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About the House

WATCH YOUR EYES.

Do you know very much about your eyes? I mean, do you know how they work, and how to care for them?

Do you know why your eyes are [illegible] if you live in the country or [illegible] the seashore rather than in the city? Because when you look over far [illegible] are almost [illegible] relaxed. When you look over [illegible] at things near at hand, the [illegible] muscles exert a greater effort to view the object. Practically so much [illegible] involved in looking across a [illegible] or at the horizon of [illegible]

[illegible] the camera. The [illegible] that every object reflects [illegible] light. The lens of the eye [illegible] when you look at [illegible] focused upon the retina, which [illegible] the sensitized piece of the [illegible] camera. The result [illegible] the retina [illegible] upside down. But [illegible] brain [illegible] right side up.

[illegible] a little interior decoration problem the satisfactory solution of which requires a bit of thought.

Curtains that are nothing more than a ruffle across the top of the window look well and in no way interfere with the usefulness of the kitchen window. Made of gay cretonne they add an attractive bit of color to the room. Checked gingham is suitable, or unbleached muslin with a colored binding. The laundering of such curtains is negligible, yet they do away entirely with the bare, unattractive look of an uncurtained window, a window that faces as daring many hours of every day.

If some piece of kitchen furniture, such as a cabinet, table or sink, extends across a few window, as is sometimes the case, it never looks well from the outside of the house. A sash curtain fastened at both top and bottom by rods or elastic directly over the glass so that it raises and lowers with the sash looks better and keeps clean longer than one hanging loose from the top, and it leaves the upper sash clear. This arrangement is good when kitchen windows open directly upon the street or driveway, and a degree of privacy is desired without needlessly obscuring the view.

HANG UP YOUR BROOM.

When I get a new broom I soak the straws up to the head in warm salt water till it is thoroughly wet. Then dip in clean fresh water two or three times to rinse. Then hang up to dry. By hanging up I mean to hang with the brush part down. My mother always used to drill a hole through the end of the broom handle and tie a leather string in it to hang it up by. But since I began keeping house, I take a pegging awl and make a hole in the end of the broom handle, then screw in a screw-eye and hang up by that. I use an "eye" large enough so I can hang it on various nails wherever I happen to be at work. I get small headed finishing nails to hang up things on, when I do the carpenter work around the house. If a broom is wet and hang with brush upwards, the moisture soaks down into the head and I soon have a very crooked brush part. I wash my brooms often, and they are straight until worn out.—Mrs. W. J. B.

A CHARMING FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

4478

4478 White Swiss dotted in yellow is here combined with white organdy and finished at the free edges with picot edge ribbon. This model is nice for printed voile, fine batiste, embroidered materials or bordered goods. Simple and effective would be a development in white batiste or handkerchief linen, with hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 3¾ yards of one material 36 inches wide. To make as illustrated requires 1½ yards for the waist and 2¼ yards for the skirt and pinafore.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

The people who report that business is coming back are those who went after it.

ISSUE No. 43—'23.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"It has been suggested that Mr. Merrington was not going to stay with Mr. Ardington that night, but that he was seen with a lady in the car and was probably on his way to the Continent via Folkestone. Now I want you to consider this suggestion very carefully, for if there is any truth in it——"

"It is a lie!" shrilled a woman's voice from the back of the court. "A wicked, cruel lie!"

The coroner, a bold, grey-bearded man of sixty, looked up from his notes with a frown and removed his spectacles.

"Remove that person," he said harshly, and there was a scuffle at the back of the court.

"Can't I say what I want to say?" screamed the woman. "Haven't I a right to speak? Isn't this a free country?"

The frown deepened on the coroner's forehead. In all his twenty years' experience of inquests such an interruption had never happened before. His summing-up had been listened to as silently and attentively as though he had been a judge of the High Court.

"Let the woman come forward," he said aloud, and then, muttering to himself, "A most improper proceeding. I never heard of such a thing—never."

There was an open gangway, kept clear down one side of the court, and along this walked a young girl, preceded by an usher and followed by a policeman. The girl did not appear to be more than twenty. She was very good-looking, with fair hair and blue eyes and regular features. Her figure was magnificent, and she walked proudly as though she was quite aware of the sensation she was causing. The face of the coroner, who had expected a different type of woman, lost a little of its severity. But he snapped out:

"If you had anything of importance to say, why didn't you come forward at the proper time?"

"If you please, sir," the girl replied, "I didn't come in until you had begun to talk."

"Well, have you anything of importance to say?"

"Indeed, I have, sir—if it's not too late."

The coroner motioned to the witness-box. "I'll stretch a point," he said in a tired voice, "but it is all most irregular."

The girl took the oath and made the following statement:—

"My name is Ruby Elstrop," she said. "I am twenty years of age, and live at 17 Neville-road, Chelsea. I am an artist's model, and I have sat several times for Mr. John Merrington. I know him very well indeed by sight, sir, and I couldn't be mistaken if I saw him. And I did see him on the night of January 30. I did see him drive through Maidstone in his little car, and he was alone, sir."

"You say you live in Chelsea?" queried the coroner. "What were you doing in Maidstone?"

"I have a married sister living there, sir, and was staying a few days with her. We had just come out of the kinema, and I saw Mr. Merrington driving slowly through the traffic. There was no one with him."

"Were *you* alone?"

"No, sir. I was with my sister, and I said to her, 'Why, that's Mr. Merrington!'"

"H'm," said the coroner, "what time was this?"

"It was about a quarter to eight, sir."

The coroner looked at his notes and nodded his head. That was precisely the time Merrington would have been passing through Maidstone.

"Why didn't you come forward and give your evidence before?" he queried. "You knew the Merringtons, and this case must have interested you."

"Yes, sir; but I hesitated about going to an inquest. I've never been to one before. And I didn't know that I could give evidence of any importance. It was not until I heard you say that Mr. Merrington was with a lady that I knew I could be of any use."

"Then you were not here when the constable from Little Slapton gave his evidence?"

"No, sir. You were speaking when I came into the court. I felt drawn here somehow, sir, and I thought I'd just pop in and see what was going on."

"Your sister's name and address?"

"Mrs. Verity, sir, 26 Heron-road, Maidstone."

"Thank you. I do not think I need keep you any longer. Oh, by the by, what was the color of Mr. Merrington's car?"

"Light grey, sir."

"You'd seen it before, eh?"

"No, sir. I had never seen Mr. Merrington in his car before."

"Did you notice if he had any luggage with him?"

"No, sir—I didn't notice that."

"Thank you. That is all I want to ask you."

The girl left the witness-box, and the coroner looked at his notes for a minute in silence. Then he said, "H'm—er—yes—when this interruption took place I was asking you to consider the constable's evidence very carefully, because if there was any truth in it the evidence would suggest the possibility of the deceased having taken her own life. There would be a motive, gentlemen. At present we can find no motive, but Sir Alexander Bradney, you will remember, stated that the deceased seemed to be worried. Sir Alexander, however, had never seen Mrs. Merrington before, and you must take that into account. We have other evidence from several of her friends, who had seen her on that day, that she was remarkably happy and bright and 'full of fun,' as one witness put it.

"Well, with regard to the evidence of the constable, it stands alone. There was no one in the car when the accident took place, so far as we know, and at any rate there was no one with Mr. Merrington when Dr. Trehorn came on the scene. We now have the further evidence of Miss Elstrop that Mr. Merrington was alone when she saw him in Maidstone. Little Slapton is about six miles outside Maidstone on the main road. We must therefore suppose if the constable was not mistaken, that Mr. Merrington picked up this lady between a certain kinema in Maidstone and Little Slapton and that he set her down again before the accident which took place some twelve miles farther on. You will bear in mind that P.C.—or—Thomson cannot describe either the man or the woman. But he took the number of the car, intending to report the driver for driving to the public danger. One has to admit the possibility of the constable having mistaken the number of the car, which, according to his own estimation, was being driven at over thirty miles an hour. The car, moreover, had an oil tail lamp. I do not think I need say any more on this particular question.

"Now with regard to the bottle of liqueur, we have the servant's evidence—and, mind you, this is most important, for the servant had been with the deceased for two years—that she had never seen a bottle of that particular liqueur before, and that she did not know it was in the flat. We have been further told by the servant that the deceased never locked up the stores or the wines and spirits, and that she, the servant, had access to all the places where these things were usually kept. The liqueur is very difficult to obtain nowadays, and you have had the evidence of a wine merchant who has stated that this particular bottle is fifteen years old. It is possible that the deceased may have had it for some years locked away in some box. You have had the evidence of a friend of the deceased that the deceased had several times expressed a desire for this liqueur, and you have the evidence of the servant that three days before the tragedy a parcel of such a size and shape that it might have contained a bottle. Unfortunately the wrapper, label, and even the packing and wood of the box were used for lighting the fires, and there is no clue as to what the parcel contained or where it came from. We do know, however, that it arrived when Mr. Merrington was in his studio, and it is possible that even if Mr. Merrington recovers his memory, he could tell us nothing about it.

"With regard to the Merringtons, we have the evidence of several people that they were an affectionate couple, and that they had no financial troubles. Mr. Merrington earned a fair income and they each had private means. It has not been suggested by anyone who knew them that either of them was in love with anyone else, or that either of them had an enemy.

"I think I have laid all the facts before you—the facts on which you will base your verdict.

"The first question you have to answer is, 'How did the deceased meet with her death?' The second question is, 'Was her death self-inflicted or accidental, or due to the deliberate intention of some unknown person to take her life?' You can retire, gentlemen, to consider your verdict, if you please."

The jury retired, and they did not return until twenty minutes had elapsed. They found that Mrs. Merrington had been poisoned by cyanide of potassium, and that the poison had been placed in the bottle of liqueur by some person or persons unknown with deliberate intent to kill.

"That," said the coroner, "is a verdict of Wilful Murder against some Person or Persons Unknown."

"Yes, sir," said the foreman of the jury. "A verdict of Wilful Murder."

(To be continued.)

LLOYD GEORGE VISITS C.P.R. SHOPS AT ANGUS

Left to right, Medric Martin, Mayor of Montreal; Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, Dame Margaret Lloyd George, Mr. C. H. Temple, Chief of Motive Power, Canadian Pacific Railway. Photograph taken at the Canadian Pacific Angus Shops, Montreal, where the great British Statesman was accorded an ovation by the 8,400 employees.

Millions Due to Britain.

As the debts due to Great Britain have been occupying considerable attention, it may be recalled that the debts of her Allies and the Dominions are as follows:—

War Loans—	
Australia	$ 457,265,000
New Zealand	148,115,000
Canada	69,050,000
South Africa	61,430,000
Other Dominions and Colonies	16,300,000
Russia	3,275,000,000
France	2,920,000,000
Italy	2,515,000,000
Yugo-Slavia	125,000,00
Portugal, Rumania, Greece and other Allies	335,000,000
	$9,922,160,000
Reljef and Reconstruction Loans:—	
Austria	60,500,000
Poland	19,500,000
Rumania	11,000,000
Yugo-Slavia	10,000,000
Other States	5,000,000
	$106,000,000
Belgian Reconstruction Loans:	45,000,000
Other Loans:—	
Armenia	4,145,000
Czecho-Slovakia	10,000,000
	14,145,000
Total	$10,082,305,000

Chinese Sea Superstitions.

The Chinese practice many strange rites. Crews of lingers believe that the "Wind God" follows all vessels and attempts to sink them whenever possible. In order to humor him before leaving port they offer up a sacrifice of pork, fruit, and candles. Another favorite practice is to hang out long scrolls of paper covered with fantastic designs calculated to mislead the god as to the direction the ship will follow.

Fishermen maintain that nothing can be accomplished satisfactorily during the day unless the evil sea spirits are first put on the track. It is because of this superstition that the crews of Chinese junks will run their vessels right across the bows of an approaching liner. They consider that by passing in front of another boat the Wind God will be deflected from their trail.

The dragon is regarded as a symbol of good luck. It is invoked by means of dancing and music. A dancer appears on deck wearing a dragon's head made of papier-mache, and as the music gets louder and louder the head-gear shakes with "rage." The music then becomes softer, and the supposed dragon becomes quiet, receiving as an offering a large lettuce. This ceremony is believed to bring good fortune for the rest of the voyage.

Holive the Exception.

The London cockney, who mispronounces his a's, is the constant sport of the paragrapher. In Tit-Bits we read of a district visitor who was calling on Mrs. Harris, a new arrival in the village.

"You seem to have a good many children, Mrs. Harris," said the visitor.

"Yes, mum," she replied, "and what's more, all their names begin with haitch. There's 'Ubert, my oldest. Then comes 'Ilda, 'Arriet and 'Orace. Then there's 'Arold and 'Arry and 'Ector and 'Onoria. They're all haitches—all except the baby, and we christened he Holive."

Articklish Experiences.

Two explorers of the far north were relating their experiences to each other and naturally drifted around to the subject of temperature.

"Would you believe it?" narrated the first. "In 1911 it was so cold up around Baffin's Bay that if a man wanted to get downstairs in a hurry all he would have to do would be to throw a bucket of water out the window and slide down the icicle."

"Call that cold?" ridiculed the other. "Why, up in Greenland on the hottest days of the summer we had to build a fire under the cow to keep her from giving ice cream."

Life, like a rattle, will always hurt the man who lays hold of it gingerly.

FRAGRANCES THAT FAIL

Scent in the world of flowers is something of which very little is known. Formerly, it was regarded as one of the constant elements in flower life, and, being taken as a matter of course, was ignored. Now we are not so sure if it is a constant element, and are paying more attention to it.

All ancient nations who attained to civilization were addicted to the use of perfumes, not merely as luxuries, but also for purposes of religious ceremonial, especially in the solemn rites of burial.

Myrrh and frankincense, doubtless emit to-day the same odor as they did thousands of years ago. Myrrh odorata still bears the umbels of fragrant white flowers; the gum resin of frankincense continues to exude from the pines of Somaliland.

World's Most Delicious Scent.

Then, too, the rose-fields of the vilayet of Adrianople, extending over many thousand acres of land, yield to-day a seemingly inexhaustible supply of attar of roses. These vast gardens, full of life and fragrance, with hundreds of Bulgarian boys and girls gathering the flowers into baskets and sacks, have for years presented the same animated activity.

Here it is that the world's stock of a most delicious scent is procured amid scenes enlivened by songs, dancing, and music. The essential oil is extracted from the petals by the ordinary process of distillation.

The attar is bought up for foreign markets, to which it passes through Constantinople and Smyrna, whence it is generally dispatched to undergo a process of adulteration with sandal wood and other oils. In British markets the attar finds a readier sale when "blended" than in the pure state.

The most remarkable feature in connection with this rose culture is the unchanging character of the resulting perfume.

Such constancy, however, is not exclusive to the simple perfume of attar of roses, or to myrrh and frankincense. The whole range of the hedgerow, with its honeysuckle and sweet briar; the meadow, with its balm and dog violet; the garden, with its wallflower and carnation, all produce perfumes absolute in their constancy.

Banished by the Hybridiser.

For countless years it has been so. The floral world has emitted its varied odors true to type. Neither soil, culture, nor climate seem to affect these distinctive perfumes. Tropical plants, when housed in Great Britain under favorable conditions, impregnate the atmosphere with the same heavy, seductive odor as they give forth in the stifling swamps of Africa.

A break in continuity of scent has occurred in some cases, however, causing the doubt as to its constancy referred to in the beginning of this article. Where the hybridiser has been busy, there very frequently scent has fled. One cannot play fast and loose with Nature's laws, and the beauty of color and symmetry of structure we admire in the new creations of horticulture have been purchased at the cost of the fragrance which still clings to the petals of their humbler relatives.

Many who purchase roses to-day are astonished to find they produce scentless blooms. Their progenitors emitted the same delightful odor as those in the rose-fields of Adrianople, but the meddling hand of man has sealed up their scent cells.

A still more striking example of the fugitive nature of flower perfume is provided by the case of musk. Twenty-five years ago no English garden was considered complete without a bushy growth of this sweet smelling plant.

Perfumes of the Past.

It was grown, not for its beauty of foliage, and not for its attractive blooms; it was essentially a scent flower. A sprig of musk was picked on Sunday wrapped in my lady's handkerchief, and thus she was certain of the fact of the manor's last daily before getting out for church was place a few leaves in his hat.

In many old churches the musky smell became an almost essential part of the service. The regretful fact must be recorded, however, that musk today is a gentle, quiet, [illegible]

Surnames and the Origin

URQUHART

Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—A locality.

Urquhart was the name of one of the most important and honourable though one of the smallest of the clans of the Scottish Highlands.

But though the clan was purely Gaelic of pure Celtic stock which crossed over from Ireland toward the close of those migrations which are responsible for most of the blood of the Highlands to-day, the clan name was not formed from the given name of a chieftain.

In fact the clan names were almost without exception derived from the names of the chieftains who first elevated their following to the dignity of clan by, mostly from their given names, but at times from their surnames or sobriquets. In Scotland the exceptions are more numerous, as that of the Urquharts is one.

Though the "Clann Urachadhan," as it is styled in the Gaelic tongue, is admittedly an old one, there is some vagueness as to its early history, but it appears to have been closely connected with the clans Mackay and Forbes. The name of Urquhart does not appear in the historical record as having been adopted by the clan until about 1200 A.D., at which time the chief of the clan was also the commander of a castle of that name, and the tradition goes that the clan name was adopted from the name of the castle.

BUCKLEY

Racial Origin—English.
Source—Localities.

[illegible] a family name [illegible] of the bearer by [illegible] from which he [illegible] however, different [illegible] the two places [illegible] family name [illegible]

[illegible] those as the [illegible] in Chester, England. It may also [illegible] have been a common [illegible] many localities in different [illegible] England. The "bucks" [illegible] of the medieval English [illegible] an enclosed place [illegible] and Buckley was [illegible] "bullock-ley." However, does not explain [illegible] forms of the family name [illegible] to be found in the medieval [illegible] "de Bokele" and "de Bachley" [illegible] could not in so short a period [illegible] derived from "Bukeley." [illegible] apparent gather the [illegible] of pastures or [illegible] Buckley

In both cases the family name [illegible] where the suffix "ley" means [illegible] and clearly indicates the original [illegible] nature of the surname. As [illegible] the rule, these prefixes in the majority of cases were dropped [illegible] nameless after a generation or [illegible] using the name, much it described [illegible] either of the bearer himself than [illegible] place from which he had come.

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WRIGLEY'S PEPPERMINT CHEWING GUM

[illegible] Quotations.

[illegible] Plain Sight.

[illegible] the social [illegible] beautiful [illegible]

Baby's Color.

[illegible] another had just read a [illegible] paper that every [illegible] by a halo, the [illegible] formed by the [illegible] of hair. When [illegible] some she tacked [illegible] Afterwards [illegible] bows, but when [illegible] she marked [illegible] at about baby. [illegible] he, or not, [illegible] Baby [illegible] Dear [illegible] Lately, [illegible] may be [illegible] way, but when [illegible] coming [illegible]

To Wind Yarn.

[illegible] have [illegible] along [illegible] as far as [illegible] and [illegible]