

Aroostook Potatoes are Going to Texas

Austin, Texas, Oct. 23—More than 500,000 bushels of seed Irish potatoes will be shipped into Texas from Maine during the next three months, according to estimates of men who are in close touch with the potato-growing industry in this state. Last year four full cargoes of seed potatoes, aggregating about 75,000 sacks of three bushels each, entered Texas from Maine through the port of Galveston.

There promises to be nearly double the acreage of Irish potatoes planted the coming season over last season. Effective on Nov. 15, a carload rate of 35 cents per 100 pounds is announced for seed potato shipments from Stockton, Me., to Galveston, minimum carload weight to be 40,000 pounds, in connection with steamers of the Bull line to New York and the Morgan line, New York to Galveston.

BALD AT 35

KILL THE GERMS; NOURISH THE HAIR ROOTS AND YOU'LL NEVER GROW BALD—USE PARISIAG SAGE.

It's your own fault if you grow bald at 35 as thousands of men do—yes! and women also. If you have dandruff it is because the germs are already devouring the very life of the hair at its roots.

Kill these germs with Parisian Sage and stop dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair in two weeks.

It's guaranteed, you know this delightful and refreshing Parisian Sage that is now sold all over Canada, and if it does not prove better than any other hair tonic you ever used, get your money back. It puts life and beauty into dull faded hair. Large bottle at E. W. Mafr's and druggists everywhere. Regular price 50 cents.

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Because it is unusual, and no other source can supply the same kind of reading. The fact and fiction are novel, and every line is fit to read aloud. A year of The Youth's Companion as it is to-day is of inexpressible entertainment and benefit to the family. In quantity, it provides more than any other American monthly periodical—and is the more appreciated because it comes fifty-two times a year instead of twelve. The Companion as it is to-day, enlarged, and broadened in scope, including the Family Page, the Boys' Page, and the Girls' Page as departments, with eight splendid serials and 250 shorter stories, its accurate and impartial editorials, Science and Current Events, makes a volume of matter that touches every genuine interest of the family.

So carefully is it edited, so varied is its contents, that a family would be well supplied with entertaining fiction, up-to-date information and wholesome fun, if no other periodical entered the home.

If you are not familiar with The Companion as it is to-day, let us send you sample copies containing chapters from Frank Lillie Pollock's great Canadian serial, "The Timber Treasure," and the Announcement for 1914.

New subscribers who send \$2.25 for the fifty-two issues of 1914 will receive free the remaining issues of 1913, and a copy of The Companion Practical Home Calendar in addition.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New Subscriptions Received at this Office.

A WELL-KNOWN MAN

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Dear Sirs,—I can recommend your MINARD'S LINIMENT for Rheumatism and Sprains, as I have used it for both with excellent results. Yours truly, T. B. LAVERS, St. John.

The two greatest expansions of the British Empire have taken place under Britain's two greatest Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria.

Be in earnest about your home. Make it bright, make it pretty. Touch it up with paint—Ramsay's Paints. Be sure you use Ramsay's. It goes so far. Ask about it. A. E. Jones will show you these paints in many colors.

The Youngest Set

away. A few moments later as she laid it on the library table her eyes involuntarily noted the superscription written in the long, angular, fashionable writing of a woman.

And slowly the inevitable question took shape within her. How long she stood there she did not know, but the points of her gloved fingers were still resting on the table and her gaze was still concentrated on the envelope when she felt Selwyn's presence in the room, near, close, and looked up into his steady eyes—and knew he loved her.

And suddenly she broke down, for with his deep gaze in hers the overwrought specter had fled.

"What is it?" he made out to say, managing also to keep his hands off her where she sat, bowed and quivering by the table.

"Nothing—a little crisis—over now—nearly over. It was that letter—other women writing you—and I—out-lavé—tongue tied. Don't look at me; don't wait. I—I am going out."

He went to the window, stood a moment, came back to the table, took his letter and walked slowly again to the window.

After awhile he heard the rustle of her gown as she left the room, and a little later he straightened up, passed his hand across his tired eyes and, looking down at the letter in his hand, broke the seal.

It was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Mrs. Ruthven is physically in perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were during the day intervals that seemed perfectly lucid. Once she spoke of Miss Bond as 'the other nurse,' as though she realized something of the conditions surrounding her. Once, too, she seemed astonished when I brought her a doll and asked me, 'Is there a child here, or is it for a charity bazaar?'"

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it unfinished when she went to drive, a mere scrap. I thought it best to inclose it, which I do herewith."

The inclosure he opened: "Oh, dear, though I have been very ill, I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream of terror."

And that was all, only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He studied it for a moment or two, then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if he was not speaking to Mrs. Ruthven. I was a trifle worried and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me. That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison; the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business address."

"When I found that they had come without your knowledge and authority I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's condition, and the one who said his name was Hallam spoke rather peremptorily and in a way that made me think he might be a lawyer."

"They got nothing out of me, and they left when I made it plain that I had nothing to tell them."

"I thought it best to let you know about this, though I personally cannot guess what it might mean."

Selwyn turned the page: "One other matter worries Miss Bond and myself. The revolver you sent us at my request has disappeared. We are nearly sure Mrs. Ruthven has it—you know she once dressed it as a doll, calling it her army doll—but now we can't find it. She has hidden it somewhere—out of doors in the shrubbery, we think—and Miss Bond and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn party.'"

"Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity."

He turned the last page. On the other side were merely the formula of leave taking and Miss Casson's signature.

For awhile he stood in the center of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it and walked to the table where a directory lay.

He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven. He knew that.

Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island. What was Ruthven after?

Chapter 28

RUTHVEN was after his divorce. That was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupefying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was laying his own plans to marry some day in the future, and at first the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

But Ruthven instantly began to realize that what he had lost he might not have lost had he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had forestalled him. The chance had

passed—now particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to at least make the effort to seize it.

Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her, but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the Niagara, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not intending such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

Ruthven needed money. He needed it because he meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit, whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, living in the country, maintaining a villa and staff of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a groom on the rumble and a companion beside her; that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy, in body and mind, comfortable, happy and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and at certain times was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

Excited, incredulous, but hoping for the worst, Ruthven had posted off to his attorneys. To them he naively confessed his desire to be rid of Alice. He reported her misconduct with Neergard—which he knew was a lie—her pretense of mental prostration, her disappearance and his last interview with Selwyn in the card room. He also gave a vivid description of that gentleman's disgusting behavior and his threats of violence during that interview.

To all of which his attorneys listened very attentively, bade him have no fear of his life, requested him to make several affidavits and leave the rest to them for the present.

Which he did, without hearing from them until Mr. Hallam telegraphed him to come to Edgewater if he had nothing better to do.

Mr. Hallam was a very busy, very sanguine, very impetuous young man, and when he met Ruthven at the Edgewater station he told him promptly that he had the best case on earth; that he, Hallam, was going to New York on the next train, now almost due, and that Ruthven had better drive over and see for himself how gaily his wife maintained her household, for the Cossack sleigh, with its gray crimson tchug, had but just returned from the usual afternoon spin, and the young chataineau of Willow Villa was now on the snow covered lawn, romping with the coachman's huge white wolfhound. Ruthven drove to the villa.

There were clumps of evergreens about, tall cedars, a bit of bushy foreland and a stretch of snow. And across this open space of snow a young girl was moving, followed by a white wolfhound. Once she paused, hesitated, looked cautiously around her. Ruthven, hiding behind a bush, saw her thrust her arm into a low evergreen shrub and draw out a shining object that glittered like glass. Then she started toward the house again.

At first Ruthven thought she was his wife. Then he was not sure, and he cast his cigar away and followed, slinking forward among the evergreens. But the youthful, fur clad figure kept straight on to the veranda of the house, and Ruthven, curious and determined to find out whether it was Alice or not, left the seat-shelter of the evergreens and crossed the open space just as the woman's figure disappeared around an angle of the veranda.

Vexed, determined not to return without some definite discovery, Ruthven stepped upon the veranda. Just around the angle of the porch he heard a door opening, and he hurried forward, impatient and absolutely unafraid, anxious to get one good look at his wife and be off.

But when he turned the angle of the porch there was no one there. Only an open door confronted him, with a big, mild eyed wolfhound standing in the doorway looking steadily up at him.

Ruthven glanced somewhat dubiously at the dog; then as the animal made no offensive movement he craned his fleshy neck striving to see inside the house.

He did see—nothing very much, only the same young girl, still in her furs, emerging from an inner room, her arms full of dolls.

In his eagerness to see more Ruthven pushed past the great white dog, who withdrew his head disdainfully from the unceremonious contact, but quietly followed Ruthven into the house, standing beside him, watching him out of great, limpid, deerlike eyes.

But Ruthven no longer heeded the dog. His amused and slightly sneering gaze was fastened on the girl in furs who had entered what appeared to be a living room to the right and now, down on her knees beside a couch, smiling and talking confidentially and quite happily to herself, was placing her dolls against the wall.

Then the great white dog growled very low, and the girl in the fur jacket looked around and up quickly.

Then she realized it as she caught his pale eyes fixed on her, and she stared, sprang to her feet, still staring. Then into her eyes leaped terror, the living horror of recognition distorting her face. And as she saw he meant to speak she recoiled, shrinking away, turning in her fright like a hunted thing. The strange doll in her hand glittered. It was a revolver wrapped in a red rag.

"What's the matter?" he stammered, stepping forward, fearful of the weapon she clutched.

But at the sound of his voice she screamed, crept back closer against the wall, screaming again, pushing the shining muzzle of the weapon deep into her fur jacket above her breast.

"For God's sake," he gasped, "don't fire—don't!"

She closed both eyes and pulled the trigger. Something knocked her flat against the wall, but she heard no sound of a report, and she pulled the trigger again and felt another blow.

The second blow must have knocked her down, for she found herself rising to her knees, reaching for the table to aid her. But her hand was all red and slippery. She looked at it stupidly, fell forward, rose again, with the acid smell of smoke choking her and her pretty fur jacket all soaked with the warm, wet stuff which now stained both hands.

Then she got to her knees once more, groped in the rushing darkness and swayed forward, falling loosely and flat. And this time she did not try to rise.

It was her way. It had always been her way out of trouble—the quickest, easiest escape from what she did not choose to endure.

As for the man, they finally contrived to drag the dog from him and lift him to the couch, where he lay twitching among the dolls for awhile then stopped twitching.

Later in the night men came with lanterns, who carried him away. A doctor said that there was the best chance for partial recovery. But it was the last excitement he could ever venture to indulge in.

Chapter 29

ONE day is the period of time allotted the human mind in which to wonder at anything. In New York the limit is much less. No tragedy can hold the boards as long as that where the bill must be renewed three times a day to hold over the passing attention of those who themselves are eternal understudies in the continuous metropolitan performance.

As for Selwyn, a few people noticed his presence at the funeral. But even that episode was forgotten before he left the city six hours later under an invitation from Washington which admitted of no delay on the score of private business or of personal perplexity, for the summons was peremptory, and his obedience so immediate that a telegram to Austin comprised and concluded the entire ceremony of his leave taking.

Later he wrote a great many letters to Eileen Burrell, not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his silence was no mystery to her, and her response was silence as profound as the stillness in her soul. But deep into her young heart something new had been born.

In April the armored ships left the southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Virginia capes and left him there. During his stay there was almost constant firing. Later he continued northward as far as Washington, but it was not until June that he telegraphed Austin:

Government satisfaction. Appropriation certain next session. Am on my way to New York.

Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been detained and might not be able to grace the festivities which were to consist of a neighborhood dinner to the younger set in honor of Mrs. Gerald. But he said nothing about Selwyn, and Nina did not suspect that her brother's arrival in New York had anything to do with Austin's detention.

As Selwyn came leisurely up the front steps Austin, awaiting him fervently, hastened to smooth the florid jocosé mask over his features and walked into the room, big hand extended, large, bantering voice undisturbed by the tremor of a welcome which filled his heart and came near filling his eyes.

"Do you've stuck the poor old government at last, have you? Took 'em all in—forts, feet and the marine cavalry!"

"Sure thing," said Selwyn, laughing in the crushing grasp of the big fist. "How are you, Austin? Everybody's in the country, I suppose," glancing around at the linen shrouded furniture. "How is Nina? And the kids? Good business? And Eileen?"

"She's all right," said Austin. "Glad she's really a superb speedster this

summer. Where's your ingage? Oh, is it all here? Enough, I mean, for us to catch a train for Silverside this afternoon?"

"Has Nina any room for me?" asked Selwyn.

"Room! Certainly! I didn't tell her you were coming, because if you hadn't the kids would have been horribly disappointed. She and Eileen are giving a shindy for Gladys—that's Gerald's new acquisition, you know. So if you don't mind butting into a baby show we'll run down. It's only the younger bunch from Hitherwood House and Brookminster. What do you say, Phil?"

Selwyn said that he would go, hesitating before consenting. A curious feeling of age and grayness had suddenly come over him, a hint of fatigue, of consciousness that much of life lay behind him.

So Austin went to the telephone and called up his house at Silverside, saying that he'd be down that evening with a guest.

Nina got the message just as she had arranged her tables, but woman is born to sorrow and distress to all the unlooked for idiocies of man.

"Dear," she said to Eileen, the tears of uxorial vexation drying unshed in her pretty eyes. "Austin has thought fit to seize upon this moment to bring a man down to dinner. So if you are dressed would you kindly see that the tables are rearranged and then telephone somebody to fill in—two girls, you know? The oldest Craig girl might do for one. Beg her mother to let her come."

"Whom is Austin bringing?" Eileen asked.

"He didn't say. Can't you think of a second girl to get? Isn't it vexing? Of course there's nobody left—nobody ever fills in in the country. Do you know, I'll be driven into letting Gerald sit up with us—for sheer lack of material. I suppose the little imp will have a fit if I suggest it and probably perish of indigestion tomorrow."

Eileen laughed. "Oh, Nina, do let Drina come this once! It can't hurt her."

And so it happened that, among the jolly throng which clustered around the little candle lighted tables in the dining room at Silverside, Drina, in ecstasy, curly hair just above the nape of her slim white neck and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited as long as she dared. Then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl, and as there were to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Eileen, with the two children on either hand and two empty chairs flanking Eileen.

At dinner Drina and the younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self destruction, and Boots' eyes opened wider and wider in sheer amazement at the capacity of woman in embryo for rations sufficient to maintain a small garrison.

"There'll be a couple of reports," he said to himself, with a shudder, "like Selwyn's chaotic, and then there'll be no more Drina and Daisy. Hello!" He broke off, astonished. "Well, upon my word of words! Phil Selwyn, or I'm a broker!"

"Phil!" exclaimed Nina. "Oh, Austin, and you never told us!"

"Train was late, as usual," observed Austin. "Philip and I don't mean to butt into this very grand function—Hello, Gerald! Hello, Gladys! Where's our obscure corner below the salt, Nina? Oh, over there!"

Selwyn had already caught sight of the table destined for him. A deeper color crept across his beamed face as he stepped forward, and his firm hand closed over the slim hand offered.

For a moment neither spoke. She could not. He dared not.

Then Drina caught his hands, and Eileen's loosened in his clasp and fell



For a moment neither spoke.

away as the child said distinctly: "I'll kiss you after dinner. It can't be done here, can it, Eileen?"

Selwyn, beside Eileen, had ventured on the formalities, his voice unsteady and not yet his own.

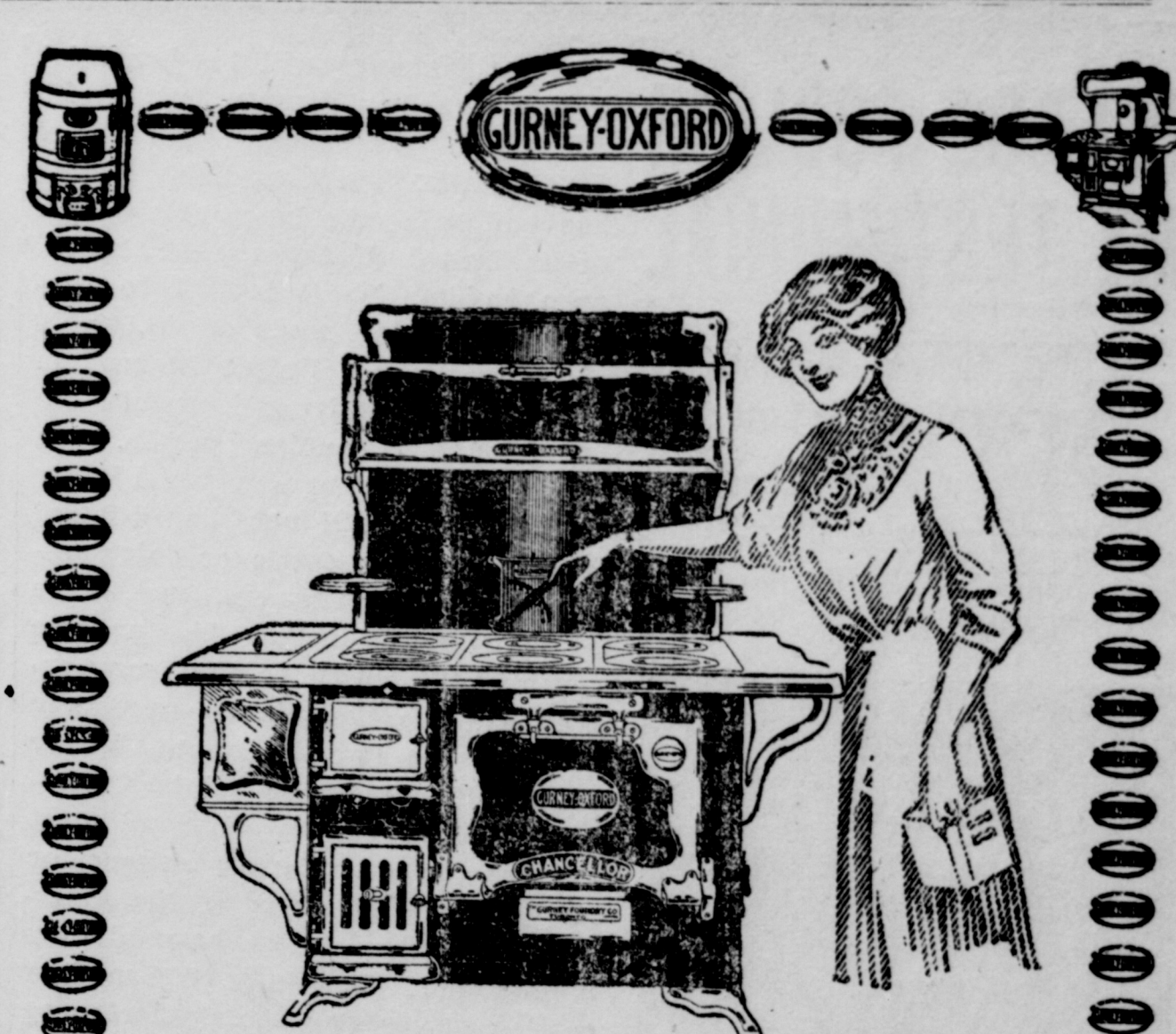
Her loveliness had been a memory. He had supposed he realized it to himself, but the superb fresh beauty of the girl dazzled him. There was a strange new radiance, a living brightness, to her that seemed almost unreal. Exquisitely unreal her voice, too, and the slightly bent head crowned with the splendor of her hair, and the slowly raised eyes, two deep blue miracles tinged with the hues of paradise.

"Are you remaining to smoke?" asked Eileen as Selwyn took her to the doorway after dinner. "Because if you are not I'll wait for you."

"On the lawn out there—farther out, in the starlight," he whispered, his voice broke, "my darling!"

She bent her head, passing slowly before him, turned, looked back, her answer in her eyes, her lips, in every limb, every line and contour of her, as she stood a moment looking back.

Austin and Boots were taking volubly when he returned to the tables now veiled in a fine haze of aromatic smoke. Gerald stuck close to him, hugging, ex-



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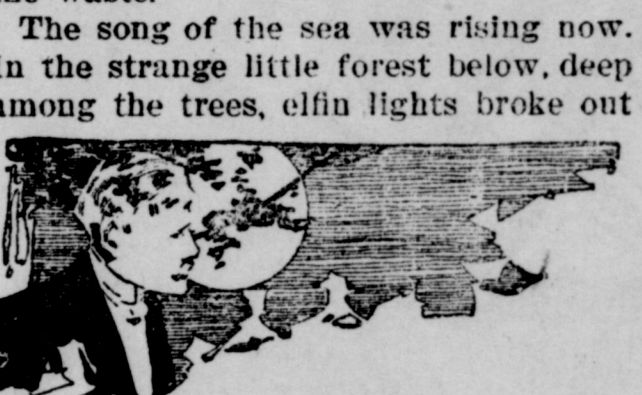
Business is Business

"PATRIOTS" OF 1911 NO LONGER AFRAID OF TRADE WITH STATES.

During the election campaign of 1911 the anti-reciprocity high tariff interests bombarded the English speaking people of Canada with declarations that if "the pact" were ratified and Canada should trade more freely with her neighbors the Dominion would be pried out of the Empire and become a mere adjunct to the United States. After two years of the Borden Government Canada imports three times as much from the States as from Great Britain and exports almost as much south of the border as to the Mother country. It is certain that with the great reduction of the American tariff Canada's exports to the States will increase proportionately.

Where now is the "committee of eighteen," whose words and money were so much to the front in 1911? Where is "British born" Arthur Hawkes? Where do the Toronto World and News stand? The noisy Union Jack fever of two years ago has cooled. The noble eighteen are silent as long as their own high tariff protection is secure, while their selling power to the States is increased. Arthur Hawkes has become disgusted with the "empty shell" Naval subterfuge of Mr. Borden. The Toronto News and World are demanding the abrogation of the Canadian duty on wheat and flour so that Canadian wheat and flour may go free to the States.

After such a somersault perhaps here long Mr. Blomfield will be offering to patch up the holes in the Union Jack he used to be so eloquent about, and will enlist Bourassa, Nantel, Codere, Pelletier and the rest of the Nationalists of the Tory Alliance into support of a Naval policy which will include Canadian ships, manned by Canadians and controlled by the Canadian Government, as part of the Imperial navy.



He halted to listen.

across the unseen Briar Water, then vanished. He halted to listen. He looked long and steadily into the darkness around him. Suddenly he saw her—a pale blur in the dusk.

"Eileen?"

"Is it you, Philip?" She stood waiting as he came up through the purple gloom of the moonland, the stars' brilliancy silencing her—waiting—yielding in pallid silence to his arms, crushed in them, looking into his eyes, dumb, wordless.

Then slowly the pale sacrament changed as the wild rose tint crept into her face. Her arms clung to his shoulders, higher, tightened around his neck. And from her lips she gave into his keeping soul and body, guiltless as God gave it, to have and to hold beyond such incidents as death and the eternity that all men cling to save in the arms of such as she.

THE END.

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