

WILD GEESE

By Martha Ostenso.

Caleb felt secure and mellow after his encounter with Amelia. She had betrayed by her attitude that she would not abet Judith in any scheming. And, thorough egoist that he was, he could not conceive of Jude's crossing him without the support of at least one other member of the family. Caleb had no special desire to bring matters to a climax in regard to Mark Jordan. As it stood now the thing savored of intrigue and the pervasive, subterranean control of a Master. In a sense, it had lost its serious significance and had become a sort of game by which he amused himself. A denouement, while it would perhaps tighten the screws on the fixtures on the farm, would make him less an heroic figure in a mystery. For Caleb, although he had known of Amelia's moral defection before he had married her, had always looked upon himself as the betrayed and cheated victim in a triangle. It was perhaps this which prevented him from ever feeling plans of re-venge for his acts. His sensibilities were crystallized in the belief that life had done him an eternal wrong, which no deed of his own could over-avenge.

On the last day of June Caleb went to the city in the south. It was a semi-annual journey which occupied only three or four days, and was made solely for the purpose of laying in such provisions as could not be obtained at Yellow Post or at Nykerk, but it was attended always by a show of solemn importance. And there was never a releasing of tension after Caleb's departure: he always took pains to set tasks which would remain behind like stern images of himself.

Judith was free to go where she liked without discovery for four days. But she did not try to find Sven Sandbo.

Chapter VIII.

Caleb was away, but things went on with the same unbroken monotony: Martin finished the wagon shed, and dreamed his dream of the New House; Amelia and Ellen worked in the garden, milked, churned, and sent the remainder of the cream to the Siding with Skull Erickson, from whom the cans were borrowed for the purpose. Caleb did not believe in buying them for so short a season. Judith and Charlie tended the livestock.

The Teacher, free of her school duties for two weeks in the month of July, watched the Gares out of the pty of her heart, and came no closer to any of them. Ellen harbored a scarcely concealed resentment for everything about Lind Archer, from the dainty underwear she hung on the line to dry, to the manner in which she taught the children at school to look for beauty in every living thing. She pointedly refrained from remembering whether Lind took sugar in her tea or not, so little did the Teacher and her tastes mean to her. Martin avoided her out of sheer shyness and awe. Charlie was more unbending, and offered to play "catch" with her now and again, but the boy, old as he was, was peevish, and sulked when he did not get his own way, and Lind could draw nothing from him that was not a reflection of Caleb.

Lind was nonplused by Judith. Whenever the girl spoke to her it was in a brusque, almost offensive tone. The Teacher had gone to the Sandbos' one evening, where she frequently met Mark Jordan, and Sven had asked her why Judith went out of her way not to meet him when she brought in the cattle. But she

could get no response from Judith when she approached her in Sven's behalf. It hurt and surprised her, especially after the pleasant Sunday when the girl's restraint had been so completely broken.

On a drowsy afternoon during Caleb's absence, Lind took the little pony of the Sandbo children and rode to the homestead of Dora Brund. Mrs. Sandbo's married daughter, who, according to her mother, lived a life of misery under a brutal husband. "The poor girl," Mrs. Sandbo had lamented. "She will be so glad when you come."

The trail led several miles along a swamp mottled with clumps of floating moss and rank, hair-like grass. The landscape had a suave bleakness, as if it were complacent in its poverty.

Lind wished that Mark Jordan were with her. She got so much from him of warm ease and contemplative companionship. There was an impersonal glow in him. He offered her always a deliciously casual intimacy that never once had bordered upon a redeclaration of the feeling he had expressed on the night when she had come in upon him out of the rain. It piqued her to know, however, that the thought dwelt just behind his eyes whenever he looked at her, and that there had been times when she had not dared to meet his eyes for fear of precipitating the moment that each knew lay ahead.

Lind was wisely aware that she could not see much of Mark without causing comment of a malicious nature among the settlers. The intolerance of the earth seemed to have crept into their very souls. And the school teacher above all was looked to as a model of propriety. But there were moments when Lind could have thrown her concern to the winds and fled from the overhanging chill of the Gares to the shelter of the Klovac's homestead and buried her face in Mark Jordan's shoulder from utter loneliness.

She looked out now upon the level monotony of the prairie with its low ragged woodland on the west, north of the Gares, and wondered how she would live through the summer. Were it not for Mark, who, she knew, would miss her keenly, she would have gone back to the city for the short vacation.

Back among a few lean shreds of birch trees, stood the "shack" of the Brunds. It was covered with tarpaper and perpendicular lattice. It looked like a flat pan upside down on the ground. In the only window at the front of the house hung a lace curtain with frayed edges. The slanting bars and the two ungainly looking outhouses that could be looked straight through, so large were the crevices in them, stood below a slope near the margin of Lett's Slough. Joel Brund's cattle stood knee deep in the water, all staring absently at Lind.

Dora Brund opened the door and looked at Lind with round chinabow eyes. Her face was empty, pretty, her full small mouth had a sulky droop. She wore a pink wrapper that was sticky with food, and on her round breast dangled four linked safety pins. An odor of cheap talcum powder hung about her heavily.

"I am Lind Archer," the Teacher smiled at her. "Your mother told me where you live and I thought I'd like to call on you."

"Oh—yes, you're the Teacher," Dora said. "Sit down, please, and I'll get my clothes on. I been working round all day. You got no idea how it is in a place like this. No

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time to clean up decent, even." Her voice was ready and petulant as a child's.

While she was gone, Lind looked around the room, one of the two in the house.

The linoleum on the floor had been washed in streaks. A little iron stove in the corner had split its ashes from the grate. On the oil cloth of the table were little clots that looked like dark gum. A small of old rags filled the place.

Dora came back presently from the other room, the door of which was closed. She had put on a pale blue figured cotton dress ornamented with ruffles of black velvet, and looked listlessly pretty.

She sat down in a chair by the table and rested her cheek on her hand.

"My, it's getting warm, ain't it?" she said with a sigh. "How do you like it up here?"

"I like it very well. I find the people most interesting," Lind told her. "You and your husband have been back only a short time, your mother tells me."

"Yes—and long enough. I'm near dead, I'm so lonesome," she fretted. "This is the slowest place on earth. Nothin' ever happens except the weather, and it's rotten most of the year."

"Does your husband expect to stay here long?"

"Expect? He never thinks of anything else. Never been anywhere else, except the six months he was away in Nykerk. I wouldn't care if he had a little pleasure once in a while, or if I could get some decent clothes, or somebody to look at 'em. But he don't care whether I've got anything or not. Don't know the difference between a coat and a hat." Her eyes traveled discontentedly out the window.

"You have no children, Mrs. Brund?"

"No—thank God, and I'm not goin' to," Dora asserted. "That's a pretty waist you got on, Miss Archer. Get it in the city?" She scrutinized it avidly, biting her under lip with her small white teeth.

"Yes. But you could make one very easily."

Dora shrugged.

"I ain't got any sewing machine, and if he got me one he'd expect me to do all my own sewing." She surveyed Lind from head to foot, with a sort of grudging admiration and envy. Then she rose and went to the stove from which she took a small granite-ware coffee pot. She emptied the grounds out of it into a pail that stood near the sink, rinsed it out briefly with cold water, filled it again and replaced it on the stove. With limp hands she measured out two large spoonfuls of coffee and put them into the pot. All of this without a word.

She sat down again by the window to wait for the coffee to boil. Lind asked her how long she had been in Loyola, where she had been employed. She brightened.

"I was there nearly six months, on the lunch counter. Before I was married, that was. Blundell's place—maybe you been there?"

Lind had not been there, and Dora went on to tell her about the town. Then a smell of coffee rose in the air, and the Teacher was served with a cup of it—was stuff with grounds floating on the top. While they sat at the table Dora told her of the "guys" who used to come to Blundell's lunch counter, and of how all of them were "stuck" on her. She was sighing over the romances of her past when the door opened and Joel Brund stepped in. He was ponderous as an ox, nearly as tall as Fusi Aronson. He looked abashed when he saw the Teacher and half turned as if to go out again.

Dora called him languidly. He came forward and took Lind's hand in his own huge hairy one. Without a word he turned away and opened a tool chest that stood under the window. Dora glanced at him sideways and shrugged her pretty shoulders. Lind pitied the man—so like a great, kindly ox.

When he left the house he barely looked at the Teacher, and nodded. Dora did not say a word to him.

In a short time Lind took leave of

The Home Garden
What is Home without a Garden?
KEEP YOUR LAWN ON THE LEVEL

It is surprising how a lawn that you left last fall as level as a table has developed depressions over winter. Even the best of them will do it and where there was a smooth shining bedspread of snow early in the winter the melting in spring shows that there are puddles here and there.

The settlement of the soil after the heaving of winter thawing and freezing is to blame for some of it. Then, too, it is impossible to produce an exactly uniform density and texture of soil and for a few years after the lawn is made these small depressions will occur and will have to be remedied. Some of these may be remedied by the use of the lawn roller but do not use the roller when the soil is so wet as to be muddy and easily yielding. This is likely to increase the difficulty.

The best method is to wheel a barrow of new soil to the lawn and fill in the depressions, adding fertilizer and seeding, and then apply the roller to bring it to a level with its surroundings. This spring patching

needs annual care until the soil is thoroughly established. "Cut, watered, and rolled for 300 years," is on English lawn motto. It ought to be a good lawn after all that. We can do it in three years with good grass seed, good preparation of the soil in the way of pulverizing, leveling and adding fertilizing. The cutting and rolling is merely incidental—the maintenance part of it.

All we need to remember is that the grass is a plant and that it needs the same attention as any other plant to do its best. It must have fertility, moisture, and cutting. The best fertilizer for grass is one that will maintain a porous surface and give the required food. There is no one standard, staple fertilizer for grass. The fertilizer required depends upon the kind of soil and the kind of grass. A good dealer will tell you.

Dry soils need a potash fertilizer. Moist soils are likely to need phosphate fertilizers and nitrogen is always an essential.

SOLID COLORED BEDS BEST

Beds of annuals of a single variety, and that preferably a simple color, are without distinct markings, undoubtedly give the finest effect in the garden. One need only plant a bed of the beautiful Rosy Morn petunia beside a bed of mixed colored petunias to test out the idea. Most of us like variety and this is obtained by grouping colonies of color in harmonious arrangement. There is a lighter petunia of the same type as Rosy Morn, also a much darker one, the three blending beautifully. Also there are blues which would go with it as well as whites for contrast.

Beds of yellow, salmon, pink, or scarlet snapdragons are brilliant features of park plantings. The purple verbenas in great sheets is also used for brilliant effect.

Some few flowers which are naturally mottled or variegated are as effective mixed as in beds of a single variety. The pinks are an example. The butterfly flower or schizanthus, not enough grown, is another plant of marked variegation.

In the individual flower which is well mixed. The snapdragons have usually a lip of yellow or white in contrast with the color of the rest of the flower and related shades go well mixed.

The French marigolds, sometimes no two flowers on the same plant being exactly alike, are a natural mixed planting. But those annuals which show distinct colorings in the varieties and come true from seed are best in colonies of a single color. A flaming bed of scarlet zinnias is vastly more striking than a mixture of pinks, yellows, oranges and scarlets.

The nasturtiums are good for mixed plantings as the flowers are so well commingled with the foliage that the color mass is diffused at best. In arranging an annual garden or border the colors most favored may be selected in the different annuals and a handsome color pattern laid down. Plantings all in yellow, blue, pink, red or white are readily arranged although they have the fault of monotony unless relieved by contrasting plantings.

CONTINUOUS BLOOM FROM ANNUALS

Annuals give continuous bloom from June till frost with a proper selection of varieties and any day is a good time to start planting if you neglected it last fall. The earliest annuals to come into bloom are those from fall or winter-sown seed which come up with the first warm days of early spring, defy frosts and keep right on growing.

Of these annuals, cornflowers, annual larkspurs, and poppies may be scattered over the beds now, and rains and snow will take care of getting the seed into contact with the earth and about the first of June they will begin bloom'ing. All three plants mentioned are difficult to transplant and sowing now is the best way to handle them, thinning them as soon as the weather permits working outside.

In planning the annual garden there should be a selection of the earliest blooming, those for mid-season, and then the late bloomers. Phlox Drummondii and French marigolds are early bloomers from seed.

Dora Brund, promising to call again. When she got outside the house she breathed with deep relief. Down near the thatched barn she saw Joel moving about, though he was as heavy in spirit as in body; an ox, dimly, uneasily aware of a man's pride.

Riding home, Lind met Mark Jordan, who was on foot. He had been at the Sandbos'. She felt that she had known all along that she would meet him—she needed him to-day. A fleet wonder passed through her mind that they had not acknowledged each other long ago—what was keeping them apart? When the thought was gone she would not believe that she had harbored it. It was not for her to make overtures, after what he had said.

"Lind," Mark said softly, his arm across the pommel of her saddle, "you always come at the right moment—like hope."

"Lind looked down into his eyes. "It's ages since I saw you last. I've been so busy promoting the children. What have you been doing?" She strove to keep her voice even.

"Well, I have most of that brush cut down. I'm starting to burn it now, before the leaves get too dry. I don't want to start a bush fire." Mark stroked the muzzle of the horse.

As she was silent, he said, "Come home with me. I need scientific nourishment. I'll walk slowly beside you while you gallop your horse." Lind laughed at his nonsense. Impulsively she reached down with her hand and tugged at his hair.

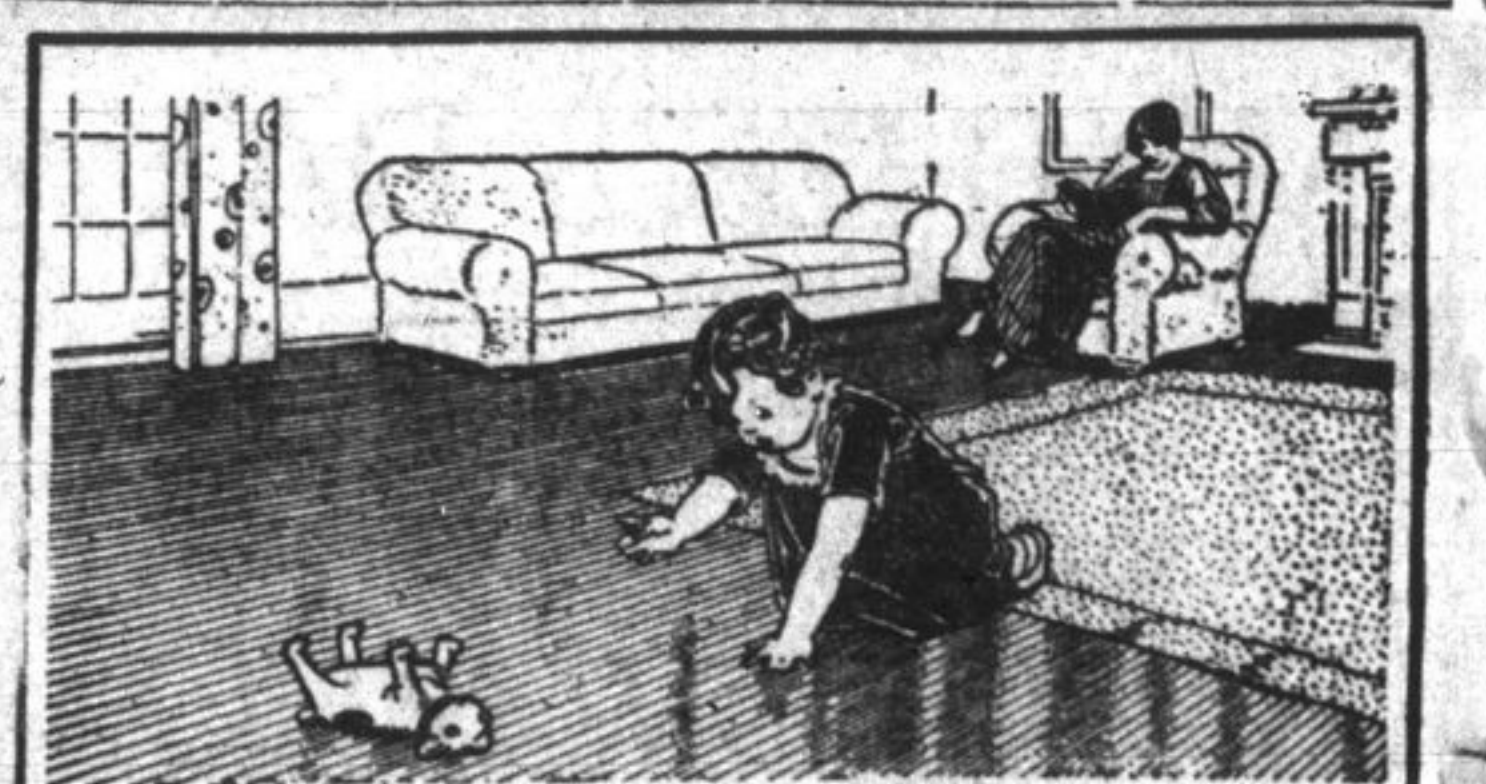
"Are you so vain that you have to show your hair off to the birds?" she teased. "Better be careful or they'll be wanting it for their nests." (To be continued.)

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WATERTOWN WRITER'S VIEW ON KINGSTON

In Regard to the British Strike—The Tourist Traffic.

The Watertown, N.Y., Times contains the following about Kingston penned by a staff writer:

"A reflection of the British general strike that has left millions out of work in the mother country is noticed in Kingston this week with the almost complete stoppage of Canada-to-England tourist traffic. This is more than ordinarily significant as an unusually large number of residents of Kingston, as well as other border towns, had contemplated crossing the ocean in a few weeks.

"England is largely represented on the staffs of both Queen's and the Royal Military College. For years it has been customary for the professors and many students to return to their homes to spend the summer months. This year, many of them have decided to remain here until the economic upheaval in England has been restored to normal. No trouble in securing sailing accommodations is anticipated.

"The effect of the strike upon trade has been felt but slightly here up to the present time. In a short time, possibly a week, though when the Welsh coal supply in Canada becomes depleted, an increased impetus in purchasing this commodity in American markets is almost sure to be seen. Other articles with which the stores of Kingston merch-

ants are stocked are largely products of the British Isles. Most important of these is woollens. Then there is crockery and a large amount of the leading confections."

At Warkworth, on May 6th, a quiet wedding was solemnized at the home of the bride's father, Dr. D. W. Barrett, when his youngest daughter, Gertrude, became the bride of W. C. Barlow, Rockport.

At Brockville, on May 6th, Mrs. M. Michael McGlade, mother of Judge James E. McGlade, Cobourg, died after a short illness.

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When he left the house he barely looked at the Teacher, and nodded. Dora did not say a word to him.

In a short time Lind took leave of