BOVRIL
Canada Food Board License No. 13-442

THE ORCHID

By DANA BURNET.

CHAPER II.

In exactly half an hour after leaving its own dock, the dugout, driven by the tireless energy of the blacks, reached the town wharf. The colonel disembarked, and tossing a handful of silver to his crew, bade them wait till his return. The negroes dispatched one of their number with the money to buy food and sweetmeats; the others promptly curled up and went to sleep. The colonel might return in an hour, or he might return in a week—he would find them waiting just where he had left them.

Colonel Philip walked slowly up the wharf and through the main street of the town, pausing to answer the salutations of such citizens as greeted him, or sweeping off his hat in response to a lady's smile of recognition. Finally, however, he entered the door of the Planters' Hotel, bowed to the several gentlemen sitting in the lobby (each gentleman had a brass cuspidor beside him), bowed in just the proper degree to the white-haired negro scraping in his path, and stopping at the desk, bowed to the clerk on duty. The latter, in reply, leaned forward and said gravely:

"Good evening, Colonel Gardiner! A fine evenin', sir!"

The colonel drew himself up as though acknowledging a personal compliment. "Sir, a fine evenin'. A d——d'd fine evenin', if I may say so—yes, sir!"

The row of gentlemen seated in the lobby nodded their heads approvingly and spat as one into their several receptacles. The colonel passed on up the broad, red-carpeted flight of stairs.

Arriving at the second floor, he walked down the corridor until he came to a door marked "Salon." This he pushed open and stepped directly into a spacious, high-ceiled room hazy with tobacco smoke. In the centre of the chamber four gentlemen sat playing cards about a round mahogany table. At a sideboard against the wall, a negro in a white apron was pouring liquor out of a cut-glass decanter.

As the colonel entered, the gentlemen at the table rose and bowed. The colonel bowed in return, and advancing, shook hands with the first three.

"Good evenin', Mr. Preble. Good evenin', Mr. Hobbs. Good evenin', Judge Oldmaster."

"Good evenin', sir."

The last individual, a big, blooming-man with steel-rimmed spectacles set low upon a large crimson nose, with a wave of the hand indicated the fourth member of the party.

"Colonel Gardiner, sir, I have the honor to present Mr. Ramon Alvarez, fo'm'lly of St. Augustine, but now, sir, of this community. Mr. Alvarez has purchased some land down the river and purports to raise indigo. Mr. Alvarez—Colonel Gardiner."

"I am happy to meet you, senor," said Alvarez smiling.

"Sir, I am your servant," replied the colonel, grasping the hand of the other and measuring him with a keen glance. He saw a young man, small and elegant, with the dark complexion of a Spaniard and the delicate features of an aristocrat. He had a black moustache, white teeth that gleamed when he smiled and a pair of bold, flashing brown eyes. His manner was one of careless gayety, and his charm and good humor were incontestable.

"Boy," said the judge, "liquor!"

The negro in the white apron approached with a tray from which each gentleman took a glass of whisky, and remarking, "Your health, sir," downed it without the degenerate aid of water. After which, the four original players sat down once more at the table and waited for the colonel to complete the preliminaries contingent upon his participation in the game.

These were simple, but invoilable. First, he removed his hat and gave it to the negro; then he removed his coat and placed it over the back of his chair. Next, he took from his pocket a small clay pipe which he filled and lighted. Finally, he sat down in his chair, picked up the hand that had been dealt him and said, "Gentlemen, if the pot is open, I will come in; if it is not open, I will open it!"

The game, from that moment, proceeded without interruption until six thirty o'clock p.m., when an adjournment was taken for refreshments. After these had been consumed, the gentlemen renewed their poker. At midnight a light supper was served, following which the gentlemen renewed their poker. The colonel was in excellent fettle. He had smoked a sack of first rate Cuban tobacco, had drunk a quart of good whisky and had won ten thousand dollars.

But his luck was short-lived, for when the game ended by agreement at dawn he had lost thirty thousand dollars to Ramon Alvarez, the young Spaniard.

"Sir," said the colonel, rising and inclining his tall figure in the young man's direction, "I congratulate you. Your luck was phenomenal, sir. Phenomenal!"

"It would need to be, senor," returned Alvarez, laughing, "to defeat such playing as yours."

The colonel bowed once more, and then, with rare delicacy, approached the matter of payment. He said that he had not, unfortunately, so much cash in hand, but that if Alvarez would come to his plantation he might select thirty slaves worth $1000 apiece. Ramon readily agreed to this plan, and the colonel invited him to come to his overseer the following afternoon. Then, bidding a formal farewell to his friends Preble, Hobbs and Oldmaster, Colonel Philip left the hotel as he had entered it, calm, unruffled, dignified, with only a slightly flushed cheek to betray the extent of his gentlemanly dissipation. Walking down to the wharf, he roused his negroes, got into his dugout and was rowed home through the early morning at a pace that would have done credit to a contemporary steamboat.

An hour later, having bathed, shaved and donned fresh linen, he breakfasted with his beautiful wife, who received him as usual, presenting her cheek to be kissed and smiling across the snowy table whenever she met his glance.

"There will be a gentleman to visit this evenin'," said the colonel, as he heaped his plate with steaming spoonfuls of hominy; "he will have tea with us and stay the night."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sophia, and unconsciously uttered a sigh.

"Are you displeased, madam?" inquired the colonel rather sharply.

"Oh, no, Philip. I am not displeased at anything you do. It is merely that I like best to be alone here with you. Then it is most like a paradise to me, Philip."

"You are a model wife, Sophia! But you will enjoy meeting this young man. He is charming and, more than that, a countryman of yours!"

That afternoon Ramon Alvarez arrived, accompanied by his overseer, in a handsomely appointed flatboat. The Spaniard was welcomed by Colonel Philip in person and was conducted to the spacious veranda of the house, where a statuesque negro butler served mint juleps in glasses as fine as crystal.

"You may tell your factotum, sir, to go out to the quarters and take what pleases him. He will find my creatures a sound lot, I believe. Is your julep sugared to suit you, sir?"

"It is excellent," repeated Alvarez with a litle wave of the hand.

Thus, while the two men sat upon the porch sipping their juleps and talking the inconsequential matters, some thirty negro slaves were removed bodily from the Gardiner quarters, were fastened together with a rope and marched down to the river bank, where they were compelled to man the lighter. This vessel, thereupon, amid lamentations, put forth and was soon lost to view.

She had no more than disappeared, however, when the colonel, glancing up, saw Sophia standing in the doorway, evidently much perturbed.

"Oh, Philip," she exclaimed, "what does it mean? They have taken Zacharias, the husband of my maid, Harriet!"

Then she perceived Ramon, and her agitation changed to a very pretty confusion.

"I am sorry! I did not know—" she murmured.

"Madame," said the colonel coldly, "let me present to you, Mr. Ramon Alvarez, a friend of Judge Oldmaster, and therefore—of mine! Mr. Alvarez is the gentlemen of whom I spoke."

Alvarez bowed gracefully, then straightening up, looked at the colonel's wife. "I regret, Senora," he said, "that I have been unintentionally the cause of your unhappiness. I shall be more than glad to return to you the slave Zacharias."

"Thank you, senor," replied Sophia simply. "That is most kind of you."

Alvarez turned to the colonel. "With your permission, senor?"

Colonel Philip said stiffly. "Your generosity does you honor, sir. But I must insist, in such a case, that you take two slaves in place of the one you intend to return."

The Spaniard smiled, showing his white teeth. "As you will!" he said, and looked again at the colonel's wife.

Henceforth he continued to look at her with his bold brown eyes, as though she were some marvel which he would imprint upon his memory. When tea was announced, and Sophia appeared in a gown of corn-colored silk that displayed to advantage her slender arms and lovely shoulders, her firm smooth neck rising from the gentle slope of her bosom, Alvarez could not repress a start of admiration. All through the meal, which the colonel signalized by delivering an extensive homily upon the art of cooking rice, Ramon kept watch of the radiant beauty of his hostess.

After tea, they repaired to the drawing room, through whose tall windows fell the spent shafts of the departing day, long fingers of light that struck rich fires from silver and old mahogany and made wan the flames of the candles burning in their scones. Sophia seated herself at the massive rosewood piano, and played tinkling waltzes lazily, while the twilight deepened and the candles grew as bright as so many little swords. Finally, she struck into a certain air.

"Ah!" exclaimed Alvarez, springing up, "I know the words to that!" And going to the piano, he sang in a pleasing tenor voice the song that she had begun. For the next hour he remained at Sophia's side, rendering innumerable Spanish ballads, to which she improvised graceful accompaniments. The colonel sat in an armchair and pulled his mustache, listening with a rather grim expression of countenance to the music whose meaning he understood but little. His manner as he bade Alvarez goodnight, however, was one of unqualified courtesy and good-will.

(To be continued.)

Amazing Skill in Restoring Paintings

Some years ago Sargent's portrait of Henry James, displayed at the Royal Academy, was badly hacked by a cleaver wielded by a suffragist. The work of restoration, which was entrusted to Roller, was not overdifficult.

The canvas, after the painted surface had been protected with tissue paper, was placed upon a slate table. The back was then covered with a sticky fluid, which was pressed through to the surface of the picture with a heated iron. In this way the canvas was contracted and the cuts in it closed up. The canvas was finally relined, and any spots where the paint was missing, were filled by the restorer with a special preparation.

There are men who follow the profession of picture restoration whose ability is such that they are able to restore old paintings of value that have large holes in them, or in cases where the material on which they were painted hangs in threads. Moreover, these experts can, when necessary, transfer a painting to a new canvas.

If a picture of which the canvas is cracked, torn or rotted with age is handed to a clever restorer, the first thing he does is to purchase a new canvas the same size as the old one. Having obtained this, he glues a sheet of stout manilla paper to the picture. He then carefully scrapes away the old canvas. This is a job that may occupy him for several days or weeks if the canvas be a large one. Having removed all bits of canvas, the grounds upon which the paint lies are [illegible] by solvents or gentle scraping until nothing remains of the original but the fragile shell of pigment adhering to the paper.

Then the new canvas is covered with the strongest fish glue obtainable and pressed firmly down upon the paper bearing the picture. As soon as the painting is firmly attached to its new foundation nothing remains but to take off the manilla paper. This can be done with hot water, and the surface of the painting has only to be cleaned to look as bright and clear as it was when the artist painted it.

In days gone by many masters of brush painted their works on wood or panel. Several such works brought to light during recent years have been found with their timber badly decayed, and in order to preserve them it has been necessary to transfer them to canvas.

Haquin, a French artist, was, it is thought, the first successfully to transfer a panel painting to canvas. He glued a sheet of paper over the surface of the painting and afterward upon this a line layer of muslin. When the glue was quite dry he planed down the panel until it was of the thinness of matchwood, when he scraped off the remainder with a long, flexible knife. This done, the mere skin of color held together by the paper and muslin was left, and it was a comparatively easy task to glue this to a canvas and remove the paper and muslin.

If an old picture should lack a portion of its pigment this may be replaced by an artist with colors from a crush, but sometimes old but worthless paintings are used for the purpose.

His Pocket Was Bare.

Teacher was giving a lesson on good behavior, and wanted to drive it home to the children's minds.

First she sought to point out the wickedness of stealing.

"Johnny," she said to one small boy, "if I put my hand in your pocket, and took out a penny, what would I be?"

But, instead of replying "A thief," Johnny looked at her solemnly, and remarked:

"A conjurer!"

He Had Recognized Them.

A lad of fifteen was driving along a country road, taking a load of calves to market, when he chanced to meet a company of young folks who were evidently out for a pleasure excursion. The young men of the party, thinking to amuse themselves and their companions at the boy's expense, began to imitate the bleating of the calves.

But their merriment was of short duration, for, without a moment's hesitation as the vehicles were passing, the country lad called out to his would-be tromentors:

"Oh, I knew what you were before!"

A Rise Out of Him.

A farmer and an Irishman were at work in a field when an airplane passed over their heads. "I'd hate to be up in that thing," said the farmer.

"Faith, I'd hate to be up there and not in it!" retorted the Irishman.

Save the juice from pickled fruit and add to the water in which you boil the ham.

Woman's Sphere

Apples and Nuts.

The social Sixteen was to meet with Nan, and every one knew it meant a jolly evening. She knew the secret that something active starts an evening well, so each one was required to balance a peanut on the small end of an apple and, placing both on the back of his clenched hand, carry them across the room and back. Then they tried to get a bite from a row of apples that swung from the curtain rod between two rooms. Next Nan passed sheets of paper and pencils.

"Draw two views of an apple," she ordered, "one when it is cut in half up and down, the other across."

They did their best, but their ignorance of an apple's construction and the lack of botanical observation amused and vexed the contestants.

"I always ate mine too quickly to study them," complained one victim, to the others' immense delight.

Nan collected and looked over the papers.

"You girls really have made apple sauce," she admitted, "for the vertical sections are quite good, but the others—look! Didn't you ever see the apple blossom inside?" and she sliced a thin horizontal portion and held it to the light, laughing at their incredulous faces as they saw the rose-like outline and the star of seed pockets.

"Now these you will know," she promised as she sat down with a paper in her hand. "These are the names of nuts and apples. I'll toss a peanut to the first one calling out the right answer." Then she gave these questions:

What apples are these?

1. What we do when we reach a goal. (Seek-no-further.)
2. A sovereign. (King.)
3. Used after butchering. (Smokehouse.)
4. An old-fashioned flower. (Gillflower.)
5. Part of an animal. (Sheepnose.)
6. A fur. (Astrakhan.)
7. One of Coopers novels. (Spy.)
8. Manufactures locomotives. (Baldwin.)
9. A kind of shoe. (Russet.)
10. Where we do all hope to go. (Paradise.)
11. Found in rivers. (Crabapple.)
1.. A month. (May apple.)
13. The most beloved apple. (Apple of the eye.)
14. The apple that is never swallowed. (Adam's apple.)
15. The sweetest apple. (Love apple.)
16. A color. (Green apple.)
17. A sharp apple. (Thorn apple.)
18. An impudent apple. (Apple sauce.)
19. A sign of confusion. (Maiden's blush.)
20. It gathers in the crops. (Harvest apple.)
21. It falls from the sky. (Snow apple.)

Nuts.

1. Part of a house. (Walnut.)
2. Abbreviations of two boys' names (Filbert).
3. Two nuts from the dairy. (Butternut, cream nut.)
4. Found near the sea. (Beech nut.)
5. A letter of the alphabet. (Peanut.)
6. Part of the body. (Chestnut.)
7. A girl's name. (Hazel nut.)
8. Good to drink. (Cocoanut.)
9. A tough wood. (Hickory nut.)
10. A quick look and a girl's name. (Pecan.)

A box of chocolate-covered nuts was first prize and a papier-mache peanut filled with small candies the booby. By this time refreshments were in order and Nan's table was duly admired. The candles sat in big hollowed out apples on small doilies, and had plain red shades. A low basket of flaming Virginia creeper that trailed over the polished table was the centerpiece and narrow red ribbons ran from the basket to each place.

"The last nut to crack," Nan assured them. These held inexpensive lingerie clasps for the girls and negligee cuff links for the boys.

"It's thought and good use of materials that make a happy party," said Nan to herself, and she smiled as she closed the door.

Well Kept Hands.

A reasonable amount of self-respect and pride in one's personal appearance is a great asset to any girl or her mother. As the hands are just as indicative of character as the face these should be given scrupulous care, that they may always look well-kept.

"But, how can this be done by women who have to do all kinds of household drudgery?" someone will ask.

By well-kept hands I do not mean that it is necessary to have the nails long and pointed, nor is it good taste to have them fairly glistening with polish. A soft white hand with nails long and tapering is usually a sign of the incompetence of its possessor. In fact, it is a sure sign of idleness and a waste of much good time to keep it so.

By an attractive hand, I mean one that is smooth and firm; the nails free from dirt, cut round, and fairly close, and the quick pushed back. Keep a stiff brush on your washstand, and with it scrub your hand[illegible] nails, thoroughly, at least [illegible] lukewarm water for this cleansing the entire year, and dry well to keep them from chapping.

Keep ready a solution composed of equal parts of rose water and glycerine and immediately after washing them, just before they are uite dry, rub in few drops of this mixture. If it is not convenient to have rose water, the pure glycerine is very effective for keeping the hands soft and free from the traces of grime. Some people claim that glycerine does not agree with their skin. For those with which it does not, a honey solution, mutton tallow, or a good skin food cream may be used, rubbing it over the hands while they are still damp. Any excess fat remaining on the surface after thoroughly rubbing in may be wiped off with a towel.

After drying the hands, gently push back the cuticle of each nail with the towel. It is well to get a complete little manicure set, and with this give your nails a good manicuring once or twice a week.

Sometimes skin irration and chapped hands are caused by the soap used for the same soap does not agree with all skins. Use a make that has been found satisfactory in your case, and avoid this trouble.

No matter how hard you use your hands you need never be ashamed of them if you faithfully carry out these few instructions. I am speaking from personal experience for I have proved the truth of my advice here given.

Stay-at-Home Girl.

There is a girl in our town who is kept at home pretty closely by the care of an invalid mother. Money was not plentiful in her family and she almost never had any spending money she could really call her own. So she began casting about for some means of turning her few spare moments into cash.

She could make clever little pen-and-ink sketches and she was a good cook, but it took her a long time to connect these two accomplishments. One day it occurred to her to make little booklets of her favorite recipes and illustrate them with sketches showing the different operations and the finished dishes.

She got heavy brown wrapping paper and cut it into sheets five inches wide and seven inches long, which were folded and tied together with bright-colored wrapping cord, making attractive little booklets. These were decorated with a cover design in ink with a few dabs of water-colors, and on each page was a recipe with the accompanying illustrations in the corners of the same page. The recipes were plainly printed in ink. In one book were cakes, in another salads, in another candies, etc.

When a supply of these were ready she mailed them to a women's exchange in a nearby city and soon had orders for more. Now she supplies several exchanges in different cities. She told me recently that she is planning to have a new set of recipes each month, so her patrons may have a new booklet frequently giving those recipes which are in season.

Cinderella—Minus Cinders!

About 700 years B.C., there lived a maiden, who, though not called "Cinderella," was undoubtedly the person represented in the popular fairy tale.

It was during the rulings of one of the twelve Egyptian Kings that this beautiful Eastern girl, Rhodope by name, came under the notice of the then known world.

Rhodope had remarkably small feet. One day, whilst bathing in a river near her home, an eagle is said to have swooped down, and playing the part of the fairy godmother, snapped up one of her sandals which was on the bank.

Carrying the little shoe off in his beak, the bird is reported to have dropped it immediately in front of the king, and, naturally, the little sandal soon attracted royal attention.

Struck by its size so small, and the daintiness, too, the king vowed he would find out the charming possessor. Messengers were despatched, and the country was scoured for the foot that the shoe would fit.

At length Rhodope was discovered, and the shoe placed on her tiny foot. After a triumphal conveyance to the king's palace, she was made queen to her royal lover, "King Psammeticus of Memphis."

His Idea of a Joke.

At the foot of a steep hill stood a sign board on which the following notice was printed:

"Danger—Bicyclists and autoists are hereby notified that this hill is dangerous and they are cautioned to come down slowly."

Appended to this were the equally funny lines:

"Any person not able to read the above will have it read for him if he call on the blacksmith who lives around the corner."

A Scotchman saw this notice and explained to his friends that the point of the joke was that the blacksmith might not be at home.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, Etc.

Slings and Arrows.

It is easy "to deal a wound that lingers," in the way of a word written or spoken, and it is a careful question whether it pays.

Times there are when one must as a friend speak out, neither fearing nor favoring, but usually these are great and rare occasions, the more impressive for the restraint and reticence of the speaker the rest of the time. The common scold is as little heeded as a few more hailstones in a storm upon a houseroof. He or she is perpetually at a war of words with this our imperfect creation; and so what matters a tirade more or less?

But when one who seldom remonstrates bids us look to the error of our ways we give heed, and perhaps we are contrite and amend our practices. We know that the stricture was uttered for our good and that the speaker was heavy with grief. Whereas the habitual scold found a sort of amusement in the tongue-lashing.

Of all deplorable means to drive home an argument or to point a moral, sarcasm is the worst. It is not too much to say that none who is persistently sarcastic is beloved. The sarcastic man has an ingrowing sense of humor that resists the edge of any witticism that is directed against himself. He winces under the same treatment that he ruthlessly accords to others. But he does not seem to learn by the acuteness of his own anguish the pain that he imposes by his own sharp sayings.

There are always gentle, sensitive folk whom it is easy to victimize by some cruel, stinging epigram that shall win an immediate laugh at the cost of the pain inflicted. Hardly ever is an epigram more than half true. Smartness verifies nothing. There is nothing quite so clever, in fact, as to bring out the best quality there is in another. Those who are beloved are not seeking to shine in a starry resplendence by the eclipse of other light. They encourage the others to bring out the best that in them is. They are guiltless of "snubs" to a budding aspiration or a tender promise. They are without a sneer. They do not try to think of hateful things to say that are sure by their malevolence to infuriate their object and wreck his self-control, and so spell his humiliation. None is more contemptible than he who pours on a work in progress his asperities, and, when it has survived them all, withholds his praise.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

The Thanksgiving Secret.

Once counted I my little store,
Why was to others given more?
Why were their lips with honey fed,
While I had labor's hard-earned bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed living;
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door,
I shared with him my scanty store,
When lo! my sense of want had flown,
And rarest riches were my own!
I seemed with heaven's own manna fed,
What blessed joy there is in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

White enamelled woodwork may be cleaned with whiting on a moist cloth.

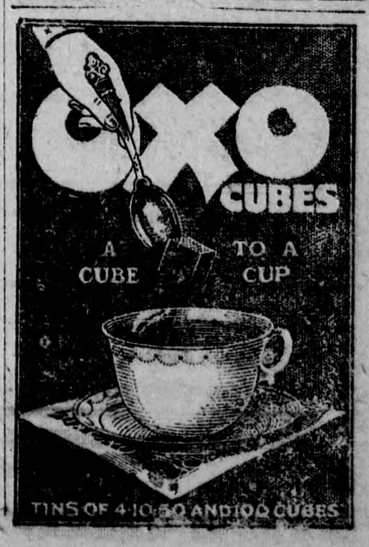
SHE THOUGHT DRESS WOULD LOOK DYED

But "Diamond Dyes" Turned Her Faded, Old, Shabby Apparel Into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods,—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings,—everything.

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

$2.00 Worth of Music FOR 25c.
J. A. McDONALD PIANO AND MUSIC CO., LIMITED,
419 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

SALT
All grades. Write for prices.
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF . . TORONTO