

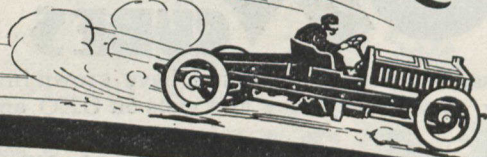
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ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

The Scruples of Harold

Continued from page 43

And it was at that moment that a window was flung open somewhere up on the first floor at the far end of the building, and I saw my mistress's face and that she had the little dog clasped in her arms. And it was then that somebody rushed past me—a man—though, at the moment, I could not recognize his face, and while we all stood there helplessly he got a ladder up against the side of the house—in spite of the flames and the smoke—and he was soon climbing up it to the window at which my mistress stood.

And it was not till a minute or two after my mistress and her rescuer had reached the ground, and that Mme. Maisie had been given into the charge of her friends, that I realized—ah, mon Dieu, can you imagine my feelings? For the man who had mounted the ladder turned towards me, and for the first time I saw his face.

It was not Monsieur Harold at all—it was Monsieur Donaldson!

For now, I said to myself, the matter can be no longer in doubt. It will be Monsieur Donaldson who will claim my mistress's hand, and it is well, for he is a brave man and deserves his good fortune. Not that Monsieur Harold would have been less brave had fortune brought him to the spot. Of that, ma foi, I am quite certain, for, as it was, poor fellow, he risked his life again and again in his efforts to save the horses.

My mistress, too, as you may guess, she had to keep her bed, and of course I tended her—ah, but it was an anxious time! We had been taken in at the house of a neighbour, and, of course, the rest of the house-party had dispersed to their own homes—all except Monsieur Harold and Monsieur Donaldson, who had found accommodation at the village inn.

It was two or three days later that Monsieur Donaldson himself called to see my mistress, and I—as I conducted him to the little boudoir which had been given over to her use, and where she spent the day lying upon a couch—cheeks—I said to myself that now the time had come, and that Monsieur Donaldson would leave the house that afternoon an engaged man. For I knew she would accept him—there was so much gratitude in her heart.

It was about an hour later that she called me to her, and she was smiling, smiling happily. Monsieur Donaldson was there, too.

"Clementine," she said, and there was that sparkle in her eyes which had been absent from them for so many days. "You may congratulate Mr. Donaldson."

I was about to murmur a few words when my mistress interrupted me.

"Mr. Donaldson is engaged to be married to Miss Brittain," she said. "He has come to tell me so. He got engaged to her upon the very day that the fire broke out at the Manor."

And would you believe it? Monsieur Harold called that same afternoon, after the other had taken his departure, and he, too, remained a long while with my mistress.

I waited impatiently until Mme.

Maisie called me to her, and then my heart fell, for she was weeping, and it was a few minutes before I understood that her tears were tears of joy.

For at last—at last, everything had been settled, and Monsieur had declared his love and been accepted. But—would you believe it?—he was pig-headed to the end, and he would not have proposed to my mistress at all—or, at least so he declared—had he not learnt from her own lips that she was no longer the wealthy widow that all the world had taken her for.

I have only to add that I am still with Mme. Maisie. She is Mme. Foster now, and she lives with her husband in London, and they are really very well off indeed.

For, as it turned out, the pictures were not quite all destroyed. Several—and those the most valuable, although damaged somewhat—were saved, and they realized a large sum of money when they eventually came to the hammer.

And sometimes I wonder if my mistress knew the day that Monsieur Foster proposed to her that those pictures might be saved, or whether, indeed, she believed that they were all utterly destroyed, as she had maintained.

I cannot say; Mme. Maisie alone knows.

Journal Juniors

Continued from page 17

beautifully neat. I have known lots of boys and girls of fifteen who did not write nearly such a good hand as you. Your description of sugar-making is very clear and good. Is it from your own experience?—C. C.

2387 St. Clair Ave., West Toronto,

Feb. 2nd, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I read about the competition on maple sugar last night.

One day last spring we got a spike and an axe and went down to Black Creek to find a maple tree.

We soon found one, and drove the spike in, about a foot from the bottom. We put the tube in. At first we had no luck, for only a drop came very slow.

Spying a squirrel, the smaller boys went to chase it, but we called them back, and told them not to hurt any animal that did not hurt them.

Meanwhile the sap had increased its speed, and our tin pails were about half full. Having tasted it, we found it not very nice, so we built a fire and boiled it a little. It seemed better.

We boiled it a bit more, and it got cold; the bottom was granulated. We boiled it even more, and there was an inch of sugar on the bottom. We took it home and ate it there.

Wishing the club every success, I remain,

W. B. WARD (age 11).

Certified by L. Ward, sister.

W. B. Ward, your letter nearly went into the waste-paper basket, because you wrote on two sides of the paper, which you mustn't do. But it was so interesting to learn that the delights of making maple sugar can be enjoyed just outside Toronto that I saved it. Yes, don't let silly boys chase the squirrels; it doesn't do either the boys or the squirrels any good.—C. C.

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