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The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAPTER XIV.—(Cont'd.)
"I should say not," laughed the doctor, rising. "But before you give me any more qualifications, I guess I'd better be going to bed."
"I don't wonder, after the harangue I've given you. But—you don't know of such a person, do you?"
"I don't."

"No, I suppose not—nor anybody else," finished Burke Denby, a profound frown that had become habitual settling over his face.

"If I do I'll send her to you," nodded the doctor, halfway through the door. The doctor was in a hurry to get up to his room—he had a letter to write.

"Thanks," said Burke Denby, still dryly, as he waved his hand in good-night.
Before he slept the doctor wrote his letter to Helen. It was a long one, and a joyous one. It told everything that Burke had said, even to his plaintive plea for a private secretary.
Addressing the letter to Mrs. Helen Darling, the doctor tucked it into his pocket to be mailed at the station in the morning. Then, for the few hours before rising time, he laid himself down to sleep. But he did not sleep. His brain was altogether too actively picturing the arrival of Helen Denby and her daughter at the old Denby Mansion, and the meeting between them and the master of the house. And to think that at last it was all coming out right!

CHAPTER XV.
Impatient as was the doctor for an answer to his letter, it came before he expected, for a cablegram told of Helen's almost immediate departure for America.

"I thought that would fetch her," he crowed to his sister. "And she'll be here just next week Wednesday. That'll get her up to Dalton before Sunday."

"Perhaps," observed Mrs. Thayer cautiously.
"No 'perhaps' to it," declared the doctor. "If the boat gets here. You don't suppose she's going to delay any longer now, do you? Besides, isn't she starting for America about as soon as she can? Does that look as if she were losing much time?"

"No, it doesn't," she admitted laughingly.
The doctor and his sister were not surprised to see a very lovely and charming Helen with the distinction and mellow maturity that the dozen intervening years had brought. Her



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letters had shown them something of that. But they were not prepared for the changes those same years had wrought in Dorothy Elizabeth.

To Helen, their frank start of amazement and quick interchange of glances upon first sight of the girl were like water to a long-parched throat.

"You do think she's lovely?" she whispered to the frankly staring doctor, as Mrs. Thayer welcomed the young girl.

"Lovely! She's the most beautiful thing I ever saw!" avowed the doctor, with a laughing shrug at his own extravagance.
"And she's just as sweet and dear as she is lovely," whispered back the adoring mother, as the girl turned to meet the doctor.

"You've your mother's eyes, my dear," said the doctor.
"Have I?" the girl smiled happily. "I'm so glad! I love mother's eyes."

It was not until hours later, when Betty had gone to bed, that there was any opportunity to talk over plans. Then, before the fire in the library, Helen found herself alone with the doctor and his sister.

"To think of all this coming to Burke Denby, without even a turn of his hand," envied the doctor. "Lucky! And to get you both! He doesn't deserve it!"

"But he isn't going to get us both!" Helen's eyes were twinkling, but her mouth showed suddenly firm lines.
The doctor wheeled sharply.
"What do you mean? Surely, now you aren't going to—?" He stopped helplessly.

"He's going to get her—but not me."
"Oh, come, come, Helen, my dear!" protested two dismayed voices.
But Helen shook her head decidedly.

"Listen. I've got it all planned. You said he wanted a sort of private secretary or stenographer, didn't you?"

"Why, yes."
"Well, I'm going to send Betty."
"Betty?"
"Certainly. She can fill the position—you needn't worry about that. She's eighteen, you know, and she's really very self-reliant and capable. She doesn't understand shorthand, of course; but she can write his letters for him, just the same, and in three or four languages, if he wants her to. She can typewrite. Mr. Reynolds got a typewriter for the girls long ago. And she loves to fuss over old books and curios. She and Gladys have spent days in those old London shops."

"A real Denby digger—eh?" smiled the doctor.
"Yes. And I've been so glad she was interested—like her father."

"But you don't mean you're going to give your daughter up," cried Mrs. Thayer, aghast, "and not go yourself?"

"You couldn't! Besides, as if Burke would stand for that," cut in the doctor.

"But he isn't going to know she's his daughter," smiled Helen.

"Not know she is his daughter!" echoed two voices, in stupefaction.
"No—not yet. She'll be his private secretary. That is all. I'm relying on you to—er—apply for the situation for her." Helen's eyes were merry.

"Oh, nonsense! This is too absurd for words," spluttered the doctor.
"I don't think so."

"His own daughter writing his letters for him, and living with him day by day, and he not to know it? Bosh! Sounds like a plot from a shilling shocker!"

"Does it? Well, I ought not to mind that, ought I?—you know 'twas a book in the first place that set me to making myself 'swell' and 'grand,' sir." In Helen's eyes was still twinkling mischief.

"Oh, but, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Thayer with genuine concern. "I do think this is impossible."

The expression on Helen Denby's face changed instantly. Her eyes grew very grave, but luminously tender. Her lips trembled a little.

"People, dear people, if you'll listen just a minute I think I can convince you," she begged. "I have it all planned out. Betty and I will go to Dalton, and find a quiet little home somewhere. Oh, I shall keep well out of sight—never fear," she nodded, in reply to the quick doubt in the doctor's eyes. "Betty shall go every morning to her father's house, and I'm not afraid of Betty. He will love her. He can't help it. And he will see how dear and sweet and good she is. Then, by and by, he shall know that she is his—his very own."

"But—but Betty herself! Can she

act her part in this remarkable scheme?" demanded the doctor.
"She won't be acting a part. She'll just be acting herself. She is not to know anything except that she is his secretary."

"Impossible!" ejaculated two voices.
"I don't think so. Anyway, it's worth trying; and if it works it'll mean—everything." The last word was so low it was scarcely above a whisper.

"But yourself, my dear," pleaded Mrs. Thayer. "Where do you come in? What part have you in this—play?"

The rich red surged from neck to brow. The doctor and his sister could see that, though they could not see Helen Denby's face. It was turned quite away. There was a moment's silence; a little breathlessly came the answer.

"I don't know. I suppose that will be the 'curtain,' won't it? And I've never been sure of the ending—yet. But—" She hesitated; then suddenly she turned, her eyes shining and deeply tender. "Don't you see? It's the only way, after all. I can't very well go up to Dalton and ring his doorbell and say, 'Here, behold your wife and daughter. Won't you please take us in?'—can I? Though at first, when I heard of his father's death and thought of him so lonely there, I did want to do—just that. But I knew that wasn't best, even before your letter came telling me—what he said."

"But now—why, this is just what I've wanted from the first—to show Betty to him, some time, when he didn't dream who she was. I wanted to know that he wasn't ashamed of her. And this (his wanting a secretary) gave me a better chance than I ever thought I could have. Why, people, dear people, don't you see?—with this I shan't mind now one bit all these long, long years of waiting. Won't you help me—please? I can't, of course, do it without your help."

The doctor threw up both his hands—his old gesture of despair.
"Help you? Of course we'll help you, just as we did before—to get the moon, if you ask for it. I feel like a comic opera and a movie farce all in one; but never mind. I'll do it. Now, what is it I am to do?"

Helen relaxed into such radiant joyousness and relief that she looked almost like the girl Burke Denby had married nineteen years before.

"You dear! I knew you would!" she breathed.
"Yes; but what is it?" he groaned in mock despair. "Speak out. I want to know the worst at once. What am I to do?"

"Please, you're to go up to Dalton and tell Mr. Burke Denby you think

you've found a young woman who will make him an excellent secretary. Then, if he consents to try her, you're to find a little furnished apartment on a nice, quiet street, not too far from the Denby Mansion, of course, where we can live. Then I'd like a note of introduction for Betty to take to her father; she's the daughter of an old friend whom you've known for years—see?—and you are confident she will give satisfaction. That's all. Now, I'm sure— isn't that quite—easy?"

"Oh, very easy—very easy, indeed!" replied the doctor, with another groan. "You little witch! I declare I believe you'll carry this absurd, preposterous thing through to a triumphant finish, after all."

"Thank you. I knew you wouldn't fail me," smiled Helen, with tear-wet eyes.

"But, my dear, I don't think yet that everything is quite clear," demurred Mrs. Thayer. "How about Betty? Just what does Betty know of her father?"

A look very like fear crossed the bright face opposite. "She knows nothing, of course, of—of my leaving home and the cause of it. I've never told her anything of her father except to hold him up as a symbol of everything good and lovable. When she was a little girl, you know, I could always do anything with her by just telling her that daddy wanted it so."

"But where does she think he is? Now that she is older, she must have asked some questions," murmured Mrs. Thayer.

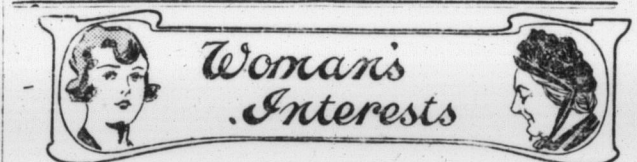
Helen shook her head. A faint smile came to her lips. "She hasn't; but I've been so afraid she would, and I've been dreading it always. Then one day Mrs. Reynolds told me something Betty said to her. Since then I've felt a little easier."

"What was it Betty said to her?" asked Mrs. Thayer.

"She asked Mrs. Reynolds one day: 'Did you ever know my father?' And of course Mrs. Reynolds said, 'No.' Then Betty said: 'He is dead, you know. Oh, mother never told me so, in words; but I understand that he is, of course. She just used to say that I mustn't ask for daddy. He couldn't be with us now. That was all. At first, when I was little, I thought he was away on a journey. Then, when I got older, I realized it was just mother's beautiful way of putting it. So now I like to think of him as being just away on a journey. And of course I never say anything to mother. But I do wish I could have known him. He must have been so fine and splendid!'"

"The dear child!" murmured Mrs. Thayer.

The doctor turned on his heel and walked over to the window abruptly. (To be continued.)



Woman's Interests
Dyed and Made New.

The successful housewife never quarrels with the inevitable. She is a self-constituted standing committee on ways and means and solves all problems as they arise. Feminine intuition and the native ingenuity inherited from a host of pioneering ancestors are her chief assets. The wide range of commodities which modern invention places at her disposal affords practically unlimited resources.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find her equal to any emergency even when she finds that in spite of care, her home, which was so attractive and tasteful when she fitted it up as a bride, has ceased to have individuality and attractiveness.

The condition arises sooner or later in almost any average home. It is usually apparent at about the time the growing children begin to have company. The signs are unmistakable—beginning at the doorbell starts a wild flurry while Daughter beats up sofa cushions, rearranges bric-a-brac, and moves chairs about in an endeavor to make "the old place" look "nice."

Then someday a great message reaches the home.

Sometimes it is delivered by an innocent bystander's comments, or Daughter's best friend goes into raptures over the home of a bride who has recently feathered her nest. Suddenly the housewife realizes that it is years since this same friend exclaimed over the "restfulness" of her living room, the "coziness" of her den, or the "dignified simplicity" of her dining room.

Something must be wrong and she resolutely undertakes to find out what it is. Nothing really is shabby. Worn furniture has been methodically replaced or repaired and each household object has seen a careful redistribution so as to confine the newest and best furnishings to the most used rooms. Mentally Mother compares the appearance of each room with the way it looked when she, a bride, first arranged it. Suddenly she sees what is the matter: The color scheme has been lost in the shuffle.

Replacing curtains and draperies is very much like buying cereals in war time. You could not get just what you want, so you took the least of a few substitutes. When it was impossible to match the discarded articles, things had been selected which would not clash with the rest of the furnishings. The periodic shifting of curtains, rugs and cushions had

inevitably made the one cozy den the repository for everything that could not go anywhere else and had left the rest of the house with a "survival of the fittest" appearance far removed from its original distinctive charm.

When a house reaches this stage it must be furnished anew from top to bottom or the housewife must put her ever-ready wits to work. One woman who could not do the first, accomplished equally satisfactory results with little expense and had the time of her life doing it.

First, she went carefully from room to room, planning a new color scheme for each, based on the amount of sunshine it received and the purpose for which the room was used.

Next, she spent a long day in town, visiting model homes, departments and interior decoration exhibits, to get the latest wrinkles in the arrangement of curtains and so forth. The only shopping she did was to lay in a goodly supply of soap dyes in various colors and a few odds and ends from the "five-and-ten."

One evening she recruited the whole family to cut up the contents of her rag bag for rag rugs. She tucked the pieces together in ten-yard lengths, the next day she dyed enough rugs to make rugs in two colors, for the living room and the children's rooms. They were dyed to match or round out the general color schemes she had selected. She then sent them to the weaver.

Day by day this woman with a color vision, dyed one room at a time in one, two, and sometimes three tone effects, ripping off the chair covers in the morning and replacing them "good as new" before sundown, using new gimp, dyed to match. From room to room she quickly progressed like a conquering heroine, while her family gazed in awe at her achievements.

She had a busy month, for she neglected none of the usual calls upon her time. When all was finished, she gave a tea, as might be expected, and when her friends exclaimed and praised and decried her "wild extravagance," she inwardly decided that the comparative few hours she had spent messing with the dye pot, following simple directions, had been among the most profitable hours of her experience.

We All Like Macaroni.
Macaroni is one good old stand-by that can be kept on hand month after month, ready for emergency use. These recipes are reliable. Clip them out now and paste them on the pantry door or over the shelf or on the tight

box in which you keep this serviceable food.

Macaroni with Cheese—1 cup macaroni, 1 cup milk, 2 tbsp. butter, 2 tbsp. flour, ¼ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper. Cook the macaroni in a large amount of rapidly boiling salted water until tender; drain and rinse in cold water. Make a white sauce by blending together the butter and flour, and cooking over gentle heat until thickened but not browned. Gradually add scalded milk and cook until smooth and thick, add grated cheese and seasonings. Turn into a greased baking dish, sprinkle grated cheese over the top and brown in moderately hot oven. Serve in the dish in which it was cooked.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce and Bacon—1 can tomatoes, 1 c. macaroni, 3 slices bacon, 1 small onion, salt and

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pepper. Cook tomatoes and chopped onion ten minutes, strain and put to cook in pan in which bacon has been browned. Simmer gently while cooking macaroni as in above recipe. Arrange macaroni on platter, put over it tomato sauce with the finely chopped bacon, and serve with a dish of grated cheese.

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I Frame My Own Pictures

Glaring mistakes can be made in framing pictures; perhaps this is why the task is so often left in the hands of the professional. To properly set off a print demands almost as fine an artistic sense as to paint the original. Indeed, so discriminating a craft is picture-framing that rules can scarcely be laid down, each picture making a law unto itself.

Contrast is one way of determining the kind of frame, repetition of the dominant color or tone impression of the picture another. To generalize, one might say that the more inconspicuous the frame, and the more striking the picture, the better the combination.

In spite of all this, there is a tendency at present, to use bright-colored frames. This is probably due to the fact that specimens of that modern art, which "goes in" for bright colors, would entirely eclipse a somber frame.

Besides, the framed picture is being relied upon to give a color note in the decorative scheme of a room as well as to please by its subject and execution.

To the amateur the vogue for painted frames offers opportunity and economy. Old wooden frames may be successfully painted in two colors, the second color being merely a line of relief on the groundwork of the other.

Another deviation from an established rule is the placing of a picture that shows a large mat. There are some professionals who frown on the mat, but others who recognize certain cases where it is very necessary, in the very small print, for instance, which, framed without a mat, would be almost too trivial. When the print is decorative, as in the case of the Japanese panel, a mat very often adds to the decorative value, and it may be placed with an even border of mat all around it, or with a much larger mat border at the bottom. The latter is probably more attractive, especially for the panel.

Be sure that the glass is immaculately clean next to the picture before you start to frame; after the picture lay a piece of paper, then a layer of cardboard, and weight it while you drive in the tiny nails to the sides of the frame. The frame should be laid on something soft while this is being done, and against something hard while the nails are driven in. When the picture is placed, paste a piece of heavy paper over the back of the entire frame, and insert screw-eyes to hold the picture wire or cord.

Pictures are never hung, nowadays, except flat on the wall. While a formal treatment for hanging pictures is by two tasseled cords from a high molding, in general the molding is being discarded in favor of push-plugs and nails.

The Redoubtable John Brown.

A quaint story of Queen Victoria appears in the Notebooks of a Spinster Lady. One day when the queen was out driving, John Brown, the royal footman, called out rudely to the officer who commanded the escort.

"Go quicker, sir!"
The officer, not wishing to take his orders from a servant, paid no attention.

"Did you hear what I said, sir?" Brown shouted. "Go faster!"

The officer reined back his horse and said to the queen, "Is it Your Majesty's wish that we should quicken our pace? The escort are trotting as fast as the horses can go. If they put on more speed they must break into a canter."

The queen glanced toward John Brown. "I think, perhaps, you had better go a little faster," she replied.

"If Only—"

There had been a quarrel. Everybody could see that the minute they came into the tramcar. The woman sat with tightly pressed lips, her hands gripping her umbrella firmly.

The man sank down on his spine and glowered at the advertisements. The other passengers got interested.

Then there came a dead silence as the car halted to let off a passenger. Into the silence came the woman's thin, angry voice:

"If it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest fool in London!"

Then for the first time the man grinned, and the others grinned with him.

Macaroni with Minced Ham—1 a macaroni, 1 c. minced ham, 1 c. corn (canned or left-over creamed corn), ½ c. bread crumbs (stale are best), salt and pepper. Cook macaroni in large amount of boiling salted water, drain and rinse in cold water. Arrange macaroni, ham and corn in alternate layers in baking dish. Cover with crumbs, dot with butter and bake in hot oven until brown. Always remember that ham is salt.

Macaroni and Salmon—1 can salmon, 2 c. cooked macaroni, 2 c. tomato sauce, 1 c. bread crumbs, 1 tsp. butter, salt and pepper. Remove bones and skin from salmon and break into small pieces with fork. Place layer of salmon in baking dish, add layer of macaroni and pour tomato sauce over all. Scatter crumbs on top, dot with butter and bake until brown.

Macaroni with Broth and Peppers—2 c. cooked macaroni, beef broth as desired, 1 green pepper, salt. Cook macaroni in a large amount of boiling water until tender, drain and rinse in cold water. Chop pepper and cook until tender. Add broth to all.