

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAP. XII.—(Cont'd.)
"No, of course it doesn't," admitted John Denby, with a sigh. "But, come, Burke,"—his eyes grew wistful,—"don't let this silly whim of Helen's spoil everything. Fretting never did help anything, and perhaps, after all, it's the best thing that could have happened. A meeting between you, in Helen's present temper, could have resulted only in unhappiness. Obviously Helen is piqued and angry at your suggesting a separation for a time. She determined to give it to you—but to give it to you a little sooner than you wanted. That's her way of getting back at you. That's all. Let her alone. She'll come to her senses in time. Oh, write, of course," he hastened to add, in answer to the expression on his son's face. "But don't expect a reply too soon. You must remember you have given a pretty big blow to her pride. I wish she had looked at the matter sensibly, of course; but probably that was too much to expect."

"I'm afraid it was—of—" Biting his lips, Burke pulled himself up sharply. "I'll go and write my letter," he finished, wearily.

And John Denby echoed the long sigh he drew.

It was January when John Denby and his son returned from their Asia Minor trip. The long and rather serious illness of John Denby in November, and the necessary slowness of their journeying thereafter, had raised a series of delays very trying to both father and son.

To neither John Denby nor Burke had the trip been an entire success. Burke, in spite of his joy at being with his father and his delight in the traveling itself, could not get away from the shadow of an untimely bottle of ink in a Dale Street flat. At times, with all the old English enthusiasm and lightness of heart, he entered into whatever came; but underneath it all, and forever cropping up, was a surge of anger, a bitterness of heart.

Not once, through the entire trip, had Burke heard from his wife. Their mail, of course, had been infrequent and irregular; but, from time to time, a batch of letters would be found waiting for them, and always, with feverish eagerness, Burke had scanned the envelopes for a sight of Helen's familiar scrawl. He had never found it, and he was very crossy thereat. He was not worried or frightened. Any Denby of the Dalton Denbys was too well known not to have any vital information concerning him or her communicated to the family headquarters. If anything had happened to either Helen or the child, he would have known it, of course, through Brett. This silence could mean, therefore, but one thing: Helen's own wish that he should not hear. He felt that he had a right to be angry. He pictured Helen happy, gay in her new finery, queening it over her old school friends in Wenton, and nursing wrath and resentment against himself (else why did she not write?)—and the picture did not please him.

He had suggested separation (for a time), to be sure; but he had not suggested total annihilation of all intercourse! If she did not care to say anything for herself, she might, at least, be decent enough to let him hear as to the welfare of his child, he reasoned indignantly.

On one course of action he was determined. As soon as he returned home he would go to Helen and have it out with her. If she wished to carry such absurd lengths her unreasonable pique at his perfectly reasonable suggestion, he wanted to know it at once, and not live along this way! Under these circumstances it is not strange, perhaps, that the trip, for Burke, was not an unalloyed joy; and the delays, in addition to giving him no little anxiety for his father, fretted him almost beyond endurance.

As to John Denby—he, too, could not get away from the shadow of an untimely bottle of ink. Besides suffering the reflection of its effect on his son, in that son's moodiness and frequent lack of enthusiasm, he had no small amount of it on his own account.

Burke's word-picture of that evening's catastrophe had been a vivid one; and John Denby could not forget it. He realized that it meant much in many ways. The fact that it had been followed by Helen's ominous silence did not lessen his uneasy questionings. He wondered if, after all, he had done the wise thing in bringing about this temporary separation. He still believed, in his heart, that he had. But he did not seem to find much happiness in that belief. In spite of his supreme joy and content in his son's companionship, he found himself many a time almost wishing the trip were over. And the delays at the end were fully as great a source of annoyance to himself as they were to his son. He, as well as Burke, therefore, heaved a long sigh of relief as the train drew into the Dalton station, bringing into view the old Denby family carriage (John Denby did not

care for motor cars), with old Horace on the box, and with Brett near by, plainly waiting to extend a welcoming hand. Brett's face was white and a little strained-looking. John Denby, noticing it through the car window, remarked to his son:—"Guess Brett will be glad to see us. He looks tired. Overworked, I fear. Faithful fellow—that, Burke! We owe him our trip, anyway. But who supposed it was going to prolong itself away into January like this?" "Who did, indeed?" murmured Burke, as he followed his father from the car.

Burke Denby had not been home half an hour, when, his face drawn and ashen, he strode into the library where his father was sitting before the fire.

"Father, Helen has not been at Wenton at all," he said in the tragically constrained voice of a man who is desperately trying to keep himself from exploding into ravings and denunciations.

John Denby came erect in his chair. "Not been there? What do you mean? How do you know?"

"Brett. I found these upstairs in my room—every letter I've written her—even the first one from here before I left—returned unopened, marked, 'Unclaimed, address unknown,' together with a letter from Brett in explanation. I've just been talking with him on the phone, too."

"So that's it—why he looked so at the station! What did he say? Why didn't he let you know before?" "He says it was a long time before the first letter came back. He knew we were away up in the mountains, and would be very likely started for home before he could reach us with it, anyway. And this would only worry us, and trouble us, and make our return trip a horror—without helping a bit."

"Quite right, Brett is always right," nodded John Denby.
(To be continued.)

"BARBER'S CHOP" OPENS.

Queer Signs Noted on Stores in Cologne.

German shopkeepers in the occupied Rhine towns and villages are doing very good business at handsome profits. They do not in the least object to their profitable visitors. Some of the notices on shop windows in Cologne, given by the Cologne Post, the daily paper of the British army of the Rhine, are quaint. On a list in a chemist's window appear the following items: "Hands-cream, looking-glasses, tooth-picks, hair-card, brushes, talk-power, shampoo and boracic-sourness."

Most of the troops in Cologne (for the soldier likes to see himself on a postcard) are familiar with a certain photographer's notice: "Photography on postcard immediate to take." And over a barber's is the sinister announcement printed in large black letters, "Barber's Chop."

In the Morning: Loos, 1915

The fiery haunts were lighted yet
As our bayonets gleamed by the foe's wire;
But the east grew pale to another fire
As our bayonets gleamed by the foe's wire;
And the sky was tinged with gold and gray,
And under our feet the dead men lay,
Stiff by the loopholed barricade,
Food of the bomb and the hand grenade;
Still in the slushy pool and mud—
Ah, the path we came was a path of blood
When we went to Loos in the morning.

A little gray church at the foot of the hill,
With powdered glass on the window sill,
The shell scarred stone and the broken tile
Littered the chancel, nave and aisle—
Broken the altar and smashed the pyx,
And the rubble covered the crucifix;
This we saw when the charge was done
And the gas clouds paled in the rising sun.
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the shell scarred plain,
Where Death and the autumn held their reign—
Like banded ghosts in the heavens gray
The smoke of the powder paled away;
Where riven and rent the spiny trees
Shivered and shook in the eulien breeze,
And there where the trench through the graveyard wound
The dead men's bones stuck over the ground.
By the road to Loos in the morning.

The turret towers that stood in the air,
Sheltered a foeman sniper there—
They found, who fell to the sniper's aim,
A field of death on the field of fame;
And stiff in khaki the boys were laid
To the sniper's toll at the barricade,
But the quick went clattering through the town,
Shot at the sniper and brought him down,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the cellar stair,
Toll of the bomb that found them there,
In the street men fell as a bullock drops,
Sniped from the fringe of Hulloch cope.
And the choking fumes of the deadly shell
Curtailed the place where our comrades fell.
This we saw when the charge was done
And the east blushed red to the rising sun.
In the town of Loos in the morning.

—Patrick MacGill.

A Garden by the River.

It slopes down to the bulrush and the sedge—
This green old garden, where white
roses blow
Faint fragrance, and tall scarlet
lilies glow
Like flaming torches. Morning glories
wedge
Their dewy faces through the lilac
hedge;
And marigold and mallow and blue
flag
Their nodding heads in busy gossip
wag
Beside the walk that skirts the water's
edge.

Sometimes at dusk a little rustle
creeps
Lightly along the blossom bordered
path—
Is it the wind that round the willow
peeps,
Or is it—misty as love's aftermath—
A wistful ghost, that through the gar-
den strays
Seeking some street of vanished
yesterdays?

Film Faces.

What sort of men do the "Movies" like best?
Men's faces, except for the broadest
faced, do not seem to require to be
made of indiarubber, capable of tying
the features in a knot, but there are
undoubtedly types of face which seem
to go with certain types of acting.
The Western face is a type apart.

It is the cowboy visage, with long,
slankish features, narrow, steely eyes,
which glint like the eyes of a tiger
when things are in a perilous condi-
tion, but which can smile divinely
when the heroine begins to show she
is in love with them, or when a little
child prances on to the screen.

But the man with a manly type of
countenance is most wanted on the
film—the man with strong if rather
rugged features which have character
and determination writ large on them.

Why Glow-Worms Glow.

A glow-worm is a kind of beetle
which may be found in the yards and
hedges in the summer time. The name
only applies to the female of the spe-
cies, which is wingless and whose
body resembles that of a caterpillar
somewhat, and emits a shining green
light from the end of the abdomen.

The male of this species has wings,
but does not show any light, as does
the female, and resembles an ordinary
beetle. The male flies about in the
evenings looking for the female, and
she makes her light glow in order
that the male may find her. Glow-
worms are found mostly in England.

There are, however, some members of
the same species of beetle common to
North America. We speak of them
as fireflies or lightning bugs. The fe-
male of these also is the only one car-
rying a light, although, unlike the
glow-worm, she has wings and can fly.

Buy gasoline of a good grade. By
shopping around you will find some
dealers have better oil than others.
Check up your mileage and compare
results.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.



Woman's Interests

Removing Stains.

Many new garments are discarded because, as the owner supposes, they have been ruined by stains. Nearly all stains can be removed at home.

One of the most important factors is to apply the stain remover while the stain is still fresh. Drying, exposure to air, washing and ironing all make it harder to remove the stain. The nature of the stain should be known if possible before its removal is attempted, since this determines the treatment to be adopted. An unsuitable stain remover may "set" the stains so its removal becomes difficult or even impossible.

The kind of fabric on which the stain occurs also should be known, for the method of treatment depends much on the nature, color, weave, finish and weight of the fabric. Do not use strong acids on cotton, and even diluted ones should be neutralized afterwards with a suitable alkali. Care also should be taken in the use of the alkali, as it weakens the fabric.

After any reagent rinse the fabric well. Do not use very hot water on wool or silk. Rubbing also must be avoided with these fabrics. Both wool and silk are dissolved by strong alkalis; borax or a weak solution of ammonia is more suitable. Acids, with the exception of nitric, do not attack silk and wool readily.

With colored materials avoid use of a bleaching agent which will destroy the color of the material. Because of this it is much more difficult to remove stains from colored material than from white.

Following are reliable rules:
Blood and meat juice—Use cold water; soap and cold water; or starch paste.
Bluing—Use boiling water.
Chocolate and cocoa—Use borax and cold water; bleach if necessary.
Coffee and tea (with cream)—Use cold water, then boiling water; bleach if necessary.
Coffee and tea (clear)—Use boiling water; bleach if necessary.
Cream and milk—Use cold water, then soap and cold water.
Egg—Use cold water.
Fruit and fruit juices—Use boiling water; bleach if necessary.
Grass—Use cold water; soap and cold water; alcohol; or a bleaching agent.
Grease and oils—Use French chalk, blotting paper, or other absorbent; or warm water and soap; or gasoline, benzine or carbon tetrachloride.
Ink—Try cold water; then use an acid or bleach if necessary.
Iron—Use oxalic acid; hydrochloric acid; salts of lemon, or lemon juice and salt.
Kerosene—Use warm water and soap.
Lampblack and Soot—Use kerosene, benzine, chloroform, ether, gasoline or carbon tetrachloride.
Mildew—If fresh, use cold water; otherwise try to bleach with Javelle water or potassium permanganate.
Paint and varnish—Use alcohol, carbon tetrachloride, chloroform or turpentine.
Perspiration—Use soap and warm water; bleach in the sun or with Javelle water or potassium permanganate.
Pitch, tar and wheel grease—Rub with fat; then use soap and warm water, or benzine, gasoline or carbon tetrachloride.
Scurch—Bleach in the sunshine or with Javelle water.
Shoe Polish (black)—Use soap and water, or turpentine.
Shoe Polish (tan)—Use alcohol.
Syrup—Use water.
Stove Polish—Use cold water and soap, or kerosene, benzine or gasoline.
Gasoline—Use kerosene or turpentine.
Water—Steam or sponge the entire surface of water-spotted materials.
Wax—Scrape off as much as possible. Use French chalk, blotting paper or other absorbent with a warm iron; or use benzine or gasoline. If color remains, use alcohol or bleach.

Use Brown Bread.

Breads made from the coarse grains have additional food value, for you know that the physicians tell us that the white flour has been robbed of its most valuable food elements and that a continued diet of bread made from white flour is frequently the cause of many digestive disturbances. For these reasons the family should occasionally be treated to brown bread.

Grain or Whole-wheat Bread—Place in a mixing bowl two cups of water (72 deg. Fahr. in summer and 80 deg. Fahr. in winter), four tablespoons of syrup, two tablespoons of shortening, two teaspoons of salt, one yeast cake crumbled in. Stir thoroughly dissolve and then add seven cups of whole-wheat or gray wheat flour. Knead to a smooth elastic dough and then work well for ten minutes. Now grease the bowl well and then place in the dough. Press down firmly and then lift and turn over. This causes the top surface of the dough to be thoroughly coated with shortening and this prevents a crust forming on the dough while rising.

Gov'ner and let rise for three and a half hours in a place free from drafts in a room 72 deg. Fahr. in summer

and 80 Fahr. in winter. At the end of the time allowed for the rising of the dough pull the four corners, punching down well. Turn over and let rise for three-quarters of an hour. Turn on a pastry board and then mold into loaves.

Place in well-greased pans and set to rise for three-quarters of an hour. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty-five minutes.

Boston Brown Bread—Place in a mixing bowl two-thirds cup of molasses, two cups of sour milk, one and one-half teaspoons of baking soda. Stir thoroughly dissolve the soda and then add two-thirds cup of white flour, one cup of cornmeal, one cup of rye flour, one-half cup of seeded raisins. Beat to thoroughly mix and then grease thoroughly a one-pound coffee can and fill two-thirds full with the mixture. Put on the lid and steam for two hours, then remove the lid and place the can in the oven to dry out. One-pound baking powder cans may be used to replace the coffee cans.

Oatmeal Muffins—Put two cups of oatmeal through the food chopper into the mixing bowl, then add one and one-half cups of sour milk, one teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in one tablespoon of cold water, one-half teaspoon of salt, four tablespoons of syrup, two tablespoons of shortening, one cup of sifted flour. Beat to mix and then pour into well-greased muffin pans and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes.

Fighting the Roaches.

"No, indeed!" says fastidious Mrs. Jones; "there isn't a roach in my house."

"Do you ever go into your kitchen at night and light up?" queries practical Mrs. Smith. "Try it some time. I'll bet you'll see plenty."

The average housewife is almost as reluctant to acknowledge the presence of roaches on her premises as to own up to bedbugs. And yet the dwelling that is not more or less afflicted with these pests is a rare exception.

No house is at any time safe against invasion by them, chiefly because they are always liable to come in with packages of groceries, though they may gain entrance otherwise.

A pair will do to start a swarm. But they do not breed rapidly, and when great numbers of them are present it is because they have been allowed to multiply for a long time on the premises.

Even practical Mrs. Smith, while doing her best to destroy them, is discouraged. Of course, she tries borax. There is a widespread notion that borax drives roaches away. It is true that they do not like borax, but it does not bother them much.

From the corner drug store she gets one roach killer and another recommended by the apothecary; but, while they do kill some of the bugs, plenty are left alive to continue the nuisance. Unfortunately, Mrs. Smith does not know—and her similarly afflicted neighbors are not aware—that roaches anywhere can be absolutely exterminated by a free sprinkling of fluoride of sodium in the places they chiefly frequent, such as the neighborhood of the kitchen sink.

Sodium fluoride is a white powder, a simple chemical and nonproprietary; that can be bought at the drug store. It is poisonous, but in no way dangerous unless eaten in quantity. Better to use it all up at once, and not leave a package of it on a shelf, to be mistaken possibly for baking powder.

The secret lies in leaving the



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sprinkling of the stuff undisturbed for a week or ten days. Roaches are not attracted by it, and they do not eat it. But in running over it they get particles of it on their legs or whiskers, and soon afterwards they die.

By this simple means any house may be rid entirely of roaches within a few days. But the powder must be allowed to lie.

Where Poor Sermons Come From.

The little group on the steps of Seymour's general store and post office were discussing the minister's convention, then in session at the state capital, and Squire Lane, who had been "assessed" for his share of the Rev. Mr. Lamb's expenses, said that in his opinion there were a good many better ways of spending five days.

"Cheaper, too," he added feelingly. "After a sign of sympathy had completed a circle of the little group, Joe Rollins, who, in village estimate, "wasn't all there," asked "what they held them conventions for, anyway."

"They meet once a year to swap sermons," replied the squire. "Now I know why we get such poor ones!" said Joe, momentarily enlightened. "Mr. Lamb never did amount to anything at a trade."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Technically speaking, a hair's breadth is seventeen ten-thousandths of an inch.

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BRITISH TROOPS GUARD THE WORLD

NOTWITHSTANDING THE SIGNING OF THE PEACE TREATY,

Union Jack Floats Over the Rhine, Protects Siberia From Bolshevik and Defends the Holy Land.

The following is a rough outline of the position and numbers of British troops in all parts of the world, together with brief reasons for their presence there. It is based on reliable information, and is given with a view to showing that, notwithstanding the signing of peace with Germany, Britain still has a number of commitments which necessitate the presence of her forces.

The majority of British troops, of course, form the Army of the Rhine and the Army of France and Flanders. The strength of the former is approximately 200,000. It is maintained to ensure that the Germans carry out the Peace Terms, and its presence is in accordance with the Peace Treaty. The troops in France and Flanders number about 214,000, including British labor units, and are maintained mainly for clearing up purposes, i.e., saving stores on the old battlefields. It also supplies the lines of communication for the Rhine Army, and in the event of further hostilities would, of course, act as a reserve to it.

In Italy Britain has about 11,000 troops, one battalion of which forms the British portion of the international garrison of Fiume. The above total includes lines of communication troops at different important towns for clearing up purposes.

Keep Order Around Black Sea.

As regards the area of the Black Sea, Britain still has a certain number of troops, amounting to under 44,000, with some Indian troops in addition in order to keep order pending the establishment of conditions in accordance with decisions of the Peace Conference. British troops in the Caucasus, which number about 22,000, are included in the above total.

In Egypt the troubles which have recently occurred, and which, of course, cannot yet be said to be finally settled, necessitate the upkeep of a British garrison.

As regards Palestine, the unsettled condition of Asia Minor, the emnity between Kurds and Armenians, the dissatisfaction of the Turks, the presence of Bolshevik propaganda, and the general racial differences, all make a fairly large garrison necessary there for the present.

The total number of men in Egypt and Palestine is approximately 98,000, including Anzac troops—about 10,000—and is none too large.

In Mesopotamia the same reasons apply as to Palestine, and a recent example of the necessity of a British garrison is given in the Kurdish rising under Sheik Mahomed, in the Sulaimaniyah area. On account of these disturbances, recent unrest on the lower Euphrates, and the unsettled state of Central Arabia, Britain is obliged to maintain for the present a garrison of 21,000 troops in Mesopotamia, these men being located at suitable points throughout the country.

Further east, in India, as usual there is a British garrison. When one remembers that there are about a million natives who have been trained in the methods of modern warfare and a total population of several hundred millions, it will be acknowledged that the men at present in India, about 62,000, are none too many to maintain the prestige of the Empire. The trouble with Afghanistan and with the tribes on the North-West Frontier, together with the undercurrent of unrest in India itself, makes the presence of these troops all the more necessary.

Training Loyal Russians.

In Siberia a large portion of the Trans-Siberian Railway is guarded from the attacks of Bolshevik bands by the international troops, and Britain's quota for this purpose amounts to 1,400, made up from two battalions. There is also a British military mission with headquarters at Vladivostok.

To carry out her policy in North Russia, and to enable her to hold the Bolsheviks back while she thins and equips loyal Russians, Britain is obliged to maintain a certain number of troops at Archangel and Murmansk. These men are being gradually withdrawn, and the number is consequently becoming lower.

In addition Britain is obliged, as before the war, to maintain garrisons in defended ports abroad. The aggregate of troops used for this purpose amounts at present to about 5,000.

In connection with this attention must be drawn to the recent riots in the Straits Settlements, where it has been necessary to proclim martial law in the province of Wellesley.

Be willing to be one of Christ's "peculiar people," no matter what men say of you.—D. L. Moody.

Eligibles for election in the society's by-laws were described as "persons" and when legal opinion was obtained it was decided that a "person" was strictly of the masculine sex. The change was made in the charter and the clever women who had distinguished themselves in star gazing were admitted to the society.