



DO NOT waste a minute—not a second—in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it.

—Hippocampus.

Soldiers of the Queen

GENERAL Desmond Fitzgerald, K. C. B., V. C., etc., etc., stood before the pier-glass in his dressing-room in the clear light of an Irish May morning and surveyed the reflection of his figure with an angry and dissatisfied glare. His body-servant, Cagney, a veteran of as many campaigns and years as his master, surveyed the same reflection with an eye which seemed to say that, under the circumstances, he had done all that could be expected of him. If he had spoken he might have added that he derived as little pleasure from his own quiet livery as the General derived from the faultlessly-cut but somewhat sombre attire in which Fashion and a London tailor had increased his still upright figure. For it was only a few months since the General had retired from the Indian branch of Her Majesty's army, returned to his native land, leased the beautiful estate of Avonmore, and assumed the role of a country gentleman and Justice of the Peace. After thirty years of scarlet and gold he found it hard to reconcile himself to the conventional dress of his new character.

"Cagney," said he, and the other old soldier stood at attention, "you may lay out my dress uniform to-night. I shall dine in it." Through this astounding command Cagney's training held. There was the merest flicker of his eyelid as he saluted.

"I've promised my daughter," the General continued, "to put it on. She tells me she is very anxious to see me in it. She doesn't, of course, know the regulations. But there can be no harm in wearing it for an hour or two to give pleasure to a charming young lady. And my medals, too," he added; "get them all out of my dressing-case. She is refreshingly interested in all I can remember of the actions I was in. And she is an undeniably charming young woman, Cagney; the very image of my poor dear mother."

"She's a jewel of light," answered Cagney, in a Cork accent, which neither the heat nor the hills of India had modified one whit. "You'd think so if you was to see her and Mr. Desmond goin' off with themselves under her white parasol after breakfast. 'Cagney,' says she, as pleasant as if it was only yesterday she was ridin' round canteenous on me shoulders with her little arms around me neck and me holdin' on to her little scraps of legs—'Cagney,' will you remind the General, my father that he has promised to ride with me after lunch-oon?"

"By-the-way," interrupted the General, "which of my riding suits is most becoming to me?"

"Your green, sir. It fits your figure

better an' gives you a youthful look altogether, sir."

"You may lay it out," said the General. "And look to the boots."

"I will, sir," answered Cagney, and the General had nearly roached the door before Cagney spoke again. "I'm wonderin'," he insinuated, "if it would be took in the light of a liberty if I was to put on my old red coat, too, this evening when you wear your uniform. A General," he pointed out, "had rightly ought to have a aide, and maybe ye wouldn't mind—for the want of a better—lettin' me stand behind you like I was goin' to go off of messages for you. The red would be a bit brighter," urged Cagney deferentially, "if there was two of us in it, an' Miss Shiela might get a better idea from it."



The commodious and comfortable farm home of Mr. J. W. Suddard, Frontenac County, Ont. Note the interior plans published on the following pages.

The General hesitated, undecided, and Cagney went on artfully: "An' as for the stories of the medals, sure who could be tellin' her them better nor me?"

"Very well," the General acquiesced suddenly. "We'll show those boys of mine that there's nothing a woman loves more than a red coat and a gold button."

The little review was a great success. Shortly before the dinner hour the General clanked into the drawing room in full uniform, followed by the hardly less resplendent Cagney. Shiela, in the prettiest and softest of white gowns, with white roses in her brown hair, made a most satisfactory audience. The gentle Lady Mary, dutiful consort to the General through the vicissitudes of his military campaigns, was an admirable chorus, and insisted with a fond pride upon such parts of the recital as redounded most to the honor and glory of her dear General. The four sons were properly

impressed and outshone. And Cagney threw in picturesque remarks.

One by one Shiela imperiously pointed out the medals on her father's breast, or on Cagney's and demanded the full and circumstantial story of why they should be there. And obediently the two old soldiers, urged by Lady Mary and cheered by the attention of the younger men, stormed red-walled cities, resisted night attacks, lurked in ambuscades, endured long marches and short rations, met fevers, tigers, natives, steaming darkness and blinding heat, all with an unconcern and bravery which made the adventures their own reward even without these glittering memorials.

"And now," commanded Shiela at last, "tell me why the ye gave this scrubby little black one," and she pointed to a small creek cross hung on a party-colored ribbon.

"My dear Shiela," expostulated Lady Mary, "that's the Victoria Cross."

"I knew it." The girl laughed. "I was only joking. Tell me how you got it. I can read your name and the date: September 14, 1857. What happened then?"

"The fall of Delhi," whispered Lady Mary. No passage of time, no years of happiness, could dim her memory of that day.

"That says for nothing much," the General made hasty assurance. "You see, every one was a bit excited. John Nicholson, the greatest soldier we ever had in India, was commanding us. The siege was up! All those weary months of waiting were ended. And we rather made fools of ourselves in the excitement. That's how it was."

"Begin your pardon, sir," Cagney insinuated, "I know, and Lady Mary knows, and the young gentlemen ought to know, that the Victoria Cross isn't given for 'nothing much.'"

"Then you tell us how it was," urged Shiela; and Cagney, standing behind the General, told the tale.

day with only a slaughtered arm to show he was in it. "While the Queen heard of it she sent him the Victoria Cross."

"Oh, I'm so proud of you, papa," cried Shiela.

"And a third man?" questioned Owen, the General's youngest son.

"The poor fellow was killed," answered Lady Mary. "But when we heard that that was all of your father's being decorated he insisted that the third man deserved the same reward. So the Cross was sent to his people."

"What was his nationality?" asked Desmond, the eldest son.

"Irish, to be sure," responded Cagney promptly. "Nearly all them Crosses is given to the Irish. It's the most Catholic nation, ye see," he added with a grin.

"And the fondest of fighting," submitted Owen, as dinner was announced.

Lady Mary Fitzgerald loved the dinner hour. She sat at the table in a glow of happiness and pride as she looked at her dear General and her handsome, clever, entirely satisfactory children. All the perils and parings of earlier years were compensated for by this blessed family circle which revolved so lovingly about her. She had borne separation from her children—when their health and education made it necessary to send them "home" to that same year of 1850 and unless—because she had looked forward to the time when she should gather them about her again and love them and make much of them. The time had passed so quietly long in content but it had come at last, and now life seemed fair and kind indeed to Lady Mary. But there were those in Ireland in that same year of 1850 to whom life was hard and bitter, and an echo of their unmet sometimes reached the family at Avonmore.

Continued next week

Paying Off the Mortgage

At some time or other it is almost necessary to mortgage the farm. Then the struggle begins to repay the debt. Usually the ways and means for getting together the necessary funds to meet the obligation falls to the part of the housewife, rather than any other member of the family. It is the woman on the farm who usually looks after the ends and it is the woman of the household to whom credit must be given in nearly every case for improving and bettering the surroundings of the home.

We are desirous of publishing an interesting article giving some experiences of Canadian housewives in assisting to reduce or cancel the mortgage on the farm home. We will, therefore, give prizes for the three best letters received giving the experiences as set forth above. The first prize will be \$5 worth of merchandise to be selected from any advertiser who advertises in our paper during the rest of this year. The second prize will be \$2.50 worth of merchandise to be selected from any advertiser who advertises during June and July of this year; the third prize will be one of our new Cook Books.

Write on one side of the paper when sending in your letter, and give your personal experiences, or that of some one of your friends. This contest will close the last of December.

Add your name to the page 40 Contest, Household Editor, Canadian Dairyman and Farmer World, Peterboro, Ont.

To destroy worms in flower pots, stick a quantity of sulphur matches head downwards into the mold, and then water the plants. The matches will poison the worms.