

THIS WOMAN TO THIS MAN

—BY— C. N. and A. M. Williamson (COPYRIGHT)

AUTHORS OF "A Soldier of the Legion," "The Lightning Conductor" "The Shop Girl"

From Monday's Daily. CHAPTER XXVI. The Three Words.

Knight was generally out of the house and far away long before Annesley was up in the morning, and often he did not come in till towards evening. She thought that on Easter day, however, he would perhaps not go so far away. She half expected that he would linger about the house, or sit reading on the veranda; and she could not resist the temptation to put on one of the dresses he had liked in England.

It was a little passe and old-fashioned, but he would not know that. What he might remember was that she had worn it at Valley House. And the wish to say something, as if incidentally about the flaming miracle of the cactus hedge was as strong and persistent in her heart as the desire of a crocus to push through the earth to the sunshine on a spring morning. She did not know whether the wish would survive the meeting with her husband. She thought that would depend as much upon his, as upon her mood when they met.

But luncheon time came, and Knight did not appear. Annesley lunched alone, in her gray frock. Even on days when Knight was with her, and they sat through their meals together formally, it was the same as if she were alone, for they spoke little, and each was in the habit of bringing a book to the table.

But she had not meant it to be so on this Easter day. Even if she did not speak of the blossoming of the cactus, she had planned to show Knight that she was willing to begin a conversation. To talk a little at meals would be a way out of "treating him like a dog," she thought. The pretty frock and the good intention were wasted. Late in the afternoon she heard from one of the line riders whom she happened to see, that something had gone wrong with a windmill which gave water to the pumps for the cattle, and that her husband was attending to it.

"He's a natural born engineer," said the man, whose business as "line rider" was to keep up the wire fencing from one end of the ranch to the other. "I don't know how much he knows, but I know what he can do. Queer thing, ma'am! There don't seem to be much that Mike Donaldson can't do."

Annesley smiled to hear Knight called "Mike" by one of his employees. She knew that he was popular with them all, but never before had she felt personal pleasure in the man's tributes of affection.

To-day she felt a thrill of it. Her heart was warm with the spring, and the miracle of the cactus hedge, and memories of certain impetuous words of last night.

If she could have seen Knight she would have spoken of his allegory, and that small opening might have let in much sunlight. But he did not come even to dinner; and tired of waiting, and weary from a sleepless night, she went to bed early.

Next morning a man arrived who wished to buy a bunch of Donaldson's cattle, which were beginning to be rather famous. He stayed several days; and when he left, Knight had business at the corner mine-business that concerned the sinking of a new shaft, which took him back and forth nearly every day for a week. By and by the cactus flowers began to fade, and Annesley had never found an opportunity of mentioning them, or what they might signify.

When she met Knight his manner was as usual: kind, unobtrusive, slightly stiff, as though he were embarrassed—though he never showed signs of embarrassment with any one else. She could hardly believe that she had not dreamed those impos-

sioned words overheard in the moonlight. Week after week slipped away. The one excitement at Las Cruces Ranch was the fighting across the border; the great "scare" at El Paso, and the stories of small yet sometimes tragic raids made by American ranches which touched the Rio Grande. The water was low. This made private marauding expeditions easier, and the men of Las Cruces Ranch were prepared for anything.

One night in May there was a sandstorm, which as usual played strange tricks with Annesley's nerves. She could never grow used to these storms, and the moaning of the hot wind seemed to her a voice that waited for coming trouble. Knight had been away all day on one of his motoring expeditions to the mountains, and though he had told the Chinese boy that he would be back for dinner, he did not come. Doors and windows were closed against the blowing sand, but they could not shut out the voice of the wind.

After dinner Annesley tried to read a new book from the library at El Paso, but between her eyes and the printed page would float the picture of a small, open automobile and its driver lost in clouds of yellow sand.

Why should she care? The man was used to roughing it. He liked adventures. He was afraid of nothing and nothing ever hurt him. But she did not like the sharp grains on cheeks and eyes. She was sitting in her own room, as she was accustomed to do in the evening if she were not out on the veranda; the pretty room which Knight had extravagantly made possible for her, with chintzes and furnishings from the best shops in El Paso. On this particular evening, however, for once she set both doors wide open, one which led into the living-room, another leading into a corridor or hall. She could not fall to hear her husband when he came over, it left his noisy car at the garage and walked to the house.

A travelling clock on the mantelpiece—Constance Annesley-Seton's—the wonderful mine, and the girl lifted up at the first strike, wondering if accidents were likely to happen in sandstorms; and before the next note had sounded heard steps in the patio. "He has come," she thought, with a throbbing of relief which she had never felt before. But the step was not like Knight's; it was hurried and nervous; and as she told herself this there came a loud, insistent knock at the door.

"Who is there?" she cried, her face near the electric bell, which jocked itself in shutting. "If a man's voice—the voice of a stranger—should reply in "Mex." or with a foreign accent, the girl did not intend to open the door.

A man's voice did reply, but neither in "Mex." nor with a foreign accent. It said: "My name is Paul Van Vreck. Let me in, quickly, please. I may be followed."

Annesley's heart jumped; but without hesitation she pulled back the latch, and as she opened the door a rush of sand-laden wind wrenched it from her hand. She staggered away as the door swung free, and a figure slipped in like a shadow before the light of the hanging lamp blew out. The girl and the newcomer were in the dark, save

for a yellow ray that filtered into the hall from her room, but she saw him stoop to place a bag or bundle on the floor, and then, pulling the door to against the wind, slam it shut with a click. Having done this, the tall shadow bent to pick up what it had laid down. "Thank you, Mrs. Donaldson, for letting me in so promptly," said the most charming voice Annesley had ever heard—more charming even than she had thought Knight's the days when he was her hero of romance. "Evidently you've heard your husband mention me, or you might have kept me out there parading. If you're alone, for these are trying times."

"Yes, I've heard you mentioned by many people," the girl answered, stammering like a nervous child. "Won't you come to the living room?" she said, pulling the open door. That's mine. It's this other, further along the hall. I'm sorry my husband's out."

Good Night Stories

TO THE LAND BEYOND THE GOLDEN SUN

Bobbie sat in his little sailboat drift on the river with a string tied to it, so it would not float too far from shore. He threw small pebbles near the boat to see if it danced on the waves. "Stop!" called a squeaky voice. "Can't you see that you'll upset me?" Bobbie thought that he saw something waving from the side of the boat.

"Of the string, Bobbie, or I shall be too late," called the squeaky voice. "But Bobbie, who could see the tiny figure very plainly now, shook his head. 'I will not! You'll take my boat away and I'll never see it again,' he answered and he began to pull the string in. When the sailboat reached shore a little Elf came to the side.

"Look here, Bobbie, I'm bound to take this trip. If you won't let me have your boat, then you must come, too," said the little Elf with a pass over Bobbie's head. "Bobbie, Bobbie was changed into a tiny yellow no larger than Mr. Elf. "See that path of gold on the water? Well, it leads to the land beyond the sun, and you must cross before it fades," said Mr. Elf. And Bobbie, now ready for an adventure, cut the rope that held them there and away they drifted.

A gentle breeze stirred the water and the white sails filled, and before long they reached the land beyond the sun. A great golden gate swung open and they floated inside. Fairies in glittering gowns flitted to and fro filling up great banks of fleecy clouds, while queer little lumps ran around with buckets of golden fluid which they poured into the darker clouds.

Every time it rains on the earth these lumps have to prepare the water for the clouds. The Fairies are waiting the rainbow," said Mr. Elf and he took Bobbie over to watch them. One beautiful Fairy smiled at Mr. Elf, and Bobbie saw Mr. Elf pull a small pot out from under his coat, and hand it to the beautiful Fairy. "If it hadn't been for my little friend, we never would have been here, for the winds were in the wrong direction and I couldn't fly against them," said Mr. Elf, and the beautiful Fairy thanked Bobbie for lending his sailboat.

The Fairies all crowded around the pot and swung it to and fro on the end of the rainbow, and as it lifted in the sky it grew and grew until it was very large and Dick saw it was bobbing over with gold. "So that's the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow," cried Bobbie, and Mr. Elf nodded his head. They entered the sailboat again and the little Fairies pushed them from shore.

"Now that's finished, and to-morrow you will have a nice shower, so look for the rainbow," said Mr. Elf, and thanking Bobbie he flew away. Bobbie watched his little boat dance in the golden path that leads to the land beyond the sun. Drawing in the strings, he waded the water from his dripping sides, and went home.

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Courier Daily Recipe Column

MOCK INDIAN PUDDING

Two slices buttered bread; pour boiling water over bread to moisten; 1 egg beaten in the bread, 1-2 cup molasses, 1-2 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch of salt, 1 quart milk. Bake 1 1-2 hours in a moderate oven.

OLD-FASHIONED LEMON PIE

One lemon, grate the outside; 1 cup sugar, 1-2 cup raisins, 2 table-spoons flour, 1 cup water. Cover the pie plate with a rich crust and slice half the lemon and lay around the covered plate, with half the raisins, sprinkle over table-spoon flour with half cup sugar and pour on half cup water, roll out a very thin crust and cover, then continue as for first layer, put on top crust; bake in deep plate.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING

One pound each of currants and raisins, 1-2 pound lemon and citron mixed, 8 eggs, 1 cup suet, 1 cup tea-spoons flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 carrots, 6 nutmegs, 2 ounces all-spice, 1 dozen almonds. Steam 8 hours. This will make three ordinary plum puddings.

SAUCE

One-half pint milk, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons sugar, wineglass wine.

CANADIAN CASUALTIES

KILLED IN ACTION. Kitchener—Pte. Edward Waddell Corp. Charles Hoyland. Stratford—Pte. W. F. Bradley. Galt—Pte. Cecil Pratt. St. Thomas—Pte. Douglas G. Macleay. Pte. Charles E. Gerrard. Denfield—Pte. A. Cunningham. DIED OF WOUNDS. London—Pte. T. Harburg, No. 823687. Kitchener—Lieut. Robert Washburn. Stratford—Pte. Fred Quickfall. Address Unknown—Pte. T. Wilson. WOUNDED. Blandford—Pte. Donald Burns. Kitchener—Pte. Jack Britton. Ingersoll—Pte. Thomas Dewolfe. Pte. Samuel Bowman. Stratford—Pte. Thomas G. Daniels. Pte. Arthur J. Foster. Goderich—Sapper D. E. Bell. New Hamburg—Pte. G. M. Ruby. Etobicoke—Pte. George H. Faira. Pte. Percy Gaskill. Pte. G. H. Hearsey. Galt—Pte. James J. Middleton. Pte. J. W. Alford. Pte. Dickenson. Pte. W. J. Walker. London—Pte. J. Milliken, No. 823842. Pte. C. Davy, No. 400815. Pte. R. Sage, No. 304145. Pte. R. W. Falconer, No. 110724. Pte. Ernest A. Stewart, No. 110724. Pte. H. A. McGee, No. 823178. St. Thomas—Pte. Thomas E. Hill. Pte. Robert E. Kerr (severe). Pte. Albert E. Fletcher. Pte. William Stokes. Pte. William G. Gibson. Pte. Lewis E. James. Pte. Lewis Foster. Pte. J. Field, Pte. Wilbert C. Smale. Aymer—Pte. Reginald Corbin. Port Dover—Pte. M. G. Cruise. Simcoe—Pte. H. Johnston. Windsor—Pte. N. G. Lonner, Lt. T. Dickenson. Kintore—Pte. J. P. Callaghan. Woodstock—Pte. A. Lyre, No. 882728. Gorrie—Pte. T. C. Austin. Listowel—Sergeant R. C. Paul. Forest—Pte. M. S. Seim. Hespeler—Pte. Howard Renwick. Pte. William Stoneham. Stratford—Pte. Charles Jarvis. Guelph—Pte. B. Southey. MISSING OR ILL. London—Pte. W. C. Troyer. The heavy casualty lists continue to emphasize the losses the Canadians have suffered and the need of recruits to fill the gaps.

Never varying quality in PURITY FLOUR. More Bread and Better Bread.

Women's Institute. A most enthusiastic meeting was held by the Grand View and Terrace Hill Women's Institute at Grand View School, Thursday, May 10th, it being the annual business meeting and re-election of officers.

Bissells Vacuum Sweeper. VACUUM CLEANER and SWEEPER COMBINED. A simple, efficient machine that combines the good features of a Vacuum Cleaner and a Carpet Sweeper.

COKE SHORTAGE. Calgary, Alb., 14.—The Granby Smelter at Grand Forks, B.C., employing two thousand men is idle as the result of a shortage of coke. The smelters at Trail, B.C., also are said to be suffering from shortage of coal and coke and unless the output is resumed they will be obliged to suspend operations shortly.

SIDE TALKS. WHY WE LIKE AND DISLIKE. Do you like anyone who you know does not like you? That is a great test of character, I think.

For Home Made Candy. CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP. Fine for Taffy and Fudge.

Constipation is Cured by HOOD'S PILLS. Strength comes from well digested and thoroughly assimilated food.

IT'S A DUNLOP OR AN AMMATION. DUNLOP TIRES. "Faith, then Instinct!" Twenty-three years ago Dunlop Bicycle Tires were bought on Faith. To-day they are bought by Instinct.

Our Daily: Valuable Suggestions. Pattern Service. Ladies' Gathered Yoke Skirt.

LADIES' GATHERED YOKE SKIRT. By Anabel Worthington. skirt suggests the use of flouncing in a very practical way. The lower part is in one piece and is gathered to a straight yoke, which has two deep tucks. If preferred, the tucks might be left out and the flouncing used for the yoke also.

The straight lower edge of this yoke is made of a material of the same pattern as the skirt.

Hot Water Breakfast. Daily feel clean, sweet fresh inside, and seldom ill. Accustomed to wake up with tongue, foul breath or headache; or, if you get a quarter pound of phosphate from the drug in enjoying this morning. It is said that men keep it up daily. It is an inexpensive and almost tasteless.