Heartsease and Gentian

By GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

PART III.

Horace Ludlow spent the morning making provision for the care of the lumberman who was too ill to be left alone; then he packed his belongings for a journey. By noon he was swinging along the road to the nearest station, behind a team of fresh post horses. By night he was at the station, impatiently waiting for an express. He had but five days to get his proof in regard to her daughter's betrothed into tangible form and present it to Madam Cheney.

It was exactly five days later that Horace Ludlow interviewed his man in the office of the South American consul. A detective had caught him just as he was about to board the boat which would land him in Halifax the next morning in time to catch the train for Birch Point and his wedding.

There was a stormy session, but at its conclusion Horace Ludlow folded away in his pocket a signed document that would put a stop to the wedding scheduled to occur the next morning in Birch Point. Harper, the disappointed sea-captain bridegroom, boarded a South American tramp steamer, glad enough to buy immunity by leaving the country, even though his own boat was in a St. John dock for repairs. The stateroom he had reserved on the Halifax boat was used by Horace Ludlow, who was determined to carry in person the details of his investigation. He had already dispatched a telegram announcing the delay of the bridegroom.

The Halifax boat was late; the train was delayed by a washout. The town clock was striking twelve when the stage at last deposited him at Point Inn. Everything was strangely quiet, even for Birch Point. The innkeeper did not recognize Horace Ludlow as the shipyard worker of five years before. "You'll have to wait a bit for your dinner, unless a cold lunch will do," the innkeeper said. "The whole town has gone to church to a big wedding."

"A wedding?" repeated Horace Ludlow, vaguely.

"Yes," boasted the innkeeper. "The prettiest girl in Birch Point is going to be married to an English swell—a sea-captain. He runs his own boat between St. John and Rio de Janiero. It is a big match for a Birch Point girl, though her family is the best hereabouts. You can go to the wedding if you want to; everybody is invited," he added generously.

"It must be about beginning."

Horace Ludlow started off briskly in the direction of the church. His brain was in a ferment. Had something gone wrong after all? Had his telegram failed to arrive, or had Harper eluded the detective hired to see him safely out of the country?

There was an unusually large crowd around the church door. Birch Point carriages waited in the street. Strains of music came through the open windows. Straightening his shoulders, and with a grim face that bore scant resemblance to that of the young man who had once made love to the bride who was waiting out there in the anteroom, Horace Ludlow strode into the hall. This, too, was packed with people. A glance into the church showed rows of seated spectators. He hastened on to the little room at the end of the vestibule. Parson Weatherby appeared at the door, his face blank with surprise.

"Have you any news?" the parson implored. "The bride is ready and waiting. This is terrible." He seemed to realize intuitively that this stanger held the key to the situation.

"Yes," said Horace Ludlow, simply. "I must see Madam Cheney at once, alone."

"They are waiting in my study beyond," directed Parson Weatherby. The study door opened and Madam Cheney advanced. In her hand fluttered a slip of yellow paper. "This has just come," she faltered. "What can it all mean! And the people are gathered and the music begun. I must say it is very inconsiderate of Captain Harper; I supposed he was already at the Inn."

"I have word for you concerning—Captain Harper," said Horace Ludlow. "May I see you and Parson Weatherby alone for a few moments?"

Parson Weatherby closed the door on the curious crowd in the hallway. With the aid of his document it took about ten minutes for Horace Ludlow to convince Madam Cheney that the man she had chosen for her daughter to marry was a scoundrel. She listened to him quietly, the mounting color in her cheeks alone revealing her intense agitation. When she finished reading the signed declaration that had been extracted from Captain Harper, she gave her hand to Horace Ludlow.

"Some day, perhaps, I can thank you adequately for saving my daughter from that—scoundrel. But I do not understand how you came to take such an interest in our affairs, for I do not remember ever seeing you before. Parson Weatherby, will you tell the people—what is necessary—and send them home?"

At that moment the study door opened and Eloise walked into the room. She looked like a woman of snow in her trailing white bridal gown, with the rare lace veil that had been her mother's and her grandmother's floating from her head.

"What was the telegram, mother? Isn't he coming?"

Madam Cheney burst into tears. She shook her head.

"Never, mother?" asked Eloise.

"Never, Eloise. I will explain—some time," gasped the mother through her sobs.

"Oh! I am so glad! So glad! So glad! I never wanted to marry him, mother!" exulted the girl. Like a sprite about to be freed from chains, she raised her hands to pull the veil from her head.

Ignoring the weeping mother and the astounded clergyman, Horace Ludlow stepped forward and gently took her hands. "Don't take it off yet, Eloise," he implored.

Eloise looked at him for the first time since she entered the room. "Why, it is you!" she breathed.

Parson Weatherby blundered toward the door. His hand was on the knob when Horace Ludlow spoke.

"Wait a moment, Parson Weatherby. Don't send the people away just yet. It may not be necessary."

"Eloise," he said, with the air of a man who knows that he is master of the situation, "will you—walk—down the church aisle—with me—today? I have loved you all these years."

"Why, I—" began shocked Madam Cheney, drying her tears.

For the first time in her life, Eloise Cheney did not heed her mother. She stepped up to Horace Ludlow and took his face between her two cold little hands and looked him searchingly in the eyes.

"Is it because you love me, and not—because I've just been jilted and you are sorry for me?" she challenged.

"It is because I love you. I swear it by the little red psalm book I've carried about for five years," solemnly confessed the man.

Eloise turned to her mother. "Tell them to strike up the wedding march," she commanded.

Horace Ludlow waited beside Parson Weatherby at the old church altar and watched his maid o' dreams come slowly down the aisle behind her flower-laden bridesmaids. In her hand she bore only a small, shabby, red psalm book. Between its leaves was the only bridal bouquet she thought worth cherishing—a frail sprig of heartsease, dry and faded and ready to fall into dust, now that its mission was so successfully accomplished.

The audience gasped with astonishment at the sight of the strange bridegroom, for few had known and none remembered the young shipyard worker of five years before. But while the marriage service was being read, some of them knew intuitively how narrow had been the dividing line between romance and tragedy. The throng of men and women from whom romance had departed sat in hallowed quiet. The fingers of the organist faltered for a moment at the keys.

After the stately marriage service was read, and Horace Ludlow walked down the aisle with his bride, they passed the pew where he had sat that Sunday evening so many years before. Horace Ludlow smiled to himself as he pressed the fingers of the bride.

"Have you done it yet, dear?" he whispered.

"What?" asked Eloise.

"Prayed for me—as I asked you that Sunday evening five years ago?"

Eloise, suddenly aware of the reality of the man beside her, flushed as she did on that same evening.

"I think," she said demurely, "that Parson Weatherby did it very well instead."

(The End.)

Care.

Peace and put off all care from thee.
Endure a little and be strong.
And lo! this ever-rising sea,
This mounting tide of misery,
Shall sink, shall ebb, 'ere long.

What though the years have brought to grief
The days of warmth, the days of ease,
The blossom odorous and brief,
The bursting and ephemeral leaf;
Good fruit shall follow these—

Gifts, that whate'er the gods may send
Shall lift us high and bear us far,
And these are Labor without end
And Courage, which is man's last friend,
And Honor, his one Star.

Conclusive.

"How did you get on?"

The sweet maiden breathed the words into her lover's manly ear as she met him in the passage.

He had been "seeing father," and she wanted to know the result.

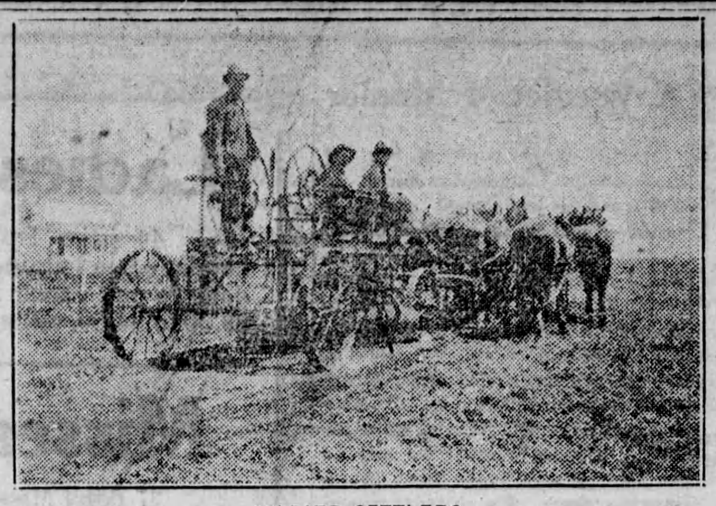
"Oh, your father is heartless!" said the young man indignantly. "I—I told him I could not live without you, and——"

"Yes, yes!" — impatiently. "What did he say?"

"He merely offered to pay my funeral expenses!"

Lord Jellicoe was received at Port Lincoln, Australia, by "Black Fanny," the oldest of the district aboriginals, who, swathed in a Union Jack, playfully tapped his Lordship on the cheeks.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.



SOLDIER SETTLERS

Men who fought in the Great War breaking land in Saskatchewan for next year's operations. Such scenes are quite common in the central provinces now.

Woman's Sphere

Make Your Iceless Refrigerator.

Do not let the food spoil! Here's a way to keep it cool for $3.17, and it's nothing but a wooden frame with a cloth around it. Any smart girl can build one.

The iceless refrigerator is a fine thing, simple and cheap. Missionaries in India discovered that if they were to live in the intense heat of that region they must stretch wet sheets across the doors and windows, and the hot winds blowing through made the rooms comfortably cool.

This is the simple principle of the iceless refrigerator. A wet cloth surrounding a frame will make the space on the inside cool enough to keep the milk sweet, the butter hard and the other foods in good condition. If you live where ice is hard to get or if you have no ice house or cellar or even if you have a cold cellar, save steps with an iceless refrigerator.

There are four corner posts, each 3 ft. 6 in. high, and made of 1x2 in. lumber. The shelves should be made of 1x12 in. lumber and the corners sawed out 1x2 in. to fit the corner posts. The shelves are 15 in. long. The middle shelves may be made of strips or of poultry netting so as to let the air through.

An easy way to frame it in your mind is to "play" you are going to build two ladders, one on each side. The steps of the ladder are the cross bars at sides of refrigerator. These are 8½ in. each. The top bars should be 1 in. from the top of the posts. They should fit between them, and the nails (8-penny finish nails) should be driven through the posts into the end of the bars.

The second "step" should be 12 in. below the first and the third 12 in. below the second. This makes the fourth bar 15 in. below the third. Now when you have the two ladders or sides done, you can fit your lower shelf right on and nail it, then the next and the next and last of all the top shelf. To brace the whole frame there really should be a cross bar under the top shelf in front and back, and the same under the lower shelf, also. The door is too simple to need description.

The pan was made to order to fit the top and cost $1.00 but you can use a bread baking pan that fits snugly. Or this can be tin, painted and then enameled to prevent rusting. The whole frame should be painted to keep it from warping. A wire screen may be put around the sides and on the door if you wish to make it stouter and to exclude insects.

A cover of canton flannel, burlap, or duck is made to fit the frame. Put the smooth side out if canton flannel is used. It will require about three yards of material. This cover is buttoned around the top of the frame and down the side on which the door is not hinged, using buggy hooks and eyes or large-headed tacks and eyelets worked in the material. On the front side arrange the hooks on the top of the door instead of on the frame and also fasten the cover down the latch side of the door, allowing a wide hem of the material to overlap the place where the door closes. The door can then be opened without unbuttoning the cover. The bottom of the cover should extend down into the lower pan. Four double strips, which taper to 8 or 10 inches in width, are sewed to the upper part of the cover. These strips form wicks that dip over into the upper pan.

The iceless refrigerator has the advantage of not drying out. The cloth folded into the pan of water at the top acts the same as the lamp wick which draws the kerosene up to the flame. The cloth around the refrigerator draws the water just like a wick and the cloth is kept wet all the way down to the bottom. All you have to do is keep the pan filled with water, just as you must keep your lamp filled with oil.

The iceless refrigerator should be placed where the air is in motion.

The Comfortable Child.

The uncomfortable child is always cross. If mothers would spend a little more time in discovering the cause back of John's bad temper or Mary's sulkiness, family life would be a much pleasanter thing. If there is ever a time for being good-natured it is when the mercury runs up to the nineties and every mother should realize that upon her depends the good spirits of the family.

Babies are better if underdressed than overdressed in hot weather. If a band of flannel is kept around the bowels there is little danger from chills, even though the only other garment is a loose romper or bloomers and waist. Sleeves from father's and mother's wornout flannels, or a three-inch section cut from the leg make excellent bands as they will stretch enough to permit their being drawn up into position and no pins are required to hold them.

In dog days give a light breakfast; do not insist that little children eat what is set before them if to do so means starting the day with tears and bickering. At ten o'clock a few dainty sandwiches and a glass of lemonade will make up for the lack of breakfast.

Early in the morning throw one downstairs room open to the cool, fresh air, and as soon as the sun is fairly up close it tightly, shutting out every possible degree of heat. Immediately after dinner tell the little people, and children are little people from two years of age to twelve, that they may stay up later in the evening if they will take a nice nap while it is too warm to play. Make them comfortable in the cool, dark room prepared for just this use early in the morning with heavy cotton comfortables on the floor and cool pillows, and, using firmness if necessary, insist that they go to sleep. The average child will sleep until three or four o'clock and the most intense heat of the day will then be passed.

After supper allow them to play in the yard until dark, and give them a special bed-time treat either of fruit, ice cream, a cold glass of some kind of fruitage, or any delicacy easily prepared.

How To Do Things.

Ice cream is a real food and not a delicacy. Families having their own freezers should serve ice-cream often for dessert. Its cost is no greater than that of pie and cake and it furnishes nourishment.

Those who go picnicking should boil all drinking water and milk before drinking. People who have been automobiling or picnicking in an unfamiliar neighborhood often bring home in their bodies typhoid-fever germs which develop later.

Mint sauce can be made now for winter use. Gather the leaves when dry and clean; chop finely, put in a bottle and fill with vinegar; cork well. When used pour out the quantity desired for flavoring, and add to it more vinegar and sugar to taste.

During hot weather give the baby all the cool water—not ice water—he will drink. Keep him out-of-doors all day, if possible. Dress him lightly and bathe him night and morning with water at about the temperature of the air.

To keep fly-paper from blowing off the table, or wherever it is placed, tack a sheet of it to a small board about the same length as the paper. It will be found much easier to handle.

When your feet grow tired and ache, and it is not practicable to take off your shoes, lie down and raise your feet as high as your head and higher. The blood will flow away from them and they will feel easier. This is the plan sometimes used by soldiers on a march.

In the season of thunder storms it is wise to have ladders and buckets of water at hand. Often a fire that would destroy buildings and stock could be extinguished if instant means were taken. Chemical fire extinguishers, not too heavy to be handled by a woman or child, that are simple in operation and non-explosive, are a great protection, and should be found in every home.

A broom will last longer if on each wash day, after the clothes are all boiled, it is dipped for a moment in the soapy suds. Then shake it as free from water as possible and hang up by the handle. Slip an old newspaper underneath to catch the drippings. If there is a tendency to lop-sidedness, press the broom into shape while it is wet and pliable.

Use short cuts in your work; one short cut is to punch holes in the bottom of a tin can and put it in your rinsing pan. When you wash the silver knives, forks and spoons put them upright in it and pour hot water over them. Drain a moment, then set on the back of the stove to dry. No wiping will be needed.

A garnishing of shredded lettuce, watercress, parsley, nasturtium blossoms, slices of lemon, or hard-boiled eggs, give to a dish of cold meat a more appetizing appearance and flavor. Left-over cooked peas, moistened with a salad dressing, also improve the taste and looks of the meat.

Blackberry pudding: Half fill a baking-dish with berries; sprinkle well with sugar and dot with butter; cover with a batter made by beating together two eggs, two small cupfuls of flour and enough sweet milk to make a batter as thick as rich cream. Beat well, add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little salt, pour over the berries and bake for forty minutes in a moderate oven. Blueberries can be used in the same way.

HINTS FOR INVENTORS.

Suggestions That Will Keep Their Brains From Becoming Ossified.

That "nothing is impossible" is one of the most popular of theories, accepted by nearly unanimous consent. Anyone who would controvert it would expose himself to the accusation that he was behind the times, an old fogy, a person of narrow mentality, one who failed to comprehend the unlimited mastery of inventive genius.

Naturally, we are reluctant to invite such accusation. However, we deem it to be not out of order to submit a partial list of products of inventive genius whose possibilitity, from time to time declared, remains to be demonstrated by accomplishment. Those that just now occur to me are:

Power for industrial purposes derived from tidal movements.

Storage of the sun's summer heat for use in winter.

Extraction of gold, in paying quantities, from the waters of the ocean.

Perpetual motion.

Storage of winter atmosphere for use as a substitute for ice in the summer.

A cheaper substitute for gasoline.

A device for supervision of the opeation of the law of gravitation in case of accident to aircraft.

Communiciation with the inhabitants of Mars.

The harnessing of atmospheric electricity.

Prevention of earthquakes.

Production of rainfall when it is needed.

Accurate weather predictions.

Doubtless, in many minds there are many other theoretical possibilities whose realization would be of great benefit to mankind. To avert controversy, we shall not dispute the assertion that everything is possible, but patiently await further practical demonstrations of its truth.

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The Harvest.

Summer's smilin' and the oats
Have put on their yaller coats.
Noddin' 'neath the skys of blue
While the binders' song anew
Fills the air with hummin' din,
Singing, "harvest's here ag'in."

Bob o' link an' meadow lark
Sweetly sing from morn 'till dark
Near the brooks and in the wood
Lazy Cattle chew their cud.
In the barnyard mistress hen
Braggs "I've laid an egg ag'in.

Yesterday while walking by
Shocks of oats, I chanced to spy
Sweetest vision of a maid,
Resting in their coolin' shade,
Eyes o' blue and lips so red
Must a been where cherries bled.

So I paused a moment there
Watched the soft lights in her hair,
Watched her lips, we asked the miss
If they wasn't ripe to kiss.
Now I'm gladest that I've been
Harvest time is here ag'in.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

Gold Production.

The gold production of the British Empire was in 1916, the latest year in which complete figures are available, 14,229,844 ounces, or 64 per cent of the world's total. According to statistics in the Canada Year Book, the Dominion comes fifth as a gold-producing country. Australia is third. In silver production Canada takes second place in the world.

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It improves the texture of bread, biscuits and rolls if one-third of the flour is substituted with Benson's Corn Starch. It makes pie crusts light and flakey.

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