

"THE STRANGER"

Joan Drinks a Toast To the Memory of Her Mysterious Father

CHAPTER XXXIII.

An Addition to the Staff.

There was a pause. The man's attitude was humble, yet Joan was conscious of something strangely compelling about him. It occurred to her vaguely that the Abbey was badly in need of more help, with so many guests coming. Mr. Deane had said as much.

"I remember you," said Joan, "and you are seeking work—here?"

"If you please, my lady."

"How? In the gardens—the stables? Are you used to horses?"

"I have had experience with horses. But if there is room for me I think I could give your ladyship most satisfaction as a man-servant."

"A man-servant! Do you understand a footman's duties?" asked Joan.

"I am well acquainted, your ladyship," said the man gently, "with everything that concerns the service in a gentleman's house."

It came into Joan's mind that he would make a most impressive footman.

"You are somewhat altered since I last saw you," she said, "you were heard, I think."

"I have removed it, my lady, that I might have better hope of employment in this capacity."

"Your name?"

"Isaac Goodenough, my lady."

"It has a dependable sound," said Joan, smiling. "Well," she added with a sudden impulse, "I will engage you. Go to Mr. Deane, who has charge of everything, and tell him I wish you to be installed as footman. I daresay they will find a livery for you. We are short-handed."

"I thank your ladyship," said Goodenough with a most respectful bow and drew back. Joan rode on her way, rather silent and pensive. Philip urged his horse alongside. He had listened to the conversation without making any comment, and he looked more amused than surprised.

"Do you think that was wise, dear?" he said.

"Wise?" answered Joan. "I don't know. He is the first servant I have ever engaged. What wisdom to do with it?"

"You are the most impulsive darling I ever knew," laughed Philip. "What a way to engage a footman! You know nothing about him, do you?"

"Not much, certainly. But I think he is honest. I like his face."

"Do you?" said Philip rather dryly. "I should say it is the face of a man who has led a peculiarly chequered career."

"Well, so have I," smiled Joan, "so we ought to suit each other."

"Where have you seen him before?"

"The first day I ever came to Knyth. When I was a shilling tripper. I met him on the road and he begged from me—though I hardly can call it begging. I gave him silence. The curious thing was that he refused half a crown, saying he did not want to rob me of so much."

She described the rest of the incident as they rode into the garden.

"And that was before you ever knew of your inheritance, Joan?" asked Philip.

"Why, yes. I learned of it the very next day, in London."

Philip made no answer. He was silent and thoughtful until they had dismounted. The horses were taken by a groom, and Joan went up to her own quarters. She wondered why she remained so persistently in her mind. Many a time she had thought of him since that first meeting; so much so that it was a slight shock to see him again. Still odder was it that in some way he had made her think again of "Uncle Jim," whose face in-

deed was no more than the dimmest half-memory of her early girlhood. "I wonder if that is why I engaged him?" thought Joan, smiling. "If so, it was absurd of me; there is no resemblance really—even less than none, now that he has shaved his beard. I think I liked him better with his beard. But I suppose footmen can't wear them."

Joan splashed joyously in the marble bathroom adjoining her bedroom, and changed into a charming muslin frock. A little later she came down to the hall, singing to herself; the new man-servant had passed out of her head. At the foot of the staircase, however, she met in a flash the man who had engaged her. "About this man Goodenough, whom you required me to engage as a footman, Lady Tallois," he said, "I have done so, of course. But do you know much about him—had he any references?"

"No," said Joan calmly. "I know nothing about references, and I do not need them badly now, and they are hard to get. But, forgive me, for mentioning it." Added Mr. Deane uncomfortably. "I have had a sharp lesson against engaging people who are not thoroughly vouched for. There was a man called Floyd, who served here—he came apparently with good references, but they were not enough; it has transpired since that some of them were forged. I was to blame for not investigating further. The end of it was unpleasant—indeed, tragedy."

Joan's brow clouded.

"I do not wish to talk of that," she said. "It shows, if anything, that the greatest of men may prove useless."

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THE ETERNAL QUESTION

by Felice Davis

THE SURPRISE PARTY.

Lulu—Why, Mamie Higgins! This is the first time you've called on me in a year!

Mamie—Well, Lulu, I always say that folks that minds their own business don't have no time for gallivanting round.

Lulu—Then something special brought you?

Mamie—It's about Mr. Pettiman. Lulu—The minister?

Mamie—You know folks will gossip, particularly about us girls.

Lulu—Oh, some kind of folks.

Mamie—Course you know that ever since Mr. Pettiman came, respect-able folks felt the minister ought to be married.

Lulu—Yes—

Mamie—They been wagging their tongues of connecting my name and yours with him.

Lulu—Well?

Mamie—But I always stuck up for you, and I folks the minister didn't mean nothing serious with you—just church work.

Lulu—That was real good of you.

Mamie—And now folks say he ought to have appreciated you more.

Lulu—I don't worry much about that.

Mamie—But other folks does! Why, the ladies at the Sewing Circle was all for holding an indignation meeting when I told them the news.

Lulu—Ladies? What ladies?

Mamie—But instead of what they appointed me a committee of one to find out all I could and come and break the news gently to you.

Lulu—Mamie Higgins, what has happened?

Mamie—Course there's nobody here to meddle in other folks' business more than me—but—

Lulu—I know!

Mamie—Well, evening before last, I was taking Mr. Pettiman a jar of jam—done up real nice in a new linen

Shaw Blossom, but just then young Lord Ravellin rose to his feet.

"Have I your permission, Lady Tallois?" he said, smiling at Joan.

"There is just one toast that we must drink."

Ravellin was that rare thing, a really good speaker. In a brief but very charming little speech he coupled the names of Joan and Philip, and expressed himself perfectly.

"Extending the toast," he said, "I received the company with enthusiasm."

It was so well done that Joan flushed gratefully; her pleasure was complete. Before she could reply Gen. Sinkler began again.

"Glad, yes. It's delightful to see Knyth little again, under so charming a hostess!" He made a courtly little bow to Joan, and turning to the neighbor next him added in what was meant to be an under-tone, but which carried round the room like a trumpet, "I remember poor Willie Tallois well before he went out. Glad he'd be now if he could take a child of his reigned at Knyth."

"Yes," murmured the neighbor nervously.

"A wonderful boy was Willie—but with a mad streak in him. Went to smash. Queer life he must have lived abroad—wonder if we shall ever know it. I wish I could tell you the day, since this case, is certain now that he met Tallois once under another name; deuced strange story. He told me."

A silence that could have been felt descended on the company. The general stopped. Even he realized for once that he had the end of himself. It was the last subject that should ever have been mentioned at Knyth. He saw Philip looking uneasy and angry.

"I beg pardon," said Sinkler in confusion. "I—"

"Don't apologize, Gen. Sinkler!" said Joan in a clear voice.

"It seems there are many strange stories about my father," said Joan, her manner changing as she addressed the general. Her chin was lifted, her cheeks colored, there was a strange flash in her eyes.

She addressed herself apparently to everybody present, but her gaze lingered slowly around the table. "They may be true or untrue. I neither know nor care."

"I am his daughter. I wish that he were living now that he might take the place here that was his by right! I judge him by one thing only—that he was good to me, and I loved him!"

"Well done, Joan!" said the voice of Lady Dulwich. There was an impressive silence about the company. For a moment no one spoke, but Lord Ravellin's eyes, slightly startled, were attracted by the tall footman who stood behind Joan's chair.

"What's the matter with that man?" murmured Ravellin; "he is ill."

Goodenough, his face deathly white, was swaying slightly, and his eyes were half-closed. Mr. Pond, the butler, moved quickly toward him with an anxious expression, but Goodenough made the slightest deprecating gesture of his hand, recovered himself instantly, and stood to attention, motionless as a statue. Mr. Pond was relieved.

"Fill her ladyship's glass," whispered the butler curtly.

Goodenough obeyed like an automaton. The wine creamed gently into Joan's glass. There was the same flush on her cheek, the same strange light of defiance and command in her eye, as she rose to her feet.

"My guests," said Joan, "will you stand, please?"

The company stood up, turning towards her. There was the briefest pause as she raised her glass; a silence broken by Joan's clear voice.

"To my father's memory."

(To be continued.)

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TOWNSHIP BALKS AT COST OF MAIN FOR PUBLIC PARK

Special to The Advertiser.

Brantford, March 21. — Although the Brantford township council is willing to bear its fair share of the costs in the plan to develop the city and township park at Grandview, including any costs connected with the supply of drinking water within the limits of Grandview Park, it is not likely that it will assess itself with any share of laying the main from its present limits to the park entrance.

The township holds that the city will be amply repaid for this expenditure by the number of users along the line who will have to pay for the city water.

in silver, perfectly lovely. I do hope we can have them real soon. Hurry, Boxes, and speak up, so Cynthia can order them. Best wishes to all. As ever,

W. L. OLD-TIMER.

Dear Miss Grey—Owing to illness in our home, I did not see the letter that introduced the book book. It is only to have our best receipts in one book. It is worth while. If it is to raise funds for a cot in the S. C. H., we cannot estimate the value of the good it may accomplish. Calamity Ann must have her hands full. I picture her a very busy woman. Regarding our badge, I have suggested a maple leaf with C. G. in the centre, and I think that Union Jack gave a splendid idea—the Union Jack, with C. G. in the centre. We all know that C. G. is for Cynthia Grey. Could we not have a double motto—one that would mean more to us than just that we have written a few letters to the Mail-Box?

"Every member of our family seems to be so enthusiastic to do good, not only to the members, but to those outside, including the dear, sick children, and I am sure that as we strive to supply a cot, the first thoughts in our hearts has been: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' When we pin the badge on our spring coat, why not say, down in the depths of our hearts, 'consecrated' to God? Then our good works shall be done in His name. In unity there is strength. Let us unite to look up, and lift up."

WAS GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU AGAIN, M. L., although you will see that I had to omit a few lines of your letter, owing to space. The letters do seem to be coming in so thick and fast just now. Your idea of the badge is lovely. I am sure a great many will be disappointed if it keeps the letters out. Well, I don't care—I'll call him up right now!

Mamie—Mind you don't let him know I'm interested. Mr. Pettiman? Yes, this is Lulu Fisk—will you tell the party at my elbow the name of the woman you proposed to—here, Mamie, listen!

Mamie—Wh—wh—what! Lulu Fisk! He says it was you! You served me a low-down mean trick!

Good afternoon, my dear Miss Grey.

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It was the morning of the third day after he had brought home the young Horned Owl for a pet that Farmer Brown's Boy received his first surprise.

He saw how his young prisoner was and to take him a couple of mice which had been caught in the barn.

He had been in the henhouse at night. Every morning the box was moved out into the special wire-covered pen which had been built for him just outside.

As Farmer Brown's Boy passed this pen he happened to glance at the top of it. He saw a mouse, and he saw a funny look of surprise as crossed his freckled face. Lying on the top of that pen was the body of a Wood Rat.

"Now, how under the sun did that come there?" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "A Wood Rat belongs in the Green Forest and never have I seen one around this barnyard. What could have happened to him? He must have been killed by some one. But even so, how did he happen to be on the top of this pen?"

He wrinkled his brows as he puzzled over the matter. Then he picked up the Wood Rat and looked it over very carefully. He found the marks of sharp claws, and then he knew that one of the winged hunters had caught it that day.

"It must have been a Hawk," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "Yes, sir, it must have been a Hawk. He must have caught it early this morning somewhere, and accidentally dropped it as he was flying over here. Probably he didn't dare fly down and pick it up again. Just the same, it is

mine."

There have been a great many letters lately, James, and it is hard to find space for any extras, so perhaps that accounts for the songs. You will see that I had to shorten your letter a bit. I almost enjoyed every word myself.

Another Suggestion.

Dear Miss Grey—It is with pleasure I write once more to say that I am glad Aunt Nannie is alive. Where, oh where, did I get that idea? I was just positive I saw it in the column last summer that she was dead, and I thought the Boxite who said it signed herself Mystery. Are there any more Aunt Nannies, or were there, as I am puzzled? I do not know Aunt Nannie, and never wrote to her, but having made fruit baskets from her recipe, I found it so good I thought it should be in the Cook-Book with her pen name, so I am sure she will forgive me for my mistake.

M. L.'s idea about the maple leaf is O. K. I was going to suggest the same thing of a silver heart, but I thought I would like it to be Cynthia's choice, cheer up, Nannie, I am sure, would be satisfied, and do not forget the bit of true blue you suggested.

Cynthia. Why not ask the rest of the Boxites to send a postcard by Easter Monday, to let you know they want a C. G. Badge. This might hurry them along, and save them the trouble of writing a letter if they are too busy?

I will exchange seeds with Susan G. if you will send me her address. I would like to see a postcard from around Norfolk County who live on a farm, and if they sugar off in the open? I have heard much about it, but have never seen it done, and I'd like to see it. I am sure, everyone when the sap is running, just to see how it is done. Yours truly,

DECEMBER BRIDE.

P. S.—Just received my "Tiser," so I'll start couping "Every day in every way, our column gets better and better," and still there's room for more. I am sure, everyone when the sap is running, just to see how it is done. Yours truly,

Old-Timer.

Dear Miss Grey—I am sending you a box of morning glory seeds. Anyone planting them will not be disappointed, as they grow lovely and tall, make a nice porch screen, and have ever so many colors of flowers, and will never need to be planted again, as the seeds that fall off come up in the spring. I think the idea of the C. G. button splendid, and I think the way you suggested, having enamel on sterling silver with C. G.

queer. Yes, sir, it is very queer. Anyway, it will save me getting fresh meat for this little Owl. I'll just take off this fellow's fur coat and use the body for food for that hungry little rascal."

So Farmer Brown's Boy did just this. The little Owl didn't show gratitude, but he did eat that fat, every bit of him.

The next morning Farmer Brown's Boy received another surprise. On the top of that pen lay three mice, three Wood Mice. It was quite plain to be seen that they also had been caught and killed by a winged hunter.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Farmer Brown's Boy. "These little fellows must have been put there. No Hawk flying over would have dropped three in the same place. I don't understand this at all. No, sir, I don't understand it at all."

Of course, the very first thing he

did the next morning was to look on the top of that pen. He didn't really expect to see anything there. No, sir, he didn't really expect to see anything there. But there was something there. This time it was a chicken, but must have come from some other farm. On the following morning a Squirrel lay there.

But this time Farmer Brown's Boy was becoming so interested that he could think of nothing else. "I've got to find out about this somehow," said he. "What is more, I am going to find out about it if I have to sit up all night. Somebody is leaving these things here, but what for? I don't know. It's a mystery. It certainly is a mystery. It's one of the queerest things I've ever heard of."

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The next story: "The Greatest"



Sweaters and Pullovers IN NEWEST STYLES MODERATELY PRICED

WOMEN'S TUXEDOS, in fancy stitch with plain revers, pockets and narrow belt, pure wool, in black, sand, rose, blue, jade. Special value at \$3.98

ALL-WOOL PULLOVERS with V-neck, long sleeves and girdle, in plain shades, with large overcheck, black and white, blue and white, white and black, gold and white, \$3.25

PULLOVERS, with round neck, long sleeves, fancy stitch in two-color combinations, girdle, in mauve, emerald, peacock, turquoise, honeydew. Special value at \$1.98

WOMEN'S ALL-WOOL TUXEDOS in plain cardigan stitch, with brushed wool revers and cuffs, girdle, in pearl, rose, sky, fawn, camel. A splendid coat for elderly women, \$5

PULLOVERS, in fine jersey stitch, in two-tone silk and wool, made with round neck and collar, long sleeves and girdle. Can be worn also as V-neck; mauve, peacock and tomato \$3.95

FANCY STITCH SILK AND WOOL PULLOVERS, with round neck, long sleeves and girdle, in white, jade and white, black and white, gold and white. Specially priced at \$4.50

MEDIUM-WEIGHT, ALL-WOOL TUXEDOS, in plain cardigan stitch, in plain shades, with contrasting colors in Egyptian design around bottom, in gold, white and camel \$4.95

LIGHT-WEIGHT ALL-WOOL TUXEDOS, in fancy stitch, with plain revers, long sleeves and girdle, in marigold, peacock, camel and black. Very smart coat, and extra value at \$3.00

We have many other styles, ranging in price from \$1.49. Come in and look them over.

R. J. YOUNG & CO.



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Let him have a cup of FRY'S Cocoa often. Here you have a delicious food beverage that is all nourishment. For instance, nearly one fifth of its bulk is "albumen" and albumen is only another form of muscle.

At it has, for warmth and energy, and vitamins to give nerve force. All this because FRY'S is made from the richest and finest cocoa beans, by methods matchless after 200 year's experience. FRY'S is the best and cheapest of all foods for growing boys and girls. Of course, remember

"Nothing will do but FRY'S"

The Easter Breakfast

Premium Ham or Bacon

THAT breakfast on Easter Morning should consist of Bacon and Eggs has become almost as honored a national institution as Turkey for Thanksgiving.

But on this Easter Morning, bright with the promise of Springtime—vigor—and joy—the Bacon certainly should be "Premium"—the world's standard—as befitting the occasion. Substitute ordinary Bacon or Ham for Swift's "Premium" and you dull the joy of the meal.

For Swift's "Premium" Bacon is of characteristic and distinctive quality. First, by its choice selection for "Premium" Brand must have just the right proportion of fat and lean. Then next it possesses an unmatched succulence and savoriness due to the exclusive Swift process of curing and smoking.

Be careful to get Swift's "Premium" when you buy Bacon or Ham—make sure of it this coming Easter Morning. Order from your Butcher or Grocer.

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