

The Game of Nations

By DONNA SHERWOOD BOGERT.

CHAPTER II—(Cont'd.)

Miss Dorothea, who sneered at the luxury of a maid, hurriedly slipped into her unbecoming garments, pinned up her straggling locks and hurriedly descending found him apparently enjoying the perfectly cooked chops and hot, crispy rolls.

"Dear, dear!" She could not entirely keep a little quaver out of her voice. "How I shall miss you, to be sure. Just where had you thought of going, Basil, and what induced you to make up your mind so suddenly?"

With a nervous rattle Trevanion set his cup into its saucer. In spite of his iron self-control, he felt irritable and strangely weak. Was he going to break down and plead for sympathy at Miss Dorothea's willing hands? Not if he knew himself!

"I'm going up over the Canadian line. At present I cannot tell more. I'll write you when I'm definitely settled. His long fingers drummed an impatient tattoo on the table."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, you can. There was a girl in my office, Miss Herford—Peggy I think she called her; she once did me what she considered a favor. I should be glad if you'd look after her a bit—see that she finds another position—and all that." The explanation was clumsy but a strict sense of justice prompted his thought for Peggy's welfare. She had evidently believed her course of action to be for his best interests and Trevanion never liked to remain in debt.

Miss Dorothea was frankly bewildered. Was this a possible romance? Her faded cheeks flushed a delicate pink. Democratic in sentiment, she would have welcomed the lowliest mate for her brother, providing that the girl proved sweet and sufficiently well bred for her approval. Leaping into the future, her lonely fancy pictured herself in the role of beneficent auntie, cuddling little, downy heads.

"I shall be very glad to help you, Basil," she quavered. "Is she—is she pretty, brother?"

Trevanion frowned. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing," she hastily replied, "of course it has nothing to do with it. I just—wondered."

At the completion of the meal Trevanion kissed her affectionately.

"Well, good-bye, sis. Take good care of yourself."

The hands Miss Dorothea clasped about his shoulders turned suddenly tremulous. How lonely the great, silent house would be without him! "Good-bye, Basil," she murmured wistfully. "Don't stay too long—and—promise me that if you need money, you'll let me know." Her composure broke for an instant. "I have given every cent, every cent, Basil, to have saved your business for you? I offered—but you wouldn't take it!"

"I don't gamble on a woman's dollars," said Trevanion, regarding her with eyes that softened. "You're a good sort, Dottie! I shall never forget that you were willing to go under with me."

"And you'll write, brother, when you know what your plans are?"

A smile of grim amusement played about Trevanion's lips.

"I shall probably write you long before that," he made reply.

"Lady to see you, miss!" She came in a swell car, I left her in the parlor. Thus Peggy's landlady announced Miss Trevanion's arrival at her humble abode.

Peggy was dressed for the street and in the act of putting on a pair of well-worn cotton gloves.

"To see me? I can't imagine—"

She ran downstairs humming a gay, little tune beneath her breath.

The occupant of the parlor, however, did not suggest, so far as appearance went, any connection with the swell car. Her badly-fitting clothes were out of date and her faded face under a dowdy, black hat held a wistful appeal.

"I am Peggy Herford."

"I am Basil Trevanion's sister," said Miss Dorothea. "You were his stenographer? He asked me to see you. You—I—" she hesitated uncomfortably, and the girl watching her was conscious of a desire to shake a bit of spirit into her caller's limp shoulders.

"Would you rather talk to me outside?" she questioned gently. The parlor was not a room to inspire confidences. Peggy hated its depressing atmosphere.

"Where you going out?" asked Miss Dorothea. "The car is waiting. I can take you anywhere you wish to go."

The girl tucked a friendly arm into Miss Dorothea's. Somehow it did not seem as though she were taking a liberty; the little lady was so pathetic, so like a helpless child. The lonely spirit of the older woman responded to the touch of human companionship. "I knew you would be—sweet," she said.

Peggy's heart almost skipped a beat at the unexpected comment and she wondered with a strange little thrill of expectancy just why Trevanion's sister had sought her out.

It seemed like part of a delightful dream to rest against the luxurious cushions and glide swiftly through the crisp, bright morning. How often, trailing in to work on reluctant feet, she

had envied the occupants of passing machines and sneered at the intolerant air with which she imagined they regarded the world of pedestrians. Now Peggy herself was for a moment one of that same disdainful class, her shabby gloves and carefully mended skirt no more inconspicuous than Miss Dorothea's skimpy hat with the faded clump of violets against the brim.

"I cannot tell you," murmured her companion presently, "how grateful I am for all you have done for my brother." Trevanion had left her with not the least idea as to the service Miss Herford had rendered him, but Miss Dorothea, faithful soul, was blindly obeying instructions.

With a slight start Peggy recalled herself from the world of unrealities. "It was nothing," she returned modestly. "I should have done as much for anyone." She caught herself up sharply. It actually sounded as though she were quoting from a book!

Trevanion's sister looked disappointed. Was there something disparaging to Basil behind the apparent indifference of the girl's answer?

"Wasn't he always kind to you?" she said reproachfully, and Peggy, with a sense of helpless dismay, awoke to the fact that there was a deeper meaning underlying Miss Dorothea's words than the casual question appeared to imply. The older woman spoke solicitously and intimately; this question linked itself with that other queer remark, "I knew you would be—sweet." The hot blood rushed to Peggy's cheeks.

"Of course he was kind!"

Miss Dorothea regarded her brilliant color approvingly.

"That's better," she nodded, "really better. I was afraid perhaps you did not care. Basil is so much older—"

Peggy's indignant spirit fretted against the false position in which this woman's romantic fancy seemed to place her. Good Heavens! What had inspired such a thought in her mind? But what was there to say? How would it sound were she suddenly to deny Miss Dorothea's foolish, unspoken belief?

"Did Mr. Trevanion decide on Canada," she questioned casually.

"Yes, somewhere up over the Canadian line. He is to write me as soon as he is settled."

"Luckily," said Peggy, "it is nearly spring. Mr. Trevanion is liable to find the northern winters lonely."

"You have lived in the north?"

"Well, my brother, on a Canadian ranch. I have only been in New York two years."

"Your brother? Ah—yes—I see—"

Miss Dorothea smiled a sly irritating smile. Then, as sudden thought of her mission obtruded itself and her mild, blue eyes became anxious.

"Basil would be sure that you had found another position. I promised to see to it for him. He seemed worried."

"I have one in view," interposed Peggy quickly. She had one in view, though the head of the firm might have another opinion—he was yet to be interviewed!

Miss Dorothea persisted. "A good one?" she asked.

"Fine," lied Peggy laconically, who felt she had now committed herself, "in the — Building, Fifth Ave. That's where I am bound for this morning."

Miss Dorothea spoke to the chauffeur who in the car slowly turned, heading in the general direction of the great thoroughfare.

When they reached Peggy's destination, Miss Dorothea leaned eagerly forward from her seat in the car.

"Basil will be so relieved! I'll write him immediately I learn his address. And—Miss Herford—I wish you would come to see me sometimes. I shall be lonely now that my brother is gone. He is my all!"

The girl murmured an inarticulate reply and then stood irresolute on the curb, watching the blue machine twindle into the distance.

Foremost in her mind was the disturbing thought that she had allowed Miss Dorothea to depart believing that she, Peggy, was in love with Trevanion and he with her.

CHAPTER IV.

After days of traveling, during which he wished himself back again in his comfortable home, Trevanion left the train at Calgary and sought a hotel for the night. He was tired and dusty and felt desperately ill, the hopelessness of his mind weighing intolerably on body and spirit. Yesterday he had wired Miss Herford's brother, and now he was alone in the white silence of this vast, unbroken country.

When morning dawned, he rose to meet it, haggard from the strain of a sleepless night. The day, tempered by a Chinook wind, proved mild and sunny. Trevanion viewed the struggling town, the neatly painted frame houses, the frozen Bow and Elbow rivers, the detached yet flourishing settlement across the Bow which was spanned by a fine wagon bridge. Further westward, stretched the rolling plains and over them, high up in the sky, white clouds rested—clouds that, under the gazers weary eyes, resolved themselves slowly into craglike peaks, the snow-capped summits of the Rockies, nearly seventy miles away.

In spite of himself, Trevanion awoke

and thrilled to the majesty of the spectacle. Those ice-kissed fangs seemed to offer a subtle challenge—to throw down a stern gauntlet to this man who had dared seek salvation within their shadow. Trevanion regarded them long and when he descended to breakfast he was not quite the hopeless, apathetic being of yesterday. Some spirit of the West had stirred in his sluggish blood; a whisper of hope had quickened and called to his dormant virility.

(To be continued.)

Canning and Drying With Electricity.

Experiments have recently been carried out by the United States Department of Agriculture to ascertain the best methods of using electricity in the home for preserving, canning and drying fruit and vegetables.

By using the hot plate of an electric range in exactly the same way as a coal or gas stove an excellent product was obtained, but the cost was too high. A second series of tests was made, in which the oven of the electric range was used, thus obtaining the sterilization temperature by baking instead of boiling. The water bath was omitted and the cans were placed on a rack in the oven, by this means a reduction in the cost was effected.

The electric fireless cooker proved the most efficient method of all, the cost being only one half that of the oven method. When employing this apparatus, the material is blanched and packed as usual, the jars are placed in the cooker and the electricity is turned on full strength until the thermometer registers 150 deg. The switch may then be turned down to the lowest heat, as 40 watts has been found sufficient to keep the jars at the sterilizing temperature.

The reason for the much more economical operation of electric ovens and fireless cookers is to be found in the fact that the source of heat and the articles being cooked can be enclosed together in an airtight space, while with fuel ranges a large amount of heat is unavoidably lost into the air.

Drying of vegetables was also tried, using first the oven of an electric range, then a combination of range and electric fan, and, finally, the fan alone. The cheapest way to make use of the residual heat left in the oven following some cooking operation. This is sufficient to start the drying process, then, when the oven is nearly cool, the door is opened and an ordinary electric fan is placed inside. This soon finishes the drying process and also prevents the oven from rusting.

Influenza Plague Invades Australia.

Reports from Australia indicate that a recrudescence of the influenza epidemic occurred during the recent winter (which synchronizes with our summer). There were from 1,200 to 1,500 cases as a daily hospital average in Victoria. The mortality in Melbourne was from 10 to 12 deaths daily. In Sydney, a severe outbreak occurred in June, the mortality assuming serious proportions for one or two weeks.

With milder weather in mid-July, the outbreak rapidly subsided.

We, in Canada, are now sustaining a prolonged cold spell, hence the necessity for the public to bear in mind that there is the danger of a recurrence of the disease in Canada.

Every individual should take precautions against infection. Keep the body warm and guard against sudden changes of temperature. Guard also against fetid air. The more the bodily heat can be kept up by natural and the less by artificial means, the better.

As "natural means" we include heavy clothing, nourishing food, air well supplied with oxygen and physical exercise. Artificial heat is secured by fire through the various heating systems.

Persons who are well fed and well clothed and who moves briskly can easily support prolonged exposure to the severest cold. The greatest danger in Canada is the shock to the system produced by getting over-heated indoors and then going outside in zero weather. This is also a prolific cause of colds.

Men Canadian houses are over-heated in winter. Their average temperature is often higher than during the summer months and certainly higher than in spring and autumn. This is unnecessary. It wastes fuel and it endangers health. Women are prone to wear too tight clothing in winter. It would be much safer for them to dress more warmly and have their houses ten degrees cooler.

Education to Cost More In England.

Education is to cost more in England. That is a fact most parents and youngsters of school age have already discovered, and fees are likely to go up still further in the near future.

All the public schools are experiencing such a rush of applications as was never before known. It is not merely Eton and Harrow and the one or two other schools with some "cachet" that are flooded in this manner, but also all those others, many of them equally as old, which are not quite just so well known.

To secure his son's admission to the right club the fashionable father of a generation or so ago would enter his heir's name on the club's books almost as soon as he was born. It would appear as if something of the sort will have to be done pretty soon to secure admission to some of the public schools.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Coughs, etc.



Woman's Interests

Being Just to One's Children.

The unbiased observer was visiting the Heath family, in which there are three children—Max, who is thirteen; Gwen, eleven, and Dolly, four. The boy and the baby are generally easy to discipline, but there seems to be constant friction between Gwen and her mother, so much so that continual pointing bids fair to spoil what nature intended to be a really beautiful little face. To the unbiased observer, the fault appears to lie largely with the mother, and if the case were an unusual one it would perhaps not be worthy of record; but similar misunderstandings so often exist between parent and child that the consideration of the following incidents may be of value.

Gwen is not a bad child, but her mother seems to expect disobedience from her, or, at least, a lack of cheerfulness. For example, Gwen had been sent to bed at 8 o'clock Sunday evening, ostensibly because she was sulky; really because her mother thought she was tired and needed extra rest. The child was not given the real reason, however, and she went upstairs full of the rebellious feeling that a most unmerited punishment had been meted out to her.

Max, for his supper that evening, was given a large, fine banana, one of several which had been bought as a special treat. The next morning at breakfast two similar bananas were put at the places of the two older children. Gwen was particularly delighted, for she, of course, had had no banana the night before. She was smiling and happy when she took her place at the table, even though Max did announce triumphantly that he had already had one.

Then Dolly, the baby, arrived and began to whimper because she had been forgotten in the distribution of fruit.

"Give Dolly half of yours, Gwen," said her mother.

Gwen's smiles faded.

"But, mother," she said rather plaintively, "why can't Max give her some of his? He had one last night" (which would appear to be a logical and a decidedly reasonable question).

The mother did not think so, however. "Give me your banana, Gwen," she demanded.

Gwen passed it over without a word, evidently having learned the futility of expecting justice from that quarter.

Her mother cut the fruit in half, gave one part to the baby and put the other on her own fruit plate, where it remained untouched until it was removed to the pantry. Max, in the meanwhile, devoured his prize with gusto.

Gwen made no comment of any kind, but she ate the rest of her breakfast with small appetite and with a face, wherein sulks had replaced smiles, and with a very sore little heart she departed for school.

"Don't you think I did right?" asked the mother afterward of the unbiased observer, who didn't feel so very unbiased after all.

"If you really want to know," came the reply, "I think you did entirely wrong. Gwen was quite logical in her action, and perfectly courteous. I should have thought she was lacking in intelligence if she hadn't objected."

The mother looked surprised.

"But she is so sulky about everything," she complained. "I want her to learn to mind cheerfully."

"She'll never do that," remarked the observer, "while she feels such injustice in the 'powers that be'."

"Do you think it was unjust to send her to bed last night?" the mother went on, in a slightly injured tone.

The unbiased observer paused—but she had been asked for an opinion and she gave it.

"What heavier punishment could you possibly inflict if she is ever really bad?" she asked. "Social ostracism—just because she looked cross! What would happen if our sins were punished in the same ratio?"

And yet the observer wonders if she will ever be invited to make another visit.

Homely Wrinkles.

Fasten the covers on the restless child's crib with a pair of horse-blanket pins. They will slide up and down on the bars of the crib every time he turns over, but he cannot throw off the covers.

New, clean blankets should have the edges faced on both sides with cheese-cloth, or some thin washable material. The facing should be twelve inches deep, to protect the blankets and keep them clean. When soiled this covering is easily removed and washed.

When making feather pillows it is well to make a cheese-cloth bag much larger than the pillow is to be. Put the feathers in this, then put it in the ticking. When the feathers need cleaning pull out the bag and wash well through soapuds and several rinsings and hang to dry in an airy place, shaking and beating until perfectly dry.

Use a wooden spoon or an agate-ware skimmer or ladle to take pickles from an earthen jar; vinegar attacks metals, causing dangerous compounds, which are liable to be imparted to pickles handled with a metal spoon.

Use a biscuit cutter to cut the crust for meat pie, and place the pieces

closely together over the meat. They are sure to be baked through, as the spaces between the biscuits allow the steam to escape and the dish has a more attractive appearance.

When making cocoa save time and fuel and have an ever-ready drink in this way: Boil for one-half hour on the stove or for two hours in the fire-less cooker, enough cocoa, water and sugar for twenty cupsful, instead of making four cupsful hurriedly without boiling at five different times. The cocoa flavor is improved by boiling, while simmering spoils the flavor. To serve this cocoa add hot milk, or, for a delicious hot-weather drink, add ice-cold milk.

Potato dressing requires less bread than the ordinary poultry dressing. It calls for two cupsful of hot mashed potatoes, one and one-quarter cupsful of soft stale bread crumbs, one cupful of finely chopped salt pork, one-half cupful of finely chopped onion, one-third cupful of fat, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of sage. Mix the potato, bread crumbs, fat, egg, salt and sage, then add pork and onion, and mix well.

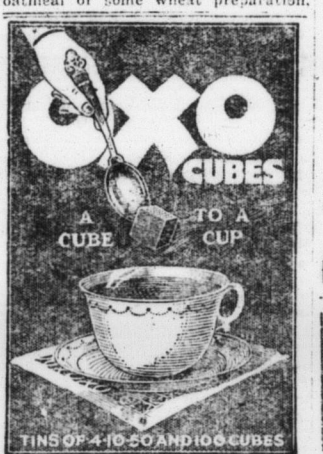
Eliminating the Left-Overs.

It is well to know how to use the table left-overs—how to serve them the second time so they will be palatable. But in these times when we are all making extra efforts to use economy and thrift in our households, it's well to consider that many of the left-overs need not be. While it may not be possible always to know just how much to cook, surely close study will enable the housewife not to cook day after day, more food than is needed.

A woman of wide reputation told with evident pride, when addressing a gathering of women, that she was teaching her neighbor how to economize by helping her to make use of the food left from her meals.

The speaker said she received three slices of toast which were about to be thrown out, and suggested that they be made into croutons to serve with soup. Next she told that her neighbor's family of four always had a cooked cereal, either oatmeal or some wheat preparation.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Coughs, etc.



TINS OF 4-10-20 AND 100 CUBES

for breakfast. "There was always a coffee-cupful left," she went on, "and the housewife had been throwing it away. I told her to use it to thicken soup."

Now, it seemed to some of the speaker's hearers as if the neighbor's family must subsist upon soup. The helper did not go back far enough. To have a coffee-cupful of cereal left each morning showed a lack of foresight. And three slices of toast left from one meal showed the same. One cannot tell exactly how much will be eaten, but in a family where economy is necessary it would be better to let some member of the family occasionally finish with a slice of bread cut fresh from the loaf when wanted, or with a handful of crackers. And cold oatmeal can be added to that cooking in a double boiler and reheated without injuring it in the least.

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BIRD ROCKS ON NORTHERN SHORES

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Curious Spectacle Along the Coasts of Greenland and Newfoundland.

As one sails along the shores of Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland he sees bleak rocks, sometimes small and sometimes rising three, four or five hundred feet out of the sea, covered as thickly with birds as a tree is covered with a swarm of bees which has just left the hive.

The birds which gather in the largest congregations are the gulls, guillemots and cormorants. Something over a century ago the great auk swarmed in the north, but this bird has become extinct. The most numerous of all the northern birds is the guillemot, called by the fishermen "murre" and "turs." It supplies a hundred thousand fishermen every spring and summer with the only fresh meat they get while afloat.

These birds weigh nearly two pounds. They are white on the breast black on the back and have long, black, sharp bills. They congregate in the bays in winter in hundreds of thousands and in spring fly out and wing their way south to rocks and islands on some desolate coast. They have been seen perched in thousands on some iceberg making its southern march from Baffin's Bay in the spring.

On the west coast of Newfoundland stands an island, with perpendicular rocky sides, rising nearly 400 feet out of the sea. It is about three acres in area at the top. It seems to have been cleft from the mainland and is safely beyond reach of duck shot.

A Springtime Resting-Place.

Late in April the guillemots rather in the sea around this island in hundreds of thousands; and some fine morning, when the snow has disappeared from the top, they rise in a compact body, flying first fully a thousand feet in the air, then lowering and circling for half an hour around and around the top of the island, darkening the ground with the shadow of their wings, then settling on the top and turning the white, fine stained surface a shining black. Once settled, they will not leave the island in a body till the last of June, unless a snow-storm comes. Then they take to the sea again until the snow has melted from their nesting place.

Among the guillemots are scattered hundreds of razor bills, prettily shaped little birds that have plumage like their neighbors but are provided with a deep and beautifully marked bill.

It is very interesting to watch the mother bird take the young one from the top of the high cliff down to the sea. The mother entices the tiny bird, not larger than an English sparrow, and covered with black and white, down to the edge of the cliff. Then she lowers herself to the cliff's edge, balancing with her wing till the little one, guided by its instinct, crawls carefully upon the mother's back, crouching firmly between her wings.

Then the mother with a very steady and gentle motion of her pinions, lowers herself down and outward into the sea clear of rocks and surf.

Invaded by the Enemy.

Vast armies of cormorants, called by northern fishermen "shags"—large, black birds with long wings, legs and necks and slow flight—also invade the bird rocks, making them a coal black from the first of May till the first of July.

These are cruel monsters, attacking and driving out guillemots, gulls, razor bills or any other birds that may take up their abode on any rock or island to which they take a fancy.

Sometimes they grow tired of one of their nesting places and scour the coasts for new abodes. There is an island off the coast of Labrador which some years ago was visited every season by myriads of guillemots. The cormorants save the place took a liking to it, and one spring surrounded it, about 20,000 strong, a few days after the guillemots had taken possession.

In its day the great auk was more numerous even than the cormorant. Off the coast of Newfoundland lies a group of islands called the Funks. Here in the beginning of the last century the gairfowl, with its short, abortive wings, resorted in hundreds and hundreds of thousands to breed. Its feathers were soft and fine. Beneath the feathers was a thick coating of valuable down, and its flesh, after the bird had been soaked, was extremely palatable.

The great auk could not fly. Its little wings resembled fins. But it swam hundreds of miles out of the bays in spring and back again in the autumn to and from the hatching places. It was helpless on land and a prey to any enemy larger than itself.

Some naturalists used to claim that the auk came as far south as the coast of Maine, but in the opinion of most authorities the bird went no farther than Newfoundland. It is just possible that the bones discovered by ornithologists further south may have been conveyed there in the guano when it was a article of commerce.

When making ginger cookies, occasionally try substituting light brown sugar for the molasses. Use three tablespoonfuls of water to each cupful of sugar.