

A Money-Saving Bottle

A Bottle of Bovril in the kitchen will cut down butcher's bills. It enormously increases the nourishing value of food—in fact, its body-building powers have been proved ten to twenty times the amount taken. It must be Bovril.

The Road to Understanding

—BY—
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CHAP. XX.—(Cont'd.)

The woman scowled and stared. Suddenly her face cleared.

"My Jimmy! so that's her game! She's keepin' it from ye, I bet ye," she cried excitedly.

"Keeping it from me! Keeping what from me? What are you talking about?" Betty's face had paled. The vague questions and half-formed fears regarding her mother's actions for the past few months seemed suddenly to be taking horrible shape and definiteness.

"Sakes alive! Do you mean to say that you don't know that Burke Denby is your father, an' that he gave your mother the go-by when you was a kid, an' she lit out with you an' hain't been heard of since?"

"No, no, it can't be—it can't be! My father was good and fine, and—"

"Rats! Did she stuff ye ter that, too? I tell ye 't is so. Say, look a-here. Wa'n't you down ter Martin's grocery last Sat'day night at nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Well, wa'n't you there with your mother?"

"Yes." A power entirely outside of herself seemed to force the answer from Betty's lips.

"Well, I see ye. You was together, talkin' to the big fat man with the red nose. I started towards ye, but ye ran in the crowd."

"My face had grown gray-white, remembered now. That was the day her mother had run away from something."

"But I knew her," nodded the woman. "I knew she was Helen Denby."

"But maybe you were mistaken."

"Mistaken? Me? Not much! I don't furgit faces. You ask yer mother if she don't remember Miss Cobb. Didn't I live right on the same floor, with her fur months? Hain't yer mother ever told ye she lived here long ago?"

Betty nodded dumbly, miserably.

"Well, I lived next to her, and I knew the whole thing—how she got the letter tellin' her ter go, an' the money she sent her."

"You mean—"

"The girl had become suddenly valiant into blazing anger."

"Sure! That's what I'm tellin' ye. Yer mother went. I tried ter stop her. I told her ter go straight up ter them Denbys an' demand her rights—an' your rights. But she wouldn't. She hain't a mite o' spunk. Just because she was ashamed of her she—"

"Ashamed of her! Ashamed of my mother!" Betty's face had grown red.

"Sure! She wa'n't so tony, an' her folks wa'n't grand like his, ye know. That's why old Denby objected ter the marriage in the first place. But, say, didn't you know any of this I'm tellin' ye? Jimmy! but it does seem queer ter be tellin' ye yer own family secrets like this—an' you here workin' in his very home; an' not knowin' it, too. If that ain't the limit—like a regular story-book! Now, I ain't never one ter butt in where 't ain't none of my affairs, but I've got ter say this: You're a Denby, an' ought ter have some spunk; an' if I was you I'd brace right up an'—Here, don't ye want yer magazine? What are ye goin' ter do?"

But the girl was already halfway across the waiting room.

If Betty's thoughts and emotions had been in a tumult on the way to the station, they were in a veritable chaos on the return trip. She did not go home. She turned her steps toward the Denby mansion; and because she knew she could not possibly sit still, she walked all the way.

"So this was the meaning of it—the blackest daytimes, the walks only at night, the nervous restlessness, the unhappiness. Her mother had had something to conceal, something to fear. Poor mother—dear mother—how she must have suffered!"

But why, why had she come back here and put her into that man's home? And why had she told her always how fine and noble and splendid her father was. Fine! Noble! Splendid, indeed! Still, it was like mother—dear mother—always so sweet and gentle, always seeing the good in everything and everybody! But why had she put her there—in that man's house? How could she have done it?

And Burke Denby himself—did he know? Did he suspect that she was his daughter? Adopt her, indeed! Was that the way he thought he could pay her mother back for all those years? And the grief and the hurt and the mortification—where did they come in? Ashamed of her! Ashamed of her, indeed! Why, her little finger was as much finer and nobler and— But just what till she saw him, that was all!

Like the overwrought, half-beside-herself young hurricane of wrathfulness that she was, Betty burst into the library of Denby House a few minutes later.

The very sight of her face brought the man to his feet.

"Why, Betty, what's the matter? Where's your mother? Couldn't she come? What's the matter?"

"Come?—No, she didn't come. She'll never come—never!"

Before the blazing wrath in the young eyes the man fell back limply.

"Why, Betty, didn't you tell her?"

"I've told her nothing. I haven't seen her," cut in the girl crisply. "But I've seen somebody else. I know now—everything!"

From sheer stupefaction the man laughed.

"Aren't we getting a little theatrical, my child?" he murmured mildly.

"You needn't call me that. I refuse to recognize the relationship," she flamed.

"Perhaps we are getting theatrical—that woman said it was like a story-book. And perhaps you thought you could wipe it all out by adopting me. Adopting me, indeed! As if I'd let you! I can tell you it isn't going to end like a story-book, with father and mother and daughter—and they all lived happily ever after—because I won't let it!"

"What do you mean by that?" The man's face had grown suddenly very white.

Betty fixed searching, accusing eyes on his countenance.

"Are you trying to make me think you don't know I'm your daughter; that—"

"Betty! Are you really, really—my little Betty?"

At the joyous cry and the eagerly outstretched arms Betty shrank back.

"Then you didn't know—that?"

"No, no! Oh, Betty, Betty, is it true? Then it'll all be right now. Oh, Betty, I'm so glad," he choked. "My little girl! Won't you—come to me?"

She shook her head and retreated still farther out of his reach. Her eyes still blazed angrily.

"Betty, dear, hear me! I don't know I don't understand. It's all too wonderful to have it come—now. Once, for a minute, the wild thought came to me that you might be. But Betty, you yourself told me your father was dead!"

"And so he is—"

"Betty, you aren't my father was good and noble and—"

"And your mother—"

"I want to—"

"I shan't let you see her," Betty had blazed again into unrestrained wrath. "You don't deserve it. You're ashamed of her! And she's the best and the loveliest and the dearest mother in the world! She's as much above and beyond anything you or I— Why she let me come to you I don't know. I can't think why she did it. But now I—"

"Betty, if you'll only let me explain—"

But the great hall door had banged shut. Betty had gone.

Betty took a car to her own home. She was too weak and spent to walk.

It was a very white, shaken Betty that climbed the stairs to the little apartment a short time later.

"Why, Betty, darling!" exclaimed her mother, hurrying forward. "You are ill! Are you ill?"

With utter weariness Betty dropped into a chair.

"Mother, why didn't you tell me?" she asked dully, heartbrokenly. "Why did you let me come here and go to that house day after day and not know—anything?"

"Why, what—what do you mean?" All the color had drained from Helen Denby's face.

"Did you ever know a Mrs. Cobb?"

"That woman! Betty, she hasn't been—talking—to you?"

Betty nodded wearily.

"Yes, she's been talking to me, and—"

"Oh, mother, mother, why did you come—here—now?" cried Betty, springing to her feet in sudden frenzy again. "How could you let me go there? And only to-day—this morning, he told me he wanted to adopt me! And you—he was going to have us both there—to live. He said he was so lonely, and that I—I made the sun shine for the first time for years. And afterwards, when I found out who he was, I thought he meant it as a salve to heal all the unhappiness he'd caused you. I thought he was trying to pay; and I told him—"

"You told him! You mean you've seen him since Mrs. Cobb?"

"Yes. I went back. I told him—"

"Oh, Betty, Betty, what are you saying?" moaned her mother. "What have you done? You didn't tell him that way!"

"Indeed I did. I told him I knew—everything now; and that he needn't think he could wipe it out. And he wanted to see you, and I said he couldn't. I—"

An electric bell pealed sharply through the tiny apartment.

"Mother, that's he! I know it's he! Mother, don't let him in," implored Betty. But her mother already was in the hall.

Betty, frightened, despairing, and angry, turned her back and walked to the window. She heard the man's quick cry and the woman's sobbing answer. She heard the broken, incoherent sentences with which the man and the woman attempted to crowd into one brief delirious minute all the long years of heartache and absence. She heard the pleading, the heart-

hunger, the final rapturous bliss that vibrated through every tone and word. But she did not turn. She did not turn even when some minutes later her father's voice, low, unsteady, but infinitely tender, reached her ears.

"Betty, your mother has forgiven me. Can't you?"

"There was no answer."

"Betty, dear, he means—we've forgiven each other, and—if I am happy, can't you be?" begged Betty's mother, tremulously.

"Still no answer."

"Betty," began the woman again pleadingly.

But the man interposed, a little sadly.

"Don't urge her, Helen. After all, I deserve everything she can say, or do."

"But she doesn't understand," faltered Helen.

The man shook his head. A wistful smile was on his lips.

"No," she doesn't understand," he said. "It's a long road to understanding, dear. You and I have found

"Yes, I know." Helen's voice was very low.

"And there are sticks and stones and numberless twigs to trip one's feet," went on the man softly. "And there are valleys of despair and mountains of doubt to be encountered—and Betty has come only a little bit of the way. Betty is young."

"But—it was Helen's tremulous voice—"it's on the mountain-tops that we ought to be able to see the end of the journey, you know."

"Yes; but there are all those guideboards, remember," said the man, and Betty hasn't come to the guideboards yet—regret—remorse—forgiveness—patience, and—atonement."

There was a sudden movement at the window. Then Betty, misty-eyed, stood before them.

"I know I am—on the mountain of doubt now, but—she paused, her gaze going from one to the other of the wondrously glorified faces before her.

"I'll try so hard to see—the end of the journey," she faltered.

"Betty!" sobbed two adoring voices, as loving arms enveloped her.

(The End.)

Woman's Interests

Can Culls For the Emergency Shelf.

Now that the flocks have been culled, chickens that are not to be killed for immediate consumption should be canned, providing excellent material with which to fill empty fruit and vegetable jars and stocking up the emergency shelf at the same time. Why keep on feeding a boarder hen when, with a little labor, she can be converted into a toothsome dish which can be stored and kept in readiness to serve at a moment's notice?

An old fowl weighing four to five pounds may be used for chicken soup. With it use three quarts of cold water, one leek, two or three branches of celery, one or two carrots, one turnip, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley.

Clean the chicken carefully and cut in pieces. Place in a kettle and pour the three quarts of cold water on it. Cook slowly or simmer until the chicken is tender. If the above-mentioned vegetables can be had, tie them into a "bouquet" and let boil in with the meat about one hour before the meat is done. Remove the meat, cut from the bones, dice, return to the soup and can with it. Add salt and pepper to taste; and if the vegetables can not be had, the flavor may be improved by crushing a teaspoonful of celery seed and boiling it with the soup. Fill while boiling hot into cans, add a little finely chopped parsley to each can; cap, tip, and process: No. 2 cans forty-five minutes at 250 deg. F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure. No. 3 cans fifty-five minutes at 250 deg. F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure. When ready to use, reheat and serve with dumplings.

Use a chicken weighing four or five pounds for chicken gumbo (an old fowl may be used): Six good-sized onions, two No. 3 cans of tomatoes (or corresponding amount of fresh tomatoes), three tablespoonfuls butter, three tablespoonfuls of lard, six whole cloves, two bay leaves, a few peppercorns, two red pepper pods, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, two tablespoonfuls of salt (or salt to taste), four quarts boiling water, two No. 3 cans chopped or sliced okra (or a corresponding amount of fresh sliced okra), parsley and celery to taste.

Clean the chicken and cut in pieces. Melt the lard and butter in a frying pan. When hot put in the chicken and fry to a nice brown color. Take out the chicken and place in a stew pan. Peel the onions and chop finely; put them into the hot grease in which the chicken was browned; fry brown and add them with what grease is left in the pan to the chicken. To this add the tomatoes, cloves, bay leaves, peppercorns, pepper pods, thyme and boiling water. Let the whole mixture simmer until the meat slips from the bones. Take out the bones, mince the meat, return it to the soup mixture, add the salt, some chopped parsley and celery, and the canned okra. (If fresh okra is used, it should be added with the tomatoes.)

Fill boiling hot into cans; cap, tip and process: No. 2 cans forty-five minutes at 250 deg. F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure. No. 3 cans fifty-five minutes at 250 deg. F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure.

To serve, mold cooked rice in a cup, turn out on a soup plate and pour chicken gumbo around it.

For fricassee chicken, clean the chicken in the usual manner and cut in pieces. Place in a kettle with enough water to cover. Tie in a bunch, for each two and one-half pounds of chicken, two branches of parsley, one small branch of celery, a sprig of thyme, one bay leaf, and small piece of leek. Add one teaspoonful salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Let boil for fifteen minutes. Add twelve small peeled white onions and one good-sized potato, pared and cut into little cubes. If desired, two or three ounces of sliced and diced pork may be added. Cook for one-half hour. Remove chicken and herbs, cut meat from bones, and return it to the kettle. Let come to a boil, pack into the cans to within one-half inch from top, distributing meat and soup evenly in the cans. Add a little finely chopped parsley to each can. Cap, tip and process: No. 2 cans forty-five minutes at 250 deg. F., or fifteen pounds of steam pressure.

When serving, empty contents of

can into stew pan; heat, and add a little flour stirred with cold water for thickening. The beaten yolk of an egg and a little butter may also be added.

Should glass jars be used, choose those having wide mouths and straight sides and sterilize them by placing in boiling water for a short period.

If the chicken is to be served in pieces, it should be browned in hot fat, packed in the sterile jars, the jars then filled with stock made as follows: Place bones, tips of wings, neck and other scraps in a kettle and cover with water. Boil ten minutes, then skim. Simmer for three hours, then strain and add salt to taste. Celery, a bay leaf, or a red pepper may also be added for seasoning, if desired.

Having filled the jars, put on new tested rubbers and adjust the tops by turning them snug, and then turning back a fourth of a turn. Place the jars in boiling water or a commercial water bath three and one-half hours, or under five pounds steam pressure in a pressure cooker for two and one-half hours.

Safeguard Little Children to Avoid Accidents.

Nearly all of the household accidents which befall the little ones, are avoidable.

First in the list of things to be avoided is the use of the stove. Boiling liquid is left with little hands.

Smothering comes second on the coroner's list. This can be prevented by allowing the child to sleep in a bed by itself. The mother who sleeps with her baby at her side may turn over in her sleep, thereby pulling the covers over the baby's face; or the little one may be placed where its head will work down between the pillows. When baby's first bed can be made in a basket, a box or a bureau drawer, few mothers are too poor to provide for their children's comfort and safety in this way.

As children turn toward a fire as a plant turns toward the sun, it is never safe to leave them alone with an unprotected flame, for, as a rule, whenever children's clothes take fire, the grown-ups are either absent or are looking the other way.

We all deplore the fact that grown-ups have so many preventable accidents with firearms. To make it impossible for the kiddies to imitate them in this respect, it is only necessary to keep the firearms safely beyond their reach.

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Scissors, too, should be kept beyond the reach of hands too small to hold or guide them. Scissors have often destroyed an eye or pierced a body, and as knives outnumber scissors in the average home, they too should be kept beyond reach, for being equally dangerous, they afford just so many more opportunities for the children to injure themselves.

Investigation by taste is one of the methods by which young children study the objects they take in their hands. Because of this habit of putting everything into the mouth, a pencil is a dangerous plaything, for not only does it carry germs, but the injuries which are possible when a child falls with a pencil in its mouth are innumerable.

Another danger arising from this tendency to taste things lies in the talcum powder can. The cans are usually bright, gay and convenient to hold, and a baby's hands invariably reach out for them; but as talcum powder is a mineral, should any of it sift out and be taken inwardly, it is quite sure to disagree, if not cause serious disturbance. Therefore, baby should be allowed to play with none but empty talcum powder cans.

There is no excuse for endangering children's lives by allowing them to carry lighted lamps about. For their safety, keep candles in convenient holders on the shelves along with the lamps. The safest lamp is dangerous in a child's hands.

To Lessen Puncture Area.

To lessen the number of punctures keep the auto wheels a foot or more from the curb or sidewalk when stopping the car in the business section of country towns. The writer found he could trace a great many nails and tacks in his tires to recent stops in the gutters. Keeping the car wheels out of the gutters has reduced the number of punctures very appreciably. Small town gutters appear to harbor more trouble of this kind for the autoist than do those in the cities.

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