Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER XL.—(Continued).

"Weren't you speaking of Lord Gaunt just now, Lady Ferndale, and asking if any one had heard of him? I happened to hear you mention his name, and I thought you would like to know."

Lady Roborough looked up at him quickly, and with the expression which a lady's face wears when she wishes to silence the speaker; but the young man was rather short-sighted, and did not notice her look. Alas! he was young, and with most of us it is not until we have reached "forty year" that we learn the full significance of a lady's glance.

"I've just heard of him," he went on, fully convinced that he was making himself agreeable and imparting keenly desired intelligence. "One of the men of his exploring party—you know Lord Gaunt is exploring the source of the Oawamyi—"

"Yes, oh, yes, we know," said Lady Roborough, rather curtly, very curtly for her; but he blundered on.

He was not a native of the place but only a visitor at one of the neighboring houses, and had probably not heard the name of the young lady who sat so quietly beside the two old ladies, and had certainly never heard it in connection with Lord Gaunt.

"This man dined at the Travelers'—the club, you know—"

"We've all heard of the Travelers', Mr. Jones," said Lady Ferndale, coldly.

"Yes?" Mr. Jones fixed his eyeglass. "In fact, we were giving him a little dinner in honor of his return. He came home on sick leave, you know. He told us a lot about the expedition, but nearly all his talk was of Lord Gaunt. It seems that the party had a particularly rough time of it; no end of perils and privations, you know. I forget how many days they were without food and water; and once or twice they had to fight their way through unfriendly tribes—natives, you know—and they can fight. And he says that Lord Gaunt is a—a regular brick. That was his word, you know; and, according to him, it is just the right one."

Lady Roborough glanced at Decima. She was leaning back in her chair, and her face was pale; but her eyes were not downcast, but fixed before her, and the dreamy expression Lady Roborough had spoken of was in them. She seemed as if she were far away, as if she were scarcely listening.

"He says," continued Mr. Jones, who was enjoying himself exceedingly, "that Lord Gaunt is simply worshipped by them all; certainly he—the man who has come back—is mad enough about him—and that whenever there was anything in the way of hard times or fighting, Lord Gaunt always took the lion's share. He says that, in his opinion, Lord Gaunt doesn't know what fear is. Always in the front when they were attacked, and never down on his luck for a moment. He says that Lord Gaunt marched at the head of his party for three days with a wound in his thigh that would have sent any other man to the hospital for three months."

Lady Roborough broke in at this point with a kind of desperation.

"Oh, thank you very much, Mr. Jones!" she said sweetly, too sweetly. "It's very good of you to tell us this; but—but would you be so kind as to go over to the band and ask them to play again?"

Mr. Jones looked rather bewildered at this decapitation of his little story, but he bleated blandly:

"Certainly, certainly! Delighted, Lady Roborough!" and took himself off.

Decima sat a full minute without moving; then her lips parted and a long sigh escaped them softly, so softly that only Lady Roborough heard it, and she glanced at the watch at her waist—a present from Bobby.

"It is time for me to go, Lady Roborough," she said, and she spoke quite naturally, and even with a smile. "My father always likes me to be home a little before dinner; and, indeed," smiling, "if I were not, he would not get dressed."

Lady Roborough nodded. She carefully avoided looking at the lovely face for a moment or two.

"And what is the last wonderful invention, Decima?"

Decima smiled again, but only for an instant, as she replied, gently:

"It is something for extinguishing fires—think. I don't know quite, but I think it is a kind of shell which you throw into the flames—and it explodes."

"Sounds as if it were more likely to cause fire than to quench it," remarked Lady Roborough. "Tell them to bring a carriage round for Miss Deane, please," she said to one of the servants.

"Oh, no; I can walk," said Decima.

"I've no doubt you can; but you won't, my dear," said Lady Roborough, dryly. "My dear Decima, you are too accustomed to having your own way. And so you grow selfish and self-opinionated."

A look of alarm and penitence began to steal over the sweet face; and Lady Roborough exclaimed:

"You little goose!" and drawing the face down to her, kissed it tenderly.

As she leaned back in the carriage, Decima closed her eyes and pictured Gaunt fighting his way at the head of the weary and fever-stricken expedition, thought of him suffering "in silence and in strength," and her lips murmured his name and a prayer for him, as the tears stole down her cheeks.

CHAPTER XLI.

One evening, a fortnight later, Decima dined at the Ferndales'. It had been a dinner-party, or she would not have gone without her father. The Ferndales were very fond of her—who was not?—and she had spent a very enjoyable evening. Lady Ferndale had made much of her, and Lord Ferndale had exerted himself to amuse her. Their daughter was married, and the Ferndales were quite ready and anxious to take her into their girl's absent place. They had pressed her to stay the night, but she had come home, because she knew that even if her father did not miss her, that he could not be left.

She saw the light burning in his workroom as she went up the path, and she went straight to him.

He had not dressed for dinner that night, and he looked more untidy and dusty even than usual. Two gas-jets were flaring away, and he was standing at his bench, filling some glass tubes with a liquid which he poured from an iron retort.

"Have you not finished, father?" she said. "It is very late, dear."

"Is it?" he said, pushing his unkempt hair aside. "I didn't know. I've been busy, very busy. This is a wonderful idea of mine, Decima. Wonderful! It surpasses anything I have hitherto done. It will simply revolutionize the present unsatisfactory system of dealing with fires."

"I am very glad, dear," said Decima. "But will you not come to bed now? Let me turn out the lights."

"Presently, presently," he said. "This invention of mine is simplicity itself. Of course, there are plenty of hand grenades and—er—glass bombs in the market, but this is something quite new, and its action is totally different to that upon which the others depend. You see this tube? It contains a fluid, which, of course, is my secret—it's marvelous that I should hit upon it—which possesses extraordinary qualities."

"It smells very strange and—and rather nasty," said Decima. "I hope it isn't dangerous, dear?"

"Dangerous!" he said, impatiently; "oh, no—that is, it could only be dangerous in the hands of ignorant persons. But I intend to have directions for its use pasted on each tube. All you have to do, in the event of fire, is to throw one of the tubes, not at the flames—there might be some small danger then, I admit—not at the flames, but at the point which they would reach if they remained unchecked. A slight explosion then takes place, the flames are dispersed, choked, so to speak, and your fire, however fierce, is extinguished. I have been making some experiments to-night. I will show you."

He was about to light a roll of paper at the gas-jet, but Decima held his arm.

"Not to-night and in this crowded room, father!" she pleaded. "Show me to-morrow in some safer place, in the open air. Come to bed now, dear, you look tired."

"I am not at all tired," he said, "and there is not the least need for apprehension or alarm, as I could prove to you in a moment. But I will show you to-morrow. Wait one moment," he added, as Decima turned out one of the gas-jets. He began to put the evil-smelling things aside, but paused and pushed his hand through his hair. "There was something I wanted to tell you," he said. "I can't think what it was. It was important, too. Dear me! I can't remember for one moment." He stared at her vacantly, then went on, as if he had suddenly remembered: "Ah, yes! Lord Illminster called this afternoon."

"Lord Illminster?" said Decima, with some surprise. "Why did he call? He has never been here before. What did he want?"

His eyes and hands wandered toward the precious tubes, and Decima had to repeat her question.

"Eh!" he said. "Ah, yes! He came to see you as well as me."

"To see me?" said Decima. "Oh, about the archery meeting, I suppose. Lord Illminster asked me to help."

"No, it wasn't about archery," said Mr. Deane; "at least, I don't think he mentioned the word archery—he may have done, it's quite possible. He talked a great deal, and seemed a remarkably pleasant and well-informed young man. When I say well informed, I mean on general subjects. I could not get him to understand any of my inventions. But he admitted, very modestly, that his scientific education had been neglected. No; the purport of his visit was to ask me to give my consent to his proposing to you."

"Father!" exclaimed Decima, her face growing red for a moment.

"Yes," said Mr. Deane, as if they were discussing an unimportant detail. "You seem surprised. Were you not aware of his intentions?"

"No!" said Decima, more to herself than to him. "I never thought—I never suspected."

"He made his request in an extremely nice manner," said Mr. Deane, turning to the bench and arranging some tools absently, "and I am quite sure that he is very much in earnest. As I've said, he seems to me an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable young man."

"What—what did you say, father?" faltered Decima.

"Oh, I gave my consent," he said.

"Oh, father!" she breathed. "Why did you—how could you? I—"

"Why not?" said Mr. Deane, staring at her. "Surely you can have no objection to him, Decima? He is young, and, I think, from what little I saw of him, good-looking; he is an earl—or is the Illminsters' a barony? I forget—and I think he said that the estate was a large one, and that there would be proper settlements. In fact, I inferred from his remarks that he would leave that detail to the lawyers. I told him that it was quite unimportant, because this last invention of mine would place you far beyond the need of any settlement; that, in fact, you would probably be one of the greatest heiresses in England. He is coming to-morrow to see you, and, really, Decima, I think you would do well to accept him. You are still young, absurdly young, but not too young to be married; and now that you have broken your engagement with Mr. Mershon—" His mind wandered, and he rumpled his hair and stared at her vacantly. "Yes, I should advise you to accept Lord Illminster."

Decima was pale now, and her face was very sad.

"I—I can not, father!" she said in a low voice.

"No?" he said, calmly. "Why not?"

"I do not—love—care for him," she said. "He is very good and kind, but I could not marry him. I shall never marry any one." She smiled wanly. "I am always going to stay with you, dear, and take care of you."

"That's absurd," he said, pettishly. "You speak as if I were a child and incapable of taking care of myself. And as a matter of fact, I don't suppose that there is a more practical man in the world than I am. You had better tell Lord Illminster when he comes to-morrow that you accept."

"I will tell him— No; I will write to him. Come now, father."

She extinguished the other gas-jet, after looking round carefully, and led him away. He maundered up and down the drawing-room for some time talking, not of Lord Illminster and his proposal, which he had already completely forgotten, but of his last invention for the extinction of fire; but after awhile Decima got him up to his room, and in the solitude of her own she was free to think of Lord Illminster's proposal. She had no suspicion of it. She regarded herself as so different to other girls, as one to whom marriage was an impossibility, that she had unconsciously felt that others must so regard her. She had loved one man with all her heart and soul, and, though she could never be his wife, she must go on loving him while life lasted. She would probably never see him again, but she was his still. She was sorry for Lord Illminster, sorry that she had, all unwittingly, been so friendly with him. As her father had said, he was young and good-looking, and in every way desirable; but Decima had no heart to give him; it had flown from her bosom long ago, and was nestling beside Lord Gaunt's. And it would nestle there while it beat.

She wrote a short letter to Lord Illminster; a letter of refusal couched in the gentlest phrases, but definite. She could not have slept with the letter unwritten; and having written it, she dismissed him from her mind, and, with her last waking thought, thought of the man she loved but whom she could never marry.

That same evening, Mr. Bright happened to be at Leafmore Station. He was going to the next one down the line to see one of the tenants; and he was getting into the train and started back, for Lord Gaunt alighted from the first-class carriage next that which Bright was about to enter.

Bright stared at him speechlessly as the train slowed away from the station.

"Lord Gaunt!" he gasped.

Gaunt extended his hand with a smile. He was thin and very brown, but he looked well and extremely fit, as if the privations he had undergone had done him good. Bright felt upon the hero-worshiper's tongue the phrase, which seemed the birthright of his race.

"Surprised you, eh, Bright?" said Gaunt, as Bright wrung his hand.

"I'd not the least idea—" stammered Bright, overwhelmed with astonishment and delight.

"I meant to wire," said Gaunt, "but I only had time to catch the train."

"When did you come back, and are you quite well?" asked Bright. "I am so confused."

Gaunt smiled, and laid his hand upon Bright's shoulder.

"I reached London last night; and I'm perfectly well, thanks. You're looking very well, Bright. I'm glad to see."

"There's no carriage," said Bright, confusedly. "Shall I get a fly?"

"Don't trouble," said Gaunt. "I want to go to the Hall to get my old rifle and one or two other things; we'll walk, if you don't mind. I've been cooped up in the train and on board ship so long, that I shall be glad to stretch my legs."

They left the station and proceeded in the direction of Leafmore, Bright wiping his brow now and again, and looking from right to left in a bewildered way.

"This is such a surprise, Lord Gaunt," he said. "But I needn't tell you how glad I am to see you, how glad they will all be to see you back safe and sound. Of course, we have read all about the expedition in the papers. It's been a wonderful success."

"Well, I suppose it has," said Gaunt, quietly. "We have traced the river to its source, and connected it with a couple of lakes big enough to hold the navies of the world; and we have opened up a new channel to British commerce. Oh, yes, it has been a success, I suppose."

"And now I hope you have come home to settle down, Lord Gaunt," said Bright, earnestly. "You have done quite enough for your country, and I trust will rest upon your laurels."

Gaunt smiled rather wearily.

"I've only come back for a few things, Bright," he said. "I return to Africa by the next vessel. Where can I stay to-night? I should like to sleep at the Hall, if I can."

"Certainly, certainly!" replied Bright. "There are some servants there, and the place is in order. I thought it possible that you might come back at any moment, and I have been prepared; but you won't think of leaving us again, Lord Gaunt?"

"I must," said Gaunt. "I'm sorry."

Bright sighed. As they reached the village, Gaunt looked round with evident interest.

"You have completed all the improvements, Bright, I see," he said. "There are the new schools, and the cottages. They look comfortable."

"Yes, my lord," said Bright. "Everything has been done, I hope, as you wished it, and I need not say that the people are very grateful. The place is quite changed. It is a model village. And we have to thank you—and Miss Deane—for it."

At the mention of Decima's name, Gaunt winced and his face grew grave, and he was silent for the rest of the way.

Their appearance at the Hall created a sensation and a commotion. Gaunt spoke to some of the old servants, and, with Bright, went straight to the library.

"Now, just tell me all the news, Bright," he said. "Don't forget that I'm only just landed, that I am a stranger in the land. How is everybody? How is—how are the Deanes? How is Miss Deane?" He turned away to the window as he spoke.

"They are very well," replied Bright. "Bobby is at Sandhurst."

"I am very glad!" said Gaunt. "He will make a capital soldier. And—and Miss Deane?" His face was still turned away.

"She is very well," answered Bright. "I saw her this morning. She is still the guardian and ministering angel of the place."

Gaunt nodded.

"And—and she is still unmarried?"

"Oh, yes," said Bright, with a smile; "but that's entirely her fault. She has had two offers to my knowledge. But I don't think she will remain single long."

Gaunt sunk into a chair and sat with downcast eyes.

"Why do you think so?" he asked, moving the books on the table mechanically.

"I think she will be Lady Illminster before long," said Bright. "His lordship has been paying her a great deal of attention lately, and it is evident that he is very much in love with her."

"Illminster?" said Gaunt, looking up quickly, and with a tightening of the lips. "Who is he? I forget. What sort of a man is he?"

"He came into the title on the death of his uncle, since you left. He is a very nice young fellow, and in every way desirable."

(To be continued.)

Na-Dru-Co Laxatives

accomplish their purpose with maximum efficiency and minimum discomfort. Increasing doses are not needed.

25c. a box at your Druggist's. 174

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

ACCIDENTS DUE TO BAD EYES.

Applicants for License to Drive Motor Vehicles Should Pass Test.

Owing to the rapidly increasing number of automobiles, used for business as well as pleasure purposes, every State should require that all applicants for a license to drive a motor vehicle pass an eyesight test, says the Journal of the American Medical Association. All railroads and many electric car companies require such a test. Yet in the great majority of States the prospective driver of an automobile need only affirm in his application that he has no physical or mental infirmities. When one stops to consider that a railroad engineer drives over a steel track, guarded by signals and watchmen, and over a route with which he is thoroughly familiar, whereas the autoist drives over any road he chooses, not protected by lights and signals, and in some cases travelling almost as rapidly as a locomotive, it is plainly imperative that he possess as good sight as the man in the engine cab.

If one eye is highly defective the field of vision is greatly impaired and the driver less able to manoeuvre his car in an emergency. Paris, Munich and other European cities have seen the necessity of an examination of the eyes of all taxicab drivers and are strict in the enforcement of this protective measure. It is more than likely that defective vision is next in order of frequency to the overdose of alcoholic drinks as a cause of automobile accidents. We can, and should, protect pedestrians and drivers of vehicles from injury to a much greater extent than we do. Each applicant for a license to drive a motor vehicle should be required to give satisfactory proof of at least moderately good vision.

The most appealing of all perfumes

Just smell this soap.

We've caught in it the real odor of violets.

It imparts to your skin an exquisitely fresh fragrance. It diffuses from your hands and hair a wonderfully lasting perfume.

Ask your druggist for this soap. If he hasn't it, send us a 2c stamp for postage. Address The Andrew Jergens Co. Ltd. 6 Sherbrooke St. Perth, Ontario.

Jergens VIOLET Glycerine Soap

10c a cake. 3 cakes for 25c

Get a quarter's worth.

COLONEL GOETHALS.

How He Rose to the Top in the Engineering Profession.

The soldier and administrative military man have been bred for three generations in George Washington Goethals, the successful engineer who has just about completed his big job of digging the Panama Canal. He is claimed now by many cities and States, but he is a Brooklyn boy, and although his ancestry is Swiss, and of the military Swiss at that, his grandfather was a surgeon in the French army and was with Napoleon at Austerlitz. His own father, John Goethals, was born in Switzerland and moved to Amsterdam in his early boyhood. In 1848 he came to this country, making his home in Brooklyn, where, in 1858, the present Colonel Goethals was born.

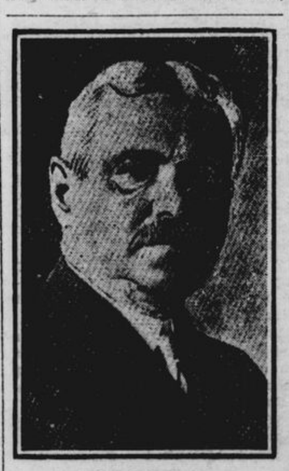
The origin of the family name is interesting. In good Dutch it is the equivalent of the English "stiff necked," and was conferred on the first of the present line, who was one of the Crusaders, by an early King of Flanders. This man was fighting side by side with his king when a foe struck him a mighty blow. The sword was turned aside by the armor and the man kept on fighting. A second blow was struck, but still the man kept on fighting before the eyes of his king, until the battle was won. After the conflict the king called the warrior to his side and commended him for his prowess.

"Sire," said the soldier, "I break before I bend."

"Henceforth," said the king, "thy name is Goethals, the stiff necked." The name has "stuck," and for centuries the family motto was "We break before we bend."

George Goethals started school at the age of six at old Public School No. 15, State and Powers Street (now Third Avenue), Brooklyn. That was in 1864. He played with the older boys around in the lots which are now in the centre of a great city. Nor was he a "star" pupil. The tales told by his teachers and associates hint that he often was among those detained after the regular hours. It was there, however, that the soldier blood of his ancestors first showed itself, for in the closing years of the civil war great bodies of soldiers were often encamped in the vacant lots surrounding the old schoolhouse, and he recognized the call of destiny in his earliest years.

It was in 1875 that the boy first became fired with an ambition to go to the military academy. At the academy he soon won a reputation as a "digger," because he was at his studies early and late. The effectiveness of this was shown when,



Colonel Goethals.

in 1880, he was graduated so high up in his class that he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Engineer Corps, which is open only to those students graduated with the highest markings.

In 1891 he was promoted to the grade of captain and placed in charge of the improvement of the Tennessee River, for the next four years. He was the chief engineer of the First Army Corps in the Spanish war of 1898 and became a major in the Corps of Engineers in 1900. In 1907 he became a lieutenant-colonel, and in the same year was appointed chairman and chief engineer of the Isthmian Canal Commission. He received his commission as a colonel in 1909.

Colonel Goethals married Miss Rodman, of New Bedford, Mass., in 1884. They have two sons, one of whom recently was graduated near the head of his class at West Point and now is serving in the canal zone, under his father, as a second lieutenant of engineers.

Now that his big job is nearly over he is being sought after by many cities and corporations. He has been offered the position of New York's Chief of Police, but is not likely to take it. He will either remain as Governor of the Canal Zone or go north to build the Alaska railway in all probability.

"Well," said Mary, who prided herself on her singing and range of voice, "do you think my voice will fill that large room to-night?" "No," said her cruel brother. "On the contrary."

The Dye that colors ANY KIND of Cloth Perfectly, with the SAME DYE.

No Chance of Mistakes. Clean and Simple. Ask your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal

HOME

Choice Recipes.

Sweet Salad Dressing.—For fruit salad. One cupful sugar, one-half cupful water, one-fourth cupful vinegar, two eggs beaten light. Cook until it thickens. When cold add one cupful sweet cream.

Breaded Apples.—Place one cupful of breadcrumbs in a baking pan, sprinkle over them one pint of chopped apples and a small cup of sugar. Pour in one-half pint boiling water and bake fifteen minutes in a slow oven.

Pork Cake.—One pound fat salt pork, chopped fine, one cupful boiling water, one pound raisins, two cupfuls sugar, one cupful molasses, one teaspoonful soda, six cupfuls of flour, and spices of all kinds. Mix and bake in a slow oven. One cupful of hickory nut meats make a good addition.

Hickory Nut Cake.—One cupful sugar, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful sweet milk, one and one-half cupfuls flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cupful hickory nut meats and whites of three eggs. Mix in the usual way and add the whites of eggs last.

Fricandelles.—Mix one cup of chopped meat, one cup breadcrumbs, one-half teaspoonful mixed herbs, one saltspoonful salt and a speck of pepper, with one beaten egg and one or two spoonfuls of milk. Shape in small cakes and brown in butter.

Dixie Eggs.—Cut four hard-boiled eggs into thin slices, place in a baking dish with alternate layers of grated cheese, sprinkle with a shake or two of red pepper, a saltspoonful of salt and a dash of nutmeg. Sprinkle top with buttered breadcrumbs and bake till a golden brown.

Graham Pudding.—A cupful of graham flour, one-half cup white flour, one-half cup molasses, one egg, two tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon soda, one-half cup sour milk, one cupful raisins, one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg. Steam one and one-half hours. Serve with hard sauce.

Sauce Piquante. — Brown one-quarter cup butter, add six tablespoons flour and stir until well brown; then add two cups brown stock or water and cook three minutes. Season with two-thirds teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful paprika, few grains of cayenne, one tablespoonful vinegar, one-half tablespoonful capers and one cucumber pickle thinly sliced.

Juggled Soup.—Slice six potatoes very thin and lay in a stone jar, add a small cupful of canned peas, a thinly sliced turnip, a sliced onion, one-quarter cupful of raw rice. Season with one-half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Pour over all one quart of well seasoned beef stock or broth. Put on the lid and place jar in hot oven and cook three hours. Serve with crisp crackers.

Bean and Nut Cutlets.—Two cupfuls of cooked lima beans, one-half cupful of black walnuts, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one tablespoonful of butter. Rub beans through sieve and add nuts (chopped), add butter (melted), one-third teaspoonful of salt, and crumbs of bread enough to mold mixture into desired shapes. Dip in meat drippings, then crumbs; bake in oven in oiled pan.

Imitation New Potatoes. — Pick out small, round, ripe potatoes; wash and peel. Put them into a cheesecloth sack and tie the top. Have ready a saucepan containing enough hot milk and water (equal parts and slightly salted) to cover the potatoes. Simmer slowly until done. Lift out sack and let it drain on a colander a few minutes, then let dry in the oven five minutes. Make a rich cream sauce, well seasoned, remove potatoes from sack to deep vegetable dish, pour sauce over them and serve.

Spanish Beans.—One and one-half pints pink beans, one large onion, one can tomatoes, red peppers to taste. Soak beans, after thorough washing, over night. In the morning fry the onion in olive oil or butter until slightly brown, adding the soft inside of three or four large peppers, or enough cayenne to suit the taste; salt well and add the can of tomatoes; add this to the beans and bake three or four hours. Add a small piece of salt pork or bacon if desired.

Amber Marmalade.—Take one each of large grapefruit, orange and lemon, wash and wipe dry and cut in quarters; cut the quarters through, peel and pulp into very thin slices, discarding seeds. Add three quarts and one pint cold water and let stand over night. Cook until the peel is very tender. It will take several hours. Again set aside over night. Add ten cups (five pounds) of sugar, and let cook, stirring occasionally until the syrup thickens slightly on a cold dish. Store as jelly. This makes about fifteen glasses.

Hints for the Home.

If a pan in which milk is cooked is rinsed out in cold water the milk will not be so apt to stick.

Blankets, after being washed and dried thoroughly, should be well beaten with a carpet beater.

Cut glass will be clear and sparkling if a little bluing is added to the soapsuds in which it is washed.

If you burn the food in a new white enamel dish, put into the dish a tablespoonful of sal soda, fill with water and boil.

If new enameled saucepans are placed in a pan of warm water, allowed to come to a boil, and then cooled, they will be found to last much longer before either cracking or burning.

Paint spattered window glass can be cleaned by melting soda in very hot water and washing the glass with it.

Lacquered brass can be cleaned by washing it in hot water, and a little soap may be added if necessary.

Do not allow the hearth of the range to be blackened, as it will soil your aprons or dresses. Wring a housecloth out of warm water and wipe the hearth clean every morning. Blacking it will not be necessary.

A good way to strengthen the worn places in undergarments is to stitch them with the sewing machine back and forth in parallel lines, and then turn the goods and run stitches at right angles to those already taken.

If you have not access to a hot water bag when it is needed, a good substitute is a flannel bag filled with hot sand or salt. A good idea is to keep half a dozen little ones filled and ready.

If turpentine is put on a burn immediately, it will stop the burning and there will be no pain. Saturate a piece of bandage with turpentine, then wrap the burn carefully and saturate again and again, keeping the bandage wet for some time.

A good scouring for boards and tables is this: Work into a paste half a pound of sand, half a pound of soft soap and a quarter of a pound of lime. Put it on the scrubbing brush instead of soap, then wash the wood with plenty of clean water.

In cooking meat, the idea is to retain the nourishment and flavor. The flavor and juices depend as much on the method of cooking as upon the quality of the meat. Boiling water or strong, dry heat will retain flavor, enclosing the meat in a crust which will not permit the juices to flow out.

A simple and easy way to iron sheets is to first fold the two hems together right side out, then fold the sheet across the centre, forming a square with the broad hem on top of the sheet outside. Then simply iron the square on both sides and the sheet will have a well-ironed appearance when on the bed.

The flesh of fish out of season is unwholesome. If necessary to keep fish overnight, place them where the moon will not shine on them; the effect is as bad as hot sunshine. Cod, haddock and halibut may be kept a day before using; but mackerel and white fish lose their life as soon as they leave the water.

Boots can be kept snow-proof and water-proof this way. Boil together about half a pint each of linseed and neatsfoot oil. Brush the dirt off the leather, and then saturate it with the oil, rubbing it in thoroughly before a fire. Put the boots aside for two or three days after oiling them for the first time, and afterwards oil them before going out.

Velveteen which has served its purpose as a dress or blouse should be preserved and made into polishing cloths. In this connection velveteen is almost as good as a chamois leather, and can not only be used for obtaining a fine polish on satinwood and mahogany furniture but as a means of brightening silver and plated goods. When soiled the velveteen may be successfully cleaned by washing it in a soapy lather.

Always That Chance.

"And you are to be married the sixth of next month?"

"Yes. Isn't that jolly?"

"Awfully. I suppose you are busy having your wedding clothes made?"

"Oh, no. If I had them made now they'd probably be out of style before I got a chance to wear them."

An old bachelor may not believe that life is full of contradictions, but a married man always does.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had bad news from your husband?" "Oh, worse than that. Arthur writes me from the country that he would die with grief at being absent from me were it not that he gazes at my picture and covers it with a thousand kisses every day." "That is very nice of him; but surely you are not crying about that? Most women would give anything to have such a poetic and devoted husband." "Oh, yes. Arthur is very poetical. But you don't know. Just to try him I put mother's photo into his travelling bag instead of my own, and the wretch has never found it out. Boo-hoo-hoo."

CANADA AND SCOTLAND.

This Country Is Most Akin to Land of the Heather.

At a lecture on Canada given in Penicuik recently by the Rev. W. Baird, of Edinburgh, the chairman, Mr. W. Lindsay, F.R.S.G.S., introducing the lecturer, said that Canada was near and very dear to all Scots, for out of the many colonies of the Empire it stood foremost and most akin to us. Why? Because though first discovered by a Genoese trader from Bristol, and afterwards successfully settled by the Norman-French, it was not until that outstanding Scotsman—rather Franco-Scot—John Law, an Edinburgh goldsmith, who found it convenient to transfer his interests to Paris, where he founded a famous bank—turned his attention to colonising Canada with Scots, that thus began the westward trend of our race. Then followed the rush of Scots exiles after the Jacobite Rebellion in 1715, and anew began the interest of the Scots in the St. Lawrence. This exodus was followed later, and especially after 1745, by many Scots to seek fresh fortunes in the West. Previous to this, however, and in the reign of James VI. and I. of England, Sir William Alexander secured a charter to found Nova Scotia, or New Scotland—the territory to be an appanage of the Kingdom of Scotland, and to be erected into two chief districts, viz.:—(1) Caledonia (now Nova Scotia) and (2) Alexandria (now New Brunswick). To further make it homelike for the Scot some of the rivers were renamed, Tweed, Clyde, Forth, etc., but to still further popularize the movement a new order of baronets of Nova Scotia was instituted.

"Then commenced a great movement of Scots to the new Acadia, and from time to time they were followed by other bands of determined Scots, until about the years 1783-4-5, when the clearance of the Highland glens took place, and the Scots surged across the Atlantic to form the well-known settlement of Glengarry, Ontario. Thereafter ship after ship brought its contingent of clansmen from old Scotland's shores. The names of the clans were:—MacDonald, MacDonell, MacMillan, MacDougall, MacRae, MacLeod, Grant, Cameron, MacGillis, Kennedy, MacLean, Campbell, MacIntosh, MacGillivray, MacKinnon, MacPherson, Fraser, MacPhee, MacIntyre, Ross, Chisholm, MacGregor, Ferguson, MacLaren, MacKenzie, Morrison, MacCormick, MacMartin, MacKay, MacArthur, MacLachlan, Cattanach. In 1852 they numbered 9,965 souls in Glengarry, Ontario. Thus did the Scots win the East, but no less had they since won the West, and at the present time over a million Scots were located in and over the Great Dominion of Canada, and it may be taken for granted as a surety that very few homes in Scotland at the present time but had some relationship with Scots o'er the water."

The lecturer went on to describe the Dominion, and its great possibilities for development and settlement. The present financial crisis experienced all over the Dominion was, he said, already being relieved by the goodly harvest of grain crops, and the money thus brought into the farmer's coffers would naturally benefit the community generally.

Never Smiled Again.

The clergyman, visiting a hospital, stopped at the bedside of a pale young man swathed in bandages.

"Cheer up, young man," he said unctuously; "keep smiling—it's the best medicine."

"I'll never smile again," replied the young man.

"Nonsense. Yes, you will!"

"No," sadly continued the battered one, "no nonsense about it. I'll never smile again—at least not at another fellow's girl!"

Obvious.

Miss Caustic: "Your friend, Smythe, braggs that he is a self-made man. You never hear a self-made woman boasting about it."

Mr. Critic: "No. They like every one to think it's natural."

Some women have a lot of cheek, but not enough to grow a beard.

Unfortunately the man who loses his temper always finds it again.

When a man is afraid to think for himself it's time the wedding bells were ringing.

Whenever you feel a headache coming on take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers

They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 125

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO