

little though I deserve it, and ever I have been able to do him a turn I have done it; but suddenly and myself thinking him a young

suppose Miss Van Buren hasn't enough attention to your Highness," said I.

He hasn't put herself out much," he; "but it isn't that I care about, her attitude toward you. Of course couldn't help hearing what she said yesterday at the Prinzenhof about the suit of William the Silent. Because asked her afterwards if she didn't it looked like you, she said not a anyhow she had only been joking, it was an ugly portrait. Then, this morning at breakfast, when I heard happened on the beach, I told her perhaps she would have the chance afternoon to thank you. Instead of pleased, she answered that she'd and you enough already, and she I wouldn't bring you. I tell you, rode, I could have boxed her

must confess that mine tingled, and moment I felt hurt and angry the girl, but it was only for a moment. Then I laughed.

upright you right for forcing me up-er," said I. "Well, it's evident taken a dislike to me. It must business to change that, for I exactly the opposite feelings to-her. Some day I shall make her

onder you can think it worth while double your head over my cousin, what I've felt it right to tell you,"

Robert. "I thought you ought to otherwise you would have com- it strange I didn't ask you to box, as I should have been proud but I was angry for your sake, said I wouldn't bring you near her. as things are, I don't see how an meet my cousin. The van Buren is at its worst in her, and it has her obstinate as a pig."

avens, what a simile!" said I; yet didn't help laughing. "I too, am ate as a pig; and being proud of uch blood, I like her the better rs, all the more because it's ob- blood, and it wouldn't be true if it were not. I tell you, Robert, going to know your cousin—not h you; I don't want that now, a some other way, which will e itself sooner or later—probably

on't see how," Robert repeated. as in hopes that she and Miss her stepsister, could have been sed by my mother to pay us a isit, and give up an objectionable hey have. But Cousin Helen— us Miss Rivers calls her—has been ded even with my mother. I am is not Miss River's fault. She that kind of girl."

you mind telling me the objec- plan?" I asked."

shall be glad to tell," said he see if you don't agree with me is monstrous, though, strange to ow mother has talked with the she does not seem to think it as she was inclined to at first. She e that they are determined to per- and she thinks they will come to m. My cousin has been left a boat by a friend's will. You must een it: Captain Noble's 'Lorelei,' used to lie near the Rowing Club. d Miss Rivers have come to take through the waterways of Hol- though my mother has learned heir financial circumstances hardly t such an undertaking."

ky girls!" was my comment. but you don't know all. A young e going with them, a strange an young man, whom they never l yesterday."

Jove! In what capacity—as ur?"

at all. As a sort of paying so far as I can understand the ment."

ounds rather an odd one." ould say so; but I mustn't make nk it's worse than it is. There misunderstanding about the boat- ican thought he'd hired it from etaker, and they were sorry for appointment. He has an aunt, swoman of title, who is to be of ty."

t makes all the difference, doesn't t the title, but the aunt."

makes a difference, certainly; but

the man may be an adventurer. He's an artist, it appears, named Starr—"

"What, the Starr whose Salon picture made so much talk in Paris this spring?"

"Yes; but being a good artist doesn't constitute him a good man. He might make love to the girls."

"Beast! so he might, aunt or no aunt. She'll probably aid and abet him. I don't know that I blame you for objecting to such an adventure for your cousin."

"Oh, it isn't so much for her—that is, except on principle. But I've done all I can, and my mother has done all she can, so you can imagine what my cousin's pig-headedness is like to resist us both. My mother tells me she could do nothing with her; and the girls are leaving us to-morrow. They go back to Rotterdam, where they expect to find Starr's aunt, and, they hope, a skipper for the motor-boat. Cousin Helen asked if I could recommend a suitable man; but even if I knew one, I should not make it easier for her to flout the wishes of the family."

"Naturally not," said I, with the sort of fellow-feeling for Robert which makes one wondrous kind. And I was sure that if I were Miss Van Buren's cousin, and had set myself against her doing a certain thing, she would not have done it.

"However they are returning to Rotterdam early in the morning, and that being the case, as I was saying, I didn't see how it will be possible for you to meet my cousin."

"I bet that I will meet her, and be properly introduced, too, before either of us is a week older," said I, and then was sorry I had clothed my resolve in such crude words. But it was too late to explain or apologize, for at that instant two or three men came up. The thought of what I had blurted out lay heavy on my mind afterwards, and if it had not seemed a far-fetched and even school-missish thing to do, I would have sent a line to Robert asking him to erase that clumsy and impertinent boast from his memory. If he is stupid enough or awkward enough to repeat anything of our conversation, and give Miss Van Buren the impression that I tried to make a wager concerning her, it will be all up with me, I know.

As it is, I can only hope that my words will go out at one ear as fast as they went in at the other.

Next morning I had made no definite plan of action, but thought that as Miss Van Buren was going to Rotterdam, it could do no harm for me to go to Rotterdam too, and see what would happen next. Things of some sort were bound to happen, and one way or other my chance might come before she started on her journey.

My mother is at Chateau Liliendaal, the place where she likes best to spend July and August when we don't run over to England; but she didn't expect me to join her for some days, and meanwhile I was free to do as I chose.

I was in hopes that I might see Miss Van Buren in the train, if I took the most popular one in the morning; but she and her stepsister were not on board, so I fancied Robert must be driving them back in the borrowed car, despite his objections to their proceedings. I went straight to the Rowing Club, where I have several friends, and as I knew from Robert that the motor-boat was 'Lorelei' I easily found out where she was lying. The next thing was to go and have a look at her, to see if preparations were being made for an immediate start.

I had forgotten what she was like, but I found her a handsome little craft, with two cabins, and deck-room to accommodate four or five passengers; also I learned from a man employed on the quay close by that the motor was an American one of thirty horse-power. He told me as well, by way of gossip, that a rakish barge, moored with her pert brass nose almost on 'Lorelei's' stern, had been hired, and would be towed by the owners of the motor-boat.

I didn't know what to make of this bit of information, as Robert had not mentioned a barge; but the skylight meant a studio, so I saw the man Starr's hand in the arrangement, and began to hate the fellow.

By the time I had loitered in the neighborhood for half an hour or more, it was noon, and it occurred to me that I might go and lunch at Miss Van

Buren's hotel. But this would look like dogging the girl's footsteps, and eventually I decided upon a more subtle means of gaining my end.

Nevertheless, I strolled past the house; but, seeing nobody worth seeing, I reluctantly turned my steps farther on to a garden restaurant—a middle-class place, with tables under chestnuts and beeches or in shady arbors for parties of two or four.

It was early still, but the restaurant is popular, and all the small tables under the trees were appropriated. Fortunately, several arbors were empty, although one or two were engaged, and I walked into the first I came to.

For a few moments I was kept waiting, then a fluent waiter appeared to recommend the most desirable dishes of the day. His eloquence was in full tide, when a man passed by the entrance of my arbor, hesitated, and went on to the next.

"That is engaged, sir," called out the waiter.

"I don't understand Dutch," answered the new-comer in American-English. "Can you speak French?"

The waiter could, and did. The man—a good-looking fellow, with singularly brilliant black eyes and a fetching smile—explained that it was he who had engaged the arbor, that he was expecting a lady, and would not order luncheon until she joined him.

He sat down with his gray flannel back to me, but I could see him through the screen of leaves and lattice, and it was clear that he was nervous. He kept jumping up, going to the doorway, starting out, and returning to throw himself on the hard green bench with an impatient sigh. Evidently she was late.

An omelet arrived for me, and still my neighbor was alone; but I had scarcely taken up my fork when a light, tripping step sounded crisply on the crushed sea-shells of the path outside. A shadow darkened the doorway, and for an instant a pocket-edition of a woman, in a neat but well-worn tailor-made dress, hung on my threshold. Rather like a trim gray sparrow she was, expecting a crumb, then changing her mind and hopping further on to find it.

But the change of mind came only with the springing up of the young man in the adjoining arbor.

"Aunt Fay, is that you?" he inquired, in an anxious voice, speaking the name with marked emphasis.

"Oh!" chirped the gray sparrow, fitting to the next doorway. "I must have counted wrong. I saw a young man alone, and—Then you are my nephew—Ronald."

She also threw stress upon the name and the relationship, and, though I knew nothing of the face that lurked behind a tissue veil, I became aware that the lady was an American.

"Funny thing," I said to myself. "They don't seem to have met before. She must be a long-lost aunt."

My neighbor would have ushered his relative into the arbor, but she lingered outside.

"Come, Tibe," she cried, with a shrill change of tone. "Here, Tibe, Tibe, Tibe!"

There was a sudden stir in the garden, a pulling of chairs closer to small tables, a jumping about of waiters, a few stifled shrieks in feminine voices, and a powerful tan-colored bull-dog, with a peculiarly concentrated and earnest expression on his countenance, bounded through the crowd toward his mistress, with a fine disregard for obstacles. Evidently, if there was any dodging to be done, he had been brought up to expect others to do it; and I thought the chances were that he would seldom be disappointed.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Nephew Ronald, as the monster cannonned against him. "You didn't mention This."

"No; I knew you were sure to love him. I wouldn't have anything to do with a creature who didn't. Isn't he exquisite?"

"He's a dream," said the young man; but he did not specify what kind of dream.

"Where I go, there Tibe goes also," went on the lady. "His name is Tib-erius, but it's rather long to say when he's doing something you want him to stop. He'll lunch with us like a perfect gentleman. Oh, he is more flower than dog! Tibe, come away from that door instantly!"

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