CHIRPY

"I heard from Chirpy this morning," said Arthur Hanbury to his wife, as he stood looking down at her with his back to the fire. The lightness of his voice was a little forced and he gave a quick glance at Cynthia as he spoke.

Mrs. Hanbury was sitting back in her chair, looking frail and tired. The two had been married ten years, and there had been a good deal of illness in the house the last few months. One of her little boys had been at death's door and his mother had nursed him indefatigably, and now, when he was well again, the reaction had come and she felt good for nothing.

They lived in a charming house just beyond the suburbs. Hanbury was doing well at the bar, and had only just arrived from his daily visit to the Temple.

"Who is Chirpy?" asked Cynthia, after an almost imperceptible pause.

Hanbury frowned. "Chirpy?" he repeated. "You know Chirpy Ward? She was a Miss Elliot, and she and I were great friends when we were boy and girl together. In fact," with a little smile of reminiscence, "I might have married her if you had not come by."

Cynthia merely raised her eyebrows. "What is she writing about?" she asked, indifferently.

"She wants us to have an evening together," he replied, a little sheepishly. She has got tickets for the Gaiety on Thursday and suggests our dining at the Carlton first."

"Just you two alone?"

"Yes; why not?" blusteringly. "We are such old friends—it's the most natural thing in the world."

"And where is her husband?"

"That I can't tell you," he said, facetiously. "I had not the pleasure of his acquaintance, and so it would be difficult even to guess. Chirpy has been a widow for two years."

Cynthia did not reply, and Hanbury found it rather difficult to go on without encouragement. He took an envelope out of his pocket and threw it on his wife's lap. "There is her letter," he said.

Cynthia noticed it was addressed to his chambers. She, however, made no remark, and began to read it.

"Dear old Bunny——" She stopped. "Are you Bunny?" she asked, and there was a vein of contempt underlying her tone which made him redden.

"That is the name she always called me," he replied shortly.

Cynthia turned again to the letter.

"Dear old Bunny," it ran, "what ages since we met! I am simply longing to see you again. I have two tickets for the Gaiety on Thursday next. Do meet me at the Carlton at seven and we will dine there and go on together afterward. You must come. I won't take any refusal. Your Little Chirpy."

Cynthia folded up the letter thoughtfully. "Doesn't she know you are married?" she asked.

"Of course she does! Why, she was at our wedding."

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders and handed back the letter. "Well, anyhow, she seems unaware of my existence now," she said. "Are you going to accept her invitation?"

"Why, yes. I have no other engagement—it would be churlish to refuse it." He looked at her a little uncertainly. "You don't mind being left alone, do you, Cynthia? You are not—jealous?"

She gave a low laugh of amusement. "Jealous!" she repeated, slowly. "I would as soon be jealous of the housemaid."

. . . . . .

She glanced up at the clock. There was still time to catch the post. She rose and went to the writing-table, and wrote off a hurried note. The envelope was addressed to Major Compton, and directed to the Cavalry Club.

. . . . . .

Hanbury felt pleasurably excited as he followed Chirpy into the Carlton the following Thursday evening. She had welcomed him effusively, and he decided that the last ten years had made but little difference in her appearance. True, he remembered her hair as quite black, and now it shone with a coppery gleam, but he decided that the change was an improvement.

She was dressed in bright red covered with scarlet spangles and made a conspicuous figure even among that gaily-dressed company. She laid herself out to amuse him, told him stories which made him laugh, and was continually referring to the past.

Hanbury was feeling happy and pleased with all the world as he glanced round at the other tables, wondering if any of his friends were present.

But his eyes had not wandered far when they stopped abruptly. There in front of him a little to the left was another couple. The woman was nearly facing him and the man with her was regarding her with eyes full of admiration.

Chirpy spoke to Hanbury twice, but he did not hear, and she turned round to see what he was staring at. She frowned a little as she followed his gaze.

"That is rather a pretty woman," she said grudgingly, with the faint praise that damns. "Isn't she something like what your wife used to be?"

"It is my wife," he said, slowly, his eyes glued to the lovely face in front of him. How had she come here? Who was it with her? What did it mean?

There sat Cynthia, the dark velvet of her gown showing up to advantage her fair beauty and her violet eyes.

The corner of Chirpy's lids drooped down. Why did Bunny have that idiotic look on his face? What did it matter if his wife were there?

"Your wife evidently intends enjoying herself," she remarked harshly. "That man with her is Major Compton—one of the fastest men in London."

Hanbury's face grew dark. "Compton," he repeated; "Compton? I remember. She used to know a man of that name long ago. But—she never told me she was coming here—I knew nothing about it."

Chirpy laughed harshly. "It it likely she would tell you?" she said in the thin, shrill voice which had gained her her name. "It is only so unlucky that she chose the same restaurant."

"She knew I was coming to the Carlton," he interrupted sharply.

"Well, anyhow, we won't waste our time over her," she said. "Have some more champagne, Bunny, and look more cheerful."

He was watching his wife. How animated she was, how charming! And that man was looking at her with his soul in his eyes. At least he appreciated her if her husband did not. Hanbury was feeling murderous. And as he watched Cynthia looked up and saw him, and nodded and smiled at him as if she were doing the most natural thing in the world.

He turned away, his face heavy with scowls, and tried in vain to forget her and be as happy as he had been before he had seen her.

Gradually he grew more and more silent. He no longer laughed at Chirpy's broad sallies, and she became indignant at last.

"Really, Bunny, how dull you have grown!" she said, impatiently. "I would never have asked you here if I had known how you were changed."

He did not reply. His wife and Major Compton had risen from their seats and would have to pass them as they made their way to the door. Cynthia paused and spoke. "I hope you are having a good time," she said, nodding to her husband.

"Where are you going?" he asked, roughly.

"We are going to the Haymarket. Shall I see you at Waterloo by the last train, or do you mean to sleep in London."

"No," he growled. "I am going home."

And then she passed on, a lovely vision, while Major Compton followed her with pride.

"I wished she had stopped and introduced Compton," said Chirpy. "I should like to know him."

. . . . . .

Cynthia was late. The last train was on the point of starting from Waterloo and Hanbury stood by the open carriage door, looking up the platform with cross, anxious eyes.

She came hurrying along, with Major Compton behind her, and jumped in just as the train started.

She leaned out of the window, waving her hand to Compton. "I have enjoyed myself so very much," she cried.

"It has been ripping! We must have another evening soon," he shouted back, and then, as the train moved speedily out of the station, Cynthia sank back among the cushions, and husband and wife were alone together.

She looked up at him smiling "Oh! it has been so nice," she said. "I hope you had as good a time as I had."

He did not smile back. "You have been very secret," he said, shortly. "Why didn't you tell me of this expedition?"

"Dick's invitation only came by the second post, and you had gone then; I could not tell you. I was so glad about it—it was much better than spending an evening at home all by myself."

Hanbury winced at the use of the Christian name. "It must not occur again," he said, abruptly. "I don't approve of my wife going out with men alone."

"But," innocently, "Dick and I were boy and girl together, like you and—and Chirpy."

"That makes no difference," surlily.

"Well, you went out with Chirpy, why shouldn't I go out with Dick?"

"Confound Chirpy!" he said. He was angry because he was not in a position to take a hand. "I hear Compton is one of the fastest men in London."

"Did Chirpy tell you that?" sweetly. "Ah, that was unkind. Dick talked of her so nicely, just as if she were an angel. He said she looked as if she belonged in another world."

Hanbury was silent, though he was raging. He knew, and he knew Cynthia knew that the true interpretation of Compton's words was very far from angelic.

Cynthia leaned forward—she felt she had teased him enough.

"Arthur," she said gently, "how I was wishing all the evening that I could have sent Dick over to Chirpy, and have had you with me instead."

His brow cleared like magic, and he snatched hold of both her outstretched hands. "Do you mean it, Cynthia?" he cried eagerly. "Do you mean that you would have enjoyed yourself more with me than with Compton?"

"Much—much more. And you?"

"I——," he answered, while the color rose to his face, "I have felt ashamed of myself all the evening."
—London Pall Mall Gazette.

RECEIVING HOMAGE AND ALLEGIANCE IN DEATH.

Remarkable ceremony in Constantinople, indicating that the people of Constantinople are by no means all Turks. After death the Patriarch Joachim Thirs, head of the Greek Orthodox Church in Turkey, was strapped in a sitting posture to his episcopal chair. The people then filed past the body to pay their last tribute, thousands kissing the Bible on his knees or the hands of the dead patriarch.

TORONTO CORRESPONDENCE

INTERESTING BITS OF GOSSIP FROM THE QUEEN CITY.

A Notable Judge—Wages of Girls—Some Fine Positions—Agitation for Divorce Court.

There is no more picturesque figure in Toronto than Judge Morgan, one of the two junior judges for the County of York. His long flowing white beard and patriarchal countenance give him a venerableness even greater than his 73 years would warrant.

Judge Morgan is noted for three things: his kindliness of heart, his carelessness of the conventions and his profanity.

His kindliness of heart brings him work. Lawyers defending persons accused of all sorts of offences know his peculiarity and leave no stone unturned to get their cases traversed so that they will come before him. When Judge Morgan's court is in session in Toronto there is a veritable procession of cases from the police court to his court, cases which, in the general course of events, would more properly belong to the police magistrate's jurisdiction. The other day there was such a crist of these cases coming along that his honor, in a very literal sense, brought his foot and his fist down and said he would not stand for the imposition any longer. The language he used was, of course, much more graphic than that. He is perfectly frank and candid in his merciful tendencies. "You would be going to prison for six months instead of on suspended sentence, if you were being dealt with in another place, which shall be nameless," he will often say to an accused one Generally he threatens the object of his mercy with a terrible sentence if said object should not prove to be worthy and should be so unfortunate as to come back on another charge.

His Informal Courts.

Judge Morgan does not believe much in the trappings of courts. He will often receive lawyers on business bent in his private room and like as not will hear their case while reclining on his lounge, very often at the same time smoking his pipe. In the summer he does not hesitate to take his coat off when sitting on the bench. When in the country, on circuit, he frequently declines to attend the regular court room, but will have the lawyers and witnesses come to the hotel sitting-room to see him.

Judge Morgan has held his present position for almost 25 years. He is one of the few Canadians who was born in the British West Indies, spending his early life on the plantations there. Over 0 years ago his father, who was an Anglican clergyman, came to Canada and settled in Barrie. Judge Morgan likes to recall that at that period he became junior editor of the Barrie Herald, and on occasion ran the hand press. The law claimed him, however. Before his appointment as a judge he practised his profession in Orangeville and Newmarket.

A Girl's Living Wage.

There are discussions from time to time as to what constitutes a living wage for girls living away from home in Toronto. Some employers do not think that they have any personal responsibility on this matter While that is an attitude that is dying out it is undoubtedly true that a great number of girls from the country living in boarding houses in Toronto are barely eking out an existence.

One of the leading employers of labor recently fixed $6.00 per week as the lowest wage they would pay any girl. It may be confidently asserted that it is quite impossible for a girl paying board to live on any less in Toronto at the present time and retain any measure of self-respect. In fact, it is quite likely that even $6.00 is not actually a living wage. It may prove to be sufficient to get along on for a given time, but it can make no provision for emergencies or sickness. Even at best it requires a counting of the pennies in a way that is not popular in this day or generation.

Plums for Capable Ones.

Some girls are not worth $6.00 a week, and they aggravate the situation for the more competent. And there are opportunities for clever girls to earn a great deal more than this amount. There are instances where women have worked themselves into positions where the salary is as high as $3,000 or $4,000 per year in Toronto. It was never more true than at the present day that there is room at the top and that there is a keen demand for workers of both sexes who have brains, the physical and mental capacities to do things and, what is coming to be almost as rare as either of these, indefatigable industry.

Divorce Court Proposed.

Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., by his address at the Bar Association, has started afresh the discussion as to whether Canada should have a Divorce Court. Mr. Johnston argues that under the present situation only the rich can secure divorce, which is unfair.

His suggestion for the establishment of a court which, like other courts for the settlement of property disputes, would come to the people rather than make the people come to it, has caused considerable comment, particularly among Church people, who do not wish to see the breaking of marriage made any easier. The proper change in the law is to make it harder to get married, they say.

One of the greatest barriers against any increase in the facilities for getting divorces in Canada lies in the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church. At present divorces are granted by the Canadian Senate, of which, out of the 87 members, 36 are Roman Catholics. These 36, with 8 others, can therefore at any time throw out any divorce application.

Canadians Go Abroad.

In recent years there has been some increase in the number of divorces granted. The average is, however, but 19 a year. Since Confederation only some 200 divorces all told have been granted by Parliament. Four of the smaller provinces have Divorce Courts of their own, and it is significant that one of these, Prince Edward Island, has never granted a divorce. Nova Scotia averages 8 a year, New Brunswick 6 a year, and British Columbia 8 a year. Of the divorces granted by the Canadian Parliament more have been secured from Toronto than from all the rest of the country put together. As a matter of fact these figures do not give much indication of the real number of divorces granted Canadians because a greater portion of them who seek divorces go to the United States.

Fact and Fancy.

Laziness enables us to avoid a lot of serious mistakes.

Germany supplies the world's Christmas toys.

Starfish are used in England as fertilizer.

The straightest and most upright people are the Poles.

Dried grasshoppers, a native delicacy, fetch $3 a bushel in the Philippines.

Our prisons teach us that we should live according to our convictions.

Her skeletons over nine feet long prove Sardinia to have been inhabited by a race of prehistoric giants.

It takes an arctic explorer to face danger in the coolest, frigidest manner.

Hope.

"That girl has rejected me three times," confided the disconsolate youth. "Well," replied Miss Cayenne, "you should feel encouraged. A girl who will listen to three proposals from the same man must think something of him."

He's Suspicious.

It's no easy task to convince a farmer that city people ever get up early enough to do an honest day's work.

His Choice.

"You said when you proposed that you'd rather live in eternal torment with me than in bliss by yourself."

"Well, I've had my wish."

HOME

The Lunch Basket.

Pity the woman who must put up a daily lunch for her school boy or girl or for the husband or son who is at noon a hungry workingman. That pity is deserved, but far more of it should go to the average victim of those baskets.

No one will deny that the lunch basket is a perplexing problem, but it need not be half the bugbear it has become if women cultivate a little daintiness and imagination.

To some packers the sole idea of a lunch is two or three coarse sandwiches, an indigestible piece of pie, stale cake and cold coffee. And that lunch will be handed out six days a week 52 weeks a year.

Why not variety? It costs no more than monotony, if it does take more thought and, perhaps, a little more time. If you have a basket to pack, sit down and write out a menu for it for just one week. Have that basket different each day, and see if husband and children are not grateful.

Tumblers with screw lids are invaluable for the lunch basket. Into them the woman of imagination puts meat and vegetable left-overs dressed as an appetizing salad, pudding, gelatine custard and other desserts, stewed fruit, prunes and other delicacies.

Eggs for a Change.—Deviled eggs take little longer to prepare than hard-boiled ones; the oil or butter used in mixing them is nourishing and they make a nice change. Sometimes the contents of a box of sardines may be freed from oil and put in one of these glasses with a slice of lemon on top.

If meat there must be, why serve it in unappetizing hunks between thick slices of bread? Cold meats run through a chopper and mixed with a little cream, salt and pepper, then spread thickly on bread, daintily cut and spread with sweet butter, make a nourishing sandwich that tempts even a jaded palate.

Cold tongue, roast beef, corned beef, lamb, bologna can all be cut neatly in thin slices and carry well in a wrapping of paprika paper, even when spread thinly with mustard.

Of sandwiches there is such variety that not to test them is sheer laziness. Why give the same old sandwiches every day when delicious fillings can be made from remnants of meats, vegetables, fish, eggs, jellies, nuts, onions, peanuts and other tissue-building foods that are found in most households at all times.

Cut the bread thin—for children the crust may be removed, and even workingmen like the daintiness of it, if a slice across the loaf is used. Wrap the sandwiches in paraffin paper. The club sandwich made from bread cooked in butter as a crouton instead of toasted and spread with a slice of cold meat or fowl on mayonnaised lettuce between two of the sections of lettuce, bacon and mayonnaise in the other is enough for a lunch for a hungry man.

Packing Hot Liquids.—Liquids are the worst problem. A hot drink is such a bracer that it pays to get a pint bottle or jar that keeps liquids at an even temperature for 24 hours. Into it can go coffee, chocolate or hot soup for cold days and iced drinks in summer.

Every baking day add fresh rolls, a tartlet or other unexpected treat. Fruit is healthful and not hard to pack; an orange or a banana will often take the place of dessert. So will figs, dates or a package of sweet chocolate.

By careful buying and utilizing leftovers, the appetizing lunchbox need cost no more than the unappetizing, unhygienic one. And if it should, the child who lunches well each day will more quickly increase his studying power than one who cannot eat because his mother is too indifferent to struggle with the lunch basket problem.

Useful Hints.

For a damp cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place a sauceful of quicklime into it, which will not only absorb all dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the space.

To remove broken glass from window frame cover the putty all around the glass with soft soap, and leave it for several hours. You will then find that the soap has softened the putty wonderfully, and the broken glass can be removed without further trouble.

To polish kitchen knives mix a little bicarbonate of soda with the brick dust, and rub them thoroughly.

Pickles served with fish give a relish liked by many.

When boiling molasses or sugar candy rub the dish in which it is being boiled with butter all around about an inch from the top and it will not boil over.

When mending broken china, also place it to set in a large box of sawdust. By this means it is easy to stand the article in any desired position, so that its own weight holds the piece in place. When the cement is hardening.

A very good substitute for egg and bread crumbs is a fairly thick paste of flour and water. Dip the fish or cutlet to be fried in this paste and sprinkle thickly with finely crumbled bread. When fried, it will be a beautiful brown color.

When making "thickening" for sauces, gravies, etc., use half flour and half corn-starch. Much better.

Before cooking a ham take off a thin "shaving," also the rind, and see how much nicer flavored your ham will be.

To keep milk sweet put a teaspoonful of horseradish in a pan of milk. This will keep it sweet several hours longer than without it.

To remove stains from polished wood, trays or tables, caused by heated dishes, a thin paste made from salad oil and salt is very good. Spread it over the marked place and leave for an hour or more; then rub off with a soft cloth.

Try tacking cheesecloth on the pantry window. This admits air that is sifted free of smoke and soot before it comes into the pantry.

Try whipping the cream in the upper part of a double boiler, with fine ice or cold water placed in the lower part. The cream will not spatter so much and will be kept cool and will whip much more quickly.

To prevent eggs from sticking to the pan or breaking add a spoonful of flour to the grease in which they are fried.

To clean white and delicately colored plumes not badly soiled, rub them gently in a pan of equal parts of salt and flour.

Potato balls which are sauted in butter after being boiled are delicious. They should be served with a generous sprinkling of minced parsley.

An attractive garnish for salads is mayonnaise jelly. Melted gelatin is added to the mayonnaise, and then the dressing is allowed to harden. Cut into cubes as one would apple jelly.

One ounce of coarse salt dropped in the sink will prevent the drain pipe from freezing over night.

A tablespoonful of washing soda and a cup of vinegar poured down the sink will clean out the most stubborn of clogged pipes.

When finishing off a machine seam, turn the material and stitch back for an inch, this does away with the necessity of tieing the thread, which, if forgotten often causes trouble in the finished article.

OWN AN INTEREST

Own an interest in some good Corporation, by buying the First Mortgage Bonds of the Institution.

We can offer well secured, high-grade bonds of established companies, to yield 6 per cent.

We also have some most attractive Preferred stocks, to yield over 7 per cent.

Write for Prices.

J. A. MACKAY & COMPANY
LIMITED
Guardian Building, MONTREAL
Royal Bank Building, TORONTO

Substantial Breakfast Pleasure

in every package of

Post Toasties

Crisp, sweet bits of toasted Indian Corn, to be served with cream or milk.

Always Ready to Eat Direct From Package—

Always Delicious.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

"The Memory Lingers"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario