

Dollars saved by Bovril

Bovril used in the Kitchen means dollars saved in the Bank.
It makes nourishing hot dishes out of cold food which would not otherwise be eaten. But see that you get the real thing. If it is not in the Bovril bottle it is not Bovril. And it must be Bovril.

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
Eleanor H. Porter

Copyright—
Houghton Mifflin Co.

Published by special
arrangement with
Thos. Allen,
Toronto

CHAPTER XIII.

Dr. Gleason's Arctic trip, designed to cover a year of research and discovery, prolonged itself into three years and two months. Shipwrecks, thrilling escapades, months of silence, and a period when hope for the safety of the party was quite gone, all figured in the story before the heroic rescue brought a happier ending to what had come so near to being another tragedy of the ice-bound North.

It was June when Frank Gleason, in the care of a nurse and a physician, arrived at his sister's summer cottage by the sea.

For a month after his coming Frank Gleason was too ill to ask many questions. But with returning strength came an insistence upon an answer to a query he had already several times put to his sister.

"Edith, what of the others? Where is Helen? Why do you always evade any question about her?"

"She is here with me."

"Here—still?"

"Yes. And she's a great comfort and help to me."

"And Burke doesn't know yet where she is?"

"Not that we know of."

"Impossible—all this time?"

"Oh, I don't know. All our friends know her as 'Mrs. Darling.' The Denbys never come here, and they'd never think of looking here for her, anyway. We figured that out long ago."

"But it can't go on forever! When is she going back?"

"An odd look crossed Mrs. Thayer's face."

"I don't know, Frank; but not for some time—if ever—I should judge, from present indications."

"What's the trouble? Hasn't that—er—fool improvement business worked out? Well, I didn't think it would."

"Edith Thayer laughed softly."

"On the contrary, it's working beautifully. Wait till you see her. She's a dear—a very charming woman. She's developed wonderfully. But along with it all has come a very deep and genuine—and rather curious humility, together with a pride, the chief aim of which is to avoid anything like the position in which she found herself as the mortifying, distress-causing wife of Burke Denby."

"Humph!" commented the doctor.

"That Burke doesn't love her, she is thoroughly convinced. To go to him now, tacitly asking to be taken back, she feels to be impossible. She has no notion of going where she isn't wanted; and she feels very sure



CLARK'S

Spaghetti

with

Tomato

Sauce

and

Cheese

is really

delicious.

Ready to serve.
Just heat and eat.

V. CLARK, LIMITED,
MONTREAL.

way up, he used to talk of her—except for the time when—"

He stopped abruptly. The doctor, watching, wondered at the white compression that came suddenly to his lips. In a moment it was gone, however, and he had resumed speaking.

"Late years, dad has seemed to talk more than ever of mother, and he's always as if she were with him. And now I'm alone—so utterly alone. Gleason—how ever am I going to live—without—dad!"

The doctor's heart leaped with mingled fear and elation: fear at what he was about to do; elation that his chance to do it had come. He cleared his throat and began, courageously, though not quite steadily.

"But—there's your wife, Burke. If only you—"

He stopped short in dismay at the look that had come into Burke Denby's face.

"My wife! My wife! Don't speak of my wife now, man, if you want me to keep my reason! The woman who brought me sorrow to my father—"

"What do you think I wouldn't give if I could blot out the memory of the anguish my marriage brought to dad? My wife, indeed! Gleason, I never want to see her face again, or hear her name spoken!"

"But you—your child," stammered the dismayed doctor faintly.

A shadow of quick pain crossed the other's face. He lifted a protesting hand, changed the subject abruptly; and the relieved doctor was glad, for once, not to have him wish to talk longer of his missing wife and daughter.

Very soon the doctor said good-night and left the house. But his heart was heavy.

"Perhaps, after all," he sighed to himself, "it wasn't just the time to get him to listen to reason about Helen—when it was his runaway marriage that had so grieved his father years ago; and his father now—just gone."

Ten minutes later he boarded the train for Boston.

To his sister he told the story of the Dalton trip.

"But I can't write, of course, to Helen, now," he sighed gloomily.

"That is, I can't urge her coming back—not in the face of Burke's angry assertion that he never wants to see her again."

"Of course not. But don't worry, dear. I haven't given up hope, by any means. Just wait." And the doctor waited. It was, indeed, as his sister said, all that he could do. From time to time he went up to Dalton and made his way up the old familiar walk to have a chat with the taciturn, sember-eyed man sitting alone in the great old library. The doctor never spoke of Helen. He dared not take the risk. Burke Denby's only interests plainly were business, books, and the rare curios he and his father had collected.

A Mrs. Gowing, a distant cousin, had come to be his housekeeper, but the doctor said little of her. She seemed to be a quiet, inoffensive little woman, plainly very much in the background.

There came an evening finally, however, when, much to the doctor's beatific surprise, Burke Denby of his own accord, mentioned his wife.

It was nearly two years after John Denby's death. The doctor had run up to Dalton for an overnight visit and had noticed at once a peculiar restlessness in his host's manner, an odd impatience of voice and gesture. Then, abruptly, in answer to the doctor's own assertion that Burke needed something to get him away from his constant brooding in the old library.

"Need something?" he exclaimed.

"Of course I need something! I need my wife and child. I need to live a normal life like other men. I need—"

But what's the use?" he finished with outflung hands.

"I know; but—yourself—" By a supreme effort the doctor was keeping himself from shouting aloud with joy.

"Oh, yes, I know it's all my own fault," cut in Burke crisply. "You can't tell me anything new on that score, did I haven't told myself. Yes, and I know I haven't been willing to have her name spoken," he went on recklessly, answering the amazement in the doctor's face.

"But why—this sudden change, Burke?"

"It's not so sudden as you think." Burke's eyes, gloomily fixed on the opposite wall, did not turn as he spoke.

"It's been coming gradually for a long time. I can see that now. Still, the real eye-opener finally came from—"

"mother."

"Your mother?"

"Yes, her diary—or, rather diaries. I found them a month ago among father's things. I can't tell you what was in them. I wouldn't, of course, if I could. They're too—sacred. Perhaps you think even I shouldn't have read them; perhaps I shouldn't. But I did, and I'm glad I did; and I believe she'd have wanted me to."

"Of course, at first, when I picked one of them up, I didn't know what it was. Then I saw my name, and I read—page after page. I was a baby—her baby. Gleason, can you imagine what it would be to look down into the soul of a good woman and read there all her love, hopes, prayers, and ambitions for her boy—and then suddenly realize that you yourself were that boy?"

"I took up then the first one—the diary she kept the first year of her marriage; and if I had felt small and mean and unworthy before—"

On and on I read; and as I read, I began to see, dimly, what marriage means—"

For a woman. They were very poor then. Father was the grandson of

the younger, runaway son, Joel, and had only his trade and his day's wages. They lived in a shabby little cottage on Mill street, long since destroyed. This house belonged to the other branch of the family, and was occupied by a rich old man and his daughter. Mother was gently reared, and was not used to work. Those first years of poverty and privation must have been wickedly hard for her. But the little carries carried no complaints. They did carry weariness often, and sometimes a pitiful terror lest she be not strong enough for what was before her, and so bring disappointment and grief to 'dear John.' But always, for 'dear John,' I could see there was to be nothing but encouragement and a steadfast holding forth of high aims and the assurance of ultimate success.

"Then, one by one, came the babies, with all the agony and fears and hopes they brought with them. Three came and slipped away into the great unknown before I came—to stay. About that time father's patents began to bring success, and soon the money was pouring in. They bought this house. It had been one of their dreams that they would buy it. Then, when I was four years old, mother died."

"That is the story—the bald story. But that doesn't tell you anything of what those days were to me. In the light they shed I saw my own marriage—and I was ashamed. I never thought of marriage before from Helen's standpoint. I never thought what she had to suffer and endure, and adapt herself to. I know now. Of course, very soon after our marriage, I realized that she and I weren't suited to each other. But what of it? I had married her. I had effectually prevented her from finding happiness with any other man; yet it didn't seem to occur to me that I had thereby taken on myself the irrevocable duty of trying to make her happy. I have no doubt that my ways and aims and likes and dislikes annoyed her as much as hers did me. But it never occurred to me that my soft greens and browns and Beethoven harmonies got on her nerves just exactly as her pinks and purples and ragtime got on mine. I was never in the habit of looking at anybody's happiness but my own; and I wasn't happy. So I let things run."

"Mother had trials of her own—lots of them," he resumed, after a moment's silence. "She even had some not unlike mine. I believe, for I think I could read between the lines and dad was more than a bit careless at times in manner and speech compared to the polished ways of the men of her family and social circle. But mother never whined nor ran away. She just smiled and kept bravely straight ahead; and by and by they were under her feet, where they belonged—all those things that plagued. But I—I both whined and ran away—because I didn't like the way my wife ate her soup and spread her bread. They seem so small now—all those little ways I hated—small beside the big things that really counted. Do you know? I believe if more people would stop making the little things big and the big things little, there'd be a whole heap more happiness lying around in this old world! And Helen—poor Helen! She tried—I know she tried. Lots of times, when I was reading in the diaries what mother said about dad—how she mustn't let him get discouraged or downhearted; how she must tell him she just knew he was going to succeed—lots of times then I'd think of Helen. Helen used to talk that way to me at first! I wonder now if Helen kept a diary! There, there, old man, forgive me," he broke off, with a shrug. "I didn't mean to run on like this."

"I'm glad you did, Burke." The doctor's carefully controlled voice expressed cheerful interest; that was all. "And now what do you propose to do?"

"Do? How? What do you mean?"

"Why, about—your wife, of course."

"Nothing. There's nothing I can do. And that's the pity of it. She will go on, of course, to the end of her life, thinking me a cad and a coward."

"But if you could be—er—brought together again," suggested the doctor in a voice so coldly impersonal it was almost indifferent.

"Oh, yes, of course—perhaps. But that's not likely. I don't know where she is, remember; and she's not likely to come back of her own accord, after all this time. But enough of this!" he broke off abruptly, springing to his feet. "You don't happen to know of a young woman who has the skill of experience, the wisdom of age, the adaptability of youth, and the patience of Job all in one, do you?" he demanded.

The doctor turned with startled eyes.

"Why, Burke, after all this, you don't mean—"

"No, it's not a wife I'm looking for," interposed Burke, with a whimsical shrug. "It's a stenographer or private secretary, only she must be much more than the ordinary kind. I want to catalogue all this truck father and I have accumulated. She must know French and German—a little Greek and Hebrew wouldn't be amiss. And I want one that would be interested in this sort of thing—one who will realize she isn't handling mere notes, say. My eyes are going back on me, too, and I shall want her to read to me; so I must like her voice. I don't want anything, you see," he smiled grimly.

(To be continued.)

Get busy and attend to business—but be sure it is your own business.

Homely Wrinkles.

Dry some elderberries to feed to the birds during the winter months.

A few drops of glycerine put on the creases of fruit jars before screwing on the lids will keep mold from forming on the fruit.

Drive one more nail into the board that holds the swing shelf up, if you have loaded the shelf heavily. It may save a drop in canned goods.

An old teapot is one of the best things to use for putting paraffin on glasses of jelly. After using set the teapot away, and it will be ready for future use.

Fingers will not be burned or stained if when straining hot jelly you stretch the cloth across the top of a deep vessel and fasten the cloth with spring clothespins. Pour the juice into the cloth and let it drain through.

When making jams and marmalades, place a large dishpan of boiling water directly over the fire, put a handful of small pebbles in the bottom and upon these set your preserving kettle, which should be covered closely. Very little stirring of the contents will be required as it is impossible for the fruit to burn. Keep the water boiling until the desired result is obtained.

His Work.

Kind Lady: "What do you work at, my poor man?"

Tramp: "Only at intervals, lady."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

RAMSAY'S Aluminum Paint

Gives Stovepipes and Radiators a Silver-like finish

For Sale by All Dealers

Parker's Will Do It

By cleaning or dyeing—restore any articles to their former appearance and return them to you, good as new.

Send anything from household draperies down to the finest of delicate fabrics. We pay postage or express charges one way.

When you think of

Cleaning or Dyeing

Think of Parker's.

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay Carriage one way on all orders.

Advice upon Cleaning or Dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

Parker's Dye Works, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers.

791 Yonge St.

Toronto

LILY WHITE Corn Syrup For Preserving

Half Lily White and Half Sugar

You will have wonderful success with your preserves if you follow the example of the Technical Schools and replace half the sugar with LILY WHITE Corn Syrup.

The initial saving in money may be small, but your jams and jellies will keep better, will have finer flavor, will be just the right consistency and will not crystallize.

LILY WHITE makes Dandy Candy

Endorsed by good housewives everywhere. LILY WHITE Corn Syrup is sold by all grocers in 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. tins.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.



Events in England

Essex County Council is arranging for moving pictures to the county asylum.

Disability pensions from former wars are to be increased to the present standard.

Sir Richard Glynn's Dorset estate, consisting of 5,500 acres, has been sold for £192,666.

Flowers said to have cost £7,500 were sent by gipsies to a gipsy funeral at Orpington, Kent.

John R. Mayne, of Aldershot, while rabbit hunting, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun.

Men in the tramway and electric light departments of the Southend corporation have gone on strike.

The Bucklands Hotel, Mayfair, established for more than 160 years, has been sold to the Guards' Club.

Princess Christian paid a visit to the holiday homes for crippled boys of London at Englefield Green, Surrey.

Geoffrey James, a thirteen-months-old infant of Tooting, died as a result of swallowing thirteen strychnine tablets.

Workmen have discovered that the statue of George III. at Weymouth is made of plaster and is fast crumbling to pieces.

Thomas Myerough, of Bowgrave Hill, Garstang, Lancs., died from injuries received when he was blown from his bicycle.

Dr. Edwin Greaves, of Maida Vale, London, was accidentally drowned in a boating accident near Four Mills Bridge, Anglesey.

William Roberts, aged fifteen, fell two hundred feet from Dover cliffs and escaped with a broken leg and some bruises.

GOLF OF LOWLY ORIGIN.

And Popular Game Did Not Have Its Start in Scotland.

If tennis has a royal lineage, golf, which was her regarded as a rich man's game, had most plebeian beginnings, says a magazine writer. Contrary to a widespread belief, it seems not to have originated in Scotland, but in northern Europe. Apparently it was first played on ice, being one of the winter sports adapted to the physical geography of the Low Countries.

Even in the north, though, it evolved to a terra firma stage, as indicated by a sketch in a book illuminated at Bruges, which shows three players, each with a ball and one club, playing on turf.

By the 15th century golf had attained such vogue in Scotland that it threatened the cherished archery, and it is classed with "futeball" and "unprofitable sports" by James IV.

That monarch, however, seems to have disregarded his own edict, as did enough other Scotchmen to keep the game alive.

Like tennis, golf was played by both sexes. Critics of Mary Stuart cited evidence that her husband's fate weighed so lightly upon her heart that she was seen playing the game in the fields near Seton.

To the Romans also is ascribed a game that suggests modern golf. It was played with a feather stuffed ball and called "paganica," because the common people played it—another evidence of the game's lowly origin.

Good Reasons For Good Roads.

The way to make prosperity flow into any locality is to build roads that will last and not have to be done over every few years.

With good roads farmers can deliver all their products direct to town within a radius of fifty miles or more, and by making more profit themselves they reduce the high cost of living for other people; for merchants are able to take advantage of new sources of supply to buy their stocks under favorable conditions, and sell them to their customers at a lower price.

Millions of dollars are lost every year through perishable goods spoiling on the railroads because of the freight delays and complications. Single large firms have actually saved more than \$100,000 yearly by using motor trucks; and the trucks will undoubtedly contribute largely to organic improvement of roads.

Good roads bring trade and increase property values in a community. They attract home-seekers and industries.

Naughty Nations.

A novel inquiry has lately been held in the Republic to the south. Which is the "naughtiest" of all the foreign nations represented in the United States?

The method adopted to decide this question has been to take a census of all the people who have been imprisoned for breaking laws, and the fairest record is held by Switzerland. Only 0.31 per cent. of the Swiss in the United States have been to prison.

Mexico is the bad boy of the family, with 2.3 per cent., or just over one in fifty. Ireland is only a fraction better, 2 per cent., and Scotland is third from bottom with 1.2 per cent.

Following these, each country being better than the last, come Austria, England and Wales, Canada, France, Italy, Russia, and Denmark.

What about Germany? Prepare for a nasty blow. Omitting Switzerland, Germany comes top!