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Cabbage Copenhagen Market Early Jersey Wakefield Improved Cauliflower World's Best Snowball (Gift Edge)	Celery Paris Golden Yellow Extra Select (French)	Lettuce Grand Rapids (forcing)
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## The Heir of Rosedene

OR,  
The Game-Keeper's Hut

CHAPTER XX.  
MILITARY TACTICS.

"It might have been an artist or a burglar," said Edna.

"Artist, burglar, or ghost," laughed the captain. "A problem."

"One side of which we can settle in a very short time," said Mr. Burdon, looking up. "I have the keys of the house in my bag—and shall see this afternoon whether it was a burglar, Miss Weston."

"Stuff!" said Edward, glancing irritably across at the captain and then defiantly at the rest. "There is nothing there to steal; every burglar in the kingdom worth his salt knows that the plate is sold and melted down and furniture can't be carried away in a carpetbag."

"Then it is the ghost or the artist," said the captain, breaking quickly into the awkward silence produced by Edward More's brutal allusion to Sir Cyril's misfortunes.

"I do hope the ghost doesn't walk by daylight if Mr. Burdon is going to pay a visit of inspection this afternoon," said Grace, gayly, flashing her dark eyes across at him.

"We had better form an escort and bodyguard," said Lord Mersey. "What do you say, Burdon? I don't suppose

Sir Cyril would think it an intrusion, and I've a fancy to see the inside of the old place I have spent many a pleasant hour in," and he sighed.

"I shall feel honored by your company, my lord, and wish Sir Cyril were here to assure you a welcome. Miss Weston would like to see the old house—"

"Of course Edna will come," said Edward More, who felt rather nettled at Burdon's taking the initiative; for why had they not appealed to him for permission?"

Edna looked up from her plate.

"Yes," she said, "I should very much like to see it."

"We shall see no evil spirits now," said Lord Mersey, looking at her suddenly, and then, as if overwhelmed by this, the first compliment he was ever known to pay, he fell upon his luncheon as if he were starving.

After luncheon they started for the park. Lord Mersey, laughing in his grim way, and making a pretense of taking care of Burdon, exhorting them all to keep close to the grave lawyer.

"And if you see a ghost, black or white, grab hold of Burdon and hold tight."

"Thank you!" laughed Burdon. "I suppose you expect that otherwise I should disappear with a strong smell of sulphur."

"Hem!" laughed Lord Mersey, "lawyers have disappeared to that accompaniment, or reports speak falsely."

It was only a short walk, and in a few minutes they had passed through the great gates. Here Burdon stopped suddenly and turned to Edna,

who was walking a little behind talking to Bertie, who held close by her hand and turned his face up to her with his intent, thoughtful gaze.

"Now, Miss Weston, perhaps you won't mind pointing out the spot where the man stood."

"A little further on by that oak," said Edna, looking as if she saw the vision at that moment.

Edward More walked to the point indicated, and Edna felt a strange thrill run through her. Between brothers, however dissimilar, there must be some slight likeness, and something about Edward More's figure recalled to her that other one with startling intensity.

"Looking at the house," said Mr. Burdon. "Come, we shall soon see if he did more than look," and he walked up the stone steps, already growing green for lack of feet to tread them, and unlocked the door.

Silently they passed in, and stood looking round the vast hall.

"It is a fine hall, is it not?" said Lord Mersey, dropping his voice instinctively. "How rusty the armor is getting—how deserted and weird it all looks!"

"The place is going to rack and ruin!" grumbled Edward. "Shameful, perfectly shameful! Surely, Burdon, something can be done—"

Burdon turned to him gravely.

"Yes, if Sir Cyril chooses to do it—not otherwise."

"And if he chooses to let the place drop to pieces," retorted Edward, angrily, "I suppose I—his family—are to stand by and say nothing."

"Speech is free," said Burdon, dryly, as he began sorting his keys.

Lord Mersey had already strolled, hands in pocket, and head thrown absently back, across the hall, Grace Bromley at his side, listening to his description of the armor and various historical relics which were hung on the walls or placed on stands of marble and polished oak.

Mrs. More and Edward followed Burdon into the salon, the captain was sauntering with either party indifferently; Edna and Bertie, still hand in hand, had gone to a window at the end of the hall, and stood looking out on to the lawn and the wide-spreading park beyond.

"There is where we used to play," said the boy, pointing one little finger to the park. "Uncle Cyril put up that swing—with his own hands—see, one rope has broken; what a pity! and he used to come out and smoke a cigar and swing me; and he'd tell me stories—all about wars and wild-beast fights, when I was tired; and, look, there is where he used to shoot with his pistol; he promised to teach me to shoot when I was big enough! Will he, do you think? I mean do you think he will come back?"

"I can't tell—no one knows," Bertie, replied Edna, wistfully.

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To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

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"I wish he would; I want him to know you, dear Edna. He would love you as much as I do—he couldn't love you better."

Edward More's voice sounded raspingly behind them.

"How are you all? It is all right in the salons—we are coming upstairs."

"Come, dear Edna—come and see the pictures," said Bertie. Then, drawing her back shakingly, he added, in a whisper: "Let us wait a minute until they are all gone up—especially Capt. Morton—I don't like us to be near him."

Edna laughed, and said some word of gentle reproof, but she stayed, nevertheless, until the rest ascended the stairs.

Slowly, hand in hand, they followed, Bertie pointing out the grim suits of armor that hung on the side of the wall, under the rotting flags, which had waved in battles fought long ago, but never forgotten; Edna listening, as she always did, when Bertie spoke, to the echo of that other voice, and surrendering herself to the spell which the old house seemed to cast over her.

"Come," said Bertie, when they had reached the corridor, "let us go on to the picture gallery; they are all stopping to look at the organ. Is Miss Bromley going to play it? Poor thing! how glad it will be after being silent and having no one to speak to for so long!"

Edna paused for one moment, and looked toward the end of the corridor. They had formed a group round the great organ, and Capt. Morton, always ready-witted, was blowing. Lord Mersey stood at Grace Bromley's shoulder, and she, bending over the keys, was removing her gloves.

"Come," said Bertie, pulling at Edna's hand, "we shall see the pictures alone." And he drew her, unresistingly, into a long gallery that opened out of the corridor.

As she passed between the curtains that hung across the broad oak doorway, the first notes of the "Ave Maria" wafted forth from the organ. Edna started slightly and clutched Bertie's hand. There rose before her the graveyard of an old cathedral, radiant with the glow of a setting sun, and filled with the music of the cathedral organ waiting out that same "Ave Maria!"

"What is the matter?" asked Bertie. "Are you frightened? You are not used to them! I used to be frightened when I was a very little boy; but Uncle Cyril made me come in one day with him, and told me it was foolish to be frightened at one's own grandsires. There, that is Sir Wilfred More, in his battle armor; his axe hangs in the hall. And look, that is his wife. Is she not beautiful?"

But, come, dear Edna, papa and mamma are at the other end, and Uncle Cyril himself—I want you to see Uncle Cyril."

(To be Continued.)

### Household Notes.

Plaster is the best finish for kitchen walls.

February is the proper month in which to fix the hotbed for early vegetables.

A tablespoonful of borax in the last rinsing water will help to whiten the clothes.

If you wish to save every atom of fat always drain the frying pan thoroughly.

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The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards of 27 inch material for the gumpe, and 2¾ yards for the dress.

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## Germany Approves New York Strip

### Italians and Jugo-Slavs Expresses Strong Back to Work.

### GERMAN NATION DEMORALIZED.

BERLIN, Feb. 28. (The Reuter's Ottawa Agency.) Every day's experience here only deepens the demoralization of the German nation. The stranger arriving here quickly passes from surprise and disgust to a gloom which alternates with those of dull apathy and threatening social revolt. The conditions of the poorer classes is truly desperate. Food is only obtainable from black market at extortionable prices. The total unemployment is estimated at 4,650,000, many of whom do not desire to work having been demoralized by long war service. Discontent is spreading, the Spartacist movement is growing, the masses will inevitably lead to a social revolution. The conditions here presents a relatively normal appearance, although even here a second glimpse reveals the superficiality of things. Much that appears genuine is upon investigation to be found to be a mere facade. The period from April to June will be critical. The Allies possess in the control of food supply the means of strengthening the party of order without incurring the expense of occupation or the odium of interfering in international politics.

### SPARTACUS IN CONTROL AT MÜNICH.

LONDON, Feb. 27. According to the Berlin Vossische Zeitung, which is quoted in a Havas despatch from Basle, Spartacus forces not only are masters of all public buildings and transportation services in the city, but have also seized the presses on which government bank notes are printed. It is said by the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, are kept busy. Foodstuffs are being rationed at Munich the amounts issued to the bourgeoisie being half of these given workmen.

### WILL TRY OTHER MEANS.

PARIS, Feb. 27. There is no longer any question of going on with the Prince's Island conference, Andre Tardieu, one of the French delegates to the Peace Conference, informed foreign newspapers correspondents to-day. He said the Bolshevik had failed to comply with the conditions laid down by the Entente as to a suspension of hostilities and that the Allies have in view new methods of restoring order in Russia and are examining available means to carry out this purpose.

### ITALIAN-JUGO-SLAV CLASH.

PARIS, Feb. 28. (By the A.P.)—The relations of Italy and Jugo-Slavs viewed at the conference in Peace conference circles, possibly as requiring action by the powers to prevent members of the conference from drifting into a conflict. Differences have been growing and both sides are taking a threatening attitude. An Italian report

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