

Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

At lunch that day Judy's keen eyes had not failed to note something amiss with Alan. He had come in late, and from the expression on his face, she gathered that he had found some fresh cause for disquiet. He was silent through the meal, then, when Claud twitted him, he became boisterously talkative.

But Judy did not question. In his own time, doubtless, Alan would tell her. She, somehow, guessed that it had to do with Peter Garvock and the long talk they had on the previous night. Very probably he had gone over to The Lees to continue it, and Peter and he had not been able to see eye to eye. When they got together in the Pool that evening, and Claud had gone upstairs, Alan would doubtless tell her. Until then she could wait.

Claud, hearing the distant tinkle of the tea-bell, joined Judy in the small drawing-room which she had used all through her father's illness. It was a very small and pleasant room, which required little fuel to warm it—a consideration when funds for household expenses are low.

"Alan wasn't with you, Claud?" said Judy, when he entered the room.

"No, I haven't seen him since lunch."

"He isn't smoking in the Pool, for I have been there," said Judy meditatively. "Perhaps he has gone to The Lees."

"What for? He wouldn't see old Peter, and he isn't so very fond of Aunt Isabel," said Claud with his odd smile.

"Isn't Alan fond of Aunt Isabel?" asked Judy innocently. "I thought he was."

"He isn't very fond of any of them just now," said Claud, as he made free with the buttered scones. "Last night he was most awfully hipped. He'll never rest, Judy, till he gets quit of Peter."

"Has he told you how far in we are with him, Claud?" asked Judy, with an odd shrinking. "I've been afraid to ask him."

Claud shook his head.

"He hasn't mentioned a sum, but it's deep, Judy, and it was a mistake on the pater's part, poor old chap. Peter is all right as far as he goes, but to owe money to him is loathly. It poisons Cambridge for me every time I think of it. He has a way of looking and talking about us as if we existed by his mere good pleasure."

"Oh, Alan! Do you feel like that too? Why didn't you speak out before?"

"I hadn't the right," said Claud quietly. "It's been a beastly muddle right through, but I think that Alan will pull things together. He meant to, anyway, by what he said last night, and to get quit of Peter. That's his first objective."

"I hope he will be able to, but I don't just see how," said Judy, with a prodigious sigh. "Short of selling the place, how are we to get free?"

"Oh, Alan won't do that! Sell Stair!" repeated Claud with an odd expression on his sallow face. "That could never happen! Why, it would make the pater turn in his grave, to say nothing about the rest of the Rankines! Judy, you wouldn't like that? Surely you haven't advised Alan to it?"

"I!" said Judy, with a little sob, half-strangled in her throat. "If you want to see the end of Judy Rankine, put her out of Stair. But I wish I knew where he has gone this afternoon. I don't like silent fits in him. They're not natural to him. Now, when you are silent, nobody minds."

"Don't worry. Probably he's only at The Lees continuing the argument. I'm afraid we must leave Alan to work the thing out on his own lines. You may trust him, Judy. He's going to tackle it with all his might. He'll free Stair yet! And as soon as I'm through I'll put my shoulder to the wheel, too, and help for all I'm worth!"

He spoke with some emotion, to which Judy's starting tears quickly responded.

"I am sure you will, dear. I dare say I have got a little over-anxious. I didn't like Peter yesterday. He was very high and mighty, and I saw that Alan chafed at it. What a mistake it is to have money transactions with relatives!"

"I'm with you there, Judy," said Claud, with great heartiness. "I often wondered how my father could bear to have Peter poking round here as much as he did."

"Latterly, poor dear, it didn't matter much to him," said Judy, rather painfully. "But whatever happens, we mustn't blame father, Claud. He was a good father to us."

"I'm not blaming him, my dear. Far be it from me!" said Claud, with quick sincerity. "But there are things, of course, a chap can't help seeing. We haven't had much luck at Stair—have we?"

"Perhaps not the kind of luck some people prize," answered Judy, as if jealous for the honor of her home, "but we've other things that are not

—for instance—to be found at The Lees."

Claud assented to that, and then said he thought he would cycle into Ayr and say good-bye to the minister.

"I'll just catch him before the evening service. I may even go to it, so you won't mind if I'm not back to supper?"

"I won't mind, of course, dear boy," said Judy, too much absorbed in her oddly growing concern for the one brother to have much thought for the other.

It had ever been so. Judy was not even aware that there was a very attractive daughter at the manse, and that it was Cissy Bellenden who had first awakened the spark of personal ambition in Claud's heart!

She went to the stable-yard and watched him ride off on the rather shabby bicycle that was, in a manner, public property at Stair. As she turned back to the house the clock in the stable tower chimed the half-hour after five.

It was a lovely spring evening now—so still and sunny, so typical of April that it simply lured one to remain out of doors. After taking brief counsel with herself, Judy decided that she would walk to The Lees. It was probable that, in the course of his stroll, Alan had drifted in that direction, and they could return together.

She put on an old sun-bonnet, took a shepherd's crook from the stand in the cloak-room, and went round to the stables to get the two setters—remnants of the once sporting kennels at Stair. They were rather feeble now, but always enjoyed a run on the hill.

Frequently, as she walked, Judy made pause to look at the sea, on which lay the most exquisite opalescent light. The craft on its breast seemed to sail like painted ships on a painted ocean, and the peace and solemnity of the scene sank into the girl's heart and seemed, in some strange way, to bring her nearer to those who had gone away.

No hint of danger or disaster troubled her at the moment, and she sauntered on, enjoying her solitude and her surroundings to the full. The dogs pattered on ahead, not so eagerly or wildly as they would have done ten years before, but presently, she heard both barking furiously and continuously, as if some hated obstacle barred their path.

She quickened her steps, not desiring them to frighten or annoy any of the Sunday strollers who might have made their way to Barassie Hill. They were not forbidden on the Stair side of the hill, though everywhere within The Lees boundaries there were notices up at regular intervals warning trespassers that they would be prosecuted.

It was about half a mile from the front door of Stair to the march dyke dividing the two places, and as Judy came over the spur of the hill, within sight of the clustering roofs and chimneys of The Lees, she saw that the two dogs, still barking furiously, had made pause at the near side of the dyke.

Her clear eyes presently discerned something lying there, prone on the ground—the figure of a man! For a moment a sudden terror seized her, for though country-born and bred, she was mortally afraid of tramps and other pests who make the roads and woods and hills unsafe for women-folks.

But the instinct of succour was too strong upon her to permit her to go back. The man could not be asleep merely, or the furious barking, close to his ears, would have aroused him. He must, therefore, be hurt, or have had a seizure of some kind.

A few more steps and something gripped her heart as the familiar outline of the figure filled her eyes.

Next minute she was kneeling by her brother's side.

(To be continued.)

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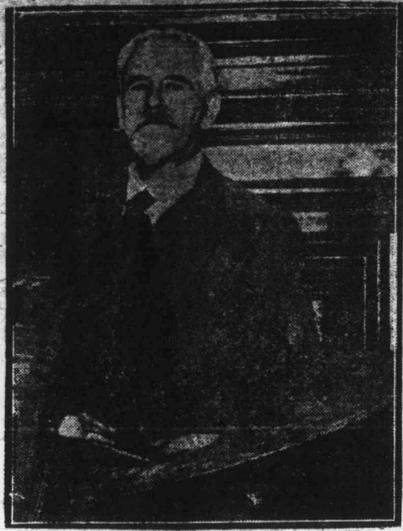
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Frank Dicksee, R.A., has been elected president of the Royal Academy succeeding Sir Aston Webb, retired, due to age limit. Mr. Dicksee is the son of a famous artist and an artist of repute himself.

DISCOVERY OF NEPTUNE

A Little Lesson in Living

It is less than a century since Neptune, the outermost planet of our solar system—perhaps I should say the outermost known planet—was discovered.

Uranus, the Seventh from the sun, was found accidentally by the great astronomer, Sir William Herschell.

He had made a telescope for himself, an imperfect instrument compared with those which we have to-day, but better than any he had the means to purchase. He was trying it out in a sort of grand survey of the heavens when there fell within its field a stranger to this shepherd of the stars. It was a faint point of light against the night sky, with a slight greenish tinge.

Sir William did not suspect, at first, that it was a planet, a hitherto unknown member of that group which circles about the sun, and to which our world belongs. The planets Sir William knew had never been discovered—that is to say within the memory of the race. Man had grown up with Venus, Mercury, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn as his familiar companions.

He had become well acquainted with their movements. He had woven them into his myths and his religion. He had made them arbiters of his destiny, and read his future in their passage through the signs of the zodiac.

It did not occur to the astronomer, who joined with Sir William in observing this new body, that its discovery had pushed the boundary of the solar system further into space.

For a time it was called Herschell, after its discoverer, but the name now generally accepted is Uranus, which preserves the mythological nomenclature already bestowed on the others. Uranus was oldest of the Greek gods and the first ruler among them.

The astronomers, after watching him for a while, began to calculate the dimensions of his orbit, the speed of his motion and other interesting facts concerning him.

They reached certain conclusions based upon all the known factors. Uranus should behave thus and so. At a certain time he should be here—at another certain time he should be there. And he was—approximately. But approximation did not satisfy the star-gazers. They wanted exactitude.

They checked back their calculations and found no errors. Whatever was wrong, they decided, must be wrong with Uranus. Something was diverting him from the path they had charted for him, or interfering with the schedule which mathematics insisted he should follow.

Adams, an English astronomer, and Leverrier, a Frenchman, set themselves to search for some possible cause of the perturbations in the habits of Uranus. They worked independently and without the knowledge of either that the other was on the job.

But each reached a theory that there must be some remoter body in

the solar system whose influence was affecting the new planet. Then each figured out about where that body ought to lie in order to produce the effects which they had noted.

Adams arrived at a theoretical position first—a few months ahead of Leverrier. He sent his calculations and hypothesis to the British astronomer royal for verification by telescope, but the latter was too busy to attend to it.

However the observatory to which Leverrier soon after sent almost exactly similar calculations began an immediate search, and presently announced the discovery of an eighth planet whose position and nature explained completely all the mysteries of the seventh's movements. This eighth and last to be discovered of the planets was named Neptune. We have known him only since 1846.

I confess that two billion miles—more or less—is a long way to travel for a life lesson, but it has always seemed to me that in this very wonderful, and very beautiful, story of the manner in which we found an unsuspected member of our solar system by noting the influence of his unseen presence, is a splendid illustration of a truth fundamentally important to right and effective living.

All the visible world will not account for all that we see in human life and character.

If you take into your calculation only those obvious factors which concern the preservation and satisfaction of physical life you will leave much unexplained.

Given all such circumstances in any particular instance you may be able to figure exactly how a man will act—if they be the only circumstances.

But experience will show that men frequently do not act according to any prediction so formulated.

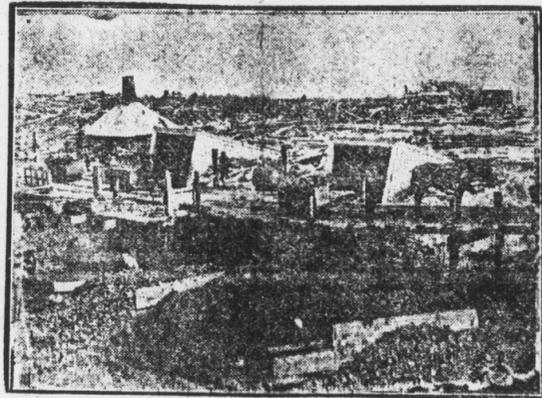
Men do things which are contrary to every instinct of self-preservation—men deny themselves material satisfaction for ends which have no relation to their physical life—men sacrifice themselves to serve their fellows—often to serve people they do not know, sometimes to serve people they know and dislike.

Why these perturbations in the calculable orbit? Why these departures from the so-called "natural" course? Is it not because there must be some mighty influence invisible to the unaided eye, the physical eye, which is pulling upon the life of man, even as Neptune pulled upon Uranus?

I am convinced this is true. I am convinced that the telescope of faith which finds this influence in a spiritual power which is wisdom and goodness and love and beauty—a power we call God—has made a great discovery, the recognition of which is essential to an understanding of life.

To know that this power exists—to know that you are responding to it when you do the things that are worth while and fine and unselfish—is to realize a purpose and meaning in living which give you a new Law of Human Conduct with which to work out your problems.—S. J. Duncan-Clark in Success.

On a large liner there are about two miles of deck.



Here's a photograph taken in 1866 of Westville, Nova Scotia, showing coal mining being carried on in a small way. It is now a thriving town of some 5,000 inhabitants.

You Will Enjoy

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About the House

ENTERTAINING SMALL BOYS AND GIRLS.

Small children living in the city have an advantage over their country cousins in being able to attend kindergarten. A catalogue of kindergarten supplies will suggest to mothers an endless variety of materials, which will entertain and at the same time prove of educational value to the little folks.

Picture cut-outs, sewing cards, assorted wooden beads of various shapes and colors, numeral frames, peg boards and pegs, parquetry blocks, toy money for use in playing store, colored crayons and blunt kindergarten scissors are only a few of the articles listed. Many of these may be purchased at a ten-cent store.

A brick of artist's modeling clay will furnish hours of entertainment. At first the unaccustomed fingers may be unable to do more than mold marbles, apples, plums and similar objects, but in a short time they will undertake more difficult models. Especially gifted children will delight in modeling their pets and other animals on the farm.

A sand table may be made at a comparatively low cost. A popular-size table is six feet long, thirty inches wide and twenty-four inches high from floor to top of tray; but a smaller one may be made from an old kitchen table, which should be strongly re-enforced. The metal-lined tray should be four inches deep. Filled with clean, white sand and placed in the play room or in a protected corner of the porch it will be a great joy to the children, who always like to play in the dirt, and who are often prevented by disagreeable weather from playing out-of-doors.—E. C. G.

CARROTS TAKE THE PLACE OF ROUGE.

The most inexpensive and lasting rouge for both blondes and brunettes is—carrots. They should be taken frequently at meal time for they are rich in iron that helps to make glowing complexions.

But perhaps your family is tired of boiled and creamed carrots. If so, here are a few interesting Old World recipes that home economics students have found in foreign cook books.

In Russia and Flanders they often add sugar to bring out the delicate flavor of the carrot.

Flemish Style.—Scrape, slice and cook, one quart of carrots in one quart of boiling water to which has been added one teaspoon of salt, until tender; drain. Heat two tablespoons of fat, add one small onion, brown lightly, add the carrots, season with one teaspoon of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of white pepper. Shake well over the fire for ten minutes. Add one and one-half cups soup stock, cover and simmer for half hour, add one teaspoon of chopped parsley and serve hot.

Russian Style.—Make a syrup of one cup of sugar and one cup of water by boiling ten minutes. To this syrup add two cups of diced carrots, which have been previously browned in two tablespoons of hot fat or butter. Cook all together until carrots are tender. Brown in oven and serve hot.

Other Continental dishes for fried, baked and scalloped carrots suggest new flavor combinations.

Fried Carrots.—Cook with soup. When done cut into thin slices. Fry one onion in one tablespoon of butter, add carrots. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, minced thyme, parsley and bay leaf. Fry ten minutes and serve hot.

SCOTCH CAKE.

Half pound of butter, ¾ pound of sugar, 1 pound of sifted flour, 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk, ¼ tsp. soda, 2 tsps. each of ground cinnamon, allspice and cloves, ½ tsp. grated nutmeg, ½ pound of raisins, ½ pound of currants, ½ pound of citron.

Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten. Add the sour milk, in which the soda has been dissolved, and the flour, spices and fruit, well floured. Fold in the whites of the eggs, beaten stiff; then bake the dish in a slow oven for one hour.

This is a delicious substitute for the more expensive fruit cake.

CARE OF THE NECK AND SHOULDERS.

With the present style of dress, the condition and the appearance of the skin on the back of the neck and across the shoulders is of great im-

portance. One of my correspondents wrote that she couldn't reach around and scrub her back as thoroughly as she could her arms, and the result was large, dark pores between the shoulder blades.

She could get a very excellent long-handled bath brush which would do the job to her satisfaction, and bending and stooping exercises would limber her muscles so that she could reach around and wash the back of her shoulders without even the help of a brush. But the real reason why some women—and nice women, too—neglect to keep the back as clean-looking as the chest and shoulders, is simply because they don't see themselves there. It's really a fine plan to have a mirror above the bathtub, and it's certainly a necessity to have a hand-glass and a long mirror, so you can view yourself from all angles.

The back of the shoulders should be able to stand a more minute scrutiny than the front of them—for the obvious reason that it will get stared at with more attention. A woman's face is always more distracting than her back hair! Then, too, the people who sit back of us, whether at church, at entertainments, or in trains or trolleys cars, are not diverted by our conversation, so have ample time to study the condition of our skins.

If you have any doubt about the skin on the back of your shoulders, get a flesh-brush with a long handle and scrub every day with hot water and soap, until you have made your skin fine-grained and white again.

While you are waiting for the skin to improve, you can get rid of the black dots which mark the pores by rubbing vigorously with a bit of absorbent cotton saturated with bay rum or a good toilet water.

A PRETTY PARTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



4969. Lace and chiffon are here combined, but the style may also be developed in other materials. Two colors of chiffon, or chiffon on net would be attractive. Or taffeta and crepe de chine, or figured silk and taffeta would be quaint and pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material for the slip or underdress, and 2½ yards of figured material, if made as illustrated. If made of one material 4 yards will be required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

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Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.

His City of Refuge.

The train came to a grinding stop at a small town in the South, and the head of a gentleman of color poked from a window at the end of a car. Seated by his side could be seen a brown-skinned maiden.

"Does yo' know a culled pusson by de name o' Jim Brown which lives here?" he asked of a station lounge.

"Ain nevah heered o' no Jim Brown hyah, an' Ah lived in dis town fo' ten yeahs."

"Is yo' right suah dey ain't nevah been no Jim Brown aroun' hyah?"

"Positively."

"Den," announced the arrival, reaching for a suitcase, "dis is whah his new son-in-law gits off."