



TOMMY

By Joseph Hocking
Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," "Dearest Than You," etc. Published by Haddock & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

CHAPTER I—(Cont'd.)

As Tom neared the Town Hall his face changed somewhat and a look of eager expectancy came into his eyes. He noted with satisfaction that the yard outside a big building was empty. "The five minutes after the last hymn," he reflected. "A few minutes later several hundred young people came out into the street, and Tom was not long in singling out one for whom he had evidently been watching. This was a young girl of about twenty years of age, and it was easy to see at a glance that she was superior to those whom she accompanied. Her face was refined, her eyes large and intelligent, and her neat, well-fitting clothes did not suggest the flamboyance of Polly Powell's adornments.

"There's Tom Pollard waiting for you, Alice," said one of the girls. Alice Lister flushed as the girl spoke and her color which rose to her cheeks told its own tale.

"I've seen you, Alice," said another. "I should keep my eye on him. Since he gave up going to Sunday School he must be going to a catch; besides, I saw him with Polly Powell last Sunday evening after he went home with you; and Polly Powell is mean you know."

Alice did not reply to this, but her lips trembled; evidently the words wounded her. All the time Tom stood smoking a cigarette. Although he had come to meet Alice, he did not like the idea of going to claim her while so many girls were around.

"Ay, Tom," said one of the girls, shouting to him. "How's Polly Powell?"

Tom did not reply; his ready wit left him for the moment. "If I were Alice," said another, "I'd give her the sack. That's noan fitted to go with her."

"Nay," said another, "and Polly's only one playing with him; she's got more nor one string to her bow, has she?" And she'd noan look at that, Tom, if the young landlord at the Bull and Butcher had made up to her."

Lanshire folks are not slow in speaking their minds, and they have no subtle delicacy about telling people their opinion of them.

"Well," said Tom quietly, "I fly higher game than you, Emily Bilson, anyhow. I have only just got to hold up my finger to the whole lot on you, and you'd come after me. But I'm noan going to do it; I've got too much respect for myself."

Almost as if by arrangement the girls separated and Tom found himself walking up Liverpool Road by the side of Alice Lister. Neither of them spoke for some minutes. Tom didn't know what to say, while Alice was evidently thinking deeply.

"Have you been of the Young Men's Class this afternoon," she asked presently.

"Nay."

"Why?" asked the girl, looking at him steadily.

"It's noan in my line," replied Tom. "That kind of thing'll do for kids, but when people'd grown up they want something better."

"Better and cleverer people than you, Tom, don't give it up," replied the girl.

Tom continued to walk by Alice's side, looking rather sulky. He and Alice had begun to walk out together a little more than a year before, much to the surprise of their mutual friends. For Alice was not only better educated than Tom, but she moved in rather a better circle. Alice's father was one who, besides being life as a weaver, had by steady perseverance and good common sense become a small manufacturer. He was anything but a rich man, but he was what the people called "Don't vary weel"—one who with good luck worked in about ten years' time "a daddie tidy bit of brass." Alice was his only daughter. He had never allowed her to go to the mill, but had sent her to a fairly good school until she was sixteen years of age, since which time she had stayed at home with her mother and assisted her in the house work. Alice had continued her education, however, and possessed a fine contralto voice. She had quite a natural gift for music, and was constantly in demand to sing at concerts. She was more than ordinarily intelligent too, and was a lover of good books. Added to this she attended classes in the town for French and German, and had on more than one occasion been invited to the houses of big manufacturers.

That was why people wondered at her walking with Tom Pollard. He, although looked upon as a sharp lad, was not, as was generally agreed, "up to Alice's mark."

Still facts were facts, and there could be no doubt about it that Alice showed a great preference for Tom, and in spite of the fact that her father and mother were not all that pleased, had allowed him to accompany her home on several occasions.

"What are you going to do, Tom?" asked the girl.

"What am I going to do?" queried Tom. "I don't know that I'm going to do anything. What do you mean, Alice?"

"I mean that you must make your choice."

"Choice? What choice?"

"I should not have meant you this afternoon," replied Alice, "but for the fact that I want to come to an understanding. I have not been blind; neither have I been deaf, these last few months; a change has come over you, and—and you will have to choose."

Tom knew what she meant well enough, but he pretended to be ignorant.

"What has come over you, Alice? What do you mean? Surely," he went on, "you are not taking any notice of what Emily Bilson said. Just as though a lad can't speak to any lass but his own!"

"Tom," went on the girl quietly, "you know what you told me twelve months ago; you know, too, what my father and mother said when they saw us together; it has not been pleasant for me to listen to people's gossip, especially when you know that most of it is true. I have seen you fond of you and I don't deny it; if I had I should not have walked out with you, but I want to tell you this—you have to make your choice this afternoon; you are going to give up the Thorn and Thistle, and all it means."

"You're jealous of Polly Powell," said Tom, with an uneasy laugh.

"I'm jealous of your good name, Tom, jealous of evil influence."

"Evil influence? What evil influence?"

"Going to the Thorn and Thistle has done you a great deal of harm; it has caused you to give up your Young Men's Class, and—and—but there, I needn't talk any more about it. You understand what I mean. It must be either one or the other, Tom."

"You mean that I must either give up you or Polly Powell?"

"It means more than that," replied the girl, "it means that you must either give up me or give up going to the Thorn and Thistle. You used to be a teetotaler, Tom."

"As though any lad's a teetotaler in these days," laughed the young fellow. "Come now, Alice, you are not so narrow-minded as that. I am nearly twenty-three now, and if I want a glass of beer surely I can have it. You don't mean to say that everybody but teetotalers are going to the bad."

"You know very well what I mean, Tom. You are not the kind of young man yet, and either you give up these things or we part company."

"Nay, Alice, don't be narrow-minded. I suppose," he added bitterly, "that you are beginning to look higher than me, that you are thinking of one of the manufacturers. I hear that Harry Bjarfield was up at your house to supper the other night."

(To be continued.)

"The Stately Homes of England."

The stately homes of England How stricken now they stand, The cottage homes of England Are lonely through the land. And Flanders from her river side Sends seagulls in with every tide.

The lilacs bloom in England, But their fragrance breaks the heart, The hawthorn glows in England, But it has a poisoned dart, And Flanders with her crimson flowers Has stained the tender hue of ours.

The nightingales of England Still cry from hill to hill, The cuckoo sings through England, But other songs are still, And Flanders from her fields of red Sounds us the Last Post of the dead.

The sad waves try round England, The sad clouds tower and break, But brave man smile in England, Brave women work and wait, And Flanders from her deathless pyre Waves high her torch of holy fire.

The stately homes of England, How glorious now they stand! Oh, the cottage homes of England, How great they are and grand! And heroes kiss the sacred sod Of Flanders and give thanks to God.

—S. M. Smythe.

His Other Copper.

Macdonald's dog was in the habit of going daily to a baker's shop. His master would give him a penny, which he would drop out of his mouth on to the counter, receiving in exchange a penny bun.

One day his master said to the baker: "I should like to know how much my dog really does know. Try him with a half-penny bun to-morrow."

When, the next day, the dog dropped his penny, and only a half-penny bun was given to him, he snuffed at it, turned it over and over with his paw, then in a dignified manner walked out of the shop, leaving the bun.

In ten minutes he returned, accompanied by a policeman.

THE PHYSICIAN IN THE WAR ZONE

WAR TAKES HEAVY DEATH TOLL OF MILITARY SURGEONS.

Their Efforts to Save Life They Expose Themselves on the Actual Front Line.

The military surgeon, according to this revised art of war which began to be on a fateful August day—three years ago, is no longer the neutral ministrant to the wounded. He is a leader of men, for he sustains the morale of troops, he restores the slightly injured as speedily as he may to the fighting line, and he fits his fellow soldiers for their trade.

Therefore he is marked for death by a savage foe just as though his scalpel were sword and his tourniquet were trigger. The military necessity of Kaiserism demands the torpedoing of the hospital ship, the shelling of the dugout where the maimed are in refuge. Hence it is that in this tragedy of Europe the casualties in the medical profession have been much greater than in any other war, for they are relatively equal to the mortality among officers of the line and greatly exceed that of the staff.

The army surgeon, whether he be with troops in the charge or far back from the front, is exposed to peril, for in these days of long range weapons safety is not assured by distance nor by the dictates of humanity. The surgeon volunteers who are going from this country to fill the depleted ranks of their brethren abroad are therefore Knights of the Great Adventure whose chivalry is a rally of self-sacrifice.

The Army Surgeon of To-day.

The army surgeon of the new order was revealed recently in a lecture delivered by Col. P. H. Goodwin, D.S.O., an officer of the Royal Army Medical Corps of Great Britain, who has been on the western front ever since the war began.

"When the battalion is ordered to attack," said Col. Goodwin, "the regimental medical officer should, as far as possible, keep near the commanding officer and move forward with him. If the attack is successful there will be a certain number of wounded in No Man's Land.

"The medical officer should direct each of those who are able to walk to go back, taking shelter as much as possible, until they meet the stretcher bearers of the field ambulance division who are coming up behind. Those wounded who are unable to move should be placed in shelter, in shell craters or trenches, and first aid performed as rapidly as possible.

"The medical officer should not delay here. He must at all cost keep in touch with his battalion and move forward with it. His presence in the newly won trenches will be of immense moral value. He can forthwith aid post, improving shelters for the wounded and attending to casualties that may occur. He should take every opportunity to get in communication with the field ambulance or messenger which will now, under a pretty heavy shell fire, be clearing the wounded from the area through which he has just come."

Some one asked Col. Goodwin how it would be possible for a regimental officer advancing with a battalion to attend to so many wounded.

"He can do first aid," was the answer, "but he should endeavor to move forward with his battalion. He can, as a rule, place wounded men in a fairly good shelter, and if he can do that every man he should count on to gratulate himself."

"If he had fifty cases, twenty-five would probably be more serious, five cannot manage twenty-five cases without taking at least twenty minutes. He cannot delay long, however, as the battalion is probably going into the next trench, and he must at all costs endeavor to be with them."

"I grant that it is difficult indeed, but we have to do our best. There has been the suggestion to abolish the post of medical officer with the battalion, but I am personally very much opposed to that."

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Frankly, it is said, he has been a great help to him in his play of a constance.

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About the House

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME.

First Lesson—Food Constituents.

The secret of success in successful cooking lies with the housewife who knows food constituents, their value and the proper method of preparing, as well as how to plan a diet for invalid, child or grown person.

Many women read technical treatises and become frightened and bewildered. This is very foolish. Just remember how hard it seemed to do the things you mastered them, and how quickly you understood after a little practice.

It is just the same with food terms. Learn the few simple principles and become mistress of the finest profession in the world—become a practical and scientific housewife.

The five principal elements of food necessary to maintain the health are: Proteins, carbohydrates, fats, mineral salts, water.

Proteins.—The source of proteins are meat, milk, cheese, butter, eggs, fish, grains, and legumes. Proteins contain carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, sulphur and sometimes phosphorus. Containing about sixteen per cent. of nitrogen, their chief use is tissue building, repairing waste and making muscle. They also supply the same amount of heat as starches.

Carbohydrates.—Their source is in food, chiefly in green vegetables, grains and fruits. Carbohydrates are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen in small granular grains in cellulose or cellulose coverings. Carbohydrates are used to supply energy or power to do work. They enter to a small extent, into the process of building.

Canning Gooseberries.

To can gooseberries, stem and remove the tails, then wash in plenty of cold water and drain. Pack in jars and fill with boiling water or a heavy syrup. Place the rubber and lid in position and process in a water bath for thirty minutes. Remove and test for leaks, then store in a cool dry place. Label and date.

Canned Gooseberries for Pies.—Prepare the gooseberries by stemming and tailing. Place in a preserving kettle and add one cupful of sugar for every pound of prepared fruit. Add one-half cupful of water to a cupful of sugar. Place the Kettle on the fire and bring slowly to a boil, stirring all the time the berries are cooking. Boil for five minutes, then pour in sterilized jars. Place the rubber and lid in position and process for ten minutes in hot water bath after the boiling starts. Remove and cool and then test for leaks.

Gooseberry Jam.—Use two quarts of gooseberries. Stem and tail them and place in a preserving kettle, adding one and one-fourth pounds of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Cook until very thick and pour into sterilized glasses. Cool and cover with paraffin. Store in the usual manner for jellies.

Floor Fillers.

Cracks and crevices in old floors may be filled with the time-honored paper pulp, made by boiling newspaper to jelly, draining, and mixing with glue. The substance is jammed in with a knife, then painted over.

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