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About the House

JOY FOR STORMY DAYS.

It was just an ordinary farm home and one could see at a glance that the task of making both ends meet was far from an easy one. Mrs. Blakeslee did all her own work, helped in the garden and coaxed dozens of chicks into plump broilers. And to Cousin Belle, visiting there for the first time, it seemed as though the three little folks, Maisie and Mildred and baby Jim, must surely be allowed to run loose and that they would doubtless, after the first few hours of "company manners," prove annoying beyond the average.

It was quite to her amazement, then, that on the morning after her arrival, with the wind blowing the snow into drifts out of doors, she was greeted by three sunny little faces.

"Isn't it a lovely morning?" Maisie asked cheerfully.

"Why do you think it lovely?" Cousin Belle asked in surprise.

"Oh, there's so many nice things to do on a day like this," Mildred put in. "That's why we're hurrying so to get our dusting done. Mother's going to let us choose what we want from our surprise cupboard."

"I'm going to explain to cousin Belle," laugh Mrs. Blakeslee as she stepped about briskly putting the livingroom to order. "You see, I've quite a job on my hands, taking it all around. But I call this one of the most important parts of it. Much of the time they are happy out of doors or playing with their dolls. I've tried to teach them to do things for themselves. When days like these come and times when other amusements grow tiresome and I am willing to give them much attention, I have to remember I must be considered. There are times when our surprise cupboard is a big help."

"We're all ready, Mother," Mildred announced. "We've dusted every corner and taken care of everything, as neat! And we've all decided what we want to rule first."

"I want the New York," Jim shouted. "I like the sewing cards," Mildred said.

"I made some new ones the other evening for a surprise," Mother returned, taking the box from the shelf.

"You see," she explained to cousin Belle, "the nice box of sewing-cards they had for Christmas were soon used up. So now I watch for suitable outlines and gather bits of cardboard. I lay the two together and prick around the edge of the picture with a hat-pin or big needle. The children love them. We have needles with big eyes, and Maisie has learned to thread them. Mildred can, too, unless the yarn is too heavy. We use all sorts of odds and ends of colored thread and yarn. After the needle is threaded we pass the point through the two threads a few inches down, draw the needle through, and that fastens it so it can't slip out. A little wax helps in threading it and drawing the entire thread over the wax prevents knots and tangles.

"I'd like the old catalogs and scissors and paper doll things," Maisie announced.

Cousin Belle was interestedly looking over the remaining articles in the surprise cupboard. There were bubble pipes, home-made peg-boards, crayons and pencils, odds and ends of wrapping and waxed paper cut neatly in rather small sheets or made into little books, modelling clay, a small hammer, tacks and a soft-wood board into which little Jim loved to pound the tacks and pull them out again. A small washboard, flat iron, moulding board and rolling pin were there, also.

"What are these for?" cousin Belle required, opening a box of dried peas.

"We soak them over night," Mrs. Blakeslee explained, "and the children use them to fasten toothpicks together and make all sorts of things, tables and chairs and letters and stars, men and animals.

"Where do you get all your ideas?" the cousin exclaimed.

"I have attacked this problem as I would any other. A happily employed child is usually a good child. It takes less time to get this busy-work ready and show them how to use it than it does to be continually scolding and punishing, and is far better both for them and for me.

"See what I'm doing, cousin Belle," called Maisie from near the window.

"Why! I thought that was another cupboard," exclaimed cousin Belle.

"It looks like one until you pull back the curtain," laughed Maisie. "Then it's a doll-house. Father made it for us out of boxes and Mother helped us paper the rooms. We had some pasteboard furniture given us and we used that for patterns to make more. Sometimes we play with paper dolls in it and sometimes with our littlest china dolls."

"I must go out and attend to the chickens now," Mrs. Blakeslee announced.

"I'll write some letters while you are gone," Cousin Belle settled herself to write in peace and quietness so absorbed were they all in their occupations from the Surprise Cupboard.

DECORATING CURTAINS.

I saw a thrifty little woman make new curtains out of some old scrim affairs with faded stencil border. The material was still good for considerable wear but the faded borders spoiled the curtains' looks and apparently made them useless.

But my friend gave the old curtains a careful laundering, boiling them to remove all stains and the remnant of tinting in the less sun-faded places.

They were next put through a thin starch to which a little strained ochre water had been added, to give the material a pretty cream color. Doubtless many other tinting colors would have done as well.

The resourceful housewife then bought a few yards of inexpensive light-weight flowered cretonne and cut it into strips of a width to cover the old borders. The cretonne was neatly stitched to the scrim.

When hung, the curtains were most attractive and gave a fresh, cheery look to the room.—Josephine E. Toal.

IN THE LUNCH BOX.

A country school, where the brevity of the noon hour and lack of time to make earlier preparations made it impractical to serve a hot lunch, has worked out a very satisfactory solution of the problem. Each child brings a potato in his or her lunch box. At recess the potatoes are tucked into the ashes in the front of the heating stove. By dinnertime they are well done and form a satisfying supplement to the contents of the lunch boxes and pails.—Dorothy Porter.

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 ¾ yard. The Suit and Hat, 1¼ yards of 27-inch material.

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

The Russian Winter.

Keeping warm in Russia is a feat. The people of the lower classes in Russia encase themselves for the winter in shaggy sheepskins and look unkempt indeed, but with such a warm covering these people have great powers of endurance and can stand certain kinds of work in the cold that would kill a Canadian. For instance, every house has a "concierge" or porter: and it is his custom to take his seat on a chair just outside the front porch at nine o'clock in the evening and stay there all night long to protect and safeguard the house. Another odd sight seen in every large Russian city, is the great cones of fire built up at the intersections of the streets where drivers and footmen may remain in order to warm themselves and be comfortable, while their masters are at a ball or opera.

Cause Found.

Poet—"My wife declares that last poem of mine you published almost stopped her heart."

Editor—"Ha! So that's why our circulation was set back!"

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Mr. Kane took the envelope from the hand of Mrs. Jurby, and before he examined the contents he noted the date, time, and place of the post mark, and gazed for a few seconds at the scrawling handwriting.

Then he took out a single sheet of potepaper and read the letter.

"Madam," he read, "this is to tell you that what you hides from the police you cannot hide from me. I knows all about your little goings on—you and Jurby—a pair of thieves and murderers. I'm watching you all right, and I've got eyes what can see most things, and through a brick wall if you like to build it up in front of me. I won't drop on you yet, for I likes to see you wriggle. But I'll squash you one of these days, just as I'd put my foot on a worm. From

"You Knows Who."

Mr. Kane read the letter through twice and then he laughed.

"Does this really keep you awake at night?" he queried.

"It do, sir—I mean it will; I only got it by second post to-day."

"And you've not shown it to your husband?"

"Not yet, sir."

"Have you any idea who wrote it?"

"None at all, sir."

"Come, think—surely——"

"I don't know, sir—indeed I don't."

"You may not *know*, but you suspect someone."

"No one, sir. I don't know the writing, and I don't know what they're talking about."

"Of course you don't know what they mean," said Kane, "or you wouldn't have brought the letter to me." He looked at the envelope again. "Posted in Maidstone—late last night or early this morning. Any friends in Maidstone?"

"None, sir—not as I can think of."

Mr. Kane put the letter in his pocket. "Don't you worry about it, Mrs. Jurby," he said. "I'll deal with this letter."

"Oh, if you would, sir—I'd take such a load off my mind. I don't want to show it to Jurby. He's a violent man, he is, for all his good temper and chaffing with customers. And it do take a man to deal with a thing of this sort, don't it, sir?"

"The police will deal with it," Kane answered coldly. "Don't worry about it. But if you get any other letters from the same source bring them to me, or if I'm not here, send them to me at Scotland Yard. Good-night, Mrs. Jurby. You have done the right thing."

"Oh, I do hope as I have, sir, and I do hope you don't think as Jurby and myself are what we're called in that letter."

"Don't be absurd, Mrs. Jurby," laughed the detective. "This is either a practical joke or some scoundrel is going to try and get your license taken away from you. He'll probably write for money in a few days. But you must let us know at once, whatever he writes."

"Yes, sir, indeed I will—and thank you very much. Good-night, sir, and I do hope as you'll sleep comfortable."

She left the room and closed the door behind her. Mr. Kane seated himself at the table, took a small magnifying glass from his waistcoat pocket, and examined the letter and the envelope.

He came to the conclusion that the letter had been written by a woman, and that the woman had tried to disguise her handwriting. She had used a fine pen, so it was probable that she usually wrote with a thick one. The paper was thin and common in quality, so that the ink had run in places and made blots. There was no sign of any finger-print. There was no water mark on the paper. There were no mistakes in the spelling, yet it was obviously meant to be the letter of an ill-educated person.

It might be a practical joke," he thought, as, half-undressed, he seated himself before the fire and smoked his last pipe. "Or there may be something against these Jurbys—nothing real perhaps, but apparent."

If there had been anything real, he argued, it was very unlikely that Mrs. Jurby would have shown him the letter.

"Queer woman," thought Mr. Kane; "doesn't have much of a time, I should say, with that fat, jovial husband of hers. The chap has a violent temper—so she said."

That statement had rather interested him. A man with a violent temper is always a potential murderer.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ruth Bradney stayed at South Barton for four weeks, and then decided, quite suddenly, to return to London. Every week-end her husband had motored down to see her, arriving on Saturday morning and returning on Sunday evening. Save for these visits nothing whatever had happened to break the peaceful monotony of her life. She seemed to have slipped into a large, deep, silent pool, where nothing stirred the surface of the water. For a little while life had been like a raging torrent, full of noise and swiftness. One event had followed another with incredible rapidity. Fear had followed fear, and she had been dashed about in such a tumult of deceit and terror that it had seemed impossible for her to escape destruction.

And then the torrent seemed to have carried her into this large, deep pool of quietude, that was like the broad green lake of the marshland round South Barton.

Nothing whatever had happened. She had not seen Trehorn again, nor had she heard from him. The visits of her husband had been pleasant and tranquil. Never again had she looked up at him and fancied that she was looking at a stranger. He had given her news of Merrington, who was growing stronger day by day. But beyond that they had said nothing about Paula's death.

The police, too, had left her entirely alone. No doubt they were doing something to solve the mystery of the poison, but, so far as Ruth knew, the newspapers were quite silent on the matter. Even Fletcher was apparently no longer to be feared. Fletcher had, for some reason or other, changed her mind about leaving her situation, and had taken a fortnight's holiday.

It was as though everything had come to a dead stop. There had been time to breathe and regain one's strength—plenty of time to think.

And even her thoughts seemed to have come to a standstill—during the last fortnight of her stay at South Barton. Her fears had been lulled to sleep, and during that last week-end she saw her husband as no longer a man to be feared, but as a friend to whom she was very grateful for all that he had given her in life. Of course she could never love him, because she was still in love with John Merrington. But she intended to devote the rest of her life to an endeavor to give him happiness. She owed him that, at any rate.

Even her love for John Merrington had not troubled her. The fierce passion of it seemed to have died away, and left behind it the quiet, deep affection that comes to a married couple, sometimes soon, sometimes after many years. It was almost as though Merrington were dead; as though she and Merrington had been married for a long time, and Merrington were dead.

"Well, he is dead," she thought, as she travelled up in the train to London. "The part I have played in his life is dead; I am a stranger to him; I shall never see him again."

That was a cause for sorrow, but even sorrow itself was forgotten in her keen desire to make amends to her husband. No longer would there be anything fierce and passionate or strange in her life. She would be Lady Bradney and be spoken of as a very lucky woman.

The waters of the pool into which the raging torrent had carried her were like the waters of Lethe. The quietude and silence of the marshes, in which she had spent nearly five weeks, seemed to have soothed her brain and heart. And now she was going back to London. She wondered, but without fear, whether London would have the power to send her spinning once more down the torrent—whether London would mean a renewal of the fight to save herself. She felt that she now had the strength and health and clearness of thought which would enable her to hold her own.

She arrived at home about two o'clock, and all the servants seemed very pleased to see her. Fletcher, in particular, was effusive and almost affectionate—quite unlike the old Fletcher, who, even in her pleasant moods, had been rather reserved and subdued.

"How you could go and live down in that little place, my lady," she said, "at this time of the year. I wonder your ladyship hasn't caught your death of cold."

Ruth was almost glad to be home again. The splendor of the house appealed to her after her humble surroundings at South Barton. The warmth and the comfort and the beautiful furniture and the atmosphere of wealth and luxury! She looked round her bedroom and saw it in a new light. It was like paying a visit to a friend's house, where one admires everything.

And as yet the peace that she had found at South Barton was still with her. She had, as it were, brought it up with her, just as she had brought up her personal belongings.

She had a late lunch by herself, and she found pleasure in the good food and the quiet movements of the two footmen and the sombre stateliness of the dining-room.

But afterwards, when she was alone in her own sitting-room, she began to wonder why these things pleased her, and she was just a little afraid of them.

"While I was at South Barton," she thought, "I imagined that I should never want anything more than a cottage and simple food." She was not pleased with herself. It seemed as though, already, she had lost something that she had gained in that solitude by the sea. She could not forget that she had married Alexander Bradney for his money. During the last two years wealth and all that could be bought with it had seemed to be of very little importance. If it had not been so she could not have run away with John Merrington. But now she passionately enjoyed her surroundings. Here, too, in this great, well-ordered house, there was peace. She was in London, but set apart from the roar and the noise of it.

At four o'clock she thought that she would like to go for a short walk in Kensington Gardens. She was so accustomed to being out of doors that the warmth of the house had begun to feel oppressive. She put on her hat and made her way downstairs to the hall. A footman opened the door for her and she found herself face to face with the woman who had travelled up in the train with her from Dedbury on that terrible night—the woman who was only known to her as "Lady Anne."

(To be continued.)

Her Courage.

In a missionary school in the mountains of the Southern States there has been for several years a girl who when she came into the class had, as a patient teacher put it, "few peers for uncouthness of manner and density of mind." Year after year the place at the bottom of the class has remained hers. Yet she is the one girl whom the principal of the school and aslo the teachers are most anxious to keep.

She is a cripple and is halting in speech. She came from a home of ignorance and poverty. Her handicap was so heavy that at first it seemed impossible for her to overcome it. Yet under its terrible weight stirred a living, struggling will. That was the interest, the dramatic conflict, that made all the lookers-on want to help the crippled girl forward.

She herself knew her limitations, but she had an ambition, and she pressed toward it daily, forgetting self. She was not discouraged; she had a living faith in God. Though she could only stammer slowly, she determined to start family worship in her home when she went back in the vacation. Never had a prayer been heard in the poor little hut. "My knees shook," she said to her teacher afterward, "and so did my voice. But I wasn't ashamed." Every day she presevered, and when she left home for school again her mother promised to continue reading the Bible daily.

The poverty of the cripple has always been extreme; during her years in the school she has been able to earn little money. Yet by patient effort she has earned enough to give a small weekly offering. At Thanksgiving one year when all united in a thank offering she brought one dollar and a half, earned and saved through no one knows what toil and sacrifice, but given with a grateful heart, for she is happy in her school, in her teachers and in her opportunities.

Her mind may stay at the foot of her class, but her soul is at the head of it and is always advancing. Is it any wonder that even with her dull mind and her halting speech she has still a power beyond eloquence upon all about her?

Flowers by Electricity.

The supply of flowers should no longer be affected by changes in the seasons or in weather conditions. Plants can now be grown with the aid of electric light.

In the course of experiments recently made in the United States an intensity of electric light equal to one-fourth of the sun's rays, was used, and the growth of both flowers and vegetables was hurried forward by several weeks owing to the continuous light thus obtained.

The plants are permitted to sleep for an hour after sunset. Then, the electric light is turned on for about five hours, when the lights are lowered, and the plants given another rest previous to sunrise. During dull weather, when there is no sunlight, the electricity can be kept on throughout the day, supplying the light and heat necessary to speedy growth.

By means of this latest method celery was found to grow almost twice as fast as usual, and flowers bloomed eight days before those which depended only on sunlight.

Surnames and Their Origin

LEACHE

Variations—Leeche, Leechman, Leach, Barbour.
Racial Origin—English.
Source—An occupation.

Had the words "doctor" or "physician" been in use about the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries in England, as they are to-day, such family names as Leache, Leeche and Leachman would not exist. Instead we would have such names as John C. Doctor, or James J. Physician or Harrison G. Chirurgeon.

But it was not until the time of Queen Elizabeth that the words "phisition" and "chirurgien" (surgeon) came into general use and not until still later that the physician was called "doctor."

At the period when family names were being formed there were no physicians except the barbers, and the principal method of treating nearly all diseases was to bleed the patient with a leech, a little blood-sucking worm. The barber was at once the physician and the "tonsorial artist." He was as frequently known by the medical branch of his trade as the other, as was called the "leachman" as often as the "barbour." In the course of time the term "leachman" was often shortened into "leeche" or "leache."

A large factor in settling these old trade names into family names was the fact that children so often followed the same occupations as their parents, though in many cases the descriptive name would stick to a son even when he did not follow his father's calling, simply through the sheer necessity of his having more than one name at a time when populations were growing so fast that each man could not have a distinctive given name.

KELLY.

Variations—O'Kelly, Keely.
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A given name.

The author of the lyrics of that once popular ditty "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" never announced publicly whether he chose that name for the hero of his ballad because it fitted the rythm, or from a more subtle motive.

As a matter of fact, the name was singularly appropriate to the spirit of this humorous jingle of adventure, because the given name from which the Kelly group of family names is derived means nothing more or less than "strife."

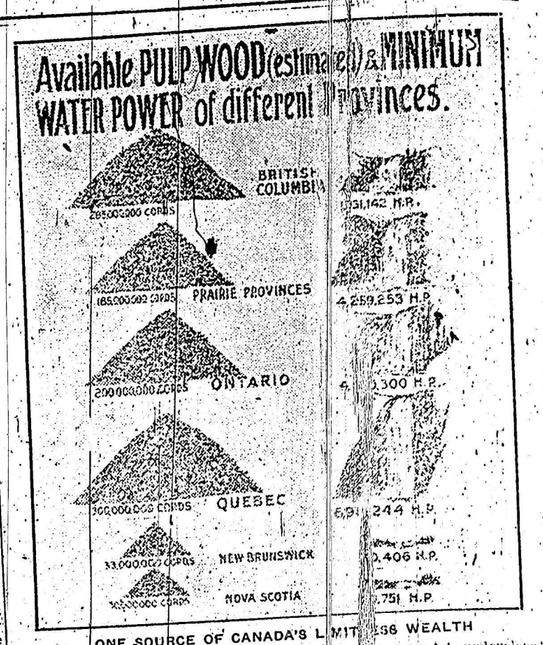
These family names, however, are very ancient and honorable ones, coming in the majority of cases from the country about Wicklow, in Ireland.

But with them again we have another example of the wide difference between the ancient and modern spelling, with a difference in pronunciation which is much less marked. The given name from which Kelly, O'Kelly are derived is "Ceallach," which certainly does not look like "Kelly," but there is really little difference in the pronunciation of the two. A slight broadening of the final "y," with the restoration of the "ch," which is best described as a softened or aspirated "k" sound (somewhat similar, but not quite, to the German "ch") completes the transformation back to the ancient pronunciation. The Celtic "c" is always a "k" sound. There are modifications, of course, but never to our modern "s" sound. Keely is an Anglicized version of the name.

The Complete Liar

"Why do you believe he is so entirely a liar?"

"He told me he couldn't believe his own eyes."



ONE SOURCE OF CANADA'S LIMITLESS WEALTH

The chart shows in a graphic way the vast natural resources of timber and water-power in Canada's undeveloped

NATIONAL FISH DAY

Four years ago the Canadian Fisheries Association inaugurated a National Fish Day which was regarded as a move of such national economic importance as to receive the support, both moral and material, of Federal and Provincial Governments. Whilst the first and direct object of this institution is to increase the consumption of Canadian fish in Canada, its indirect objects are more momentous and of greater national importance. According to all indications the main object is being successfully achieved.

On National Fish Day, which occurred on the last day of October, the hotels and restaurants of the Dominion featured special fish menus, and such widespread organizations as the dining-car service of the railways directed the attention of diners to various species of Canadian fish. Thus all over the Dominion not only was the consumption of fish increased for the space of a day, but the appetizing and nutritious produce of Canadian waters was brought forcibly to the attention of Canadians.

The institution is, of course, a national movement for the advancement of the Canadian fisheries, one of Canada's first resources, which should, however, by reason of its potentialities, occupy a much higher place relatively. The consumption of fish in Canada amounts to about 200,000,000 pounds per year, or about 25 pounds per capita for each person in Canada. The Canadian Fisheries Association is entering on a campaign to endeavor to increase this average consumption to 50 pounds per person, or a pound per person per week, a not excessive amount of fish for each individual, but which would mean a consumption of 400,000,000 pounds of fish per year, to the great benefit of the Canadian fisheries.

Must Increase Exports.

The great work of this institution, however, is that it must tend to bring more closely home to the people of Canada the wonderful and unparalleled resource they have in their waters both coastal and inland, and possibly, through them impress the people of other countries with the same sense of magnificence. Whilst doubling the fish consumption of the Dominion would be an excellent move, especially in view of the population's inevitable growth within the next few years, Canada must look abroad for consumers for the greater part of her fish, and they are the people who should know more about this great Canadian resource and the high quality of its product.

Canada has to look to markets abroad for the disposal of eighty per cent. of her fish. Though Canadian fish exports are substantial they are relatively insignificant in view of the tremendous possibilities of expansion. Already they go to practically every country of the globe and in value have shown a very gratifying increase. They have increased from $15,500,000 in 1910 to $33,300,000 in 1921, $29,300,000 in 1922 and $27,500,000 in 1923. The slight decline in the past two years has been attributable to slumping values rather than to any falling off in output.

Canada has the most extensive fishing grounds in the world, and in the Dominion's inland waters and those of its coasts are to be found some hundred varieties of edible fish. Of which not more than one hundred are commonly known, and of fifty more than twenty are really important factors on the market. The extent of Canadian waters is inconceivable, and in quantity easily furnish the world with its needs without suffering and come very near being able to provide for all varieties. People know more about Canada's forests and its mineral wealth than about its fisheries and their power to supply food requirements in the

Polite But Pointed.

A tipsy man was stopped by a policeman for disorderly conduct, whereupon he became angry and called the policeman an ass. After he had paid his fine the magistrate reproved him for his language to the officer.

"Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass?" he asked.

"Certainly not," said the magistrate. "You must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I called a policeman, would you?"

"No, no, if it gives you any pleasure," answered his worship.

The motorist turned to the magistrate and arrested him. "Good day, ass," he said, as he left the court.

Fastest Submarine.

Submarine 1, which is now on at a Chatham dockyard for the British Navy, will be the fastest submarine in the world. She will have a speed of 33 knots, twice as fast as the average submarine, and will carry six 5-10 inch guns. When steaming at full speed, the craft will carry six 5-10 inch guns. The craft itself to be unique for the reason that it will be the largest submarine, built in Britain, displacement 120 tons and had a speed of nine knots.

Both Were Old Fashioned.

An old physician of the last century was noted for his brusque manner and old fashioned methods. He was visiting a Scotsman. On one occasion a woman called him in to treat her baby, who was slightly ailing. The doctor prescribed castor oil.

"But, doctor," protested the woman, "castor oil is such an old fashioned remedy."

"Madame," replied the doctor, "babies are old fashioned things."

Ten Greatest Inventors.

In an article called "The Ten Greatest Inventors," the author, John Seymour, names the following: Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Charles Goodyear, Sir Henry Bessemer, Samuel F. B. Morse, Thomas A. Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, Nikola Tesla, Cyrus Hall McCormick, Orville Wright.

The basis of education should be sure before a superstructure of accomplishments is raised upon it.—Duke of Wellington.