

## A Money - Saving

**Bottle** A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down the butcher's bill. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It *must* be Bovril.

## The Road to Understanding

—BY—  
**Eleanor H. Porter**  
Copyright—  
Houghton Mifflin Co.  
Published by special  
arrangement with  
Thos. Allen,  
Toronto

### CHAPTER XVI.

It was, indeed, quite "easy"—surprisingly so, as the doctor soon found out. Not without some trepidation, however, had he taken the train for Dalton the next morning and presented his proposition to the master of Denby House.

"I think I've found your private secretary," he began blithely, hoping that his pounding heart-throbs did not really sound like a drum.

"You have? Good! What's her name? Somebody you know? I've questioned Burke Denby, with a show of interest.

"Yes, she's a Miss Darling, and I've known her family for years." (The doctor gulped and swallowed a bit convulsively.) "She doesn't know shorthand, but she can typewrite, and she's very quick at taking dictation in long hand, I fancy; and she knows several languages, I believe. I'm sure you'll find her capable and trustworthy in every way."

"Very good! Sounds well, sure," smiled Burke. "And here, for my needs, speed and shorthand are not so necessary. I do deny personal business at the house. What salary does she want?"

So unexpected and disconcerting was this quite natural question that the doctor, totally unprepared for it, nearly betrayed himself by his confusion.

"Oh? Er—ah—oh, great Scott! Why didn't they—I might have known—," he floundered. Then, sharply, he recovered himself. "Well, really," he laughed lightly, "I'm a crack-jack at applying for a job, and no mistake! I quite forgot to ask what salary she did expect. But I don't believe that will matter materially. She'll come for what is right, I'm sure; and you'll be willing to pay that."

"Oh, yes, it doesn't matter. I'll be glad to give her a trial, anyway; and if she's all you crack her up to be, I'll pay her more than what's right. When can she come? Where does she live?"

"Well, she's going to live here in Dalton," evaded the doctor cautiously. "She's not here yet; but she and her mother are coming—er—next week, I believe. Better not count on her beginning work till the first, though, perhaps. That'll be next week Thursday. I should think they ought to be—er—settled by that time." The doctor drew a long breath, much after the fashion of a man who has been crossing a bit of particularly thin ice.

"All right. Send her along. The sooner the better," nodded Burke, the old listless weariness coming back to his eyes. "I certainly need—some one."

It was on a beautiful day in late September that Helen Denby and her daughter arrived at the Dalton station. Helen, fearful either that her features would be recognized, or that she would betray by word or look her knowledge of the place, and so bring an amazed question to Betty's lips, had drawn a heavy veil over her face. It was a short drive, and Helen and her daughter were soon in the apartment the doctor had come for.

It was a pretty little suite of five rooms up one flight, convenient, and tastefully furnished.

"I don't think even Burke could find fault with this," said Helen, a bit wistfully, as her eyes lingered on the soft colorings and harmonious blendings of rugs and hangings. Aloud she said:

"Dear me! I feel just like a little girl with a new doll-house, don't you?"

"Yes; and when our trunks come, and we get our photographs and things out, it will be lovely, won't it?" Helen at one of the windows, gave a sudden exclamation.

"Why, Betty, from this window we can see—"

"See what?" cried Betty, hurrying to the window, as her mother's words came to an abrupt halt.

"The city, dear, so much of it, and—and all those beautiful houses over there," stammered Helen. "See that church with the big dome, and the tall spire next it; and all those trees—that must be a park," she hurried on, pointing out anything and everything but the one big old colonial house with its tall pillars that stood out so beautifully fine and clear against the green of a wide lawn on the opposite hill.

"I shall take you over myself," said Helen to her daughter as they rose from the breakfast table that first day of October. "And I shall show you carefully just how to come back this afternoon; but I'm afraid I shall have to let you come back alone, dear. In the first place, I shouldn't know when you were ready; and in the second place, I shouldn't want to go and wait for you."

"Of course not!" cried Betty. "As if I'd let you—and you don't even have to go with me. I can find out by asking."

"No, I shall go with you," Betty noticed that her mother's cheeks were very pink and her eyes very bright. "Don't forget the doctor's letter; and remember, dear, just be—be your own dear sweet self."

"Why, mother, you're—crying!" exclaimed the dismayed Betty, veil with "Crying? Not a bit of it!" The head came proudly erect.

"But does it mean so much to you that I—that I—that he—likes me?" asked Betty softly.

The next moment, alarmed and amazed, she found her mother's convulsive arms about her, her mother's trembling voice in her ears.

"I'll mean all the world to me, Betty—oh, Betty, my baby!"

"Why, mother!" exclaimed the girl, aghast and shaken.

But already her mother had drawn herself up, and was laughing through her teeth.

"Dear, dear, but only look at the fuss this old mother-bird is making at the first flight of her young one!" she chattered gaily. "Come, no more of this! We'll be late. We'll get ready right away. You say you have the letter from the doctor. Don't forget that."

"No, I won't. I have it all safe," tossed the girl over her shoulder, as she hurried away for her hat and coat. A minute later she came back to find her mother shrouding herself in the black veil. "Oh, mother, dear, please! You aren't going to wear that horrid veil to-day, are you?" she remonstrated.

"Why, yes, dear. Why not?"

"I don't like it a bit. And it's so thick! I can't see a bit of you through it."

"Can't you? Good!" Vaguely Betty wondered at the almost gleeful tone of the voice. "Then nobody can see my eyes—and know that I've been crying."

"Hoi they wouldn't anyway," frowned Betty. "Your eyes aren't red at all, mother."

But the mother only laughed again gleefully—and fastened the veil with still another pin. A minute later mother and daughter left the house together.

It was not a long ride to the foot of the street that led up the hill to Burke Denby's home. With carefully minute directions as to the return home at night, Helen left her daughter halfway up the hill, with the huge wrought-iron gates of the Denby driveway just before her. Then, with a last lingering look and a sob fortunately smothered in the enshrouding veil, she turned and hurried away in the opposite direction.

Many times before Betty's return late that afternoon, Helen wondered that a day, just one little day, could be so long. It seemed to her that each minute was an hour, and each hour a day, so slowly did the clock tick the time away. She tried to work, to sew, to read. But there seemed really nothing that she wanted to do except to stand at one of the windows, her eyes on the massive, white-pillared old house set in its wide sweep of green on the opposite hill.

At ten minutes before five Betty reached home. Her mother met her halfway down the stairs.

"Oh, Betty, you—you are here!" she panted. "Now tell me everything—every single thing," she reiterated, almost dragging the girl into the apartment, in her haste and excitement. "Don't skip anything—not the least little thing; for a little thing might mean so much—to me."

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Betty, her laughing eyes growing vaguely troubled. "Do you really care so much?"

With a sudden tightening of the throat Helen pulled herself up sharply. She gave a light laugh.

"Care? Of course I care. Don't you suppose I want to know what my baby has been doing all the long day away from me? Now, tell me. Sit right down and tell me from the beginning."

"All right, I will," smiled Betty.

"Well, first, I walked up that long, long walk through that beautiful lawn to the house; but for a minute I didn't ring the bell. It was so beautiful—the view from the verandah, with the sun on the reds and browns and yellows of the trees everywhere! Then I remembered suddenly that I hadn't come to make a call and admire the view, but that I was a business woman now. So I rang the bell. There was a lovely old brass knocker on the great door; but I saw a very conspicuous push-button, and I concluded that was for real use."

"Yes, yes. And were you frightened, dear?"

"Well, nervous, we'll call it. Then, as I was planning just what to say, the door opened and the oldest little old man I ever saw stood before me."

"Yes, go on!"

"He was the butler. I found out afterwards. They called him Benton. He seemed surprised, somehow, to see me, or frightened, or something. Anyway, he started queerly, as his eyes met mine, and he muttered a quick something under his breath; but all I could hear was the last, 'No, no, it couldn't be!'"

"Yes—yes!" breathed Helen, her face a little white.

"The next minute he became so stiff and straight and dignified that his English cousin might have envied him. I told him I was Miss Darling, and that I had a note to Mr. Denby from Dr. Glesson."

"Yes, Miss. The master is expecting you. He said to show you right in. This way, please," he said then, pompously. And then I saw that great hall. Oh, mother, if you could see it! It's wonderful, and so full of treasures! I could hardly take off my hat and coat properly, for devouring a superb specimen of old armor right in front of me. Then Benton took me into the library, and I saw—something even more wonderful."

"You mean your—er—Mr. Denby?" The mother's face was aglow.

Betty gave a merry laugh.

"Indeed, I don't! Oh, he was there, but he was no wonder, mother, dear. The wonder was cabinet after cabinet filled with jades and bronzes and carved ivories and Babylonian tablets and—"

"But I couldn't begin to tell you! I couldn't even begin to see for myself, for, of course, I had to say something to Mr. Denby."

"Of course! And tell me—what was he—he like?"

"Oh, he was just a man, tall and stern-looking, and a little gray. He's old, you know. He isn't young at all!" spoken with all the serene confidence of Betty's eighteen years. "He has nice eyes, and I imagine he'd be nice, if he'd let himself be. But he won't."

"Why, Betty, what—what do you mean?"

Betty laughed and shrugged her shoulders.

(To be continued.)

**TRAPPING INSECTS.**

**Suction Apparatus Used Successfully in Vineyards.**

Some of the worst enemies of the crops are moths. As moths, they are harmless, but the caterpillars hatched from their eggs are wholesale destroyers.

Every housewife is lamentably familiar with the disgusting worm so commonly found in the ears of sweet corn that she buys for her table. Few ears seem to escape its attack, while many are half devoured.

This filthy creature is the offspring of a moth that flies only in the night time. Often present in countless numbers in the cornfields, it flits about, laying its eggs, one here and another there, on the silks of the corn. The caterpillars, as soon as hatched, find their way to the growing ears, creep into them, and begin to devour the grain.

Various schemes have been tried for trapping the moths. Pans of sweetened water poisoned with cyanide of potassium have been scattered about in the field, to attract them. Lamps, to draw them, have been hung over receptacles containing kerosene, so that the fumes might suffocate them.

These and other contrivances have captured many moths; but, for some unexplained reason, nearly all of them were males. So what was the use?

The worst enemy of grape-growers in California is a minute insect called the "thunder fly," because it appears in greatest numbers in hot and sultry weather, when thunderstorms are frequent. A man out there has invented a suction apparatus, with a ten-horsepower blower, that is placed on wheels and driven through the vineyards, harrowing the pests from the vines as it goes along. It is said to work very successfully.

An even more remarkable contrivance is used in Germany to capture wholesale the "nun moths" that devastate the forests. It is provided with two powerful searchlights that draw the moths from miles away (the apparatus being placed on top of a building), and they are further attracted by a pair of arc lamps on either side of a suction ventilator. An electric motor causes the fans of the ventilator to revolve rapidly, thereby producing an intake of air that swallows every moth approaching within a few feet. Through the ventilator they pass into a wire-net cage. A single machine of this kind has been known to catch 100 pounds of moths in a night.

**A 12th Lancer Tradition.**

The 12th Lancers observed, until 1914 a quaint regimental custom which was said to have its origin in the Peninsular War.

According to regimental tradition, certain members of the 12th found themselves, after an engagement with the French, detached from the main body, and there being no officer with them, they decided to go a-looting. Unfortunately they came to the high reputation of the regiment, the first building they came to was a convent. How much looting they did is unrecorded; but when their offence was discovered, not only were they condemned to be shot, but the whole regiment was sentenced to have hymn tunes played to it every night for 100 years.

This custom was continued until the outbreak of war, and, although the alleged sentence expired some years ago, it will be revived as soon as the 12th once more get to their peace footing.

Evidently, whatever stigma originally attached to the regiment on account of the Peninsular incident has long been forgotten in the splendid achievements of the 12th in almost every war cavalry have been engaged in since, and the custom is regarded now-a-days as an honor rather than a punishment. This is a good example of the way in which regular regiments cling on to their old traditions and customs, no matter what may be the origin of the latter.

When another succeeds in accomplishing the very task we have failed in let us be big enough to cry: "Well done!"

## Woman's Interests

**Emergency Measures—First Aid.**

Slight Cuts and Scratches.—Slight cuts and wounds may be washed with peroxide or a carbolic solution. Never use court plaster. It is not clean itself and it seals in whatever germs are in the wound. A narrow strip of adhesive plaster may be used across a cut, holding the sides of it together, but must not cover the whole cut. Collodion may be used on shallow, trivial cuts and scratches, but if the flesh gets red and inflamed around it, take the collodion off, because the inflammation proves that pus germs are sealed up inside.

Splinters.—Splinters should be drawn out by using pincers or the tip of a knife blade put under the end of the splinter, holding the splinter against the knife blade with the thumb nail. If the splinter is entirely under the nail, scrape the nail thin over the end of the splinter, then cut out a tiny piece and draw the splinter. Don't use collodion over such a wound; cover it with surgically clean gauze.

Eye Wounds.—In an actual injury to the eye, a doctor should always give all treatment. All you can do is to cover the eye with soft cloths, soaked in cold water and bandaged on, but not too tightly. Keep the bandages wet all the time till the doctor comes. When a cinder, dust or sand, get in the eye, don't rub the eye. Make the tears come by closing the eye and pull the upper lid over the lower several times, then close the nostril on the opposite side and blow the nose hard.

If lime gets in the eye, bathe it with a solution of vinegar, a teaspoonful to a cup of water. This acid counteracts the alkali of the lime.

No. The explanation in most cases in the flesh should always be examined carefully to see if any part has broken off and remains inside. In such a case keep the person still so that the piece will not work around, and send for a doctor. Keep the piece of the needle so as to let the doctor know what size piece is missing.

Animal Bites.—Cat, dog and horse bites are apt to be rather mean, torn and bruised wounds. Usually they need the same treatment as any other wound. The animals are seldom rabid or mad, but if there is any question about this get a doctor immediately. There is a peculiar fact to be noticed with reference to dog bites. By far the largest proportion of them are received by boys under fifteen, fewer by girls, and again much fewer by adults. The most cases in which the bite is the boys' teeth, the dog, who is naturally objects, and he can show his objection only by biting. There would be fewer scared parents as the result of dog bites if small boys were brought up with the idea of always making friends with animals and protecting them instead of plaguing them. Strange dogs should be let alone.

Horse bites are rare but may cause serious blood-poisoning if the wound is not properly taken care of. Treat as for any other wound.

For insect bites apply ammonia to the bite, then cold wet dressings—wet salt or mud are both soothing.

Lockjaw.—Where dirt has been ground into a ragged and torn wound or a rusty nail has made a wound, take particular care to give it the best wound treatment, and always have a doctor see it as soon as possible. Lockjaw can be prevented but is almost never cured, and the lockjaw or tetanus germ is most apt to exist in such wounds as are ragged and full of dirt.

Abdominal Wounds.—These are very serious, and one danger is the drying of the parts exposed to the air when the wound has laid open any of the abdominal organs. Send for a doctor immediately and treat for shock. Cover the entire wound with a clean cloth kept wet with a weak solution of salt and water. Use boiled water and sanitary compress if possible, but such a wound must be kept covered if the contents of the abdomen are exposed, as the drying probably will be fatal.

**A Very Ugly Poster.**

I was impressed with the teacher from the moment I met her at the door of the schoolhouse. She was little, pretty, and had lovely hair. Her dark dress was protected by a crisp white apron. She seemed to create an atmosphere of neatness. Her schoolroom, with its starched white curtains at the windows and its pretty holly decorations seemed to be like the teacher. Her brisk-looking children as they sat at their well-ordered desks watching every move their teacher made reminded me of soldiers at attention. Still they seemed very comfortable and happy.

I tried to take the whole room in at a glance. The decorations were in perfect taste; I admired some very artistic touch here and there until I saw a large, ugly, bright red poster suspended from the blackboard with heavy white cord. On this huge card were printed in large black letters, the words: "I Have Kept Myself Clean All Day."

Beneath these words were children's names and opposite the names were large white, almost dazzling stars.

"How perfectly silly!" I said to myself. I thought I had met a teacher possessing uniformly good taste.

**Imagine that ugly card staring those children in the face day in and day out! Had she no sense of delicacy? Now, if the subject of personal cleanliness had to be at the front, why not a small, dainty card and hung in a less conspicuous place?**

Well, I addressed the school, for such was my business among them that morning, but somehow, the attraction of the room faded; greatest of all was my disappointment in the teacher.

Then and there I learned a lesson. My little red-headed teacher must have been sensitive to notice my thoughts about the cleanliness card and before I left she told me why it was there and why it had to be exactly that kind of card.

She had been warned not to teach that school. It was unruly, unkempt and its moral standard was below grade. One group of boys had practically driven previous teachers away by their absolute refusals to obey. However, this young woman was not to be scared off. She took the school and proceeded to make the pupils like her. This process involved a great deal of hard thinking. She had to stimulate in them the desire to do right.

Her children were not clean. Their faces, hands and teeth were dirty. Their language on the play ground made her shudder. She thought of the motto idea. She knew that a "cleanliness" motto to "godliness" sign would not do. She must think of a motto that the children would understand, simple in words and direct in meaning. This came to her: "I have kept myself clean all day."

And oh what it meant! They must be physically clean. They must be mentally clean. Their conduct must be the very best. When a child passed the behavior test, a star was placed opposite his name.

With beautiful pride this teacher told me that not one star, once placed, had to be removed.

Was it not wonderful? Would you believe that seven words with one little teacher's personality behind them, could accomplish a task like that? I have thought about it so much and this is the lesson I learned: When I begin to judge people and their actions before I understand what lies behind, I think of my little red-headed teacher and her big, glaring motto-card.

**Some Things Soda Will Do.**

Soda is a splendid deodorizer for any utensil. A teaspoonful of soda boiled up with a little water in any kettle in which fish has been cooked is the finishing touch in cleaning the kettle. Occasionally it is good to clean out the coffee and tea pots by placing a teaspoonful of soda in the pots, filling them three-quarters full of cold water, and bringing the solution to a boil.

A teaspoonful of soda in a cup of warm water is an antiseptic gargle. A little soda in warm water makes a soothing bath for any rash such as hives.

A pinch of soda in the water in which flannels are washed will soften the water and whiten the flannels.

A little soda added to tomatoes before tomatoes are added to cream of tomato soup will prevent the milk from curdling.

Soda will make tinware look like new if applied with moistened paper and then polished with a piece of dry paper.

You get more feed from an acre if you let your silage corn get ripe enough to cut for fodder. The silage is sweeter, and you can get more of it into the silo, for it contains less water. If too dry to pack well, add water as it goes into the silo.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere. Practically all the crops in Serbia this year have been harvested by women.

## JEFFERY HALE'S HOSPITAL

QUEBEC, P.Q.  
Owing to increasing the nursing staff of the Jeffery Hale's Hospital, Quebec, there are some vacancies for Probationers. Young ladies possessing a good general education and wishing to enter a first-class registered training school please apply to the Lady Superintendent.

**Good Reason.**

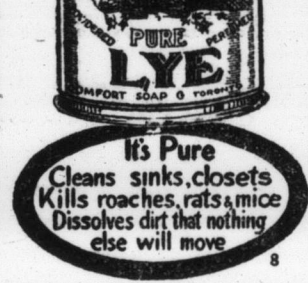
"How old is your baby brother?" asked little Tommy of a playmate. "One year old," replied Tommy. "Ah!" exclaimed Tommy. "I've got a dog a year old and he can walk as well as your brother." "Well, so he ought to," replied Johnny; "he's got twice as many legs."

**Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.**

In the balloting on the German treaty 73 members abstained from voting.

## SALT

All grades. Write for prices.  
**TORONTO SALT WORKS**  
G. J. CLIFF - TORONTO



It's Pure  
Cleans sinks, closets  
Kills roaches, rats, mice  
Dissolves dirt that nothing else will move



**CLARK'S**  
**Spaghetti**  
with  
**Tomato**  
**Sauce**  
and  
**Cheese**  
is  
**Great.**  
Ready to serve.  
Just heat and eat.

W. CLARK, LIMITED,  
MONTREAL.

## Parker's Will Do It

By cleaning or dyeing—restore any articles to their former appearance and return them to you, good as new.

Send anything from household draperies down to the finest of delicate fabrics. We pay postage or express charges one way.

**When you think of Cleaning or Dyeing Think of Parker's.**

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay Carriage one way on all orders.

Advice upon Cleaning or Dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

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

## THE WATER SUPPLY OF OLD LONDON

CONSUMPTION AMOUNTS TO 252,000,000 GALLONS DAILY.

Expert Estimates That 4,000,000 Gallons Per Day Are Wasted—Supply Being Reduced.

London wastes as much water every day as would supply a city of 50,000 inhabitants, says a London newspaper. London's water consumption per day is no less than 252,000,000 gallons, and an expert estimates that 4,000,000 gallons a day are absolutely wasted.

100 Feet in 100 Years.

It seems extraordinary at first sight, but not when you go into the matter. When you leave your tap dripping at bedtime, nearly a pint of water has gone by the morning. Think of the hundreds of thousands of people who allow taps to drip all night and all day as well.

You may think that all this does not matter. But it does. Even London's water resources are not inexhaustible. Dr. W. T. Gordon, of King's College, estimates that the level of the city's underground supplies has been reduced by no less than 100 feet in 100 years, and it is now declining at the rate of 2 feet per annum. We are taking every year from the chalk beds beneath our feet from 100,000,000 to 120,000,000 more gallons of water per square mile than enter them. As the area of greater London is 700 square miles, we lose each year something like 90,000,000,000 gallons. When a man draws upon his capital, and does not replace it, the end may be quick or slow, but it comes. But scientists are clever people, and no doubt before London begins to get thirsty they will discover some means of replenishing the supplies. As a matter of fact, experts at Woolwich are running into the beds rain-water which at present goes to waste down the drains, and are succeeding fairly well. In the meantime, however, it is necessary for Londoners to be careful.

**Romans Extravagant.**

It is curious how little water has always been set on this precious liquid. The ancient Romans used it to the extent of 300 or 400 gallons per head per day. It is not recorded that they were more thirsty than we are, so it is safe to presume that most of it was employed in an extravagant manner or wasted.

In the United States, even at the present time, water is treated as of little account. New York uses over fifty gallons per day per person, and wastes eighty gallons. Philadelphia goes one better—or worse. It uses thirty gallons and wastes no fewer than 200. Compared with these figures, the Londoner's allowance of thirty-nine gallons seems niggardly, and yet it could be reduced if we were careful.

If we were ever faced with a serious shortage, the first economies would be affected on London's fountains. Indeed, the days of one of the principal of these—that in Trafalgar Square—are already numbered. The level of the well which supplies it has sunk to the extent of 115 feet in sixty-four years.

**Needs of Industry.**

What our water requirements in the future will be is hard to say, but they are not likely to grow less. It is being employed to an increasing extent in industry. Paper-making, for instance, is a very absorbent trade. It takes from 10,000 to 200,000 gallons to make a single ton of paper. Some of it is used over and over again, but think of the amount of paper manufactured in a year!

Brewing requires from ten to fourteen thousand million gallons of water every year; the railways use ten thousand million gallons.

Then there is motive-power. There is no doubt that this subject will become more and more important if the coal output continues to decrease. Without power England would quickly fall to the level of a third-rate nation. Some people think the future of our country lies with the politicians. It would be more correct to say that it lies with the scientists.

**The Modern Way.**

Two piles of apples lay on the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small.

"Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?" inquired the new assistant of his master, as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer, virtuously. "Honestly is the best policy, my boy. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom."

The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good," said the farmer. Now, turn it upside down and label it."

Harvest onions when the tops die down. If left out the bulbs will be injured by the wind and weather. The heavy and continuous rains this season checked growth early.