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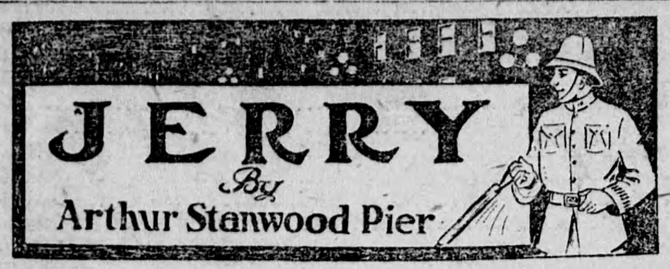

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CHAPTER XXIX.

Looking back upon her talk with Maguire, Nora felt that she had every reason to be satisfied. First and most important of all, she had achieved what she had planned to achieve. Maguire's intervention on behalf of Dave was as good as an accomplished fact; he would do his utmost, whether his suit prospered or not. Certain of that, Nora remained cool to his wooing. Having married one man without loving him, she could hardly imagine herself committing a similar blunder with another.

The truth was, as she acknowledged to her self, she cared more for Jerry than she had done before her marriage. She was unhappy because he came so seldom to see her; still more unhappy did each visit make her, because he never intimated the least desire to revive the old relation.

Almost against her will she could not help showing him sometimes how much she cared.

"You're so dull, Jerry," she complained on one occasion. "I believe you come to see me as a duty, just as you might occasionally come to see mother if I weren't here. Don't you get any more pleasure out of it than that?"

"Oh, I dare say once I'm a lawyer I shall be as chipper as a lark," Jerry answered. "I'll be walking the street with a green bag in my hand, all stuffed out with papers and documents of the highest importance. And I'll have appointments with clients for every hour of the day, and an office with a mahogany desk and a telephone.—Nora," he said, suddenly changing his tone, "a dozen times a day it comes over me, the foolishness of it. Me trying to be a lawyer, and what good will it do me when I am one?"

"I'm sure you'll have clients and a big practice somehow," Nora said. "I don't know what will start people coming to you, but they'll come."

Then, just as she thought she had got him in a confidential, even a confessional mood, the most promising of moods, he disappointed her by rising and saying, "Well, I just dropped in on my way to the library, and I must be off to my studies."

"Oh, Jerry, don't go. Please don't go. If you only knew how much it means to me to see you!"

"That can't be, Nora."

"But it is. I have so little in life that's interesting and amusing; your visits are better than anything else. And you come so seldom and stay such a little while!"

She could be pathetic without sacrificing any of her charm. She leaned over the back of a tall chair and looked up at him with eyes the more lovely for being so appealing. The pose accentuated and made more alluring the pretty lines of her neck, the soft curves of her arms and shoulders and bosom, the warm color in her cheeks.

"Nora, I don't want to think about you too much," Jerry said. He stood with his hands behind his back, trying to harden himself against the impulses of the flesh; she was so pretty, so appealing. "If I thought about you now as I used to, it would only be interfering with my work, and it would do neither of us any good."

"Oh, Jerry, it would do me good if I could feel you thought about me that way again. Even if there was no chance of our getting married for years and years."

"Your marrying made a difference in my feeling, Nora. If I saw you a great deal and thought about you a great deal, I might want to marry you, just as I once did. But I'd rather not want that, and so I don't let myself think about you."

"Why don't you want to marry me, Jerry?"

"I'm in no position to think of marrying."

"Still you might want to, even if you couldn't do it."

The reproach was half smiling, half serious.

"I'm afraid I should want to, and my reason tells me it would be a mistake. We'd not be likely to make each other happy."

"Why do you think that?"

"I could never feel sure of you, I couldn't be happy with a person I didn't feel sure of."

"Of course I don't wonder that you have that idea about me. But can't you see how it was, Jerry? Everything looked so hopeless, and I was foolish and believed that Charley Corcoran really cared for me. It seemed the easiest way out, and I was weak enough to take it. Don't you think that I've learned my lesson?"

"I can't help wondering. You're attractive, Nora, awfully attractive, but there's a question in my mind about you that never used to be there."

She flushed, but said humbly, tremulously, "What is that?"

"It's a question of your—your sturdiness. Whether you can be stanch and loyal to the things you believe in and the people you care for. It's just another way of questioning whether you have it in you really to believe in things or care for other people than yourself. It's not just your marriage that makes me wonder. It's the way you've treated Dave—so indifferent to him, as I look at it. And it's the way you seem not to have held steadily to any purpose or work in this last year and a half. Drifting, sort of—and tiring easily.—Well, you might tire easily of me. We might tire of each other."

"Oh, you're unjust to me; truly you are. I'm not indifferent about Dave—perhaps you'll know some time. And as for my not being true or loyal, Jerry,—that hurts, of course, but you have a right to say it. Drifting—perhaps I have been. But there's something you don't seem to understand—and I don't know how I can tell you."

"Never mind, Nora," Jerry said, trying to be sympathetic. "Don't feel that it's necessary to tell me anything."

"Oh, Jerry, how stupid you are!" Vexation was in Nora's voice, and her eyes filled. "I want to tell you—can't you see?"

"Oh, you want to," said Jerry, perplexed. "Well, then, why don't you go ahead?"

"I will," she exclaimed, with sudden vehemence. "Why am I drifting? What else does any woman do who wants only one thing in life? What does any normal woman do who's lonely and doesn't have the life that she craves? You reproach me with not having a purpose in life; I suppose it's true. I have only desires and longings, such as the normal woman has. A woman can't have any special purpose in life unless her one big woman's longing is fulfilled. At least I can't. You wouldn't feel that I was drifting, that I had no purpose in ife, that I had no loyalty, if—if—No, you wouldn't, Jerry."

She burst into tears and flinging herself upon the sofa, hid her face on her arms and sobbed.

Jerry stood aghast; then he came over and touched her shoulder almost timidly.

"Don't, Nora, don't," he pleaded. "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings; I didn't realize—" He kept his hand on her shoulder. "Honestly, do you care for me so much, Nora?"

"I never meant that you should know," she answered through her sobs.

He bent and kissed her neck.

"Jerry, you mustn't do that; you don't love me; you've told me so."

"I haven't told you so," he said in a choking voice. "Of course I love you."

Then Jerry was on his knees beside her, with his arms round her; she turned, showing him a face all lighted up with happiness, and while he kissed her he felt her staining him to her heart as she had never done before. And it gave him an emotion that he had never known before—of reckless exhilaration and brutality; while he crushed her in his arms she murmured in his ear a plea that intoxicated his whole spirit—"Love me, Jerry, oh, love me, love me."

"I love you," he answered. "Yes, I love you."

(To be continued.)

Four-year-old Charlotte was having trouble with her English, but she had entirely passed her difficulties on one point. "I see how it is now, mother," she said the other day, "Hens set and lay; and people sit and lie, don't they, mother?"

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ABOUT THE HOUSEHOLD

Selecting Kitchen Utensils.

Often time is lost and fuel is wasted as a result of choosing the wrong kind of kitchen utensils. They should be durable, have a smooth finish, be easily cleaned and suited to the purpose for which they are intended.

Tin makes a satisfactory utensil for most quick baking processes, as it is light in weight and heat and cools rapidly. The best grade is the heavy block tin. Pure tin is soft and pliable, and consequently iron or steel are often used as a foundation. If this foundation material is exposed by scraping or scratching the utensil rust will attack the iron.

Enamel, agate, and granite ware are made on iron or steel foundations. Should the enameling material become chipped, the iron body soon will rust. Often utensils of inferior quality are sold as bargains, and soon chip and rust. The pure-white and the blue-and-white enamel wares are not suited for cooking processes where great heat is necessary. The gray and brown varieties are much more durable.

Aluminum is attractive and of light weight. There is no danger of chipping or rusting this material. It is very desirable for many processes of cooking, as it heats rapidly.

Iron is used for processes of cookery where a high temperature is necessary. It is durable if kept dry and free from rust. When not in use it should be coated with saltless grease to protect it.

Earthenware is used for long, slow cooking or baking processes. The lids of earthen baking dishes should fit tight to keep in all moisture and heat.

Cooking utensils made of glass are attractive, easily cleaned, and sanitary. Such utensils have been proved successful for baking processes when made of a material which can be subjected to high temperatures with no injurious effects.

Utensils should never be bought until needed. When selecting cooking utensils, choose articles with smooth-finished rims and made of one piece of metal. Avoid seams and useless curves, as well as dirt-catching handles. A heat-resisting wood makes the best handle.

Recipes for Cool Days.

Chicken Curry—Add two cups cold chopped chicken to two cups white sauce; season with one teaspoon curry powder, heat thoroughly, and dish into the rice. Mushrooms and a little celery top, chopped fine, may be used instead of curry powder. Stock in which the chicken has been cooked may be used instead of white sauce in preparing this dish. Thicken the stock as for chicken gravy, season to taste, and add chopped chicken.

Sweet-Sour Stew—This may be made of meat, or merely a meat bone to produce a good stock is equally nice. If meat is used, select a cheap cut of beef. Cut into pieces of proper size for serving; put over the fire in sufficient water to cover well, and cook until tender. Remove the meat, and add an extra pint of water, one-half cup vinegar, two tablespoons sugar, salt to season, and two or three whole pepper-corns if they are at hand. Peel and cut into rather thin slices enough potatoes to make one cup, enough turnips and carrots to make one-half cup each; a sweet pepper from which the seeds and inner skin have been removed is cut into thin slices or rounds and added with the other vegetables, also one cup finely shredded white cabbage and, if liked, a medium-sized onion, sliced thin. Cook until the vegetables are tender. This will require about half an hour. A few minutes before time to serve, add the meat and let it heat in the stew. Serve very hot. This is fine on a cold day.

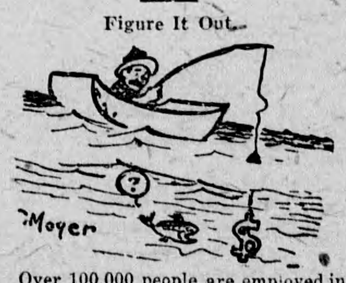
Canada Roast—One pound cooked beans, one-half pound cheese, bread crumbs, salt. Put beans through the meat grinder. Add the cheese and enough bread crumbs to make the mixture sufficiently stiff to form into roll. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally with tomato juice.

Cottoge Cheese Sausage—One cup cottage cheese, one cup dry bread crumbs or one-half cup cold cooked rice, one-half cup bread crumbs, one-fourth cup peanut butter or two tablespoons savory fat, one-fourth cup coarsely chopped peanut meat, one-half teaspoon powdered sage, one-half teaspoon thyme, one tablespoon milk, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one-third teaspoon soda, one tablespoon finely chopped onion. The bread crumbs may be made from left-over corn, barley, or other quick breads. Cook the onion in the fat until tender but not brown. Dissolve the soda in the milk and work into the cheese. Mix all other dry ingredients thoroughly with the bread crumbs. Blend peanut butter and onion with the cheese, and mix with them the bread crumbs. Form into flat cakes, dust with bread crumbs or cornmeal, and fry a delicate brown in a little fat in a hot frying pan.

Sausage Rolls—These baked rolls are very appetizing and are easily prepared. Make a baking-powder biscuit dough roll; roll out in a sheet about half an inch in thickness, and cut into small squares. Have ready any good sausage mixture—pork, beef, or a mixture of left-over meats, well seasoned. Form into small cakes, place a cake in the centre of each small square of the dough, bring the ends to the top and press together firmly; place in a buttered baking tin, the edges not touching, and bake for about twenty minutes. Serve hot, with or without gravy.

Bean Loaf—Two cups lima beans, one cup dry bread crumbs, four tablespoons peanut butter, two tablespoons grated onion, one tablespoon drippings, one tablespoon dried celery leaves or poultry seasoning, two teaspoons salt, one-fourth teaspoon pepper, one cup rice stock or other liquid. Wash and soak the beans over-night, then cook in boiling water till soft—about forty-five minutes. Drain, and when cool chop coarsely. Add crumbs mixed with seasonings and peanut butter, then add liquid and fat. Put into a greased bread pan and bake in a moderate oven thirty minutes. This yields eight servings.

Figure It Out.



Over 100,000 people are employed in Canada's fishing industry and the sum of $26,000,000 is invested in it. There are 200 steam vessels, including trawlers, fish tugs, cannery tenders and fish carriers, operating on the oceans and inland waters. The sailing and gasoline-driven craft include 1,300 vessels of various kinds. There are over 27,000 sail and row boats and 11,000 motor boats employed in fishing. In the salmon canning industry of British Columbia, over $3,000,000 in invested in cannery plants. The investments in nets, traps, lines, smoke houses, etc., run into millions. No less than $3,000,000 are invested in freezers and ice-houses and $2,250,000 in fishing piers and wharves.

The Sugar Question.

Shall we face the sugar shortage in Canada honorably and courageously? Or are we going on quietly hoarding even if only a little in every home? Manufacturers, confectioners and public eating places are doing their share well. Soldiers and munitions workers want sugar more than the persons doing ordinary work. Let them have it. It must come from the private homes; there only is there hoarding, however slight in every individual case. Don't be mean for the sake of a sweet tooth.

Canadian restaurants are not permitted to give their customers all the sugar they ask for. Manufacturers and confectioners have also been put upon strict sugar rations, and could not well get below their present minimum. Why should people at home expect to get it? When all the people in private homes get down to the level of restaurants and sugar manufacturers, the shortage will be fully met. Two pounds a month—the limit—means 6 spoonfuls a day.

Confectioners are often accused of using much sugar. The fact is they take only about 5 per cent. of Canada's total consumption—about 12,000 tons a year out of nearly 300,000 tons. Real saving in sugar must come from the remaining 288,000 tons, most of which is used in the 1,500,000 homes in the Dominion. If each of these honestly cuts the sugar consumption to the 2 pounds a month for every person allowed by the Food Board, there would be no sugar difficulty. It is plain now which foot the boot is on.

THE LAST CEREMONY

Organizing a Soldier's Funeral Described by an Officer.

I was signing a seemingly interminable number of forms when the quarter-bloke, who had been talking to someone over the 'phone, came over to me.

"Hospital notified headquarters, sir, Private Webb, of B Company, died this morning from pneumonia. Arrangements to be made for funeral on Friday."

B Company was composed of raw recruits, and they cannot take their part in the rendering of the last honor to a departed comrade without training. I had to get busy. First the War Office and the Records Office had to be notified, the latter of which would pass the news on to the relatives. The chaplain also had to be notified, and the attendance of a band and gun-carriage to be arranged for. From the batmen, storekeepers, etc., I was able to secure enough men to form a firing party, old soldiers all of them, no longer fit for active service.

When the hour of the funeral came the men were ready. They formed up outside the hospital, those who wished first going in to take a last look at their comrade.

The coffin, covered by the Union Jack, was carried out and placed gently on the gun-carriage. Then began the dull beat of the muffled drums, the wailing of the "Dead March," and the procession moved off, the men of other companies who had gathered to watch standing at the salute. In front walked the band, then came the gun-carriage, the firing party on either side, then the men of the company, lifting their feet to the slow time, their heads bent, their arms reversed, and last the officers.

Past headquarters, where the guard turned out and presented arms, and so on to the last resting-place. There the chaplain waiting, took his place at the head, intoning in a subdued voice until the grave was reached.

The firing party took their places, the muzzles of the rifles downward, their hands crossed on the butts, their bent heads resting on the hands. As the coffin began to disappear the rifles were reversed, pointing upwards across the grave. The "Last Post" rang out, and the rifles three times volleyed.

The funeral was over. Outside the cemetery the ranks formed again; the band struck up a lively quickstep.

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