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PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."

Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."

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CHAPTER XV.—(Cont'd.)

"It's nothing," said David, walking away from the emotion on his sister's face. "With the rest of the money I got presents for the boys and Mrs. M'Cosh and Peter, but they'd better be kept out of sight till Christmas Day."

Truth to tell, he had meant to keep the brooch also out of sight till Christmas, but the temptation to see Jean's pleasure had been too strong. This Jean divined and, with happy tears in her eyes, handed it back to him to keep till the proper giving-day arrived.

The next day David was introduced to Pamela and her brother, and was pleased to pronounce well of them. He had been inclined to be distrustful about the entrance of such exotic creatures as they sounded in the quiet of Priorsford, but having seen and talked to them he assured his sister they were quite all right.

Why, Lord Bidborough had been at David's own college—that alone was recommendation enough. His feats, too, were still remembered, not feats of scholarship—oh no, but of mountaineering on the college roofs. He had not realized when Jean mentioned Lord Bidborough in her letters that it was the same man who was still spoken of by undergraduates with bated breath.

Of Pamela, David attempted no criticism. How could he? He was at her feet, and hardly dared lift his eyes to her face. A smile or two, a few of Pamela's softly spoken sentences, and David had succumbed. Not that he allowed her—or anyone else—to know it. He kept at a respectful distance, and worshipped in silence.

One evening while Pamela sat stitching at her embroidery in the little parlor at Hillview her brother laid down the book he was reading, lit a cigarette, and said suddenly, "What of the Politician, Pam?"

Pamela drew the thread in and out several times before she answered.

"The Politician is safe so far as I'm concerned. Only last week I wrote and explained matters to him. He wrote a very nice letter in reply. I think, on the whole, he is much relieved, though he expressed polite regret. It must be rather a bore at sixty to become possessed of a wife, even though she might be able to entertain well and manage people. . . . It was a ridiculous idea always; I see that now."

Lord Bidborough regarded his sister with an amused smile. "I always did regard the Politician as a fabulous monster. But tell me, Pam, how long is this to continue? Are you so enamored of the simple life that you can go on indefinitely living in Miss Bathgate's parlor and eating stewed steak and duck's eggs?"

Pamela dropped her embroidery frame, looked at her brother with a puzzled frown, and gave a long sigh.

"Oh, I don't know," she said—"I don't know. Of course it con't go on indefinitely, but I do hate the thought of going away and leaving it all. I love the place. It has given me a new feeling about life; it has taught me contentment: I have found peace here. If I go back to the old restless, hectic life I shall be, I'm afraid, just as restless and feverishly anxious to be happy as I used to be. And yet, I suppose, I must go back. I've almost had the three months I promised myself. But I'm going to try and take Jean with me. Lewis Elliot and I mean to arrange things so that Jean can have her chance."

"Why should Lewis Elliot have anything to do with it?"

Her brother's tone brought a surprised look into Pamela's eyes.

"Lewis is a relation as well as a very old friend. Naturally he is interested. I should think it could easily be managed. The boys will go to school, Mrs. M'Cosh will stay on at The Rigs, Jean will see something of the world. Imagine the joy of taking Jean about! She will make everything worth while. I don't in the least expect her to be what is known as a 'success.' I can picture her at a ball thinking of her latter end! Up-to-date revues she will hate, and I can't see her indulging in whatever is the latest artistic craze of the moment. She is a very select little person, Jean. But she will love the plays and pictures, and shops and sights. And she has never been abroad—picture that! There are worlds of things to show her. I find that her great desire—a very modest one—is to go some April to the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon. She worships Shakespeare hardly on this side of idolatry."

"Won't she be disappointed? There is nothing very romantic about Stratford of to-day."

"Ah, but I think I can stage-manage so that it will come up to her expectations. A great many things in this world need a little stage-management. Oh, I hope my plans will work out. I do want Jean."

"But, Pamela—I want Jean too."

Lord Bidborough had risen, and now stood before the fire, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back, his eyes no longer lazy and amused, but keen and alert. This was the man who attempted impossible things—and did them.

It is never an easy moment for a sister when she realizes that an adored brother no longer belongs to her.

Pamela, after one startled look at her brother, dropped her eyes and tried to go on with her embroidery, but her hand trembled, and she made stitches at random.

"Pam, dear, you don't mind? You don't think it an unfriendly act? You will always be Pam, my only sister; someone quite apart. The new love won't lessen the old."

"Ah, my dear"—Pamela held out her hands to her brother—"you musn't mind if just at first. . . . You see, it's a great while ago since the world began, and we've been wonderful friends all the time, haven't we, Biddy?" They sat together silent for a minute, and then Pamela said, "And I'm actually crying, when the thing I most wanted has come to pass; what an idiot! Whenever I saw Jean I wanted her for you. But I didn't try to work it at all. It all just happened right, somehow. Jean's beauty isn't for the multitude, nor her charm, and I wondered if she would appeal to you. You have seen so many pretty girls, and have been almost surfeited with charm, and remained so calm that I wondered if you ever would fall in love. The 'manoeuvring mamaws,' as Bella Bathgate calls the ladies with daughters to marry, quite lost hope where you were concerned; you never seemed to see their manoeuvres, poor dears. . . . And I was so thankful, for I didn't want you to marry the modern type of girl. . . . But I hardly dared to hope you would come to Priorsford and love Jean at sight. It's all as simple as a fairy-tale."

"Oh, is it? I very much doubt if Jean will look at me. I sometimes think she rather avoids me. She keeps out of my way, and hardly ever addresses a remark to me."

"She has never mentioned you to me," said Pamela, "and that's a good sign. I don't say you won't have to wait. I'm pretty certain she won't accept you when you ask her. Even if she cares—and I don't think she realizes yet that she does—her sense of duty to the boys, and other things, will hold her back, and your title and possessions will tell against you. Jean is the least mercenary of creatures. Ask her before you leave, and if she refuses you appear to accept her refusal. Don't say you will try again and that sort of thing: it gives a girl a caged feeling. Go away for a while and make no sign. I know what I'm talking about, Biddy . . . and she is worth waiting for."

"I would serve for her as Jacob served for Rachel, and not grudge one minute of the time, but the nuisance is I'm twelve years older than she is. I can't afford to wait. I'm afraid she'll think me too old."

"Nonsense, a boy would never do for Jean. Although she looks such a child, she is a woman, and a woman with a brain. Otherwise she would never do for you. You would tire of a doll in a week, no matter how curly the hair or flawless the complexion. . . You realize, of course, that Jean is an uncompromising little Puritan? Mercy is as plain as bread and honor is as hard as stone to Jean—but she has a wide tolerance for sinners. I can imagine it won't always be easy to be Jean's husband. She is so full of compassion that she will want to help every unfortunate, and fill the house with the broken and the unsuccessful. But she won't be a wearisome wife. She won't pall. She will always be full of surprises, and an infinite variety, and find such numbers of things to laugh about. . . . You know how she mothers those boys—can't you see Jean with babies of her own? . . . To me she is like a well of spring-water, a continual refreshment for weary souls."

Pamela stopped. "Am I making too much of an ordinary little country girl, Biddy?"

Her brother smiled and shook his head, and after a minute he said:

"A garden enclosed is my love."

(To be continued.)

Soaking takes the place of rubbing—

JUST by soaking the clothes in the suds of this new soap, dirt is gently loosened and dissolved.

Even the dirt that is ground in at neck-bands and cuff-edges yields to a light rubbing with dry Rinso. Not a thread is weakened. The mild Rinso suds work thoroughly through and through the clothes without injury to a single fabric.

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux. For the family wash it is as wonderful as Lux is for fine things.

All grocers and department stores sell Rinso.

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R-4-84

WHEN YOU OPEN JARS.

To prevent chipping the glass cover or edge of the jar when opening cold-packed fruit or vegetables, try slipping the edge of the knife under the rubber ring rather than between the rubber and the cover.

Sometimes the smallest chip will spoil the jar for another season of cold-pack canning. If you have plenty of time put the jar upside down in a pan, pour in enough cold water to cover the rubber ring and put the pan over the fire, leaving it there until the water is hot, but not boiling. This loosens the seal, and the cover slips off easily.

Perfumed Lettuce.

Mr. Newlywed—"This lettuce tastes awful. Did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlywed—"Of course I did, and used perfumed soap, too."

In Persia, in the old days, the baker who profiteered in bread was baked in his own oven as punishment. It seems like anyone who had the crust to take the chance wouldn't need to be baked again.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Woman's Sphere

A SPLENDID HARLEQUIN SUIT.

3778. Here is an ever popular masquerade design—one that is sure to please and to be very comfortable. It can readily be developed and is suitable for many kinds of materials. Calico, cretonne, chintz, muslin, cambric, satin, and crepe are good for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6-8, and 10-12 years for Children, 14-16 years for Misses, and 38-40; 42-44 inches bust measure for Adults. A 10-12 year size requires 5½ yards of 27-inch material for the suit, and ⅝ yard for the cap. A 38-40 inch size requires 8¾ yards of 27-inch material for the suit and ⅞ yard for the cap.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

WASHING BLANKETS.

When you wash a blanket take time to do it correctly, for it is quite easy to impoverish blankets in the wash. If a washing machine is used a tub should be filled with hot water—about 110 degrees—in which plenty of shaved soap or soap jelly is dissolved to form a good suds.

If double-sized blankets are being washed one should be put in at a time, but two single blankets can be treated at once. Allow about a quarter of an hour for washing each blanket, but longer if very soiled.

For hand washing the water should be as warm as the hand can stand it, and a good soapy lather produced by adding soap jelly. If the water be hard add a few drops of ammonia. Never rub soap on a blanket. It will cause it to harden. Knead and squeeze the blankets, and if rubbing be necessary let it be done lightly. For such large articles as blankets the hand-operated vacuum is excellent. They are best used with the tub placed upon the floor.

Do not wring or twist a blanket, but pass it through the wringer with very little pressure—just sufficient to remove the water. The rinsing water should be, as near as possible, in temperature to that of the washing water, and a little soap jelly should be added. The reason for this rather strange proceeding is that all wool when new contains a certain percentage of animal fat, which, if removed, leaves the fabric hard and lifeless. By using rinsing water containing soap, the oil is to a certain extent prevented from coming out.

Two or three rinsings will be necessary, reducing the soap each time. Never use any blue, and remember quick drying is necessary if the blankets are to be restored to their original fluffiness. Select a clear day for doing this work. Hang with the weight on each side of line equally divided.

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Perfect home dyeing and tinting is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes. Just dip in cold water to tint soft, delicate shades, or boil to dye rich, permanent colors. Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings, everything new.

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OXO

An Oxo a day Keeps illness at bay

CUBES

EASY WORK WITH YEAST.

In making yeast, for which I use my own starter, I have found it a good plan to measure into a crock or bowl a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour and the required quantity of salt and sugar for the batch of bread. Over this I pour the boiling potato water, adding the mashed potato. If there is not enough liquid to make the right quantity, I add water, pour the mixture back into the kettle and bring to a boil.

After it has cooled to the lukewarm stage, I add my starter and proceed as usual. The woman from whom I got my start two years ago told me of this plan, and said she had not renewed her yeast in five years. I do not know just why this boiling helps it, but I too have found it most satisfactory, as my yeast never runs out either.—M. I.

EXTERMINATING HOUSE PESTS.

For bed bugs, kerosene, gasoline or benzine forced into the cracks of the walls and beds with a hand syringe will kill the bugs; but when using these inflammable materials one must be very careful. An old-fashioned and effective remedy is made of a mixture of one ounce of corrosive sublimate, one pint of alcohol, one-quarter pint of turpentine. This is painted in the cracks of the beds and walls with a feather.

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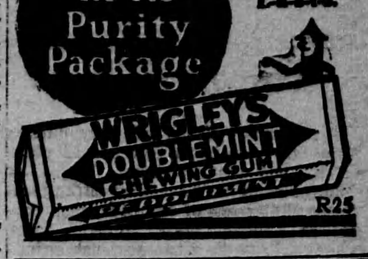

A Compliment for Clarence.

An old lady's son was working in London.

The youth, being very dutiful, sent his mother a telegram informing her of his prowess in passing an examination.

"Good boy, my Clarence," she told a friend; "look how beautifully he has learned to write lately—just like his father."

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Out of Action.

An inspector was examining a class in geography, and addressing a small boy in the back row, he asked: "Now, sonny, would it be possible for your father to walk round the earth?"

"No, sir," replied the boy, promptly.

"Why not?" asked the inspector.

"Because he fell down and hurt his leg yesterday."

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