

Booril makes you enjoy life

The Purple Lady

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

PART II.

"You're going in to Joe first?"
"Yes."
"If he's sleeping, couldn't I—just look?"
"I don't believe I would—his sleep is so light, you know."
"Oh, well—it won't be long now! The baby will cry him. If I didn't believe so—but he will! Now go and sit with him. Let him feel your hand when he wakes. The sound of snow flicking against the window is so doleful. I'm afraid it will make him think of those things. When you are there it is almost as if I were allowed to go in. I'll go on with this bootie and—then you'll look in the little trunk, if you aren't so tired? I suppose it was only a dream, but I shouldn't be quite satisfied until I'm sure."

So Joe's mother went softly into Joe's room. Not the room which she had given him and his little wife during their wild snatches of a honeymoon before Joe went away through black seas to that business of putting out a world fire, but the room of his boyhood, with its dodo of lacrosse sticks, snowshoes, tennis rackets, etc.

Joe lay on the bed where he had lain as a little boy, and the glimmer of his half open eyes showed he was awake. The half open eyes met hers.

"The world is no place for women," he whispered from his pillow. "You should have told me."

She sat beside him, taking the left hand that lay outside, so white and gaunt and large upon the black bearskin. Had it been a mistake, bringing him home? It had been so costly—so difficult, getting him back into her own care, but she had been so sure that Althea and her great hope would rouse and cure him. But he had only moaned and hid his face, saying again: "This world is no place for women."

It was hard not to plead and argue against this terrible conviction of his. At first she had tried, but only brought on that terrible shivering silence—worse even than the outbursts of cursing. So, as the doctor advised, they were all agreed now, to wait for that person who was on the way, whose journey was nearly done, who might come at almost any minute now, for though, as the doctor had promised, time would cure all by itself, the matter out of the hands of time. He had seen such miracles worked before by such tiny persons.

Joe shut his eyes and turned his head away. She would have stayed, but she was alert about her other nestling this stormy night. Besides, there was the furnace to see again how safe and cared for she was, here with Joe's mother, and she wondered at the older woman's fortitude, hoping humbly that when she should be fifty and had traded her could stand as straight and calm under them. And yet—how little gray there has been in her hair when Joe went away, while now—it was white.

For an instant, as realization of this change came to Althea, she caught at her tears, and had a battle with them before she could smile back calmly, and take up her knitting with a placid face.

Mrs. Mack was merely going down to see about the furnace and to plan the morning's breakfast. That was really quite all she had in her mind at the moment; at least, all except her constant anxiety about the wounded mind and body of her son, and her knowledge of the fact which was waiting for Althea—waiting to torment and read, perhaps to slay.

Her only light through all that dark part of the house was one candle, though in Althea's room a pink-shaded lamp burned cheerfully. The house was wired for electricity but there was none in use. She had given Althea to understand that this was not only because of the poor quality of service supplied by the town, but because she really liked candles and old-fashioned lamps better.

When she had fed the furnace with four foot lengths of stout oak planks—for the bins, like the rest of the old house, were solidly and honestly built—Mrs. Mack hastened for a minute at the foot of the stairs to make certain that there was no sound of need from above, then lifted an inverted box and took from beneath it a hen which had been indignantly awaiting her fate since morning. She was the last of a flock of fifty, and a yet.

Woman's Sphere

Keeping a Diary.

Every child, as soon as he is able to write legibly, should be encouraged to keep a diary. The material benefits that result from the practice are many; and as time goes on, reviewing what, if properly done, will be a miniature history of his life will give more and more pleasure to him who keeps a diary.

For the beginner, one of the smaller sizes of regular diaries that provide half a dozen lines each day will do.

One of the first things to consider in beginning a diary is persistence. Mentally pledge yourself to write something every day. All else failing, there still remains the weather. You can at least jot down "Fair," "Foul," "Cold," "Thundershowers" or "Windy," as the case may be. However, you will rarely find yourself so hard put to it. Something in some degree noteworthy happens every day, and, although incidents may seem trifling when they occur, many of them will be found in later years to have had an important bearing on your subsequent life.

Be methodical. Give the first line of every entry a half-inch margin and, at least in the case of the more important subjects to which you are likely to refer in the future, begin the entry with a word that will most readily suggest the matter recorded. For example, "Freshet—Swift River sweeps away dam, mill, other buildings" or "Fire—Smith's garage burned, Park Hotel damaged." By following that method you make it possible, when you desire to find a particular entry, simply to run your eye down the left-hand side of the pages until you find the index word.

You should keep carefully a record of births, deaths and marriages in the family and among intimate friends, for you are likely to have to refer to them to verify dates or other circumstances.

Of course the regular entries in a small diary must be brief; but if you wish to make a more elaborate account of any particular event, you can write it in the space devoted to "Memoranda" that appears in the back of all standard diaries. Append the note, "See Mem.," to the regular entry.

As you gain experience you will no doubt outgrow the small diary and make your daily entries in an ample blank book, which will enable you to give more important matters the comprehensive treatment to which their special interest entitles them.

The other departments included in the back part of commercial diaries, "Bills Payable," "Bills Receivable," "Cash Account," "Addresses," can be utilized for jotting down matters of transitory interest. But a boy or a girl will make no mistake in learning to keep a careful account of all money received and expended. An occasional review of such a record serves as a valuable lesson in handling your finances properly.

Do not enter upon the work lightly and waste time and space in careless and irregular entries of nonsensical paragraphs, but rather take it up with the serious aim to make the most comprehensive and worth-while record possible in the space that you have. Above all, write plainly. On completing each volume mark the year on the binding and place it on file. Get a new book well in advance, so as to be sure to be ready on the first day of the coming year. Filling in from memory is an untrustworthy method, to be avoided at all times.

Combination Suits for Home and School.
These little combinations are convenient and comfortable. Daughter likes them because they button down the front so she can button herself up, and because being all in one piece it only takes a minute to dress. Mother likes them because she does not have

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If the soles of shoes are dipped in melted wax once every two or three weeks, the soles will last twice as long and will be waterproof.

Adhesive tape is an article for which there are innumerable uses. One of the best, however, is to paste a strip of the tape over corset stays when they begin to break through their covering.

Orange peels should be saved and dried. They are excellent for reviving a dull fire or building a new one. Laid on a hot shovel and carried about the house, they will counteract the odors that remain after boiling cabbage or onions.

Materials can be dyed in beautiful shades of fast brown, by drying and using the green and brown lichens from rocks, trees, and fences. Boil the moss in sufficient water to cover it. Strain the liquid, then put in the



They Do a Hundred Calories in About 9 1/2

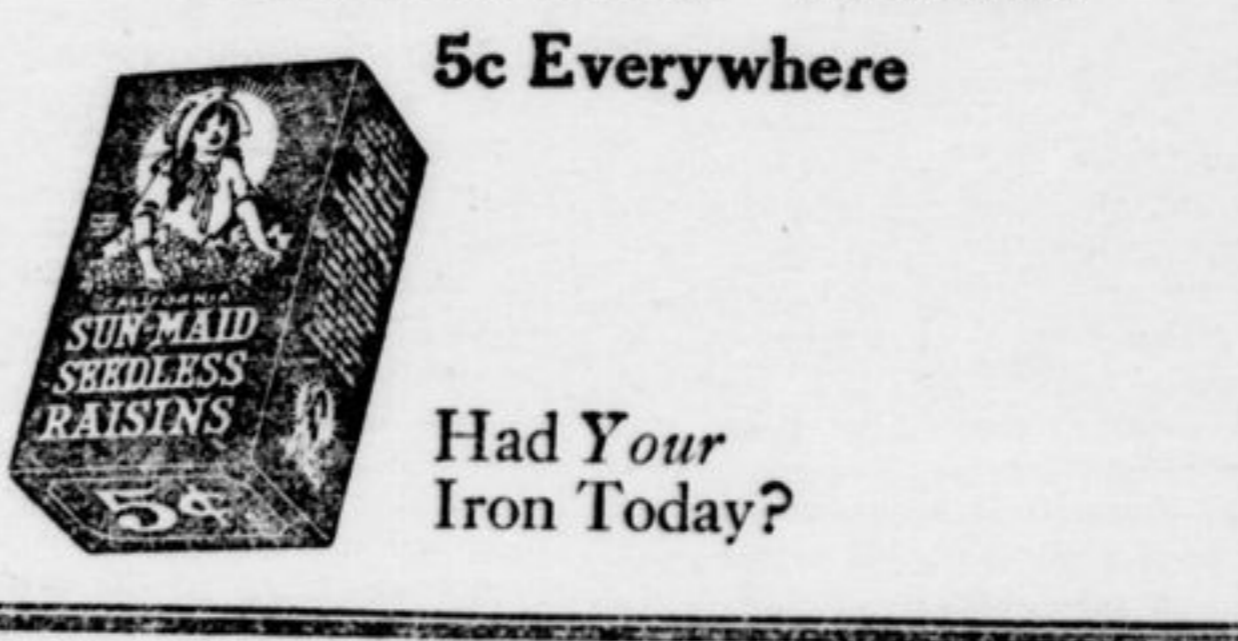
EAT a box of little raisins when you feel hungry, lazy, tired or faint.

In about 9 1/2 seconds a hundred calories or more of energizing nutrition will put you on your toes again.

For Little Sun-Maids are 75% fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it. And levulose is real body fuel.

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Little Sun-Maids
"Between-Meal" Raisins
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Had Your Iron Today?

Misunderstood.
He was in his first week at college, and when he went to the stationer's to buy a fountain pen he felt desirous that the young woman who waited on him should know that in spite of his youth he was no high-school boy.

When she handed him a sheet of paper he wrote on it, with many flourishes, in a large, bold hand, "Alma Mater, Alma Mater," eight or nine times.

The clerk watched him with a simp, and at last she spoke: "Why don't you let her try it herself," she suggested, "and then if it doesn't suit, of course, we'll change it."

Working yourself to death is hard. Loafing yourself to death is easier and much quicker.

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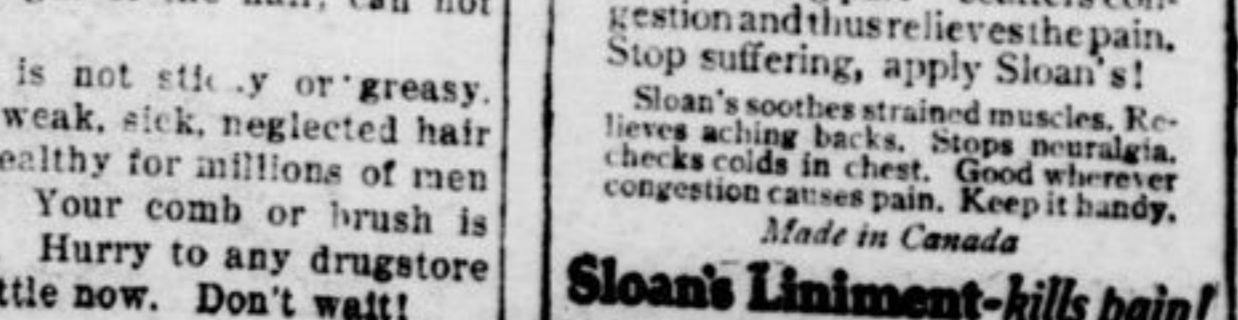
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Danderine is not sticky or greasy. It has made weak, sick, neglected hair strong and healthy for millions of men and women. Your comb or brush is warning you. Hurry to any drugstore and get a bottle now. Don't wait!



THE REGENT DIAMOND

It is announced—and the news is probably true—that the Bolsheviks, at their wit's end, have prepared to sell the Russian crown jewels. It is said that they are worth seven million gold rubles. One of the most famous of the gems is the Orloff diamond, acquired by the Tsarina Catherine II. What constitutes the value of this diamond is its size as well as its purity; but if it is sold, the jeweler who acquires it can make the greatest profit by breaking it up into small pieces, which would be the cause of great regret.

Such an accident almost happened to an even more famous diamond, the Regent or Pitt diamond, which has become French national property. The history of this diamond is very curious. Its discovery in 1717 has been related by one of those who contributed most to its being bought by France, the Duke of Saint-Simon. By an extremely rare event an employee in the diamond mines of the Great Mogul concealed the great gem not upon his person but actually within his body, and embarked without detection. To crown his happiness, he arrived in Europe with his diamond. He carried it to England, where the King admired it without being able to make up his mind to buy it. From England the man and diamond were directed to John Law, who proposed to the regent its purchase for the King. But the price was too great for the Regent, who refused to take it.

Several million francs were asked for it, and despite the success then obtained by Law and his famous speculation, the royal finances seemed in a not sufficiently good state for such an expenditure. However, Law spoke about it to the Duke of Saint-Simon, who succeeded in persuading the regent, and the purchase was made, but after long bargaining, so that its price was brought down to two million francs. Contrary to what was feared, the public, far from condemning this purchase, approved it, and the diamond, called the Regent, became the finest piece of the crown jewels.

Sixty years later this magnificent diamond was in extreme peril. For a whole week, from September 9 to 16, 1792, thieves, taking advantage of the then prevailing disorder in France, pillaged the crown furniture repository and the Regent diamond disappeared. Several thieves were found and quitted, but the Regent was not found. It was not until December 10, 1793, that the diamond was returned, though very mysteriously. All that became known was that it had been hidden in a hole one and a half inches in diameter which had been bored in a piece of the framework of a granary.

The important thing is that the French State has come again into possession of this inestimable jewel. It is now exhibited in the Louvre, in the Apollo Gallery, under a glass case, which by night is put in a secret safe. And everybody can see and admire it for 25 sous.

Tribute to the Cow.

Little do we realize the debt we owe the cow. During the dark ages of savagery and barbarism we find her early ancestors natives of the wild forests of the old world. As the bright rays of civilization penetrated the darkness of that early period, and man called upon the cow, she came forth from her seclusion to share in the efforts that gave us a greater nation and more enlightened people!

For twenty thousand years she has shown her allegiance to man, earning a slice in his prosperity and industry, responding nobly to all that was done for her, until through her development she became an idol of the people of her native country.

Her sons helped till the soil for our ancestors and slowly moved the products of the farm to market. They went with man to the dense forests of the new world, helped clear them for homes and made cultivation possible for the coming generation, and when the tide of emigration turned westward they hailed the belongings of the pioneer across the sun-scorched mountain ranges to new homes beyond.

Truly, the cow is man's greatest benefactor. Hall, wind, droughts and floods may come, destroy our crops and banish our hopes, but from what is left the cow manufactures into the most nourishing and life-sustaining foods, and she not foster mother and life itself to countless thousands of little children all over this world of ours? We love her for her docility, her beauty, and should misfortune overtake us as we become bowed down with the weight of years, we know that in the cow we have a friend that was never known to falter. She pays the debt. She saves the home. God bless the cow—little do we realize the debt we owe her.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Tired Tim was helping the gardener, and, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he asked what it was for.

"That," said the gardener, "is a bird bath."

"Don't you fool me, you say. Why do you doubt it?"

"Because I don't believe there's a bird alive that can tell a Saturday night from any other."

It matters not how long we live, but how.

THE FACT THAT...
CANADIAN EMBARGO...
FIGHT FOR RE...
GAN IN...
Prairie Will be...
Gaines but East...
Will Also...
The British...
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and appeal to the...
government...
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passed a resolution...
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