

Tried by Fire

Maurice Howard lifted his suitcase out of the rack as the train slowed down into the station.

"Love, it's good to be back again!" he thought, as he made a dash for a taxi, and was presently being whisked rapidly homewards. "Ireland's no rest cure for anyone just now!"

He gazed with appreciative eyes out on the good old London streets, with the endless traffic obeying the uplifted hand of a solitary policeman; and no need to fear what one might find round the corner.

"It's strange that Miriam hasn't answered my last few letters," his thoughts ran on. "I haven't had a line from her for two weeks. Aunt Kate said all was well, or else I might have worried about the dear little girl."

Miriam was Howard's ward, and an heiress. She lived in his house, with Maurice's already looking forward to the time when she would be merely an honored guest, and when a little gold band on Miriam's finger would be all the chaperon necessary.

It seemed too good to be true. The past was at last dead. He hadn't heard a word from Wingfield since the latter had inherited money from some cousin or other. As he recalled this man—his one and only enemy—Maurice's brow darkened. Wingfield had bled him pretty thoroughly in those days—the price he had demanded for his silence was a heavy one. And Maurice had paid to the last farthing, even though the loss of the money crippled his business and made things very awkward.

It was his burden and he must face it. Better that than to have the full story of that old crime raked up, and to meet averted faces everywhere. Still, it was hard on a man!

The taxi drew up at the gate of his house. He had not sent word of his coming, hoping to take Miriam by surprise, and to see the joy-light walking in her dark eyes.

He opened the door of the taxi, and sprang quickly out, eager to be face to face with the girl he loved, and who was just beginning to hope, loved in return.

Just as he finished paying the driver the front door of the house was thrown open, and a man came out. For a moment they stood there in silence. Maurice's face was dark and sullen; the other man eyed him with a supercilious smile.

"Hallo, Howard!" he cried. "Bit of a shock seeing me here, eh?"

"It is, Wingfield!" retorted Maurice shortly, ignoring the proffered hand.

"Don't get shy! I haven't come about—about the old business," Wingfield said, with an ugly sneer. "That is dead—for the time being, unless you cut up rough!"

A questioning look was all the reply Maurice made.

"I want your congratulations," went on Wingfield, watching him closely. "I have the honor to be engaged to your ward, the charming Miriam!"

"You lie!" retorted Maurice, taking a threatening step forward.

"Steady!" warned Wingfield, with a laugh. "I still hold the whip-hand, you know."

Without deigning him another word, Maurice brushed him aside and went into the house. But his heart was like lead in his breast. He felt somehow that Wingfield had told the truth. During his own absence this man had entered his home and stolen the only thing in it he treasured.

"Maurice!"

The sharp cry roused him from his reverie. A girl was standing half-way up the stairs. She had turned at his quick entrance, and was clinging to the banister, white and shaken.

"Is it true that you are engaged to that—Wingfield?" demanded Maurice harshly.

"Yes," Miriam replied in a breathless whisper. Then she broke out in a torrent of words. She had met Wingfield at the house of a friend just after Maurice had started on his ill-omened journey to Ireland. And he had at once become a most devoted wooer, seducing her as often as possible, and bringing her little presents.

Maurice listened dully. In his heart he felt a wild hatred of the man who had through the years been an evil shadow on his life. But what Wingfield had done in the past was as nothing compared with this last cruel blow.

"I wish you—happiness," he said slowly, when at last Miriam faltered

"Before we are married I have one thing to ask of you."

"What power do you hold over Maurice—over my guardian?"

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her think. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His wildness had soon squandered his own inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over him."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically. Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his note-case.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession the sheet contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despicable in its baseness and paltry in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond reclamation with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are despicable!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her, with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love!" she faced him proudly. "And that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone, and it comes to my knowledge, I shall go straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"Unknown."

An unknown British soldier was buried in Westminster Abbey on the second anniversary of Armistice Day. The King was the sole mourner.

In old, old Westminster's sacred pile there lies, In calm repose, with peasant, prince and peer, A man unknown to fame, yet laid to rest,

With all the prayers of a broad Empire blest, And on whose grave a king has dropped a tear.

His claim to lie within that holy fane is just, and none will him deny a place 'Midst all the noblest of old England's dead.

Who gave her laws, who noble armies led, Who sang sweet songs for all the British race.

Not his the glory of the soulful bard; Not his the glory of an honored grave; He was a warrior true, yet did not lead

A gallant army at his country's need; He was but one of the unnumbered brave.

No single land can claim him for its own, No land can say that he is truly theirs, He was an Empire son, loyal and true, He came at Empire's call her will to do.

And Britain ne'er forgets the son she bears.

Sleep on, brave heart! a sacred tie that binds Still closer all the links of Empire's chain.

God give us faith and strength to still pursue The path of honor and his will to do; And keep unstained the Empire's broad domain.

—G. Montague Mason.

Platinum Fields of Columbia Are Rich.

Platinum, which was worth \$9 an ounce not very many years ago, fetches \$110 an ounce to-day, or more than five times as much as gold.

It is said to have been first discovered in Columbia by a Spaniard named Antonio Ulloa. For a long time thereafter miners in Columbia, finding it commonly associated with gold, threw the platinum away. Recently seventeen pounds of it were recovered from the foundation of an old building in the Quibdo district, the site of which was an ancient refuse dump.

The present high price of platinum is largely due to the falling off of supplies from Russia, which has been the principal producer. But the mining of the metal in Columbia has been greatly stimulated thereby.

The metal in Columbia is found chiefly along the Atrato River and the Cauca Valley south to the border of Ecuador. The Atrato is 300 miles long (two-thirds of it navigable by steamers) and empties into the Gulf of Darien by fifteen mouths.

Homes Under the Sea.

Houses, streets, theatres, picture palaces, etc., buried under the sea, are reminiscent of Jules Verne. A modern wizard, Mr. E. R. Calthrop, who designed the Admiralty mystery towers, one of which was recently moved to the Solent, may be responsible for this miracle, says a London newspaper.



Woman's Sphere

Mother and Son.

Through years of his life from the time of a child, She had moulded his mind by her discipline mild; And the training which far in the past she began, Her guidance to manhood, has made him a man.

She has taught him in matters of honor his part, Her influence gentle is deep in his heart; He holds to a code of nobility high, And justice to others he will not deny.

'Tis a trait of his nature he trusts to requite; He is firm in his faith, and he stands for the right— Though proofs of her worth there be many a one, The surest of these is her chivalrous son.

Stylish Economy.

For the brilliant color note, and for real warmth, try one of the latest wool scarfs. They make a fascinating substitute for furs that not all of us can buy this year, because of their high price.

The scarfs are wide and soft, and come in the loveliest of color combinations. They are made of angora, camel's hair, and brushed wool, and the new idea is to have a hat to match. The scarf with matching tam-o-shanter is no novelty, but the scarf with a real hat, in a becoming shape, is counted among the new things of the winter season.

Some of the hats have straight brims, others are in rolling brim shape. Frequently the brim will be one color and the crown another. Brilliant purple and squirrel-gray are used together, as well as royal blue and tan and black and white-checked angora combined with green, orange, or bright red.

The hats are not hard to make if you have a knack that way. The best looking are made over a small buckram frame, that has a soft net top to the crown. For trimming, wool cords and tassels are used, also fluffy pompoms and gay wool flowers.

Sweets for the Party.

Old-Fashioned Nut Candy—2 cups light brown sugar, 1/2 cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/2 cup chopped nuts. Place the sugar and water on the stove. When the mixture begins to boil, add the vinegar. Cook a few minutes, and then add the butter. When the syrup spins a thread, pour it over the nuts, which have been spread on a buttered platter. Mark in squares when cool. Each square in waxed paper.

Maple Cream Fudge—1 lb. maple sugar, 1 cup cream, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped pecans. Boil the sugar, cream and salt together until soft balls are formed when it is dropped in cold water. Then add the nuts, and pour on a buttered plate.

Fruit Rolls—1 cup prunes, 1/2 cup figs, 1/2 cup walnut meats, 1/2 cup shredded coconut, 1 cup dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Run the cooked prunes, dates, figs, nuts, and coconut through the food grinder. Add the orange juice and peel. Roll into a long roll, cut in slices, and wrap each one in waxed paper.

A Disappearing Ironing Board.

"Please step aside. Can't you see I'm carrying this heavy, cumbersome old ironing-board?"

City people have overcome this difficulty so they do not have to say this. All they have to do is to open a little door in the wall, unhook the ironing-board and it is in place.

Any farmer's wife can do this too. It takes only a little time to install the ironing-board, and the busy housewife's work would be lightened a great deal. It is very simple and saves so much time and worry. Have one of the boys fix up your ironing-board like this on some stormy day during the winter.

The top of the old ironing-board will do, but it is better to make a new one. Make it four feet long, eighteen inches wide at one end and nine inches at the other. A foot and one-half from the narrower end, drop a support to hold the board up. This should be three feet long, four inches wide and an inch thick. This must be fastened on the board with a hinge. The ironing-board fastens to the wall by means of two hinges.

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Successful Authors at Play

Sir A. Conan Doyle, although apparently believes in the astral body, has a pair of flats which are by no means spiritual. In fact, the creator of Rodney Stone, that best of all boxing and prize-fighting yarns, is himself no mean exponent of the "noble art of self-defence."

But the originator of Sherlock Holmes is the Admirable Crichton of literary sportsmen, for he has travelled the world over, is a daring mountain climber, can make as pretty a cut through the slips at Loris as many a professional cricketer, and has scored a good many centuries in his time, can make even the best of lawn tennis players sit up and take notice, is an indefatigable motorist, is a difficult man to follow across country with the hounds, and can find his way both into and out of a bunker as well as most amateur golfers.

The greatest traveller amongst modern novelists was poor Jack London; now that he is gone, the man who gave Captain Kettle—C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne—to the world, probably holds premier place. If there is any corner of this old earth he has not

Wings of War the Farmer's Friend.

The newest idea for agriculture is an airplane equipped for the planting of the farmer's field with seed. It has a system of perforated metal tubes, laid crosswise on the wings, out of which the seed is forced by air pressure created by the flight of the plane.

This kind of flying machine, as described by Popular Mechanics, is built for slow speed, with a roomy fuselage that provides capacity for a large quantity of grain. On each trip it plants a row thirty-six feet wide. Flying only a few feet above the ground, it ejects the seed with sufficient velocity to bury it to the requisite depth in loose, prepared soil.

At the end of each wing-trip there is a tube to throw down a thin stream of white lime, marking the line of the planted belt. In practice only one tube would be used at a time, the other being shut off. By this means it should be practicable to plant one square mile, or 640 acres, in six hours, flying forty miles an hour and allowing one minute at each end of the field to turn and get lined up with the white marker.

With a sowing capacity of 1,000 acres a day, one machine could adequately serve a large grain-growing district, working either on the co-operative basis or by contract.

Enthusiasm is the greatest business asset in the world. Enthusiasm tramples over prejudices and opposition, spurs inaction, storms the citadel of its object, and like an avalanche overwhelms and engulfs all obstacles.

Healthful Heat for Homes.

Air needs moisture to transfer the heat along from one particle to another, and for the air to be an efficient distributor of heat it must have a sufficient amount of humidity. A

room properly humidified requires much less fuel to maintain its temperature than a dry room.

A room heated to 65 degrees F. with moist air is more comfortable than a room heated with dry air to a temperature of 70 degrees F. The reason is that air which is too dry interferes with the normal radiation of the body. Many people find it necessary to heat their rooms to 75 degrees or 80 degrees F. simply because the humidity of the air is considerably below what it should be.

When the air in a room is so dry that it warps books and the furniture begins to dry out, it is entirely too dry for the health of the occupants.

If your heating system does not provide means for maintaining proper humidity of the air in the room, it is necessary to use pans of water in order to evaporate sufficient moisture. Wicks or cloths dropped into the pans and extending over the edge or over a crosspiece on the pan accelerate the evaporation. It takes a little time and trouble to keep the pans filled, but freedom from colds and generally better health more than repay the effort. The discomfort caused by excessively dry air lowers both the mental and physical efficiency of a person. For the sake of comfort, no less than economy of fuel, the air in the room must contain a sufficient amount of moisture.

In most warm-air furnaces there is a means for humidifying the air, and the water-pan must be kept filled, so that at no time it will become dry.

With winter here it is well to keep these things in mind and live scrupulously up to them, not only for the saving of fuel, which is necessary in view of the serious fuel situation, but as a protection against colds, influenza and other illnesses which are likely to follow if the air is not properly heated and humidified. 'Tis easier to pay attention to these details than to pay doctors' bills.

Untempted Righteousness.

Wherever a knot of students gathered that day Lorton's case was the topic of conversation. The arrest had taken place early, and few of the fellows had witnessed it. Henry Vanderlip was one of those who did.

"It gave me a sense of sudden nausea," he told Hammond and Gray when the subject was brought up later. "I had the same feeling once, when the men found a couple of dead rats in the well we'd been drinking from up at the camp. The water looked clean, but it was foul, and we didn't know it. That's the way with Lorton, Ugh! It disgusts me."

Hammond's words came slowly, as if he were thinking them out as he talked: "I understand from Derrick and Shafer—that both room in Clark Hall—that Lorton's term bills were overdue. Derrick tells me Lorton has been on the edge ever since he entered college. Several times he has dropped out of the boarding house for a fortnight or longer and boarded himself on next to nothing. Shafer says that Lorton invariably apologized to his callers about the fire's being down, but that 'down' was its normal condition—to save fuel.

"Lorton said that he took the twenty-dollar bill out of Morris' desk, confidently expecting that he should be able to replace it before Morris discovered the theft. It seems he'd had a rather urgent reminder that morning that his bills must be paid within a specified time. That doesn't excuse the theft, of course. It was a foolish and criminal act, but a fellow who has never had any such strain on his virtue had better not be forward about condemning Lorton."

"I came across two words in a book I was reading the other evening: 'untempted righteousness.' Isn't ours that kind so far as money is concerned? Has any one of us ever known what it was to need a twenty-dollar bill—need it badly enough to be worried for days over not having it? If we haven't, we oughtn't to judge the fellow who has. We don't know what we should do if we were in his place, Untempted righteousness is good in its way, but it isn't qualified to sit in judgment on a fellow who has borne the brunt—and gone down."

"I see, Hammond," said Vanderlip, putting out an impulsive hand, and Hammond winced under the grip. "You're right. Untempted righteousness—the soft sort that's never had to take hard knocks—isn't an article to boast of."

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Sometimes More.

Speculating sounds more refined than gambling, but a fellow loses just as much.

A wise Frenchman has said that the worst of luck is to have too little wit to talk well and too little judgment to keep still.