

TAKE IT FOR
GRAMPS-COLIC-DIARRHŒA
APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES-SPRAINS-SORE THROAT



"Flatterers"
—OR—
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVIII.
"COURAGE MOUNTETH WITH OCCASION."

To her nature, delighted always more in giving than receiving, it was keen pleasure to feel herself the channel of interest from the book's pages to the man's mind. That obtrusive "ego" which at first (small blame to her) obscured the subjects with visions of lost hopes, past struggles, past days, became, as week merged into week, less omnipresent. Theories which drove Miss Hurst into gentle doses grew fascinating to the scholar trained by Robert Vaughan beyond school-girl standard. A hard knot over differing opinions set Sydney reading slowly once, with long pauses at full-stops. "This is dull for you," Mr. Hurst apologized; "I ought not to have let you go on. Pray leave off."

"I should be sorry to," she answered; "I only wanted it clear to myself. I wish I knew the bare elements of all this better."

"You do?" he exclaimed. "Then you shall. There's a book—getting up impatiently, only to seat himself again, with a sadly subdued expression. "I forgot I cannot find it. But, Jean, you will. Asleep, is she? Then when she wakes, or if it would do as well, I might tell you what you want to know."

"That would, indeed, be better. But it would trouble you."

"Not the least."

So leaning from his end of the table toward her, looking at her, as she always felt, so entirely his infirmity was lost sight of in the expressive mobility of the other features, he gave her the essence of much reading in few minutes, and after that, no matter what the subject started, Sydney had the clew to investing it with brightness. At every stage she needed explanation. This he had always ready, from books, from memory, or by and by from manuscripts of his own, and life began to lose, for him, its dreariness. Mightily pleased at her discrimination in securing this well-adapted "person," Miss Hurst noted a change in her brother, complacently appropriating it as a personal compliment, while time and distance, though no whit diminishing Sydney's fond regard for all she held dear at St. Clair's, stilled the oppressive whirl she had gone through and left her healthily tired maybe, but little disposed to brood over Mr. Villiers' detection, or over her stepister's chances of becoming a countess presumptive.

About which it is our duty to return to the Dale, and see what goes on.

CHAPTER XX.
LADY COMYNGHAM AND MRS. ALWYN UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER.

It was a great misfortune, or she felt it so, that Mrs. Alwyn's conscience, worn fine under roughish usage, still

asserted its existence sufficiently to keep her extremely irritable for some time after her younger daughter's departure.

With the common perversity which values what is lost or flung away, Mrs. Alwyn now acknowledged that the child of her second marriage had some rare endowments of brain and soul, and the notion that she had so worked them as to get no social credit thereout, but had let them go into petty paid servitude, was wormwood to her. For one-and-twenty years she had had that youngest-born to carp at, or to bind to, as the whim took her. Now she missed her, hugged her conceit too closely to confess it, and took umbrage at all whose questions constantly reminded her of the girl's absence, and the entanglement she had drawn upon herself by promoting it. Suffering under this condition, described by her servants as "bein', so nobody couldn't please her with nothin'," the malaise of Mrs. Alwyn pervaded the household, and set ever-widening circles of gossip afloat.

It was on one of June's last days when Hills appeared at the glass-door of the morning-room, asking if his mistress or Miss Villiers would tell him what color Miss Sydney wished "they stocks gratted. He'd promises of General Jacks and Madame Nomores, but was not sure which miss wanted."

"Either will do," Mrs. Alwyn answered, from her writing-table; "one just as well as the other."

But Hills was not going to be choked off in that summary fashion. Miss Sydney interested herself in his flowery, and he determined to pay the compliment of consulting her taste.

"I know miss lean one way or other," he persisted, "so shall I wait for her views, ma'am, till she come back?"

"Oh, wait and welcome!" replied Mrs. Alwyn, with lips drawn into angry puckers.

"Werry well, ma'am. But as the sap's rising free, I hope Miss Sydney won't be long."

So Hills put the inquiry to Miss Villiers pointedly. "Could you say if she'll be back in a fortnight or so, miss?"

"Yes," said Leonora, "I really couldn't, Hills. And the man went off sulky, to take counsel of Phillips."

"I've bin askin' 'em in there," with a jerk toward the ladies' room. "When they look for Miss Sydney, and neither on 'em 'I tell me. They hev'n't took an' quarreled with her, hev they?"

"Goodness knows what they're up to," returned Phillips. "Missus is as close as a nut, and Miss Leonora don't say a word to such as we. But my advice is, Hills, bud your roses as fast as you please."

"When ain't she a-comin' at all?" cried honest Dan Hills, discomfited.

"You leave me to find out, and when I know I'll tell you."

So Phillips took her turn at investigating matters, and inquired respectfully next day of her mistress when Miss Sydney's room was to be set in order. She didn't wish to be behind with it, and it would take a whole forenoon.

"Do it when I tell you," said Mrs. Alwyn, shortly, an angry gleam at the back of her eye. And Phillips answered:

"Oh, very well, 'm," with such meekness that her mistress scented suspicion in the obedient syllable.

"Oh the whole, though," she said, with a good assumption of second consideration, "I think the room had better be thoroughly turned out. Help Walters with it to-morrow. Then it will be ready for Miss Sydney, if she returns next week."

"And for any one else if she doesn't!" commented Phillips, acutely, on this order. And added, borrowing the phraseology of a game-keeping parent, that nobody was quicker at a double than her mistress, but she, Phillips, was not to be taken in by no doubles, and it was her belief Miss Sydney was gone for good.

This disquieting opinion soon spread in St. Clair's. Reaching Patty Pegg, of whom, as of all her pupils and pensioners, Sydney had dared take no leave, it furnished her with courage to go bobbing, like a cork afloat, to Mrs. Alwyn the next Sunday, with "Please, mum, ain't Miss Sydney a-comin' to learn us our singin' no more? Mother an' me du want to know bad." And old Mrs. Hills lay in wait at her door, like an anxious spider, to catch the lady from the Dale with the same question; and even Mrs. Dacie, disturbed by some echo of this report, donned her black silk, and went over to Sydney's old home, determined to come at the truth, one way or other.

But the doctor's good wife was easily dispirited.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES
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TORONTO, CANADA

Heroes of N. W. Frontier
STIRRING TALE OF BATTLE IN PASSES.

Particulars have already been published of the ambushing of a party of Indian troops in the passes of the N. W. frontier of India. Details have now come to hand showing how a desperate position was retrieved by consummate leadership and valour. A convoy proceeding from Jandola to Haldar Kach travelled along the Shahrur river bed, which for three miles passes through a gorge known as Shahrur Tangi. This gorge country is a series of precipitous rocky mountains, ranging from 3,000ft. to 4,000ft. The gorge itself is a rock-strewn track running now beside and now intermingled with the Shahrur river, which, like all its kind, is rapid and shallow, with occasional deep pools, and hills, come down stream in muddy walls of water from two to four feet high, and rising to even greater heights in the narrow places. Thus, two days before the fight, the spate at the narrows had actually reached a point 27ft. above the bed of the river. For some unaccountable reason Shahrur Tangi is superstitiously regarded by the tribes and never before had they ventured on an attack there, although the nature of the ground is peculiarly suitable to their tactics. At the spot where the attack was made the river bed is only 20 or 30 yards wide, while the cliffs on both sides rise abruptly to the sky, in heights of 50 and 60 feet. In such a locality complete reconnaissance by protecting troops is impossible, and reliance is placed on permanent pickets, who can only supervise the most likely points of attack. On this occasion the enemy, 200 strong, made a most careful reconnaissance, succeeded unobserved in getting into position the night before, and at daybreak were lying hid above the river bed, among the rocks on both sides, as an advanced guard of 40 men under Lieutenant T. B. Vickers, sappers and miners, reached a narrow spot where the gorge is merely a gash in the hills. The enemy

Opened Fire With Rifles and Bombs, bringing down nine men with their first volley. By the rules of war, Lieutenant Vicker's party should have been annihilated, but with splendid resource he collected his men, dashed up the precipitous cliff, and got in touch with 100 men of the 2nd Grenadiers, who were coming to his assistance; he then led the attack against his unseen foe, whom it was difficult to locate, owing to the baffling echoes of the firing in the cavernous neighbourhood. While leading the attack this gallant officer was killed. Meanwhile reinforcements from Haldar Kach and Chacmalai had been sent out, including a Stokes mortar, which, under Lieutenant Butler, came dashing into action from the river bed. The enemy still held their ground and inflicted further casualties, among them being Surgeon Harris, who while calmly tending the wounded under a murderous fire was caught by a bomb and killed outright. However, Lieutenant Young and a platoon of the 28th Punjab performed a daring feat. Guessing the probable position of the enemy, he and his men climbed to a ledge overlooking the narrows, and by taking the plus out of their bombs, converted them into hand grenades, which they lobbed over the edge, thus obtaining air-bursts. This perilous expedient was partly successful. The convoy received orders to turn back, and with its escort was safely withdrawn, while parties scoured the narrows covered by rifle and bomb fire. Overcome by this plan, the enemy broke off and dribbled away, says a correspondent of the Times, being caught in the process by our artillery, which was waiting patiently but hitherto had been unable to come into action. The casualties were 29 killed and 17 wounded. Surgeon Harris shortly before he was killed had, with the assistance of Sergeant Hicks, carried into safety a wounded Indian officer under heavy fire.—News of the World.

Household Notes.

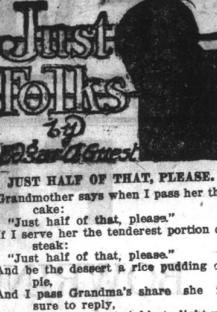
Tea should never be made in a metal tea pot.

Vinegar will remove shoe polish from clothing.

A few chopped raisins are good in corn muffins.

Sandpaper will take the rust off the kitchen stove.

Water ice requires longer freezing than ice cream.



Just Folks
JUST HALF OF THAT, PLEASE.
Grandmother says when I pass her the cake:
"Just half of that, please."
If I serve her the tenderest portion of stack:
"Just half of that, please."
And be the dearest a rice pudding or pie,
And I pass Grandma's share she is sure to reply,
With the trace of a twinkle to light up her eye:
"Just half of that, please."

I've cut down her portions but still she tells me:
"Just half of that, please."
Though scarcely a mouthful of food she can eat:
"Just half of that, please."
If I pass her the chocolates she breaks one in two,
There's nothing so small but a smaller will do.
And she says, perhaps fearing she's taking from you:
"Just half of that, please."

When at last Grandma leaves us the angels will hear:
"Just half of that, please."
When with joys for the gentle and brave they appear:
"Just half of that, please."
And for fear they may think she is selfish up there,
Or is taking what may be a young angel's share,
She will say with the loveliest smile she can wear:
"Just half of that, please."

Although France lost a million young men in the war, statistics recently issued show that last year the excess of births over deaths was 158,790, as compared with 58,914 the year before the war. The same returns show that the number of marriages in France last year were double the number in 1913. Including Alsace-Lorraine, the number of births in France last year were 834,411, compared with 790,355 in 1913, while the deaths last year were 674,621, compared with 731,441 in 1913. The marriages last year were 623,869, as against 312,036 in 1913.

Fashion Plates.
A COMFORTABLE UNDER GARMENT.



3681

Pattern 3681 is shown in this model. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10 year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Long cloth, cambric, muslin, lawn, crepe, and cutting flannel could be used for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT.



3682

Pattern 3682 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Gingham, seersucker, percale, drill, pongee, repp, chambray, could be used for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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Address in full: _____

Size _____

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—for chafes, etc.

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The Kodak

Sid
by R

The other went to box for some one had to it and I forth father's t h e e m reorgan piece box the same minicist

pieces that I tied up. I've taken me three minutes a bit of goods. I am sure you how long it actually seems to me that no one memorabilia book could be so poignant power to memories that pieces into which the left the family garments that were away.

How Tired You Were There's the bit of the cover you had years ago when it was the right thing. It's wonderful that suit when you first bought it. You were of it, how you scanned the skies and rest—and oh, how tired the iron wearing stuff cast it aside!

Then there's a bit of pink that remind you of the you bought after you had made your for so long, after the was that pink gown was a years three years and the best of it for a blouse and a waist line. It was dress; you can remember and praised it and said you yourself new things offered all your money on

"That's Not Thick En and what is this heavy it feels almost like a piece of iron, if that isn't a bicycle skirt, bought when bicycling was as as motoring is now! given away, goodness

Pearl Mel

Ex. "Sable Is PRESE

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