

“War-Time Cookery”

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Send name and address for new “War-time Cookery” This book contains recipes chosen by the judges as the best and most practical recipes submitted in our recent cash prize competition. It is intended to assist in the conservation of food and to effect savings in home cooking and baking.

Approved by Canada Food Board ADDRESS E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd. TORONTO, CANADA

Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER III

“Excuse me, ladies, but there is a gentleman making inquiries about you,” exclaims our hostess, popping her head rather unexpectedly into the room. “It is Mr. Warden, the lawyer, and he wishes to know whether you are not some young ladies from London? Fenwick, or Kendrick, I think he said the name was!”

“Oh, yes, that is our name. Will you show him in, if you please?” Addie replies. “Really, Lesley, it is good of Mr. Warden to call. Who would have expected so much attention from a stranger?”

“A lawyer in particular!” I return. “I wonder what he is like? Dreadfully old and humdrum, I dare say! Lawyers generally are, I believe; and I shouldn’t wonder if he isn’t bald and addicted to snuff!” I add, with a grimace and a sudden lowering of tone, as the door opens and our visitor stands before us.

According to Lord Beaconsfield, it is always the unexpected that happens; and of all the people in existence, the man who walks into our little sitting room at the Red Lion this afternoon to introduce himself as our unknown correspondent, Mr. Ernest Warden, is as little like my preconceived idea of a country lawyer as it is possible to imagine.

“The stranger of the railway station!” is the first idea in my mind, as, setting down the ugly little china teapot, from which she is in the act of pouring a cup of tea, Addie rises from her seat and holds out her hand in a greeting that is full of pleased surprise. My second thought, as those dark eyes smile down into my own, that he is even more handsome and fascinating than I thought.

“I very much regret that I did not know the exact time of your arrival, or I would have met you at the station,” Mr. Warden remarks, as he accepts the cup of tea which the easy good nature of his manner emboldens me to offer him; and in a few minutes he is chatting away as freely as if we had known him for years. Not that he has very much to say to me; it is Adelaide who engrosses his attention—Addie on whom his eyes seem always to rest.

He makes no special allusion to the subject, but in the course of that quiet little tea-table chat we gather that our visitor is unmarried, and that, having neither mother nor sister, he lives alone in a large, gloomy old house in Hanbury, over which an old housekeeper holds sole feminine sway.

“So you see how little I am able to offer you in the way of ladies’ society,” he proceeds, a world of admiration that is as flattering as it is dangerous. “I am afraid you will find Despdene rather dull after London; but we must see what can be done to make it pleasant for you.”

“We did not come to Devonshire in the pursuit of pleasure,” I return. A trifle stiffly. “Fresh air and economy are the chief attractions that brought us here, and if we find those we shall be fully content.”

“You don’t know what you may find at Despdene, my dear Miss Kendrick,” he returns, as amused smiles lighting up the striking beauty of his dark face. “The very atmosphere of that old place of yours is full of mystery. It is one of those queer, romantic old

houses one so often meets with in novels—so seldom in real life. Those old walls have witnessed many a tragedy in their time, I fancy—the last was Mrs. Erroll’s strange death—and let us hope that it may never witness another.”

“Did mamma’s great-aunt die at Despdene, Mr. Warden?” Addie asks, in surprise.

“She was found dead in one of the upper rooms of the lonely, deserted house,” is the reply. “For some time previous it had been whispered about that a great change had come over the older Mrs. Erroll—a change that dated back to the time of the squire’s death. Her hair, once so black and glossy, had turned white as snow; while her manner became so strange, her looks so wan and haggard that people began to indulge in mysterious hints about a ‘mind disease.’ The slightest allusion to her altered appearance seemed to anger and irritate her beyond all reason. But at last came a day when, to the consternation of the inhabitants of the Priory, Mrs. Erroll was found to have mysteriously disappeared.”

“It was a cheerless morning in early winter, with a dismal wind moaning through the skeleton trees, and a steady hopeless rain beating in stormy gusts against the windows. Therefore the supposition of her having gone for an early walk, particularly as her health had long been such as to render out-of-doors exercise almost impossible, was scarcely to be entertained.”

“It was quite impossible, Captain Erroll insisted, but that she must be somewhere in the house, though the strictest search failed to reveal any trace of her. Slowly and anxiously the long, dull day wore away, and then, in the midst of their alarm, some one suggested a search of the old house at Despdene.

“Could it be that she had gone there, ill as she was, in such weather and at such a time? But failing to find any trace of her elsewhere, Mr. Erroll, attended by a servant, drove over to Despdene to institute a search. On reaching the lonely, tenantless old house, no sight or sound of human presence was anywhere visible. The shutters were all closed; the grass-grown paths showed no sign of recent tread or disturbance; yet, on forcing an entrance, after knocking in vain for admittance, a bonnet and jacket belonging to the missing lady were found on the hall table; and on ascending to one of the upper rooms Mr. Erroll was horrified to behold his mother lying prostrate on the floor, dead.”

“Why she should have come here in the night, as it was quite evident that she must have done, no one could surmise; but on lifting her up, a pencil, together with a scrap of paper on which a few words were traced, were found fast clutched in the cold, stiff fingers, though what it was she had intended to write could never be known, for the sentence, ‘Search for the lost will in—’ was left unfinished.”

“For family reasons the story of that half-finished communication was hushed as speedily as possible. Perhaps it would have done no good to publish the fact to the world, seeing that the dead hand which, in a fit of remorse perhaps, had begun to write it could never complete the too tardy reparation. Had that sentence only been finished, who can say what a story of sin and wrong it might have revealed?”

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to be definitely obliged to Mr. Warden. Addie remarks, on the departure of our visitor, a strange new light in her eyes, and the pretty, bronzed-brown head just touched by the golden radiance of the dying sunlight, as she stands at the window watching Mr. Warden’s tall, broad-shouldered figure disappearing down the street. “Had we been the most profitable, instead of surely the most profitless, of clients, the young lawyer could hardly have shown us more attention. So good and kind of him to take so much trouble on our account, is it not?”

“Very!” I reply, laconically. Somehow a grave doubt has arisen in my mind as to whether this new-found friend of ours is quite the pattern of disinterested generosity Addie seems to consider him. Would he have bestowed all this attention on the impecunious owners of Despdene, I wonder, had he not somehow discovered that the fair and graceful figure that caught his eye at the railway station belonged to one of Leonard Kendrick’s sisters?

“Don’t you think it a little strange that he has never married?” I ask, in the course of the evening, looking suddenly up into the face of my sister, who, with her slim white hands clasped idly in her lap, lies back in an opposite chair, lost in a train of evidently not altogether unpleasant reflection.

“That who has not married, Lesley?” “Mr. Warden, of course,” I reply, with a steady glance into the questioning gray eyes on the opposite side of the fire. “That’s the way it strikes me, at all events.”

“But why should it be strange?” “Oh, I don’t know! Only people generally do marry before they get as old as Mr. Warden, do they not?” I reply evasively. “How old should you take him to be, Addie?” “I have not thought, over thirty—perhaps several years over. But, for all that, he may never yet have met his fate.”

“Or he may have met her, and found his idol merely clay,” I return osculary. “Now, Addie, you are always imagining all sorts of unsuspected histories for people. Even poor, dear, matter-of-fact Doctor Fuller could not quite escape your suspicions of a buried romance in his past; and for once I am going to try my hand at that sort of thing. Depend upon it, there is a romance of some sort underlying that strange shadow of sorrow that falls like a cloud on Mr. Warden’s darkly fascinating face at

times; and those handsome lips of his look as if they could kiss very bitterly if they chose.”

“Perhaps,” she replies, with a wistful expression in her eyes. “There is a story in most lives, if we had but the power to read it; but you don’t intend to pierce Mr. Ernest Warden and Doctor Fuller in the same category, surely?”

“No,” I reply, a little ironically. “Mr. Ernest Warden, it strikes me, is rather a different man from the doctor.” “I add, my thoughts going back, as they often do of late, to a face and form that has somehow taken to haunting me with a persistency from which I would give the world to escape.”

One bitter day during the winter just past business of an urgent nature took my brother a long distance from home, and long before he was able to return all the principal thoroughfares of London were blocked by the snow that had been driving over the great city from morning till night. Everywhere traffic was partly or entirely suspended, and like many another luckless wayfarer in the streets of London that day, poor Len was compelled to plow his way home through the clinging snow and driving sleet as best he could, reaching it in such a condition that he hurriedly went to bed with chattering teeth.

(To be Continued.)

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GALLIOLI VETERANS TO BE DECORATED.

LONDON, July 31. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.) The Commander, Mr. Macpherson, Under Secretary for War, announced that the King had approved of the issue of a decoration to the Anzac and Newfoundland troops. The decoration will be issued by the War Office to the Governments of Australia, New Zealand and Newfoundland would determine to whom it should be granted. The decoration will not be issued to Imperial troops, because it is desired to meet the desire of the Government mentioned to mark the bravery of their troops for the first time in a European war. If any Dominion Government should desire a similar decoration for its troops the question will doubtless be settled.

SIGNS OF FURTHER RETREAT.

PARIS, July 31. French aerial observers, says the Matin, report that there are signs behind the present German battle-line of preparations for a continuation of the retirement northward. The army is destroying much material, and big fires have been seen. The news papers generally point out that the fighting on Tuesday was marked by brisk but vain enemy reactions, although the Allies were able to make additional gains. Several military experts do not believe that the Germans have yet reached the end of their retreating movement.

AMERICANS PUSH FORWARD.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY ON THE AISNE-MARNE FRONT, July 31. (By the A.P.)—Through a barrage as deadly as any the Germans have laid down on any sector for months, the American soldiers, comprising men from the Middle West and Eastern States, pushed their way forward a little more to-day, and tonight it forms the apex of the long Allied line. The progress was considerable, though less than two miles, but it is regarded as a brilliant operation, in view of the determined counter-attacking by the Germans.

GERMAN EFFORTS FRUITLESS.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY ON THE MARNE FRONT, July 31. (By the A.P.)—The efforts made by the Germans to advance their lines against the Americans on this front last night and this forenoon were fruitless. The Americans for their part were content to hold their positions along their slightly advanced line. The German line, however, is reported gradually giving way, both to the right and left. There was hard fighting through the night, but no concentrated attacks in force by either side. During the night the Americans made a pretense of retreating from a part of the town of Serinnes. The Germans advanced into the town on observing the supposed evacuation. The Americans then closed in and enveloped the German force, killing or capturing every man of it. Both high explosives and gas shells were sprayed by the Germans over a wide area. The air forces on both sides were busy this morning.

MAINTAINED THEIR POSITION.

PARIS, July 31. American troops maintained their position.

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