Hot Bovril—
as good as a
fur coat

The Will and the Way

BY HERBERT L. VAHEY.

PART II.

From first to last the object of their meeting was not mentioned.

He remembered this when he got home, and heartily "cussed" himself for his remissness—but, somehow, she hadn't given him a chance. He couldn't very well be brusque and barge in with his proposal in the middle of her conversation. After all, it wasn't an easy job to start cold-blooded bargaining with a girl—yes, and a very nice girl, too—whom one has never seen before. Theory is all very well; but it wants a bit of doing. Next time, he told himself, he would get right down to business and settle the whole thing—you see, it was purely a business transaction.

The next time came next day. They had lunch at the "Cafe Alcazar," a motor spin down to Hampton Court, and got back in time for tea at the "Petit Salle de Paris," but, somehow, the opportunity to fix things up did not arrive. They spent a most enjoyable day, and arranged to meet on the following afternoon.

Now, how long this sort of thing might have gone on, it is impossible to say, had not Gwendoline brought the matter up for immediate consideration by a chance remark.

"You see," said Derrick, uncomfortably, after he had explained the position, "my difficulty is that I am not a marrying man——"

"Oh!" responded Gwendoline, with just the weeniest suspicion of incredulity in her modulated voice, "What a shame it is to force a man to marry against his will? All the same, it is very fortunate for me; you see, I am all alone in the world, and need money so badly."

Harwood cleared his throat.

"Yes," he said, "I am glad for your sake."

They didn't speak for a long time; when they did it wasn't about the iniquitous will. He found himself talking about tigers * * * and later about her.

Having got everything adjusted, at last, and the day for the strange ceremony fixed, Derrick busied himself with preparations for a holiday in Italy. But he was not at ease; he had a feeling that something was wrong. The lure of sunshine, blue skies and limpid water was, somehow, not so potent as it had been a little time back. In a word, he couldn't enthuse over the project.

Not once or twice, but many times, he took himself to task:

"Is it fair to ask a girl to bind herself for life in a mock marriage? To tie a knot which she could not undo? To forfeit forever the chance of wedded bliss with some one whom she might yet meet and love devotedly—for the sake of money?"

He didn't like the idea a little bit. But, after all, it was purely a business arrangement, a matter of mutual convenience. There was no compulsion.

Then he began to think in detail of Gwendoline. What wonderful eloquent eyes she had—and how full of mischief and merriment they were, when that peculiarly haunting, wistful look was absent. And what lovely hair * * * and lips * * * contrasting so amazingly with her soft creamy skin * * * She had beautiful teeth, too * * and a figure that would have made a French sculptor rave idiotically. Very pretty * * * But the real charm was her temperament * * * such a dear, happy, tender, considerate, unselfish little soul * * * She * * *

"Hang it all! What utter rubbish I'm talking!" he exclaimed realizing that he had been soliloquizing. He put her instantly out of his mind, and concentrated upon Baedeker's Northern Italy.

Three minutes later the innumerable fascinating qualities of Miss Gwendoline Arklow were the focal point of his intractable thoughts. He was very angry—a girl of whom he knew nothing; whom he had only known a couple of weeks.

"Yes, there was something about the way she used her lips when speaking * * * something rather * * *

It was no good—she would float into his mind. The recurrent vision annoyed him exceedingly; but in the end he had to capitulate and suffer the invasion.

He sat down in a chair and lighted a cigarette.

"No doubt about it, she was a nice girl, in fact, a very nice girl! But what of it? I'm not a marrying men—and, if I were, she's not in the least interested in real matrimony? Why, she said so plainly, in her first letter!"

Having reached this conclusion—which was about as cheery as cold mutton— Derrick tried to get on with his holiday packing. But he found himself wondering why Gwendoline didn't want to marry—that is to say, marry in the ordinary way. The thing worried him, until, in sheer desperation, he had to go and ask her.

"Oh, but I have no prejudice against marriage!" she said, in answer to his abrupt question. "When the man I love asks me to marry him I shall not hesitate a moment."

Derrick looked at her, puzzled.

"So there is a man?" he queried.

"Oh, yes, there is a man," she responded, in a very subdued voice.

"In that case our engagement is at an end," declared Harwood, emphatically. "I cannot marry you when you are in love with another man. I cannot allow you to throw away your chance of happiness in a mock ceremony—for the sake of money!"

He gazed at her determinedly; she looked at him from beneath half-lowered lids.

"You said another, didn't you?" she murmured, ever so feebly, panting a little.

If Harwood had suddenly been confronted by twenty-two full-grown, extra-hungry, man-eating tigers he couldn't have been more dumbfounded. His expression was a sort of compote of horror, amazement, idiotic ecstasy, incredulity and fanatical rapture, garnished with spasmodic smiles.

"Gwendoline, you don't!" was all he said. Just the sort of hopelessly enigmatic thing a man of his type would say. But she understood. You see, Gwendoline was a girl full of perspicacity.

They had hardly recovered from the shock of their real engagement, and certainly hadn't got over the wonder, glory and beauty of it, when Harwood received a letter from his uncle's solicitor, requesting him to call at his earliest convenience. Derrick hastened to comply with the request, and was ushered into the cold presence of the white-faced, bewhiskered little man.

"Mr. Harwood," he said, in a sepulchral undertone. "I am afraid that I have a communication to make to you which, in the light of your recent engagement to Miss Gwendoline Arklow, indicated in your letter of the twenty-fourth, must necessarily be exceedingly disagreeable. I shall not weary you with introductory remarks; the plain fact of the matter is: Your uncle, Sir Peter Harwood, left, it appears, another will—of considerably later date than the one you have already seen——"

He paused and fiddled with his spatulated finger tips.

"This later will—discovered accidentally, I may say, by men repairing your uncle's late place of residence—has only this moment come into my possession. It is duly signed and witnessed, and in all other respects, as far as one can see, a valid document."

"But what is the purport of it?" asked Derrick, a little impatiently, "You say it will be exceedingly disagreeable—in what way?"

The attorney was not to be driven; the legal profession does not permit hustle. He folded his hands, blinked rapidly, and took up a document.

"You will recall that by the terms of the former will," he said, "a sum of 10,000 pounds was left to you on condition that you married——"

"Quite so," answered Harwood, "and I have taken steps to comply with that provision."

"Unfortunately," went on the lawyer, imperturbably, "your uncle saw fit to revoke the document in question, substituting the testament I now hold in my hand. I will read you the main clause: 'Having by careful inquiry ascertained that my nephew, the said Derrick Harwood, is exceedingly averse to entering into the matrimonial state, I hereby rescind all previous wills, and direct that the sum of 10,000 pounds be paid to him out of my estate if he does not marry'."

"If he does not marry!" exclaimed Derrick, annoyed, "What does that mean? It might mean anything."

"Precisely," responded the lawyer, beaming as though he detected exquisite humor in the phrase. "Two interpretations can be placed upon the sentence. It may mean—I say, 'may,'—that you inherit 'even if you do not marry,' or it may actually be a prohibition!"

Harwood looked utterly mystified.

"I don't understand," he observed. "My uncle left me 10,000 pounds on condition that I got married. That was the first will. Now he leaves me that amount 'if I don't marry.' It is therefore quite clear that whether I marry or do not marry I get the legacy!"

"Ah!" remarked the solicitor, dubiously. "That is the point—an exceedingly nice legal point, too, I may say. It may be that you forfeit if you marry. You see, the phrase is 'ten thousand pounds * * * if he does not marry!' That being an expressed condition."

"And you are inclined to think that marriage is thereby interdicted," said Derrick irritably.

"On that point I express no opinion—it is a matter for legal judgment. In the case of Bramsdon vs. Bramsdon and others—"

"In the case of Harwood and Arklow vs. Sir Peter Harwood judgment is hereby given in favor of matrimony," interrupted Derrick, lightheartedly.

The lawyer eyed him disapprobatively over the tops of his glasses; such levity at the expense of the law was intolerable. "In my view, then, sir, having in mind the revocation of the previous will, you will lose everything."

A radiant and irresistible vision of Gwendoline rose before Harwood's eyes, and he smiled in a manner that the solicitor regarded as particularly idiotic.

"And in my view," he said, with slow emphasis, "I shall gain everything in the world worth having!"

He rose, shook hands pleasantly, and left the office.

"I should say," observed the attorney, after a long pause, "that Mr. Harwood has been a victim of sunstroke in Siam!"

But, then, of course, no sour old celibate can possibly understand that perfectly natural phenomenon—Love Madness!

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

CANADA PRESERVES HISTORIC SITES

History and romance surround the story of Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River, on Hudson's Bay. It was a stronger fort in the 18th century than Quebec. Built with walls 300 feet long and 300 feet wide, with foundations 30 feet wide, and a roadway 20 feet wide on their summits, the fort was the strongest of the Hudson's Bay Company in the North. Three French warships captured the fort in 1782. The picture shows an old gateway.

Woman's Sphere

Recipes For Holiday Times.

Puffed rice balls, a wholesome candy for children, can be made by rolling puffed rice in a taffy that is made for pulling. To make the taffy use one cupful of water, two cupfuls of sugar, a lump of butter the size of a walnut and a teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the mixture until it spins a thread, then pour into a greased pan over puffed rice and allow it partly to cool before shaping into balls.

Airy kisses are well named. They are made with two cupfuls of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one-half cupful of water, white of one egg, one cupful of chopped nut meats (either pecans or walnuts). Boil sugar, water and vinegar together until the mixture forms a thread when a small quantity is dropped from a spoon. Beat the white of egg until stiff and pour the hot mixture into it, beating all the time. When rather stiff, add the vanilla and the nuts. Drop from a spoon on waxed paper.

Divinity fudge is also called "heavenly bliss," either name is fitting. It requires two cupfuls of white sugar, one-half cupful of boiling water, one-half cupful of corn syrup, one cupful of chopped nut meats (almonds, filberts or walnuts), whites of two eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil the sugar, water and syrup together until a drop of the mixture becomes crisp when dropped in cold water. Beat the whites of eggs until stiff, add the hot mixture, beating all the time. When fairly stiff, add nuts and vanilla, continue beating until very stiff, then pour into a buttered tin, and when cool cut in squares.

Rocks are easily made. They require one and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar, two-thirds of a cupful of butter, two eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful of ground cloves, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, one and one-half cupfuls of chopped nut meats and raisins, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, add the eggs well beaten, and the remaining dry ingredients (except nuts and raisins) sifted together. Mix well, add the nut meats and chopped raisins and vanilla. The mixture should be very stiff. Drop from a spoon on a buttered pan and bake until light brown.

Graham pudding would be a pleasing and wholesome substitute for the plum pudding which is frequently served with the dinner. It requires one cupful of molasses, one-quarter cupful of shortening, one egg, beaten, one and one-half cupfuls of sour milk, one cupful of graham flour, seven-eighths of a cupful of white flour, two-thirds of a cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful of cloves, and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Combine the ingredients in the order given, dredging the raisins with flour. Pour the mixture into a greased mold or can having a tightly fitting lid and steam for two and one-half hours. Serve with foamy sauce or hard sauce.

Foamy sauce is made with the white of one egg, one-half cupful of sugar or maple syrup, one-third of a cupful of boiling milk, one teaspoonful of lemon juice. Beat the white of the egg until it is foamy, but not dry. Add the sweetening gradually, and beat the mixture until it is creamy. Add the boiling milk and the lemon juice and serve at once.

A wholesome hard sauce is made thus: Put into a bowl one tablespoonful of butter, one cupful of sugar, and one tablespoonful of sweet cream. Stir until well creamed, adding a grating of nutmeg or a few drops of any preferred flavoring. When creamed, add the whipped white of one egg, stirring it in lightly. When this is mixed add two more tablespoonfuls of cream, beat well, and pile on a glass dish. Most hard sauces are indigestible and greasy, but this is perfectly light, porous and wholesome.

Cranberry relish requires three cupfuls of cranberries, three oranges, three cupfuls of brown sugar, three cupfuls of seeded raisins, three-quarters of a cupful of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of ground cloves and three-quarters of a teaspoonful of ground cinnamon. Cut the cranberries in halves and wash in a strainer to remove as many seeds as possible, then drain. Add the orange pulp and rind, sugar, raisins and vinegar. Cook slowly until thick, about fifteen minutes. Add the spices and cook five minutes longer, then pour into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin.

A fricassee of chicken would be excellent for the special dinner: Singe, draw and cut a chicken into pieces, put two tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan. When hot, but not brown, put in the breast of the chicken, flesh side down. Let the breast cook quickly, then take pieces out, being careful not to burn the butter. Into the butter rub two tablespoonfuls of flour, add a pint of water, a level teaspoonful of grated onion and two bay leaves. When this begins boiling, put in the chicken, the neck and back in the bottom, then the dark meat and on top the white meat, flesh side down. Cover the saucepan and simmer gently for an hour. When the chicken is tender, dish, remove the fat from the surface of the sauce, add the yolk of an egg, beaten with four tablespoonfuls of cream, and strain this over the chicken, then dust it thickly with chopped parsley or chopped celery. Around the dish put triangles of toast, and serve with cranberries or currant jelly.

An excellent fruit cake is made by this well-tried recipe: Six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, seven cupfuls of flour, three cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of sour milk, one and one-half cupfuls of butter, one cupful of fruit syrup, two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda, one teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice, one pound each of raisins, dates and figs, one-half pound each of currants and citron, one-fourth pound of candied orange peel. Seed the raisins, chop dates and figs into small pieces and cut the citron and orange peel into thin slices. Cream the butter and sugar, add the milk, egg yolks and fruit syrup. Gradually add two cupfuls of the flour, the spices and the whites of the eggs. Dust the fruit with flour and add with the remainder of the flour. Beat for five minutes, and lastly, add the soda dissolved in as little water as possible. Pour into a greased pan, cover with a tightly fitting lid and, instead of baking, steam for six hours. Then place in a quick oven for fifteen or twenty minutes to brown. By this method of cooking, the cake is ready for use much sooner, though if stored in a cool, dry place it will keep perfectly for months.

The Appeal of Music.

Music can appeal to the higher as well as to the lower in man. It may move to high resolve, it may agitate, it may enlighten. But these effects seem generally to be temporary in their nature. Except in those few cases where intellectual apprehension is secured, the effect of sound is not maintained for long, when its action upon the emotions has ceased. Troops will be played right up to the firing line, the piper will skirl up to the very moment of the charge, for memory does not seem able to perpetuate the message of the sound.

It would therefore appear, as far as moral control is concerned, that all music can achieve is to create an atmosphere. Regular hearing of inspiring music must have a good effect. Continual hearing of morbid music must have an evil effect. But really permanent moral consequences can only be produced by acting upon the mind along lines more purely intellectual than emotional. There is necessarily an intellectual element in all music, but the general appeal is preeminently emotional. Like other forms of art, music can create conditions favorable to the encouragement of moral truth and of ideal righteousness. But a more purely mental method of appeal is essential if the individual apprehension of the good is to be secured on a permanent basis.

The working power of an able-bodied man is about one-tenth that of a horse.

It takes a dozen square miles of forest to furnish the paper for one edition of the Sunday newspapers in the United States.

Gentlewomen Ready to do Menial Tasks.

Gentlewomen are about the only ones who do not object to doing menial work, according to Miss J. C. Kerr, director of the Useful Women organization, with a membership of 1,000, who are out to do anything for anybody, says a London despatch. She says that every week more titled women are taking jobs as a result of lost fortunes, and that many are finding a great measure of happiness and contentment in serving others, though they themselves have been served all their lives. Miss Kerr cited instances where they had become parlor maids, lady's maids and companions.

She added that they always dropped their titles to conceal their identity, that they might be saved embarrassment.

Minard's Liniment for Warts.

Wisdom for Wives.

A wise old minister, before parting with a young couple he had joined in matrimony, used to slip a card into the bride's hand, on which was printed this advice:

"When you marry him, love him. After you marry him, study him. If he is honest, humor him. If he is generous, appreciate him. When he is quarrelsome, ignore him. If he is slothful, spurn him. If he is noble, praise him. If he is confidential, encourage him. If he is secretive, trust him. If he is jealous, cure him. If he likes society, accompany him. When he does you a favor, thank him. When he deserves it, kiss him. Let him think how well you understand him; but never let him know that you manage him."

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