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A Questionable Guest

By A. W. Peach.

As Beth Kilburn entered the hall of her cottage home, which was known as the "parsonage" in the village, she heard the sound of a deep voice in her father's study.

"Dear old Samaritan, another wounded traveler to be rescued," she thought to herself as she hastened into the kitchen. Her father was always welcoming some outcast who happened to drift into the village—giving him food and lodging without thought of payment; and although the old minister had been imposed upon several times, he never seemed to learn.

As she prepared the supper she heard the voices run on in an interested way. "Father has found someone after his own heart," she thought.

A little later she touched the softly clanging gong, and the two men came in. Her white-haired father led, and after him followed a tall, brown-haired man of about thirty years of age. As Beth saw him, a sudden and sharp feeling went over her that she had seen him before and not under favorable circumstances. She managed to collect her wits, and proceeded to carry out the duties of a hostess.

As the dinner went on she gathered that he claimed to be an associate of a great city publishing firm. His stories of his work were certainly interesting as far as Beth found she could listen. Her mind was busy, searching here and there through her memory to place the face before her.

At last, in an overwhelming fashion, the knowledge came, almost driving her to speech. That evening as she had been waiting for the six o'clock mail to be distributed in the village post office, a man had been reading a newspaper in front of her; and half idly, she had glanced over the page, and on that page had been the face of the man before her—the picture of a criminal, charged with the forgery of notes and the wrecking of some concern.

Her nerves aquiver, she went over and over her memory of that face in the newspaper and compared it with the face before her. They were, she concluded, beyond any question, the same.

As the dinner went on, her mind was dizzily busy. It was the same old story. She could remember other times when her trusting father had harbored men who knew that the best kind of a refuge was in the minister's home. She had been mortified by after events in other cases. Sometimes, it seemed to her that her home had been marked by tramps and other gentry who live by their wits, as an "easy place."

Her strong and vigorous mind soon reached a conclusion. She would secure a copy of the paper, make sure beyond doubt of her suspicion, and then see Sheriff Stevens.

The dinner drew to its close. Mr. Adams fixed his grave eyes upon her. "I'm afraid we've not selected topics to interest you, Miss Kilburn, but your father and I seem to have ideas in common upon some phases of his work. But just to show you I am human and an especially gifted male, I shall help you to do the dishes and then invite you to go down town with me to the post office."

She was surprised at the boyish light in his eyes and the bantering tone of his voice. She demurred, however, to find her objections laughingly overridden.

"I did the dishes for years during my mother's long illness, and just for memories' sake, I want to again. You will let me?" he begged.

She gave him permission. During the hour that followed, she found herself strangely drawn to the tall boyish man beside her with his shy good-humor and grave merry eyes that could say so much. It was not until that hour was over and he suggested again the stroll down the street that memory came with a rush—a rush that carried conflicting emotions.

There was nothing to do but to go, however. The walk gave her an odd sensation; something about him, his ease of manner perhaps, or the quiet friendliness in his voice, made her feel that she had known him a long time; and she found herself again conversing with him without hesitation.

As they reached the office her errand came to her mind, and she left him with the excuse that she had one or two purchases to make. At the stationery store where the papers were sold, she bought the city newspaper from which his face looked at her calmly. She glanced at the caption, and something shook within her: he was the thief—there was no doubt.

For some reason she did not understand, she felt hurt and grieved. She folded the paper, and went back to the office where she joined him. She said little on the way back to the cottage; the paper pressed against her heart seemed to be aflame. He hurried on to his grave and enter-

At the gate he paused. "I want to taining way, but she hardly listened. let you into a secret. My firm has decided to publish your father's 'Story of a Country Parish.' The letter I just received gives me definite orders."

Her heart jumped with joy, for her father's dream of years had been the publishing of the book which he had written so carefully and so painstakingly. Then revulsion came—the hypocrite. He had found her father's interest, and probably on the strength of that would stay in hiding for weeks.

Her stern Puritan soul rose in revolt. Her dear, trusting old Daddy! He must be spared the humiliation.

They went from the hall to the living room, and she laid the paper on the table as she stepped to the library door to call her father. She turned and stopped short, staring, her hands tensely locked.

Adams stood gazing at the newspaper, starting as he did so. He looked up a bit wildly, unseeing, then back to the paper.

She watched, hardly breathing. What would he say—or do?

She did not understand his expression when he did speak.

"Have you a telephone?" he asked shortly.

"Yes, but what are you going to do?" she demanded.

He turned slowly, then caught her hands, and something in his eyes and voice held her rigid. "Do you believe that of me?" he asked.

Something seemed to swell and burst within her, and she found herself saying over and over, "No—no—I don't want to—I don't want to!"

His keen eyes searched her inmost thoughts; then he turned to the telephone she had indicated.

She heard him ask for the toll operator, then give the name of the city paper.

They waited in silence while across the far-off wires the search was on. Her father stood in worried silence, conscious that something was very much wrong. At last the bell rang, and he took the receiver.

"This is Richard Adams, speaking from Fairton. How does it happen that you have a cut of myself?" No more was said by Adams, but Beth could hear an earnest voice talking rapidly to him. Then Adam spoke. "I understand and can sympathize with you. I shall trust you to make full explanation. Now, Stafford, I want you to repeat that explanation to——"

Beth understood. She caught his arm. "No—no—I trust you. Please—I do!"

He turned to her, his friendly eyes no longer stern but almost tender. "Thank you. But I must explain. It is amusing, too. In their book department they ran a cut of me with a review of my book; on another page they ran a cut of this thug. The forms were pied—you know, the type fell out and had to be reset; and in the rush—they are working overtime and short-handed—they stuck my face in over the caption that went with the thief. That make up man who did that evidently is not a follower of mine. I'll forgive Stafford—he's managing editor—but it will cost him something. It might have been a tragedy, though, under some circumstances." He looked at her smilingly, then turned to her father.

"Mr. Kilburn, I am to give you the benefit of my publishing knowledge for a week in going over your book, and then we will publish it."

She saw her father's face whiten with the shock of the unbelievably good news; then she found the grave eyes of their guest upon her.

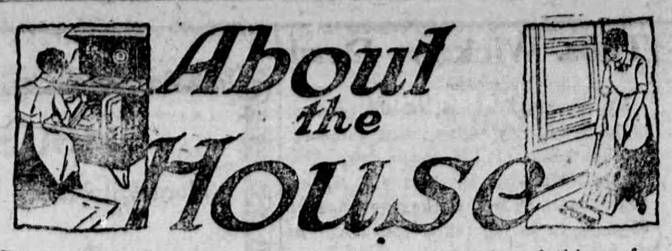
"Do you suppose you care to keep me for a week?" he asked in his mellow friendly voice.

She started impulsively to say things—lots of things—and after all, merely nodded. The lots of things might be said, perhaps later.

Envy.

When Satan sends to vex the mind of man,
And urge him on to meanness and to wrong,
His satellites, there is not one that can
Acquit itself like Envy. Not so strong
As lust, so quick as fear, so big as hate—
A pigmy thing, the twin of sordid greed—
Its work all noble things to underrate,
Decry fair face, fair form, fair thought, fair deed.
A sneer it has for what is highest, best,
For love's soft voice, and virtue's robe of white.
Truth is not true, and pity is not kind,
A great task done is but a pastime light.
Tormenting and tormented is the mind
That grants to Envy room to make its nest.

—Jean Blewett.



Paint, Varnish and Repair Time.

It is well to remember that varnishing should not be done in rooms when the temperature is below 70 degrees, as such a cold temperature retards the drying too much. Nor should it be done when the ventilation is poor, as this has somewhat the same effect. Cold varnish should not be applied to warm wood nor warm varnish to cold wood. All surfaces to be varnished should be sandpapered carefully so that all dirt is removed and a smooth surface obtained. The varnished surface is likely to have a rough, sanded appearance if these rules are not observed.

Before applying paint or varnish, fill all cracks and holes. Putty will do for small holes, but if they are large, mix sawdust with glue until it is the consistency of paste. Press this compound into the holes and it will become as hard as the wood itself.

To make a wood filler for floors, mix whiting with linseed oil and apply to either hard or soft wood. This fills the pores and makes a smooth floor that can be waxed, painted or varnished.

A good and inexpensive floor stain is made by dissolving one ounce of permanganate of potash in one quart of warm water. Wood painted with this solution dries out a good shade of brown. A coat of varnish may be added, but the floors can be kept in good condition by occasionally rubbing them over with kerosene, applied with a soft woolen cloth. Remove brushes from the permanganate solution as soon as the work is finished, as it destroys the bristles.

Many homes are still without screen protection against flies or mosquitoes. The most inexperienced person would find it possible to make screen frames if metal corners were used. Measure the windows, then cut four strips of 1x1½ inch wood to fit. Put the strips together. The netting should be stretched tightly and fastened with small tacks. If a screen door sags put stout screw-eyes in two opposite corners and block up the door until the sag is removed. Now stretch a stout wire tightly between the screw-eyes, and the door will be held rigidly in place.

A screen door which is in constant use sometimes needs re-enforcing. This can easily be done with the aid of ordinary wooden laths. The laths are put over the wire screening in the form of a lattice are placed from eight to ten inches apart. The whole is then painted or stained to match the color of the house. This makes a durable and artistic door, greatly improved from the original ready-made style.

Open Their Ears.

Ears were intended to be useful as well as ornamental and Johnnie and Susie hear a lot of things that were never intended for their ears!

Empty pitchers yawn to be filled so we must teach the children to hear interesting and helpful things. Where are there so many interesting sounds as on a farm, from chanticleer, who boasts loudly each morning, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! I'm up before you!" down to the musical chirp of the crickets, and the "katydids, so impolite, contradicting in the night"?

Open the ears of the boy. Say to him, "Listen, son! that is a quail calling," as the old farm echoes with the shrill "Bob white! Bob white!" Teach him to distinguish between the call of the yellow-shafted flicker, the note of the robin, and the squall of the catbird—to know the birds by sound as well as by eye, as he knows the whistles and calls of his boy friends.

Call the children's attention to the voice of the little brook that dances down cheerily through the meadow:

"By day its voice is low and still—
A charming, dancing little rill;
But when the silent night is here,
Its voice is heard so loud and clear
And yet so sweet, it often seems
As though the brook brought pleasant dreams."

Help unstop these young ears that they may learn to love and understand the voices of the birds and brooks, insects and animals; that they may not be deaf when the soft winds whisper to them in the treetops—it may speak to them of God.

Do not preach to the children; call their attention to God as the source of all that is beautiful and good.

Speaking of sounds for young ears, is the sound of Mother's voice and Father's voice music or discord to the ears of the child? Are the tones harsh, impatient, nagging? Or are they patient, soft, musical? Long, long years from now the tones of your voice will echo and re-echo in the memory of that child of larger growth. Will the memories be tender and lovely to them?

Remember the Moth.

Do you expect to use the same hat and coat next year that you have been wearing this winter? Of course we don't expect prices to soar any higher, but they may retain their present height—in which case few of us can afford many new furbelows.

All of which is preliminary to advising a careful packing away of furs and woolen clothing for the summer months. Save every hat bag and paper bag possible, as these are most convenient things to pack furs and woolens in because the tops can be tied securely so that moths cannot get in.

Before packing, furs and woolens should be hung on the clothesline for a whole day—a bright, dry, sunshiny day. Brush and shake the furs, and be sure there are no grease spots on the woolens, for it is on these spots that moths live best.

After everything has been cleaned, brushed, and well aired, pack in hat sacks and tie securely; or, if you would be even more sure, sew red pepper in cheesecloth bags and place them between furs in the paper bags. If packing woolens, place the pepper bags between the folds.

Another excellent way to pack winter things is to wrap them securely in newspapers, and fasten the ends together with tape or passepartout, making the bundle airtight. The printer's ink on newspapers is a moth preventive because of its odor, so no other is needed.

Moths do not like the odor of cedar, and will not bother a cedar chest. One can also purchase cedar chips at any furniture store, and pack them with the woolens and furs.

A tried and true enemy of moths is the mothball. Its odor, however, which is difficult to get rid of on taking things from summer storage, argues against its use.

Best Annuals for the Home Garden.

Annual flowers succeed exceptionally well in nearly all parts of Canada. For the "Home Garden," whether it be in the city or the country, the best annuals are the old favorites which have become so popular because they have fitted in with the needs of a large class of flower lovers. The reason for the popularity of the "annual" is that it can be raised easily and grown with but very little expense or labor. A few packages of seed costing five or ten cents each, a garden patch and someone interested in flowers form a combination which in the space of four or five short months may produce the most delightful results.

The old favorite annuals are the best because they have stood the test of time. In addition, they have been improved and increased in size, form and color by the plant hybridist and by the seedsman so that to-day they have almost reached perfection. In one hundred years or less they have made as much advance as most other forms of life have made in several thousand. The "poor man's orchid" is the descriptive term for the modern sweet pea and the term is legitimate because the sweet pea of to-day is wonderful. It is a new creation as compared with the sweet pea of a century ago. The same is true of many other annuals.

The favorite annuals are those which can be depended upon to give results. The final results will depend upon: 1, seed; 2, culture.

1. Seed—Some annuals are difficult to raise from seed and, therefore, the best for the home garden are those which produce seed that will germinate well. The seed of such annuals can be dealt with in two ways: (a) It may be sown in pots or flats in the house and the seedlings transplanted to the garden, or (b) it may be sown direct into the garden. Latitude and climate must settle which method is better for the greatest success although with many annuals either method might give good results.

2. Culture—The culture of an annual flower is not a laborious task or trial of skill. The cultural directions are generally printed on the seed packages. Soil, cultivation and rainfall are three factors of importance. Soil should be of garden loam quality, and neither too sandy nor too heavy. Barnyard manure will stimulate good growth. Cultivation will keep the growth vigorous and healthy. Rain or artificial watering not less than once a week in the early stages of growth is almost essential.

Annuals are splendid for purposes of cut bloom. Some of the best for this purpose as well as for garden display are as follows: China asters, sweet peas, nasturtiums, sweet sultan, sweet scabious, snapdragons, everlastings, zinnias, pot marigold or calendula.

Other good annuals are:

Low Growing—Pansies, California poppy, mignonette, petunias, portulaca, pinks, drummond phlox, verbenas;

Medium Height—Everlastings, balsams, coreopsis, larkspurs, gaillardia, clarkia, salvia, stocks, poppies;

Tall Growing—Cosmos, helichrysum, tall larkspurs, nicotiana, salpiglossis, sunflowers.

Maple Syrup.

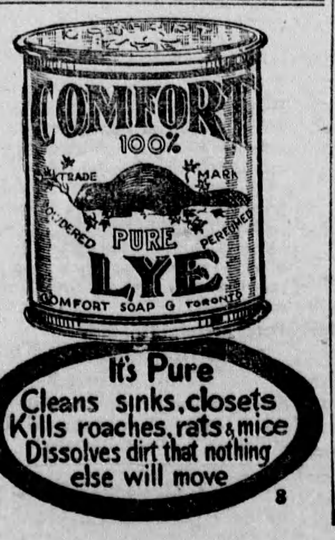
How to keep this delicious article from moulding is troubling the housewife, or will trouble her later on.

"We do ours up, boiling, in airtight cans, and yet it moulds," writes one. "What can we do?"

Ans.—In order to keep maple syrup through the heat of summer, or for any length of time, boil it down till it weighs 11 pounds to the gallon without the tin can or vessel which holds it. When thus boiled down it is allowed to cool and then put up in cans or receptacles, which are filled to the full and practically airtight. Bottles may be used if filled to the top and corked tightly. Keep in dark, cool closet, covered with brown paper, and it will keep "good as new" for years.

If the syrup weighs less than 11 pounds per gallon, and much annually made does, it will not keep well through warm weather. On the other hand, if it weighs more than this amount per gallon, it is apt to crystallize into sugar in the bottom of the can. Syrup that has started to "work" can be brought to a very good condition by reboiling, adding hot water at first, if necessary, and skimming all foreign matter from the top. This clarifying may be hastened by adding a small cupful of milk to a gallon or so of the syrup while it is boiling; for a minute or so it will look as though the whole mass was ruined, but gradually as it boils the milk will carify the syrup nicely, and all the scum will be gathered into a thick mass easy to remove.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am," insisted a conductor, speaking to a quiet-looking little woman. The woman declined to pay. "You'll pay for that boy, or I'll stop the train and put him off," he persisted. "All right; put him off," she said. "You ought to know the rules." "How old is that boy?" "I don't know. I never saw him before."



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"CANADA IN YPRES."

Memorial Building Will Include Relics of Gallant Defence of City.

An officer of the Canadian headquarters staff interviewed recently, said that the Canadian memorial building at Ypres would include a museum of relics connected with the Canadian defence of Ypres, also a library of everything published concerning the battles of the salient, says a London despatch. Models of trenches, pictures and official photographs and a roster of all the Canadian dead would also be included.

"Such a building would be to Canadians what Shakespeare's house is to visitors to Stratford-on-Avon. When the transfer is effected we propose to convert this ground into a veritable fragment of living Canada amidst the ruins by planting maple trees and Canadian shrubs and flowers. "Canada in Ypres" would, I think be a good title for what we propose to effect here."

"The slave works because he is compelled to; the artist because he loves to; the fool does unnecessary work because he is a fool. The wise man is he who strives to be all three in moderation."—Prof. Andrew Macphail.

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