

"Poor mother! I wish you hadn't had to do it. But father isn't so bad, at heart."

"Then why didn't you go to him and save me?" came the abrupt demand. Julia stared back at her in surprise over a peevishness she felt to be unjustified.

"It seems to me you are cross, too," she said reprovingly.

Mrs. Stanton turned away and put down her dust cloth. "You can finish the work to-day," she said. And before her daughter had quite grasped what was happening, she had gone from the kitchen and locked herself into her room.

It was a room directly under the roof, and the sun beat down upon the shingles, making it insufferably hot. But all through the day she lay there where she had thrown herself upon the bed, unaware of the stifling atmosphere, of anything save the struggle going on within her own soul. At first there came to her frantic ideas that she would endure it no longer, that she would end it all by going away—going anywhere; back to her own people, perhaps. She had not seen them since the marriage she had made so much against their wishes. But she would return to them, confessing her mistake. Her husband could do quite as well without her. He could have a stronger woman for the work and be better satisfied. As for Julia and the boy—she was nothing to them, except when they wanted something done. She had made a miserable, heart-breaking failure of everything. There were no tears in the eyes that stared at the patchwork quilt across the foot of the bed. They were wide open, hot and vacant.

But gradually the violence of rebellion began to pass away, and the sense of duty which had always impelled and sustained her, came in its stead. Toward her husband she was conscious of no obligation. Years since she had given him manifold more than he deserved. She could have left him to-day with no pang of any sort save a memory of the hopes he had once represented. And the boy? He, too, was fast becoming the self-centered male. She recognized that he had little need for her, though the maternal instinct still persisted and gave that very fact the power to hurt her cruelly.

But Julia—she was a woman, requiring the help and protection which only another woman could give. And she was sincerely fond of her mother. Selfish, perhaps, she was. But what young creature was not selfish? Mrs. Stanton had a dim preception that it was part of the law of self-preservation, of race preservation. The young must make use of the old. They could not have them clinging to them, hampering their development, their actions. The unconscious attitude which was Julia's now had once been her own toward her parents. She had neither gift nor training for philosophy—other than of that dull, unreasoned sort which enabled her to bear the burdens of the day. Yet she felt that the girl was fully entitled to her chance

and to all that a mother could do to further it. Responsibility for her future lay with those who had brought her into the world; and it was for them, at almost any cost, to help her obtain the better things she desired.

But the years ahead! She covered her eyes with her hands as if to hide the vision of them that came upon her. It was not that from henceforth she must take upon herself a larger share than ever of the already too heavy work. It was the loneliness, the isolation. And more terrible even than this, the knowledge that she would be parting forever from the daughter who, from babyhood until now, had always been so close.

For though Julia might perhaps return—though she might not find work and a home of her own elsewhere, as she frankly hoped to do—there was none the less the certainty that she could never again see her mother as she saw her now. She would have new standards and criterions, she would be educated so far above her parents that to look down upon them would be inevitable. However real her intentions of faithfulness, she would be alienated, estranged. Her affection would be tinged with pity and condescension at the best. The pain of the thought seemed almost unendurable; yet gradually Mrs. Stanton brought herself to accept it with the silent fortitude in which countless mothers have made the same unrecognized, unglorified sacrifice.

At the noon hour Julia came to the door and tried to open it.

"Dinner is ready, mother. Are you coming down?" she asked.

"No—I won't be down," Mrs. Stanton answered. She felt that she must have more time to make certain of her self-mastery.

"You are not sick, are you?" It was a voice of anxiety and a shade of self-reproach.

"I've a headache," she said, quite truthfully.

"Can't I do something for it?"

"No—it will be better after a while."

Mr. Stanton called peremptorily from the foot of the stairs and Julia went with reluctance. It was the first time she had known such a thing to happen, and it disturbed her. Her mother had always gone on with the work, hiding as best she could that anything was wrong. She had a sudden unpleasant perception of what the home would be if both her parents were to indulge their humors unrestrained.

And when Mrs. Stanton came downstairs towards evening the girl was so much more than ordinarily kind and thoughtful, that her attentions brought tears, once or twice, where neglect could no longer do so.

"I suppose you feel very badly because I want to go away," Julia said wistfully, as they sat together that night. Mrs. Stanton made no useless pretense of denying it.

"But I think you ought to go," she answered—"that you have the right."



MUFFINS —always tasty

Muffins cold and muffins hot—Eagle Brand gives them a distinctive, pleasing flavor.

Eagle Brand is excellent for cake and confections of all kinds—for breads—and wherever milk and sugar are used.

THE BORDEN COMPANY LIMITED

"The milk that saves the sugar"

Our recipe booklet free

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

8-620

"Premier Leader" STEEL RANGES



These Davidson Ranges have a body of heavy polished steel, protected by asbestos and hand-riveted with cone-headed rivets, cast iron tops, centres and covers ribbed.

A contact reservoir can be supplied to attach to either left or right end. Steel Persian closet at top is an extra convenience.

An exceptionally moderately-priced range of thoroughly reliable quality.

The Davidson Mfg. Co. Limited

Head Office: Montreal

Branches: Toronto & Winnipeg

Steel Foundry Division:

Lachine Canal, Turcot

DAVIDSON

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly