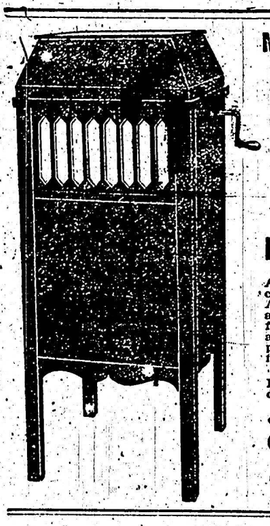

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TOMMY

By Joseph Hocking

Author of "All for a Scrap of Paper," "Dearer Than Life," etc. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, London and Toronto

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"That's something like," said many of Alice's friends; "Alice will make a splendid minister's wife."

But when at length Mr. Skelton proposed to Alice, she had no difficulty in answering him. He could offer her a far better position than Tom dreamed of; the work she would have to do as a minister's wife, too, would be thoroughly in accord with her tastes and desires. But Alice cared nothing for Mr. Skelton. Her heart was sad when she saw how pale he looked at her refusal, but she had no hesitation.

The problem which faced her now, however, was not so easy to settle. Young Harry Briarfield was not a comparative stranger like Mr. Skelton; she had known him all her life, they had been brought up together in the same town, they had gone to Sunday School together, they had sung duets together at concerts, and although she had never looked at Harry in the light of a lover she had always been fond of him.

Harry was in a good position too; his father was a manufacturer in a fairly large way, and he had just been admitted as a partner into the business. He was twenty-four years of age, now, was highly respected throughout the town, and was looked upon as one who in a few years would hold his head high amon, commercial men.

During the last few weeks Harry had come often to Mr. Lister's house, ostensibly to talk about business, but really to see Alice.

Mr. and Mrs. Lister had nudged each other and smiled at Harry's frequent visits.

"I knew our Alice would do the right thing," aid Mr. Lister to his wife; "for a time she went silly about that Pollard boy, but she threw him over of her own accord. Harry's a nice lad, and he's making a tidy bit of brass, while George Briarfield has about made his pile. In two or three years Harry will have the business entirely in his own hands, and then there will not be a better chance in Brunford for her."

Mrs. Lister sighed.

"I don't think our Alice has forgotten Tom Pollard, though," she replied.

"Nonsense," replied her husband, "what is the good of her thinking about Tom? I thought he would have done well at one time, and if he hadn't taken up with that Polly Powell lot he might have got on; but he did, and then he went for a soldier. What is the good of our Alice thinking about him? Even if the war were to finish next week and Tom were to come back, it would take him years, even if he had luck, to make five pound a week, while Harry's making a thousand a year if he's making a penny."

"Ay, I know," replied Mrs. Lister, "but you can never judge a lass's heart. You know how it was wi' us, George; at the very time you asked me to be your wife you were only making thirty-three shillings a week, and William Pott was making hundreds a year. He was a far better chance nor you, George, and people said I was a fool for not taking him; but I couldn't."

"That was a different thing," said George Lister hastily, "that Pollard boy went wrong. Besides, we need not think about that now; Alice gave him up, and very likely he will be killed."

On the night when Tom was alone in the trenches, Harry Briarfield made his way to Mr. Lister's house, and it was not long before Alice and he were left alone together. Harry had made up his mind to make his proposal that night, and he had but little doubt as to the result.

"Look here, Alice," he said presently, "I want to say something to you, something very particular. You must have seen for a long time how fond I am of you, and perhaps you have wondered why I haven't spoken. I wanted to badly enough, but I waited until father took me into partnership. You see," he went on, "at the beginning of the war things were going bad with us; there was a boom in the cotton trade about a year ago, but when the war broke out there was a regular slump, and we thought we were going to be ruined. Now, however, things are going very well again. We have got some war contracts, and we are making money."

Alice's heart beat wildly, although by an effort she appeared calm.

"I wonder you have not joined the Army, Harry," she said; "every day there's a call for more men."

"Not if I know it," replied Harry. "At one time I did think of trying for a commission, but that would have been foolish; you see I might not have been able to have got it, and of course a man in my position could not go as a Tommy."

"Why not?" asked Alice quickly. "I am told that lots of men of every order join as privates."

"No, thank you," replied Harry, with a laugh. "I know one chap who did that; Edgar Burton. Do you know him? He joined at the beginning of the war but he quickly got sick of it. He said the life was terrible; he described to me how he had to wash up dishes, and scrub the floors of his barracks, and how he had to be pals with a lot of chaps who didn't know the decencies of life. Besides, think of me on a shilling a day!"

"Still, if your country needs you?" suggested Alice.

"I am doing more important work at home," replied Harry; "they could not do without me at the mill. It's all very well for boys like Tom Polard, who used to be so fond of you, but for people like me it's different."

There was a silence for a few minutes, and then Harry went on again:

"Alice, you know how fond I am of you—in fact, I have loved you all my life. You will marry me, won't you?"

Harry was very disappointed, and not a little surprised, that Alice did not answer in the affirmative right away; but he had conceded with fairly good grace when she had asked for a few days to think about it.

"It is all right," said Harry to himself as he left the house that night, "I am sure she means yes. And she's a fine lass, the finest in Brunford."

That was why Alice sat alone that night thinking. She had promised to give Harry her definite reply in three days' time, and although she was very fond of him she could not bring herself to give him the answer he desired. When he had left the house her father and mother had come into the room.

"Well, Alice, have you fixed it up?" She shook her head, but didn't speak.

"Come now, lass, you needn't be so shy. I know he's asked you to wed him; he asked for my permission like a man, and then he told me he was going to speak to you to-night. You can't do better, my dear. Have you fixed it all up?"

"No," she said.

"What!" cried the father, "you don't mean to say you have been such a fool as to say no!"

"I have said nothing as yet," was her answer.

George Lister heaved a sigh of relief. "Ay, well," he said, "it's perhaps a good thing not to say yes at once. Hold him back two or three days and it will make him all the more eager. When a man comes to me to buy cloth I never shows as 'ow I am eager to sell. But of course you will take him?"

"I don't know," replied Alice.

"Don't know! Why don't you know? You like him, don't you?"

"I don't know, father," she replied, and then she rushed out of the room.

"What's the meaning of this, lass?" said George Lister to his wife. "Has she told you anything?"

"Not a word," said Mrs. Lister.

(To be continued.)

A Few Don't For Hunters.

Don't pass a loaded gun for inspection to a brother hunter, or anyone for that matter.

Don't leave a loaded gun around the house or camp or anywhere else.

Don't—whether it is loaded or not—lay hold of a gun by the muzzle and pull it toward you, from a canoe or a wagon.

Don't climb over a fence with a loaded gun in your hands.

Don't think you can do accurate shooting with a dirty gun.

Don't "walk up" on any wounded game without having a cartridge in the chamber of your rifle, ready for any surprise.

Don't by any chance set the woods afire.

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain;
Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;
For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,
And whoso suffers most hath most to give."

—Harriet Eleanor King.

Keep seed corn away from rats and mice.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE AT HOME

Sixteenth Lesson. Rolls, Tea Biscuits and Buns.

Rolls and tea biscuits make a delightful addition to the daily bill of fare. The regular bread dough may be used in making them.

Parker House Rolls

Use the recipe for white bread, the sponge method. When the bread is ready for the pan, roll on a slightly floured pastry board one-quarter inch thick. Cut with a four-inch cookie cutter, brush them with melted butter, then fold over in pocketbook style, pressing firmly. Set on a well-greased pan two inches apart. Set to rise for thirty minutes. Then brush with egg and milk wash. Bake for eighteen minutes in a hot oven. Quickly brush the tops of the rolls upon their arrival from the oven with melted butter.

Tea Biscuits

Prepare the dough as for the Parker House rolls. Roll it one-quarter inch thick, then brush with melted butter. Fold over the dough and beat with a rolling pin for three minutes. Cut with two-inch cookie cutter. Set in warm place to rise for eighteen minutes. Then brush with egg wash. Sprinkle with granulated sugar and bake in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Cinnamon Cake

Use the recipe calling for straight dough method in the bread recipes. When the dough is ready for the pans, roll it three-quarters of an inch thick. Cut the size of the pan. Place in a well-greased pan and set to rise for thirty minutes. Brush the top with egg wash and cover one-quarter of an inch deep with one-half cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, five tablespoonfuls of lard. Mix the dry ingredients well, then rub in the lard until crumbly. Place on the dough in a moderate oven and bake for twenty minutes.

Cinnamon Buns

Use the straight dough mixture. Take the dough one ready for the pans and roll it on a slightly floured pastry board one-quarter of an inch thick. Then spread it with brown sugar, cinnamon and currants and one ounce of butter to every pound of dough. Roll like jelly roll, but in slices one and one-half inches thick. Place so that the buns barely touch each other. Set to rise as directed for bread for forty minutes. Bake in a moderate oven for twenty-five minutes. Remove from oven and glaze with a syrup made of one cupful of molasses, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one tablespoonful of butter. Place in a saucepan and boil to 220 degrees Fahrenheit, using a candy thermometer.

The yolks of two eggs may be added to these doughs when starting if a richer quality is desired.

Old Yorkshire Scones

Cook a sufficient number of potatoes to measure one cupful when mashed, and while hot add two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one cupful of scalded milk. Beat well to mix. Let the mixture cool to eighty degrees Fahrenheit, then crumble in one yeast cake and a sufficient quantity of flour to make a stiff dough, about three and a half cups. Turn on a pastry board and knead well for twenty minutes. Now break off pieces weighing one and a half ounces. Mold into balls. Cover a tray with a cloth: lay the molded balls on the cloth and allow them to rise for ten minutes. Now flatten them out with the palm of the hand. Cover and let rise again for thirty minutes. Lift with a spatula or cake turner and put them one inch apart upon the upturned bottom of a baking pan. Use a little sifted flour to cover the top of the scones. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

Do not grease the upturned surface of the baking pan, but cover it with a slight coating of sifted flour.

Egg Glaze for Rolls

Use one egg and four tablespoonfuls of syrup. Beat well to thoroughly mix, then apply to the rolls with a brush.

The housewife will find that, if she buys two medium-sized paint brushes of fair quality, she will save materially in greasing pans and in applying glaze, giving the food a better appearance. Treat the new brushes to a soda bath in scalding water. Wash well, then rinse in plenty of cold water. Now dry, and they are ready for use. Always wash the brushes after using.

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Music a Necessity in Wartime.

In time of war everyone expects to sacrifice a certain amount of luxury. By a simple process of taxation such sacrifices are automatically systematized for the entire community. But the question arises: What is a luxury, what a necessity?

It has been proposed that musical instruments should be classed as luxuries. In other words, music is to be classed with liquor and tobacco as one of those utterly useless frivolities that every serious and patriotic citizen should be glad to give up.

What an anomaly! Music, always a necessity, becomes in time of war absolutely indispensable to a nation. When the nervous system of every individual is working under constant strain, the calming, sustaining influence of music should be given every opportunity to make its presence felt. When patriotic emotions demand expression and encouragement, it is music that will supply it. When thousands of people have to be brought together to one common purpose, music is the only universal language, the only oratory that reaches every heart. We want "O Canada," "The Maple Leaf" and the National Anthem to be sung in every home, in every public place. Yet some so-called economists limit the possibilities of music by placing an embargo on the instruments that should lead us in singing.

The musical sense is one of the highest and noblest possessed by man. It is also one of the most fundamental reaching down to the earliest stages of civilization and the lowest orders of intelligence. The savage goes to war with the beat of the tom-tom in his ears, and the greatest religious and political movements have equally owed their impulse to strains of music.

Time was when music, no matter how universal in its appeal, could be heard at its best only by the rich, but the last ten years have changed all this. The tremendous advance in the manufacture of all kinds of musical instruments, both of the old kind to be played by hand and of those that reproduce the work of great artists, has put the highest type of music into every home.

People are learning better every day the great truth that music is not a luxury but a necessity.

Here in Canada where we have a composite of classes, races and traditions, to be welded into a nation and into an army, we have only one language that all can understand, one means of expression that is common to all. Music to create and foster national spirit and consciousness, music to stimulate recruiting, music to brace and inspire those who march to war and rush to battle, and finally, music to sustain those who have to remain behind and wait—our need is for music, and music, and still more music.

Let u do nothing to discourage the one most powerful influence in the creation of a real and lasting nationalism.

One-third of all the land in cultivation in the United States is in corn.

Worth Protecting

A good article is worthy of a good package. A rich, strong, delicious tea like Red Rose is worth putting into a sealed package to keep it fresh and good.

A cheap, common tea is hardly worth taking care of and is usually sold in bulk.

Red Rose is always sold in the sealed package which keeps it good.

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SIGNAL FOR DAY OR NIGHT.

Improvement on the Flags Now Used For Semaphore Signaling.

Flags are not very satisfactory for semaphore signaling. Their "range of visibility" (for obvious reasons) is much diminished in a strong breeze; and under such circumstances a flag often becomes entangled with the staff.

An important improvement has been invented by Sergeant H. A. Pierce, formerly of Battery A, First New York Field Artillery. It is a rigid semaphore, fitted with an illuminating device for use at night—when, of course, flags would be invisible.

Take a wire ring fifteen inches in diameter and stretch within its circumference a circular piece of white bunting with a red centre. Provide the ring with a straight handle consisting of a brass rod and wooden grip. Furnish yourself with two of these, and they will give you a semaphore as serviceable in a high wind as in a dead calm.

So much for daytime signaling. For night use, there is an electric lamp adjustable in such a way as to protrude through the centre of each red disk. The lamps are energized by a small battery-box hung from the operator's neck.

These two lamps (affixed for night use by screwing them into place) are white. A third lamp, that gives a red color, is fixed in a socket on the front of the battery box, which the operator, in a squatting attitude, places between his feet. He has thus two whites and one red, and, by waving his circular "flags," he can send any message desired.

A lot of bulbs in pots will cheer up and brighten up the home the coming winter, but they must be planted now.

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AIRCRAFT'S PART IN FUTURE TRADE

THE WORLD'S AIR ROUTES AND THEIR REGULATION.

Suggested Commercial Routes National Rights to be Observed in Aerial Navigation.

We in Britain, whose interests have long been centered on the all-important problem of aerial navigation for defensive as well as offensive purposes, have only, perhaps, given much thought to the consequence of such progress where peace arrives, says a writer in London Answers.

Some folk declare they never want to see another aeroplane again as they [illegible] the sight of wind-driven masters has portended only disaster to many who dwell within the isles.

But there can be no possible doubt that the enormous development made by the aeroplane of the present war, and on after the cessation of hostilities, may seem, Lord Montagu Beaulieu's book, "The World's Routes and their Regulation," a fascinating study, and one which sound common sense and practicality have not been swamped by the agitation.

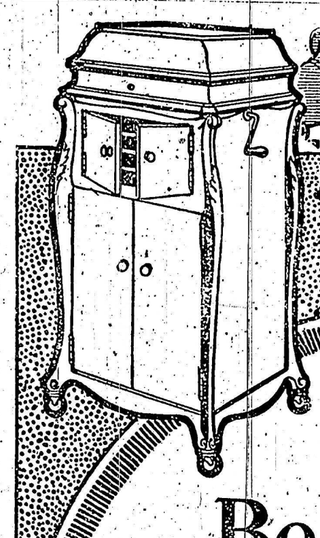
The Right to the Sky.

The purpose of this work [illegible] certain interesting allusions in regard to aerial legislation in prewar days. It tells of the International Aeronautical Conference, which sat at Nice in 1899, and which decided that warfare could reveal the degree to which the aeroplane could be put to photo-work, "hope."

Mention is also made of the Act of Parliament passed in 1911 for the regulation of aviation, and 2nd, 1913, which provided for the protection of the public against dangers arising from the navigation of aircraft. The first two sections give power to the Secretary of State to prohibit the navigation of aircraft over prohibited areas, and to impose penalties for offences. The second [illegible] dockyards, forts, etc. This law, however, seems [illegible] to be [illegible] chiefly dictating.

The [illegible] practically [illegible] the rights of [illegible] routes [illegible] personal rights to [illegible] served [illegible] law [illegible] property [illegible] the sky as [illegible] property [illegible] the same way as [illegible] air rights [illegible] Meanwhile, [illegible] should [illegible] of [illegible] as [illegible]

"His Master's Voice"



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