Bovril prevents that sinking feeling

In The Old Clock's Heart

By Dorothy Gamber

PART II.

Now Anthony's father had been a stone cutter, and from him he had learned much about precious gems, but this stone he did not recognize. It was unlike anything he had ever seen. As he sat there turning the stone over and over and examining it with his jeweler's glass, the furniture dealer came back for his dollar.

"Oh, Charles," cried Anthony, excitedly, "see what I found in that old clock!"

The man looked at it amusedly. "Is it any good?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Anthony, troubled. "I've never seen anything like it before."

"Well, Mr. Bersasch," said the dealer, who knew of old Anthony's trouble, and sympathized wholeheartedly, "you'll probably find that it's nothing but glass. But if it is any good, you bought the clock and all that goes with it is yours. I give up my claim and as for the woman I bought the clock from, she's moved away and left no address." Taking his dollar he departed with a friendly "S'long—good luck."

Left alone with the stone, Anthony sat with it in his hand turning it so that it caught the full light of the sun. Suppose it really was worth something! Suppose—oh, suppose it should be the means of his getting that money for Constance! The tired look left his face and his eyes twinkled with all their old-time light as he dreamed of all it would mean to them. But he would say nothing about it; no one but himself should be disappointed, if it turned out to be valueless. For the rest of the day he worked away busily, smiling to himself as he thought of the stone and of Constance. In spite of every reason he could think of against counting too surely on the value of the stone, Anthony could not keep happy little thoughts from popping up excitedly. Even the clocks had their messages of cheer. "She could go to the mountains,' ticked one loud fellow in the corner. "She'd get well, she'd get well, she'd get well," chattered a frivolous gold parlor clock by the window. "Worry's over, worry's over, worry's over!" whispered excitedly a lady's watch on a mail over Anthony's head.

When darkness came, however, and he closed up his little shop for the night, Anthony resolutely subdued those rebellious thoughts; for Constance must not suspect that anything was the matter. She must have no false hopes aroused. To-morrow he would go to the city.

And so to the city went old Anthony, the stone tucked carefully away in his battered wallet. Down Chestnut Street he plodded, his shiny, square-toed shoes squeaking protestingly at the hard city asphalt. At Seventh Street he turned south and came to Sansom, little street of clock makers and jewelers. It was to Werner that Anthony was taking the stone, Werner of whom he had known for years but whom he had never met. Up a steep pair of dark stairs climbed Anthony and back through a long hallway to Werner's office with its dirty window panes and flaring yellow gas jet. It was there that Anthony, with fingers that trembled, took the stone from his wallet and handed it to Werner, master lapidary.

"Where did you get this stone, Mr. Bersasch?" asked Werner sharply.

"Why," said Anthony, fairly stammering in his excitement, "I—I—f—found it."

Werner looked again at the stone he held in his hand. Without a doubt the Lairds' red amber! Excusing himself on the pretence of needing to examine the stone under a brighter light, Werner disappeared into his workshop, while Anthony paced back and forth in the little dusty office, his stiff Sunday shoes squeaking at each step. What could Werner be doing? Was he, too, baffled by the stone?

The lapidary finally emerged, and no sooner had he reached the counter when the door of the office opened, and a youngish man entered, with a decisive quick manner.

"This is Bersasch, Mr. Smithson," said Werner. "He says he found it. There's no doubt but that it's the Laird red amber. It answers perfectly the description."

Anthony looked from one to the other in bewilderment. What was it all about? Who was this man and why had he come?

"I understand, Mr. Bersasch," said the stranger, in crisp tones, "that you say you found this stone. You haven't by any chance read about the Lairds' red amber, I suppose?"

"I know nothing about red amber, sir," answered old Anthony, "although my daughter Constance, when she was a little girl, wore yellow amber beads to ward off croup and whooping cough."

"I suppose you never even heard," sneered the man, "that there is a reward of $250 offered for that stone you say you found?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars?" echoed Anthony faintly. So the owner was known and he couldn't sell the stone! Then his face brightened—but $250 would at least be a start and he had that one hundred dollars in the Arborville bank!

But alas, Anthony was not to have even the $250 for the man Smithson, sparing his feelings not a whit in the saying, advised him with brutal frankness that he could tell his story at the police station where he was wanted. And Anthony, dazed almost out of his senses, was led away by the stranger, who held his arm in a vise-like grip.

Poor old Anthony Bersasch! Lost was his hope of the money he longed for, gone were his dreams of the mountains and health for Constance! With head bowed in his misery, and looking pathetically old and tired, he dragged himself wearily along by the side of the detective. His feet pained him cruelly, his head ached, and his mind was confused.

At first, the detective's words had made little impression upon him but suddenly there flashed upon his mind the meaning of one sentence, "You can tell that to the police."

The police—he, Anthony Bersasch, to be given over to the police! He stopped short, stopping his companion. "Surely, sir, surely," he cried, "you are not arresting me! You are not taking me to the police! I assure you I have done nothing—I found the stone in an old clock. I was about to fix. I didn't know. I gladly give it to you."

The earnestness of the old man's plea was not without effect. After all, he looked harmless and innocent. But then, that was no sign—you could never be sure! "I'll tell you what I'll do," said the detective. "I'll turn you over to the Chief. You tell him that clock story and if he believes you, maybe he won't hold you over for a hearing before the magistrate tomorrow."

Anthony regarded him uncomprehendingly. Chief? Magistrate? Hearing?

Falteringly, he followed Smithson to the fifth floor of the great City Hall, and into the office of the Chief of Detectives.

"I have the Laird amber," said Smithson laconically. "This man was trying to get Werner to appraise it for him. Says he found it in a clock."

As Anthony was being asked the preliminary questions, the Chief regarded him closely—noticed the large soft hat of black felt and the carefully brushed black frock coat. He looked quizzically at the gentle brown eyes, now so troubled, and at the friendly, patient face with the marks of recent suffering. "Suppose, Mr. Bersasch," he said kindly, "you tell me just how you got this stone."

Anthony told him of the dealer who sold him the clock, how the stone was lodged in the coiled spring, and how the dealer had told Anthony to keep it because there was no way to trace the whereabouts of the woman from whom he had bought the clock. "And so," concluded Anthony, "I brought the stone to Mr. Werner, because, although as a lad I learned much about precious stones from my father, I recalled having seen no stone similar to it."

"Well, Mr. Bersasch," said the chief, "we'll ask Mr. and Mrs. Laird to come down here. If they're satisfied to have the amber again, I'm satisfied to believe your story and let the matter drop as far as you are concerned."

During the half hour before Mrs. Laird arrived, old Anthony sat huddled forlornly on a chair in the detective's office, his hat resting on his knees. It was thus that Mrs. Laird saw him as she came in. And while knowing nothing of the circumstances, her heart went out to the lonely, distressed old man, who arose at her entrance and watched the detective eagerly, as he handed the stone to Mrs. Laird for identification. The briefest glance enabled her to recognize it. She turned to Anthony.

"Won't you tell me," she said, with a gracious winning smile, "how you found my amber? Detective Branson says it was hidden in an old clock."

She sat down and motioned to the chair beside her. Anthony took it and began once more, slowly and painfully to recount the circumstances that led to the discovery of the amber.

"I am wondering, Mr. Bersasch," she said, when he had finished, "why you came all the way from Arborville, which must be a full two hours' ride from Philadelphia, merely to have the stone appraised. Why did you do that?"

Her evident interest and sympathy, coming after the strain and excitement of the last few hours, stirred Anthony deeply, and fingering his hat nervously, he began speaking of Arborville and Constance. Then forgetful of his hearers, absorbed completely in the memory of the plans he had made and the dreams the amber had inspired, which the mention of Constance recalled, he talked on—of their life together and of the sunniness and sweet charm of Constance, he told, and of her efforts to be cheerful in spite of the brooding shadow that hung over them. His eyes grew dim as he described how happy he had been, as she sang about the house, and his terror at the little dry cough that seemed to have replaced the song.

And then, as he spoke of the amber, and of his dreams and hopes, his face fairly shone at the memory. But suddenly, as he approached the end of his story, his face saddened, and all the animation and hope of the moment before left him. With the conclusion of the story came the realization of his hopelessness, and he stopped short. "And now please," he said sadly, "if you are satisfied about the stone, let me go home. My daughter will be worrying. She dislikes to have me come to the city alone."

As Anthony arose, Detective Branson blew his nose very hard and cleared his throat lustily. Mrs. Laird, her eyes wet with tears, put out her hand. "Please, Mr. Bersasch," she said, "don't go yet. I want to talk to you a little more about Constance. You see, the amber is precious to me because it was given to me at the birth of my own little daughter who later died. The memories of my amber are very dear, and after all, you know it is through you that it has come back to me." She paused and laid her hand on his arm, "I'm so grateful to you," she continued, "that I want to express my appreciation. Why not let me send Constance to Lake Roundenac? I should dearly love to do this and I know you will let me."

And that is how the red amber was restored to Mrs. Laird and Constance was restored to old Anthony in all the glory and blessing of health.

(The End.)

THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST
1 LB.
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

Mining for Fish.

In certain parts of the world mining for fish is a very profitable occupation.

Many thousands of years ago the oceans covered large portions of the world which now are dry land. The whole face of the globe has altered, for you may now find high mountains in places where formerly there were plains or even great seas.

As the mountains were heaved up by subterranean explosions, the waters receded, leaving behind the remains of countless millions of their inhabitants. That is why we find in Switzerland enormous deposits of fossil sea-fish hundreds of miles away from the sea.

These fossils retain the oil that was present in the bodies of living fish thousands of years ago. Matured by its immense age, this oil has extraordinary curative properties when used in the treatment of chilblains and certain forms of skin disease.

The fossils are dug out, often from considerable distances beneath the soil, and the oil known as ichthyol is distilled from them. It is extremely valuable, for a great quantity of fossil fish is needed before a pint of oil can be produced.

Sea Babies.

More babies were born at sea during last year than at any period since records have been kept.

The official figures show that in British ships alone 276 babies were born on the ocean. Sixty-eight babies were born at sea in ships "to and from England and Wales" in 1918, and 151 in 1919.

Babies born at sea are usually very lucky, as the inevitable collection among the passengers usually reaches $500, and very often more.

Most of the babies are born in the third-class accommodation, although mothers who always travel first-class have made the journey for the sole reason of having a baby born at sea.

Every baby born at sea in a British ship becomes by that fact a British subject, wherever the ship may be.

Dyed Her Draperies and a Faded Skirt

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

A census of Ceylon taken in the spring shows a population in excess of 4,500,000, a more than 9 per cent. gain in ten years.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Woman's Interests

Health and Beauty Hints.

The little pimples which look like boils and which sometimes fester are caused by practically the same conditions which cause blackheads. Mild cases are sometimes relieved by bathing the face with a simple lotion consisting of two or three drops each of tincture of benzoin and carbolic acid in half a pint of water. At the same time, it would be advisable to take the yeast treatment, which is so highly recommended by physicians. Yeast is a corrective, not a laxative, but it assists the normal functions of the body and furnishes besides a certain quantity of the vitamines which are so essential to health. One yeast cake a day is the regular dose. The yeast can be made into pellets and taken the same as pills, spread on bread, or dissolved in water, in grape-juice or other fruit juices.

When the pimples form yellow heads, steam the face, then puncture the heads with a sterilized needle and press out the contents. Press gently, keeping a bit of soft, clean, old linen in the hands and avoid having any of the pus touch the skin lest other parts become infected. Cleanse the openings with peroxide of hydrogen, then massage with cream. After carefully removing all the cream, bathe the face first with hot water, then with cold water. Do this several times, and into the last cold water put a few drops of benzoin, or bathe the face with ice-water, which acts as an astringent, contracting the enlarged pores.

A form of pimples diagnosed as "acne" is thought by some skin specialists to be of parasitic origin. For such cases, as well as for blackheads, the use of green soap is recommended. This soap is about as thick as custard, contains sodium hydrate and potassium hydrate and is used by surgeons for washing the hands before performing operations. Green soap can be purchased at any drug-store. Before applying the soap, bathe the face with hot water, then wring cloths out of hot water and lay them over the face, renewing them frequently. Continue this operation for fifteen or twenty minutes, then anoint the face with the green soap, rubbing it well into the pores for five or six minutes. Rinse the soap from the face with hot water and rub with a Turkish washcloth or a camel's hair complexion brush in order to remove the soap and as many of the blackheads as will come. After rinsing with cold water, dry the face and anoint with a skin food or face cream. Continue this treatment every night until the blackheads have disappeared.

If the green soap irritates the skin, as it sometimes will, use it every other night. In connection with this treatment, tablets known as "acne" could be taken four times daily. Acne tablets are made by various manufacturing chemists and can be purchased at most drug-stores.

In addition to these precautions and remedies, care must be taken that the face cloths are absolutely clean. Powder-puffs should not be used, as they spread infection. Use instead a bit of absorbent cotton which can be thrown away. If powder is applied by means of a bit of chamois skin, or the chamois is used to remove the "shine" from the skin, see that the chamois is kept perfectly clean by frequent washings.

It is well not to expect results too soon, for skin troubles are slow in yielding to treatment. Later on in life, there will be compensation in the realization that an oily skin is slow to wrinkle.

Tested Recipes.

Pumpkin Butter—Seven pounds of peeled pumpkin, four pounds of sugar, three oranges and three lemons. Put the pumpkin through the food-chopper and then cook it down thick. Add the juice of the oranges and lemons and the peelings, after putting them through the food-chopper. Parboil the peelings once or twice, if you don't like a strong flavor. Then add the sugar, cook until thick and seal in cans while hot.

Spanish Steak.—Cut a slice of bacon in small pieces, add a chopped onion, and brown in frying pan. When the onion is tender, add two cupfuls of cooked tomatoes, two tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth in the juice of the tomato, a seasoning of salt and pepper, a pinch of ground cloves, allspice and cinnamon, and one-half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce. Place one and one-half pounds of flank steak in the bottom of a pan, pour the sauce over it and bake one hour, or until perfectly tender.

Norwegian Cheese.—Prepare milk as for cottage cheese but let it drain longer, as you want the curd drier than for cottage-cheese, then with a fork or fingers crumble it into a jar or deep dish and cover. Set in a warm place for two or three days, or until it is almost all soft or "ripe," then put in a skillet and cook. Stir it constantly until all the lumps are dissolved. Add salt to taste and a little butter before pouring into a deep dish. When cool it is ready to eat. It looks and tastes almost like brick cheese, but is somewhat softer.

Sandwiches.—Try cream cheese mixed with chopped green or red sweet pepper. It makes a pretty filling and is delicious. Then there is the combination of minced ham and pickles chopped fine, especially sweet cucumber pickles. Any kind of chopped pickles can also be used with minced tongue or any kind of meat. Cream cheese and jelly or strawberry jam, plain cream cheese between slices of brown bread, very thin slices of white bread with chili sauce and of course minced chicken with chopped olives, are other suggestions. To make cinnamon toast which may be served with afternoon tea, toast thin slices of bread, butter quickly and put together with a generous sprinkling of cinnamon and sugar.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Vary in Sweetness.

The stem half of an orange is usually not so sweet and juicy as the other half, because the most of the juice gravitates to the part which is downward.

Within the Law

Canadian Cream of Malt Extract is made from Pure Malted Barley and the very best Hops.

If used as directed, will make a finer home brew that you can make with any other materials, or any brew that you can buy in bottles or kegs. You do not make an imitation or substitute with Cream of Malt Extract, but a better beer than you ever tasted. Pure and sparkling, with a rich creamy foam. This home brew has a snap and lasting flavor that makes it the favorite and healthful beverage for the whole family.

The Man, the Wife and the Children all enjoy it. You brew it at home. It is most interesting work and very easy. No special kegs or tubs are needed. If you make this brew as per our directions, you will have a fine brew.

On sale at all leading Grocery and Drug Stores.

Agents wanted in all territories.

CANADIAN MALT EXTRACT CO., 10 Pearl Street, - - Toronto

Cleaning

THE postman and expressman will bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send—whether it be household draperies or the most delicate fabrics—will be speedily returned to their original freshness. When you think of cleaning or dyeing think of PARKER'S.

Parker's Dye Works
Limited
Cleaners and Dyers
791 Yonge St.
Toronto. 93

Brock's Bird Seed

If you do not own a copy of Brock's Book on Birds, don't miss this chance to get one.

Every Package of Brock's Bird Seed Contains a Cake of Brock's Bird Treat

You will never feel "blue" in a home where a bright, little canary sings his cheery song. Your bird will sing if he is healthy. Proper feed will increase his vigor and improve his voice. Success with birds depends on getting the right kinds of seeds and in proper proportions. Brock's Bird Seed is a perfect bird food. Brock's makes birds sing; bird fanciers have used it for 25 years. Brock's Book on Birds contains 228 pages, 40 illustrations, explains food, diseases, and treatments. Regular price, 25 cents. As proper feeding and care of birds are vital to success, we want every owner of a canary to have a copy of this book and so make this special offer—Fill out the coupon, enclosing ten cents and we will send you a copy of Brock's Book on Birds also two full-sized cakes of Brock's Bird Treat Free.

NICHOLSON & BROCK
83 Market Street
TORONTO, ONT.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

Messrs. Nicholson & Brock, 83 Market Street, Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs:—Please find enclosed 10 cents for Brock's Bird Book. Also please send me FREE two full sized cakes of Brock's Bird Treat as offered.

Name.....

.....

City..... Prov.....

For warmth, comfort and years of wear, there is no underwear to compare with Stanfield's. Made of the finest wool and rendered unshrinkable by the wonderful Stanfield process this underwear is a comfortable necessity for winter wear.

Made in Combinations and Two-Piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, for Men and Women.

Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing Children (Patented).

Write for free sample book.

STANFIELD'S LIMITED
Truro, N.S.

54

Do You Wear a Mask?

Some years ago, a man presented himself at a New York hospital to see if science could so patch up his face that he could go about among his fellows without wearing a mask. The man was a chemist. In experimenting with explosives, the ingredients blew up, causing the accident which had marred his face. He was holding a carbon of nitric acid, at the time, and he stumbled and fell. For months he was not expected to live. His face was so frightfully disfigured that even his wife fled from him in horror.

After many experiments in grafting skin from other parts of his body to his face, the surgeons told him that no power on earth could make him presentable again, that he would forever have to conceal his face behind a mask.

It is a dreadful thing to be obliged to conceal one's face from one's fellows and never show it again; but there are multitudes of people who always voluntarily wear a mask. They never show the face of their real self. They are always hiding behind a mask of duplicity or deceit—behind a lying mask—behind a mask of dishonesty and insincerity.

Many people are conscious that they are not genuine, not true, that they are not what they pretend to be; but they do not seem to realize what a demoralizing influence this is, how it undermines the character. The consciousness of wearing a mask, of not being true, of appearing to be something which we are not, acts like a leaven in one's nature. It weakens self-respect and self-confidence.

There is one person in the world we must believe in if we are going to make the most of life. We must believe in ourself, and we cannot believe in ourself if we know that we are not genuine, that we are not true, if we know we are wearing a mask.

"This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

—Success Magazine.

Accuracy in Science.

For most of us the knowledge that a meter is 3.37 inches longer than a yard is quite sufficient. We must know as much as that, because the metric system of measures is so widely employed that one constantly finds it necessary to turn meters into feet or yards. But the refinements of modern science demand a far higher degree of accuracy in measurement than is perhaps ever dreamed of in the ordinary walks of life. The pains taken to obtain precise standards of measure are almost beyond the belief of one who is not familiar with scientific methods.

Every one knows that so-called "standard" bars, on which the exact length of the yard and the meter are marked, are in the possession of the Governments of Great Britain, France, the United States, and other nations, but every one does not know with what care these standards have been compared and with what patience they have been minutely measured again and again.

Even now, although comparisons have been made during many years by the most careful investigators, the absolutely true relation between the lengths of the yard and the meter is probably not known. Elaborate papers are occasionally published in scientific journals describing the results of new measures, giving corrections so small that the lengths involved could only be made appreciable to the eye with the aid of a powerful microscope.

The change in the length of the bronze standard bars caused by slight alterations of temperature has to be carefully allowed for. What a sense of precision is conveyed, for instance, by the fact that in transferring a measure from a copy of the standard meter in Paris the hour as well as the date when the transfer was made was recorded!

Moors Make Fine Tiles.

The Spaniards have been fighting the Moors for the last 1,000 years, but the Moors, during the centuries of their occupancy of the Iberian Peninsula as conquerors, developed much in the way of art and architecture that is most highly valued to-day.

To them we owe, for one small item, the tiles which so beautifully adorn our bathrooms and which, utilized in various ways, contribute so much to the artistic finish of dwellings and other buildings. The Moors established at Seville great tile factories, and at the present time that city is a very important tile-making centre. In its neighborhood are deposits of a clayey earth highly suitable for the purpose, which is ground fine, sifted, dampened and stamped with designs, then burned with a slow fire. Colors are applied and the tiles are finally baked with high heat for twenty-four hours.

Many of the designs are artistic, representing scenes from Don Quixote, bull fights, etc. Sacred paintings are reproduced in tiles for churches. In fact, thanks to their ancient enemies, the Moors, the Spaniards have developed art in tiles far beyond anything with which we are familiar.

An indication of the growing importance of the port of Vancouver in pacific coast shipping is contained in the announcement that during the past eight years, the tonnage of the vessels using the port of Vancouver has increased from 4,400,000 to 9,200,000, and the number of regular foreign found steamship lines from 5 to 26.