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on a Sealed Packet is Your Safeguard.

Youth Writes a Letter to Love

By EVELYN GILL.

PART II.

"Well?" she inquired coldly, never so much as looking at him, but, head to one side, delicately and fastidiously rearranging on the counter the display of periodicals with their pretty covers. "Well?" she inquired again, the hardness in her voice becoming almost metallic.

"What was that?" he asked in a voice he tried to keep casual in spite of dry lips and dry throat.

"That," condescended Miss Mary O'Connell, "was Mr. Isador Joseph. What of it?"

"You never told me about him before," he accused her.

"I'll tell you now," she told him sharply. "He's the gentleman I'm going to marry. Anything more?"

Then the youth's spirit came back to him. Across the counter he seized her hands, and held them so hard that the rings cut into the white flesh. He talked vehemently and brokenly of the sin of selling one's self for a fat man's money, of love being the only thing that mattered, of his intention to seize her and take her away with him. He called her endearing names, uttered broken words of protestation, of avowal.

"Quit!" she whispered angrily. "Let go!"

He released her hand just as a customer entered to buy, with painstaking selection, a box of correspondence cards.

Weak and trembling, Godfrey waited, leaning against another counter. It was hard to whip himself up again, after the customer had gone, into the first-time passion; and in the meantime the girl had acquired a gorgeous hauteur.

"Mr. Hammond," with a proud lift of her little blond head,—"Mr. Hammond, I must tell you that everything is over between us, for I am marrying a gentleman whom I honor and respect. And you have got no right to reproach me, for I have never did anything to you."

So in the end there was nothing but to leave her and go stumbling home, a wounded man. As he went along the street, too dazed to think, it was his senses rather than his mind that kept clinging to certain sweet fragments of memory; her fragrant presence beside him in those swift, secret rides through the starlight in his little car; the feel of her breath against his cheek when she whispered to him; the feel of her little shoulder in the hollow of his hand when his arm was about her; the covert exchange of intimate glances between them when there were other customers in the shop, while he to all appearances stood perusing with undivided interest the headlines of an evening paper.

All this that was so precious could not be gone forever! He would write to her—write something that would make her see.

He got home somehow, and entered by a side door to avoid the callers who might be there with his mother on the front terrace. He could not bear facing anyone just now.

But, going up the back stairs, he did come face to face with Muggins, white-capped and white-uniformed, carrying down the children's supper tray. She stood aside on the landing, so he could pass.

For Godfrey to meet anyone just now was the agony of exposing wounds. He plunged into speech.

"Kiddies finished their supper?" he inquired, looking over the tray with its half-eaten bread crusts, empty egg shells, and gay little egg cups painted with yellow chicks (he wondered dully how anyone ever happened to paint chicks on egg cups, as if it were worth the trouble).

"There's nothing left for you if that is what you mean," said the cruel Muggins. "And if you are hungry you had better go down to the kitchen and have Maggie spread you a piece of bread and butter."

It was as if she took pleasure in keeping up a feud between herself and the young man of the house.

He forced a little laugh and went on his way.

"Thanks," Muggins called after him, "for forgetting my magazine."

He stopped in sudden penitent remembering. He couldn't go back after it!

"Oh, Muggins," he apologized, "I am beastly sorry."

"Thank you just the same," she repeated in exaggerated sarcasm.

He forced himself to answer her in kind.

"Oh, tender heart, forgiving soul!" he called down to her.

Muggins made a contemptuous sound that was half a laugh and half a sniff, and went on her way.

In the kitchen she absentmindedly dismantled the children's tray, putting the egg shells into the dishpan before she realized what she was doing. The boy worried her; he looked ill and feverish.

Forcibly she took her mind from him, and directed it instead on the letter she must write to her sister Bessie in this next rest hour while the children's governess was staying with them. Bessie wanted her to give up nursing and go into the rooming-house business, and she would have to decide what to do.

Perhaps she's better write to Bessie that she would do it.

But she had scarcely taken her little portfolio, with its equipment of papers and envelopes and its unanswered letters, out to the arbor in the back yard, when Dr. Biggins, the children's physician, coming to make his afternoon call, saw her there and joined her.

"Don't get up," he told her, as she made an effort to rise without dropping her writing materials. "I want to talk a minute before we go up to the kiddies. Do you think I had better tell Mrs. Hammond that my hospital unit may receive orders any time now, so I don't know when I will be leaving? It doesn't seem fair not to tell her; and yet, I hate to worry her before the children are entirely well."

"So you are going?" inquired Muggins.

"Yes. Aren't you?"

"No, I am not going," she told him.

He stared at her thoughtfully.

"Well, there have got to be some left here," he replied, as if to excuse her.

"I may quit nursing altogether," she told him flatly. "My sister wants me to take a rooming house in Winnipeg."

He opened his eyes wide in amazement.

"Rooming house in Winnipeg! Good Lord!" he ejaculated.

"Well"—she faltered; and then, "There's good money in it," she defended herself. How could she make him understand, when she herself only half understood?

"It's deadly," he insisted. "Clean towels, and worrying about the roomers striking matches on the best furniture and smiking cigarettes in bed."

She put all she could of indifference into her reply.

"Cigarettes and matches, or gallstones and adenoids," she told him, "it's all the same. They use you as long as they want you and give you what they must, and that's the end of it; so, I say, get as much as you can out of them, and don't work any harder than you have to."

(To be continued.)

U. S. Owes Great Britain.

England's bill for transporting a million American soldiers across the Atlantic amounts approximately to $82,000,000. or at the rate of $82 per soldier, which, in the opinion of the U. S. Director of Transportation, is less than it would have cost to transport them in American ships.

Friend (teasingly)—"What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?" Tommy (indignantly)—"It doesn't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

There are three good methods of communicating news and gossip. Telephone, telegraph, and tell a woman.

Lady—Gracious, Mary, how can you regulate baby's bath if you don't use a thermomenter? Mary—Lor' bless you, mum! If the darling turns blue, it's too cowld—if red, it's too hot!

The Prince of Wales will visit Canada in August of this year, and will open the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It is understood that he will open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto the same month. He will spend two months in the Dominion.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Helping Daughter Dress Correctly.

When a new dress is to be made for daughter it is so much easier to go ahead and buy the cloth and select the pattern one's self than to co-operate daughter regarding it, that more often than not the dress is made regardless of the wearer's wishes in the matter. Many farm girls become so used to wearing whatever mother makes or buys, relying so absolutely on mother's taste to be correct, that when they leave home and are thrown on their own responsibility, they find that they know nothing about cost of materials, suitability of colors or correctness of style. Too many times they spend their money on cheap, gaudy things, or else wear dowdy, unbecoming clothes.

Part of every girl's training should consist in learning the lesson of clothes, and the first steps along that line should be taken as soon in the little girl's life as she can understand the most simple of instructions.

If you are making school dresses, get samples of different materials and ask daughter to choose that which she would like. Doubtless she will make a wrong choice, selecting the most unsuitable. But don't laugh at her; don't make her ashamed. Endeavor to show her her error in a way she can understand. Get her to tell you what qualities, in her opinion, a school dress should have. Of course, you know it should wear well, wash well and not show soil too easily, and not be readily torn; but she may never have thought of those things. Let each sample, then, be analyzed to meet those requirements.

When the suitable material has been selected, attention should be turned to the cloth's suitability to the child in question. The color must be one in which she looks well and the pattern appropriate for her age. By suggestion, display and study familiarize her with these requirements, and you will develop in her a taste for simple, well made clothes she would be far less apt to have were she continually wearing dresses with no thought as to why they were of such a color or material or cut in such a way.

Though the desirability of simple cut be impressed upon her, do not confound simpleness with plainness. A simply cut dress finished at neck and sleeves with a bit of lace, or brightened by contrasting material in banding or piping, is attractive, but a plain dress, absolutely devoid of all "finishing touches" is actually homely, and in all but the poorest of families, wholly unnecessary. Teach the value of these simple means of finishing a dress. Contrast the severely plain dress with the slightly trimmed one. Also, when opportunity presents itself, point out the mistak of overtrimming. A dress half covered with lace and ribbons and ornamental buttons is not only in bad taste, but is generally mere cheap display.

If daughter lends a hand at the washing and ironing she will learn even more about the materials her dresses are made of, and will quickly see why the dainty little party dress would never do for school wear, and why, also, mother desires her to wear soft crepe underwear in summer in preference to that which requires starching and ironing.

It takes time, of course, to teach these things, and there are but few farm mothers whose time is not limited; yet other things can better be slighted than the opportunity of teaching your daughter all you know and can learn about the why and wherefore of the clothes she wears. When she grows up and finds work away from home, you will forget the dust that showed on your chairs, the stove that needed blacking, and the many other duties neglected, to seek her opinion and work with her on her clothes, in the satisfaction you have of seeing her on her home-visits wisely, becomingly, yet economically dressed.

Refrigerators Preserve Food.

The principle of scientific food preservation involved in a modern household refrigerator is not always understood by housewives. All that is necessary to preserve food is to keep it at a dry temperature low enough to protect it from micro-organisms or bacteria, which want to consume it as food just as we do, but which if allowed to work quickly render it unfit for human consumption.

These bacteria lie dormant when the air is kept cold and dry, but they grow rapidly in water, hence it is necessary to keep the air in a refrigerator from becoming moist. The drier the air the better the food keeps. Circulation of the air is therefore an important feature, and the walls of the ice-box are insulated so that the cold air will be kept in.

It is necessary for the ice to melt in order to chill the air properly. As the melting goes on the refrigerator is chilled and the food absorbs the cold. Thus while wrapping ice in a newspaper or flannel will undoubtedly keep it from melting, it defeats the purpose of the refrigerator, and withholds the cold from the food. A steady melting must go on, and the modern refrigerator is built to keep the melting to a necessary minimum, although precautions should be taken to see that the ice-box does not stand where the sun's rays strike it. Nor should it stand near the fire.

Cold air falls and warm air rises, and the coldest place is below the ice instead of above. Milk, butter and foodstuffs which really absorb moisture should therefore be placed so that the cold air reaches them direct from the ice, passing from them to those foods like melons and onions which give off odors.

Do Not Permit Faultfinding at the Table.

To have a comment made on dishes at the table, as too much or too little seasoning, etc., is a habit into which many families unconsciously fall. It is very trying to the housewife, and besides has a tendency to make the food appear less inviting, and gives a depressing effect, as all fault-finding does.

One mother noticed that this habit was growing on her children, and determined that some way must be found to stop it. She called a family meeting and told them that she did her best to have the food and table just as nice as she could, and that they should do their part and be kind and polite, keep still about any dish they did not especially like. She emphasized the fact that criticism at the table was not good manners.

She told them that if they had anything special to criticize they could come to her alone after the meal and she would be glad to listen to the complaint. But strange to say, being forbidden to criticize at the table, the children made very few private comments.

From that time on the mother was careful not to criticize any dish herself, and did not allow it done by the others. She was watchful, however, that every thing was well cooked, and the habit of fault-finding at the table in that family has entirely ceased.

Oil Lamps.

Our house is lighted by oil lamps and the work I hate most is cleaning the lamps. I have made it as easy as possible in the following way:

Turn the wick low before blowing out the light so it won't smoke so much.

Trim wicks and wipe burners every day, so they won't smoke and black the burners.

Set all the lamps in a row, open, before beginning to fill. Use a light can with a well-placed spout to pour oil from.

Wipe lamps with paper.

Wet a sheet of newspaper and rapidly wash all the chimneys, setting them on the stove. Take off before too hot and wipe with newspaper.

Everything can be done rapidly in this way and lamps and chimneys will shine.

British, Well Done! Giving Due Recognition To Others Who Helped.

WELL DONE, US!

IT IS HEREBY agreed that no one nation would have beaten Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.

IT IS FURTHER agreed that it was the gallant resistance of Belgium, the magnificent fighting qualities of the French, the devotion of the Russians, the valor of the Serbians, the resourcefulness and whole-hearted co-operation of the Americans, and the superb struggles of the Roumanians which enabled us to secure a victory over the enemy.

HAVING SAID THIS

The British have done it. The navy choked Fritz by the throat, and the army walloped the life out of him. We have fought the devil all over the world, we have beaten his legions in every latitude; we have financed the war and fought the war. We have carried the foodstuffs, the raw material and the soldiers, both our own and our allies, to and from the ends of the earth. We have fought a naval action which lasted for twenty-one months against a fleet of U-boats numbering over 300 from first to last, and we have destroyed two-thirds of that fleet. We met the full stroke of his offensive in March and April and smashed it. We carried the impregnable Hindenburg line. We invented and brought to perfection the arm which produced the decision of the war—the tank. We swept his aerial navies from the skies and blinded him. We have, single-handed, crushed the Turk and secured a complete military decision. We have fought four African wars and have been victorious. We have raised, equipped and maintained an army of 7,000,000, and have equipped a Russian army of 2,000,000. We have fought the Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, Austrian, Turk, Bulgarian, Askari, Togoman and Bolsheviki. We have established the Arab in Arabia and the Jew in Palestine.

BUT

IT IS HEREBY agreed that no one nation would have beaten Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemburg, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.

IT IS FURTHER agreed that it was the gallant resistance of Belgium, the magnificent fighing qualities of the French, the devotion of the Russians, the valor of the Serbians, the resourcefulness and whole-hearted co-operation of the Americans, and the superb struggles of the Romanians which enabled us to secure a victory over the enemy.—From Town Topics, London, England.

THAT WICKED PRINTER.

Some of the Ludicrous Blunders He Has Made the World Laugh At.

Printers often pervert the power of the pen and turn tears into smiles by the change of a letter.

"Drunkenness is jolly," said a dean in a temperance sermon duly reported in the local paper. What the dear man meant was that drunkenness was folly. But the printer was in playful mood, for lower down in the dean's discourse he omitted a comma, and the eminent divine stood again a self-confessed drunkard.

"Only last Sunday," he said, "a young man died suddenly, while I was endeavoring to preach the Word in a state of beastly intoxication."

Here is another "clerical error," culled from a parish magazine:

"There will be a collection in aid of the Arch Fiend."

The fiend of a printer should have put Arch Fund. Doubtless he prevented many old ladies of limited intelligence from putting their hands in their pockets.

The "war-scared" veteran was the printer's improvement on the "war-scarred" variety which the writer had in mind. The young man who wrote that love-letters were a never-fading ink was really informing his financee that such epistles would form a never-fading link between them throughout their lives.

Imagine the dismay of the schoolmaster whose prospectus read thus: "The distinctive feature of the school is the roughness——" He was only referring to the thoroughness of his methods.

"Our impending fate, eclipse of empire, is bound up with the League of Nations," said a politician in a local paper recently.

Yet he was an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, and what he really said was that our impending fate, eclipse or empire, was bound up with it. In this mistake the printer was not to blame, but the reporter, who lost his job through the politician's fury. The latter's own poor elocution was probably to blame.

Punctuation, or the want of it, is prolific in humorous howlers. Here is one from an agricultural journal:

"Wanted, a woman to feed pigs with washing-board lodging over stables."

At first reading one is apt to wonder whether the pigs liked their washing-board, and whether they were all lodging over the stables together.

Incredibly large openings for our Dominion farm products are available in Great Britain, according to the Canadian Trade Commission.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

SALT

All grades. Write for prices.

TORONTO SALT WORKS

G. J. CLIFF - - TORONTO

How to Dispose of Bores.

A municipal government official who had an easy-going doorkeeper was for a long time pestered by a bore. Finally he hit upon a plan to get rid of him for good.

"Dick, do you know why Collins continues to come here so regularly?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Well, Dick, I don't mind telling you in confidence, he's after your job."

From that day on the official was never troubled by the bore.

The ability to sing a simple passage of music at sight without any accompaniment is something that every choir member should strive to acquire.

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A FULL SATISFYING MEAL

MEAT-VEGETABLES-COMPLETE

JUST HEAT AND SERVE

CANADA 1824 APPROVED

THIS LEGEND ON THE TIN IS A GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

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For Table Use and All Cooking Purposes

Everybody's happy when there is Corn Syrup on the table. Do you know that there is a White Syrup as well as the delicious, golden

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Crown Brand is unequalled as a Syrup for Pancakes, Muffins, as a spread for bread, for making candy, sauces, and in cooking, generally.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

Best for Preserving and Marmalade making. It is a clear white color and "jells" excellently!

Sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins

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