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 XIX.—(Cont'd.)

When the news of Jean's fortune broke over Priorsford, tea-parties had no lack of material for conversation.

Miss Watson and Miss Teenie, much more excited than Jean herself, ranged gaily round the circle of their acquaintances, drank innumerable cups of tea, and discussed the matter in all its bearings.

"Isn't it strange to think of Miss Jean as an heiress? Such a plain little thing—in her clothes, I mean, for she has a bit sweet wee face. I don't know how she'll ever do in a great big [illegible]se with butlers and things. I ex- [illegible]'ll leave The Rigs now. It's [illegible]n heiress. Perhaps she'll [illegible] The Towers. No; [illegible] look for an old [illegible]d such queer [illegible]ngs and plain [illegible]e had a wee [illegible] I hope when [illegible]won't have a [illegible] sometimes [illegible]tures. . . . . [illegible]u never real- [illegible] to you in this [illegible]n't grudge it to [illegible] mind you, I don't [illegible]at she'll carry off [illegible] She hasn't presence [illegible]u know what I mean. [illegible] look the thing in a big [illegible]d you can't imagine her be- [illegible]ghty to people poorer than her- [illegible] She has such a way of putting [illegible]elf beside folk—even a tinker [illegible]ody on the road!"

Miss Bathgate heard the news with sardonic laughter.

"So that's the latest! Miss Jean's gaun to be upsides wi' the best o' them! Puir lamb, puir lamb! I hope the siller'll bring her happiness, but I doot it. . . . I yince kent some folk that got a fortune left them. He was a beadle in the U.F. Kirk at Kirkcaple, a dacent man wi' a wife and dochter, an' by some queer chance they came into a heap o' siller, an' a hoose, a mansion hoose, ye ken. They never did mair guid, puir bodies. The hoose was that big that the only kinda cosy place they could see to sit in was the butler's pantry, an' they took to drink, fair for want o' anything else to dae. I've heard tell that they took whisky to their porridges, but that's mebbe a lee. Onyway, the faither and mither sune died off, and the dochter went to hear wi' the ministers," hi- [illegible] they could dae ony- [illegible] I mind seein' her yince. [illegible]n' horn-idle, an' I said [illegible]niver tak' up a stockin'?" [illegible]s, 'I dinna need to dae [illegible] But,' I says, 'a stockin' [illegible] hands busy, an' keeps ye [illegible]aryin',' but she juist said, 'I [illegible] I dinna need to dae naething. [illegible]es taks a ride in a carriage.' . . [illegible]as a sorry sicht, I can tell ye, to [illegible] a dacent lass ruined wi' siller. . . . Weel, Miss Jean'll get a man noo. Nae fear o, that," and Miss Bathgate repeated her cynical lines about the lass "on Tintock tap."

Mrs. Hope was much excited when she heard, more especially when she found who Jean's benefactor was.

"Reids who lived in The Rigs thirty years ago? But I knew them. I know all about them. It was I who suggested to Alison Jardine that the cottage would suit her. She had lost money and wanted a small place. . . . Why, bless me, Augusta, Mrs. Reid, this man's mother, came from Corlaw; her people were tenants of my father's. What was the name? I used to be taken to their house by my nurse and get an oatcake with sugar sprinkled on it—a great luxury, I thought. Yes, of course, Laidlaw. She was Jeannie Laidlaw. When I married and came to Hopetoun I often went to see Mrs. Reid. She reminded me of Corlaw, and could talk of my father, and I liked that. . . . Her husband was James Reid. He must have had some money, and I think he was retired. He had a beard and came from Fife. I remember the east-country tone in his voice. They went to the Free Kirk, and I overheard, one day, a man say to him as we came out of church (where a retiring collection for the next Sunday had been announced), 'There's an awfu' heap o' collections in oor kirk,' and James Reid replied, 'Ou ay, but ma way is to pay no attention.' When I told your father he was delighted and said that he must take that for his motto through life—'Ma way is to pay no attention.' "

Mrs. Hope took off her glasses and smiled to herself over her recollections. . . "Mrs. Reid was a nice creature, 'fair bigoted,' as they say here, on her son Peter. He was her chief topic of conversation. Peter's cleverness, Peter's kindness to his mother, Peter's good looks, Peter's fine voice: when I saw him—well, I thought we should all thank God for our mothers, for no one else will ever see us with such kind eyes. . . And it's this Peter Reid—Jeannie Laidlaw's son—who has enriched Jean. Well, Augusta, I must say I consider it rather a liberty."

Augusta looked at her mother with an amused smile.

"Yes, Augusta, it was a pushing, interfering sort of thing to do. What is the child to do with a great fortune? I'm not afraid of her being spoiled. Money won't vulgarize Jean as it does so many people, but it may turn her into a very burdened, anxious pilgrim. She is happier poor. The pinch of too little money is a small thing compared to the burden of too much. The doing without is good for both body and soul, but the great possessions are apt to harden our hearts and make our souls small and meagre. Who would have thought that little Jean would have had the hard hap to become heir to them. But she has a high heart! She may make a success of being a rich woman! She has certainly made a success of being a poor one.

"I think," said Augusta, in her gentle voice, "that Peter Reid was a wise man to leave his money to Jean. Only the people who have been poor know how to give, and Jean has imagination and an understanding heart. Haven't you noticed what a wonderful way she has with the poor people? She is always welcome in the cottages. . . And think what a delight she will have in spending money on the boys! But I hope Pamela Reston will do as she had planned and carry Jean off for a real holiday. I should like to see her for a little while spend money like water, buy all manner of useless lovely things, and dine and dance and go to plays."

Mrs. Hope put up her glasses to regard her daughter.

"Dear me, Augusta, am I hearing right? Who is more severe than you on the mad women who dance, and sup, and frivol their money away? But there's something in what you say. The bairn needs a playtime. . . . To think that Jeannie Laidlaw's son should change the whole of Jean's life, Preposterous!"

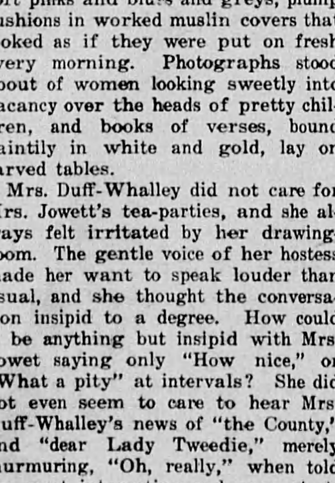
Mrs. Duff-Whalley was having tea with Mrs. Jowett when the news was broken to her. It was a party, but only, as Mrs. Duff-Whalley herself would have put it, "a purely local affair," meaning some people on the Hill.

Mrs. Jowett sat in her soft-toned room, pouring out tea into fragile cups with hands that seemed to demand lace ruffles, so white were they and transparent. The room was like herself, exquisitely fresh and dainty; white walls hung with pale water-cloors in gilt frames, Indian rugs of soft pinks and blues and greys, plump cushions in worked muslin covers that looked as if they were put on fresh every morning. Photographs stood about of women looking sweetly into vacancy over the heads of pretty children, and books of verses, bound daintily in white and gold, lay on carved tables.

Mrs. Duff-Whalley did not care for Mrs. Jowett's tea-parties, and she always felt irritated by her drawing-room. The gentle voice of her hostess made her want to speak louder than usual, and she thought the conversation insipid to a degree. How could it be anything but insipid with Mrs. Jowet saying only "How nice," or "What a pity" at intervals? She did not even seem to care to hear Mrs. Duff-Whalley's news of "the County," and "dear Lady Tweedie," merely murmuring, "Oh, really," when told the most interesting and even startling facts.

"Uninterested idiot," thought Mrs. Duff-Whalley to herself as she turned from her hostess to Miss Mary Duncan, who at least had some sense, though both she and her sisters had a lamentable lack of style.

(To be continued.)



"Would you be angry with me if I asked you to be my little wife?"
"Not at all. But I'd be angry with myself if I accepted."

Charlottetown, P.E.I.—A considerable export trade in live silver foxes is being conducted by island fox breeders at the present time. The most recent consignment was one of ten pairs of black and silver foxes from Bear River to San Bernardino, Cal., where a fox ranch will be established by a former Prince Edward Island man.

Egyptian priests were highly learned men, entrusted with keeping written records.

Gwendolyn La Gallienne, wife of the famous violinist, Andre Polah, daughter of the celebrated poet, Richard La Gallienne, and sister of the prominent actress, Eva La Gallienne, is seeking fame in her own right as a sculptress. She is shown in her Paris studio.

A NEW DOLL SET.

4196. The little doll mother may not only make dolly's clothes but also the doll, from the models supplied herewith. The body may be of drill, unbleached muslin, oil cloth or sanitas, with a stuffing of bran, kopak, or cotton. Eyes of shoe buttons, nose and lips of yarn, or, the features may be embroidered or painted.

Dressed as a clown this doll will be very attractive. The suit may be of calico, cretonne or scraps of silk or satin. One or two colors of materials may be used. For the Rompers cretonne or gingham is pleasing. Dolly will be so glad of the dear little pockets in her rompers, and "Pierrot" the clown will do all sorts of tricks in his comfortable costume, if his arms and legs are fastened so as to be movable.

The Pattern comprising the Doll and the garments, is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, 12 inches; Medium, 16 inches; Large, 20 inches in length. The Doll requires for a Medium size ½ yard. The Rompers ⅞ yard. The Suit and Hat, 1¼ yard of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c 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.

White Hands of Winter.

White hands of winter
Fragile as snow,
Down through the meadows
Eerily go,

Tucking the roses
Warmly to sleep,
Teaching the rivers
Mutely to creep.

Under their wrappings
Of crystal and glass.
White hands of winter
Silently pass,

Hushing the riot
Of fall with their breath;
White hands of winter
Beautify death.

—Irma Grace Blackburn.

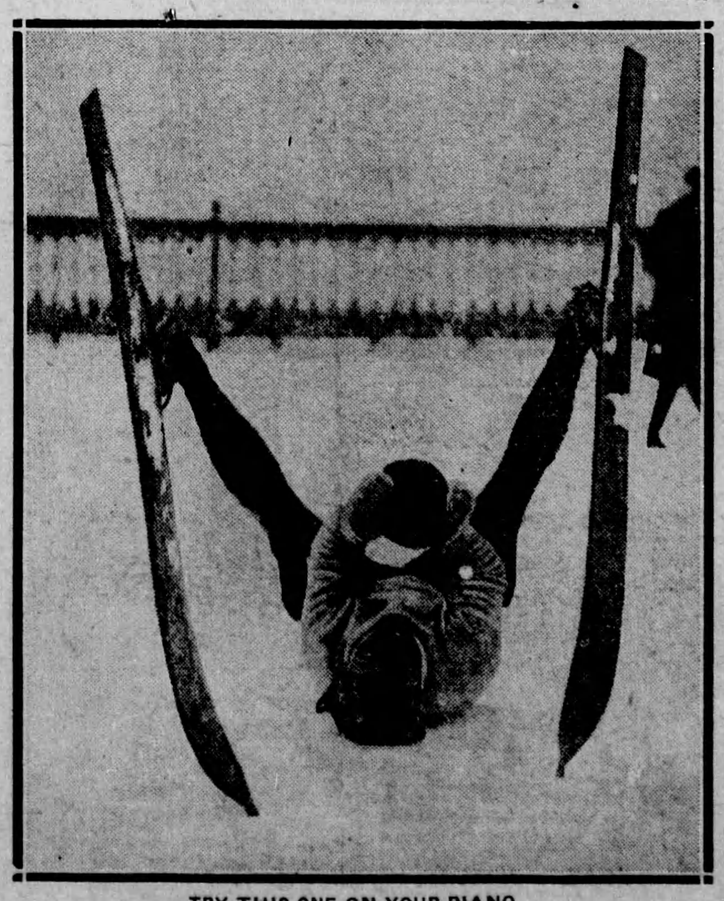
Handicapped.

"How's Dick tackling this year, Mabel?"
"I really don't know, mother sits around all evening."

No More Nightmares.

Nightmares and unpleasant dreams can be banished, if an American doctor's theory is true. He claims to have cured a woman patient of terrifying dreams, giving her instead bright and happy ones.

Minard's for Sprains and Bruises.



TRY THIS ONE ON YOUR PIANO

One of the daily dozen, or handball on skis on the Dufferin Terrace, Quebec. The new ski jump, erected by the Frontenac Winter Sports Club, has proved a great attraction to amateur skiers from all over the continent, and international and intercollegiate jumping competitions have been arranged to take place in the near future.

After You Have Used

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA H474

you have a standard by which to judge other teas. Salada is the finest produced in the world. — Try it.

FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

Woman's Sphere

COLOR IN THE HOME.

We do not use enough color in our homes. Many sitting rooms, dining room and kitchens though they are furnished in perfect taste as far as they go, lack a certain gayety and sparkle that a splash of color in the right place gives. I realized this when I visited a model home in the city a short time back. I talked to one of the young ladies in charge about this and she gave me some very valuable pointers.

"There never has been a time," she said, fluffing up a flame-colored sofa pillow with long black tassels, that had been placed in a dull tapestry-covered wing chair in a rather dark corner, "when cushions have been so popular or when they have been so lovely. That does not mean, tho[illegible] that they should be piled, hit or miss, on davenports or in cozy corners.

"They must be chosen very carefully to give just the necessary bit of color needed in the room, and very often they are black. Nothing is more decorative or more comfortable than huge soft pillows in all shapes, made from heavy black satin and finished with gold tassels.

"With these use one or two in a color that will fit into the scheme. It has been demonstrated again and again that when a note of black is introduced into a room everything else in it seems to have gained in importance, and this touch of black is so easily obtained in cushions."

I thought that was most interesting, and I asked her all manner of questions about interior decorating. I asked her what else one could use to brighten up a dull room.

Of course there were lamps. If a corner is dark it seems that nothing brightens it up better than a brilliant lamp shade. The Chinese ones that she showed me were lovely on the lacquered lamps; the parchment shades were done in any color and style; but the ones that interested me most were the bright, gay plaited ones made from wall paper or glazed chintz.

Then it seems that candlesticks are made in every color of the rainbow these days, and there are candles to match any one of them.

In looking about I saw scrap baskets, desk sets, ash trays, painted boxes, flower bowls—all in gorgeous colorings.

Pictures are framed, too, so they furnish a note of color in a room. I had always thought of picture frames as either gilt or some dark wood. Not so: They are vivid scarlet, soft green, black with a line of red, orange and black.

HOMEMADE CANDY.

Homemade candies, daintily packed, are most welcome gifts and have a personal quality lacking in the things you buy.

HICKORY NUT CARAMELS.

Place three-fourths of a cupful of thin cream, three tbsp. of butter, one cup of sugar and one cup of molasses in a saucepan. Bring the mixture to the boiling point and add three squares of unsweetened chocolate. Stir it carefully until the chocolate has melted and continue to let the mixture boil until the syrup forms a firm ball when dropped into cold water. Remove it from the fire and add one-half tsp. of vanilla and one cup of chopped hickory nuts. Turn the mixture into an oiled pan. When it is cold, cut it into squares and wrap each square in waxed paper.

FROSTED FIG FUDGE.

Make a chocolate fudge and pour it into a pan to the depth of one inch. Cover it thickly with coarse chopped dried figs. Boil one cupful of sugar and one-fourth of a cup of water until the syrup will spin a thread and then pour it over the white of one egg beaten stiff. Add one tsp. of vanilla and continue to beat it until it is stiff. Pour it over the layers of fudge and figs and cut it into squares when it is cold.

ALMOND SEA FOAM.

Boil three cups of light-brown sugar, one cup of water and one tbsp. of vinegar together without stirring it until the syrup spins a thread when dropped from the spoon. Remove it from the fire and pour the boiling syrup over the whites of two eggs beaten stiff. Beat the mixture until it is firm enough to hold its shape, then add one-half tsp. of almond extract and one heaping cup of almonds that have been blanched and broken. Drop it quickly from a teaspoon on sheets of waxed paper.

BUTTERNUT FUDGE.

Boil one cup of maple syrup (or one cup of honey), one cup of sugar, one-half cup of rich milk and one-half cup of water until the syrup forms a ball when dropped into cold water. Cool it slightly; then beat it until it is creamy. Add two-thirds of a cup of broken butternut meats and turn the candy into an oiled pan and cut it into square pieces.

BRAZILIAN FLUFF.

Cover the bottom of an oiled candy pan with marshmallows in which slits have been cut. Slip a brazil nut into each slit and force the edges together. Pour a rich chocolate fudge over the marshmallows and when it is cold cut the candy into squares.

SUPREME NUT CANDY.

[illegible]nd one-half cups of mola[illegible] [illegible] of a cup of sugar [illegible] it until the syrup fo[illegible] ed in cold water. [illegible] of a cup of butter and co[illegible] the syrup until the "cracking po[illegible] is reached; then remove it from the fire at once. Beat in a pinch of baking soda and add one-half pound of fine chopped figs and dates, or figs and dates in equal proportion, one cup each of coarse chopped pecan, filbert and walnut meats and one-half cup of blanched, shredded almonds. Pour the mixture into an oiled pan and keep it in a cool place overnight. If you wish, add a tsp. each of almond and vanilla extract just before pouring the candy into the pan.

A FAREWELL PARTY.

What kind of party can we give for a neighbor who is moving to an eastern province?—Hostess.

A Parcel-Post Party could be made interesting. In your invitations, say that parcel-post mail for the East will be collected at a certain hour, day and place. Ask the guests to bring packages in person, the packages to be properly wrapped, tied and addressed. These packages could contain joke gifts for the guest of honor, but one of the gifts might be a small address book in which each member of the club should write her name and post-office address. The guests could play games and, just before refreshments are served, the packages could be delivered to the person you wish to honor, who could then open them.

To seat guests at the refreshment table, use picture post-cards for the place-cards; or you could pack the refreshments in boxes of uniform size, wrap and address as for parcel post and stamp with used postage stamps. Have some one carry the boxes to the front door, then knock or ring, and the hostess could answer and bring in the boxes, announcing that a package for each guest had just come by parcel post.

Ask guests to adjourn to the dining-room, where coffee should be served, with fruit gelatine or ice cream for the last course. The dining table could be decorated with a centre-piece made of crepe paper, to represent a mail-bag. In this bag, you could have letters addressed to the various guests, each "letter" to contain a suggestion as to a stunt she is to perform. These suggestions could also be used for a shower.

Angels.

I too have looked on angels,
The angels of the Lord,
And entertained them unawares.
Worn men and women bowed with cares,
Pilgrims whose patient eyes were prayers,
Binding rebellious Israel
With love's tenacious cord.

All quietly God's angels
Go lifting hearts that fall,
Slipping our prison doors ajar,
Shining more softly than a star
Where glooms have been the shadows are,
Guileless as Nathaniel,
Undauntable as Paul.

Oh, I have looked on angels,
The angels of the Lord,
With none believing their report,
Of the Philistines made a sport,
Rejected, yet the temple court
Of God's own grace, Immanuel,
His worship their reward.

—Katherine Lee Bates in Youth's Companion.

Always strain a dye through muslin before adding it to the water.

Minard's Liniment for the Grippe.