

"A little good stock"

The cookery books tell people to use it; and you know what a difference it makes to the tastiness of a soup, a stew, a hash, or a meat pie. But in summer stock is such a trouble to make. It is far better to use Bovril. Bovril gives the dish a delicious flavour. And there is more real goodness in Bovril than in the richest stock or gravy. Bovril has a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

BOVRIL simplifies Summer cooking

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XII. GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

And as a man can't be forced into proposing against his will, Mrs. Alwyn could only acquiesce.

She bestowed, though, anything but benedictions on Mr. Chesne for his share in this further procrastination! Verily, during the next two or three weeks any one would have found a difficulty in impressing upon Sydney Alwyn that money is the root of all evil.

On the contrary, it seemed the root whence flowers of delight and comfortable fruits innumerable must surely spring forth. At any rate, her share of this earthly pelf was destined to a joyful career, and as it determined to lose no time in starting her income on a happy mission, Sydney actually went boldly to her mother the day after Rupert Villiers left, and begged the loan of twenty pounds, to be repaid out of the very first of those might quarterly receipts she was anticipating.

This singular request arose out of an hour at the Gate House that noon.

There Mrs. Dacie, instead of being as usual actually at work or waiting on her good doctor-husband, was reported invisible; actually and confessedly not well enough to be down-stairs, and the sunny sitting-room looked sadly empty, the master grievously hipped and lonely without her cheery presence.

"She was not really ill. Oh dear, no!" Mary said, with anxious effort to believe her own words, "only tired: with the heat, perhaps." And Dr. Dacie tapped his thermometer, grumbling over the glorious weather, very ready and desirous to persuade himself that restore his good wife, deluding himself by any fiction, rather than confess that the labor of making both ends meet through many years was revenge-



BABY COATES.

"Once Weak and Delicate."

63, Ellerslie Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

Dear Sirs,—At three months old our baby was weak and delicate, causing us a great deal of anxiety. We were advised to try "Virol," and did so, with the result that now at 11 months of age he is as bony a baby as any mother could wish to have; he weighs 22 lbs. 2 ozs., is firm and well proportioned. We feel confident that this is due to the regular use of Virol, and should advise all mothers to use it.

I am, yours truly, E. COATES.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilization of milk. It is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

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ing itself now on mind and body. But Sydney could well read between these poorly deceptive lines, and began casting about how her new power could amend the situation.

"If the mother had taken a holiday in the spring," fidgeted the doctor, dense as men so often are to the possibilities of the family purse, "she might have been set up for the summer," and lo, here was the rich young woman's opportunity.

"Why shouldn't she go now, Mr. Dacie?"

"I want her to go, dear. Her sisters in Warwickshire would have her any day, but—"

"But mamma couldn't go so far," broke in Mary, hastily, the color mounting over the lines on her fair, kind face; "I don't mean—as her father began, 'Pshaw!'—'I don't mean that she is too ill—but—"

And Sydney comprehended those "buts" as well as possible. The doctor had not got all that Christmas payments in yet, few though they are. An active young man from Edinburgh had settled at Oakleigh and was diminishing the scanty list of patients every quarter. There was no hoard laid by for holidays, no fund to furnish change for the house-mistress. "Why," thought Sydney, hiding the sparkle of her swift design behind the outspread newspaper, "it seems as if I were made rich on purpose for this!" And not an hour had she lost in securing from Mrs. Alwyn that advance which was to speed Mrs. Dacie on her health-seeking journey.

That Mrs. Alwyn demurred at the loan goes without saying. But Sydney in the strength of her new position was irrepresible. Between entreaty and persuasion, backed by urinous offers, she carried her point.

"If you lend me the money, mamma," she promised, when refusal seemed imminent, "I'll give you that mirror from the Hedyngham china-shop, with the yellow roses round it, for interest. Now!" And then, pretending to joke at the bribe she had every intention of accepting, Mrs. Alwyn yielded. Off went Sydney, triumphant, to Mary Dacie, and the upshot of a very April interview was preparation for Mrs. Dacie to have a whole fortnight's rest with her sisters at Chaddley, and the arch-conspirator's only regret was that nothing could induce her friends to use more than half the sum she brought them.

"If we want more we will ask for it," Mary promised; so the solitary note went into hiding against possible requirements, and Sydney, in most infectious high spirits, haunted the Gate House till its mistress, with Mary to drive her to the nearest station, was fairly started for what St. Clair's folk called "the sheers."

"Good-luck for all of us go with you, Moll," cried the doctor, as Punch trotted off.

"And better still come back!" cried Sydney (how often she remembered that valediction later on!) And then she hovered as blithe as a bee about the doctor, beguiling him into tales of when he and his Moll were young, and what a pretty woman she was, till by and by Mary came smiling back, reporting her mother gone off looking better already; and an eloquent clasp of Sydney's fingers sent the girl away so brimful of contentment, she could almost have cried for gratitude over her golden thousands.

An evil Nay, that was downright slander. Money was delicious. Delicious! If this poor fraction had sent such circles of relief rippling over one whole household, what might the rest do? It colored with a rosy hue even the dull, neutral tints of her home. If her mother could smile over a china-framed mirror, she should often have cause to smile!

A great joyful perspective that "Open Sesame" of wondrous coin disclosed, and the vanishing point was—love! Surely she could now do so much for so many, and that should be her payment. Such a Jubilate stirred within her as she passed the church as made the glitter of its windows seem an invitation opportune and not to be refused. A sacrilegious little male Peggs, playing surreptitious leap-frog among the tombstones, was captured and set to work at the back of the organ for the sum of twopenny, and seated before the keys, Sydney herself, tears in her eyes and her heart in her voice, sung forth her gladness in a quaint

psalm of Bach's setting, found (incongruous enough there) among her father's few possessions.

Again and again the happy harmony rang out "Rejoice and be thankful! Rejoice and be thankful!" And perhaps in all the centuries that the wide-winged, oak carved angels had looked gravely down from the timber roof, no truer voice notes had risen from below than those of Sydney Alwyn's unselfish exultation.

"Are you as happy as you sound?" said some one close by, as she ceased singing; and she discovered that the rector, unseen, had been her audience. "Well, I do believe I am," she answered, blinking the tell-tale moisture from her long lashes as she closed the organ and released the curly-headed Peggs. "You don't think me utterly childish for it, do you?"

"Nay," he answered, very kindly, knowing not from her something of the Gate House doings. "You have every right to revel in the present, and what it is bringing you. Only, take an old man's counsel. Don't set your heart on it too much. Riches sometimes make themselves wings and fly away."

"Ah, but," she answered, "mine shall not. I mean to be a penurious old lynx, and never exceed my income." "Good!" laughed Mr. Vaughan; "long may this wisdom last! But," lapsing into seriousness, "if ever this money of yours eludes your vigilance, if it melts away, let the record of its use leave a pleasant memory behind. For," half soliloquising, bachelor fashion, "to ten degrees less warmth would quite have done your best with all you had, so long as you were able, there's always comfort in that. Though," as Sydney's feature reflected his grave mood, "I ought not to dose my pupil with truisms to-day. I had been writing to that friend Drayton, and I spoke of and fell quoting my attempts at consolation. Now for something cheer-fuller. Will and Ben" (the boys had got their scholarships and were away at school) "are doing famously. The impudent lads send word they'll coach you when they come home in July!"

"So they shall," said Sydney, gladly, though the dim by-fitting of that other sorrow-tried life had made her nerves vibrate sadly for a minute, "and they shall both have Geneva with backs that won't bend and crystals that won't break for their pains. Tell them so, please."

"I shall do nothing of the sort, penurious Miss Alwyn," returned the rector, "for fear you should change your mind."

"I change my mind!" reproachfully. "But, Mr. Vaughan," stopping short in the hunched porch, "is—Drayton ever coming to see you again?" "He promised he would, but writes that this property of his is in confusion. He may turn out worth much less or much more than he expected. I suppose he is busy over that."

"I wish he would come," said Sydney, and the rector looked puzzled. "What, even now?" he asked. "More now than ever," said Sydney; and then went off, leaving her old friend wondering what this wish for Richard Drayton betokened, and whether it sounded auspicious for that dark-mustached young man so often at the Dale, at whom his "even now" had pointed—a hint, perhaps, too indefinite to evoke response.

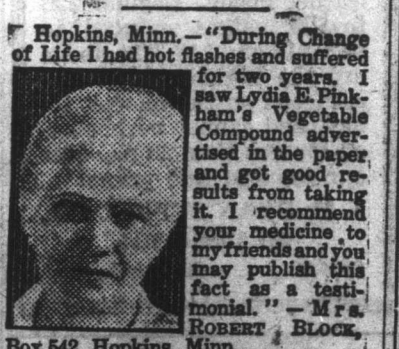
But, atking license from the innuendoes sowed by Mrs. Alwyn as part of her tactics, other tongues were more out-spoken, and speeches, at first bewildering, clearer later on, greeted Sydney even as she went home that day.

"I'm wholly fearful we'll be a-lost of ey now, miss," said old Mrs. Hills, her father's last attendant, to whom, in passing, she mostly stayed and spoke. "Tain't likely you'll be long here now."

"Why not?" asked Sydney, unsuspectingly. Some absurd version of her coming fortune must have reached the old dame, she supposed. "Why should I go away? I don't want to."

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE I-SHALL-WORRY ROD.

Is there an "I-shall-worry-er" in your family? You know the kind of person I mean—the father or mother or wife or husband who circumscribes the acts of son or daughter or husband or wife by saying "If you do that I shall worry."

I heard a woman who is of that type, talking the other day about something her son wanted to do (not an unreasonable thing I thought). "Boys are so selfish," she sighed; "he is simply determined to go though. I have told him again and again that I shall worry all the time he is gone if he does. And yet he still wants to go. Of course I shan't let him, but I can't understand his persisting after I have told him how unhappy it would make me. I suppose young people are just naturally selfish. Perhaps when he is my age he will understand how a parent feels."

Perhaps he will. As Usual. One come back, as usual, to the golden mean. The abnormal worrier is absolutely selfish unless he tries to get rid of unjustifiable worry by controlling his mind, instead of controlling other people's acts.

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PAROLED. All over town the coppers run, to pinch the man who wields a gun not wisely but too well; they risk their lives and strain their throats, and wear out cooily cowards shoes to put him in a cell. The gang in jail has a n k renow; he is the toughest thing in town, a terror to all men; he is a wolf in human guise, and it would seem a process wise to keep him in the pen. But in these mad and maddening times we would "uplift" the man of crimes, and rid his life of care; he should be jailed a hundred years, but in a fortnight he appears paroled; as free as air. And when he leaves the cooler cool, does he attend the Sabbath school, or, haply, join the "Y.M.C.A."? No, he gets another gun, brass knuckles and sandbags by the ton, and some voter die. No wonder that cops lose heart, or that the bringer of drops start, and make their backs down wet; why toil upon the man's trail, if he, when landed upon jail, becomes the village pet? comb the alleys and the slums murderous and thieving huns, masked as men, if Justice taps the on the wrist, and sees them by women kessed, and turns them by again? We have our carnival crime, for criminals don't serve the reprimand's severe, a lot of mad goops uproar, and wait to beat hand.

"Laugh and grow fat" is old axiom. We advise the use of a good tonic named "Bitch Tasteless". Price \$1.00; postage 20c. extra.—apr28,11