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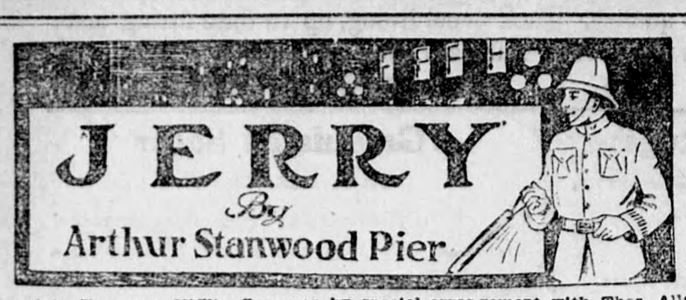

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CHAPTER XL.

Mrs. Gleason, the landlady, frequently came in to sit with Mrs. Scanlan in the afternoons. The fact that Mrs. Scanlan's daughter had two suitors had not escaped her notice, and she was interested in getting such information as she could in regard to their wooing.

"Do you think she'll be Mrs. Patrick Maguire?"

"Oh, no. He's just a friend of hers. There's nothing at all between them."

"Now I'm sorry to hear that. I was hoping maybe he'd ask her. Why, he's got millions, so they say."

"I don't know as that would make any difference to Nora."

"It would be a strange thing if it wouldn't. There's mighty few young girls that it wouldn't make a difference to; and a woman that's been through what your daughter has—well, it's a sure thing to me that if she doesn't marry him it's because he never asked her."

"You can think about that as you like," returned Mrs. Scanlan, with a flash of her old-time spirit. "I don't inquire into matters that don't concern me, and it's a good rule for every one."

The door opened, and Nora entered, followed by Maguire; they looked smiling and happy.

"Mother, I've some great news for you," said Nora, coming forward and putting her arm around Mrs. Scanlan's waist. "I'm going to marry Patrick Maguire this very evening."

Mrs. Scanlan was speechless and unresponsive while her daughter kissed her and Maguire smiled and bowed. Not so Mrs. Gleason; her voice soared triumphantly.

"There, now, I wasn't so far off. When I saw you two getting out of that automobile, I says, 'I wonder if it's an elopement; I wonder if there's been a secret marriage,' I says. Well, sudden is next thing to secret, and taking your folks by surprise is next door to eloping, so I don't see but what I hit it pretty near right."

"But, Nora, I thought—" began Mrs. Scanlan.

Her daughter promptly checked her.

"Yes, mother, but it's all settled now. Here, Patrick, you and mother had better kiss each other."

Maguire performed his part of the ceremony with sprightliness and gallantry, but Mrs. Scanlan submitted as one dazed and still unreconciled.

"It ain't what I expected; that's all I can say," she remarked mournfully.

Dave, who just then came in manifested strong disapproval; at first he was flatly incredulous, then he was hotly indignant.

"But no longer ago than yesterday you were telling me that you and Jerry were soon to be married!" he cried. "What's got into you, Nora? You're throwing over a good man to tie up to a rich one—that's what you're doing. You made one mistake throwing over Jerry Donohue: mind that. If you do it again, you'll deserve no better than what came to you last time."

"Forgive me, Dave. Forgive me, and be nice to me—the night I'm to be married."

"Oh, I can forgive you. But how about Jerry?"

"I suppose he'll find it hard. But I know I'm not the kind of wife he wants, and truly, Dave, he's often as much as told me so. I think we both only loved each other sometimes."

"I wonder how long you've been loving Maguire all the time."

Nora was silent.

"You'd better reconsider, Nora."

She shook her head. "No, Dave. You can't understand, but I'm just as sure as I can be that what I'm doing is right for all of us."

"Do you think it's right not even to let Jerry know?"

"I think it's better."

"You're just going to let him find it out for himself?"

She hesitated. "I suppose I ought to send him a note. I'll write him a note now, Dave. And please, no matter how disapproving you feel, be nice to me and go and get ready for the wedding."

"You'd better change your mind before it's too late."

"Nothing could make me change now, Dave."

He looked at her steadily for a moment, shook his head, and walked away. She heard him ascending the stairs to his little room.

There was a knock on the door and Miss Sims entered. She at least showed happy excitement. Mrs. Gleason had told her; she felt she must just run in and say how wonderful she thought it was. So much romance in it—getting married the same day you were engaged! It was beautiful.

Nora kissed her; and tears of happiness stood in Miss Sim's eyes. "Sister," that kiss had seemed to say.

Dave appeared, and then a few moments later Mrs. Gleason, with her plump figure encased in lavender foulard and with a lavender hat mounted upon her auburn hair. Still in an exclamatory mood, she bestowed compliments and congratulations as lavishly as if she had not already released a shower of them. While she was paying homage to Mrs. Scanlan's dress, Miss Sims was about to slip away, but Dave signaled to Nora with his eyes.

So Nora said, "Oh, Miss Sims, don't go. Do stay and come with us to the wedding."

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Corcoran. Oh, thank you, I should love to."

The delicate tinge of pink that covered the girl's countenance from the small chin to the high cheek-bones and the wide forehead made her look almost pretty, emphasized the innocence and sensitiveness of her face. Nora noticed it and with a quickened sympathy stepped forward and kissed her. The young girl's eyes shone, and she glanced at Dave with a radiant smile. Nora noticed that, too, and thought it fortunate that fate had thrown Dave and this good, sweet, little girl together. In this happy hour Nora wished to forecast and promote the happiness of those about her. She saw for Dave and his quiet wife a peaceful, contented life and growing prosperity; Patrick Maguire would assist them to that. She saw for her mother a serene old age, free from worries and cares; Patrick Maguire would provide for that. She might even have concerned herself for a fleeting moment with Mrs. Gleason's future, but the sound of a motor car stopping in front of the house made thoughts about the landlady impossible. Dave reached the window and announced, "It's your man, Nora."

Maguire came upstairs; he was still wearing his gray-green suit, but he had a white carnation in his buttonhole and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, which he presented to Nora. She introduced him to Miss Sims, with whom he shook hands cordially, saying, "Pleased to know you, Miss Sims. Pleased to have you get into the taxi with us—lots of room for everybody."

"Oh, thank you ever so much." Surely no one could doubt, looking at her face, that this evening was full of happiness for Miss Sims.

Welcoming the wedding party into his study, the priest was jovial and merry; he congratulated Nora on having broken down the defenses of so well established a bachelor as Patrick Maguire.

The marriage ceremony was brief; after pronouncing the pair man and wife Father Cleary gave a hand to the bride and then to the bridegroom. Patrick kissed Nora and turned to face the others. Miss Sims had been heroically stifling sobs; Mrs. Scanlan looked as if she had been shedding tears, but Mrs. Gleason glowed with exuberance and rapture. She clapped her hands in a dainty and refined manner and cried, "Splendid! Splendid!" She kissed the bride and was all ready to bestow a similar salute upon the groom, but he did not give her an opportunity; she concluded that though he might be a leader in politics he was a shy man with the ladies.

(To be continued.)

Blessing in Disguise.

Steward: "We're held up by a submarine, sir."

Seasick Passenger: "Good! I hope the pirate relieves this ship of her roll.

The Making of Soup.

"Have a plate of soup?" How often have you asked the family if it would have a plate of soup, after you had spent some time and material making it. Now I am going to tell you that the secret of true economy is the serving of a plate of good, palatable soup at the beginning of dinner.

When properly made, soup is a stimulating and wholesome dish that will add elegance to the frugal meal. It stimulates and promotes the digestion and prepares the stomach for the food that follows.

Each household, no matter how small, should have its stock pot, and into this pot should go all the bits of meat, trimmings and bones, together with the left-over gravies. A plate of soup should be served daily during the fall and winter, and need cost but a few cents each week to make it.

How to prepare a stock pot.—Select a pot that has a close-fitting lid and keep it for this purpose. The usual proportion is a one-gallon pot for a family of six. You will require one pound of bones to every quart of water, and one large onion, one medium sized carrot, one medium sized turnip, one fagot of soup herbs to every four quarts of water or less. Have the butcher crack the bones well, and then rinse them under cold water and place in a pot together with the seasoning. Add the required amount of cold water and bring to a boil. Cook very slowly for three and a half hours. Strain the liquid and return the bones and vegetables to the kettle. Set the liquid aside to cool and remove the cake of fat when it hardens. Now place this liquid in a saucepan and boil for one hour. It may now be used for stock, soups, broths, gravies and sauces.

Cover the bones in the kettle with cold water again and add any left-over gravies, bits of meat, trimmings and bones that you may have on hand. Cook slowly on the back of the range for four hours, and then strain, and to two quarts of this stock add one can of tomatoes, one cupful of diced carrots, one-half cupful of diced onions, one-half cupful of barley, one cupful of diced potatoes, one-half cupful of diced turnips, one-quarter teaspoonful of powdered thyme, two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped parsley, one tablespoon of dried celery leaves. Cook slowly for one hour for a good tasty vegetable soup.

How to prepare a fagot of soup herbs—Divide one leek into three parts and cut from the stem up. To this piece of leek add four branches of thyme, two branches of parsley, one piece of carrot, cut in a strip three inches long, two branches of celery, one small pepper pod.

Tie with a string and dry in a warm place. When dry put in a glass jar to be used as needed.

Many varieties of soups may be made from the plain stock with just a few minutes' work.

Clear tomato soup: To one quart of stock add one cupful of canned tomatoes, rubbed through a fine sieve. Noodles, macaroni or any cooked vegetable may be added.

For clear soup: Add one teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet and any desired vegetables to each quart of stock. When making cream soups if you will add one cupful of prepared stock to each cupful of milk your soup will have a delicious flavor.

Stock may be made, filled into sterilized jars and then the rubber and lid adjusted; the soup may then be processed for three hours in hot water bath. Remove from the bath, fasten the lids securely and then test for leaks and store in a cool, dry place.

Where there is a fire kept in the kitchen it will not add to the cost to can soups, stocks, etc., for future use.

Watch the Pantry Shelves.

This was seen recently on the pantry shelves of a patriotic but thoughtless woman: One quart can with about a cupful of chow chow in it, not longer fit to eat, and one jelly glass with a few spoonfuls of jelly left to dry up and be wasted! Are they on your pantry shelf?

This may have been a common sight a few years ago when all we what we wanted and threw the rest out, but now when every spoonful of food must be put to use to save humanity, not even a drop of jelly can be wasted.

The housekeeper argues that she canned so much fruit and vegetables, she just couldn't find enough pint cans and small jelly and jam glasses. Her family is so small they grow tired of one kind of chow chow, or sauce, or vegetable, before the can is used up, and just a little—a very little—is wasted each time.

Here are a few hints that will help. Because your family is small you will undoubtedly open the pint cans first. This will leave small empty cans in which you can recan any left over fruit or vegetable you think your family will tire of before it is used. Or you might carry over a bowl of tomatoes or peaches to your neighbor when you have to open a two-quart can. Some day she will return perhaps with a bowl of corn which she is not anxious to use at once.

Under no circumstances should any canned fruit or vegetables be carelessly left to spoil when so much labor was spent in canning last summer, and when there are so many hungry mouths to fill.

Save the spoonfuls. They are worth it.

Good Nature Contagious.

A certain little boy was getting into the habit of fretting, especially at the breakfast hour, and his mother reproved him by herself fretting at him. The whole comfort of the morning became endangered. Father went to his office with a little worried frown on his face, and an older child to school in a mood to be irritated by things which later in the day she could easily laugh over.

It was mother who discovered the danger and the remedy. She found that Little Boy, reproved for and forbidden to mention one thing, turned to another and things instead of becoming better grew worse. When she started the reformation, she pretended not to notice that he grumbled when the room was cold, but called his attention to the fact that the snow sprites were getting ready to throw down whole basketsfull of snow—enough to go coasting. Whenever there seemed a likelihood of complaint from little boy she diverted it by a cheery remark or a happy suggestion. The result was magical. The morning grouch, which no amount of reproof or scolding could banish, disappeared under the sunshine of tact and good nature.

Perhaps instead of Little Boy it is some older member of the family who "gets out of bed on the wrong side." A cross word or a reproof sometimes sets the whole day wrong. Just as our sense of taste and hearing are more acute during the first few hours of the day, so also is the sense that gives another the power to hurt us by word or look. Whatever happens let smiling faces and unfailing good temper be the guests at the breakfast table.

CANADIAN AIRMEN HONORED.

Distinguished Flying Cross Conferred by King George.

It is officially announced in the Gazette of Feb. 10 that the King has conferred Distinguished Flying Crosses on the following Canadians in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy:

Lieut. J. W. Clark, Central Ontario Regiment, who on October 5th carried out a very successful shoot, causing fire and explosion and completely restroying the position. During the shoot he was continually harassed by eight Fokker biplanes, but by exhibiting marked courage and skillful shooting he drove down one on fire and dispersed the remainder.

Lieut. K. B. Conn, Third Reserve Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, who on October 18, when raiding enemy troops in retreat, descended to 300 feet, attacked three companies of infantry with machine gun fire, inflicting casualties. So vigorous was his attack that the troops dispersed. Lt. Conn then attacked various other targets, displaying conspicuous skill and initiative.

Lt. J. E. Haloonquiet, 19th Reserve Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, always displayed the highest skill and courage, setting a fine example to other pilots. He accounted for five enemy machines and during recent operations in Italy led four successful bombing patrols at low altitudes.

Lt. J. M. Mackay, 87th Canadian Battalion. has since April carried out over 130 patrols and has been conspicuous for gallantry and devotion to duty, both in attacking ground targets and in aerial combats. In the latter he accounted for two enemy machines.

Lt. R. B. Sutherland, Canadian Local Forces, has done very valuable work in Palestine. During the last year he was conspicuous for gallant and brilliant leadership between September 17 and 22.

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And finally grows
Into visions of dreams come true.

She sits and smiles from her easy chair,
The woman who understands,
And as she listens your plans grow clear,
The woman who understands,
She lays no claim
For heart or brain
To what she is-giving you,
'Tis her soul's fine grace
Gives you strength for the race,
The race that makes dreams come true.

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FEARSOME FLYING

Scaling the Gigantic Mountain Ranges of the Earth

On the Italian side of the Alps is a monument to the first airman who succeeded in scaling that mighty European barrier by means of flight. He lost his life in the performace, although he had actually performed the feat before his death.

But the Alps sink into comparative insignificance before the stupendous barrier of the Andes in South America, yet news lately arrived that Lieutenant Godoy, a Chilean instructed by an Englishman and in an English "Bristol," has succeeded in scaling even this terrific chain of mountains, although to do so he had to rise to a tremendous height. He flew from Santiago to Mendoza in the Argentine. These towns, although less than a hundred miles divides them, see less of each other's inhabitants than do New York and London, for the mountain range which separates them averages 20,000 feet in height, and is the abode of mighty glaciers and inaccessible precipices and fearful crevasses.

Only one mountain range in the world exceeds the Andes in height, that is the Himalayas which form the bastion of India on the north, separating our great dependency from the mysterious land of Tibet. Few of the great peaks have ever been scaled. No human foot has ever trod the summit of Everest, which rises to a height of 30,000 feet, and is the culminating point of the earth. Probably it will be reached by flight in the early future when some enterprising airman wishes to do a "stunt" which will make his name famous everywhere.

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Before the war millions of gallons of castor oil were manufactured from castor beans, and used chiefly in the making of soaps, inks, dyes, artificial leather and, of all curious things, flypapers.

"Discouragement is an act of unbelief."

"If we realize that experience is what we need—not necessarily happiness or contentment—the whole value of life is altered. Sorrow, pain, uncongenial life—these the hours when we climb."—A. C. Benson.

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