Bovril helps you to "turn the corner"

# THE DEAL

BY JOHN ANTHONY.

PART I.

Ambrose Merryweather was a successful man. He had been called many other things in his time, most of which were true. He proudly boasted that he was self-made, and perhaps it is just as well that he was prepared to accept the responsibility. In addition to himself he had made, roughly, half a million. The methods he had used in the process, although interesting, are not part of this story.

He had one child, Gertrude Ann, and she had never forgiven him for the name.

Strange as it seems when one considers the monkeyish features of Ambrose, his daughter was very beautiful, but the study of herdity is by no means an exact science, and the old gentleman was possibly justified in his pride where Gertrude Ann was concerned. So proud indeed was he that various young gentlemen who fell in love with her found the path of love thornily impassable, and one after another gave up his wooing in sheer terror of the grim father.

Until Richard Griffiths came along. Richard was everything that the self-made one hated. He was poor—from the old gentleman's standpoint, at any rate—and he failed to show even the respect which his predecessors had done for Ambrose. As a matter of fact he did not bother about Mr. Meeryweather at all. He wanted Gertrude Ann, he said, not her father, and conducted his courtship without reference to him at all, so that while Ambrose was vaguely aware of what was going on he was unable to come to grips with the young gentleman who was the cause of the trouble.

But Ambrose's suspicions gradually strengthened and he looked more and more askance at the series of tennis parties and visits to dressmakers which occurred with increasing frequency in his daughter's life.

The only time he actually saw Mr. Griffiths was one evening just outside his park gates. Twilight was falling and he was sauntering home from the station. He had brought off a particularly smart and succulent piece of business that day, and was at peace with the world when he saw them. He could just make out that Griffiths was kissing Gertrude Ann and, what was worse, she seemed to be enjoying it. He hurried forward, but when he came up the had gone, the girl homeward through the park and Griffiths down the little lane to the village. He hesitated, and his ultimate undoing was due to his hesitation. He followed his daughter.

Arrived at his great house he bade the second footman inform Miss Gertrude that he wished for speech with her. She came at once, which in itself argued a certain uneasiness of conscience.

"Hallo!" she greeted him. "What's wrong now?"

"You," he said briefly, and, as always, to the point.

"And particularly?" she asked calmly, for alone among all who knew him she had no fear of her bullying father.

"I saw you at the park gate!" he said sternly.

"Oh!"

"I saw that man kiss you."

"Yes. He's rather good at it."

"Silence," he commanded. "Have you no shame?"

"No," she said. "Not for that anyway. I'm very fond of him."

"Who is he?"

"Richard Griffiths. Rather nice name, don't you think? I call him Dick."

Ambrose snorted.

"Some one who thinks you've money, I'll be bound," he said.

"You've no thought for anything but money," she said. "You judge others by yourself."

"If he were a man he's come and see me and no do things underhandedly," the father retorted.

"He wanted to. I stopped him," she said calmly.

"Why?"

"Because you would attempt to bully him like you did the others. I know it's all bluff, but they don't."

"Well, anyway, I'll have no more of it. You understand?"

"Dear old daddy!" she said with a laugh. "Is there anything else you want to say?"

"Not now. Excepting that you've far too much lip, my girl."

"I'm your daughter, daddy," she said with another laugh. "Cheerio!"

Two days later Ambrose Merryweather intercepted the letter. He came down to breakfast before his daughter and noticed it by her plate. The handwriting was strange to him, and as it was obviously a man's, he slipped the letter into his pocket.

Unfortunately, it was not the first time he had done it, as Gertrude Ann knew. Afterward, in the seclusion of the room, which for some unknown reason was called his study, he opened it. As he read, his face dropped. When he came to the end he recommenced it, and having thoroughly digested its contents he sat back in his chair to think out the situation which had arisen.

The note which he held in his limp hand was as follows:

"Dearest—I've thought things out. The only way is to elope. I'll come to-night at midnight to the big French window of the dining room. I will have my little two-seater in the lane by the park, and by morning we shall be in London. I'm getting a special license and will have all arrangements completed. With all my love, thine own Dicky."

"Dicky!" said the old gentleman grimly. "I'd like to Dicky him. Thine own Dicky! Pah!"

And then, like the cunning old gentleman he was, he overcame his rage. Once, many years before, he had lost his temper and quite a lot of money at the same time. Since then he had only pretended to lose it. Suddenly he smiled and gradually the smile deepened into a chuckle.

"I'll show the whelp," he thought. "And I'll teach Gertrude Ann a lesson, too." He seemed very pleased with himself and was particularly affable at lunch. He was a little anxious about the telephone (Gertrude was altogether too fond of that instrument, he thought), but there was a risk in everything. All his life he had been accustomed to taking risks, and indeed, most other things as well.

Ambrose Merryweather left the drawing-room that evening at his usual time, which was a quarter past 11. He kissed Gertrude Ann so that she should know he was retiring for the night, and then, instead of seeking his more or less virtuous couch, he slipped into the dark dining-room where the chair in the far corner of the room by the window was very comfortable. Settled there, he waited. Once he thought he heard the sound of a motor.

One after another he heard the members of his household go to bed, and when he imagined they had all gone he quietly opened the big windows. It was ten minutes to midnight when he did so, and as he stood by the open window his ears again caught in the distance the faint noise of a motor. This time it was approaching. In the darkness he smiled and returned to his chair to wait.

Midnight was chimed by the big clock in the hall, but nothing happened. He wondered whether, after all, the telephone had not rendered his little plot abortive; surely eve. such a blackguard as this Griffiths—and he was certain, although without any justification whatever, that the would-be eloper was a blackguard—would be punctual on such occasion. Minutes passed and Ambrose was on the point of shutting the window and retiring to bed when he caught the sound of footsteps.

Stealthily they were approaching the window by which he sat. Immediately he became very wide awake, and with his hand on the electric switch, waited. The steps came to the window and suddenly he could see a man's form dimly silhouetted against the soft gray of the night sky outside. At that moment he switched on the lights and rose.

"Good evening, Mr. Richard Griffiths," he said pleasantly. "Won't you come inside?"

The newcomer did so, and even Ambrose Merryweather had to admit that he carried off the awkward situation commendably.

(To be continued.)

Some of the best things are the old-fashioned things—patience, hard work, and common sense.

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# Woman's Sphere

**How About Your Schoolhouse?**

The water supply is one of the most important health matters in any school. Protect it. Guard it from contamination. Be sure that no privy or stable can corrupt its waters. Never allow children to dip from a common water pail. There is no more sure way to spread colds, influenza, measles and even diphtheria.

A five or ten-gallon water cooler will solve this problem in a school in which there is no plumbing. If a tank with a faucet is bought you must still insist upon each pupil providing his own drinking cup, but a slightly increased expenditure will buy an insulated cooler which has a bubbling attachment for drinking, a stand, and a waste pail. Such a fountain serves to keep the water both cool and sanitary and does much to prevent the spread of contagious disease.

The task of caring for the water fountain each day, keeping the apparatus clean and the water fresh, should not be an additional job for the teacher. Where no caretaker is supplied she should appoint one of the big boys or girls to look after this, making it a special privilege.

The toilets are next in importance. They should always be clean, both from the sanitary and moral standpoint. If a dry earth pit is used the old pit should be emptied or filled in and a new one dug. Cover lids must be provided and the toilets made fly-proof. Children who go to a school where the toilets are kept in a sanitary condition are not only more free from danger of disease, but they get a most excellent lesson in personal cleanliness.

So important to the moral as well as the physical welfare is this matter of toilets that many school trustees are making special efforts to get something better for the children than the old box at the extreme end of the playground that has been used for so many years. It has been found practical in many rural schools to install chemical toilets in the cloakrooms, at reasonable expense. They serve as really acceptable substitutes for the standard water-closet in many schools in which the installation of plumbing is out of the question. While not exactly fool-proof they are quite dependable and need very little attention. Their installation is a long step ahead in providing properly for the needs of the rural school.

Go inside of the school and see how well it is lighted. Many a small schoolhouse is so shaded with heavy trees that the best light is cut off, until the season comes when the foliage is shed. A few trees are an advantage but do not allow too heavy a growth.

How are the walls and ceiling finished? Are they dirty and desolate or are they finished in attractive shades of light coloring such as light blue or tan?

Are the windows whole? Are they clean? Are there enough of them? The area of window space should be at least one-fifth of floor space.

When you begin to look around the school room with your eyes and your mind wide open you will see a lot of things. Your child has to go to this building. Is it not your duty to make it attractive for him?

**Her Business Daughter.**

She was like a lonely little mother hen who had sent all her chicks out into the big world to scratch for themselves—the woman who trudged every day down the lane to the green mail box at the farm-yard gate to look for letters.

Jennie was in college; Madge, for the first time, had gone into the business world; and John, the only son, was away on a long trip. A deaf maiden sister and the hired man were the only members of the household besides herself.

But complaints of loneliness were foreign to the mother, who through twenty years of widowhood had cared for her children, paid off the mortgage, and provided good books and means for education for her bairns.

She seemed like a Spartan mother to Madge, who, after her first week in business, wrote back home a diatribe against life in general and her own particular environment in particular.

"Mother, my boss is an old curmudgeon and I just can't stand him. He never says a pleasant word to me. I'm going to leave. And the girls in the boarding house are snippy cats, are continually talking about one another and I'm not going to stay."

"Madge," the mother wrote, "do not write anything even to me that you would not wish your employer to see. Believe me, dear, I am right, though this sounds hard. If he had been familiar in any way you would be justified in leaving. But remember that he is tried in so many ways that you don't know anything about. Take an interest in things in the office and let my little girl feel that she is really helping in a big concern. Do you know, Cousin Jennie wrote me lately that 'young folks in the city nowadays had no "backbone," they didn't remember their pioneer grandfathers and grandmothers, they couldn't stick to hard work and were all the time thinking of the movies.'

"Madge, dear, I thank the Lord I didn't raise my daughter to be a movie fan—but I do want you to see good moving pictures and good plays and don't forget a little reading and study in your spare time.

"As to the girls in the boarding house—I am sorry they are 'snippy cats' as you say. Can you not do a little something in the way of kindness to those who treat you in the 'snippiest' way? Oh, yes, I know you would be afraid they might laugh at you. But we are too afraid of casting our pearls before swine. Sometimes they are not the real ones either, that we guard so carefully. Mostly I think you will find some good in every one—and—though it isn't the world's way it is Christ's way not to hit back. Try it, my youngest duckling, and let me know how it works out."—Sarah Thomas.

**Cleaning Up Last Season's Garments.**

Woolen dresses may be washed successfully if the proper care is taken. First brush garments well, especially inside the seams where the dust is likely to accumulate. Mark soiled spots with white thread. Run basting threads just inside folded edge of plaits. Avoid change of temperature to avoid shrinking. Wash and rinse in warm water and then dry in a warm, not a cold, place. Make a soap solution by dissolving any pure soap in soft water. Squeeze garments with the hand but do not rub on the board. Do not rub soap on the garment as it mats the fibres. Squeeze, not twist, the water out. Much-soiled garments should be run through two waters and rinsed twice. Hang skirts on hangers by the waist band, and dresses and waists on hangers. Press the garment on the wrong side while still damp, using heavy pressing cloth over the wool. Do not use too hot an iron.

**"Passing."**

Say a kind word to each other,
Just nudge up as tho' a brother
And help some one like a mother,
Passing.

Do the deed now, not to-morrow,
Fight the hardest when in sorrow,
Smile if some one would borrow,
Passing.

Sing, the tears your eyes are blinding,
Hum, tho' every word is finding
Spots to send your soul a-pining,
Passing.

Show all mercy to the fallen,
Bend your back and help the calling
When distress does come appalling,
Passing.

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An expert pianist has to cultivate his eye so as to see 1,500 notes or signs in a minute, while his fingers make at least 2,000 movements in the same space of time.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

**Barrier in Ether.**

There is a "space of territory" in California inside of which wireless telephone messages absolutely disappear. So far as wireless is concerned it is a region of eternal silence. Some sort of invisible barrier in the ether seems to act as a barricade to wireless waves.

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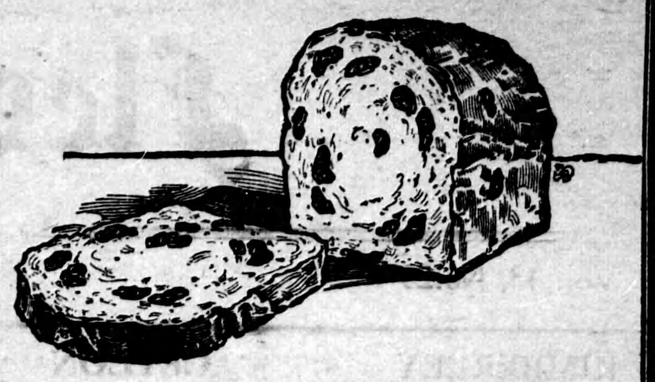

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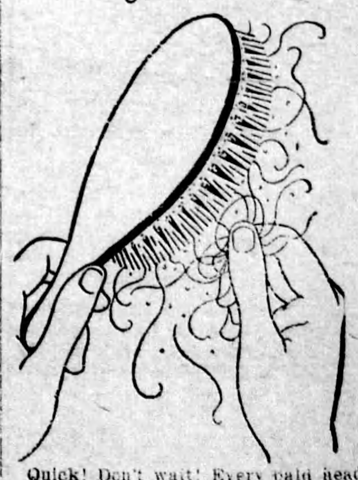

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