

Black is White

Continued from page 6.

Her eyes filled with horror. "How can you say such a thing, Mr. Brood? He is your son. How can you say—"

"His father was the man who wrote the accursed waltz he has just been playing! Could there be anything more devilish than the conviction it carries? After all these years, he—"

"Stop, Mr. Brood!"

"I am sorry if I hurt you, Lydia. You have asked me why I hate him. Need I say anything more?"

"I do not believe all that you have told me. He is your son. He is, Mr. Brood."

"I would to God I could believe that," he cried, in a voice of agony. "I would to God it were true."

"You could believe it if you chose to believe your own eyes, your own heart." She lowered her voice to a half-whisper. "Does—does Frederic know? Does he know that his mother—Oh, I can't believe it!"

"He does not know."

"And you did drive her out of this house?" Brood did not answer. "You sent her away and—kept her boy, the boy who was nothing to you? Nothing!"

"I kept him," he said, with a queer smile on his lips.

"All these years? He never knew his mother?"

"He has never heard her name spoken."

"And she?"

"I only know that she is dead. She never saw him after—that day."

"And now, Mr. Brood, may I ask you you have always intended to tell me this dreadful thing?" she demanded, her eyes gleaming with a fierce, accusing light.

He stared. "Doesn't—doesn't it put a different light on your estimate of him? Doesn't it convince you that he is not worthy of—"

"No! A thousand times no!" she

cried. "I love him. If he were to ask me to be his wife tonight I would rejoice—oh, I would rejoice! Someone is coming. Let me say this to you, Mr. Brood. You have brought Frederic up as a butcher fattens the calves and swine he prepares for slaughter. You are waiting for the hour to come when you can kill his very soul with the weapon you have held over him for so long, waiting, waiting!"

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"You would marry him?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Knowing that he is a scoundrel?"

"How dare you say that Mr. Brood?"

"Because," said he levelly, "he thinks he is my son." Voices were heard on the stairs, Frederic's and Yvonne's. "He is coming now my dear," he went on and then, after a pause fraught with significance, "and my wife is with him."

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In God's name, what has he done that you should want to strike him down after all these years? It is in my heart to curse you, but somehow I feel that you are a curse to yourself. I will not say that I cannot understand how you feel about everything. You have suffered. I know you have, and I—I am sorry for you. And knowing how bitter life has been for you, I implore you to be merciful to him who is innocent."

The man listened without the slightest change of expression. The lines seemed deeper about his eyes that was all. Put the eyes were bright and as hard as the steel they resembled.

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STERILIZE TO PRESERVE

Long Application of High Temperature is Necessary

Canning in tin cans was considered a factory process until recently. People had tried from time to time to can vegetables both in tin cans and glass jars, but the failures were so frequent that discouragement followed, and it was concluded that the factories had some special method that was not possible in a home kitchen. The difference lies in the fact that the commercial canning factory must systematically follow the process of complete sterilization or go out of business. One insignificant microbe left alive in a can of peas will multiply to millions in a few days and the acids and gases they give off are offensive. The can goes bad. It is a total loss. Fortunately they are able to do their sterilizing under steam pressure and with ordinary care the product is good.

Occasionally the supply of peas or beans may be greater than the capacity of the factory and they may be compelled to let them lie in heaps for some days, in which case if the weather is warm they will ferment and although they may keep quite well after being canned still they have lost their fresh flavor and they are sold as seconds or a cheaper grade. Thus the success or failure in either home canning or factory canning of vegetables depends upon sterilization. This is not true in the same way of fruit because fruit requires less or more sugar and this with the fruit acid helps to prevent the growth of bacteria.

The standard for complete sterilization in the bacteriological laboratory consists either in heating the material under 15 pounds steam pressure for 15 minutes or for boiling in an open boiler for one hour on each of three successive days. The steam pressure is quick and effective, but not many homes as yet have invested in a home pressure sterilizer. The lowest priced one obtainable will cost about \$20. However, the slower process of boiling is just as effective. The first hour kills all living germs but the spores or seeds are very insistent, and they may survive. If so they will grow into germs inside the next 24 hours, especially if they are kept warm. The second boiling kills these or in many cases the spores can be killed by two hours' continuous boiling at the same time. After three hours nothing is left alive. Much less time may do in many cases, but in canning either corn, peas or meat it is not wise to limit the time much since extra heating does no harm and may be the means of preventing failure.

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SUMMER KITCHENS

Danger From Stoves Without Safe and Proper Chimneys

A sequence of the annual spring housecleaning period in the home is the exodus of cooking stoves and ranges to the summer kitchens. This removal involves a considerable fire risk. The summer kitchen naturally suggests a building of more or less flimsy construction, usually a frame lean-to without a proper chimney. Too often the stovepipe through wall or roof serves as smoke outlet, without even protection of the surrounding woodwork. The same care should be exercised with stoves and ranges in summer as in winter. Woodwork should be protected by sheet metal, with at least two inches of air space between the metal and woodwork. Sheet metal should also be placed under the stove, projecting sufficiently to overcome the danger from live coals falling upon the floor.

Proper and safe chimneys should be provided, and, where necessary for pipes to go through frame partition metal thimbles, provided with ventilated air spaces, should be used. Insurance companies will not knowingly accept as a risk any building in which stovepipes issue through roof or side walls. Should such a condition be established and a fire occur from this cause, the companies are not called upon to pay the loss, the policy being void. It is therefore of the utmost importance to provide safe equipment for stoves in summer kitchens.

VIOLETS HURT THROATS

While Too Many Roses Will Make You Giddy

A good singer will always examine a bouquet which has been presented to her before she inhales the perfume, to see whether there are any violets among the blossoms. If there are, she keeps at a good distance from it, for violets have a very peculiar effect on the vocal chords of most people, and to inhale the perfume would probably mean the singer spoiling her voice for the rest of the evening. Violets will make some people very husky. Roses, if inhaled too freely, are liable to cause giddiness, which becomes very pronounced if a person is shut in a room with a lot of rose blooms. The drowsy feeling that comes over most people when they stay for any time in a room, or conservatory, filled with flowers, is caused by a narcotic influence which emanates from the blooms.

Gumption Required

The proper use of a three-speed hub is worth learning, if the bicycle rider would obtain real service from the fitment. Many would be better riders if they were confined to a single gear, not because the triple-speeded hub is a failure in any sense of the word, but for the reason that their service of it is curiously unintelligent. The action of a three-speed gear is to make cycling easier; some people deliberately reverse that service by a failure to understand its use. One sees many dozens of cyclists making hard work of cycling because of the triple-gear hub, and it has only been their non-recognition of the fact that has kept them advocates of the pastime.

Robins will often clear a lawn of white grubs if the sod is kept moist so they can dig through it.

A DAY AT CAMP BORDEN

The account of a day's visit at Camp Borden, given by Hon.-Col. Hal B. Donley of The Simcoe Reformer, ought to be of some weight. The camp being the offspring of the Conservative government, under a time of military stress, and the writer, as the name of his paper suggests, being a Liberal of the most pronounced type, one would naturally expect to find something in the nature of an adverse criticism of the action of the promoters of the great camp, or rather, what will be shortly, from expert opinion. "The greatest and finest military camp in the world." If any one should have a political grouch Mr. Donley might be expected to have it, but the article shows no such feeling. Mr. Donley speaks well of the progress made, and though it is now only in the making, and has imperfections that might be paraded by the grouch with a grudge, he sees unparalleled progress and looks forward hopefully with an eye of faith to the completion soon of a training ground of which Canadians may well feel proud. He touches what should be a responsive chord in the minds of all true Canadians when he speaks of the first consideration being to defeat the Germans and regards all present disadvantages as tiny bubbles in the scales. The following is Mr. Donley's write-up:

"We had read a great deal about Camp Borden from the fulsome eulogies of Harry Gadsby to the damnatory drivel of Tommy Church, whom in a choice of two evils, Toronto chose a year and a half ago to be its mayor. But at best, second hand opinions are less satisfactory than those one makes for oneself upon actual investigation. And so the editor of The Reformer was glad to take advantage of the first opportunity that came to visit the camp and see for himself the object of so much discussion and so diverse views. We have been to the camp; were motored over a great deal of it; saw it in all its newness and unfinishedness, talked to the officers, talked to the men, heard all kinds of opinions, saw everything at close range to be seen in the lines of the 133rd Battalion typical of all other battalions. The

result of our observations is that the optimists have it. Borden is a great military camp, in the making, it may be true, but fast hastening to completion. One silver-haired civilian visitor of American birth, to whom we talked, put the case aptly when he said: "What would the kickers have had to say if they were compelled to face conditions that existed even as late as the Spanish-American War, to say nothing of the Rebellion?"

"As to Camp Borden itself. In a limited article such as this it is impossible to attempt descriptions. And this has been done by the space-fillers in the daily press. The writer is not qualified to speak as one having knowledge of military camps, though we have seen several, both in Canada and elsewhere. We would rather give the judgment of men of experience. We talked to a brigadier who has seen service at the front to the C. O.'s of three or four battalions, to the brigade-major, who happened to be an old friend. Founded on the opinion of these men we will say that Camp Borden is a great camp and in a month it is going to be the greatest and finest military camp in the world. Those were the exact words of our own Capt. Wake, a veteran soldier if there is one at Borden. We prefer his judgment to Tommy Church's.

"Of course there is the dust. But wait until the heat of summer is gone and the autumn rains are falling. And remember Salisbury Plain.

"It isn't finished?" Quite correct. But you never saw finishing touches being put on with such feverish haste. It's a hundred per cent. better than when we marched in, and it was a miracle then! One C.O. said, a very seasoned one, too. And it will in our opinion be a hundred per cent. still more satisfactory by four weeks from to-day. A hundred thousand men can be accommodated on the property. There is room to drill them and train them as would never be possible in the older camps, and that is the essential thing. Of course there are drawbacks, and much has been made of them. The dust? One would think there was never any dust at Niagara. The distance away from anywhere; the loneliness, the lack of amusement in leisure hours,



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these are not to be denied. But to defeat the Germans is going to require huge sacrifices. The disadvantages of Borden are but tiny bubbles in the scales. Canadians are fighting for the right to live and real Canadian men should have no time to waste on useless recriminations."

WELCOME NEWS.

Grad.—This university certainly takes an interest in a fellow, doesn't it?

Tad—How's that?

Grad.—Well, I read that they will be very glad to hear of the death of any of their alumni.

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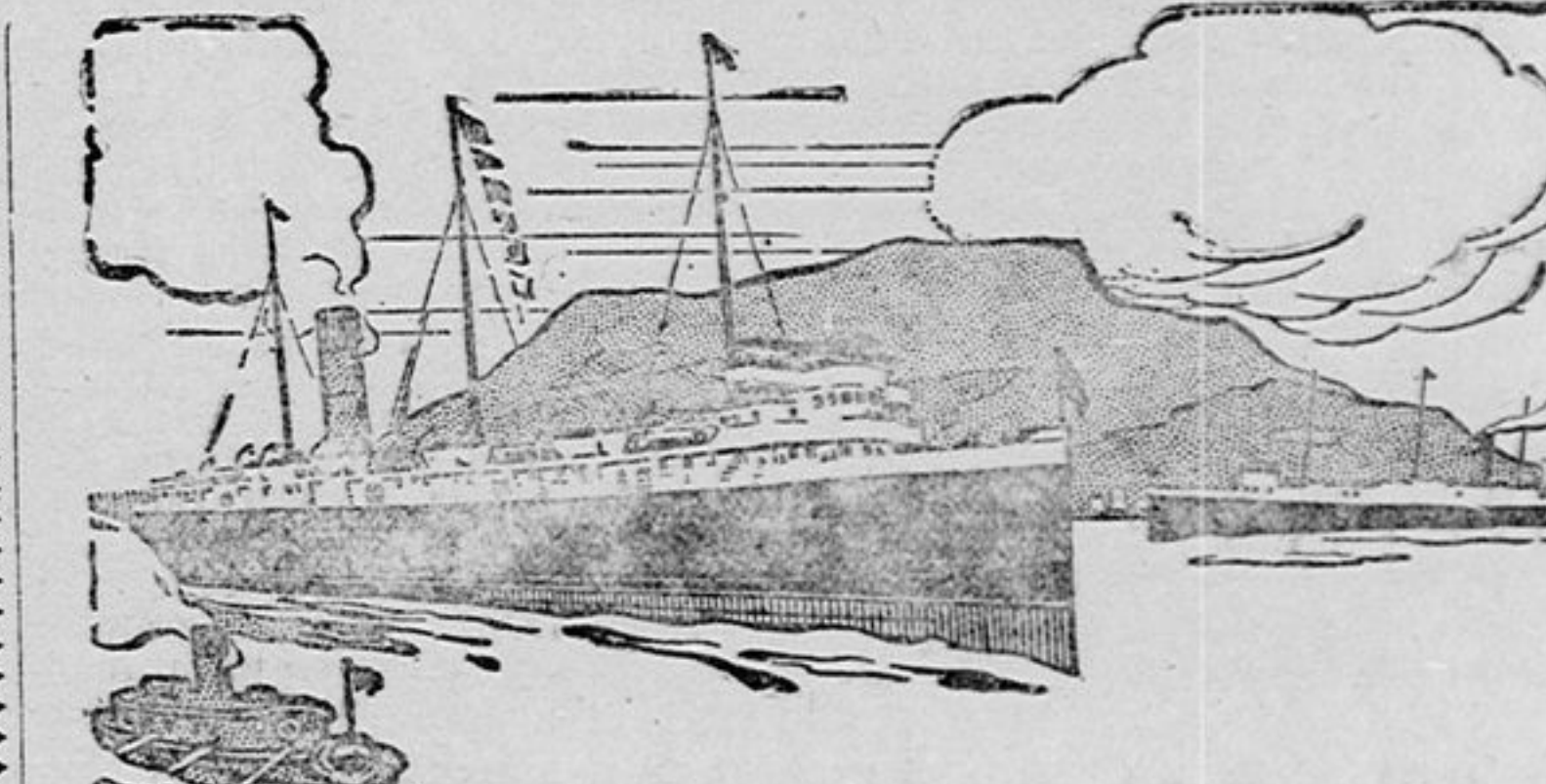
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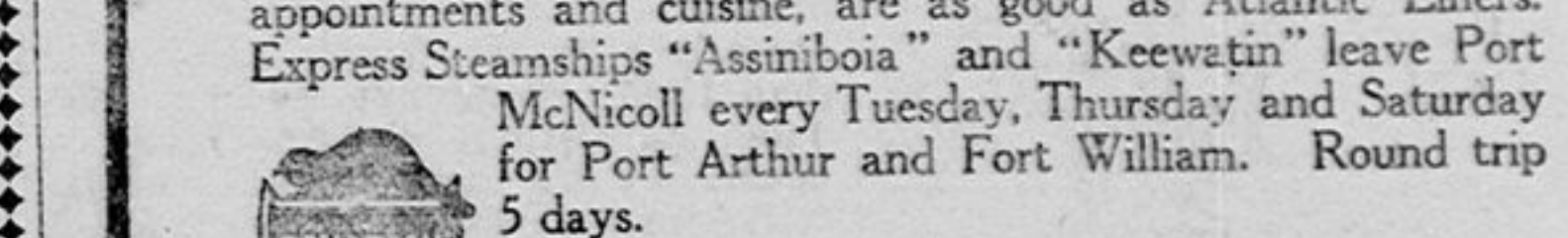


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George Barr

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