

What to Do With Left-Over Vegetables

Here is a
Left-Over
Dish That
Will
Delight
You

Jelly Vegetable Ring.

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoonful salt
1 cup celery, cut in small strips
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shredded cabbage
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned peas
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup small cucumber cubes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar

Soak Gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water, then add sugar, vinegar, lemon juice and salt. Strain, cool and when mixture begins to thicken, add vegetables. Turn into a ring mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish, and arrange around jelly thin slices of cold cooked meat. Fill centre with boiled salad dressing.

Note:—Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which comes in a blue package, contains an envelope of lemon flavor and takes the place of lemon juice—saving time, labor and expense.

Get a box of Knox Gelatine at your grocer's to-day, and try the above recipe.

Only of many ways of using left-overs with

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

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KNOX GELATINE

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Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER II.

(Continued.)

The same old fatal optimism! Philip remembered how often he had heard his mother say only half seriously that it would be the ruin of them all.

Sudden, passionate revolt surged through his heart; he brought his clenched fist down on the table.

"But there must be something to stop it—something that can be done."

His mother stopped crying. She looked up and across to where her husband stood, and there was a moment of silence fraught with meaning. Then she spoke:

"Are you going to tell him, Lionel, or shall I?"

The old man turned heavily.

"I will, my dear, of course. I will."

He cleared his throat vigorously.

"Phil, my boy..." he began, then stopped, only to struggle on afresh.

"I've always been a good father to you, Philip. I've given you everything you wanted, everything you asked for, and you're our only son..." He paused.

"Our only son," he said again impressively.

"Yes..." Philip rose to his feet; he had not the least idea what was coming, but he felt that it was something that would matter greatly.

"Anything I can do..." anything he added helplessly.

Yet in his heart he was asking himself what on earth he could do to stem the tide that seemed about to overwhelm them. He had never done a day's work in his life, and had never been taught a profession; he had romped through Eton and Oxford on his games, so to speak; he had rather liked admitting frankly that he was no good where brains were required, but if it was a question of muscle...

"There is something you can do," his father said. He kept his face averted as he spoke. "Something that will save us all—your mother and myself—and you too, Phil..."

"Well!" There was a sharp note in the young man's voice.

"Well—" his father echoed, "there is something you can do."

"You're not suggesting that I should ask him for money?" Philip interrupted hotly. "A man you've always despised because he made his money out of trade, if that's it..."

"It's not it," the old man laughed ruefully. "It's that were all, I could ask him myself—as a matter of fact..."

His voice grew shamefaced. "I have asked him—already."

"Father!"

Mr. Winterbush rounded on him fiercely.

"It was for your sake, not my own—your sake and your mother's. Do you

think I want to see you both ruined after all these years? Do you think I want to be turned out of my home and die in a shabby villa?" The old man's voice rose passionately.

Philip looked away, somehow he could not bear it.

"Go on," he said in a muffled voice.

"And what did—did Dennison say?" It hurt his pride that they should have come to this, that his father—the father! the most respected and first man in the country—should have asked money from old Dennison, a man who was not properly educated, a man who boasted that he had once served in his own small shop...

It was intolerable. "Go on," he said again. "What did he say—refused, of course."

"No..." but there were conditions conditions which only you, my boy, can fulfil."

There was a sort of desperate courage now in his father's voice. He came across to Philip, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"I've been good to you, my boy," he said, almost humbly. "You'll not stand by and see me ruined and see you mother's heart broken?"

Philip gripped his father's hand. "You know that anything I can do I will, and gladly. But I don't understand."

"It was Dennison's own condition, not mine..." Mr. Winterbush cleared his throat vigorously. "You know what that class of man is, what he thinks of pedigree and blue blood, and an ancestral home, and so forth..."

Only natural, I suppose, but...

Philip made a gesture of intolerance. "Yes, yes..." but go on—go on..."

His nerves felt at snapping-point. He could not think that it was that his father was driving at.

"Well, he says he will get me out of St. Clair's rotten concern, take over the shares—make everything as it was before I was fool enough to trust the man, if you..." If you... if you will marry his daughter, Phil."

CHAPTER III.

For a moment there was unbroken silence in the dusky room; to Philip it seemed as if there were just some scene from a play, at which he was part of the audience, and not anyone whom it vitally concerned.

He looked at his mother—her face was raised now, and there was a world of strain and anxiety in her eyes as they met his—her hands were clasped in her lap, her whole being seemed to be praying of him, beseeching of him to do this thing—to save them while there was yet time.

She had always been so proud. It struck her son now with a sort of wonderment that she could be willing for him to buy back what they had lost at such a price; he supposed it showed that she must love the Highway House very much.

He looked at his father—the old man's head was bent, his hands gripped the back of a chair against which he was standing, and Philip noticed that his knuckles stood out white with the strain which he was putting upon them.

He looked past him, and into the darkening garden. A bird was twittering drowsily in the silence and everything was so quiet and peaceful it seemed impossible that this tragedy had really come into his life.

He tried to speak, but his lips felt numb; there was only one thought in his mind—Kitty!

She had no money, and now—as he had none—she dashed a hand across his eyes; money would not matter! She was not that sort of girl; she would stick to a fellow all the more because he was down on his luck.

"Phil, dear," said his mother with a sob.

It was a sharp reminder of all he was asked to do—all for which they had appealed to him.

They knew nothing of Kitty and his love for her; they only asked him to save them, to save their home for them, and their name; they had no idea of the sacrifice they were demanding.

To marry Eva Dennison!—a girl he hardly knew—a girl to whom he had never given a second thought. To make her his wife and bring her to live here in his home; to be son-in-law to red-faced old Dennison—to fling up to her brothers... he set his teeth hard, on the thing was monstrous.

"Phil, for my sake!"

"Phil," said his mother again. "Oh, she got up and came over to where he stood, clasped her hands about his arm and bowed her face to them; he could feel her tears on his hand, feel how her whole body shook with sobs, and suddenly he knew that he could bear it no longer. He wrenched himself free—

"Oh, let me go, let me go—it's impossible, quite impossible..."

He rushed from the room and out into the garden; the cool air fanned his hot forehead; he walked up and down in the dusk, driven by tortuous thoughts.

Kitty! She was all that mattered; how could he give her up! Why, it was only a few hours since he had told her he loved her, only a few hours since he had held her in his arms and kissed her; they were only just on the threshold of their happiness, and now they were asking him to shut the door upon it for ever.

He felt as if he could never rest again; away in the distance a clock chimed the hour—he saw his father turn on the light in the library, saw his fine old figure momentarily silhouetted against the light, and he stood still for a moment to look at him.

He had always been so proud of his father—he would have done a great deal for the old man, but this—was asking too much!

He turned away and went out of the garden and down the road.

A desperate longing to see Kitty was upon him; a sort of blind terror seemed to be gripping his soul—he had got to lose her! Struggle against the thought as he might, at the back of his mind the conviction clung.

He had got to lose her—she would never be his wife—he would have to stand by and see some other, luckier man step in to his place, whilst he—

It was asking too much, it was not fair—he had a right to his happiness.

(To be continued.)

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