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Lost and Found

By Edwin Baird

I.

[illegible] a four o'clock on that [illegible] afternoon, chanced to pass [illegible] shaggy house on Lower [illegible] you would have been [illegible] by the haunting melody of a violin. Had you, emboldened by your [illegible], entered this uninviting [illegible] you would have perceived it to be a lodging house of the meaner sort, at one time the home of one of Toronto's millionaires, but now fallen [illegible] decay and evil days. And had you [illegible] the source of the [illegible] climbed the rickety stairs to the third floor back, you would have [illegible] upon a scene and [illegible] romance.

A [illegible] apartment, a place was [illegible] by Mrs. O'Toole, [illegible] but has its flattery of [illegible]. A small room and [illegible] alcove, both [illegible] and [illegible], exhibited the marks of many years and smelled musty—that was all. The only window faced the north and opened upon an alley. A bleak and cheerless place it was, with a [illegible] and seedy [illegible]. In earlier years it had been a [illegible] room. It now provided Mrs. O'Toole with a [illegible] some weeks.

Yet [illegible] romance dwelt within [illegible].

The cold half light of the winter [illegible] which filtered grimly through the window outlined a man of [illegible] who sat in the darkness [illegible] and dreamily played his violin. He touched the instrument tenderly, lovingly, as a mother caresses her child; a fancy gazed in his dreamy eyes [illegible] and [illegible] his [illegible].

He was young, might be a pathetic looking little man, meagre and [illegible]. His clothes and features are fresh, his shoes patched, and [illegible] showing the old [illegible].

But his [illegible] seemed [illegible] the watery of the music he made. As the subtle strain of the violin allured [illegible] he became more [illegible] a [illegible] and the [illegible] walls of the [illegible] chamber were [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] the music [illegible].

A [illegible] young woman, possessing [illegible] beauty of face, emerged from the alcove (or kitchenette, as Mrs. O'Toole called it) and stood looking at the [illegible] in an agreeable manner.

"Milo," she said, [illegible] "I'm hungry."

Not heeding her, apparently oblivious of her presence, he soared gloriously aloft on the wings of fancy, and poured out his soul in one exquisite melody.

She moved toward him, lifting her voice:

"Milo! Listen to me! I'm hungry, hungry, d'you hear? And we haven't a thing to eat. Not a thing! Not even a crust of bread."

The music died away in a sob of despair, and instantly the chamber became only a desolate spot in a cheap rooming-house, and the violinist, only a dejected little man, perched and [illegible].

Milo sat [illegible] daily at the floor; the light had gone from his face. Presently he tucked the violin under his chin and placed the bow upon the strings, and looked up at her with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness.

"We will have each other. Is it not so, Rosina?"

"I've had my fill of that," she retorted, not enjoying his banter. "Right now I'd like something more substantial. Milo, we're simply got to get something to eat, somewhere, somehow. If we can't, we'll starve to death."

Obviously the problem devolved on him. Sighing, he rose from his chair and put away his beloved violin. He handled the instrument as if it were a living thing. He fondled it and stroked it and, before he enclosed it in its silk-lined case, he bent and kissed it reverently.

All this was silently remarked by the watchful young woman. Her eyes flashed, and her hands, hanging beside her, clinched spasmodically until her finger-nails dug into her palms. She was suddenly on the verge of tears.

"You care more for that old f-fiddle," she accused, struggling to control her trembling voice, "than you do for m-me!"

Evidently he was used to this sort of thing. At any rate, he accorded it no notice; but hung the violin in its accustomed place near the window and stood gazing at the snow falling outside.

Then he sighed again, and taking his faded hat from a nail on the wall he started toward the door.

"Where are you going, Milo?"

"To find food for you," he said, "substantial food."

"Aren't you hungry, too, Milo?"

"No!" he declared, with quiet emphasis. "For me, nothing. For you, all."

He went silently out through the shadows and closed the door noiselessly behind him. For a space she stood as he had left her, staring mutely at the violin, a vague and formless object against the wall. Her expression was a mixture of pain and anger. She murmured to herself, "He cares more for it than he does for me . . . more for it than he does for me."

Her eyes filled, and she winked them. Her throat contracted, and she swallowed hard. Her fingers worked convulsively. Her gaze never left the violin. "Cares more for it than he does for me," she repeated. That refrain hammered in her mind, and jealousy swept her, wave on flaming wave.

Wearily, from the far end of the alley, came the call of a junk peddler who approached in creaking cart, making his last efforts for the day.

The unpopular malady, more commonly known as stomach-ache, may roughly be divided into two general categories; the sort that is caused by overeating, and the kind that comes from not eating at all. Milo, emerging from the slovenly rooming-house was acutely aware of a stomach-ache of the last-named species. His interior was an aching void. He paused, irresolute, in the unclean street, a forlorn, little figure in the wintry snow. And then he turned up the collar of his thin summer coat, turned down the brim of his shapeless hat, and started in the direction of the downtown district.

His destination was a theatrical booking agency on Queen street. He had called here often of late, and had never got beyond the boy who guarded the managerial presence from undesirables. His ragged clothes, his worn-out shoes, his hangdog air of indigence, these things were against him.

Entering now he was fully prepared for the usual rebuff, "Mr. Bloom's not in." Out of his special desperation he was also prepared to circumvent this transparent lie, but it was unnecessary. The war had hit the booking agency, and the suspicious lad had been supplanted by a sympathetic young woman, who at once admitted him to the manager's office. He went in gratefully, hat in hand, his face at once apprehensive and determined. On a table lay a violin and two or three other musical instruments. Mr. Bloom, a large man, sat at a large desk signing typewritten letters with a large signature. He did not look up, as Milo entered, nor did he acknowledge his caller's presence by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. For a matter of several minutes Milo stood beside the table waiting silently.

At last the big man, still signing letters, greeted him in no friendly way:

"Well? What is it?"

(Continued in next issue.)

Which?

Suppose upon thy right hand stretched
a road,
Shaded by trees and very fair to see,
Bordered with flowers and ever verdant sod,
And one should say, "I give you choice to tread
Between this road, which thou must tread alone,
And this, which lieth here upon thy left,
Narrow and cheerless, rough with many a stone,
And void and waste, of trees and flowers bereft—
Yet, listen! If the latter choice be thine,
Love's self shall walk beside thee all the way—"
Wouldst thou accept that fellowship divine,
Or choose the easier path? Believe, say!

An Ingenious Invention.

With an ingenious tuning device arranged in the form of a small book and using a walking stick as a mast for the antenna wire, a British officer has contrived a radio-receiving set of extreme simplicity and portability. By opening the pocket-size book to greater or less degree, and varying the antenna length, reception is adjusted to wave lengths between 300 and 2,500 metres. With this equipment, using a regular head telephone, messages have been received from stations more than 500 miles distant.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

Melissa's Account Book.

"But if you're going to pay him by the hour, with pay and a half for over time, he should bring his own dinner and go home to supper," Melissa objected.

"He'll do nothing of the sort," Dan bellowed. "D'you think I'm going to have the neighbors say we let the hired man sit out in the barn and eat a cold lunch, while I come in and fill up on a hot dinner? He'll eat right here at this table. What does a meal amount to, anyway?"

Melissa said nothing though she could have told a great deal about the cost of a meal. If Dan wanted to board the new man in addition to giving him double the old wages, let him. She still thought if the farm hand was going to institute factory methods as to hours and pay, that meals should be recognized as amounting to something. Five years ago a meal might be regarded as a trifle, but hardly to-day! Melissa looked over the breakfast table; eight eggs, two each for Dan and for Father and Mother Tompkins, who, although they did no heavy work, still ate heartily, and one each for Danny and herself; muffins took two more eggs and doughnuts also two more; then there were fried potatoes, a generous half-pint of cream, a quart of milk for coffee and oatmeal and a half-pound pat of butter that had simply melted away on the hot muffins. Just for eggs, butter, milk and cream, reckoned at prices on the farm, she was "out" two or three hours' pay for the man. This was just for the family alone and a hired man—well, Melissa had never seen one you could call a light eater.

She wondered how much the muffins and doughnuts cost. She had never thought about it before but if she was to make Dan see that he was really paying more than he agreed to pay, she must have cold, exact figures ready. Suddenly it came clear to her that this was what keeping accounts was for. She had only half listened to a recent club lecture on farm accounts. Of course she "kept track" of the butter-and-egg money but it seemed a foolish waste of time to count the turnips and carrots and cups of flour one used. In view of her present thinking, farm accounting took on a different light.

Another thing occurred to Melissa as she trundled the kitchen wagon, loaded with dishes, into the kitchen. If men and women who went out to work by the day were worth such high wages, what was she worth? Could not the time she spent in cooking for a hired man be charged up to him? Dan always argued that one more did not make any difference; you only put on an extra plate and boiled another potato. But that extra plate and extra potato, said Melissa's thought to her, multiplied by the number of meals prepared in a year, meant hours of time. There were many things to be counted if one kept track of costs, and Melissa decided it was high time to begin.

Dan came in from the barn with a pocket full of eggs which he laid on the table. His face was one scowl.

"I told you those hens did not pay for their keep," he growled. "They have cleaned up all that mash I bought last week and here's a dozen eggs to show for it. I'll wring every darn neck before Christmas."

"A dozen eggs a day from fifty hens isn't so bad in November," Melissa protested as she rescued the rolling eggs.

"If you got 'em," Dan agreed. "Yesterday there were exactly two and in another week we won't be getting any. And now I've got to pay out twenty-five or thirty dollars more for feed."

Melissa vanished into the living-room and jotted down a few figures on the calendar. Dan was extravagant in his statements, so she decided to mark down what he would actually pay. She must find out what those eggs cost.

"How about an apple pie for dinner?" Dan stuck his head through the door to suggest. "That fellow will be here and for Heaven's sake don't let him go away and say he didn't get anything to eat!" Dan had a reputation to sustain!

Melissa had intended to make sailor's duff as it took only five minutes to stir up. But the cooky crock was empty and the last doughnut had just gone to the barn with Dan. She might as well make a morning of baking. In that way she could replenish the pantry and begin at once to figure on the actual expense of the food they ate.

The cost of the apple pie was easy. Twenty-two large Northern Spies filled a peck measure, so dividing the price of a bushel by four, and that again by twenty-two gave her the cost of an apple. Six to a pie was easy to reckon. Her college extension chart told her that the half cup of lard she used was a quarter of a pound, so that offered no hard problem. To find the cost of the flour she had to work with paper and pencil. Further study of her chart told her that one cup of flour weighs one-fourth of a pound or four ounces. She used a cup and a half to a pie, or six ounces. There were 196 pounds of flour to the barrel. Dividing the cost of the barrel by 196 gave her the cost of a pound, from which it was easy to find the cost of six ounces. Added to this was the flour for dusting board and rolling-pin, the pinch of baking powder and salt and the cinnamon, plus the fuel for baking, and her labor. Not counting interruptions, it took her exactly one-half hour to get the pie into the oven, and she "donated" the time spent in watching it after it was there. When Melissa totaled up the cost of that pie she was more than ever convinced that it was vitally essential to keep track of costs.

It was an interesting morning for Dan's wife, who, until now, had never given thought to the economic side of her housekeeping. She had taken it for granted that women did certain things because the men expected it. Now her mind was asking brand new questions: Was there a great deal of wasted effort in housekeeping? There were so many things she wanted to do for which she had no time. If you reckoned time as valuable as money and planned to spend it wisely, could you manage to get time for something besides cooking and cleaning and sewing? She wondered if some of the time spent in dishwashing could not be saved. And there was bed-making—were all the pats she gave to her pretty spreads and cases necessary? She meant to find out.

(Continued next week.)

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."

Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies. Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dye-book." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

Waterproof Shoes.

The United States Bureau of Chemistry has worked out a method by which anybody can make his shoes waterproof unless they have holes in them.

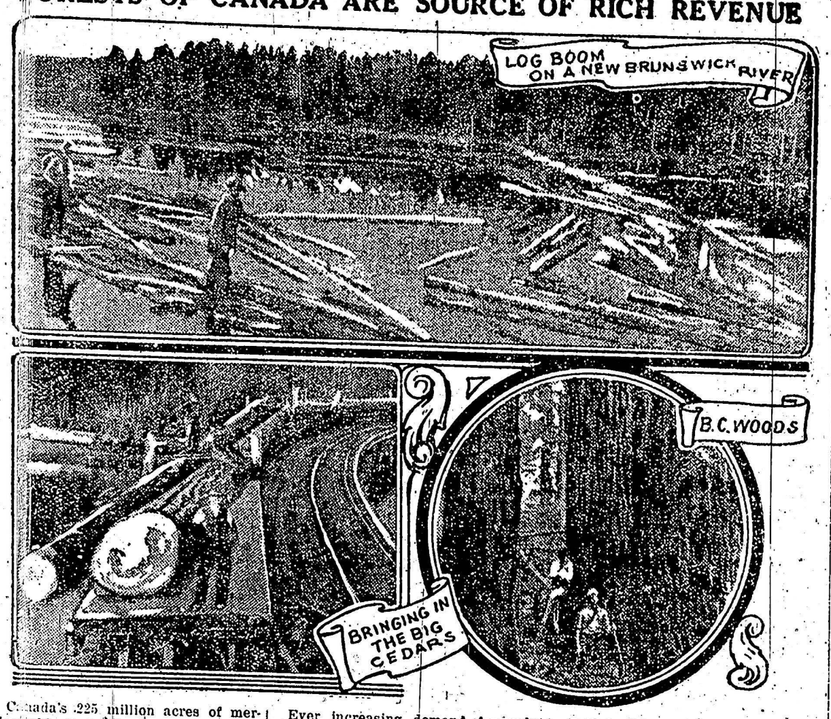
The chief reason why the ordinary shoe is not waterproof is that the seams admit moisture. Thus the feet get damp and the wearer is liable to catch cold.

An occasional use of castor oil on shoe uppers will help to make them waterproof, but too much should not be used lest it interfere with the "shine." Much better, especially for use in winter, is a mixture of twelve ounces of tallow and four ounces of cod oil. Melted together by moderate heat, the stuff should be applied warm and thoroughly to the edge of the sole and the welt, where footgear is most liable to leak.

The sole can be best waterproofed by letting the shoe stand for fifteen minutes in a shallow pan containing enough of the grease to cover the sole. Thus protected, one need not wear overshoes, which, while they keep water out, also keep perspiration in. Moreover, they are cold in winter and hot in summer.

Art is the specific. We have little to learn of apes and they may be left. The chief consideration for us is what particular practice of Art in letters is the best for the perusal of the Book of our common wisdom, so that with clearer minds and livelier manner we may escape, as it were, into daylight and song from a hard of fog-horns.—George Meredith.

FORESTS OF CANADA ARE SOURCE OF RICH REVENUE



Canada's 225 million acres of merchantable timber is the second largest asset of her natural resources wealth. The bulk of this timber is within easy reach of the tidewater. Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia can almost dump their logs in the oceans, while Quebec and Ontario have the St. Lawrence River for a path to the sea.

In 1908 the greater part of Canadian lumber exports went out in the raw state, only a little over one-third was manufactured in Canada. The next ten years saw a strong and continued increase in industrial development and by 1917 the tables had quite turned. In that year more than 70% of Canada's lumber exports were manufactured and less than one-third left the country in a raw state.

Ever increasing demand for pulpwood and paper is responsible in large measure for this rapid development. American imports of Canadian pulpwood (all kinds) for four months, ending July 31st, 1920, amounted to $20,839,881. According to latest statistics Canada's available supply of pulpwood is 901,000,000 cords and covers 350,000 square miles. Over a third of this spruce and balsam stands in the eastern provinces, convenient to the eastern states with their many newspapers and publishing houses. It is estimated that, at the present rate of cutting, this supply will hold out for 62 years. Strict cutting regulations, wise conservation and reforestation plans are looked to to prevent the annihilation of Canadian forests and lumbering industries.

British Columbia's woods are attracting much foreign capital. American money is going into new pulp and paper mills on the Pacific Coast. Approximately, 85% of all capital invested in the paper pulp industry in Canada is American. An English syndicate is building a $250,000 furniture factory in British Columbia. Box factories flourish all over the province. The small-fruits, vegetable, honey and poultry ranches of the southern part of the province need countless crates and boxes for getting their produce to market. British Columbia's strategic situation for shipping to Pacific Coast ports and the Orient, its numerous good harbors and the fact that the climate permits all the year round lumbering have not been overlooked by capital seeking investment.

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INDUSTRIES FAIR IS GROWING

BIG INCREASE IN BRITISH EXHIBITS.

Held This Year in Three Different Sections, at London, Birmingham and Glasgow.

Indications are that the British Industries Fair is to be decidedly larger and more comprehensive this year than ever before, says a London despatch. It will be held in three sections, at London and Birmingham from February 2 to March 4, and at Glasgow from February 28 to March 11.

Last year the London section of the fair was held in the Crystal Palace, but because of the increase in the number of exhibits it will be held in the White City this year. The idea of having the Glasgow section open a week later is to give buyers and visitors an opportunity to visit all three sections of the fair without being rushed.

As in the past only British manufacturers will be allowed to exhibit, and only their own wares. No duplications will be permitted. Attendance will be by invitation only, which in New York may be obtained from the British Consul General, 44 Whitehall Street.

Exhibits Have Wide Range.

The lines to be exhibited in London are books, cutlery, silver, jewelry, watches, clocks, haberdashery, glassware, china, earthenware, stoneware, paper, stationery, stationers' sundries, printing, medical and surgical instruments, leather for the fancy goods, bookbinding and upholstery trades, brushes, brooms, toys, sporting goods, scientific and optical instruments, photographic supplies, drugs, musical instruments, furniture and basketware.

At Birmingham lighting fixtures, cook stoves and utensils, general hardware, tools of all descriptions, metal furniture, saddlery and harness, firearms, fishing rods and tackle, machinery belting, India rubber goods, weighing and measuring appliances, paints, architectural metal works, steel and hemp rope, cordage and string.

At Glasgow textiles of all descriptions, ready made clothing, including hosiery, hats, caps, boots, shoes and gloves, carpet and upholstery materials, foodstuffs prepared and preserved, beverages, chemicals and dyes.

Improved Pocketknife Has Novel Features.

A new knife is made in various types, from the long, heavy hunting knife to the tiny watch-chain knife. It may be best described as a device wherein the blade, when in use, is held rigidly in position, and when not in use, is completely concealed. When closed, the knife is dustproof, and can be made waterproof if desired. An important improvement, from the angles of utility and manufacture, is the elimination of the steel backspring, which constitutes a large part of the cost of the ordinary pocket knife. Also, blades are interchangeable. By the simple method of unscrewing the pin holding the blade, another blade can be quickly substituted. Thus a hunter can, in a moment, substitute a skinning blade for the ordinary blade in his knife.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Who Was Responsible?

"Daddy," piped the little darling, "is the sea a mile deep?" Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up irritably from a huge pile of manuscript. "I don't know," he snapped. The little one looked disappointed. A little later she inquired: "Is the moon really made of cheese, daddy?" Again came the response: "I don't know." Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question: "Do cannibals use postage stamps?" No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript reader as he roared for the third time: "I don't know." "Well, I say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

During one period of seven years, over 8,000 earthquake shocks were recorded in Japan.

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WHEN LAW REALLY GOVERNED FASHION

CARD OF MAN WAS HIS INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.

Ancient Fashion Books Were Handed Down Through Succeeding Generations.

In ancient days fashion had a grave significance, and the fashion books of the tailors and dressmakers of the very early period were as sacred and dignified as the laws of the Medes and Persians. The garb of man was his insignia of office.

Through a recently discovered manuscript of the history of costumes of China, the "made-to-order" raiment of Oriental antiquity has come to light. The costume of the dragon was a court costume worn only by the Sons of Heaven of the Celestial Empire. All around the border of the flowing robes of these ancient emperors the mighty beast savored, while his flaming dyes gazed lowed green mountain slopes respendently covered with yellow flowers and prehistoric beasts. This was worn when votive offerings were made to the honorable ancestors.

The princes employed the [illegible] to motif with [illegible] guardian dragons, while the stars, sun and moon in [illegible] dery [illegible] signified high rank and [illegible]. These occupying a [illegible] of the robe border [illegible] the [illegible] with [illegible] and [illegible].

From Generation to Generation.

The [illegible] fashion [illegible] from generation to generation [illegible] of the [illegible] and [illegible] its [illegible] changed its [illegible] from dirking [illegible] fashions to the [illegible] of the later period. For the sake of [illegible] improvements [illegible] were made [illegible] and mechanical [illegible] manufacture [illegible] of the [illegible] ing has [illegible] a printing [illegible] which will run off [illegible] a [illegible] in as many as eight [illegible] colors.

In a Class by Himself.

An Irish drill sergeant was [illegible] ing some recruits in the mysteries of marching movements, and found great difficulty in getting a countryman of his to halt when the command was given.

After explaining and illustrating several times, he approached the recruit, sized him up silently for a few minutes and then demanded his name.

"Casey, sir," was the reply.

"Well, Casey, did ye iver drive a mule?"

"Yis, sor."

"What did ye say when you wanted him to stop?"

"Whoa."

The sergeant turned away and immediately put his squad in motion. After they had advanced a dozen yards or so he bawled out at the top of his lungs: "Squad, halt. Whoa, Casey!"

GOODS DELIV
FIRST PEA
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France Leads in
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Catering to

Nova Scotia
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The Canadian apple
worth $24,000,000.