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The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"I couldn't stand it. I couldn't stand it another minute," he told himself passionately as he hurried Helen down the long, elm-shaded walk leading to the street. "But dad—dad was a brute! And he asked us to come again! Against! Good heavens! As if I'd go through that again! It was so much worse there than at home. But I'm glad he didn't put her in mother's chair. I don't think even I could have stood that today!"

"Well, that's over," murmured Helen complacently, as they turned into the public sidewalk. "and well over! Still, I didn't enjoy myself so very much, and I don't believe you did either," she laughed, "else you wouldn't have been such a taking to get away."

There was no answer. Helen, however, evidently sure of her ground, did not seem to notice. She yawned pleasantly.

"Guess I'm sleepy. Ate too much. 'Twas a good dinner; and, just as I told your father, things always taste especially good when you don't get much at home. I said on purpose. I thought maybe 'twould make him think."

Still silence.

Helen turned sharply and stared into her husband's face.

"What's the matter?" she demanded suspiciously. "Why are you so glum?"

Burke, instantly alert to the danger of having another scene such as had followed Gleason's first visit, desperately ran to cover.

"Nothing, nothing!" He essayed a gay smile, and succeeded in making it look like a genuine one.

"Not a bit of it! I wanted to come."

She relaxed and took her gaze off his face. The unmistakable sincerity in his voice this last time had carried conviction.

"Hm-m: I thought you did," she murmured contentedly again. "Still, I was kind of scared when you proposed. I didn't suppose 'twas proper to eat and run. Mother always said so. Do you think he minded it—your father?"

"Not a bit!" Burke, in his thankfulness to have escaped the threatened scene, was enabled to speak lightly, almost gaily.

"Hm-m. Well, I'm glad. I wouldn't have wanted him to mind. I tried to be specially nice to him, didn't I?"

"You did, certainly," Burke's lips came together a little grimly; but Helen's eyes were turned away; and after a moment's pause she changed the subject—to her husband's infinite relief.

CHAPTER IX.

Burke Denby did not attempt to deceive himself after that Sunday dinner. His marriage had been a mistake, and he knew it. He was disappointed, ashamed, and angry. He told himself that he was heartbroken; that he still loved Helen dearly;—only he did not like to be with her now. She made him nervous, and rubbed him the wrong way. Her mood never seemed to fit in with his. She had so many little ways—

Sometimes he told himself irritably that he believed that, if it were a big thing like a crime that Helen had committed, he could be heroic and forgiving, and glory in it. But for ever to battle against a succession of never-ending irritations, always to encounter the friction of antagonistic aims and ideals—it was maddening. He was ashamed of himself, of course. He was ashamed of lots of things that he said and did. But he could not help an explosion now and then. He felt as if somewhere, within him, was an irresistible force driving him to it.

And the pity of it! Was he not, indeed, to be pitied? What had he not given up? As if it were his fault that he was now so disillusioned! He had supposed that marriage with Helen would be a fresh joy every morning, a new delight every evening, an unbelievable glory of happiness—just being together.

Now—he did not want to be together. He did not want to go home to fretfulness, fault-finding, slovenliness, and perpetual criticism. He wanted to go home to peace and harmony, big, quiet rooms, servants that knew their business, and—dad. And that was another thing—dad. Dad had been right. He himself had been wrong. But that did not mean that it was easy to own up that he was wrong. Sometimes he had

ly knew which cut the deeper: that he had been proved wrong, thus losing his happiness, or that his father had been proved right, thus placing him in a position to hear the hated "I told you so."

What Helen could never make him happy, Burke was convinced now, as since seeing her at his father's table that Sunday. Never had her "ways" so irritated him. Never had he so fully realized the significance of what he had lost—and won. Never had he been so ashamed—or so ashamed of being so ashamed—as on that day. Never, he vowed, would he be placed in the same position again.

As to Helen's side of the matter—Burke quite forgot that there was such a thing. When one is so very sorry for one's self, one forgets to be sorry for anybody else. And Burke was, indeed, very sorry for himself. Having never been in the habit of taking disagreeable medicine, he did not know how to take it now. Having been always accustomed to consider only himself, he considered only himself now. That Helen, too, might be disappointed and disillusioned never occurred to him.

It was perhaps a month later that another invitation to dinner came from John Denby. This time Burke did not utter a joyful incoherent acceptance. He declined, so promptly and emphatically that he quite forgot his marriage, for a moment, and had to attach to the end of his refusal a hurried and ineffectual "Er—thank you, you are very kind, I'm sure!" He looked up then and met his father's eyes. But instantly his gaze dropped.

"Er—ah—Helen is not well at all, dad," he still further added, nervously. "Of course I'll speak to her. But I don't think we can come."

There was a moment's pause. Then, very gravely, John Denby said: "Oh, I am sorry, son."

Burke, with a sudden tightening of his throat, turned and walked away.

"He didn't laugh, he didn't sneer, he didn't look angry, only just plain sorry," choked the young man to himself. "And he had such a magnificent chance to do—all of them. But he just—understood."

Burke "spoke to Helen" that night. "Father asked us to dinner next Sunday; but—I said I didn't think we could go. I told him you weren't feeling well, and I didn't think you'd want to go; and—I didn't want to go myself."

Helen frowned and pouted.

"Well, I've got my opinion of folks who refuse an invitation without even asking 'em if they want to go," she bridled. "Not that I mind much in this case, though—if it's just a dinner. I thought once, maybe he meant something—that he was giving in, you know. But I haven't seen any signs of that. And as for just going to dinner—I can't say I am specially anxious for that—mean as I feel now."

"No, I thought not," said Burke. And there the matter ended. As the summer passed, Burke fell into the way of going often to see his father, though never at meal-time. He went alone. Helen said she did not care to go, and that she did not see what fun Burke could find in it anyway.

To Burke, these hours that he spent with his father chatting and smoking in the dim old library, or on the vine-shaded verandah, were like a breeze blowing across the desert of existence—like water in a thirsty land. From day to day he planned these visits. From hour to hour he lived upon them.

To all appearances John Denby and his son had picked up their old comradeship exactly where the marriage had severed it. Even to Burke's watchful, sensitive eyes the "wall" seemed quite gone. There was, however, one difference: mother was never mentioned. John Denby never spoke of her now.

(To be continued.)

Same Old Boys.

Muddledom-cum-Splish is very proud of its schools, which boast all the latest improvements. Every visitor is asked: "Have you seen our schools?"

"I have," replied one man promptly, in answer to this question. "They're quite good."

"Splendid, aren't they," gushed the native. "Fine buildings, and all the most up-to-date fittings. By the way, what was the first thing which struck you on entering?"

"A pea from a peashooter!" said the visitor coldly.



Varying the Menu.

What an easy time we "overworked" housekeepers have as compared with our grandmothers and mothers. Yes, and even with the days of our oldest sisters, to-day's housekeeping is comparatively easy, when it comes to getting meals. I thought of it the other day when I discovered that of the thirty or more cans in the fruit locker still filled with "something," only four contained fruit. At first it was rather disconcerting to think that home-grown strawberries are still several weeks away, oranges eighty cents to one dollar a dozen, depending on the grocer's "service," and apples six to ten cents apiece, also depending on the same price basis. Then came the comfortable thought, "Oh, well, the children like gelatine, and the price of that is fixed."

So gelatine will be till strawberry time. We can buy it with the fruit flavor and serve it without additions if we like, or if we want to add the fruit, one orange will do a long way when used only to give flavor.

It doesn't need to be oranges either, for any fruit will do with this dessert. Or, for the matter of that, any vegetable or left-over meat, if it isn't dessert we are trying to extend. A favorite mixture contains only sweet fruits, a few raisins, figs, chopped or cut in small pieces, and a date or two. This gives a better balanced dish than the gelatine alone, since the jelly, being a meat extractive, is an acid producer, while the fruits are base producers—that is, they give alkali in reaction.

There are so many ways in which the prepared jelly powders can be used that one could not give a tenth of the recipes in one article. Suppose you have a little cold chicken, not enough to put on the table in the present condition, a bit of breast, the neck and wings, maybe a piece of the back. You shred the meat from the bones, prepare your jelly powder according to directions on the package, flavor with celery salt, mint, kitchen bouquet or any good flavor that goes well with meat, and the minced chicken, and pour into a mold, empty baking powder cans or tin coffee cans, very nicely. Lacking even these, your bread trim make nicely formed molds. Set the mold away on the cellar floor until the jelly hardens, turn out on a platter garnished with parsley, watercress, lettuce cut in ribbons, even celery tops or carrot tops, and you have a dainty platter of jellied chicken. Two or three chopped olives mixed with the meat, add to the flavor of the dish and the beauty as well.

So much for your meat. A salad is as easily made with the left-over vegetables. Bits of cold carrots and beets diced, cold canned peas, lima beans, any vegetable your family likes will be relished if added to gelatin as you do fruit and served with your own salad dressing. Tomato jelly is made by using boiling strained tomatoes instead of the boiling water called for. Mold in individual molds. If you haven't the individual molds, use tea cups of uniform size. Before using molds, fill with cold water, pour out the water

and immediately fill with the jelly. The mold will then turn out easily after it hardens.

To your meat and salad now add your dessert. You probably have your own favorite recipe, but here is one "discovered" by a farm woman which is a prime favorite in her community. For the amount of water called for in the directions given with a ten-cent package, substitute the juice from a pint can of strawberries. If there is not enough liquid, add enough boiling water to make it up. Just before the jelly sets, carefully stir in the berries, and a half a banana sliced. Allow to harden, turn out in your prettiest glass dish, slice a banana on top, and pile thick with sweetened whipped cream.

Loganberry jelly is always liked. Combined with dates it makes a delicious and nutritive dish. Dates are high in carbohydrates, sugar, the dried dates as we get them containing on the average 1,605 calories to the pound. A dessert pleasing to the eye as well as the palate is made by placing halves of stone fruits around the edge of a mold at two-hour intervals, then filling the mold with loganberry jelly. Allow to harden, turn out on a glass or china platter, cover with whipped cream and on top arrange a circle of dates. Pile cream high within this circle and lay one-half a date in the centre.

A mixture of vegetables in jelly will sound better if you call it a "Macedoine," for macedoine, while it means simply mixture, sounds different. Lemon jelly is the best flavor for these vegetable mixtures, and looks well garnished with beets cut in orange section shapes. To get your beets to stay in place, pour just a little jelly in your mold and let it harden, place the beets in position, then pour in the rest of the macedoine and let harden. When emptied on the serving dish the beets are on the outside as a garnish. Set in a nest of head lettuce leaf, this macedoine should "go."

The prepared gelatin is identical in nature with the "jelly" you find in meat, and the water in which meat is cooked is a great deal of bone or chicken or veal is allowed to get cold. It is a meat extractive, and while not a true protein and by no means a substitute for meat, yet contains some food value.

"Don'ts" in the Use of the Sewing Machine.

Don't forget to oil the sewing machine frequently. The treadle and pitman should be oiled in their bearings almost as often as the working parts above the table.

Don't allow the machine to stand uncovered when not in use, as it collects dust and lint. The working parts below the cloth plate should be dusted and lint removed frequently with a small camel's hair brush.

Don't pull the material while it is being stitched, as this causes a stretched, tight, ugly stitch and very often blunts or breaks the needle.

The feed will take care of this unsatisfied and will push the material through as fast as the machine can take care of it.

Learn First Aid.

The small son of the house pinched his finger the other day and later an infection developed. Pus formed and oozed out beneath the nail. I applied the good old remedy, flax-seed poultice, but the infection spread and the finger grew worse and worse. A doctor charged me four dollars to tell me that I should have first painted the finger with iodine—then made a solution of one teaspoon of boracic acid to a half pint of boiling water, covered the finger with a pad of antiseptic gauze soaked in this, and kept the pad soaked day and night. A cot of antiseptic gauze will keep the pad in position and the whole thing is to have the solution poured over it at frequent intervals to keep the pad wet. This treatment cured the infection in less than a week. A poultice the doctor explains, spreads an infection by softening the tissue. He added that a boil should never be poulticed, but failed to give the treatment. I will pay him four dollars some day to find out the new treatment for boils.

Many do not use the fat which exudes from the bacon while cooking, yet this is about two-thirds of the original weight. Such fat should be drained or scraped into a covered glass and will keep as long as lard and be ready for reheating potatoes, or for cooking liver; indeed, its special flavor is relished with "greens" and for many other purposes.

VOLUNTEERS FROM S. AMERICA.

Nearly 1,000 Have Paid the Sacrifice Out of 12,000 Britishers.

Vessels bound for South America nowadays carry among their passengers large numbers of bronzed and lardy young men, some whole and sound, others bearing scars and losses of conflict, but all displaying upon their breasts a special military badge, the "B.V.L.A." or British Volunteers of Latin America, says a London despatch.

These men are returning to one or another of the Latin republics, where when war broke out they were engaged on railways, cattle ranches, plantations or mines or in banks and commercial houses established years ago by British enterprise and capital.

Twelve thousand of these men on the declaration of war left their positions and hurried across many thousands of miles of sea in answer to the call of the mother country. From Argentine alone, where British interests are markedly strong, it is estimated that some 7,000 volunteers set out.

Withdrawal of these men from South American industries and enterprise has been of no light concern, for British interests have suffered and development has been checked. Not all of those who set out so gallantly are returning. Nearly 1,000 were killed or died of wounds, while others are too seriously disabled to return to active life.

But this is not all. The volunteers have gone they have carried inspiring accounts of Latin America with them. Little has been known of these republics, because, like the British volunteers from the United States and other parts, they came

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across the Atlantic on their own responsibility and enlisted in whatever regiment was convenient.

Committees have been formed for the purpose of rounding them up, with a London headquarters, where all necessary information regarding passage money and demobilization can be obtained.

His Little Bit.
She—But you only volunteered just as peace was proclaimed.
He—Er—yes. You see, exactly, I—er—wanted to see it was carried out properly.

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NEWS FROM ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

There are 7,939 disabled soldiers, including 669 blinded, now in training at St. Dunstan's.

The Prince of Wales is to be High Steward of Windsor to succeed the late Prince Christian.

Robert Wason, the King's head stockman, died suddenly at the Royal Farm, Windsor.

The National Farmers' Union of England have agreed to the farm laborers' application for a weekly half-holiday.

Over one thousand Belgian workers with their wives and families have left Birtley, Durham, for their homes in Belgium.

The King has sent a letter of congratulation to George Read, of Swainswick, Bath, on the celebration of his 100th birthday.

Captain Elgie Jefferson, R.A.F., is the first Canadian to fly from England to the Isle of Man.

The Duke of Sutherland is applying for state his own share of his estate, including the village and harbor of Helmsdale.

The freedom of the city of Chester has been presented to David Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig and Admiral Beatty.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hyde, a native of Birmingham, died recently in that city at the age of one hundred and two years.

Able Seaman C. A. Tooke, R.N.V.R., has been awarded the Order of the British Empire for his services to his comrades during imprisonment.

William Shirley, a carter at Gafford Farm, Isle of Wight, who died recently, has been employed there for the past twenty years.

Lord Cawley has given £10,000 to Ancoats Hospital, Manchester, for a Nurses' Home, in memory of his three sons killed in the war.

The earnings of the London County Council tramways for the week ending February 12th, were £31,600, in excess of the same week last year.

Many wreaths were placed on the tomb of Charles Dickens, Westminster Abbey, on the 107th anniversary of his birth.

The officers and orderlies in a prison camp at Furstenberg, Germany, contributed nearly £100 to the Red Cross Society.

Fifty-nine Hun prisoners were rescued by their guards from a fire at Offey Hole Mansions, Hitchin.

A factory for making small scale locomotives and engines has been equipped by a Sheffield firm.

The Chamberwell guardians are again holding their meetings at night, as there is no more danger of air raids.

At a doll exhibition and sale held at Sunderland over £3,800 was realized in aid of child welfare.

From the proceeds of a concert given at Albright Hall, London, by Belgian soldiers, the Queen of the Belgians has sent £3,400 to the Red Cross.

The Wealdstone Council, Harrow, refused the offer of a damaged German machine gun on the grounds that they have no use for a "wheelbarrow of old iron."

An aeroplane fell into a street in Orford, Sussex, slightly injuring the pilot and mechanic and smashing some windows before it was stopped.

A German tank on exhibition at the Horse Guards Parade was partially destroyed by a bomb which carelessly thrown into the petrol tank.

The subscriptions already acknowledged to the Times Fund amount to over £14,557,300.

Rustless Steel.

It was an accident which led to the invention of rustless steel. A certain Sheffield expert was experimenting to find a means of preventing erosion—or wearing away—in gun tubes. After some experiments he noticed that certain pieces of steel had not suffered from corrosive influences under conditions which would have rusted ordinary steel. He followed up this clue, and stainless steel was thus evolved. This new metal, with a bright surface, is able to resist the corroding effect of air, water, and acids without staining. It was immediately commandeered by the Government for use in aeroplane construction and for purposes where strength and durability, combined with rust-resisting qualities, were invaluable.

Cunning As a Fox.

While sitting on the bank of a small stream, says a correspondent, a friend and I heard some hounds baying on the opposite side of the creek. We were guessing what they might be chasing, when all at once we saw a two-thirds-grown rabbit come from the weeds and glowly walk into the water until it got so deep that he was compelled to swim. We thought that the little animal was coming across; but suddenly he turned upstream and swam for some two or three rods, and then climbed out on the bank and disappeared in the weeds and underbrush.

A few moments later the hounds came to the water and lost the trail. If that were not a piece of cunning on the part of bunny, I am much mistaken.