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QUICK QUAKER OATS

Cooks in 2½ minutes after the water boils

The Old Order Changes

By DAVID LYALL

(Continued)

"They're closin' up the whole of the west wing, ma'am main' it into little 'ouses' so to speak," said Miles, his well-trained muscles set in the usual immobility, though inwardly he was both upset and amused by the whole matter.

"Little houses! in heaven's name what for?"

"For the folks in the village, ma'am. Young Willocks, and Joe Harbottle, and the folks at the toll-'ouse. They's all comin' in 'ere as soon as the workmen are out. No they won't come in by this door, they're to have an entrance round at the back. Squire he arranged it all, and a powerful lot of thinkin' up it needed, ma'am.

Mrs. Manning, speechless, turned to Ansell, pointing to her wraps and dressing-case.

"Do you know if my rooms are all right, any of you?"

"Oh, yes, nothing has been touched there. The east wing's all the same as it was. Squire, 'e was very careful about keepin' 'em locked since ever you went away, ma'am."

That at least was comforting, but as she went up by the secondary staircase, directed thither by Sarah Miles, curtsying in the background, her expression was extraordinarily bitter.

"It is a crime, Ansell," she said in a shrill tense voice which indicated the depth of her feeling. "A crime, and I wonder the dead-and-gone Mannings don't rise from their graves and protest. What has happened to the Long Gallery, do you know, Sarah, where all the portraits are?"

"The portraits are to be left, ma'am, but partitions have been put up there. It's a dear little 'ouse, now three rooms. Joe Harbottle and Susie Tapp are to 'ave that. They was married yesterday."

Mrs. Manning's hands were trembling as she sank into a chair in her own boudoir. She looked round hungrily, and if a single article had been missing or out of place she would have detected it. But none were missing. Geoffrey had respected her belongings.

"We have not come back a minute too soon, Sarah," she said to her old servant. "What are the village people saying about all this? Aren't they shocked?"

"Well, not to say shocked, ma'am," said Sarah, her hands folded demurely under her apron. "They're very glad to get the 'ouses, of course, and the toll house is to be pulled down and a pretty cottage for the Figgits built where it is Miles 'as seen the plans. Wouldn't mind it hisself, 'e says."

"Oh, indeed, every ancient landmark is evidently to be destroyed! Well, listen, Sarah, I shall be moving into Normanton immediately, and I shall require you and Miles to take up your residence with me. You will be perfectly able to do all the cooking I require, for a time at least, and we shall get a couple of village girls to train. That will amuse you, and I'm sure that you will do it well," she said by way of encouragement. But Sarah's face did not betray any very lively elation at this prospect.

"Can't we be day servants, ma'am, same as we've been?" she suggested respectfully. "Oblige for a time like. I don't feel that I wants to take on real service again. I'm older ma'am, and 'ave got used to 'avin' me own little 'ouse."

"Don't be silly, Sarah, you're not old at all, you don't look a day more than you did when you left me," Mrs. Manning said in her most arbitrary way. "I'll pay you well and don't let me hear another word against it. Somebody has got to stand by the old name, you know, Sarah. Heaven alone knows what is going to happen to it."

Had Sarah been able to claim free speech she might have said that wonderful things were happening to the old name, that it was being invested with a new and very sweet savour of warm human feeling, sympathy and understanding. That some ancient landmarks indeed were being removed in the process seemed of very little account. It might be that Mrs. Manning sensed some inner revolt in the mentality of her old servant, for she dismissed her with a rather weary gesture.

"You can go, Sarah, we shall talk over it again. I shall speak to Miles. After all you owe to Mardocks, surely neither he nor you will leave your old mistress in the lurch. We shall go to Normanton to-morrow. No doubt when you have seen how they have improved it you will feel quite glad. You have always complained that your cottages is damp, you know," she



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added as an afterthought. "There will be no damp now at Normanton, thought Mrs. Linacre said it was very damp. I have had the very latest improvements and remedies installed and central heating, and I will see that you have two rooms, so that you can set out your own furniture and imagine you have your little home just as it was. See how anxious I am for your welfare. There are no friends like the old ones, Sarah, now please go away."

CHAPTER XXIV

About a week later when the November mists had begun to hang low, and almost continuously over the valley of the Forder, the young couple came home. They began what appeared to impartial observers to be a very pretty comedy. "To call or not to call" was the momentous decision to be taken.

Except in very few instances the country did its duty, somewhat to the Hon. Mrs. Manning's surprise. She did not pause to ask how much curiosity had to do with it. The air was thick with rumours as to the drastic changes this extraordinary couple were to bring about, and no story about their alleged doings was too fantastic to be accepted. Had they been a couple of savages from some cannibal island, they could not have been more grotesquely commented on than they were by a certain section of the country. That the former chataleine of the great house had taken up her penance and solitary abode at Normanton merely added piquancy to the situation. Very few of the carriages or motors that conveyed callers to Mardocks did not afterwards stop at Normanton. To hear Mrs. Manning's comments, added zest to what all conceded was an interesting afternoon. Mrs. Manning was surprised and a trifle chagrined that the country had no followed her lead.

One afternoon, a very beautiful car with a dual crest drew up, purring softly at the white gate of Normanton, as the Duchess of Calmont was announced.

Mrs. Manning was overjoyed, they had not met for some time, in fact the comings and goings between Mardocks and Castle Rigge had been rather few. Mrs. Manning had made a beautiful dwelling place out of Normanton, and her new drawing-room was as replete with every comfort as an upholsterer's cata-

logue. She had removed some things from Mardocks Hall that were not entitled to a place in any lower house, being exclusive heirlooms of the old house, but her successors were not inclined either to count their belongings or to grudge her what she coveted and had taken away. It would not have seriously disturbed them had she removed the bulk of the furniture. They would have found enough for their simple needs. The real fact was they did not in the least know what had been taken. They had not called at the Dover House, waiting by mandate of Geoffrey himself for some sign of grace from that quarter.

He bore no malice, but where Mary was concerned he had what he believed to be a proper pride. She had already made sufficient advance he decided, it now remained for his aunt to make the next.

"Oh, my dear Duchess, what a pleasure!" she cried, rising swiftly to greet the mountainous figure in furs waddling into the restricted area of the new drawing-room. "To come to my little simple house, how good of you!"

NO HALFWAY MEASURE WHEN THIS BIRD HEADS SOUTH

One of the most remarkable features of animal life is the seasonal trips made by birds, beasts and in some cases fish.

Among the most spectacular flights are those of the golden plover, which travels some 8000 miles from the Hudson Bay region and winters in the Argentine.

The Arctic tern migrates almost from the North Pole to the South Pole and back again each year. Few western birds pass the equator in their southward flights, however, Mexico being about as far south as they generally go.

The uncanny sense of direction shown by animals is one of the most baffling problems of naturalists.

"There was a time," said young Rakeleigh, who had gone through a fortune when people used to say I had more money than brains. But they can't say it now."

"Why not?" asked Pepprey.

"Because I'm down to my last dollar now."

"Well, but you've got the dollar."

Eczema On Hands
Couldn't Put Them In Water

Mrs. Solomon Rehkopf, R.R. No. 1, Neustadt, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with eczema for four years, and it was so bad I could not put my hands in water. I found Burdock Blood Bitters the only medicine that would give me any relief, and after taking four bottles the eczema had all left me. I can now do my own washing, and wish to give thanks to B.B.B. for what it has done for me."

Professor Gives Notice of Entry Into Public Life

MONTREAL, Feb. 11.—Prof. Edouard Montpetit, well-known economist, director of the department of social, economic and political sciences of the University of Montreal, recently announced that from now on it is his intention to take a more active part in public affairs. This important decision has aroused much interest in political and intellectual circles, as the professor never took an active part in public life, and this new attitude on his part is considered in some quarters quite a departure from deeply rooted traditions.

In answer to a number of questions, Prof. Montpetit replied as follows:

"Society may be considered as divided in two groups, one composed of people actively engaged in politics and generally called politicians, and the other of theorists or intellectuals, whose action is rather limited to their university lectures or their office research work.

"Strange to say, many people contend that the theorists do not take an active part in the discussion of public affairs. It is no doubt due to their lack of active participation in public meetings, or in the discussion of public issues that they are considered only as theorists—idealists, without immediate contact with reality.

"From my point of view there exists, in French Canada, at any rate, a sort of deadlock between these two groups I have just spoken of.

"Do you not believe that this state of affairs is deplorable? It prohibits, in a certain way, people from expressing freely their views on matters of national importance. Many voices are not heard, and will not be heard, although the nation is composed of all elements and each and every one should have at least an equal say on important public issues.

"If free speech is granted to all other classes, why should university people be excluded? In the discussion of public problems the theorists, precisely on account of their university training, are inclined to consider public issues from all angles, weighing carefully the arguments offered for and against, before pronouncing an opinion or giving a judgment. The opinion of the theorist is, generally speaking, moderate, couched in careful terms, because of the fact that he is not himself personally interested in the fight.

"It is not so long ago that Prof. Odeclair Godbout, one of agricultural experts attached to St. Anna de la Pocatiere College, ran for office in L'Islet county. His election was the occasion of much rejoicing because Prof. Godbout, whose experience had been limited to theory, took immediate contact with the rural class of this province. In a short time he was made Minister of Agriculture in the Quebec Legislature."

Prof. Montpetit hopes to come in closer contact with the people of this province, to debate in public some of the theories evolved before the limited number of pupils who have listened to his lectures for the past fifteen years.

MAY END SUBVENTION OF MUNICIPAL MUSIC

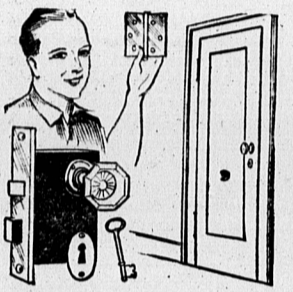
(Canadian Press)

BOURNEMOUTH, Eng., Feb. 11.—The fate of municipal music at Bournemouth hangs in the balance, and this municipality's subvention of its orchestra may end, owing to the heavy loss entailed. For years it has cost the town thousands of dollars to maintain the subsidy, but the expenditure has been considered worth while on the ground that, as a distinctive feature of the social life of the place, it has attracted visitors and has proved a powerful advertising medium.

It is the heavy loss on the new municipal Pavilion that is bringing the orchestra into a limelight different from that to which it has been long accustomed. There is a feeling in some quarters that the continual subsidizing of the orchestra from the rates may not be justified in an age in which there are so many counter-attractions for which the public show a preference.

When the orchestra performed at the Winter Gardens the average annual loss, during recent years, was about \$25,000. With the opening of the Pavilion, in March, 1929, there were hopes that more people would be attracted. At the end of the first year there was a deficit of nearly \$95,000 on the Pavilion, a building which cost the town more than \$1,000,000. For the six months ended September 30 last there was a loss on the concert hall of \$10,810, which is \$4,000 more than the deficit on the opening six months, when the Pavilion was something of a novelty alike for visitors and residents. These figures embrace the prosperous summer months when the resort is full of holiday people. At a recent meeting of the Town Council it was stated that for a big symphony concert during the Christmas season, when many visitors were about, the receipts were \$300, and that when Miss Gladys Fields, the comedienne, was

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The New Beau: Oh, I'll have the light in the parlor out long before that time.



Father: Do you think his intentions are serious?
Daughter: I'm sure they are. His attentions are so ridiculous.



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Billie Balfour was very busy with a soccer ball when the Scott's Emulsion reporter snapped the above picture in front of this young man's home, 146 Douglas Drive, Rosedale, Toronto. We had learned from his mother, Mrs. C. E. Balfour, that Billie had no use at all for plain cod-liver oil. And just to see if her boy would take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil more willingly, she asked Billie to try some.

Billie swallowed a spoonful. He grinned. "Say, it tastes fine!"

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present on the following day the takings went up to \$1,900.

FAMILY FORMS ITS OWN ORCHESTRA

LE ROY, Ill., Feb. 11.—Henry O'Neal has 10 children in his family and all of them are capable musicians.

Emery plays the banjo; Robert, the violin; Bonnie and Millie, the piano; Rollie the saxophone; Herman, drums; and so on down the list.

Millie, a sophomore in Le Roy high school, is the only one who has had musical training.

A larger and lighter golf ball is now being used in America. They are still some who hope that the next invention will be a golf ball with the homing instinct.—Punch.



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