

The Vicar's Nephew; or The Orphan's Vindication

CHAPTER XL.—(Cont'd.)

"What do you think of that, Moll, for an artist's imagination? I look like a crouching, don't I, with this mug? Theo, put the kettle on, my son; it's tea-time; and don't be an unmannered ass, if you can help it. Why, what's become of the butter? And there are no biscuits either. Have you eaten them all?"

He was rummaging in the cupboard. "Not quite all. The landlady's cat had some. We held quite a feast here while I waited for you. It was the cat that strewed crumbs all over the floor; I was too hungry to waste them that way; I've had nothing to eat since breakfast in Paris this morning."

"Why didn't you get lunch on the boat?"

"I had no money; only my cab-fare and two-pence over. I wanted to ask the waiter for a penny roll, but he looked so superior."

Jack turned round with an accusing face. "What did you do with Hauptmann's last cheque?"

"Oh, I—don't know." "I do," said Jack grimly. "Next time a deserving applicant comes to you with a pathetic story, hand him over to me, and I'll take the money you a little to go on with. There, sit still, and I'll get you something to eat. You'll have to put up here for to-night; and wire to Hauptmann for more money to-morrow."

He went out, leaving Theo and Moll silent by the fire.

"You know my brother better than I do," she said suddenly. "I didn't understand what you meant just now."

He smiled; then grew suddenly grave. "And I can't explain, though you'll realize it yourself when you know him better. I think what I meant is that he's so—unconscious."

"Unconscious?" "Yes; like a thing that works by the laws of its own nature, not by any body's ethical codes. Don't you see? For instance—well, take justice; in him it's not a virtue to be cultivated; it's what music is to me, an inborn passion eternally unsatisfied. He'll go on wanting justice all his life, and there's no such thing to be had."

He hesitated for a moment, looking away from her; then asked under his breath: "And all your gates are shut?"

She rose, putting her hands up as if to stop him; then let them fall again and turned away, with a broad and mournful reassurance.

"Yes, all; and there is no one that has the key."

She crossed to the window, and stood with her back to him, looking out. Jack, coming in with his paper package, found her so, and sighed under his breath as he put the eggs on to boil.

CHAPTER XL.

During the months which he spent in Vienna, Jack heard almost nothing of his sister. He had parted from her at Paddington Station with a lingering hope that the friendship born during her visit to London would live and grow; but from the moment of her return to Portcharriack she had slipped back into the old stiff relationship. Her letters, rare and short, seemed to have been written by a schoolgirl, with the governess looking over her shoulder. After some time they stopped altogether.

When Jack left Vienna he went to Edinburgh to take his degree. This accomplished, creditably, but without special honors, he returned to London and applied for hospital work, which he at once obtained. There was indeed, not much fear of his lacking employment; several professors who had known him as a student had promised to recommend him in case of his applying for a vacancy. He was offered the choice of two posts; he chose the one with the smaller salary, as it gave him better opportunities for study, and had the further advantage of being non-resident.

He settled down in shabby Blooms-

bury lodgings, and worked like a cart-horse, trying to fill up every moment with vehement effort or deadening fatigue, that he might not feel the dread and blankness of his isolation.

Lonely, indeed, he was exceedingly. Theo was on a concert tour in America, and from there was to go on to Australia and New Zealand; he would be away a year. For that matter, had he been in London, his presence would have been small help to Jack.

Early in March violent storms of wind and rain swept over London, with a sudden fall of temperature which caused much sickness and distress and, in consequence, very heavy work at the hospital. One evening as Jack struggled home, late and weary, through a blinding downpour whose parallel slanting threads gleamed sickly in the flickering lamp-light, he caught sight of a woman's figure clinging to an area railing, the cape of a drenched cloak flapping round head and shoulders.

He crossed the street to offer help against the savage wind; but when he reached the opposite pavement the woman had turned a corner and disappeared.

He got home at last, changed his wet clothes, and sat down by a smoky fire to wait for dinner. Possibly because he was tired and cold, he found it to-night more difficult than usual to shake off the depression which always lay in wait to spring upon him whenever he was off his guard.

"A woman has been here inquiring for you," said the landlady, bring in the tray.

"In this weather? Who is it?" "She wouldn't give her name; said she'd call again. She's been waiting for you. She looks very bad."

"A patient, walking up and down on such a night! What was she like?" "I couldn't see; she was so muffled up, and drenched to the skin. She's queer somehow—all dragged and shivering and splashed with mud, and her hair tumbling down, and yet dressed like a lady. I should think she's a bit crazed."

"Or else in trouble. It must be something serious for her to—"

Some one knocked at the street door evidently with a shaking hand. "There she is," said the landlady. "Shall she come in, sir?"

"Of course."

The woman came in with a swishing sound of wet skirts dragging round her feet, and stopped short in the half-light near the door. The landlady, after one quick, suspicious glance, went away, shaking her head.

"I'm sorry I was out when you called," Jack began, rising. "You must be wet through," he said. "You wished to see me?"

There he broke off and drew back a step. The woman came towards him slowly, with a stumbling, swaying movement as though she were blindfolded. The hood of her cloak was drawn over her head; but as she dropped her arm he saw that the half-faded face was white and wild and haggard, and that the brow was broad and very level.

"Molly!" he cried.

She pushed back her hood and stared at him vacantly. She made two or three efforts to speak before any sound came from her lips.

"Yes," she said; "you were quite right."

"Molly! How did you—"

"Uncle has turned me out of the house. You said he would. I came to you—I hadn't anywhere else to go. Will you put me up for a night or two—"

"I'll try to find a room for you," he said. "I can't see—"

Her voice was sinking into an unintelligible murmur. He caught her by the arm.

"Sit down. You shall tell me about it afterwards. You must get off these wet things and—"

His touch seemed to rouse her; she shook her arm free.

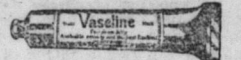
"I won't sit down till you understand. How do I know you'll take me

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in? I tell you, he has turned me out because—

"Good Heavens, child, what do I care why! Take this cloak off; one could wring a gallon of water out of it."

"He was unbuttoning the cloak. She flung it off suddenly and stepped into the light."

"Look," she said. He stood still, looking at her figure a moment passed before the truth flashed on him. She turned away with a slow, grave gesture, and stooped to pick up the wet heap lying on the floor; but he snatched it out of her hand with a cry.

"Oh, my poor little girl—and at uncle's mercy!"

He caught her up in a sudden passion of tenderness, and, lying her on the sofa, covered her hands with kisses. His vehement emotion roused no responding thrill in her; she only shivered faintly, passive in his arms.

"How cold you are! You must get off all these things at once. I'll fetch you some clean things; you'll have to manage with underclothes of mine and the blankets. Let me get your boots off first; I must cut them, I think."

When he had drawn the sofa to the fire and laid her on it, rolled up in the rug from his bed, he ran downstairs for hot-water bottles, boiling milk and brandy. Coming back with a faint tinge of natural color came back into her blue lips. She opened her eyes and looked at him gravely.

"Jack," she said, "did you understand?"

He was sitting on the edge of the sofa, chafing her hands. "Yes, my darling."

"And you—will take me in?" He pushed the damp hair from her forehead.

"Why, you little goose! Drink some hot milk and don't talk nonsense."

"No—no!" She drew herself away from him and sat up, her eyes glittering. "You want to be merciful, like Aunt Sarah. She tried to interfere yesterday—talked to uncle about the woman taken in adultery and the one sinner that repenteth. I've nothing to repent of; I'm not ashamed. You have to understand that before you take me in. My life is my own to keep or give away, and if I choose to run it and pay the cost—"

"You shall tell me all that afterwards, dear. Theories will keep, and your supper won't. Take this while it's hot."

She took the cup eagerly and tried to drink. Then, for the first time, she broke down. When she had grown quiet at last, he forced a little food on her with gentle persistence.

"When did you last have anything to eat?"

"I forgot. Some time yesterday. They found me in the afternoon—I think; or was it evening? Ah, yes, it was dark. I tried to find my way in the night; it was so cold on the moor, and my throat burned—I suppose it was the gale. I found a ruinous place, the water smelt of graves. Everything smelt of graves—and the sleet made me giddy—I fell so many times. That's why my hands are cut about this way."

"Were you out on the moor all night?" He spoke in a suppressed voice, harsh and low.

"Yes—I got to Penrhyn in the morning and caught the early train—you know, the cheap one. I was lucky, wasn't I? I shouldn't have had money enough for the express."

"Do you mean that he turned you out on to the moor alone, at night, in the storm, with no money?"

"It was because I wouldn't answer his questions. Aunt Sarah gave me a few shillings that she had over from something. And I had half a sovereign. I was threepence short for the railway ticket, but I had some postage stamps."

"Where did you get that bruise on your forehead?" he interrupted.

She hesitated a moment, then silently bared her right arm. It was stamped below the elbow with blue finger-marks.

"I don't think he meant it," she said softly.

"He struck you?" Jack asked in the same dead voice.

"He was trying to make me speak. I had refused to tell one—who the father is. He seemed to lose his temper bit by bit. He kept on repeating: 'Who? and wrenching my arm harder and harder. Then Aunt Sarah tried to stop him—and he knocked me down.'"

"There, that's enough. You'd better not tell me any more about uncle," he said presently, with his habitual quiet manner. "We came pretty near to killing each other once, you know; and I have you to look after now. Suppose we make a compact not to mention him again. I think I must get

your bed ready now, dear; and to-morrow we'll talk over our plans."

"But where will you sleep if I take your room?"

"Here, on the sofa, of course. We'll fit in this way for a week or two, and then get other lodgings. As soon as you are well enough, you must see about some clothes."

"But, Jack, I can't stay here, on your hands. It's all very well for one night, but I must find some work to-morrow."

"Dearest, work is not so easy to find all at once; and you're not in a state to do it, if it were. Rest a few days and then we'll see."

"Oh, you don't understand! There are more than two months still—and when the time comes—Do you think they'll take me in at any hospital, Jack?"

He turned round, shaken with mortal fear.

"Molly, you're not going to leave me."

"You wouldn't have me stay here and be a burden on you till the child is born? No, no; not for the world."

"Why not? Have they made you hate me so that you can't come to me when you want help?"

"You see, I came; I don't know why. I thought, somehow, you wouldn't turn me away. If you had, I should have—"

"Do you think I have so many joys in life that I can afford to turn away the sunlight when it comes in at my door. I can't give you up. Stay till it's over, anyhow; if you must go, then I shall have had you for a little while."

"You want me, really? For yourself? Not just out of pity? I don't want anybody's pity."

He laughed and clasped her in his arms.

(To be continued.)

DEPRIVITY OF THE GERMANS. People Live in Repulsive Immorality, Says a Berlin Paper.

The moral decay of the German nation continues to occupy a large share of the attention of the German press. The canker in the heart of the Kulturland has been in existence, of course, for many years, and to travellers, it has been notorious, because it is so open and unashamed; but only quite recently that the newspapers of the Fatherland have been moved to such unsavory frankness in its condemnation.

The conduct of the people, however, must be more flagrant than was suspected when even the Berlin "Kreuz Zeitung" is moved to make such a protest as that which follows:

"What a difference between the august days of last year and to-day! The exploitation of the distress and a shameless profit-hunger show of themselves like so many festers on the body of the nation."

"The people live a life of such repulsive immorality and indecency so shameless in its open ostentation and depravity, that soldiers returning home to heal their wounds turn away their heads in horror and ask themselves why they should sacrifice their lives and their health for such a people. However dark the picture seems on the surface, it is blacker by far beneath."

"And we talk about the religious and moral regeneration of our people and about the German spirit bringing about the world's salvation! Let us rather look at our own salvation. It is high time indeed, for unless we abandon, and that instantly, our criminal conduct, all the victories of our brave soldiers will not save us from that perdition towards which, as a nation we are rushing so fleetly."

Another aspect of this social decadence is dealt with in Maximilian Harden's review, "Die Zukunft," which makes some astonishing revelations:

"It is imperative and in the most vital interests of the German people that a solid barrier be placed against the hurried and reckless matrimonial alliances which, thanks to the cupidity of the tribes of marriage brokers, have been made in every part of the country."

"It is due to the brutal heartlessness, the sordid race after money of a great mass of our men, forcefully aided as they are by the vile marriage brokers, that young girls lightly sacrifice love, youth and happiness for a marriage that is in most cases nothing but a brutish enslavement."

The picture is even uglier, for the writer in the "Zukunft" declares that to-day in Berlin alone there are 30,000 divorced girl-wives.

SCIENCE FACTS. The development of a practical gas turbine engine is claimed in Switzerland.

The demand for their hides in South Africa is met by hatching crocodiles in incubators.

Boiled sea water has been found an excellent disinfectant for bullet wounds by a French surgeon.

The relative values of various kinds of coal are determined by X-rays with a method invented by French scientists.

Statistics have shown that American telephone operators answer calls two seconds quicker than their English cousins.

Experiments in rice cultivation in Porto Rico give promise of the island becoming an important producer of that grain.

French hospital attendants have succeeded in impregnating rubber gloves with the salts of certain metals and making them impervious to X-rays for the protection of persons using the rays.

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Of Interest to Farmers

Feeding Hogs for Market.

I question if it ever pays to keep hogs on a maintenance ration and then finish for market by heavy feeding in the last few weeks, said Prof. Geo. E. Day, at the Guelph Winter Fair.

His conclusion is based on the fact that young animals will make cheaper gains than older ones and it pays to hustle them right from the start. In experiments that we have conducted the following results have been obtained:

Weight.	Meal per 100 lbs. gain.
54 to 82	310
82 to 115	375
115 to 148	438
148 to 170	465

These figures show the more economical returns from feeding the young animals.

In another experiment at Guelph we had pigs, fed on meal and water alone, make 100 lbs. of gain on 280 lbs. of meal. It just happened that these were particularly good pigs, but the result goes to disprove the common claim that pigs cannot be fed at a profit without skim milk, but a good substitute for it is found in some of the best brands of tankage. And I would emphasize the fact that tankage is a food, not a tonic.

I would always supplement the best pasture with grain feeding, and I do not believe in letting pigs have too much range when they are intended for market. They can be put on pasture at 100 lbs. weight. Red clover is one of the best pasture grasses for pigs. Alfalfa is better for the pigs than the pigs are for the alfalfa. Here is a pasturing plan that we find good.

Divide the hog pasture into two equal plots. Plow one-half in the spring and sow to grain seeded down with clover. Cut the grain early for hay or green feed and in a short time there will be good pasture available for the pigs. This same field will afford spring pasture for the pigs until the grain has been cut off the second plot, seeded the second spring. Or again, clover hay may be gotten off by the end of June, and by the end of July the aftermath will afford good pasture for spring litters. Rape is not as good a pasture for hogs as clover. On pasture we would feed three-quarters of the full meal ration.

Milking Machine Solutions. The milking machine promises to solve to a certain extent the labor problem on the dairy farm; in this, it is a blessing. In some respects, however, the machine may be a menace, and, unless it be properly handled, there is a chance that the cheese factories of the land will be receiving worse milk in five years from now than they are now, and this deterioration due to mechanical milking.

The milking machine will produce clean milk; many dairymen in Canada have proved this to their satisfaction. But if the milking machine is to give universal satisfaction, the question of cleaning and the selection of solutions in which to keep the rubber parts of the machine must be given more consideration than they have received in the past.

Prof. Lund of Macdonald College recently took samples of solutions in which rubber parts were being kept on dairy farms, and in the cleanest of all the solutions sampled, there were 4,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter, and one solution actually had 110,000,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter. And yet this was called a sterilizing solution! At a recent meeting of Western Ontario factory men, Prof. Lund spoke on milking machine solutions as follows:

"Water itself is not good. A good solution must be a germicide. Lime water and salt solutions have not proved extensively used. Salt has not been satisfactory. Lime water is better, but it is difficult to get fresh unslaked lime. Slaked lime is useless for the purpose. We have found Wyandotte Cleanser used in making sterilizing solutions, but even the makers of Wyandotte will admit that it is useless for this purpose."

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PAINS AFTER EATING

WIND IN THE STOMACH—ACIDITY, HEADACHES—CONSTIPATION

ARE SIGNS OF INDIGESTION.

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From the Ocean Shore

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped By Waves of the Atlantic.

There are 81 women's institutes in New Brunswick. Over 1,000 Nova Scotia miners are said to have enlisted.

A large number of young French Acadians are volunteering for active service.

The late Joseph Matheson, Lower L'Ardoise, left \$15,000 to Dalhousie University.

The Fredericton-Gagetown section of the St. John Valley Railway has been finally completed.

Six hundred barrels of Annapolis Valley apples went from Digby, N.S., in one day recently to St. John.

Four parties of brown tail moth hunters have started on their annual survey of New Brunswick.

C. E. King, of Anaherst, is building the largest fish smoking building in the Maritime Provinces, at Buctouche.

Mr. George Carver, the "Oyster King" of Charlottetown, P.E.I., discovered magnificent twin pearls in an oyster the other day.

A guide who has camps on the Hobbique and Nepisiguit Rivers says there are 13 inches of snow in the headwaters and the lakes.

Workmen are busy excavating for the city approach to the new bridge at St. John, N.B., thus marking the beginning of a thorough car service.

The Customs returns for the month of November in Halifax show an increase for duty collected during the month of \$4,859.24 over November, 1914.

The city medical officer of Sydney, C.B., reports for the month of November 27 deaths and 31 births. There were 7 cases of diphtheria of a mild type.

The first of Newcastle's wounded heroes to arrive home from the battlefields of France is Corp. Robert F. Manderson, who received 17 wounds at Givenchy.

During the recent storm at Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, some \$2,000 worth of herring nets was destroyed, the boats having to leave them, although they were filled with fish.

During the past season a large number of cattle were shipped from Charlottetown, P.E.I., mainly to Newfoundland, the Senlac taking away about 70 head on each of her twelve trips.

The teachers of the Model School in Halifax will attend the short course at the Agricultural School at Sussex during the first week of January.

At Sand Point, N.B., the other day in exactly two hours and twenty minutes the 2,765 bags of letters and papers and 1,192 bags of parcel post were transferred from the S.S. Scandinavian to the mail train.

Among the bequests in the will of the late Lieut. G. W. Stairs of Halifax, was one of \$5,000 to Dalhousie University. The estimated value of the estate was \$46,000. Lieut. Stairs was killed in action with the 14th Battalion.

There are now almost four times as many dependents on the Patriotic Fund in St. John as there were at the beginning of December a year ago. The total number now is 821, and the amount distributed in relief last month was \$12,427, an average of about \$15.19 per family.

WAR PHRASES. Each Big War Accounts for a Number of Them.

Probably the first phrase coined in the present war was that which related to the treaty that Germany contemptuously tore up when it outraged the neutrality of Belgium. This was "A scrap of paper," a term which for many years will no doubt be used in connection with any breach of contract. "The thin red line" is an immortal phrase which has never been forgotten by Britishers since its origin at the time of the Battle of Inkerman. It referred to the heroic stand of the Highlanders, who withstood for hours the charges of the Russians without flinching, although they were greatly outnumbered. "The Girl I Left Behind me" was a phrase which came into being at the time of the Seven Years' War, when the "Tommyes" sang the melody as lustily as they do "Tipperary" to-day. "An army goes on its belly," said the Kaiser's grandfather at the time of the Franco-German war, and since then the phrase has been a popular one amongst military experts. William III. was another monarch who was responsible for a military saying which lived, when he stated that "Every bullet has its billet." "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" was an expression used by the Duke of Wellington on the battlefield of Waterloo, when he encouraged the British troops on to victory. A soldier humorist recently remarked that with so many omnibuses serving at the front at the present time the famous phrase might well be altered into "Up, Vanduggers, and at 'em!"

"There's something in this world beside money," "Yes," says the cynic, "there's the poorhouse."

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