

Making Resitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"I don't think it can possibly be managed," said Mabel Gordon.

She was sitting on a rustic garden-seat under the trees in the soft glow of a radiant October afternoon. Studies were over for the day. Franklin Stearns had taken Miss Vernille, the young lady who was afflicted with a temper into New York to do a little shopping. Down by the river-shore, the young man, the doctor, was starting at the blue tide, flinging pebbles into the water, and laughing to hear the splash they made, while Mabel, her knitting in hand, kept a vigilant and unrelaxing guard over her elegant motion. The other girls were scattered about the green recesses of the garden, some reading, some playing croquet, some whispering bits of chit-chat gossip into one another's ears. Leslie Ford, utterly weary and exhausted, alike in mind and body, was sitting a little apart from the others under the drooping branches of an elm, with a book in her hand, trying once more to regain the elastic spring of her brain, while Mabel Gordon and Nina Maydew, with elaborate pieces of worsted in their laps, pretended to work diligently, without, however, making any perceptible progress in the pattern.

"But I say I can," cried out Nina, impudently. "Isn't it the simplest thing in the world?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now, listen," interrupted the elder, and master spirit of the two. "He's got the rope ladder all ready. He undertakes that it shall be fastened to our window casing by nine o'clock tonight."

"I don't see how," said Mabel, indignantly.

"That's his business. Durga is to be ready. Oh, fancy climbing down a rope ladder by starlight!" and Nina's eyes glittered magnetically.

"Won't it be delicious?" cried Mabel, clapping her hands softly at the irresistible attractive idea.

"Hush!" whispered Nina, in warning accents, "there's the little dragoness of an eavesdropper looking at us from under her eyelashes."

"Well, what of it?" said Mabel, disdainfully. "She's fixed for twelve precisely. I'm not so certain of that," nodded Nina. "She has got herself as sharp and far-reaching as those to a Chestnut street. Now she has dropped down into her book again. I say, Mabel, the jolliest part of the whole thing will be our going to the Ford and Claude Motley in such a love."

"I can't see how," said Mabel, indignantly.

"Taste differ," remarked Nina, with an elevation of the brow. "Give me my dark-eyed Claude in preference to all the red-mustached Bruners in creation."

"Well, the fortunate one who can both be suited," retorted Mabel. "But it's no use talking. Nina, we're watching a deal too closely for any of your rope ladder business."

"Do listen, will you?" said Nina, petulantly. "He's fixed for twelve precisely. The mystic hour of midnight. The signal is to be a whip-poor-will in the tree over the window."

"Which will betray us at once?"

"No, it won't. Why should it? Didn't we hear whip-poor-will in the tree once last year?"

"Well, go on."

"Well, Fanny Gregory will be listening, too. And the moment the whip-poor-will sings Fanny goes off into hysterics. Julia Spicer, who you know rooms with Fanny, will come for the Ford, all in a panic. Ford can't refuse to go to a girl in a fit. Out she goes at the door, and out we go at the window. Comprehend you? There's a carriage waiting at the foot of the lane. Claude and Bruner are watching for us, and away we fly to love, happiness, and Europe."

"It sounds very well," said Mabel, hesitatingly.

"There's always a but with you, Mabel," declared, it's enough to set me on my feet to plan anything with you again. You're like a thousand-pound weight, always dragging me down. If it hadn't been for me we should never have got as far as we are. Now, look here—have you any do to get your money and jewels packed in the smallest possible compass, and yourself all dressed, under the bedclothes. I'll manage the rest."

"It certainly would be delightful," said Mabel, hesitatingly.

"Hush!" cried Nina, catching up her worried dress. "Here comes old Barney. Which was midnight and the momentary by which the preceptor who 'governed them by love' was known among the young ladies at Eight Beeches."

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LABOR FOUGHT MACHINERY

ITS INTRODUCTION CAUSED MISERY IN ENGLAND.

Workers Revolted Against Use of Labor-saving Devices in Factories.

Into a world where industry was in the simple form of home production and hand labor, the introduction of machinery and the beginning of the factory system came as a great shock. Surely, no other revolution was as far-reaching as this one of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the first years of the nineteenth. The industrial revolution, in the manner in which historians refer to this period, which made great fortunes for those who were able to seize the opportunity, and on the other hand, caused much misery among the wage-earners and much strife between the two. It could not be called, as is one movement which rid England of a king, a "bloodless revolution."

Even to-day there are many economists who assert that the introduction of "labor-saving machinery" has not lightened the daily toil of a single worker. Mechanical efficiency, they point out, has increased the production of goods, but at the same time it has raised the standard of living to such a point that life contains just as much toil as ever.

It was natural at that day that the people who had made their living by spinning cotton on a handloom at home should regard the coming of machinery which would do the same work in less time as a menace to their existence.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

While the two forlorn and deserted damsels were awaiting under the trees for the recent cavaliers, who had failed to keep their appointment, the pair of masked gentry were vigorously prosecuting their researches in the noated room, but not as yet with much effect. Both girls had taken their morning dress, and they, and it may easily be believed that the English governess, who was the only other occupant of the apartment, had not many valuables to be stolen by any one.

"Confound this thing!" muttered the taller of the two, who was a gentleman school girl as Claude Motley, as he snatched off the close black mask, "I've searched every nook and cranny, but I have not found a thing worth the trouble."

"As he stood there, the red line of light from the dark lantern falling luridly across his face, the door suddenly opened, and he found himself face to face with a tall, thin woman, her hair falling down her back, and a white dress, which she wore loosely around her.

"A low exclamation burst from the burglar's lips—Leslie recoiled with a shriek. "Leon! My husband's maid!"

"Hold your tongue!" he said, in low, deep tones. "Do you want me split upon your own words?"

"Thief, burglar!" she exclaimed, as she began to comprehend the full extent of his crime and audacity. "How dare you come into my room?"

"Don't be a fool!" said St. Shute. "Would you have a man starve? Shut up your mouth and tell us where the valuables are kept. I have only a few minutes to lose. Don't go, Bruner," as the other paused on the summit of the rope ladder. "It's only a wife of mine, ha! ha! ha!"

"Leave the house," said Leslie, indignantly. "I will ensure that you are hanged."

"You will, eh?" said St. Shute, turning the key in the door and dropping it into his pocket. "Now see here, my dear, you are no more to me than any one else just at present, and if you don't speak out, and quickly too, I shall have to be sensible."

He fixed his clenched fist, anger glaring in his eyes, his teeth grinding fiercely together. But Leslie's nature was of too elevated a type to be intimidated by mere threats of physical violence.

"I will tell you," she said, drawing her splendid dress to her, "but I must have your word: Help! For heaven's sake, help!"

And raising her shrill, piercing cry, she sprang toward the door, her face of almost diabolical malevolence, but before she could reach the door, plucked up by another key, Mrs. Spicer, who had rushed in, followed by the gardener, wielding a rusty old pike, and two boys, and half a dozen screaming servants, while all the girls were huddled together like a flock of frightened white birds in the rear.

The secret of the timely interference lay in no more important a fact as that Mrs. Spicer's curiosity, following the governess back to her room, ostensibly for a bottle of cologne, had led her to ascertain whether Mabel and Nina had made good their escapement, she had perceived the presence of the window, and the room, and gathered enough of the conversation to surmise that one of them had at least made a start. Mrs. Spicer, flying to Mrs. Barnaby's apartment with the marvellous tidings, the door had held her speedily aroused and summoned to the rescue.

My English governess hand in glove with a burglar!" exclaimed Mrs. Barnaby. "Oh, heavens! what a viper have I been cherishing in my bosom! Seize the villain, Fox, at once!"

But Fox, the warden who was a little uncertain about tackling the enemy, such formidable proportions, to say nothing of the six-barreled revolver whose ugly muzzle peeped from the window and breast-pocket, advanced at so slow a rate of progression, that St. Just had time to ring himself out of the window and escape alone upon the heels of the younger and lighter burglar.

"Follow him," cried Mrs. Barnaby. "Good gracious, you surely don't mean to let the man escape, under our very noses!"

"It isn't no use, ma'am," said Fox, peering gingerly over the ledge of the window. "He's gone clean away! Oh, dear, oh, dear! Is a money we ain't all murdered in our beds?"

"Go after him, Fox!" ordered Mrs. Barnaby.

"They're off, ma'am. I seen 'em cut down the river bank," protested Fox, drawing upon his imagination, and shaking all over with fright as he had the usual cry.

"Fox," said Mrs. Barnaby, contemptuously. "you are a coward!"

"I've got a wife and family to consider, ma'am," said Fox, with chattering teeth.

"And you," said Mrs. Barnaby, "you are a coward!"

"I'm not, ma'am," said Mrs. Barnaby, indignantly upon Leslie, who stood pale and cold as a marble statue, in the middle of the room, her eyes fixed upon the black square of the open window through which the retreating form of her recent husband had just disappeared. "What have you to say for yourself, Mrs. Ford? Pretty good, I should think, for a woman who has marked the absence of Nina Maydew and Mabel Gordon."

"Leave my employment this moment!" cried Mrs. Barnaby, sternly. "Pack your things and go! And be thankful to my respect for Mrs. Barnaby, whom you've conspired to delude in respect to your character, that I do not at once deliver you up into the hands of the law!"

"Ma'am," said Fox, who had got behind the wardrobe and was edging his way toward the door, in hope of escaping unperceived.

"Go for the police, at once!"

"Gee they'll all be gone to bed," suggested Fox.

"Go, I say, at once! Let an officer be sent here. Lodge information as to these escaped wretches! And lose not a second of time!"

"I ain't no gone, ma'am. I'm here!" said Fox. "Because, ma'am, I'd sooner give up these hard times, but I'd sooner give up the place than have my throat cut. One of them dark dimes between here and Harlem!"

"Take the knife with you, policeman!" said Mrs. Barnaby, loftily, and Fox shut the door of the room, beckoning the reluctant knave to follow him.

(To be continued.)

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the avenues to the castle were guarded by infantry.

These and similar trials soon reduced the disorders. But in 1816 the rioting was resumed, through the fearful depression that followed the Napoleonic wars, aggravated by almost total crop failure. Although the centre of activity was in Nottingham, it spread over almost the whole kingdom and took more decidedly the character of organized sedition.

Reviving prosperity, the adjustment of labor to its new trades and the spread of England's sea commerce brought the final peace which the repressive measures could not attain. And England had won a century's start in the competitive race.

AN AFFECTIONATE PANTHER.

Followed His Master Everywhere Like a Dog.

In the first volume of the "Magazine of Natural History," Mrs. Bodich gives a most interesting account of a tame panther that was in her possession for several months. The cub and another were found very young in the forest, apparently deserted by their mother. They were taken to the King of Ashanti, in whose palace they lived several weeks, when our hero, being much larger than his brother, sufficed him in a fit of romping. Then he was sent to Mr. Hutchinson, the resident at Kumassi, by whom he was tamed.

When eating was going on he would sit by his master's side and receive his share with gentleness. Once or twice he purloined a fowl, but easily gave it up on being allowed a portion of something else.

One morning he broke the cord by which he was confined; the castle gates were shut, and a chase began, but after leading his pursuers several times round the ramparts, and knocking over a few children by running against them, he suffered himself to be caught and led quietly back to his quarters.

He became exceedingly attached to the governor, and followed him everywhere like a dog. His favorite station was at a window in the sitting-room, which overlooked the whole town; there, standing on his hind legs, with his forepaws resting on the ledge of the window, and

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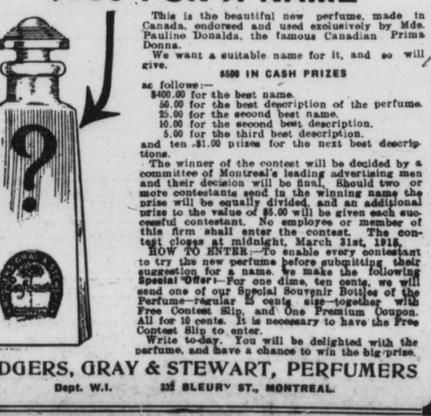
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FROM BONNIE SCOTLAND

NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HER BANKS AND BRAES.

What Is Going On in the Highlands and Lowlands of Auld Scotia.

The whole of the Cambuslang postmen have now joined the army. The Links Colliery, Prestonpans, has very often 1,000 tons of coal output a day.

An increase of two cents per cwt. in the retail price of coal has been made in Glasgow.

Ex-constable Erskine, of the Burgh Police Force, Dumbarnton, is now a prisoner of war in Germany. The sum of \$650 a week is being distributed in Kilmarnock to dependents of soldiers and sailors.

On the Clyde in 1914 there were launched over 300 mercantile vessels, of about 465,000 tons gross.

The proprietors of the New Cumnock Collieries have given ten houses for the reception of Belgian refugees.

There is no unemployment in Stirling and district caused by the war except in the case of the milliners and dressmakers.

The King has awarded the King's Police Medal to James T. Gordon, chief constable of Fifeshire and Kinross-shire.

Another batch of Belgian refugees have arrived at Peebles, and were installed at various houses lent by the residents.

Money is being raised in Stranraer and the Rhins of Galloway for the purpose of purchasing a motor ambulance for the front.

A Dundee merchant has offered to provide the Government with half a million jute overalls for the troops for use in the trenches.

In the matter of casualties Kirkcaldy has suffered very severely since the outbreak of the war, and up to the present the total amounts to 127.

The River Dee has been in heavy flood and floods are reported all along the river. The golf links of the Deeside Club at Bieldside are under water.

A large number of house-owners and factors in Glasgow have intimated to their tenants that they intend to raise the rents of houses in various districts of the city.

The death has occurred in Glasgow of James Cooper, a Crimean veteran at the age of 82. For over 40 years he was employed at the Caledonian Locomotive Works at St. Rollox.

At a public meeting held under the auspices of the Town Council of Wick, it was agreed to form a voluntary defence association for Wick to encourage recruiting for the army.

As a result of the recent hurricane great damage has been caused to property and forests in the Perth district, many of the houses in the exposed districts being destroyed.

Two splendid sets of bagpipes for the 13th Battalion of the Royal Scots, subscribed for by the Kirkcaldy High School, have been despatched to the colonel of the regiment.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

Produces Flowers Which Are Dried and Eaten.

A report from Calcutta describes the uses made in India of the mahua tree, otherwise known as the mahua, malwa, mowha, mowa, mowra or illipee tree, which grows wild in the greater part of that country, and is also cultivated to some extent. A traveller has called it the "square meal" tree. The cream-colored flowers appear from maturity about the end of March.

Each morning about sunrise the succulent corolla tubes fall in great showers to the ground, which has been cleared to receive them. The flowers are spread out in the sun to dry, their color changing to a reddish brown, and their peculiar sweet odor becoming more apparent.

Though eaten to a considerable extent, the majority of the crop is dried and cooked with rice or other grains. Mahua is extremely sweet, and not easily digested by persons unaccustomed to eating it. Sugar and molasses are made from it.

The report states that in the central provinces alone about 1,400,000 people use manna regularly as an article of food. The flowers are also distilled and produce a strong liquor, not unlike Irish whiskey in flavor.

The seeds of the same tree are used for the manufacture of mahua butter, which is used for food, as a lubricant and as an illuminant.

"Children," said a teacher to his pupils, "you should be able to do anything equally well with either hand. With a little practice you will find it just as easy to do anything with one hand as it is with the other." "Is it?" Inquired an unchin at the foot of the class. "Let's see you put your left hand in the right-hand pockets of your trousers."