

"Bovril Galantine" is delicious

Here is a new and very economical dish to serve for lunch or supper. Fill a pie-dish or mould with pieces of cold cooked meat. Add two hard-boiled eggs sliced, and a little parsley. Dissolve about a dessertspoonful of powdered gelatine in hot Bovril and pour over. When set, turn out on crisp hearts of lettuce, and serve.

BOVRIL simplifies Summer cooking

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER III. THE SHADOW OF THE FUTURE.

The lad colors awkwardly, and begins to frown again, but looking from his great height on the exceedingly anxious little face upturned to him, he relents and tries to stave the matter off as a species of joke.

"Oh, that was nothing, little one! Only some of my—my nonsense. Don't you trouble about anything you heard."

"But I must trouble," Sydney persists; "I don't like it at all. Why said I was a—nymph of evil. Why?"

The lad, hard pressed, caught at her blunder.

"I never said you were a 'nymph' of anything."

"Well, something of that sort, you did indeed; something—unkind!" the great eyes filling again with tears.

"But I really never meant to be unkind to you, honor bright I didn't," cries the lad, blinking down at her with very uncertain gaze—truth to tell, he wouldn't be sorry to descend to her level and for all his five feet ten inches, to let loose some of his private vexations in a good hearty howl—but I am awfully bothered, and I—I was angry with some one else, and I didn't think of what I said. That is the truth. So just you forget all you heard."

Sydney sighs, relieved, but not fully satisfied.

"Then you don't hate me?"

"No, no—nonsense! Certainly not."

A great breath of growing contentment.

"I am glad!" emphatically; "and you won't be cross with me ever any more?"

"Why should I?"

"But you won't?"

"Well, I won't, then."

"Thank you. Now you may go away, boy. Good-bye!"

She slips her threepenny-bit of a hand into one of his huge ones, and makes her farewell with such a glad-



BABY SMITH.

"Virol put new life into him."

16, Rand Place, Grandview Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.

Gentlemen, Enclosed you will find photo of our baby boy. When 2 1/2 months old he had a very severe illness which left him nothing but skin and bone. My friends said I should never rear him; then someone advised me to try Virol, so I got a jar, and it seemed to put new life into him. He is now 12 months old, and a bright healthy boy he is too, which is entirely due to Virol. It is a wonderful food, and I shall always recommend it.

Yours sincerely, (Sg.) Mrs. C. SMITH.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilizing of milk. It is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol has been found from fish, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

In Glass and Stone-Jars. Virol, Ltd., 16-18, Old St., London, E.C.1. BRITISH MADE. - BRITISH OWNED.

But the getting home and the next few weeks were altogether so strange that these first signs of something unusual about were blotted out, and so faded to furnish warning of what came later on as most unwelcome knowledge. For her father, Havens said, was away still; and he was very ill, so Miss Foster, Leonora's governess, furnished her so soon as she reached home. And Mrs. Alwyn was away. "Gone to him!" Miss Foster wasn't sure. She supposed so; very likely they would hear to-morrow. And to-morrow, from somewhere, came orders for the children to travel to London, the governess with them.

Long did Sydney remember that journey, principally by reason of the overpowering hunger she suffered through its tedious length, and the disappointment that met her at its end. For cook, for some unexplained cause, declined to send up a schoolroom dinner before they started (she said she hadn't time, though that was clearly an unkind invention, since, as the carriage bore the children from Guiswick, the recalcitrant domestic was plainly visible in company with two housemaids, a groom, and a gardener, unobtrusively feasting off the early strawberries, and to all seeming jauntily enjoying unlimited leisure and liberty!) and Miss Foster coldly turned a deaf ear to suggestions of biscuits by Leonora; and at the end of all those weary miles there was yet no father!

Instead of his presence ensued a most uncomfortable dreary month at lodgings, the governess still in not very amiable or willing charge. Mrs. Alwyn sometimes with them, often away, always in a mood varying between hysteria and ill-temper. Then, dened, altered countenance, that he is smitten with remorse for having vexed such a small, innocent thing. So he stoops down and gives her a kiss, with a furtive glance about, as if afraid lest a hand on the wing should catch sight of the harmless peace-offering.

"There, run off," he says, lifting her clear over the stile with one sweep of his great strong arms; "go back to Taffy. Or no, look here," his brows knitting again, "play about first a few minutes. And, I say," holding her still by a great bunch of holland frock and red sash, "never you mind if people are cross now and then. Take my advice and don't care about it. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER IV. MORE FAREWELLS THAN ONE.

Memory has a trick of placing her pegs so irregularly, especially in the brains of the young, and hanging upon them incidents so detached from their surroundings, that while the afternoon recurred still stands vividly in the foreground of Sydney's young days, his sequence of events faded clean out of mind; perhaps because changes came thick and fast just then.

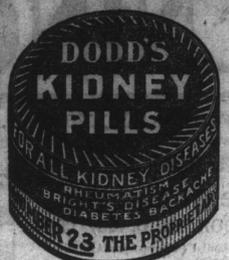
In point of fact, however, when the child had strayed among the fruit-trees long enough, according to her calculations, to dry off the traces of tears upon her cheeks, and hide these signs of woe from Taffy's sharp eyes; and when she returned through the back door of the cottage, between the wash-tubs on their settles and the wheelbarrow poised for the night on what she called "its hind-legs," to the flag-floored room where tea was modestly ready by this hour, she found, indeed, the meal prepared, but, for a wonder, left unguarded, while, taking joyful advantage of this negligence, a marauding puss from a neighboring establishment was seated on the table, and both the natural guardians of these viands were standing far down the path by the gate, talking to no other than Havens, the Guiswick coachman.

"Papa! Where's papa?" cries Sydney, running forward. "Is he come for me?"

An instant silence fell upon the group. Then nurse, shaking her head at the others, came forward, explaining that Mr. Alwyn hadn't come, but "her little miss had got to go home." "So come along and let you an' me get your things packed up, my deary," said the old woman, in rather a quavering voice ("nurse doesn't like my going," thought the child, and coaxed the old wrinkled hand caressingly); and together the two speedily collected the small wardrobe, though Taffy was so absent-minded she had to open the bag half a dozen times for articles well-nigh forgotten. Then she hugged Sydney wonderfully tight, and kept close, though somewhat trembling, hold of the child as they left the tiny white-walled sleeping-room, not loosing her till she was safely bestowed in her nook by Haven's side, and ready to start.

John Lewis and his wife talked, low-voiced, to the man to the last moment. Maybe they never noticed a small hand stretched out, anxious for farewell, for which puzzled aspect they only drew back, nodding to her as the pony trotted off, and for the first time she left them without a piny in her lap, or a cheery "Mind you come and see us again soon, Miss Sydney, dear." But nurse seemed crying, and this tribute of love supplied all other omissions.

"I'll tell papa you say I cost nothing to keep, so he'll let me come back, Taffy, darling!" cried Sydney, and did just wonder, with ever so brief a pang, when, instead of the hearty, responding "Ay, that's right do!" they only signed a last good-bye, and all turned slowly toward the cottage, talking so intently they never saw the smile she twisted round to spend on them while their forms were visible.



after the transacting, apparently, of much business—for backward and forward to Vere Street came constantly a Mr. Russell, brother to Mrs. Alwyn, and a Colonel Withers, similarly related to her first husband—a move was made in another direction.

"Are we going home to Guiswick?" Sydney asked, and was answered by her mother, wearing the aggrieved air habitual in these last few weeks: "Home, child, but not to Guiswick." "Then where to?" "A different house; in Suffolk; it belongs to your uncle Russell." "And papa will be there?" kindling into delighted expectancy.

"Of course," coldly; "but"—hesitating, looking dubiously at Sydney's eager, radiant face, and then coming to some conclusion—"but listen to me. You must recollect," very emphatically, "he has been very ill. You must never worry him. Above all, Sydney, you are not to pester him with questions about leaving Guiswick. You

will make him worse if you do. Remember that;" and the child, faithfully promised obedience, never broke her word, understanding all too soon her need to keep it.

For when, soon after his wife, Mr. Alwyn reached St. Clair's, it was but the shadow of himself that appeared—an old, white-haired man, with the icy touch of paralysis upon him; a living incumbrance that shrunk willingly into the background of the new message; a father whom Sydney could still cling to, most dearly love, most lovingly tend, but never, never vex by reference to that recent past which seemed so sorely to have tried him.

"My poor husband is a mere wreck," was Mrs. Alwyn's formula concerning him to the people who gradually professed intimacy with them: first the few professional families round about the rambling, town-like village, the vicar at their head; next the lesser but, penally, I suppose, of strong constitutions which never know an ache or a pain all their lives through. They break up all at once. It's extremely distressing to be in the way of such cases, especially when one knows, unfortunately, nothing can be done to improve them."

True enough, perhaps; but most certainly with Mr. Alwyn nothing was attempted.

(To be continued)



HOWDY MISTER SUNSHINE.

Here's Howdy, Mister Sunshine, for you're welcome round the place. We're mighty glad to greet you and to see your smiling face. Just nose around the blossoms in the garden as you will. And do a little dancing on each dusty window sill. There's a sleepy boy up yonder that will give you back a smile. If you'll let your brightest sunbeam go and tickle him awhile.

Here's Howdy, Mister Sunshine an' we're mighty glad you're back. Come along an' spill the roses an' the peonies from your pack. There's a pair o' little robins in the elm tree nestin' high. That have waited for your coming; an' to-day I guess they'll fly. Cos I've heard their mother tellin' to those most impatient things. That have waited for your coming; an' to-day I guess they'll fly.

Here's Howdy, Mister Sunshine, an' a welcome that is true. Every living thing, I fancy, gets the breath o' life from you. An' I don't know if you know it, but the baby seems to grin. Just a little more delighted when you're ticklin' of his chin. An' the old man in his corner with his journey almost done. Finds a thousand joys to please him when he's sittin' in the sun. Here's Howdy, Mister Sunshine! Oh, it seems to me our girls



The Great Norwegian Fish Killer.

THEY NEVER MISS. Ask for Mustad's. April 25, m.t.ley

Are loveliest the mornings you an' dancin' in their curls, An' though we must have sorrow an' there must be days of rain. The joy is all the sweeter when you come to us again. So it's Howdy, Mister Sunshine, from the lips of man an' boy. An' the women folks who love you—here's a day we'll all enjoy.

Children's Patent Leather Ankle Strap Shoes; Leather soles and heels; good English make; size 6 to 10; selling One Dollar to One Dollar Twenty at PARKER & MONROE'S.—17-18

YESTERDAY'S EXCURSIONS.—The fine weather yesterday was availed of by a large number of people to get out in the country. The excursion train to Kelligrews took out 150, while the Tor's Cove train carried 246. Many excursionists to the garden party.

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