. B. WARTELL**  
 330 KING STREET  
 Phone 1373

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM**

**Easter Holiday Rates**

**SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE**  
 Going Friday, April 10th, returning same date only.  
**FIRST CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD.**  
 Going Thursday, April 9th, to Sunday, April 12th. Returning until Tuesday, April 14th.  
 For full particulars, Pullman or Parlor Car accommodation, apply to J. P. HANLEY, Railroad and Steamship Agent, Cor. Johnson and Ontario Sts.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC**

**EASTER FARES.**  
 Between all stations in Canada, Port William and East, and to Saint John, St. John's, Detroit, Mich., Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N.Y.  
**SINGLE FARE**—Good going Apr. 10. Return Limit Apr. 16.  
**FARE & ONE-THIRD**—Good going Apr. 9, 10, 11, 12. Return Limit Apr. 14.  
**COLONIAL FARES**  
 (One-Way Second Class) to certain points in:  
 Alberta British Columbia  
 California Montana  
 Arizona Washington  
 etc.  
 Daily until April 15.  
**REDUCED SETTLERS' FARES**  
 (One-Way Second Class)  
 Each Tuesday until April 28.  
 Through trains Toronto to Winnipeg and West. Colonial Cars on all trains. No charge for berth.  
 Full particulars from: CONWAY, C.P.A., Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts. Phone 1197.

**OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY**  
 25, 27, KIRKPATRICK  
 25 Clarence St. Phone 307

**CUNARD LINE**

**CANADIAN SERVICE**  
 From Southampton to Portland, Me.  
 Apr 2 ASCANIA April 18  
 Apr 3 ALBANY April 20  
 Apr 4 ALBANY April 22  
 (Steamers call Plymouth eastbound.)  
 Rates—Cabin (11) \$46.25 2nd-class, British eastbound, \$30.25 up. West-bound \$29 up.  
**THE ROBERT REPOD CO., Limited,**  
 General Agent, 50 King St. E., Toronto

London  
 Steam St. John, N.B. From Bristol Apr. 22 (M.S. R. Edward May 6)  
 From Montreal, From Bristol May 6 (M.S. R. George May 26)  
 May 19 (M.S. R. Edward June 2)  
 Rates of apartments with private bath, luxury fully equipped public cabins, treated after dinner, complete rest and pleasure on the Atlantic.  
 Write to 12 King St. East, Toronto, Canada.

**LONDON - PARIS WHITE STAR**  
 From Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool on the magnificent Canadian Service Steamships:  
 "TELEPHONIC" May 2 ... May 30  
 "MEGANTIC" May 9 ... May 30  
 "CANADA" May 16 ... June 13  
 "LAURENTIC" May 23 ... June 20  
 Rates from \$22.50 First and \$20 Second Class.  
 J. P. Hanley, G. T. R., Local Agents.  
 C. S. Kirkpatrick, C. P. R.

**DOMINION LINE**

**That's the way to do it.**  
 How Mrs. Edwards makes the most delicious macaroni you ever tasted.

**MACARONI and TOMATOES**  
 Cook the macaroni, which has been taken to pieces, in boiling salted water for ten minutes. Make a tomato sauce by adding to three packages of Edwards' Macaroni Tomato Soup one pint of cold water, and boiling for twenty-five minutes. Add small piece of butter, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Drain the cooked macaroni, and add the tomato sauce. Serve with hot.

Three varieties of Edwards' Soups—  
 Brown Tomato and White. **5c**  
 Your Grocer has them.

**EDWARDS' SOUPS**  
 W. G. Patrick & Co., Limited, Toronto, Representatives for the Province of Ontario.

**APENTA**  
 THE BEST NATURAL APERIENT WATER  
 BOTTLED AT THE SPRINGS, BUDA PEST, HUNGARY.

**CLARK'S MINCE MEAT**  
 Choicest fruits, etc.,—perfectly balanced—ready to use. Saves endless labour.  
 One quality—the best.  
 In glass or cans.

**Bicycle Dealers take NOTICE**  
 Trade that we have made may pass your door  
 We don't want it to—far rather would we pass along to you the numerous enquiries we have received from the Cycling public, in response to our advertising.  
 Our Business is Business with Dealers. You have seen the "Raleigh" advertised, but have you seen the "Raleigh" "POPULAR" Model at the popular price of \$40?  
 We have the enquiries will you take advantage of this in your territory?  
 Write for our plan of Dealer Co-operation  
**The Raleigh Cycle Co.**  
 Toronto  
 Warehouse 193 Queen Street East  
 Raleigh "Popular," with Coaster Brake ..... \$40.00  
 Raleigh "Gazette," with Coaster Brake ..... \$35.00

**The Cableman**  
 AN EXCITING PRESENT-DAY ROMANCE  
 —By—  
**Weatherby Chesney**  
 Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British and Colonial Press Service, Limited.

"I like eels too," said Scarborough, "and I have been told that the worm mud of the Ribeira Quente breeds the best in the world."  
 "Ay, but I havena one in the house. Not but what there might be one, or even two, in the eel baskets; but my guidman hasn't been down to the river yet to see."

In the end Scarborough breakfasted off bread and wine, but when the landlady learned that three ladies were coming, she promised to have a proper meal, including fried eels from the Hot River, ready for the whole party in an hour. Scarborough drew her out on the subject of the likes and dislikes of the Scotchman, for he saw that Gillies had been giving trouble over his meals here, as he did at the vents in Ponta Delgada, and that the woman had resented this. He did not find it necessary to ask her questions about Gillies' movements during the time that he stayed in her house; she had a grievance, and was loath to about it, and Scarborough let her battle on while he munched his breakfast.

However, beyond the fact that Gillies had not been seen in the district since yesterday morning, he learned little. The woman knew nothing of how he spent his time, when he was there, except he was often seen near the edge of the lake, fishing in the water with a net at the end of a pole. He never caught anything, she explained scornfully, and wasn't likely to by that senseless way of fishing. When she showed signs of becoming autobiographical, and had started to explain how it came about that she, a respectable Edinburgh woman with a Free Kirk upbringing, was now the wife of a Portuguese fishkeeper, Scarborough discovered hurriedly that he had finished his meal, and must go. Her history might possibly be interesting, but he did not wait to hear it. Other things of greater importance filled his thoughts just now.

He returned to where he had left Varney under the maize-cobs. "Gillies goes fishing at the edge of the lake with a net at the end of a long pole," said he. "What does that mean, Phil?"  
 "That the diamonds are hidden in the water," said Varney promptly.  
 "But he has given up the occupation since yesterday morning. Got an interpretation of that?"  
 "Yes. Either he has found them and is off—or he hasn't, and is fishing somewhere else."  
 "In either case we are wasting time by staying here."  
 "Shouldn't wonder," said Varney calmly. "But we must wait for the girls anyway. What have you discovered?"  
 Scarborough told him what the Scotchwoman had said.  
 "Then I tell you what," said Varney. "When the girls come, we'll have that meal you've ordered for us, and then we'll ride back to the Casa Davis to hear how the photographic experiment has turned out. We can't go chasing Gillies aimlessly about the island of San Miguel, because we don't know which way he's gone; but if Davis has managed to interpret the message on the scratched stone, we shall have something to guide us. If the stone tells us where to go, we'll go there, and I hope we won't find that Gillies is before us."  
 "Why should he be?" He doesn't know about the stone."  
 "No, but maybe the stolen plan wasn't quite so indefinite as Mrs. Carrington says it was. She says she has had it in his possession that he has ceased to work here. We shall have to give up the happy day of hunting in couples that we had arranged. That's the pity," he added ruefully.

"You can ride with Muriel," said Scarborough laughing. "You've earned it. I'll look after the other two."  
 "Thanks, old man," said Varney, brightening at once. "I'll take 'em at that!"  
 Half an hour later the girls arrived, and when they heard what Scarborough had learned at the inn, they agreed that Varney's proposal was the right one. However, when they were on the point of remounting their machines to ride back to Casa Davis, Muriel pointed with an exclamation to a figure that was limping down the hill towards them.  
 "It's Val B.," she cried. "Then what has become of Mrs. Carrington?"  
 "I think he's hurt," said Scarborough, anxiously. "I'll ride on and meet him."  
 He brought the circus man back to the group by the door of the inn, and after a long draught of wine, Val B. Montague opened his mouth to explain.  
 "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you see before you a cock-sure fool who has been taken down a peg. I dictated a letter of introduction last night, did I?—in which I got our friend here to say that Our Mr. Montague was a man in whose ability I had entire faith! Mr. Scarborough, sir, I was a fool. I also stated, I believe, that it was going to be my plan to take my pig at all, as it turns out it's the widow's."  
 He paused and took another long drink.  
 "She has given you the slip?" asked Muriel.  
 "Where is she?" asked Scarborough.  
 Montague looked from one to the other.  
 "No," he said. "She did not give me the slip. She merely rode away from me on my own donkey, and told me I wasn't to follow, and I didn't dare to disobey her. Where is she? I don't know. The only thing I am absolutely sure of is that Our Mr. Montague, or Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination, has been made a complete fool of, and that by a woman whom he thought all the time that he was himself fooling. Anybody like to kick me?"  
 "Tell us what has happened," said Muriel.  
 "That!" he answered. "Your mother and the scoundrel Gillies have joined forces; and the man in whose ability Mr. Scarborough expressed entire confidence, allowed them to do it."

**CHAPTER XXIII.**  
 The Widow Makes the Pie  
 "Mrs. Carrington and Gillies have joined forces!" Scarborough repeated with dismay, and the others echoed his exclamation of astonishment.  
 "That was what I said, sir," responded Montague. "And it struck me, from what I saw of the pair of them, that it will be a strong coalition. More fool I for letting it come about!—Gillies, you're sorry you've lost me as a recruit, aren't you?"  
 "Are you hurt?" asked Muriel anxiously.  
 "Twisted my ankle on a stone, and got a large blister on my heel; that's all. I'm a poor walker, and walking about is a pain to me. I had a plan for the day. The widow arranged to let me, and didn't consult me about my preferences."  
 "Give us the tale, Montague, and we'll condole with you afterwards," said Varney.  
 "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 lively stables, bargaining for a carriage to take her to Las Furnas. I presented my letter of introduction, and as Mr. Scott and Mr. Scarborough were not last night would be there, she laughed at me. However, I did not mind that; in fact I had counted upon her going so, and should have been put out if she hadn't. I improved the opportunity of her laughter to make a snide and possibly outrageous remark or two, and thereby succeeded in amusing her further. She said that I was a man of some originality of thought, and she was piqued into answering me in my own vein. I at again was 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; she 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 did out that the carriage road was a long sweep round, whereas on the hills which I knew of, Montague's 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 say 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 with- out undue boasting, I think she found that person in me. Indeed, her past experience justified me in relying to a certain extent on my own powers in this respect. I should have made a different plan, at any rate in the 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 stipulated 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 miles."  
 "Now do you see my plan? I knew

**Kephaldol**  
 "Is Absolutely Marvellous As a Pain Killer"  
 Mrs. Beatrice Cassey, of Swalecill, England, knows what it means to be bed-ridden with pain. She also knows how easily the torments of Rheumatism and Lumbago may be overcome. She says, "My experience with KEPHALDOL as a pain-killer is absolutely marvellous. I had a fearfully acute attack last year of Neuritis, Sciatica and Lumbago, and suffered in bed for many days. Finally, I heard of KEPHALDOL, which did wonders for me. I shall always feel most grateful for what it has done, and I am most happy to let others know of its wonderful effects as a pain destroyer."  
 KEPHALDOL is the only pain reliever that does not affect the heart. It acts directly on the nerve centers, easing and quieting the pain. KEPHALDOL is the favorite combination of nerve stimulants and tonics prescribed by the famous Doctor Stohr, of Vienna, the great nerve specialist. KEPHALDOL is now sold in Canada by druggists in 50c tubes or may be had by sending 50c direct to Kephaldol Limited, 31 Latour Street, Montreal.

that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interest 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 she 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 felt in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and then just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in measures 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 despise 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 certain donkey, and either of these which you hired for me. Where 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 thought 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 an 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 wakened up by 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 wakened up 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.  
 "It suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me, "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 she is a very good, 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 so patiently outside my window this morning. Now why shouldn't he and I pool our resources—he supplies the supply, 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

that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interest 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 she 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 felt in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and then just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in measures 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 despise 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 certain donkey, and either of these which you hired for me. Where 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 thought 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 an 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 wakened up by 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 wakened up 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.  
 "It suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me, "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 she is a very good, 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 so patiently outside my window this morning. Now why shouldn't he and I pool our resources—he supplies the supply, 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

that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interest 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 she 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 felt in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and then just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in measures 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 despise 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 certain donkey, and either of these which you hired for me. Where 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 thought 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 an 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 wakened up by 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 wakened up 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.  
 "It suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me, "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 she is a very good, 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 so patiently outside my window this morning. Now why shouldn't he and I pool our resources—he supplies the supply, 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

that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interest 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 she 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 felt in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and then just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in measures 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 despise 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 certain donkey, and either of these which you hired for me. Where 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 thought 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 an 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 wakened up by 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 wakened up 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.  
 "It suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me, "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 she is a very good, 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 so patiently outside my window this morning. Now why shouldn't he and I pool our resources—he supplies the supply, 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

that you were busy here, and that you did not want to be interrupted. The widow's intention was to interest 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 she 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 felt in with her suggestion without comment. We conversed lightly, perhaps even at times brilliantly, for about twenty minutes, and then just when I was in the midst of working out a pretty fancy in measures 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 despise 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 certain donkey, and either of these which you hired for me. Where 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 thought 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 an 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 wakened up by 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 wakened up 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.  
 "It suggested an interview," Mr. Montague, she told me, "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,"