

# Tried by Fire

Maurice Howard lifted his suitcase out of the rack as the train slowed down into the station.

"Love, it's good to be back again," he thought, "but I haven't had a line from her for two weeks. Aunt Kate said all was well, or else I might have worried about the dear little girl."

Miriam was Howard's ward, and an heiress. She lived in his house, with his widowed aunt to act propriety. But Maurice was already looking forward to the time when Aunt Kate would be merely an honored guest, and when a little gold band on Miriam's finger would be all the chaplet necessary.

It seemed too good to be true. The past was at last dead. He hadn't heard a word from Wingfield since the latter had inherited money from some cousin or other. As he recalled this man's one and only enemy—Maurice's brow darkened. Wingfield had bled him pretty thoroughly in those days—the price he had demanded for his silence was a heavy one. And Maurice had paid to the last farthing, even though the loss of the money crippled his business and made things very awkward.

It was his burden and he must face it. Better that than to have the full story of that old crime raked up, and to meet averted faces everywhere. Still it was hard on a man!

The taxi drew up at the gate of his house. He had not sent word of his coming, hoping to take Miriam by surprise, and to see the joy-light waking in her dark eyes.

He opened the door of the taxi, and sprang quickly out, eager to be face to face with the girl he loved, and who he was just beginning to hope, loved him in return.

Just as he finished paying the driver the front door of the house was thrown open, and a man came out. For a moment they stood there in silence. Maurice's face was dark and sullen; the other man eyed him with a supercilious smile.

"Hello, Howard!" he cried. "Bit of a shock seeing me here, eh?"

"It is, Wingfield," retorted Maurice shortly, ignoring the proffered hand.

"Don't get shy! I haven't come about—about the old business," Wingfield said, with an ugly sneer. "That is dead—dead for the time being, unless you cut up something look was all the reply Maurice made.

"I want your congratulations," went on Wingfield, watching him closely. "I have the honor to be engaged to your ward, the charming Miriam!"

"You're!" retorted Maurice, taking a threatening step forward.

"Steady!" warned Wingfield, with a laugh. "I still hold the whip-hand, you know."

Without deigning him another word, Maurice brushed him aside and went into the house. But his heart was like lead in his breast. He felt somehow that Wingfield had told the truth. During his own absence this man had entered his home and stolen the only thing in it he treasured.

"Maurice!"

The sharp cry roused him from his reverie. A girl was standing half-way up the stairs. She had turned at his quick entrance, and was clinging to the banister, white and shaken.

"Is it true that you are engaged to that—Wingfield?" demanded Maurice harshly.

"Yes," Miriam replied in a breathless whisper. Then she broke out in a torrent of words. She had met Wingfield at the house of a friend just after Maurice had started on his ill-omened journey to Ireland. And he had at once become a most devoted wooer, calling on her as often as possible, and bringing her little presents.

Maurice listened dully. In his heart he felt a wild hatred of the man who had through the years been as an evil shadow on his life. But what Wingfield had done in the past was as nothing compared with this last cruel blow.

"I wish you—happiness," he said slowly, when at last Miriam faltered to a pause. Then he turned on his heel and walked slowly off to his study.

The joy of his home-coming, with all its dreams and hopes, had vanished. He felt numb and cold as he sank into an easy chair and buried his face in his hands. And behind it all was the dread knowledge that he dared do nothing. Wingfield still held the upper hand in this, as he had done all along.

If he braved things out and exposed Wingfield for the scoundrel he knew him to be, the other man would have a terrible revenge ready to his hand.

No; he must stand by and watch in helpless agony.

Up in her bedroom Miriam also was sitting in dull misery.

The sight of Maurice's unhappiness had cut her to the heart. She had known of the love which her guardian bore her, and had dreamed dreams, too. But that was before Wingfield had come into her life, with his vague hints of some dark secret in Maurice's past.

At first she had hated the man, for his own sake and because she knew that Maurice, the man she loved, disdained him. But soon after their first kissing Rupert Wingfield had dropped little meaning remarks concerning the power he held over Maurice.

"If people knew as much as I do," he had at last said openly, "they would shun this man as if he were a leper. They would refuse to touch his hand, or even to see him. He would be an outcast."

At first hot words of defiance and defence of Maurice had sprung to Miriam's lips. Then, with instinctive wisdom, she had bitten them back. Memory recalled something strange in Maurice himself—some suggestion of a shadow on his life. Although she had always understood from her dead father that Maurice was successful in his business, her guardian had always been unaccountably short of money.

Then a great inspiration had come to her.

"I love Maurice," she vowed, "and because of that I will do my best to make him happy. This man pretends to hold some secret of his. Well, I shall play him at his own game, and free Maurice from this unknown dread."

While Maurice himself had been away she had found her chosen part fairly easy to play—until Wingfield had proposed to her.

"I love you, Miriam," he said, quite calmly. "And I mean to marry you. I know that Maurice Howard also loves you. But I am in a position to prevent him marrying any decent woman. If I refuse you now, the day Maurice Howard makes his wife will be the day of his downfall!"

Fate was driving her cruelly far on her path of deception. But Miriam had trodden it bravely so far. She had plighted her troth to this man. Better that than bring disaster on the man she loved.

But Maurice had come back. The sight of his dark eyes, dull with pain and longing, had almost vanquished her resolution.

"I must go on with it!" she muttered, her hands clenched until the nails dug into her rosy palms. "I have set my hand to the plough. If I turn back now he will be more dangerous to Maurice than ever. But, oh, it's hard—it's hard!"

A sob raked her throat as she buried her quivering face in her hands.

"Now that your guardian has returned, we can make arrangements about our wedding," Wingfield informed her that evening, as they sat alone in the drawing room.

Maurice had received his successful rival with cold politeness, and then had left them alone together. And Aunt Kate had muttered some excuse and followed him, her worn old face anxious and tender.

"But I haven't made any preparations," said Miriam, her heart sinking in her breast with dread.

"You can do all that afterwards," replied Wingfield, his air of authority at strange variance with his role of lover. "I shall ask Maurice Howard formally for his consent to-morrow. Then, he added, with a slow smile: "I hardly think that he will find it advisable to refuse his sanction."

A sudden resolution came then to Miriam, and she bent her head over the fire as she made her next remark, intent on hiding the suspense in her eyes from his watchful gaze.

"Before we are married I have one thing to ask of you."

"And that is?"

"What power do you hold over Maurice—over my guardian?"

"That is a piece of information I shall have pleasure in giving to—my wife!" laughed Wingfield cruelly, and he laid a hand on her bare shoulder.

It pleased his brutal nature to feel her shrink from his touch. Let her shrink. Once they were married, and he had secured her fortune, she could disappear altogether, if she wished. His will was to have all the money inheritance, and he had begun to think of approaching Maurice once again, with the old threats, when a chance meeting with Miriam had placed a double-edged weapon in his hand.

He had resolved from the first to woo her for her fortune, and because Maurice loved her.

"You hold my promise," replied Miriam, raising her head proudly. "And you understood from the beginning why I consented to marry you. The fact that I know why Maurice fears you will not lessen your power over me."

"It will not," smiled Wingfield cynically.

Then his desire to hurt Maurice overcame his discretion, and he thrust a hand into an inner pocket.

"Read that!" he ordered, as he put into her hand a sheet of paper which he removed from an inner section of his notecase.

Bending over the firelight, Miriam pored with dilating eyes over the written confession of a mean theft contained—a confession of a mean theft from an old woman who had trusted in the writer, despising in its baseness and palsy in its gains.

Her breath came sharply between her teeth as suddenly she held the paper closer still to the flames, to scan eagerly the signature. Then, before the man could stop her, she had thrust the sheet of paper into the heart of the flames, crushing it beyond recognition with her satin-shod foot.

He sprang forward with a cry of rage; but she defied him, and he shrank from her accusing face.

"You—you cad!" she breathed bitterly. "To hold that over any man! Oh, you are hateful!"

An angry snarl broke from Wingfield's lips as he listened.

"I still have the knowledge of the crime," he reminded her with a sneer. "The crime of a dead man!" retorted the girl sternly, and he stepped back in amazement.

"You know!" he almost shrieked.

"I know the difference between the signature of Maurice Howard and the man I love," she faced him proudly. "And that of his dead cousin, Maurice, poor Aunt Kate's wayward son. You can do your worst," she went on quietly. "If you breathe a word about this sordid story to anyone—and I shall use my knowledge—I shall straight to Aunt Kate and—"

"And break her heart!" taunted the man cruelly.

"No; she loves her nephew too much to let him suffer for the sake of another, even if that other be her own son," replied Miriam, her tones carrying conviction to the man who listened.

"Now, go!"

"But your promise, of which you were so proud a moment ago?" snapped the man desperately.

"It was gained by a trick. I refuse to stand by it," replied Miriam, slipping from her finger the ring which had bound them.

In inarticulate fury he looked at her, so cold and still, and for the first time something almost approaching love for her swept over him in this moment of defeat. Then, with an angry mutter, he swung on his heel and walked quickly from the room.

Miriam waited till the crash of the front door, closed in fury, came to her ears. Then she leaned weakly for a few minutes on the mantelpiece.

Slowly the color returned to her cheeks, and a bright light shone in her eyes.

"I am free!" she murmured, stretching her arms high above her head. "And so is he—Maurice, my lover!"

Gone were the shadows which had beset their lives. With a glad smile on her lips she walked across the room, passing through a golden dreamland on her way to carry a message of happiness and love to the man who had stood tried as by fire, and who had stood the test nobly.

(The End.)

Wings of War the Farmer's Friend.

"Unknown."

An unknown British soldier was buried in Westminster Abbey on the second anniversary of Armistice Day. The King was the sole mourner.

In old, old Westminster's sacred pile there lies, in calm repose, with peasant, prince and peer, A man unknown to fame, yet laid to rest.

With all the prayers of a broad Empire blest, And on whose grave a king has dropped a tear.

His claim to lie within that holy fane is just, and none will him deny a place 'Midst all the noblest of old England's dead.

Who gave her laws, who noble armies led, Who sang sweet songs for all the British race.

Not his the glory of the soulful bard; Not his the glory of an honored grave; He was a warrior true, yet did not lead

A gallant army at his country's need; He was but one of the unnumbered brave.

No single land can claim him for its own, No land can say that he is truly theirs, He came an Empire son, loyal and true, He came at Empire's call he will to do,

And Britain ne'er forgets the son she bears.

Sleep on, brave heart! a sacred tie that binds Still closer all the links of Empire's chain, God give us faith and strength to still pursue

The path of honor and his will to do; And keep unstained the Empire's broad domain.

—G. Montague Mason.

Platinum Fields of Columbia Are Rich.

Platinum, which was worth \$9 an ounce not very many years ago, fetches \$110 an ounce to-day, or more than five times as much as gold.

It is said to have been first discovered in Columbia by a Spaniard named Antonio Ulloa. For a long time thereafter miners in Columbia, finding it commonly associated with gold, threw the platinum away. Recently seventeen pounds of it were recovered from the foundation of an old building in the Quibdo district, the site of which was an ancient refuse dump.

The present high price of platinum is largely due to the falling off of supplies from Russia, which has been the principal producer. But the mining of the metal in Columbia has been greatly stimulated thereby.

The metal in Columbia is found chiefly along the Atarato River and the Cauca Valley south to the border of Ecuador. The Atarato is 800 miles long (two-thirds of it navigable by steamers) and empties into the Gulf of Darien by fifteen mouths.

Homes Under the Sea.

Houses, streets, theatres, picture palaces, etc., buried under the sea, are reminiscent of Jules Verne. A modern wizard, Mr. E. R. Calthrop, who designed the Admiralty mystery towers, one of which was recently moved to the Solent, may be responsible for this miracle, says a London newspaper.

It has been suggested that a large submarine hotel and theatre be built at Hythe, the same principle it is assumed being used as in the case of the naval towers.

The inventor puts forward yet another interesting suggestion. He plans an artificial island home under the waves, some miles out from the Goodwin Sands. The burden of the conventional householder—rates and taxes, customs, dues, licensing restrictions, etc.—could not apply, he contends, to such island colonists.

"I May Not Pass This Way Again."

"I may not pass this way again." Let this thought burn in heart and brain, So shall we live not all in vain, Who may not pass this way again.

As each small tender bud that grows, Anon may turn to beauteous rose, So each kind action serves to prove The fragrant soul of human love.

So ere we leave this passing show, Where all are wanderers to and fro, Let each life's path a record be, Unbroken to eternity.

Of man's true brotherhood to man, Framed in the great Creator's plan, With those who followed in His train, Who may not pass this way again.

Every man I meet is my master in some point and can instruct me therein.—Emerson.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man. Help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds, weary and content and undishonored; and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.



Mother and Son.

Through years of his life from the time of a child, She had moulded his mind by her discipline mild; And the training which far in the past she began, Her guidance to manhood, has made him a man.

She has taught him in matters of honor his part, Her influence gentle is deep in his heart; He holds to a code of nobility high, And justice to others he will not deny.

'Tis a trait of his nature he trusts to require; He is firm in his faith, and he stands for the right— Though proofs of her worth there be many a one, The surest of these is her chivalrous son.

Stylish Economy.

For the brilliant color note, and for real warmth, try one of the latest wool scarfs. They make a fascinating substitute for furs that not all of us can buy this year, because of their high price.

The scarfs are wide and soft, and come in the loveliest of color combinations. They are made of angora, camel's hair, and brushed wool, and the new idea is to have a hat to match. The scarf with matching tam-o-shanter is no novelty, but the scarf with a real hat, in a becoming shape, is counted among the new things of the winter season.

Some of the hats have straight brims, others are in rolling brim shape. Frequently the brim will be one color and the crown another. Brilliant purple and squirrel-grey are used together, as well as royal blue and tan and black and white-checked angora combined with green, orange, or bright red.

The hats are not hard to make if you have a knack that way. The best looking are made over a small buckram frame, that has a soft net top to the crown. For trimming, wool cords and tassels are used, also fluffy pompons and gay wool flowers.

Sweets for the Party.

Old-Fashioned Nut Candy—2 cups light brown sugar, ¼ cup water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup chopped nuts. Place the sugar and water on the stove. When the mixture begins to boil, add the vinegar. Cook a few minutes, and then add the butter. When the syrup spins a thread, pour it over the nuts, which have been spread on a buttered platter. Mark in squares when cool. When cold, break apart, and wrap each square in waxed paper.

Maple Cream Fudge—1 lb. maple sugar, 1 cup cream, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 cup chopped pecans. Boil the sugar, cream and salt together until soft balls are formed when it is dropped in cold water. Then add the nuts, and pour on a buttered plate.

Fruit Rolls—1 cup prunes, ¼ cup figs, ½ cup walnut meats, ¼ cup shredded coconut, 1 cup dates, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange peel. Run the cooked prunes, dates, figs, nuts, and coconut through the food grinder. Add the orange juice and peel. Roll into a long roll, cut in slices, and wrap each one in waxed paper.

A Disappearing Ironing Board.

"Please step aside. Can't you see I'm carrying this heavy, cumbersome old ironing-board?"

City people have overcome this difficulty so they do not have to say this. All they have to do is to open a little door in the wall, unhook the ironing-board and it is in place.

Any farmer's wife can do this too. It takes only a little time to install the ironing-board, and the busy housewife's work would be lightened a great deal. It is very simple and saves so much time and worry. Have one of the boys fix up your ironing-board like this on some stormy day during the winter.

The top of the old ironing-board will do, but it is better to make a new one. Make it four feet long, eighteen inches wide at one end and nine inches at the other. A foot and one-half from the narrower end, drop a support to hold the board up. This should be three feet long, four inches wide and an inch thick. This must be fastened on the board with a hinge. The ironing-board fastens to the wall by means of two hinges.

A hook is placed in the narrow end of the board, which fastens near the top of the closet. If your house is one in which you do not think it advisable to build the ironing-board into the wall, it may be put on the outside of the wall. A curtain may be hung over it and it will not be noticeable, but will do exactly the same service for the housewife.

Healthful Heat for Homes.

Air needs moisture to transfer the heat along from one particle to another, and for the air to be an efficient distributor of heat it must have a sufficient amount of humidity. A room properly humidified requires much less fuel to maintain its temperature than a dry room.

A room heated to 65 degrees F. with moist air is more comfortable than a room heated with dry air to a temperature of 70 degrees F. The reason is that air which is too dry interferes with the normal radiation of the body. Many people find it necessary to heat their rooms to 75 degrees or 80 degrees F. simply because the humidity of the air is considerably below what it should be.

When the air in a room is so dry that it warps books and the furniture begins to dry out, it is entirely too dry for the health of the occupants.

If your heating system does not provide means for maintaining proper humidity of the air in the room, it is necessary to use pans of water in order to evaporate sufficient moisture. Wicks or cloths dropped into the pans and extending over the edge or over a crosspiece on the pan accelerate the evaporation. It takes a little time and trouble to keep the pans filled, but freedom from colds and generally better health more than repay the effort. The discomfort caused by excessively dry air lowers both the mental and physical efficiency of a person. For the sake of comfort, no less than economy of fuel, the air in the room must contain a sufficient amount of moisture.

In most warm-air furnaces there is a means for humidifying the air, and the water-pan must be kept filled, so that at no time it will become dry.

With winter here it is well to keep these things in mind and live scrupulously up to them, not only for the saving of fuel, which is necessary in view of the serious fuel situation, but as a protection against colds, influenza and other illnesses which are likely to follow if the air is not properly heated and humidified. It is easier to pay attention to these details than to pay doctors' bills.

Unattended Righteousness.

Wherever a knot of students gathered that day, Lorton's case was the topic of conversation. The arrest had taken place early, and few of the fellows had witnessed it. Henry Vanderlip was one of those who did.

"It gave me a sense of sudden nausea," he told Hammond and Gray when the subject was brought up later. "I had the same feeling once, when the men found a couple of dead rats in the well we'd been drinking from up at the camp. The water looked clean, but it was foul, and we didn't know it. That's the way with Lorton. Ugh! It disgusts me."

Hammond's words came slowly, as if he were thinking them out as he talked: "I understand from Derrick and Shafer—they both room in Clark Hall—that Lorton's term bills were overdue. Derrick tells me Lorton has been on the edge ever since he entered college. Several times he has dropped out of the boarding house for a fortnight or longer and boarded himself on next to nothing. Shafer says that Lorton invariably apologized to his callers about the fire's being down, but that 'down' was its normal condition—to save fuel.



Greater Part of the Province is Laurentian in Character With Typical Watercourses.

The province of Manitoba, formerly famed chiefly for its rich agricultural lands, has within recent years begun to realize and appreciate its bountiful inheritance of varied natural resources among which water powers are of paramount importance, says C. H. Atwood, District Chief Engineer.

Several of these water powers have been developed, notably two on the Winnipeg river, which have proved of vital importance in the industrial expansion of the city of Winnipeg and its environs. Many of the water powers are at present remote from the more thickly settled parts of the province and are, for that reason, more particularly important for the exploitation of the natural resources of the hinterland.

It is inevitable, however, that with the increased cost of coal production, transportation, and labor difficulties, etc., and with advances in the art of development, transmission and use of hydro-electric energy, most of the water powers will in time, prove to be important factors in the solution of the fuel-power problems of the province.

The Dominion Water Power Branch of the Department of the Interior, by many years of hydro-metric survey and reconnaissance, have largely determined the power possibilities of the province. Their report on the power reaches of the Winnipeg river within the province shows that by storage and regulation, some 550,000 h.p. are available within transmission distance of Winnipeg. Their investigations have also covered the Saskatchewan river at Grand Rapids, the Nelson river at the Manitogagan, Winnipeg, Pigeon, Berens, Bloodvein, Dauphin, Fairford, Waterhen, Mossy, Minnedosa, Grass, Burntwood and Churchill rivers, as well as smaller streams.

Administration Regulations.

The water powers of the province of Manitoba are administered under regulations pursuant to the Dominion Water Power Act, 1919. These regulations provide for the exploitation of the water power resources under full Government control of rates, rentals, etc. These regulations absolutely prevent unwise and premature development of water power and provide for the permanent retention in the Crown of the ownership and control of the power project. Concessions are only made for limited periods to bona fide applicants capable of prosecuting the development to a successful issue.

Application for water power privileges in Manitoba should be addressed to the Director of Water Power, General Characteristics of the Province.

The extreme southern and southwestern portions of the province belong geographically to the Plain region, composed for the most part of treeless prairie, traversed by rivers of tortuous courses and flat gradients. The greater part of the province, however, is Laurentian in character, with the rivers typical of that formation; lake-like expanses followed by congested channels with falls and rapids of more or less turbulence. Lake Winnipeg forms the collecting basin for the southern rivers, the more important of which are the Winnipeg, from the east; the Red and Assiniboine, from the south; and the Saskatchewan, from the west. The Lake in turn discharges north-easterly by way of the Nelson river to Hudson Bay.

In addition to the Nelson, the waters of the northern part of the province are collected by the Hayes and Churchill rivers, both of which discharge into Hudson Bay, the former to the south of the Nelson and the latter to the north. The period of low flow occurs during the winter months on all the rivers of Manitoba, due to the fact that precipitation during that period is conserved in the form of ice and snow; flood flow occurs in the spring and early summer months. The rivers which traverse the prairie territory have a wide variation between low and high flow, whereas most of those in the Laurentian country are remarkably regular, due to the stabilizing effect of the many lakes, swamps and muskegs in their various drainage basins.

Among the larger power sites, those of the Winnipeg are the most advantageously situated with regard to the present centres of population and railway facilities. Most of the others are somewhat remote from thickly populated districts.

Six of the nine Canadian Provinces reach salt water and can therefore have ocean ports, viz., Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, forming the Maritime Provinces. Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba now reach the shores of Hudson's Bay, and British Columbia.

Nearly 25,000 people met with death or injury on British railways last year. The number killed was 932, while 23,983 were injured.

# Successful Authors at Play

Sir Conan Doyle, although apparently believes in the astral body, has a pair of fists which are by no means spiritual. In fact, the creator of Rodney Stone, that best of all boxing and prize-fighting yarns, is himself no mean exponent of the "noble art of self-defence."

But the originator of Sherlock Holmes is the Admirable Crichton of literary sportsmen, for he has travelled the world over, in a daring mountain climber, can make as pretty a cut through the slips at Lords as many a professional cricketer, and has scored a good many centuries in his time, can make even the best of lawn tennis players sit up and take notice, is an indefatigable motorist, is a difficult man to follow across country with the hounds, and can find his way both into and out of a bunker as well as most amateur golfers.

The greatest traveller—amongst modern novelists was poor Jack London; now that he is gone, the man who gave Captain Kettle—C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne—to the world, probably holds premier place. If there is any corner of this old earth he has not

been into, any desert, or mountain range, or great river he has not seen, any wild beast he has not shot, then someone should call upon him and tell him of his omission, and he will surely include it in his next trip, seeing that he reckons to do a pretty regular ten thousand miles a year—except when there's a world-war on.

He believes that a novelist who wants to write "live" stuff, needs to see "live" places. He possesses a fine collection of hunting trophies.

Two of Britain's best-known writers are at their best in a yacht—Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the famous "Q" of "Dead Man's Rock," and John Oxenham. Both these men are very much at home on salt water or fresh, for they are as handy with an oar as with a sail.

Probably the least sporty of literary men are Rudyard Kipling, Sir James Barrie, and George Bernard Shaw. The author of "Mary Rose" is, however, fairly useful with a bat, and has often taken part in matches as a representative of the Press, whilst few men have "mouched" about country lanes on a bike more than the other two distinguished men.

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