

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
Eleanor H. Porter
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CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

"Look at her, Miss Denby," Mrs. Cobb began resolutely. "I'm a plain woman, and I always speak right out. And I'm your friend, too, and I ain't goin' to stand by and see you made a fool of, and not try to lift a hand to help. There's somethin' wrong here. If you don't know it, it's time you did. If you do know it, and are tryin' to keep it from me, you might just as well stop right now, and turn round and tell me all about it. As I said before, I'm your friend, and if it's what I think it is—you'll need a friend, you poor little thing! Now, what is it?"

Helen shook her head feebly. Her face went from white to red, and back again to white. Still determined to keep her secret if possible, she made a brave attempt to regain her old air of manner.

"Why, Mrs. Cobb, it's nothing—nothing at all!"

"Nothin' isn't it?—when a man goes kickin' off ter Alaska, and sendin' his wife ten thousand dollars ter go somewhere else in the opposite direction! Maybe you think I don't know what that means. But I do! And he's tryin' to play a mean game on you, and I ain't goin' to stand for it. I never did like him, with all his fine, lordly airs, a-thinkin' himself better than anybody else who walked the earth. But if I can help it, I ain't goin' to see you cheated out of your just deserts."

"Mrs. Cobb!" expostulated the discomfited wife; but Mrs. Cobb had yet more to say.

"I tell you it's rich; and as for peckin' you off with a measly ten thousand dollars, they shan't—no, no, no!—they shan't try to bring you off with a measly ten thousand dollars, no, no, no!"

"What's all this, Helen?—you're talkin' to me as if I was a fool, and I ain't goin' to let you do that. Why we never thought of such a thing; not for—er—always, the way you mean it."

"What is it, then?"

"Why, it's just a—er—playday," stammered Helen, still trying to cling to the remnant of her secret. "He said it was a playday—that I was to go off and have a good time with Baby."

"It's just a playday, why didn't he give it to you ter take it together, then? Tell me that!"

"Why, he—he's going with his father."

"You bet he is," retorted Mrs. Cobb grimly. "And he's goin' to keep with his father, too."

"What do you mean?" Helen's lips were very white.

Mrs. Cobb gave an impatient gesture.

"Look at her, child, do you think I'm blind? Don't ye s'pose I know how you folks have been gettin' along together?—er, rather, not gettin' along together? Don't ye s'pose I know how he acts as if you wasn't the same breed of cats with him?"

"Then you've seen—I mean, you think he's ashamed of me?" faltered Helen.

"Think it! I know it," snapped Mrs. Cobb, ruthlessly freeing her mind, regardless of the very evident suffering on her listener's face; "and it's just made my blood boil. Time an' again I've thought of speakin' up an' tellin' ye a full-wouldn't stand it if I was you. But I didn't. I ain't no hand ter butt in where it don't concern me. But ter see you so plumb feelin' with that ten thousand dollars—I just can't stand it no longer. I had ter speak up. Turnin' you off with a beggarly ten thousand dollars—and them with all that money! Bah!"

"But, Mrs. Cobb, maybe he's coming back," stammered Helen faintly, with white lips.

"Pshaw! So maybe the sun'll rise in the west tomorrow," scoffed Mrs. Cobb; "but I ain't pullin' down my winder shades for it yet. No, he won't come back—ter you, Miss Denby."

"But he—he don't say it's for—er—all time."

"Course he don't. But, ye see, he thinks he's lettin' ye down easy—a-sendin' ye that big cheque, an' tellin' ye ter take a playday. He don't want ye ter suspect, yet, an' make a fuss. He's countin' on bein' miles away when ye do wake up an' start somethin'. That's why I'm a-talkin' to ye now—ter put ye wise ter things. I ain't goin' to stand by an' see you bamboozled. Now do you go an' put on your things an' march up there straight. I'll take care of the baby, an' be glad to, if you don't want ter leave her with Bridget."

"Course he don't. But, ye see, he thinks he's lettin' ye down easy—a-sendin' ye that big cheque, an' tellin' ye ter take a playday. He don't want ye ter suspect, yet, an' make a fuss. He's countin' on bein' miles away when ye do wake up an' start somethin'. That's why I'm a-talkin' to ye now—ter put ye wise ter things. I ain't goin' to stand by an' see you bamboozled. Now do you go an' put on your things an' march up there straight. I'll take care of the baby, an' be glad to, if you don't want ter leave her with Bridget."

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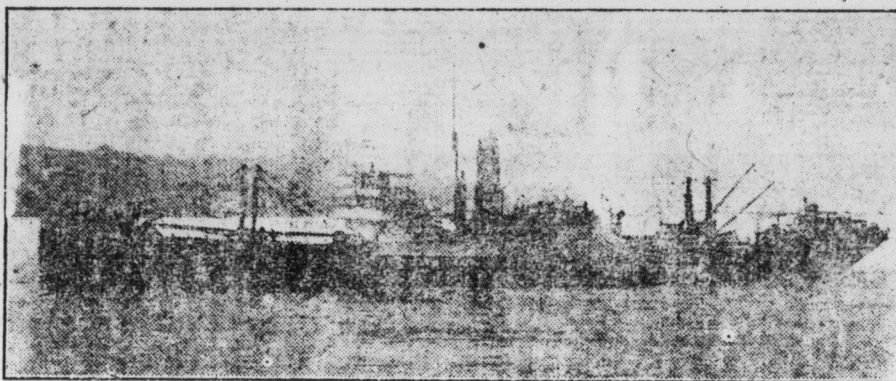
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EXPANDING CANADIAN TRADE



Canadian Voyager under Direction of Canadian National Railways, clearing for the West Indies from Montreal, July 10th, with a cargo of general merchandise. She is scheduled to return with sugar.



Is Your Hard Work Necessary?

Sometimes I wonder if a great deal of the sympathy we extend to overworked women isn't wasted. I do not mean that there are no women who are really forced to do work beyond their strength. For those I have the truest sympathy. But the women who groan the loudest, it seems to me, are women who could do their work fifty per cent. easier if they so desired. I often think they go out of their way to do unnecessary things so that they can tell about it and beg for sympathy. They seem to enjoy the martyr role so hugely, I'm almost positive they deliberately overwork.

I have in mind one farm woman who for twenty-five years has carried the water a distance of forty rods. More than that, she has pumped it up with an old wooden pump, hasn't even had a windmill. Of course the water had to be pumped for the stock in the same way, but I'm not just now concerned with the man's part of the story. Times have been none too prosperous for this couple, until the war. Then war prices on their specialty went away up and the cheques they received were beyond even their wildest fancies.

At once the husband wanted to buy a gas engine and install water in the house. He saw a let-up on that twice daily pumping of water for the stock, and his wife freed from the extra work of carrying water. But the wife wanted a parlor! To be sure, she was moaning all the time about how hard she worked keeping up the rooms she already had. But the neighbor across the road had a parlor and living room, both, while our heroine had only the living room. Husband dwelt on the delights of getting water just by turning a faucet. Wife held fast to the notion of having a parlor to usher the preacher into when he called. Husband sang the praises of modern plumbing and held forth on the merits of a whole bathtub of water to splash in, as against a half pint in a basin on Saturday night. Wife arose to heights of eloquence on the necessity of having an extra room for the baby grand piano she was hoping to buy next year. Husband pointed out that she hadn't anything to put into the parlor unless she took everything out of the living room. Wife explained patiently that she meant to have new stuff. Husband roared that furniture and rugs were double their real value and lumber and labor ditto. Wife clung like a barnacle to the main issue, the absolute necessity of having a parlor.

They have the parlor. Husband continues to pump water for the stock, but from the day when he gave the carpenter the order to start building he has never carried a pail of water into the house. When the wife asks him if he can't help her that little bit and complains of how tired she is, he politely suggests that she go into the parlor, lie down on the davenport she is going to get next year and take a nice rest.

Of course, this is an exceptional case, but it is by no means a lone illustration of the fact that many of the things women do are entirely unnecessary. There's the idea of littering mantels and piano with bric-a-brac and photographs. The custom certainly adds nothing to the artistic atmosphere of the room, rather, it detracts from it. One vase, a bit of pottery, a growing plant or a bowl of flowers give the touch we crave. But an accumulation of worthless trinkets make the place a nightmare and add an hour to the dusting time.

One woman woke up to the absurdity of overdoing by the action of her twelve-year-old boy. It was a home where two maids had been employed always until the war. Then it became impossible to keep more than one, and finally that one departed. The mother delegated to the children the task of keeping their own rooms tidy.

This particular boy had a large collection of photos of friends and spots he had visited stuck all over dresser and desk and bookcase.

"Do these things have to be dusted?" he inquired.

"Certainly," said his mother. "Nelly dusted them every morning, and you will have to do it, too. The dust settles on them as much as it does on furniture, and it has to be taken off."

That morning the pictures disappeared from the dresser. The next day those from the desk were put into a drawer. On the third day, two remained, father's and mother's photos on the bookcase. But on the fourth day even these went into retirement.

"I see you folks anyway, and it seems kind of silly to keep your pictures sticking around," he explained cheerfully. "Besides it saves lots of dusting."

The mother immediately took stock of her own rooms. To be sure, good taste had kept her from overloading them, but there were still a good many things which could be removed and never missed. All the furniture with carving was relegated to the attic or sold at good prices. Furniture with few lines and no tufted upholstery replaced the old sort, which meant so many hours a day in keeping clean.

The dining room, too, went through a change. She discovered that it took exactly fifteen minutes extra to entirely clear the table, remove the silence cloth and put on a lace centerpiece. So she compromised by leaving on the tablecloth and placing a small doily and fern dish on this. Everything came off the plate rail and went into the china cabinet, and finally a carpenter called to remove the plate rail.

Needless to say, unnecessary cooking followed unnecessary dusting. Food experts told her that the family needed certain food elements, fresh fruit or vegetables, cereals, meat, eggs, milk, fish or other proteins, sugar fats and mineral matter. The family thought it had to have fancy salads, clear soups, pies, French pastry, chops and steaks. She decided that plain bread and butter, potatoes, vegetables in season, plenty of milk and eggs, a roast that needed little watching, fruit, minus pie crust, and an easily prepared sweet would keep the family in shape and be much less work for her. So the change went through.

This woman, who never before did her own work, has gotten through for six months with only the help given her by her children, and so far has not complained of overwork. She estimates that the unnecessary things she hired maids to do have cost her in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars a year for fifteen years.

"That \$15,000 dollars rightly placed would insure my future and educate my children if I should be left penniless to-morrow," she says. "Believe me, I shall spend no more money in future for things I'm better off without."

Laundering Wash-Silks and Pongees. Wash-silks and pongees are so popular for making of waists, skirts, etc., that the proper method of laundering these materials should be more generally understood. That the usefulness of such fabrics is greatly prolonged by proper care in laundering is such a well known fact, the following directions may prove of interest to many readers.

Soak the silks in warm water and

sapsuds for a few hours, then squeeze rather than rub them to get out as much dirt as possible in this first water. Wring as dry as possible by pressing with the hands. To wash the silks, have ready the warm water and sapsuds—never hot water, as that is ruinous to the finish of the fibres. Squeeze the material through the hands until the dirt is loosened, then rinse, once in warm water and once in cold. The last rinsing water should contain some gum-arabic water, about a teaspoonful to every quart of water. This helps to restore some of the dressing that has been washed away. The silk should then be pressed dry between the hands and rolled in cotton cloths. Spread the silk out flat, right side up on the board. Place over it a piece of cheesecloth, and run the iron quickly over it, so that it will absorb most of the moisture, remove the cloth and then press the silk smooth. Always follow the warp threads in ironing silks; otherwise the garments are bound to be misshapen. The silks should never be allowed to dry before ironing; the ironing should be done shortly after they are rolled in the cloths.

Flowers at the North Pole.

That one should find sweet blossoms in the ice-bound dreary wastes of the North Pole, seems incredible. It is, nevertheless, a fact that there the explorer has found many thousands of acres of buttercups, heather, bluebells, dandelions and rhododendrons. It is a veritable garden on top of the earth, a land of exquisite beauty at seasons, as well as of midnight sun. June brings the first warm, bright rays of the sun. The Eskimo housewife starts spring cleaning, and soon the flowers begin to show, even up to the most northern point of land in the world, 380 miles from the Pole. A botanist has collected over 125 species of plants and flowers on the roof of the world. Even large, delicious mushrooms are there, while orange-colored lichens are in abundance. And, strange to say, all with but a single exception, are perfectly odorless. Thousands and thousands of acres of flowers, and yet no perfume.

Odors Affect Singers' Voices.

Flowers are said to have a remarkable effect on the voice. One famous singer never cared to smell a rose; he said the perfume of a bouquet of flowers made his throat "off singing for a week." In several cases well known singers have suffered from the odor of tuberoses, and a famous opera singer declares that the odor from a bunch of violets makes his voice quite husky.

Mindard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

Agents Wanted to Sell Foster Oil Burners

We want a live man in every district to demonstrate and sell a proved coal-oil burner.

Fits any coal-burning range. Cheaper than gas or coal, and has no pressure tanks or holes to block up. No dirt, no smoke, no odor. A real money-making proposition for a hustler.

DOMINION MFG. CO., 115 Balmoral Ave., S. Hamilton, Ont.

MAKING THE DESERT BLOOM.

Turning Into Account the Waste Areas of Great Britain.

We have learned during the past five years that there is hardly any land in England which cannot be made productive. But there are tens of thousands of acres in England which have never been cultivated, great wastes which are regarded as bad land.

Can these be made to grow crops? Can they be turned to account, and make us less and less dependent upon outside sources for the "bread of life?"

Professor Somerville, of Oxford University, has been experimenting to prove what national advantage would accrue from judicious expenditure of capital on some of the poorest land in England. He worked almost entirely with basic slag, together with the natural manures of the stock on the land.

The land improved 100 per cent., and after three years the land had fed 50 per cent. more stock, and the stock itself became much more valuable. His first crop was oats, 16 bushels to the acre, and wheat 12. Five years after taking possession the results were 51 and 37 bushels respectively.

As an indication of the increased yield after one year's farming on this "bad land," the grain sales were \$150 after six years they had risen to \$3,200. Such results speak for themselves, and prove conclusively that there is only a very small proportion of land in England which is not eventually capable of fertility.

Developing Pineapple Industry.

In the Hawaiian Islands the pineapple industry has during the last few years experienced considerable development, causing it to rank second to that of sugar. At present there are about 7,000 acres planted with pineapples.

Mindard's Lintment Cures Gargot in Cows.

SALT
All grades. Write for prices.
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

SEE THIS!
IT'S ON
CLARK'S
PORK
AND
BEANS
AND IS A
GOVERNMENT
GUARANTEE
OF
PURITY
W. CLARK LIMITED TORONTO

From the Sunset Coast

William Parker, one of Vancouver's pioneers, died recently at the age of seventy-five.

Lieut. O. Scott, who went overseas with the First Canadian Contingent, in October, 1914, has returned to Vancouver.

A reredos costing \$1,500 is being erected in St. John's Church, Victoria, in memory of the fallen heroes, the work being done by returned men.

Brigadier-General R. F. Clarke, D.S.O., M.C., has assumed charge of military affairs in District No. 11, B.C., and is now acting as representative of G.O.C., M.D. No. 11.

Dr. J. A. J. McKenna, one of the members of the Indian Commission, who has been living at Victoria since the completion of the commission's work, died suddenly, aged 52 years.

The death of Capt. Wm. Sprague, one of the best-known master mariners of the coast, took place at Vancouver, after an illness lasting about six months, at the age of 75 years.

George Cunningham, a prominent pioneer roadhouse keeper at Mayo Landing, Yukon Territory, is dead of tetanus following blood poisoning. He leaves a wife and six children.

An hour after the steel steamer Canadian Trooper was launched at the Wallace Shipyards, the schooner "C-37," one of the vessels being built for the French Government, was launched at the Lyall Shipyards, Vancouver.

The large Bird Society meeting at Vancouver decided to hold a bird exhibition, on a large scale for the province.

With Mr. Justice Murphy as president, a Repatriation and Community Service League has been formed at Vancouver.

The Wallace Shipyards, Vancouver, are considering the construction of a drydock in connection with their shipbuilding plant.

A poultryman's union has been organized and incorporated, in British Columbia, to insure the expansion of the industry.

Strong condemnation of the strike's committee in permitting the electric light plant and other plants depending upon electricity to continue operations only by grace of the strike committee has been voiced at Fernie by the citizens.

There have been received 2,545 applications for land at the Vancouver office of the Soldier Settlement Board, and of this number already 1,304 have been approved for loans. In all only 56 men were definitely turned down by the qualification board.

The Trust.

"Over the graves where our heroes lie buried."

Maples have flung their bright mantles to guard

Every dear comrade asleep from his labors.

Wearily with fighting's watchings and ward.

Memories gather around the green leaflets,

Trembling with love and delight as of yore,

Echoing voices resounding among them,

Sisters, and sweethearts, and pines galore!

Every breath blowing across these green graves, will

Carry a message from us far away,

Breathing a prayer for their happy awakening,

And of the joys at the break of the Day.

Vinyl! The trust we now place on your shoulders,

Faithfully hold till the end of all time.

Maples will shed their winged seeds to enrich you.

Honor you always, with sweetness at time.

In the Cool of the Day.

In the cool of the day, as we rest,

We think of the work we have done, Of the hurry, the sweat and the zest.

The faintness and heat of the sun

In the cool of the day, we retrace,

In our thoughts, the ways we have trod;

And we're proud that we held to the pace.

And rode over the mountains rough-shod.

In the cool of the day, we look back

On the faces we met by the way;

Of the eager, the proud and the slack,

The young and the venerable grey.

In the cool of the day, as we rest,

There looms from a fast-fading shore,

The face of the one we loved best,

Who has gone but a little before.

In the cool of the day, there is peace

And joy for a task nobly done;

The day's trivial interests cease,

With the last full raps of the an.

What We Should Eat.

Seventeen ounces of food daily are said to be sufficient for a man of sedentary occupation, thirty ounces for a man doing hard work, and forty-five ounces for one who works very hard physically.

New houses, prior to the war, covered some 1,163 acres in London and suburbs on an average every year.

Benson's CORN STARCH

For Tomorrow's Dessert

The question of variety in summer desserts never troubles the woman who knows the possibilities of Benson's Corn Starch, the choicest product of the corn

Benson's Corn Starch is equally fine for crisp, delicate pastries as it is for simple puddings; it is good for cakes and for pie fillings to say nothing of Blanc Mange, Custards and Ice Cream.

Try one of these recipes for tomorrow's dessert—

Write for Book The Canada Starch Co. Limited - Montreal.

W. L. McKinnon Dean H. Potters

Victory Bonds

Sellers of Victory Bonds will find definite prices quoted on the financial page of the Toronto morning papers.</