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## "Flatterers"

### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XIII.  
FRESH FIELDS.

"And that it has not done the very least," the girl hastened to answer. Here was some one else tender and kind to her. Notes of love seemed ringing like joy-bells about her to-day! "If you like having me, it is only just a summer excursion for me, and—making light of what she had done—as all the scenes are fresh to me, it ought to give me plenty to remember and profit by."

Which words were to sound like some elfish prophecy, their whole fulfillment hid for many a day in darkest cloud.

"Mary Ellen," here cried Miss Thorne, from her window, "our sister Caroline thinks there's going to be a dew!"

"Which means we must go in," said Mrs. Dacie, rising obediently. "I am afraid your three old ladies have been three old worries to each other!"

And Sydney, though quite ready to deny the imputation as far as the speaker was concerned, was soon forced to admit its truth with respect to the others.

For her advent, in place of Mary's, had thrown each hostess into a trying ferment of hospitality. Miss Alwyn, the liberal, well-dowered young lady from the Dale, must see that Mary Ellen, although now narrowed in her means, belonged to people who understood proper entertainment. So a flutter of hasty preparation pervaded the house as the pair from the garden entered. Much chinking of the best plate, unwrapped from tissue-paper, was audible from one room. Miss Thorne, her every-day stuff gone exchanged for crackling, brown silk, was caught pol-

ishing up the best silver teapot in another. A half-open door, closed by some unseen jerk, discovered Mrs. Carew, her cap-strings pinned back, presiding over the concoction of an omelet. One little serving-maid was sent racing off to the nearest farm for cream. "Which," bouncing presently into the trim drawing-room, "please, mum, I couldn't get nohows," she announced. "Cause it hadn't bin spoke for overnight." Another stumped to and fro the dining-room, changing, with a cautious speed that evoked much labored breathing, the crockery of the every-day supper-table for that precious best china whose rare use was deep anxiety to all concerned. With profuse regrets at there being no late dinner prepared, "which could easily have been had we at all expected you, Miss Alwyn!" supper was proceeded with, sounds of rumbling and scuttling overhead meanwhile betokening action up-stairs on the visitor's behalf. An ominous tumble and a shrill squeal compelled Mrs. Carew, with a "Please excuse me," to hurry aloft, to return, however, with the gratifying news that it was only Susan who had collapsed under a mattress.

"Our house is so small," she explained; "we have only one good-sized spare room, and that being west, you see, dear Mary Ellen must have it."

"With her tendencies, you understand," said Miss Thorne, "the morning sun on her asleep might have serious effects."

"And of course we couldn't think of putting you in the little south room that would have done for Mary," chirped the widow.

"So we have made the necessary changes, and put you in our east room; we can go anywhere," said the mistress, with cheerful resignation. "And do you like your lead north or south, Miss Alwyn? Susan and Betsy, and my sister and I, will lift the bed any way you choose, with pleasure."

Any room, and any bed, and her head in any direction, would equally have suited Sydney, but on that and a score

of other points she had to express an opinion before her sidgely hostesses would be content; and by the time she was allowed to go to rest she felt as if many days of such assiduous politeness would try her as much as it had done poor Mrs. Dacie.

But the mild trial was to last only hours, and those fewer than at first arranged.

Thursday was to see her returning with Mrs. Dacie. She sent a brief note home to that effect. At Wednesday's breakfast-table its president and vice-president received her with perturbation. They could get no eggs! Could Miss Alwyn manage without them? Fish only came round once a week. Miss Thorne had gone herself to the only grocer's for coffee. It might be poor, but it was the best to be purchased. They and Mary Ellen took tea. They didn't allow Mary Ellen coffee. With her habit it was too heating. But they so wished to provide what Miss Alwyn liked. And would she mind dining early? And would she like lamb? If she preferred poultry, they would send two miles off for a chicken. Provoking to relate (and unusual), they had only a little cold meat in the house.

"Which will do—" began Sydney, but was interrupted with: "Certainly not! Lamb or chicken, it must be for you, Miss Alwyn! However, Carry, whip some cream for Miss Alwyn, with the gooseberry-tart. If it had only been Friday, now, we could have offered her a Lutterthorpe cream-cheese."

"Lutterthorpe," repeated Sydney, "I know that name. It is close to Guyswick." It was indeed the hamlet where her old nurse, Taffy, had lived. "Is it far from here?"

"An hour or so by rail, I think," answered Mrs. Carew. "But the cheeses are only made on Fridays, I'm afraid." "I was not thinking of them," said Sydney, "but—rather of how delightful it would be to ease this household of her too clearly disturbing presence, and go forward to those regions of her childhood's holidays, thence perhaps to a glimpse of Guyswick, or even as far as Stillcote Upton and Jacob Cheese. Mrs. Dacie, consulted, saw no reason why she should not revisit her old haunts. The sisters made a bad hand at concealing that they were glad to be released of extra prandial preparations, and so cheerful on all counts, ten o'clock saw Sydney on the wing again, though only by a sluggard train which, dawdling along some thirty minutes, then set her down at a country junction, to wait another half-hour before getting on to Lutterthorpe.

Waiting was no hardship, though, on this brilliant summer morning. Her mind busy with remembrance of yesterday, with anticipation of to-morrow, Sydney paced up and down, gazing at the rising hills and fruit-clad slopes, hearing, almost sharing, the glad carolling of the larks soaring overhead. Presently, snatching back from the platform's limit, she found a companion in delay. A dog-cart was just being driven from the asphalted yard; a tall man, alighted apparently therefrom, was standing by the endmost roof-supporting beam. The station-master beside him was saying, as she drew near:

"You can go in five minutes, sir, if you take the loop line. But the mail by Stillcote gets to your place nigh as soon. That'll come through in twenty minutes."

"Thanks, I should greatly prefer the first," answered the traveler, in a voice that arrested Sydney's attention. Resonant, pleasant, sad-sounding, moreover, like some full note out of it must be dreamland!

"If you like to sit down, sir, the room's empty."

"I would rather stay just where I am."

"Then if you stop still, sir, I'll be sure to come with your ticket when your train runs in."

And the civil functionary went off with a touch of the hat, checked before it had reached its full proportions. Sydney went by, to the end of her planked tether; returned and glanced furtively at the stranger. Had she ever met him before? He leaned against the upright beam, a broad-framed figure of something more than common height, well enough dressed, but with a look of suspicion of the petit maitre about him (what made recollection of Rupert Villiers measure itself by him for a moment, to a disadvantage?)—a face powerful but not ungentle, brown-mustached and bearded, hair darker, eyebrows darker still, drawn together over a resolutely down-bent gaze. Sydney passed close beside him. Not for a moment were his eyes lifted. She loitered on slowly, then turned back. He stood there, still as a statue. As she advanced, a troop of people drove up and seized on the station-master for details of Welsh touring-tickets, while their luggage was wheeled on the platform in such a way as to bar the progress of a countryman with a huge basket of live fowl.

"If I marn't go one way I maun go the 'other!" cried this individual, ex-saying to pass in front of the yet immovable stranger; "now, then, master, stir up, won't ye, an' let a body go by!"

Thus adjured, the gentleman started, moved suddenly in the wrong direction, and was within an ace of stumbling some four feet down on the metals below.

(To be continued)

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## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

### BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

A Letter Friend takes me to task most bitterly because I say that the possession of the home is apt to imprint a hard look on the face of the woman who holds that position.

She says it is impossible that I myself am a woman or else I would know that many women's faces have hardened under the difficulty of either making bricks with straw or with far too little straw.

A Very Bad Thing For Both.

I do not know why she should assume that I am ignorant of that fact because I happen to be mentioning another. Because I say that the possession of the financial dominance is apt to work a bad effect on a woman's character, does not mean that I do not think having to ask apologetically for every cent she gets to run the house on is a good thing for a woman.

Therefore I do not see why I should be so caustically reproved. On the other hand, I do think my Letter Friend (or should I say my Letter Enemy?) The feelings of this anonymous lady hardly seem to justify my claiming her as a friend) brings out a mighty good point of view, and so I am going to reproduce her letter: "Just to get rid of some views on your opinion of the Woman who Holds the Purse-strings, permit me

to contribute this much to what is no doubt an overflowing waste-basket. The Wife Who Has to Ask For Every Cent.

"So many things are either of doubtful or common gender, it is with real satisfaction that I decide you cannot be a woman or you would know that many women's faces have hardened under the difficulty of either making bricks without straw, or with far too little. To marry for money assures unhappiness for either man or woman; on the other hand, far too little attention is given to how money matters are to be arranged. The French DOT is ahead of our American "cross"—for "cross" it surely is. Many a woman has a perfectly moral abstemious husband but is unhappy because she has to ask for money to run their common table, and has to feel that in some way she is at fault when ends fall to meet.

"She never can bring about a fair business arrangement by which he will not expect steak if he does not provide the straw for steak; by which he will not have an automobile, calmly paying for repairs as necessities, while she must humbly explain some household expense as though a personal crime.

Look at Your Wife's Face.

"Keep on looking at the women's faces, see if you do not see on some a look of utter discouragement which is pitiful. Suggest that the male of the species take a look at his mate and open his mind to the fact that constant humiliation of this sort does not make a bright, loving, satisfied mate any more than the condition reversed."

## -ICED- "SALADA"

Tea is a delicious and fatigue destroying summer beverage —inexpensive and healthful.

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My Letter Friend certainly hits home in that last sentence. And I agree with what she would doubtless add if we were discussing this together, that there are 100 of this type case to one of the opposite.

I do not think that any man can look upon himself as a fair, just person unless he either makes his wife a reasonable allowance for both house and personal needs, or divides with her what is left after necessary bills have been paid, and rightful savings made. Conditions of income and varying circumstances would determine which course—but to stick to the old way of forcing a wife to ask, as if for a favor, for personal and even for household expenses, seems to me plain tyranny.

### The End of a Famous Chief.

Sebitwane, the most famous leader of the Makololo, who dominated all Barotseland, died as the result of an accident, at the end of July, 1881. The accident happened during a visit of Dr. Livingstone and his staff. The white men were deeply impressed by the Chief and he received them with great hospitality, giving them permission to travel where they pleased in his territory. The white men had a horse with them, named Scarab, which Sebitwane admired immensely. He thought he saw defects in it, however, and was anxious to try it. Livingstone, knowing its temper was none of the best, endeavoured to dissuade him, but at last, against his better judgment, he gave in. Sebitwane mounted in the presence of an admiring throng of followers and all went well on the outward canter, but when he turned to come back, the people began to clap and shout causing the horse to bolt, and Sebitwane was heavily thrown. The consternation was great, and there were many who suspected the white man of having bewitched their chief. Livingstone summoned a meeting of the people, and fortunately, was successful in convincing them that their chief had been warned, and that no one but himself was to blame for the accident. Sebitwane himself, before he died told the people that the fault was his own, and Livingstone and his companions were not molested, but allowed to resume their journey. Dr. Livingstone records that Sebitwane succumbed to inflammation of the lungs, which originated in and extended from an old wound; but some of the old natives who were present when the affair happened, persisted in the belief that the fall from the horse was alone responsible for the chief's death. They all, without any prompting, told substantially the same tale. Sebitwane was only forty-five years of age when he died.

### Grove Hill Bulletin.

FERTS.

The kind you have been asking for.

Boston Ferns, 7 inch pots, \$1.50  
Asparagus Pinnosus, 6 inch pots, \$1.25  
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NOTICE TO FARMERS—Cabbage Seed for winter plants, \$2.50 per lb.—to clear this year's stock.

J. G. McNEIL.  
Telephone 247a. P. O. Box 792.

### The East End Feed AND Produce Store.

New Green Cabbage, P.E.I. Butter, P.E.I. Eggs, Meadow Vale Condensed Milk, Ring 812.

July 15, 1921

### There Must Be a Reason

That a great many of the garments that we have received in the past month were from new customers who had those garments mislabeled by other dyers and were sent to us as a last resort before a settlement was made with the owners. We were able to doctor up the majority of those crippled garments to the entire satisfaction of those owners. If we have any sick garments of this character sent them to us. If our customers don't accept the garments after we doctor them, don't pay us a cent, no pay. We have received a shipment of dye, the best on the market. Raglans cleaned and dyed at shortest notice. Outport orders my personal attention.

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Tobacco Store, Water Street, eod.tr

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