

The Mill on the Floss

BY GEORGE ELIOT

(3) Instalment.

Philip coloured: he had meant to imply, would she love him as well as in spite of his deformity, and yet when she alluded to it so plainly, he winced under her pity. Maggie, young as she was, felt her mistake. Hitherto she had instinctively behaved as if she were quite unconscious of Philip's deformity: her own keen sensitiveness and experience under family criticism sufficed to teach her this as well as if she had been directed by the most finishing breeding.

"But you are so very clever, Philip, and you can play and sing," she added quickly. "I wish you were my brother. I'm very fond of you. And you would stay at home with me when Tom went out, and you would teach me everything—wouldn't you? Greek and everything?"

"But you'll go away soon, and go to school, Maggie," said Philip, "and then you'll forget all about me, and not care for me any more. And then I shall see you when you're grown up, and you'll happily take any notice of me."

"Oh no, I shan't forget you, I'm sure," said Maggie, shaking her head very seriously. "I never forget anything, and I think about everybody when I'm away from home. I think about poor Yapp—we've got a lump in his throat, and take says he'll die. Only don't you tell Tom, because it will vex him so. You never saw Yapp: he's a queer little dog—nobody cares about him but Tom and me."

"Do you care as much about me as you do about Yapp, Maggie?" said Philip, smiling rather sadly. "Oh yes, I should think so," said Maggie, laughing.

"I'm very fond of you, Maggie; I shall never forget you," said Philip, "and when I'm very unhappy, I shall always think of you, and wish I had a sister with dark eyes, just like yours."

"Why do you like my eyes?" said Maggie, well pleased. "They never heard anyone but her father speak of her eyes as if they had merit."

"I don't know," said Philip. "They're not like any other eyes. They seem trying to speak—trying to speak kindly. I don't like other people to look at me much, but I like you to look at me, Maggie."

"Why, I think you're fonder of me than Tom is," said Maggie rather sorrowfully. Then, wondering how she could convince Philip that she could like him just as well, although he was crooked, she said: "Should you like me to kiss you, as I do Tom? I will, if you like."

"Yes, very much: nobody kisses me." Maggie put her arm round his neck and kissed him quite earnestly.

"There now," she said, "I shall always remember you, and kiss you when I see you again, if it's ever so long. But I'll go now, because I think Mr. Askern's done with Tom's foot."

When their father came the second time, Maggie said to him, "Oh, father, Philip Wakem is so very good to Tom—he is such a clever boy, and I do love him. And you love him too, Tom, don't you? Say you love him, she added entrancingly."

Tom coloured a little as he looked at his father, and said, "I shan't be friends with him when I leave school, father; but we've made it up now, since my foot has been bad, and he's taught me to play at draughts, and I can beat him."

"Well, well," said Mr. Tulliver, "if he's good to you, try and make him amend, and be good to him! He's a poor crooked creature, and takes after his dead mother. But don't you be getting too thick with him—he's got his father's blood in him too. Ay, ay, the gray colt may chance to kick like his black sire."

The jarring nature of the two boys effected what Mr. Tulliver's admonition alone might have failed to effect: in spite of Philip's new

kindness, and Tom's answering regard in this time of his trouble, they never became close friends. When Maggie was gone, and when Tom by and by began to walk about as usual, the friendly warmth that had been kindled by pity and gratitude died out by degrees, and left them in their old relation to each other. Philip was often peevish and contemptuous; and Tom's more specific and kindly impressions gradually melted into the old background of suspicion and dislike towards him as a queer fellow, a humpback, and the son of a rogue. If boys and men are to be welded together in the glow of transient feeling, they must be made of metal that will mix, else they inevitably fall asunder when the heat dies out.

CHAPTER VII

The Golden Gates are Passed

So Tom went on even to the fifth half-year—till he was turned sixteen—at King's Lorton, while Maggie was growing with a rapidity which her aunts considered highly reprehensible, at Miss Firniss's boarding-school in the ancient town of Loocham on the Floss, with cousin Lucy for the companion. In her early letters to Tom she had always sent her love to Philip, and asked many questions about him, which were answered by brief sentences about Tom's toothache, and a turf-house which he was helping to build in the garden, with other items of that kind. She was pained to hear Tom say in the holidays that Philip was as queer as ever again, and often cross: they were no longer very good friends, she perceived; and when she reminded Tom that he ought always to love Philip for being so good to him when his foot was bad, he answered, "Well, it isn't my fault: I don't do anything to him." She hardly ever saw Philip during the remainder of her school-life; in the Midsummer holidays he was always away at the seaside, and at Christmas she could only meet him at long intervals in the streets of St. Ogg's. When they did meet, she remembered her promise to kiss him, but as a young lady who had been at a boarding-school, she knew now that such a greeting was out of the question, and Philip would not expect it. The promise was void, like so many other sweet, illusory promises of our childhood; void as promises made in Eden before the seasons were divided, and when the starry blossoms grew side by side with the ripening peach—impossible to be fulfilled when the golden gates had been passed.

But when their father was actually engaged in the long-threatened lawsuit, and Wakem, as the agent at once of Pivart and Old Harry, was acting against him, even Maggie felt, with some sadness, that they were not likely ever to have any intimacy with Philip again: the very name of Wakem made her father angry, and she had once heard him say, that if that crook-backed son lived to inherit his father's ill-gotten gains, there would be a curse upon him. "Have as little to do with him at school as you can, my lad," he said to Tom; and the command was obeyed the more easily because Mr. Stelling by this time had two additional pupils; for though this gentleman's rise in the world was not of that meteor-like rapidity which the admirers of his extemporaneous eloquence had expected for a preacher whose voice demanded so wide a sphere, he had yet enough of growing prosperity to enable him to increase his expenditure in continued disproportion to his income.

As for Tom's school course, it went on with mill-like monotony, his mind continuing to move with a slow, half-stifled pulse in a medium of uninteresting or unintelligible ideas. But each vacation he brought home larger and larger drawings with the satiny rendering of landscape, and water-colours in vivid greens, together with manuscript books full of exercises and problems, in which the handwriting was all the finer because he gave his whole mind to it. Each vacation he brought home a new book or two, indicating his progress through different stages of history, Christian doctrine, and Latin literature; and that passage was not entirely without result, besides the possession of the books. Tom's ear and tongue had become accustomed to a great many words and phrases which are understood to be signs of an educated condition; and though he had never really applied his mind to any one of his lessons, the lessons had left a deposit of vague, fragmentary, ineffectual notions, Mr. Tulliver, seeing signs of acquirement beyond the reach of his own criticism, thought it

was probably all right with Tom's education: he observed, indeed, that there were no maps, and not enough "stunning"; but he made no formal complaint to Mr. Stelling. It was a puzzling business, this schooling; and if he took Tom away, where could he send him with better effect?

By the time Tom had reached his last quarter at King's Lorton, the years had made striking changes in him since the day we saw him returning from Mr. Jacob's academy. He was a tall youth now, carrying himself without the least awkwardness, and speaking without more shyness than was a becoming symptom of blended diffidence and pride: he wore his tail-coat and his stand-up collars, and watched the down on his lip with eager impatience, looking every day at his virgin razor, with which he had provided himself in the last holidays. Philip had already left at the autumn quarter—that he might go to the South for the winter, for the sake of his health; and this change helped to give Tom the unsettled, exultant feeling that usually belongs to the last months before leaving school. This quarter, too, there was some hope of his father's lawsuit being decided; that made the prospect of home more entirely pleasurable. For Tom, who had gathered his view of the case from his father's conversation, had no doubt that Pivart would be beaten.

Tom had not heard anything from home for some weeks—a fact which did not surprise him, for his father and mother were not apt to manifest their affection in unnecessary letters—when, to his great surprise, on the morning of a dark, cold day near the end of November, he was told, soon after entering the study at nine o'clock, that his sister was in the drawing-room. It was Mrs. Stelling who had come into the study to tell him, and she left him to enter the drawing-room alone.

Maggie, too, was tall now, with braided and coiled hair; she was almost as tall as Tom, though she was only thirteen; and she really looked older than he did at that moment. She had thrown off her bonnet, her heavy braids were pushed back from her forehead, as if it would not bear that extra load, and her young face had a strange, worn look, as her eyes turned anxiously towards the door. When Tom entered she did not speak, but only went up to him, put her arms round his neck, and kissed him earnestly. She was used to various moods of hers, and felt no alarm at the unusual seriousness of her greeting.

"Why, how is it you're come so early this cold morning, Maggie? Did you come in the gig?" said Tom, as she backed towards the sofa, and drew him to her side.

"No, I came by the coach. I've walked from the turnpike."

"But how is it you're not at school? The holidays have not begun yet?"

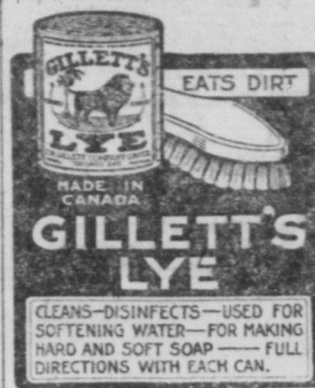
"Father wanted me at home. Did you come in the gig?" said Tom, with a slight trembling of the lip. "I came home three or four days ago."

"Isn't my father well?" said Tom rather anxiously.

"Not quite," said Maggie. "He's very unhappy, Tom. The lawsuit is ended, and I came to tell you because I thought it would be better for you to know it before you came home, and I didn't like only to send you a letter."

"My father hasn't lost?" said Tom hastily, springing from the sofa, and standing before Maggie with his hands suddenly thrust in his pockets.

"Yes, dear Tom," said Maggie, looking up at him with trembling. Tom was silent a minute or two, with his eyes fixed on the floor. Then he said—



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"My father will have to pay a good deal of money, then?"

"Yes," said Maggie rather faintly.

"Well, it can't be helped," said Tom bravely, not translating the loss of a large sum of money into any tangible results. "But my father's very much vexed, I dare say!" he added, looking at Maggie, and thinking that her agitated face was only part of her girlish way of taking things.

"Yes," said Maggie again faintly. Then, urged to fuller speech by Tom's freedom from apprehension, she said loudly and rapidly, as if the words would burst from her, "Oh, Tom, he will lose the mill and the land and everything; he will have nothing left."

Tom's eyes flashed out one look of surprise at her, before he turned pale, and trembled visibly. He said nothing, but sat down on the sofa again, looking vaguely out of the opposite window.

Anxiety about the future had never entered Tom's mind. His father had always ridden a good horse, kept a good house, and had the cheerful, confident air of a man who has plenty of property to fall back upon. Tom had never dreamed that his father would "fail"; that was a form of misfortune which he had always heard spoken of as a deep disgrace, and disgrace was an idea that he could not associate with any of his relations, least of all with his father. A proud sense of family respectability was part of the very air Tom had been born and brought up in. He knew there were people in St. Ogg's who made a show without money to support it, and he had always heard such people spoken of by his own friends with contempt and reproach. He had a strong belief, which was a lifelong habit, and required no definite evidence to rest

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

on, that his father could spend a great deal of money if he chose; and since his education at Mr. Stelling's had given him a more expensive view of life, he had often thought that when he got older he would make a figure in the world, with his horse and dogs and saddle, and other accoutrements of a fine young man, and show himself equal to any of his contemporaries at St. Ogg's, who might consider themselves a grade above him in society, because their fathers were professional men, or had large oil-mills. As to the prognostics and head-shaking of his aunts and uncles, they had never produced the least effect on him, except to make him think that aunts and uncles were disagreeable society: he had heard them find fault in much the same way as long as he could remember. His father knew better than they did.

The down had come on Tom's lip, yet his thoughts and expectations had been hitherto only the reproduction, in changed forms, of the boyish dreams in which he had lived three years ago. He was awakened now with a violent shock.

Maggie was frightened at Tom's pale trembling silence. There was something else to tell him—something worse. She threw her arms around him at last, and said, with a half sob—

"Oh, Tom—dear, dear Tom, don't fret too much—try and bear it well."

Tom turned his cheek passively to meet her entreating kisses, and there gathered a moisture in his eyes, which he just rubbed away with his hand. The action seemed to rouse him, for he shook himself and said, "I shall go home with you, Maggie. Didn't my father say I was to go?"

"No, Tom, father didn't wish it," said Maggie, her anxiety about his feeling helping her to master her agitation. "What would he do when she told him all? But mother wants you to come—poor mother—she cries so. Oh, Tom, it's very dreadful at home."

Maggie's lips grew whiter, and she began to tremble almost as Tom had done. The two poor things clung closer to each other—both trembling—the one at an unshapen fear, the other at the image of a terrible certainty. When Maggie spoke, it was hardly above a whisper.

(To be continued.)

Lenine Party Eager to Spread Bolshevism — Soviet Regime Threatened to Collapse in Russia

PARIS. — The full text of the appeal issued by the Russian Bolsheviks for the foundation of an international communist movement to institute Bolshevism throughout the world has come to light. It is dated Moscow, Jan. 24, and is the latest document the world possesses regarding the Russian foreign policy. Under the heading of "Aims and Tactics," the appeal says:

"The capitalistic system has broken down throughout the world. Therefore the proletariat consisting of the working classes and in certain cases the poorer classes of peasants should seize the government, install soviet, exercise a dictatorship, expropriate capital, suppress the right of property, socialize the banks, industry and agriculture of the country and monopolize big business. To this end the middle class and its agents should be completely disarmed and all the members of the proletariat without exception should be given arms. The proletariat of all nations should be united for revolution even to the point of armed conflict with the power of the capitalist state."

Political parties which the Bolsheviks regard as their allies in every country are then listed. For America are named the Socialist labor party, the left wing of the Socialist party particularly of the tendency represented by Debs as well as the tendency represented by the League of Socialist Propaganda, the Industrial Workers of the World and the Workers of the International Industrial Union.

This bold and open program leaves not the slightest doubt regarding the world aims of Bolshevism. It means an armed alliance between the Bolsheviks of all countries. Its first faults are to be seen in the recent riots in Germany and in the events in Hungary. The next few weeks should show whether the Russians actually mean to fight their way through East Prussia to Germany and through Galicia and Rumania to Hungary so as to be able to form a military bloc with their German and Hungarian friends.

STOCKHOLM. — A frank avowal that the position of the Bolshevik government has become absolutely intolerable, was made at the recent international Bolshevik conference by M. Lunacharsky, minister of education in the Soviet government, according to a Petrograd despatch. The minister is said to have confessed that the Socialist conscience of the very circles on which Bolshevism is based, is shaken at present.

Lunacharsky also admitted that the worst enemy of Bolshevism was the allied economic blockade, and he even went so far as to predict the end of the Bolshevik regime, if the blockade continued. He said that owing to the physical privations from lack of bread, fuel and raw materials, it was natural that wrath should be provoked against the government and that it should be accused of inefficiency.

PROHIBITION ON THIS SIDE HITS FRANCE

PARIS. — France is just beginning to realize with great surprise that prohibition in the United States includes not only spirits but wine, beer and cider, which in this country are considered as hygienic drinks. "If you forbid wine drinking," say the astonished Parisians, "why not forbid tea drinking which is also harmful when carried to excess? 'And,' they add, 'how are we ever going to pay our debts to you if you shut out wine which is our principal article of export?'"

Indeed the United States since the war has loaned France more than \$2,600,000,000. France is unable to pay the interest in stocks or gold and can only pay in produce but if the wine exports are cut off even this means of payment is diminished.

"This prohibition" adds France, "not only cripples our exports but will affect our agriculture particularly in the Champagne region which has already suffered so terribly from the enemy. Gen. Pershing's soldiers fought to deliver the vineyards of Epernay. President Wilson was moved before the ruins of Rheims and all America promised to aid us to restore these beautiful lands where the blood of our sons has flowed. But what is the use of rebuilding the houses if the crops become useless and why should the peasants replant their vines if they are unable to sell their wine?"

So France refuses to believe that the United States really and seriously means to exclude French wines and is following with keen interest the news of protest in America, the agitation among the New York hotel proprietors, the agita-

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WOMAN'S WORLD

COOKING GREEN VEGETABLES

It is most important when preparing vegetables to save the portion which gives flavor and that which provides the mineral matter needed by the body. At least 20 per cent of all iron required by the body has its source in vegetables.

Experiments have shown that flavor and mineral matter are lost in less or greater measure when these vegetables are cooked in too much water which is later thrown away. It is best to use as little water as possible in boiling green vegetables and to keep this water to be used later in soups or sauces.

The loss of mineral matter from vegetables through boiling may be as high as 36 per cent in spinach, celery, cabbage, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, carrots and not more than six per cent, when these same vegetables are steamed.

Flavor when its source is from a product which is readily given off in steaming, may be retained by cooking at temperatures below the boiling point. It is for this reason that peas, asparagus, celery, cucumbers, and carrots should be cooked at simmering temperature.

Strong flavor may be lessened by cooking rapidly in open vessels. This is true of cabbage, cauliflower, onion and pepper. Cabbage may be "cooked" at the end of twenty minutes. Longer time develops strong flavor and, in hard water may darken the color.

Those fresh green vegetables that consist of leaves and stems may be steamed; or may be cooked without added water if heat is applied slowly, causing the water in the leaves to escape in such amounts that the plant cooks in its own juices.

Delicately flavored vegetables, as peas, string beans, squash, and rutabagas, may be served in their own juices, seasoned only by salt, pepper and butter. Brussels sprouts are improved in flavor if cooked in meat broth made as for soup stock, or in water flavored with bouillon cubes. Carrots, celery, cucumbers and summer squash may be improved in appearance and flavor by first cooking in water, then draining and covering with white sauce.

SHOES

The close-fitting, extremely pointed shoes with the absurd French heels can not be too strongly condemned. Very high heels are especially harmful to the young, as they throw the body out of correct position and hinder its proper development. The matter of wearing low shoes in cold weather should be noted too. It is important that the feet be kept warm and dry, as chilled feet are frequently responsible for numerous

MASKS FOR AUSTRALIANS

SYDNEY, N.S.W. — Owing to influenza becoming more serious, the New South Wales government has again ordered the wearing of masks in trains, trams and ferries

tion among immigrants from wine drinking countries and particularly the discontent among the members of the American Expeditionary Force. She still hopes that the clause in the general prohibition amendment which includes wine will be repealed.

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