

Deliciously warming
—Hot Bowril

EAST AND WEST

Fate brings together, in London, those whom war had parted in Russia.

Maroussia sat on the top of the bus and stared disconsolately into the yellowish London fog which eddied about her. Though it was only two o'clock in the afternoon, lamps glimmered here and there at street corners. But they only emphasized the general gloom, as the bus, leaving the busy West End, plunged into thoroughfares which seemed increasingly stolid and unattractive.

Anyone interested in Maroussia would have found some difficulty in placing her. The slight figure, in a well-cut but worn black tailor-made, was almost painfully thin. Of her face, shaded by a plain velour hat, little could be seen but a small tilted nose, a drooping mouth, and the pale contour of her chin.

Her thoughts flew back to her Russian home, which she had left with such haste and at such risk to the happy time before the war and revolution, the easy life, the many friends, her beloved godmother with whom she had lived for the last ten years since her parents' death from cholera. Her eyes suddenly filled with a rush of scalding tears.

"Excuse me—"
The crisp, well-bred tones sounded so close to her that she gave a violent start. Surely she would have known that voice anywhere. It could not be—
"I know a topping place round here. I haven't had any lunch, and if you have, you'll forget all about it. Do you remember the feeds we used to have at your jolly white house on the hill-top, and how the children ran after me, gazing at my Santa Bravos and my leather leggings? Ah! A British officer was 'some person in South Russia then. Now I am just nobody—a hard-working clerk in my uncle's office. Not half bad, but give me the old days. Here we are. Come along, little lady!"

MOTHER! MOVE CHILD'S BOWELS

"California Fig Syrup" is Child's Best Laxative



Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." A teaspoonful never fails to clean the liver and bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the souring food and nasty bile out of the stomach and bowels, and you have a well, joyful child again.

A few minutes later a sneakingly sympathetic waitress took Ronald's briefcase and handed it to him. "And now," he said quietly, "let's hear all about it."

Maroussia complied. Her story was tragically simple. "When the troops hurriedly evacuated the South, saving as many people as their ships could hold, many, of course, had to be left behind. Ours was a small town and might not have fared so badly if the Soviet had not been under Ostarenski."

"I remember—that red-haired lawyer—"
"Yes, he—he wanted me, and when you left, he told me that nothing would happen to dear Aunt Varia or me if I promised to marry him. At first I refused, but later I consented, and—"
"Maroussia, my dear! That brute?"
"What could I do? There was my darling godmother, so old and frail, and everything getting so dear and we had so little left. But when I realized what it meant and could go through with it. I went down on my knees and begged and prayed him to release me."

"It was in the evening in our garden—you know, where one looked over the hillside on to the shimmering sea; the moon was shining and the sea was in bloom. He refused, jeered at me, threatened to denounce me for having been friendly to the Allies. And then—he—I must have been out, though I do not remember. There was a shot. I saw Ostarenski lying at my feet in a huddled heap, and Aunt Varia standing over him with the revolver still smoking in her hand."

"I don't know where she found the strength. It must have been her love for me, for she always hated and distrusted Ostarenski profoundly. There were no more of us. In my pocket, we made our way slowly and painfully to the Roumanian border—walking at night, hiding by day, for days, weeks. And just as we were nearly across, the bullet of a Russian sentry—Aunt Varia—here—"
Her hand piteously indicated the spot on her temple, where a small artery was pulsing under the transparent skin. She nearly broke down; then a few sentences concluded her narrative.

On reaching safety, she had spent weary months in hospital with brain-fever. Later on, a Roumanian lady brought her to England as governess to her little daughter, but when her benefactor returned to her own country, Maroussia had only been too glad to find a job in the work room of a fashionable milliner.

Ronald listened with deep sympathy. The comradeship which had linked them together deepened in those few moments into a feeling which was as yet incapable of analyzing. But in a sudden rush of emotion, quite alien to his calm, well-balanced nature, he stepped forward, and taking both the girl's hands in his, he found the words—the right words—to soothe her bruised spirit, though neither of them could ever remember them later.

"Life from that moment bore a new aspect for Maroussia Demidow. She firmly refused Ronald's offer to find her another post, clinging to the sole of an occupation which allowed her the luxury of day-dreams, and rest for her badly shattered nerves. But soon happiness did its work, and Maroussia blossomed forth like a flower. And so the days passed. But little by little, the old easy friendship disappeared. Constraint fell between them, their eyes met more rarely, and, turned aside, their intercourse grew strained. Maroussia no longer bloomed like a rose; her cheeks grew white and there were dark circles under her blue-grey eyes.

silver radiance—through the centuries—
Her voice broke. She was crying. Ronald drew her towards him, his arms closing round her. And once more he asked carelessly:
"What is it, sweetheart?"
"Oh, Ronald, don't make me tell you, please!" And then in a passionate outburst: "Ronald, are you ashamed of me?"
"Ashamed—? But my dearest, what made you think so?"
"It is only your mother! Oh, Ronnie, why haven't you taken me to see your mother?"

Ronald was silent. He had striven with himself for many weeks, seeking for a solution. And now he could procrastinate no longer.
"Look here, sweetheart," he began, speaking very gently, "it's a very, very old story, and has really nothing to do with you; only, you know, elderly people have their prejudices—they can't help them. Now, my mother, who is very sweet, and kind and all that, has an odd distrust of Russians."

Maroussia disengaged herself from the encircling arm and sat up very straight.
"Reasons! Good heavens! Why, she doesn't even know me!"
"It isn't that," Ronald explained patiently. "Years ago she was engaged to an Englishman—a young engineer. He had no money, neither had she, and they could not get married for years. He was a small town and might not have fared so badly if the Soviet had not been under Ostarenski."

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June had come and gone. A Sunday, full of sunshine, with white clouds floating across a cobalt sky, found Ronald waiting in vain for her at their usual trysting place.
Driven by a panic of fear, he found her at last, sobbing her heart out in the loneliness of her boarding house parlor.
Ronald took her into his arms, and in five minutes, probably less, Maroussia Demidow had promised to become Maroussia Crawshawey.

NURSES
The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allie Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the requisite education, and desiring to become nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive instruction in the hospital, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

"Why should I? You weren't interested in my family affairs"—with a catch in her voice—"why, you weren't even interested in me!"
Ronald sprang up as a new idea burst on him.
"Why, good lord," he exclaimed, "this is ghastly! Why, if you are John Sinclair's daughter, why for whom your father jilted my mother. But this is awful!"
Maroussia stamped her foot.
"I am not—I am not! Father lost his first wife and married a second time. I am the daughter of his second wife!"
"But—but she was Russian all the same!"
"She was not! She was not. She was French!"

There was a pause. The young people faced each other, faintly hostile, keyed up to the highest pitch. Then Ronald extracted his watch and lighted a match with shaking fingers. But his voice sounded cool and steady.
"Hurry up, dear heart," he said. "Let's toddle off to Charing Cross; the telegraph office is open all night. We'll send a wire to the mater. Mustn't get the good news from her one moment longer!"
Maroussia hung back, a little sullen, a little frightened, oscillating between tears and laughter.

"What will you tell her?" she demanded defiantly. "That I am Russian? For I am Russian, I am!"
"No," he said simply, "only that I love you!"
(The End.)

Dye Skirt, Dress or Faded Draperies in Diamond Dyes
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, every thing like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Scavengers.
Scavengers were originally officials who collected sewage, a tax imposed in many English towns upon all roads exposed for sale within their boundaries. The tax was abolished by Henry VII.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds.
The freedom from disease and longevity of the Breton onion-growers is well-known, and the smooth and silky complexion of the women has been often remarked. For a fact, for a clear skin and beautiful complexion nothing can beat onions.

Yes, they make the breath odorous, but only until your system has become accustomed to them.
An onion poultice on a bruise will quickly take away all discoloration. Peppercorn or onion is also caused by an onion poultice. A wasp, onion juice is excellent for a wasp sting, and for raising hair on bald heads!

Making Pin Money at Home.
Many farm women have large, old-fashioned houses with more room than they need. I, for one, am so situated, and last summer turned this extra room into pin money. I rented the rooms for light housekeeping to a mother and her children from the city during the summer. By entering an ad. in a daily paper the last part of June, I received several replies. I rented the two rooms furnished as sleeping room and kitchen. Rent, milk, eggs, broilers and vegetables came to about \$50 after expenses were paid. People coming from the city come more to enjoy the out-of-doors than beautiful rooms. They only ask for rooms to be clean and comfortable and not elaborately furnished.—Mrs. N. D.

RHEUMATISM King's Greatest Rheumatism Treatment. We treat all kinds of Rheumatism, and if we fail to eliminate the pain it will not cost you anything. Try us and be convinced. No medicines. No electricity. Ladies' Department, 99 King St. West, Phone Adelaide 1643. Offices, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

I believe I have found a very efficient way for making pin money. With the little slip-over sweaters so much in vogue, I bought some yarn and crocheted them. I could buy the yarn for about two dollars and could sell them readily for four dollars. Later I found that people wanted crocheters and cuffs for them so I made them some pretty ones of linen, organdy and leather and sold them generally with the sweaters. The crocheted sweaters make up very quickly, and thus the more gain for me.—B. T.

I live on a farm and would like to tell others how I make my pin money. During the winter time I make cottage cheese and sell it to our near town grocery and meat market. Besides I have all the customers I can furnish directly from my home. I charge ten cents per pound and make a supply once a week.—H. B. W.

I raise about one-fourth of an acre of flowers and sell the cut flowers. In the spring I raise a good many aster, pansy and salvia plants to sell, and get my seed from a seed company. In the fall I save my own seed and sell some to friends, and thus it is necessary to buy seed only every other year. I sold about forty dollars worth of flowers last summer and had all I could use for myself and friends. I took some flowers to the fair and got a number of premiums on them.—W. P.

I Sow Poppy Seeds Early.
Among our most brilliant flowers the stilet petals of poppies are so delicate that in spite of vivid color they do not appear coarse. All of the many types may be grown from seeds. I have always had the best success by planting the double varieties, for they are sure to produce many singles so I get a full collection with less cost. It pays to buy bulk seeds, for they are cheap, and one packet will not insure a stand on a large bed. I like to scatter plenty of seeds and thin out after they get established. Poppy seedlings are delicate and grow slowly at first.

I plant any time in the winter that I can get the bed ready, since the seed is not harmed by cold. The little plants come up as soon as the soil is warm enough, and get ahead of the weeds. If I wait until later the sun is sure to dry the ground before the seeds sprout, and weeds choke them out. The seeds will not come up through a crust, and the tiny seedlings will be dislodged when you loosen the soil or pull weeds. The first thing I know I find a lot of thin and cultivated poppies large enough to thin and cultivate. They grow fast after they pass the tiny seedling stage, and become hardy.—Agnes Hilco.

Chinese Writing Simplified.
Chinese scholars and patriots have worked out thirty-nine simple Chinese symbols which, in various combinations, fulfill the same purpose as the old 10,000 characters.

After Every Meal
WRIGLEYS

In work or play, it gives the poise and steadiness that mean success. It helps digestion, allays thirst, keeps the mouth cool and moist, the throat muscles relaxed and pliant and the nerves at ease.

FOR A BETTER SCORE
A Boy's Reason.
The person (calling)—"Why were you so anxious to have me dine with your family on Christmas, Robert?"
Bobby—"Cause pa said he wouldn't go to the expense of a turkey unless someone was coming to dinner."

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Swans Are Ornamental and Useful

The swan is a long-lived bird. Willoughby in one of his writings said the limit of a swan's life is 300 years, but I doubt this. But swans 100 years of age have been known, and this is sufficient to class it as the Methuselah of the domesticated fowls.

The male bird is known as the "cob," and the female as the "pen." The weight of the swan is twenty pounds. Swans live largely on vegetable food, but occasionally they have a keen appetite for fish and the spawn of fishes. The male birds do not associate with each other; there are no stag parties. The females, however, are inclined to flock together. Swans pair, and they continue together for life, the males caring but little for the society of females other than their own mates.

The male is a great fighter while the female is engaged in incubating, and will fiercely attack any animal or person who might approach the nest.

Swans Lay Large Eggs.
Swans construct a large nest from any material at hand. This nest, during the course of incubation, they gradually enlarge, until it becomes nearly double the size that it was originally.

A Friend in Need.
Many poignant and vital anecdotes of the poor are to be found in Annie Marion MacLenn's volume entitled "Our Neighbors." One of the most touching is that of a family which had been dispossessed. Returning home one evening, John Polichek found his meagre belongings on the sidewalk and his three motherless children crying bitterly in the cold. While he was vainly swearing vengeance on the landlord and despairingly wondering where he and his children were to spend the night, a neighbor, who must have appeared somewhat in the light of a guardian angel, came to him and said, "Mr. Polichek, you bring de children, an' stay wit' us tonight. We man'll help ya wit' de bad cold." We ain't much room, but we kin always crowd in a neighbor. Day had no business to put ya out. How kin anyone deny ya, I want to know?"

Diak Music and Wire Music.
If it is true that there is no musical thrill quite equal to the thrill of making divine melody with one's own voice or fingers, at least there are several that approach it. The thrill of mad dance music, the blood-stirring march of a military band, the unbelievable sweetness of a great soprano's song; the vibrant thrill of a master's violin.

To these we can now add the wonder of bringing all these to our own firesides on shiny disks of gutta-percha or whatever it is, and the crowning marvel of picking them out of the cold winter night with a tiny copper wire.

Which wins, talking machine or radio. We think both, just as telegraph and telephone both won, when many people expected the newer invention to destroy the older. Just as automobile and horse both won, and just as tractor and horse are both winning. These seem to be a place prepared and secure for any new product of the human brain and hand that increases our usefulness and happiness.

Shut Off.
Mrs. Exe—"She is really the worst gossip in the neighborhood. Why I heard this morning that she—"
Exe—"Come now, my dear, don't try to beat her at her own game."

The B...
I read a story the other Western Journal about never played. In the recesses, while the other out played games in the "Henry" remained in the fog a book. He never was big gophers or on a "bill" horn do. The race upon the ball field had no attraction was not strong as other so did not even try to their games.
Henry was very studious. The head of the ways his by reason of habits. His demands were always exemplary. He regarded him as a very cause he never caused any made good marks in tions.
After completing his came a teacher, but nervous because he had never great and many things teaches. He had no children nor did he know along with other people. I lived the individualistic are quick to read about these pupils very soon of weakness, rendering his the profession.
One year of strenuous mind his health. His covered he had become. They were advised to climate and moved to B. bla, where he seemed to a time, but the health of for the work of an Henry died. I wonder, been some organized plan, which Henry would in quired to take some anti would have grown up to and useful citizen? Some that Henry was destined, young age, but if his ut was due to neglect of laws of good health and should not blame Probst results.
This brings up the value of the play ground, education and this again conception of an education which has its own ideal and consequently mate of the means of acc and some common preference to training of candidates for manhood and citizenship? If we acquire of knowledge, physical health, moral a preparation for education. Henry was educated, I gard education as the complete living, includ we do for ourselves and for us by others for

W. B. Morris
Ontario School Trust
Ratnapur's Asses
purpose of helping us to best kind of life, than more than mere book have all seen too many the so-called educated brilliant successes among ment to follow the lead of the mere acquisition of that counts but the ability the information that is the success.
When a person educ he requires efficiency in situation in which he is. The child is being educ learn to take his own democracy of the hour. The man is educated, a success of his business assumes his responsibility, son, knows how to spend money, how to get on and spiritual and kind in his soul to the Eternal, matter whether he has development of character on the street, in business, Abraham Lincoln was su experience advised many very little the product of We have all known some very little of what is com an education, but who w day, present and such ju who were as well, if not- fied to vote at elections in life as some of their gr who read only society news in the papers and cinema.
But what has play to do People in the country use ple-papers, corn-shelling, getting classes, many to destroy the older. Just as automobile and horse both won, and just as tractor and horse are both winning. These seem to be a place prepared and secure for any new product of the human brain and hand that increases our usefulness and happiness.
Which wins, talking machine or radio? We think both, for both have the true soul of music in them.
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