



CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

They had by this time left the Liverpool Road and had entered Scott's Park, which during the last few years had become a rendezvous for the people of the town, especially on Sunday afternoons.

"You know," went on the girl, "that it made no difference to me when people told me that I was choosing a weaver. I didn't think about it, I only thought of you. But, Tom, I shall never marry any one who—who can find his pleasure in such places as the Thorn and Thistle, and who sneers at Sunday School."

"You mean," said Tom, rather angrily, "that if you continue to keep company with me I must feed on your religious lolly-pops."

An angry flush mounted the girl's cheek, but she continued to speak quietly.

"Tom," she said, "will you answer me truly? Do you find anything at the Thorn and Thistle better than you found in the young men's class? You sneer at religion, but religion does no one any harm; rather it always does good; anyhow, it's everything to me, and you have to make your choice."

Tom looked at her steadily. He knew what she meant, knew too that the time had come when he would have to make his choice. At that moment he saw what Polly Powell meant to his life, saw, too, that if he followed the road in which he had been walking during the last few months he would have to give up Alice Lister. He saw more than this, for at that moment Polly Powell's blandishments had no effect on him. She appeared to him in her true light—a coarse, vulgar girl.

"You don't care about me like you did," he said angrily. "You are getting tired of me."

"If that were true I should not speak to you in this way," and her voice became tremulous. "But I am not going to throw away my life, Tom; there's something more in life than—than love."

"What?" he asked.

"Duty, God," was the reply.

Tom again laughed uneasily. Alice Lister lived in a different world from that in which Polly Powell lived; they breathed a different atmosphere; they spoke a different language. Yes, he would have to make his choice.

"I would rather have you than forty Polly Powells," he burst out, "I would really, Alice, but—but—"

"There must be no buts, Tom, if—if you want me. Oh, Tom, can't you see? You know that what I say is right and—and—"

He saw her lips quiver; saw the tears start to her eyes. He knew that his association with the daughter of the landlord of the Thorn and Thistle was coarsening him, making him have lower standards of life, making everything poorer, more sordid. Whenever he was with Alice he wanted to be better and truer, and she always made him ashamed of coarse, base things.

"Alice, do you love me?" and his voice became almost hoarse.

"If I didn't would I talk to you like this?" was her answer.

A crisis had come into Tom's life, and he knew it. Two forces were fighting in his heart, two angels were battling for his soul. At that moment it seemed as though his better angel were going to win the victory; he was on the point of telling Alice that he would never go into the Thorn and Thistle again, never speak to Polly Powell again, when he heard a familiar voice close to him.

"I say, Pollard, you are coming to-night, aren't you?"

Tom turned and saw a well-dressed young fellow close beside him. He had come to Burnford some three years before to learn the cotton trade, and during the last few months he and Tom had been very friendly. Tom was rather proud of this, because young Harry Waterman was his superior, both socially and from an educational standpoint. Waterman claimed to be the son of a squire who lived in Warwickshire, who had sent him to Burnford to learn cotton manufacturing because more money was to be made out of it than by sticking to the land.

Waterman was a tall, handsome young fellow, with a florid complexion and light-brown hair. He had met Tom at the Mechanics' Institute Classes, and the young weaver had been much flattered when the other had at various times discarded all social distinctions and been friendly with him. It was he who had laughed Tom out of going to the Young Men's Classes on Sunday afternoon, and told him that religion was only fit for ignorant people and women. Waterman professed to have travelled a good deal, and had told Tom that after leaving an English Public School he had studied in one of the German Universities and taken his degree there. He had described to the simple Lanchashire boy the life of Berlin, and Leipzig, Munich, and other German cities. Tom had been a willing pupil and thought what wonderful people the Germans were. He felt proud too that young Harry Waterman had evidently taken a liking to him. "You will come, won't you?" went on Waterman; "just the same lot, you know."

"Ay, I think so," said Tom. "That's all right, then; we'll look out for you about seven."

"Where are you going to-night?" asked Alice.

"Only with Mr. Waterman," replied Tom.

"But where?"

"To a kind of club we have at the Rose and Crown. Come now, Alice, it's no use looking like that; you can't expect me to be a ninny. Besides, Waterman's a swell, he is the son of a squire."

"That is how you are going to spend your Sunday evening, then?" said the girl.

"Certainly," replied Tom. He felt angry that Alice should interfere with his pleasures. Besides, he remembered that Waterman had once said to him that any fellow was a fool who allowed a woman to interfere with his pleasures.

"I see you have made your choice," said Alice.

"Look here, Alice," said Tom angrily, "if you mean that you expect me to behave like a Methodist parson, I have. I mean to get on, and Waterman can help me; and—and—I say, Alice, don't look like that!"

For the look in the girl's eyes had almost destroyed the influence which Waterman had over him.

"I am going home now," said the girl.

"May I come with you?" asked Tom.

"That depends," replied the girl; "either you must be as you were when I first walked out with you, or we must part."

"You mean good-bye for ever?"

"Just that," she replied. "Oh, Tom, can't you see! Can't you see! Won't you promise, Tom? I don't know anything about young Waterman; but I know he is not having a good influence on you, and Tom, why do you want to break my heart?"

Still Tom was undecided. He wanted Alice more than words could say; he felt there was no girl like her in all the wide world, and he knew that the last few months had not done him any good. But there was another side. He was only a weaver, and he had been proud to associate with Waterman, who was friendly with big manufacturers. But to give up Alice? No, he could not do that. He heard a loud laugh close by his side, and walking towards the Band-stand he saw Polly Powell with Jim Dixon.

(To be continued.)

REIGN OF THE CROWN PRINCE.

Germany is Ruled by the Sentiments of the Degenerate Prince.

It is customary to look forward toward the reign of the Crown Prince of Germany with a certain amount of foreboding; but in essence, if not in fact, the Crown Prince is already on the throne, says Prof. Shaw, of New York University. It is as credible a belief that the kaiser did not want war as that the heir apparent did. The kaiser seems to have preferred his yacht to the U-boat, but the Crown Prince appears to have chosen more serious pastimes. Just when the kaiser abdicated psychologically in favor of his son is not a matter of record date, but the fact remains that Germany of to-day is ruled by the sentiments of the Prince.

The kaiser is a reminiscence, the Prince a harsh reality, and it is the decadent spirit of the Prince which appears, not only at Verdun but all along the Hindenburg line and in the wake of von Tirpitz and his U-boat. Germany, then, is urged on by the thoughtless impulses of the Crown Prince, while the function of his father seems to consist in expressing regrets for German ruthlessness and in offering prayers for German success. The virtual and psychological ruler is a young man whose attitude toward life can hardly be understood by us without suggesting analogies to Harry Thaw and Dr. Waite.

Critics of national ideals will be unjust with Germany, which still has a place on earth, and false to themselves if they indulge the fond assumption that Germany is false and bad, while all other nations involved in the war are true and good. The difference between Germany and the other nations lies in the fact that the others went to war with the best that was in them to the front, the worst to the rear. France was ready to subordinate national levity to the serious business of defending its implicit ideals. After undue delay, England decided to subsume snobbery and selfishness for the sake of thrusting forward its standard notions of civilization. In our own country, we have just begun to let the cardinal ideal of national life take the place of jingoistic talk, stock jobbery and stock robbery. That is, where the other nations have succeeded in fighting according to the best, Germany has taken counsel with the worst.

PURE MILK SUPPLY OF DENMARK

CLEANLINESS OF THE DANISH DAIRY IS AN ART.

A Description of the System in Vogue in the Co-operative Dairies of Copenhagen.

Denmark has attained a distinction of which any nation might be proud—she ensures to her young children the daily, yearly supply of pure milk, says Marion Jameson in *The World's Work*. Since more than half of the farms of Denmark are associated with the co-operative dairies, it follows that ideal conditions for milking must obtain practically throughout the country.

Milk is the one essential human food. And yet no other factor contributes so heavily to mortality as tainted milk. Unfortunately this universal food is one of the best breeding-grounds for good as well as for dangerous bacteria. Introduced into the purest milk, bacteria increase enormously—uncovered milk is always liable to infection.

Cleanly milking from the Danish point of view does not begin and end with a clean cow; it is a far cry from the cow to the child's mouth. The milkers, the pails, the sheds in which the cows are milked, even the walls and the floors; the transit of the milk from the farm to the retailer, and thence to the consumer, are all included in the Danish programme for pure milk.

The Life History of the Milk-Can.

The life history of the milk-can in Copenhagen is interesting. To start with, the cows are kept in bright, airy sheds all day; only in the summer months are they allowed open-air pasture, for the effects of cold and rain on the milk yield are well known. There are no fences in Denmark; the cattle are pegged down and moved systematically over certain restricted areas.

The beasts are examined by veterinary surgeons twice a month; twice a year they are tested with tuberculin, as in many cases tuberculosis of the udder is very rapid and its early detection imperative. These veterinary surgeons not only examine the animals, they also inspect the conditions of the cow-sheds, the food, the milk-pails, and report on the yield and quality of the milk of each cow.

The cows are never milked in the sheds; in the summer they are milked in the fields, where carts are stationed to carry the milk immediately to the refrigerators; in the winter they are milked in scrupulously clean rooms set apart entirely for the purpose. Even the milk-pails are specially constructed; they rest in an outer receptacle filled with crushed ice and salt, and in this way the milk loses its cow-heat, micro-organisms do not develop, and the milk keeps sweet longer than three days.

Refrigeration and Analysis.

The milk is conveyed at once to the refrigerators, where, by the unlimited supply of ice it is cooled to 50 deg. Celsius.

The milk begins to arrive at the premises of the company at Frederiksberg, a suburb of Copenhagen, at about 9 p.m. Upon its arrival it is sampled for subsequent analysis, tasted, and its temperature noted. The milk is analysed both on the premises and in the chemical laboratory of the university, the director of which publishes monthly the result of this daily analysis.

The skimmed milk and ordinary sweet milk are then placed in the cans (as they are) in large ice tanks, after being sampled and tested, there to remain till early next morning, when they are run through a filter, and tapped off into the vessels in

which they are to be taken round the town.

The cream, after being weighed and sampled, is filtered, and then bottled in clear glass bottles, which are laid away in ice until delivery next morning. The "children's milk," so called on account of special precautions having been taken to secure its absolute purity and wholesomeness, is likewise put through another filter, and bottled.

The Filters.

The filter consists of two enamelled iron tanks placed at different levels; in the bottom tank are three layers of gravel, that in the lowest layer about half the size of a pea, in the middle layer somewhat smaller, and in the third or top layer a little larger than a pin's head. The layers are separated from each other by perforated tin trays, and on the top of the uppermost layer of gravel are six layers of fine cloth.

The Cans.

The cans, after being filled and weighed, are labelled, tied up with a thread, sealed with a leaden stamp, and taken off to the milk carts for distribution.

In the bottling room the milk is led by a pipe into a machine similar to that used for bottling beer, at just such a rate that it will keep six small taps going. From these taps a skilled bottler fills clear glass bottles, each of which holds an imperial pint; as these are filled, they are passed on to a woman, who corks them on to the sealers, who first tie threads across the cork, and then put on a leaden seal, and the bottles are then placed in racks—in boxes put there by different vanmen, each one of whom knows the number he requires.

It is interesting to note the difference between the "sealed" milk bottle of Denmark and that of England, where the milk is "sealed" with a small cardboard disc placed in the mouth of the bottle, which a dishonest dairyman can easily detach and replace. That dreadful, grey, greasy zinc can of the ordinary English dairy is unknown in Denmark.

The company's vans which carry the milk to the consumer are so constructed that the milk-cans are locked in the van, and can only be drawn through dust-proof taps. The men in charge of the vans cannot tamper with the milk at all. The sealed bottles of cream and children's milk are kept in another part of the vehicle in trays containing crushed ice.

Where Cleanliness Is An Art.

The cleanliness of the Danish dairy is an art. There is no superficial swilling of cans and pails. Floors and walls, cans, bottles, and pails all receive the most scrupulous attention.

The cans are cleansed in the following manner. They are first rinsed inside with a powerful jet of cold water, then they are washed with hot water and soda with a brush both inside and outside; after that they are forced through some strong lime and water, on a wheel, and finally they are placed over a jet of boiling water, which is injected upwards into each one.

The bottles as they come in are most carefully washed with hot water and soda; the inside is then scrubbed with a revolving brush and boiling water, and the outside is treated in the same manner with a small hard brush, after which they are carefully rinsed with clean cold water.

The gravel used in the filters is cleaned by boiling and stirring it about in hot water and soda till the water comes off quite clean. It is then steamed at a temperature of about 302 deg. Fahrenheit. The filth that comes from the gravel is astonishing and disgusting; yet more care and cleanliness than that shown upon the farms supplying the company could not possibly be observed.

Cleanliness of the Workers.

The personal cleanliness of the workers is no less insisted on; shower baths are provided, and the employees are expected to use them every morning; their clothes are constantly changed, and if any infectious disease

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occurs in any of the workers it is at once reported. Very wisely the workers are paid full wages while they are on the sick-list, and thus there is no fear of detection or attempted concealment of the complaint. Half washed pails, the breath of a consumptive milkman, or the dirty hands of a dairyman are not permitted in Denmark to carry death to hundreds of little children.

To walk through the airy and spacious rooms, to see the wet and shining floors and walls, and the lustre of glittering bottles and pails is to realize the beauty of cleanliness; and the fresh smell of the place, the white clean clothes of the workers and their well-scrubbed clogs, give one an idea of the purity of the milk that goes to Danish nurseries.

A LINE OR TWO.

Send me a line or two,
Telling me how you do—
Send me a line or two,
I long to hear!

You are so far away,
I miss you every day—
You are so far away,
Once you were near!

Tell me the little things,
Nothing of wars or Kings—
Tell me the little things,
Dearest to me.

Do your thoughts ever turn
To the far hearts that yearn?
Do your thoughts ever turn
Over the sea?

I cannot let you go,
Because I love you so—
I cannot let you go,
Out of my life!

My love shall be a shield,
My prayers a blessing yield,
For you upon the field—
All through the strife!
Nina Moore Jamieson.

Choose Your Associates.

The bond of friendship is a beautiful tie; it is to be highly treasured. True and lasting friendships are the outgrowth of mutual attraction, gradually developing through intimacy, and ripening into a firm bond with respect and keen appreciation of merit as the basis. And as time goes on such friendships become cemented and are unbreakable. Choose your associates; leaving it to chance is not a safe course to pursue.

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