

perversely. "I wonder if that's a compliment."

"Yourself and other people, I mean."

"Oh."

"I'll tell you what I mean. Do you remember the first time I saw you?"

"No," said Hester. "When was it? Oh, I know. On the train coming from home. And Miss Young got on—where did she get on? She had been visiting somebody."

"I don't know where she got on. Don't change the subject."

"I wasn't changing the subject. Let me see. She introduced us didn't she?"

"So she did. I won't forget that. But she kept her hat and coat on."

"Dear me," said Hester. "What has that to do with it?"

"Everything. You hung yours up, don't you remember. And then you took out a kind of little work-basket effect, and sat in the corner by the window and began sewing."

"Oh, of course," said Hester reminiscently. "I must have been making that centrepiece for Aunt Matilda. It was one of the prettiest patterns I ever did, and I was crazy about it—ivy leaves you know."

"Don't know I'm sure. Only when you sat down here a minute ago, I thought you were going to whip out some fancy work."

"You have the fancy work in your pocket—at least the materials. That reminds me I mustn't let you run off with them."

"I could take them out to-morrow," suggested Murray. "Is it Christmas presents?"

"No, something more interesting."

"Wedding present?"

"Perhaps, it's a secret."

"May as well tell. Girls are never expected to keep secrets."

"I can. It's one of my specialities."

"Gee," said Murray. "I'll tell you some of mine by and by."

Rolls and butter and a fetching teapot with its accessories arrived at this moment. Hester gave her attention to pouring tea.

"Two lumps?" she asked.

"Three, please," said Murray.

"It would be very bad manners to sew here," remarked Hester resuming the subject. "Worse than sewing on the train. And that was bad enough. Mother says it isn't well-bred to make oneself too much at home in public places."

"You can't help making yourself at home," said Murray. "I've noticed that. You haven't been anywhere five minutes before you begin to—build a house as it were."

"I'm afraid it isn't because I always do my duty," said Hester lightly. "Somebody says 'duty done is the soul's fire-side.' I pretty nearly quoted that to a girl behind the ribbon counter to-day."

"Did she catch on?"

"Not very well. She understood some other things, though."

"What, for instance? How came you to say it?"

"If I want you to suppose that I am always in a good temper," said Hester, "I'm afraid I'd better not tell it."

"Oh, go on. You'll have to now. What happened?"

Hester gave the story with a few lively touches.

"So I came out feeling rather ashamed of myself," she concluded, "both for being so cross in the first place and so effusive at the end."

"Well," returned Murray with a judicial air, "When we're all miserable together it isn't always worth while to mind the rules. I'll bet it cheered the girl up. I say, was that straight, about the dress, you know?"

"I'm afraid it was."

"Oh, that's too bad, now. But say, it looks fine. Can't you fix it up?"

"Perhaps," said Hester courageously. Her private reflections were something like this. "I'll have to wear the waist with a cloth skirt, but it isn't suitable. It will have to be made over. The skirt can be dyed and used for a lining. But oh dear, my lovely dress!"

But she answered her smiling "Perhaps" without wincing.

Murray brightened up at once. He had unbounded faith in her understanding of all the mysteries of fixing things up.

"I must run for that train," said Hester with decision when the last roll had vanished.

Outside they found it still raining heavily.

"Queer, isn't it, how much better things look all the same," observed Murray. "I had all kinds of bad luck this afternoon, and now I feel positively jolly."

"There's nothing like a cup of tea," said Hester.

"On the contrary there are one or two things very much like it. Is it the Japs that have that saying 'As good as a piece of bread?' Now I'd say as good as a cup of tea, and a wood-fire and hot rolls, and—a work-basket. Don't you want to know what is as good as all that?"

"There's our car," said Hester.

They caught it and as it was crowded nearly to the doors there was no more talk until they were in the station.

Hester went through to her train so fast that Murray had to apply himself to dodging through the crowd in order to keep up with her.

"Two minutes," he said triumphantly as they entered the car. "Now, do you want to know what is as good as a cup of tea?"

"I'm loyal to the cup that cheers," said Hester. "I can't think of anything."

"A girl that can keep jolly and comfortable when things go wrong, and keep the rest of the world jolly, too."

"I sincerely hope that you don't mean anything personal. If you'd seen me tearing my hair over my dress this afternoon, and scolding the little shop girl!"

"Pshaw," said Murray. "Anything special on for to-morrow afternoon?"

"No," murmured Hester. "Nothing particular."

"I'm coming out. Will you go for a walk? I'll tell you the rest then."

"The rest—the rest of what?" enquired Hester innocently.

"The rest of everything," said Murray.

September Comes Again

BY HELENA COLEMAN.

And now September! in whose languid veins
The wine of summer, slow-distilling,
flows;

The light and glory fade—the laughter
waned,
But earth more lovely grows.

O rare September! has it all been said—
The wistful hours, the soft, reluctant
days,

When Nature seems to pause with arms
outspread
And heart that yearns both ways?

Upon the mellowed harp-strings of the
vine
The fitful winds their soft forebodings
urge,

And with the liquid murmurs of the pine
In plaintive sweetness merge.

The mountains, veiled in gold and
amethyst,
Their once familiar outlines scarcely
show;

Across the uplands, faint with purple
mist,
The oaks and maples glow.

Those gathering mists the coming
change would hide,
But in our hearts already sounds the
knell.

O, never surges love in such a tide
As when we say farewell!

Yet come, September! All the old
desires,
The old enchantments, at thy touch
return—

'Tis in our hearts thy August-kindled
fires
In deepest rapture burn.

And in our hearts the ancient melody
That Earth has yielded of her joy and
pain,

Comes softly stealing, echoed back from
thee
In one surpassing strain.

Still Summer waits, her moods with
thine akin,
As if her love could not release its
hold

Until her little hosts were folded in
Against the coming cold—

Against the cold till March once more
unlocks
The gates of frost and rives the icy
chain,

And June returns to lead her little flocks
Across the fields again—

Across the fields, beyond the shining hill,
When Pan plays up his pipes o' love
and pain—

But now, O heart of mine, be still, be
still,
September comes again!

BOVRIL

is pure concentrated beef

It stimulates the appetite and gives strength to assimilate all the nourishment contained in your ordinary food.

Thus for invalids' convalescents and those who are constitutionally weak it is really indispensable.

Bovril added to made dishes and gravies improves the flavor and greatly increase the food value.

In this way the food is more appetising and at the same time more nourishing.

For Health in the Home use
BOVRIL

ON INLAND SEAS YOUR VACATION TRIP



THE COAST LINE
TO
MACKINAC

Detroit & Cleveland Nav. Co.

ALL the important ports on the Great Lakes reached regularly by the excellent service of the D. & C. Lake Lines. The ten large steamers of the fleet are of modern steel construction, propelled by powerful engines, and have all the qualities of speed, safety and comfort. The United Wireless Telegraph Service used aboard.

The D. & C. Lake Lines operate daily service between Detroit and Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland, four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports, and two trips per week between Detroit, Bay City, Saginaw and way ports. About June 25, a special steamer will leave Cleveland twice a week direct for Mackinac, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip. Send two-cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and Great Lakes map.

Rail tickets available on steamers.

Address
L. G. LEWIS, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.
P. H. McMillan, Pres. A. A. Schantz, Gen. Mgr.

The Best Wall Finish

Only one coat required
Easy to apply

Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel. Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.

Muresco

Muresco is made in a large line of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times, and entirely removed by washing, thus rendering it a simple matter to keep walls in perfect condition.

Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will even peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

Muresco costs no more than other finishes and goes farther. Call for sample card and see handsome combination effects.

BENJAMIN MOORE & CO. Limited

Sole Manufacturers, Toronto, Canada.
New York, Chicago, Carteret, Cleveland.