Deliciously warming
—Hot Bovril

EAST AND WEST

Fate brings together, in London, those whom war had parted in Russia.

Maroussia sat on the top of the bus and stared disconsolately into the yellowish London fog which eddied about her. Though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon, lamps glimmered here and there at street corners. But they only emphasized the general gloom, as the bus, leaving the busy West End, plunged into thoroughfares which seemed increasingly stolid and unattractive.

Anyone interested in Maroussia would have found some difficulty in placing her. The slight figure, in a well-cut but worn black tailor-made, was almost painfully thin. Of her face, shaded by a plain velour hat, little could be seen but a small tilted nose, a drooping mouth, and the pure contour of the rounded chin. The hands closed listlessly in her lap over a shabby bag; the high-heeled shoes showed signs of hard wear, but she wore silk stockings.

However, no one took the slightest notice of her. It was Saturday afternoon, and life ebbed away from the city to the clang of descending iron shutters. Nearly all the seats were occupied by young people of both sexes, freed for a while from office fetters. Laughter and chaff made a pleasant buzz.

Maroussia told herself, a little bitterly, that she even preferred the poky little bedroom in her fifth-rate boarding house to this conviviality from which she was excluded.

Her thoughts flew back to her Russian home, which she had left with such haste and at such risk to the happy time before the war and revolution, the easy life, the many friends, her beloved godmother with whom she had lived for the last ten years since her parents' death from cholera. Her eyes suddenly filled with a rush of scalding tears.

"Excuse me——"

The crisp, well-bred tones sounded so close to her that she gave a violent start. Surely she would have known that voice anywhere. It could not be—it was! And looking up through wet eye-lashes with a sudden throbbing joy, which sent all the blood to her heart, she half rose from her seat, uttering a glad cry: "Nasch Anglichanin!" (our Englishman).

"Maria Ivanovna—Maroussia—can it be you?" stammered the fresh-faced young man with the sleek fair hair.

Then, clasping hands, like children oblivious of the whole world, they sat close to each other on the jolting, swaying bus, which had suddenly turned into a celestial chariot.

After the first fire of cross-questions had subsided, Ronald Crawshey rose to the istuation.

"Look here," he said authoritatively. "I know a topping place round here. I haven't had any lunch, and if you have, you'll forget all about it. Do you remember the feeds we used to have at your jolly white house on the hill-top, and how the children ran after me, gaping at my Sam Browne and my leather leggings? Ah! A British officer was 'some' person in South Russia then. Now I am just nobody—a hard-working clerk in my uncle's office. Not half bad, but give me the old days. Here we are. Come along, little lady!"

A few minutes later a sneakingly sympathetic waitress took Ronald's comprehensive orders.

"And now," he said quietly, "let's hear all about it."

Maroussia complied. Her story was tragically simple.

"When the troops hurriedly evacuated the South, saving as many people as their ships could hold, many, of course, had to be left behind. Ours was a small town and might not have fared so badly if the Soviet had not been under Ostarenko."

"I remember—that red-haired lawyer——"

"Yes, he—he wanted me, and when you left, he told me that nothing would happen to dear Aunt Varia or to me if I promised to marry him. At first I refused, but later I consented, and——"

"Maroussia, my dear! That brute?"

"What could I do? There was my darling godmother, so old and frail, and everything getting so dear and we had so little left. But when the wedding day was fixed I suddenly realized what it meant and could not go through with it. I went down on my knees and begged and prayed him to release me.

"It was in the evening in our garden—you know, where one looked over the palisade on to the shimmering sea; the moon was shining and the acacias were in bloom. He refused, jeered at me, threatened to denounce me for having been friendly to the Allies. And then he—I must have cried out, though I do not remember. There was a shot. I saw Ostarenko lying at my feet in a huddled heap, and Aunt Varia standing over him with the revolver still smoking in her hand——"

She paused, and then went on with an effort:

"I don't know where she found the strength. It must have been her love for me, for she always hated and distrusted Ostarenko profoundly. There was not a second to lose. In peasant garb, we made our way slowly and painfully to the Roumanian border—walking at night, hiding by day, for days, weeks. And just as we were nearly across, the bullet of a Russian sentry—Aunt Varia—here——"

Her hand piteously indicated the spot on her temple, where a small artery was pulsing under the transparent skin. She nearly broke down; then a few sentences concluded her narrative.

On reaching safety, she had spent weary months in hospital with brain-fever. Later on, a Roumanian lady brought her to England as governess to her little daughter, but when her benefactor returned to her own country, Maroussia had only been too glad to find a job in the work room of a fashionable milliner.

Ronald listened with deep sympathy.

The comradeship which had linked them together deepened in those few moments into a feeling which he was as yet incapable of analyzing. But in a sudden rush of emotion, quite alien to his calm, well-balanced nature, he leaned forward, and, taking both the girl's hands in his, he found the words—the right words—to soothe her bruised spirit, though neither of them could ever remember them later.

Life from that moment bore a new aspect for Maroussia Demidow. She firmly refused Ronald's offer to find her another post, clinging to the solace of an occupation which allowed her the luxury of day-dreams, and rest for her badly shattered nerves. But soon happiness did its work, and Maroussia blossomed forth like a flower.

And so the days passed. But little by little, the old easy friendship disappeared. Constraint fell between them, their eyes met more rarely, clung, turned aside. Their intercourse grew strained. Maroussia no longer bloomed like a rose; her cheeks grew white and there were dark circles under her blue-grey eyes.

June had come and gone. A Sunday, full of sunshine, with white clouds floating across a cobalt sky, found Ronald waiting in vain for her at their usual trysting place.

Driven by a panic of fear, he found her at last, sobbing her heart out in the loneliness of her boarding house parlor.

Ronald took her into his arms, and in five minutes, probably less, Maroussia Demidow had promised to become Maroussia Crawshey.

As the days turned into weeks, Maroussia began to wonder dimly why Ronald made no mention of his people and expressed no desire that she should meet them. She knew that his widowed mother had been abroad at the time of their engagement, but surely she should be back by now!

With the passing of time she became so sad and downcast, that Ronald could not fail to notice it.

"What is it, sweetheart?" he asked her one evening, as they sat in the park watching the first stars at play with their merry reflections in the cool depths of the Serpentine.

Maroussia sighed.

"Nichevo," she said softly "Nichevo—you know our favorite word. Nothing matters—just you and I—always! As we are now, young and full of strength, getting older and older, but always together until we die. But the stars will go on shining in their silver radiance—through the centuries——"

Her voice broke. She was crying.

Ronald trew her towarts him, his arms closing round her. And once more he asked caressingly:

"What is it, sweetheart?"

"Oh, Ronald, don't make me tell you, please!" And then in a passionate outburst: "Ronald, are you ashamed of me?"

"Ashamed—I? But my dearest, what made you think so?"

"It is only your mother! Oh, Ronnie, why haven't you taken me to see your mother?"

Ronald was silent. He had striven with himself for many weeks, seeking for a solution. And now he could procrastinate no longer.

"Look here, sweetheart," he began, speaking very gently, "it's a very, very old story, and has really nothing to do with you; only, you know, elderly people have their prejudiies—they can't help them. Now, my mother, who is very sweet and kind and all that, has an odd distrust of Russians."

Maroussia disengaged herself from the encircling arm and sat up very straight.

"Russians! Good heavens! Why, she doesn't even know me!"

"It isn't that," Ronald explained patiently "Years ago she was engaged to an Englishman—a young engineer. He had no money, neither had she, and they could not get married for years. So when a good job offered itself in the Crimea, he went off, full of hopes and plans for the future. But, little by little his ardor cooled, his letters became rarer. At last he wrote to my mother that he had mistaken his feelings for her and that he would be inflicting lifelong misery on them both if he did not set her free.

"My dear little mother was, I am afraid, very fond of him, and must have suffered greatly. Soon after she heard that he had married the daughter of his Russian employer, had been adopted by his father-in-law, and put at the head of his factories. Since that time her dislike of all that is foreign has become second nature to her. If I waited, it was only in the hope of breaking it to her gently. I wanted you to meet her first—not to hurt you. Oh, I don't know," he finished miserably, "it's such a mix-up!"

Maroussia was silent. She suddenly felt exhausted and small. Ronald must love his mother very dearly, or he would not have so much fear of wounding her.

If she could but think. What was it he had said? An engineer—Russia—long ago. Who had been an English engineer in Russia long ago?

Slowly she raised her eyes towards the dark blue night where myriads of stars studded infinite space.

"Ronnie"—the question floated to him in a whisper—"what was his name? That man's name?"

Ronald looked at her wonderingly.

"John Sinclair. But I don't see——"

"Ronnie"—she was on her feet, breathless and panting—"Ronnie, darling, listen! He was my father!"

"But—but I don't understand!"

"Don't you see? John Sinclair—Ivan Demidow. He was adopted by his father-in-law, became naturalized, and adopted his name. The Demidow factories—have you never heard of them?"

"Yes; but how—— In Russia you never told me?"

"Why should I? You weren't interested in my family affairs"—with a catch in her voice—"why, you weren't even interested in me!"

Ronald sprang up as a new idea burst on him.

"Why, good lord," he exclaimed, "this is ghastly! Why, if you are John Sinclair's daughter you are also the daughter of the lady for whom your father jilted my mother. But this is awful!"

Maroussion stamped her foot.

"I am not—I am not! Father lost his first wife and married a second time. I am the daughter of his second wife!"

"But—but she was Russian all the same!"

"She was not! She was not. She was French!"

There was a pause. The young people faced each other, faintly hostile, keyed up to the highest pitch. Then Ronald extracted his watch and lighted a match with shaking fingers. But his voice sounded cool and steady.

"Hurry up, dear heart," he said. "Let's toddle off to Charing Cross; the telegraph office is open all night. We'll send a wire to the mater. Mustn't keep the good news from her one moment longer."

Maroussia hung back, a little sullen, a little frightened, oscillating between tears and laughter.

"What will you tell her?" she demanded defiantly. "That I am Russian? For I am Russian, I am!"

"No," he said simply, "only that I love you!"

(The End.)

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.

Dye Skirt, Dress or Faded Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Scavengers.

Scavengers were originally officials who collected Scavage, a tax imposed in many English towns upon all goods exposed for sale within their boundaries. The tax was abolished by Henry VII.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.

I believe I have found a very efficient way for making pin money. With the little slip-over sweaters so much in vogue, I bought some yarn and crocheted them. I could buy the yarn for about two dollars and could sell them readily for four dollars. Later I found that people wanted collars and cuffs for them so I made them some pretty ones of linen, organdy and leather and sold them generally with the sweaters. The crocheted sweaters make up very quickly, and thus the more gain for me.—B. T.

I live on a farm and would like to tell others how I make my pin money. During the winter time I make cottage cheese and sell it to our near town grocery and meat market. Besides I have all the customers I can furnish directly from my home. I charge ten cents per pound and make a supply once a week.—H. B. W.

I raise about one-fourth of an acre of flowers and sell the cut flowers. In the spring I raise a good many aster, pansy and salvia plants to sell, and get my seed from a seed company. In the fall I save my own seed and sell some to friends, and thus it is necessary to buy seed only every other year. I sold about forty dollars worth of flowers last summer and had all I could use for myself and friends. I took some flowers to the fair and got a number of premiums on them.—W. P.

I Sow Poppy Seeds Early.

Among our most brilliant flowers the silken petals of poppies are so delicate that in spite of vivid color they do not appear coarse. All of the many types may be grown from seeds. I have always had the best success by planting the double varieties, for they are sure to produce many singles so I get a full collection with less cost. It pays to buy bulk seeds, for they are cheap, and one packet will not insure a stand on a large bed. I like to scatter plenty of seeds and thin out after they get established. Poppy seedlings are delicate and grow slowly at first.

I plant any time in the winter that I can get the bed ready, since the seed is not harmed by cold. The little plants come up as soon as the soil is warm enough, and get ahead of the weeds. If I wait until later the sun is sure to dry the ground before the seeds sprout, and weeds choke them out. The seeds will not come up through a crust, and the tiny seedlings will be dislodged when you loosen the soil or pull weeds. The first thing I know I find a lot of thrifty young poppies large enough to thin and cultivate. They grow fast after they pass the tiny seedling stage, and become hardy.—Agnes Hilco.

Chinese Writing Simplified.

Chinese scholars and patriots have worked out thirty-nine simple Chinese symbols which, in various combinations, fullll the same purpose as the old 10,000 characters.

Minard's Liniment for Burns & Scalds

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success.

It helps digestion, allays thirst, keeping the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.

A Boy's Reason.

The parson (calling)—"Why were you so anxious to have me dine with your family on Christmas, Robert?"

Bobby—"'Cause pa said he wouldn't go to the expense of a turkey unless someone was coming to dinner."

The list of British war cemeteries includes 13 in Italy, 10 in Macedonia, 35 in Gallipoli, 9 in Egypt, 8 in Palestine, 5 in Mesopotamia, and 1 in East Africa.

INVENTIONS

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Woman's Sphere

What Would You Take?

What would you take for that soft little head
Pressed close to your face at time for bed;
For that white, dimpled hand in your own held tight,
And the dear little eyelids kissed down for the night,
What would you take?

What would you take for that smile in the morn,
Those bright, dancing eyes and the face they adorn,
For the sweet little voice that you hear all day
Laughing and cooing—yet nothing to say?
What would you take?

What would you take for those pink little feet,
Those chubby round cheeks, and that mouth so sweet;
For the wee tiny fingers and little soft toes,
The wrinkly little neck and that funny little nose?
Now what would you take?

Try An Onion!

Although apples have their virtues, the saying "An apple a day keeps the doctor away" should be revised to "An onion a day keeps the doctor away." One humble onion is worth fifty apples from the medicinal, disease-preventing point of view.

It almost seems as if the onion was specially created for the definite purpose of keeping men and women healthy, free from disease, and practically immune from infection.

An onion—for preference eaten raw—will, in its passage through the body, destroy every poisonous germ and purify the blood. A sliced onion placed in an open dish in a sick-room will gather to itself the microbes and germs in the air quite as well as any expensive disinfectant will do. But the onion must afterwards be thrown away, never eaten.

Those who include onions in their regular diet never suffer from neuralgia, headache, or kindred troubles. When influenza is about not a doctor in the land could prescribe a better preventive than the humble onion. The juice of an apple is good for the teeth, but the juice of an onion is a hundred times better.

The freedom from disease and longevity of the Breton onion-growers is well-known, and the smooth and silky complexion of the women has been often remarked. For a fact, for a clear skin and beautiful complexion nothing can beat onions.

Yes, they make the breath odorous, but only until your system has become accustomed to them.

An onion poultice on a bruise will quickly take away all discoloration. A painful strain or sprain is also eased by an onion poultice. Finally, onion juice is excellent for a wasp sting, and for raising hair on bald heads!

Making Pin Money at Home.

Many farm women have large, old-fashioned houses with more room than they need. I, for one, am so situated, and last summer turned this extra room into pin money. I rented the rooms for light housekeeping to a mother and her children from the city during the summer. By entering an ad. in a daily paper the last part of June, I received several replies. I rented the two rooms furnished as sleeping room and kitchen Rent, milk, eggs, broilers and vegetables came to about $80 after expenses were paid. People coming from the city come more to enjoy the out-of-doors than beautiful rooms. They only ask for rooms to be clean and comfortable and not elaborately furnished.—Mrs. N. D.

My pin money comes to me from raising Scotch collie puppies. I have so much work to do, both in the house and field, that I have very little spare time. There is no work at all in this "side line," as my puppies have the run of the farm and are usually sold before they are three months old. I feed them stale bread, boiled potatoes, skim-milk and all the table scraps. In return they give me a fair profit to help fill the family purse.—R. K.

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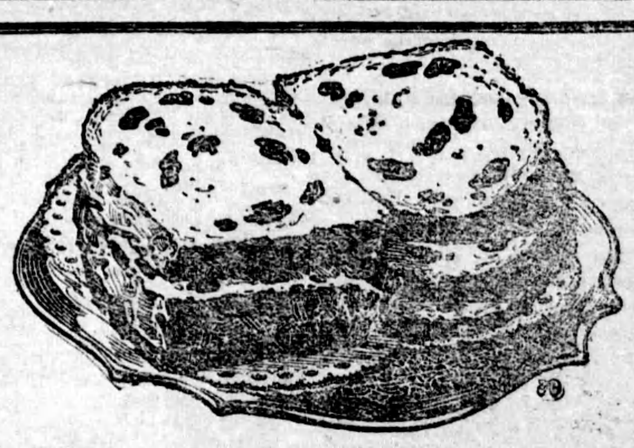
MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS

"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative

Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the souring food and nasty bile out of the stomach and bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.



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COUNT the raisins—at least eight big, plump, tender fruit-meats to the slice.

Taste it—see how the raisin flavor permeates the bread.

No need to bake at home when we've arranged with bakers in almost every town and city to bake this full-fruited raisin bread.

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