Home Chats

By MARIE ANN BEST

Christianity says — Be Christ-like, give thyself.

Atheism and Light

From time immemorial electricity has been with us, around us, in the air we breathe. Yet we groped along in the darkness for aeons of centuries knowing practically nothing of it. There came a time when prophets foretold its coming but few believed the prophecy until, believing it or not, when the time came that the thin edge of the wedge was applied by the slow process of scientific research, darkness suddenly opened up into a flood of light and power hitherto undreamed of. The great power was here which could destroy as ruthlessly as it could belch out light and energy. Yet all at once it was harnessed in so safely by skilled human hands that we use it now without fear, taking it as a matter of course, even though most of us know little more about it than to turn on the switch.

But we must have some appliance installed in our homes if we wish to use it and benefit by it, and we must touch the button to secure the power in order to connect up and benefit by it.

If this is true, and we know it is, is it not comforting that we have been told by the noblest man who ever lived, whose integrity was unimpeachable, whose truth and magnetic spirituality placed him first among the greatest of all men, that there is a power, a God power which is likewise everywhere. This power is supreme and above all other powers, bringing order out of chaos wherever it touches.

This greatest man of all men told us it was necessary for the Father to send His Son to come to this world in order to teach us how to build up this spiritual machinery for ourselves which will give us the eternal life of light.

At the time Jesus lived on earth history shows us that virtues were a mockery. Conditions were terrible, in fact we have no idea of the wickedness and consequent sufferings endured by those early people. This was when Christ came to apply the thin edge of wedge. So great was the need of Him that they killed His physical body in their ignorance of right thinking. He found it necessary to die in order to show them the importance of each individual actually living the principles of love, truth, kindness and all virtues even unto death, the development of which brings us into everlasting life where moth nor rust does not corrupt.

He has said we should pray. We do not understand why, but in some manner prayer does make the circuit complete and for those who touch the spiritual switch by following what he taught a beacon is set out which helps us along wonderously through the trials and sufferings on this murky road of life.

He has shown us that we are going through the process of being born again; we have come up through the infinite ages; passed through darkness, ignorance, violence and materialization and can now see the glimmerings of a great light ahead.

How then can there be annihilation? If there has been a past how can it be possible not to have a future? All the past was future at one time, was it not? We have come this far not knowing what we are or how we move, or have our being. The world becomes more illuminated physically by electricity and immeasurably more important, it becomes spiritually illuminated by good living when everyone will do as they would be done by.

Oftentimes we think our own sufferings and difficulties, though hard to bear can be tolerated, but looking at others for worse off we are often puzzled when something seemingly terrible happens. "Well now, that person is good, and yet see how he suffers," and then we are apt to allow the small seeds of doubt to grow, forgetting God's words: "Thy dross to consume and thy God to refine." It is God's way of making us fit to be born again.

After all what is one little life when gazing into the depths of eternity? Earthquakes, famine, sorrow, death are as nothing if they bring us into the eternity of Divine Love.

Twilight Hour Story
Chicks and Other Little Friends
No. 31

Last week I told you about Fluffy being so cross at Rover because he came into the same room where Mamma Lady and Billy had brought her little kitties. She was so cross she scratched him, then jumped on his back and scratched some more so he didn't know what ever could be the matter, for you know he came in the room all right, but he didn't have a chance to even see the kitties, so he hadn't the slightest idea what all the fuss was about.

After he got chased out like that he wouldn't come in for a long time. It was a little while before Mamma Lady noticed Rover didn't come in the house. It was really Billy who noticed it first. He said, "Say, Mamma, do you know Rover won't come in the house? I wonder why?"

Then Mamma Lady remembered and said, "I believe he thinks it isn't very safe for him in here. I never thought of that. We'll have to coax him in."

So Billy ran out and called him and when he got near the door he was going to disappear again but Billy caught him by the collar and hugged him and said, "Oh, come on in Rover, nothing will hurt you."

You see, Rover wasn't a coward if he knew what was the matter, but he didn't know why Fluffy jumped on him like that, so he thought he would just stay away.

Well, just as he was trying to get away Mamma Lady came out and was extra nice to him. Come in, Rover, Fluffy won't hurt you, now come on, it's all right, come on in," and she opened the door so he could see it really was all right.

Rover looked at her and took a little step, then stopped, then another, and she kept saying "Come on in. It's all right." Then he looked warily around and took another few steps. "She won't hurt you, Rover."

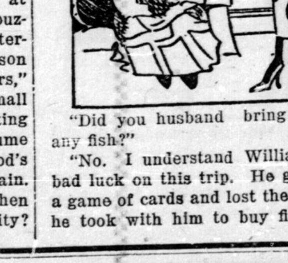
But Rover didn't know whether to believe it or not. All at once he was going to back out pretty quick, for there was Fluffy sitting on the cushion on her chair. But would you believe it, she just looked good naturedly at him as though she had never done anything to him at all.

Wasn't that funny? You know I believe there are a lot of people like that. They get so very cross about something then forget all about it, and they want us to forget all about their crossness too, which isn't so easy to do sometimes, is it? But I guess it's just their way, so it really is best to forget.

You see Fluffy forgot all about it because her kitties were away off in a dark closet now and she liked Rover again, so that when he saw her she was a nice kitty again, and wasn't Rover a good dog, for he was soon good friends with her, although often he looked at her queerly, as much as to say, "Why did you scratch me?" Perhaps he'll know when he sees the kitties when they are bigger.

But whatever are the chicks doing all this time?

Popular songs are often so popular that they become unpopular.



"Did you husband bring home any fish?"

"No. I understand William had bad luck on this trip. He got into a game of cards and lost the money he took with him to buy fish."

Sunday School Lesson

August 9. Lesson VI—Saul Converted and Commissioned—Acts 9: 1-9, 17-19; 1 Timothy 1: 12-14. Golden Text—I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision.—Acts 26: 19.

I. SAUL, PHARISEE AND PERSECUTOR, Acts 9: 1, 2; 22: 3-5.
II. SAUL CONVERTED, Acts 9: 3-19a; 22: 5-16.
III. SAUL PREACHING, Acts 9: 19b-31; 22: 17-21.
IV. PAUL, LOOKING BACK, Galatians 1: 11|17; 1 Timothy 1: 12-17.

I. SAUL, PHARISEE AND PERSECUTOR, Acts 9: 1, 2; 22: 3-5.

(a) The Pharisee. Saul's family, although living in a Greek city, were of pure Jewish descent, and Pharisees. They also enjoyed the privilege of Roman citizenship, conferred upon them probably for some service to the emperor. According to Jewish custom, the boy was taught a trade, tent-making, Acts 18: 3. In the university city of Tarsus he would acquire a knowledge of Greek customs, literature and philosophy. His education in Tarsus completed, he was sent south to Jerusalem to study under a famous theological professor named Gamaliel.

The gentle and tolerant spirt of Gamaliel (Acts 5: 34), was not shared by his brilliant pupil. Saul was an ardent student of the Law. When religion becomes a matter of law and doctrines, intolerance is the result. So it was with Saul.

(b) The Persecutor. When, after Stephen's death, the authorities took measures against his followers, Saul threw himself into the work of repression. Not content with his efforts in Jerusalem, he secured authority to go to Damascus, where the Jewish colony had evidently been influenced by the new faith.

II. SAUL CONVERTED, Acts 9: 3-19a; 22: 5-16.

Saul's conversion was the most momentous occurrence of apostolic history.

(a) The Preparation. On the lonely road to Damascus, six or eight days' journey from Jerusalem, Saul would have time for reflection. By this time he was discovering that the Law was not an adequate religion, Romans, chapter 7. Failing in his quest for God, he was steadily sinking into pessimism. The memory was always haunting him of Stephen dying with the face of an angel—and with a prayer of forgiveness on his lips. The joyful courage of the men whom he was persecuting, their lives for each other, the calm confidence which told of an inner peace must have been undermining his old assurance. His troubled mind was working up to the crisis which he was soon to experience.

(b) The Crisis. As Saul and his men were approaching the city a blinding light suddenly burst upon them, the shock of which threw them to the ground, Chap. 9: 3. Saul heard a voice saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Was it, then, really true that in harrying the believers he had been persecuting the Lord himself? "Who art thou, Sir?" he asked. He did not recognize the voice. The Authorized Version with "Lord" suggests that he did. The answer brought to Saul the transforming conviction that Jesus was, as his followers had claimed, the true revelation of God.

(c) The Result. Saul immediately placed Christ in complete control of his life. 9: 6. Brought to a believer's house in Damascus, he remained there three days, blind physically and spiritually, overwhelmed at the collapse of his past life and dark as to the future. Ananias, divinely prompted, found him and showed him that all that had happened was God calling him to his service. Saul, now healed in body and spirit (9: 17), was baptized, and thus admitted to the fellowship of the believers.

III. SAUL PREACHING, Acts 9: 19b-31; 22: 17-21.

After some days spent with the disciples, in Damascus, Saul retired "into Arabia" (Gal. 1: 17), probably some quiet village near Damascus where, in seclusion, he could ponder the meaning of his great experience and determine his future course of action. Not only the words of Ananias' vision (22: 14, 15), but his own nature made action of some kind inevitable. He returned to Damascus and began to preach controversially, 9: 22. Not yet, refined through suffering, mellowed and enriched by love, could he utter 1 Cor. chap. 13. A plot against his life forced him to leave the city. He went to Jerusalem, where he endeavored to make the acquaintance of the apostles. They, however, were afraid of him and, had it not been for Barnabas, his visit would probably have been unsuccessful. His bold preaching aroused antagonism. The "brethren," fearing persecution, brought him down to Cæsarea and sent him home to Tarsus.

IV. PAUL, LOOKING BACK, Galatians 1: 11|17; 1 Timothy 1: 12-17.

His Testimony. Looking back over the ears of his Christian life, he gratefully testifies that the Power which saved him at Damascus has always sustained him. The arrogance of the Pharisees has become the humility of the chief of sinners, 1 Tim. 1: 15.

What New York Is Wearing

BY ANNEBELLE WORTHINGTON

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

Enhance our charm by wearing flattering jacket costumes.

It is a season of jackets!

The one sketched is in the green and white printed sportsweight linen in combination with plain green handkerchief linen.

The skirt shows slenderizing line in pointed hip yoke treatment. The jacket is in popular hip length.

Style No. 3436 comes in sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. The 16-year size requires 4 yards of 39-inch figured material with 1⅜ yards of 39-inch plain material.

It is stunning with the dress made of chiffon print in hyacinth blue coloring with the jacket of flat silk crepe in matching shade.

Yellow and white sportsweight linen with plain yellow sheer linen for simulated tuck-inn bodice is very chic.

Dusty pink flat silk crepe, white shantung and cotton or silk striped shirting are swagger.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

Will

Ignatius Loyola was a great leader and master of men. One of his rules was: "What you want to be you can be. Will it then, and will it with all your might." Modern psychology tells us the same thing. Character is a matter of right will. Holiness is a will set toward God and His righteousness.

Carbon Monoxide Takes Heavy Toll of Bird Life

Washington.—A never-ending gas attack from the exhausts of automobiles is taking heavy toll among English sparrows and pigeons, says Austin H. Clark, biologist of the United States National Museum.

These two birds, which formerly were common in the cities of Eastern United States, have been disappearing rapidly.

They feed largely on street refuse, which brings them into contact with carbon monoxide gas from motor exhausts. It is a heavy gas that tends to cling to the ground when there is no wind.

It takes very little carbon monoxide to kill a bird or weaken it so it is easily caught by cats, hawks or other enemies, Clark explains.

This is because birds live "at high speed." Their bodies transform oxygen into heat much more rapidly than human bodies.

They must have plenty of oxygen at all times. Anything such as gas that tends to block the oxygen supply from their lungs has a bad effect almost at once.

English sparrows were imported from Europe before the days of modern sprays and insecticides, to eat the canker worms that were infesting the American elm trees.

They accomplished their purpose but aroused complaints among bird lovers because they drove away other birds from birdhouses and feeding places.

To a Locomotive in Winter

Thee for my recitative,
Thee in the driving storm even as now, the snow, the winter—day declining,
Thee in thy panopl, thy measur'd dual throbbing and thy beat convulsive,
Thy black cylindric body, golden brass and silvery steel,
Thy ponderous side-bars, parallel and connecting rods, gyrating, shuttling at thy sides,
Thy metrical, now swelling pant and roar, now tapering in the distance,
Thy great protruding head-light fix'd in front,
Thy long, pale, floating vapor-pennants tinged with delicate purple,
The dense and murky clouds out-belching from thy smoke-stack,
Thy knitted frame, thy springs and valves, the tremulous twinkle of thy wheels,
Thy train of cars behind, obedient, merrily following,
Through gale or calm, now swife, now slack, yet steadily careering;
Type of the modern—emblem of motion and power — pulse of the continent,
For once come serve the Muse and merge in verse, even as here I see thee,
With storm and buffeting gusts of wind and falling snow,
By day thy warning ringing bell to sound its notes,
By night thy silent signal lamps to swing.

Fierce-throated beauty!
Roll through my chant with all thy lawless music, thy swinging lamps at night,
Thy madly-whistled laughter, echoing, rumbling like an earth quake, rousing all,
Law of thyself complete, thine own track firmly holding
(No sweetness debonair of tearful harp or glib piano thine),
Thy thrills of shrieks by rock and hills return'd
Launch'd o'er the prairies wide, across the lakes,
To the free skies unpent and glad and strong.

—Walt Whitman, in "Leaves of Grass."

Maternal Instinct

It is a mistake to suppose that the maternal instinct is universal on the one hand, or that it is developed only by personal experience on the other. Even women who are mothers may be found wholly destitute of it, with not a ray of natural feeling for their offspring; and some who are neither wives or mothers in fact are all the latter in feeling. These are the women who are the chosen friends of both sexes and all ages. To them flock all who have troubles, sure of a patient hearing and that sweet sympathy which of itself heals the wounds laid bare to its touch.

Wisdom of the Foolish

The foolish think that they can escape punishment; but every wrongdoing carries its own punishment. Punishment is not always something that happens to us, but rather something that happens in us. The greatest of all punishments is the loss of our humanity. What is more terrible than to lose the open countenance—to be forced to wear the fox's eye and the wolf's mouth?—Markham.

Vote or Be Arrested Aim of Bill in France

Paris.—A law compelling all French citizens to vote, under penalty of fines, has been proposed by a group of conservative members of Parliament.

Voting, they declare in the bill they have laid before the Chamber of Deputies, is a duty and not a mere privilege.

The Chamber of Deputies and the departmental and communal elective bodies are, they maintain, composed too largely of the representatives of minorities because the other fellows shirked their duty at the polls.

In France, as in most countries, well-to-do citizens are inclined to forgo their right to vote. It is with the purpose of getting out this portion of the vote that the backers of the bill, led by Louis Marin, have moved the reform.

Fear

Fear and lack of faith go hand in hand. The one is born of the other. Tell me how much one is given to fear, and I will tell you how much he lacks in faith.

Fear is a most expensive guest to entertain, the same as worry is: so expensive are they that no one can afford to entertain them. We invite wha we fear, the same as, by a different attitude of mind, we invite and attract the influences and conditions we desire. The mind dominated by fear opens the door for entrance of the very things, for the actualization of the very conditions it fears.

Fear is, so to speak, the direct opposite of faith, and faith is perhaps the strongest and most effective mental and spiritual force that we can possess or grow.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Argentine Grain Output Gr[...]

Buenos Aires. — Argentine wheat, corn, linseed and oats shipments this year show a considerable increase. Private statistics of cereal exports reveal: A total of 1,928,752 tons of wheat shipped from January 1 to May [...] compared with 1,291,104 tons for the corresponding period a year ago; 480,795 tons of corn, against [...] tons; 951,045 tons of linseed, against 683,378 tons, and 301,963 tons of oats against 162,457 tons a year ago.

Impossibilities

Nearly everything that is worth while, that has been accomplished by men, has been considered impossible by many others. Every man who has ever done anything great has been ridiculed and advised by others to let it alone.

"Yes, I fitted up my flat at a ridiculously low price. In fact, it cost me but a song."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, I started up a song on the back fence at 2 a.m. and the donations I received in the way of furniture, etc., just filled the bill."

MUTT AND JEFF—Mutt Could Make a Quaker Enter West Point. By BUD FISHER

"Digestible as milk itself"

Give your children all they want of this healthful cheese food. Velveeta contains all the elements of rich whole milk. Old and young can eat it freely.

KRAFT Velveeta

Made in Canada

Made by the makers of Kraft Cheese and Kraft Salad Dressing

[T]he Delicate Human System

Despite the delicacy of our finest [mec]hanism, it is still surpassed by [the] human hand.

[F]ingers are found to be more pre[cise] than the best calipers.

[Th]e human touch gives the last [wor]d, the final test.

[A] writer in The Stone and Web[...] Journal (Boston) tells how a [Fre]nch visitor found this out in a [...] factory. We read:

[T]he French are so continually [criti]cizing us for our subserviency [to t]he machne that it is interesting [to f]ind a Frenchman who takes a [som]ewhat different point of view. [Mon]sieur Dubreuil is a workingman [hims]elf, who has spent his life oper[ating] machines, and who is enthusi[astic] over their labor-saving qual[ities]. Yet he finds that in the last [analy]sis the human hand is the mas[ter] instrument, and will always re[main] so. He illustrates the point [by d]escribing some operations which [he w]itnessed at a Ford factory.

[S]ome stamping dies weighing two [or th]ree tons are here first shaped [by m]achine tools. But when at last [the] die is almost completed by me[chan]ical means, it is given to work[ers w]ho finish it by hand, first using [sma]ll electric grinders, and then [fine]r and finer files. The die is sub[jecte]d to finer and finer measuring, [the w]orker holding his breath in the [inten]sity of his concentration on the [sele]ction of the curve. When every [possi]ble instrument has been used [for] the attainment of this perfec[tion,] 'I saw,' he says, 'one of the most [extra]ordinary performances encoun[tered] during my stay in American [facto]ries.

[W]hen all the resources of the [most] delicate measuring instruments [have] been exhausted, they were put [aside] as useless in the achievement [of ul]timate perfection in the die. The [work]er alone with his hands and [the fi]nest files was left to finish the [work] or, as it may aptly be said, [to gi]ve it the final touch. With his [...] hand wide open and fingers [sprea]d, he caresses for a long time [the d]elicate curves predetermined [by th]e calipers, and to the sensitive [tips] of his fingers are revealed [th]e humps imperceptible to the [eye]rs.

[W]henever he feels any irregu[larity] in the curve, he gives a few touches with the file until his [hand] feels only the harmonious con[tinuit]y of the curves the die is to re[produ]ce in the sheet iron to be [stamp]ed. Thus I saw with emotion [that i]n spite of the instruments in[vented] by modern mechanical in[genuit]y, the human hand had still [the la]st word, belying all the somber [predic]tions recklessly made on the [disapp]earance of the traditional [crafts] and the gradual transforma[tion o]f the entire working class into [autom]atons.'"

[Th]e Science of Advertising

[Lon]don Times Trade Supplement: [The p]lace of advertising is an inte[gral p]art of the systematic selling [organi]zation of any well-ordered [busine]ss, but its economic functions [are m]any and they require most care[ful stu]dy if the best results are to [be obt]ained from any given expendi[ture].

[Eagl]e Brand...Ideal [for S]ummer Feeding

[E]AGLE Brand is the solution to the numerous difficulties surrounding the feeding of baby in the hot summer months. Send for free authoritative literature.

Eagle Brand Milk
CONDENSED

The Borden Co., Ltd.
[...] George St., Toronto.
Send me free copies of your authoritative literature on Infant Feeding.
[Name]
[Address]

Canada's Schools Lauded By Teacher

London.—There were many points of the educational system of Canada which arounsed the enthusiasm of the party of British head mistresses which recently toured the Dominion to inquire into openings for their senior girls.

Canada, Miss Drummond of the North London Collegiate School for Girls said, might well be proud of its system of free education up to university age, of its provision of information on a variety of subjects to those so far removed from civilization that civilization was being taken to them, she added. And Canada should be proud of its complete banning of the words "mentally defective" as applied to those unfortunate ones whom Canada described so much more mercifully as "underprivileged children."

Miss Drummond was one of three members of the party who described their experiences to an audience at the Imperial Institute, London.

Besides difficulties of isolation, met partly by railway carriage schools with traveling teachers, there were those growing townships populated by mixed races.

When the time came to send out senior girls to link their lives with those of the people of Canada, the head mistress urged that one year should be spen. in a Canadian university and in learning to know the people. To encourage this, they were offering £100 as a scholarship.

Some Day

By A. R. Ubsdell, in The Saturday Review (London)

Devon, I will come back to you some day;
It has been weary, parted from your hills,
Your heathered moorlands, and your daffodils,
Your deep lanes glad with foxglove or with may
That twist along your valleys where the fields
Sleep, drugged with summer grass and spangled gold.
With buttercups, or up through woods which hold
Night shadows ere the sun to starlight yields.

Devon, I will come back and find again
The scents I've lost; of cider apples heaped
In orchards, gathered mushrooms still dew-steeped,
Of sun-charmed gorse and bracken after rain.
And Devon, Devon, I have waited long
For a peewit's call and a sky-lark's song.

Too Obliging

Mrs. Gotalot entered the expensive-looking West End shop, and was approached by an assistant.

"I would like to see some costumes," said the customer.

The assistant displayed a number on the counter.

"How much are these?" asked Mrs. Gotalot.

"Three guineas," replied the young girl.

"I'd like to see something a little dearer," put in the customer.

The assistant smiled very politely. "Then shall we say five guineas, madam?" she said.

Philosophy

Philosophy does not regard pedigree; she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him so.—Seneca.

Philosophy triumphs easily over past, and over future Evils, but present Evils triumph over Philosophy. —La Rochefoucauld.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of Philosophy.—Voltaire.

"The Great War demonstrated that the continents are no longer separated, but that the destinies of all nations today are closely interwoven."—Albert Einstein.

The time has come. The right has found its formula—human federation.—Victor Hugo.

Honesty brings terrific isolation in life.—Rev. F. A. Fadden.

A COTTAGE FOR TWO

Elizabeth and Her Dream Home

By Rene M. Worley

It was a charming cottage. In spite of dilapidations and obvious long neglect, it had managed to preserve an air of quaint dignity.

"It's the kind of cottage that could be converted into something really picturesque," thought Elizabeth admiringly. Then, because she was essentially practical, she added: "And profitable, too!"

In imagination she saw the weeds cut down, the glass panes polished to winking cleanliness, and a sign affixed to the fence, enjoining all and sundry to "Take Tea At Elizabeth's." It was a splendid idea, and would be perfectly heavenly as compared to the confined stuffiness of the solicitor's office where she worked.

She walked to the village, and entered the agents' office. There was no one behind the counter, but a voice addressed her from the top of some narrow stairs that ran up from the room just behind the door.

"Can I be of any assistance?" inquired the voice.

In a second it was followed by a pair of trousered legs, a rather dishevelled body, and a pleasant foce surmounted by a shock of ginger hair. The young man came forward, brushing the knees of his trousers, a half-smile of whimsical apology on his face.

"I've just seen a cottage in Swaine's Lane—Stumble Cottage, I think the name was," explained Elizabeth breathlessly.

The young man looked surprised.

"I'm rather afraid you're too late," he said regretfully. "We disposed of the cottage at the absurd rental of five shillings a week only a few hours ago."

Elizabeth was genuinely disappointed, and her face showed it.

"I'm so sorry," she stammered. "I wish I had seen it yesterday and cut the other person out."

"Would you like to see over it, anyway? There's no reason why you shouldn't," he asked eagerly. She hesitated, and in that second he had put on his cap and flung open the door. "I've a car round the corner, and we'll rattle up to Ewaine's Lane in no time," he told her cheerfully.

The front door of the cottage was unlocked, and they had to step over a miniature "hedge" of grasses to obtain admittance to the hall. A narrow little hall, with a door on either side, which led into sitting-room and bed-room respectively. Farther along was the kitchen, red-tiled and splashed with sunshine, transforming the dust to gold.

"Upstairs is a large attic, but the new tenant intends turning it into a bed-room, and using this other one as a study,' 'explained the young man.

Elizabeth smiled at him.

"I love it!" she exclaimed wistfully.

Walking over to the casement window, she pushed it open. It was not difficult to open, she found to her surprise, and must have been used quite recently.

"Look!" cried the young man suddenly, pointing to the lower shelf of the dresser. "Someone has left an old boot behind. It ought to bring luck to the house."

"It's a horseshoe does that, not a boot," corrected Elizabeth gaily.

They looked at each other and laughed. And somehow, after they had laughed together, they left as if they were really old friends.

"Let's go now and have some tea?" suggested the young man. "May I introduce myself? Mark Radnor, general factotum of Mesrrs. Spears & Bliss, estate agents."

Elizabeth told her name a little shyly.

"I'm a typist in Alburham," she said unreservedly. "I usually take long tramps on my half-holidays to sweep the office cobwebs out of my system."

When she caught the train back to the county town Mark made her promise to meet him again.

So Elizabeth met Mark for tea on three Wednesday half-holidays in succession. Then for a long tramp on Saturday afternoon. One Sunday morning he came over in his dusty, battered little car.

"We're going to see the cottage again," he told her eagerly. "The new tenant takes up residence some time this month, and we've had notice to get the place in order. I persuaded GENERAL ———— TRAVISS the boss to let me take over the whole job in my spare time, so that means I'll be spending most evenings and week-ends cleaning up, and whatnot."

One afternoon when they arrived at the cottage he threw open the door, and stood aside to watch Elizabeth's expression.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he grinned. "I spent all yesterday evening getting the furniture into place and laying the rugs. Now it's up to you to put the finishing touches."

"What is the new tenant like, Mark?" she asked slowly.

"Married couple,' he replied laconically.

Well, it certainly was the best place in the world for a married couple, thought Elizabeth, with a vague tinge of envy. Some people had all the luck. A husband to look after them, a dinky little cottage to look after, and glorious days of freedom in which to potter about just as you pleased.

She had been having a particularly trying week in the office. One of their best clients, the Squire of Alburham Manor, had been the victim of a robbery, and there was a lot of extra correspondence with him and with his insurance company about the claim he was making.

After tea, which they had picnic-fashion in the kitchen, they went upstairs to the attic. The furniture was no resemblance to a bed-room.

"We must do something about this rubbish here," ruminated Mark, kicking the old cases, empty sacks, and newspapers with his foot. "I'll get one of the boys from the office to come along and shift it away."

At the end of a strenuous hour they had converted chaos into order. Elizabeth was flushed and a little weary. Mark glanced shrewdly at her.

"There's nothing more to be done this evening; let's go and feed somewhere," he suggested gently, with a hint of protectiveness that stirred her strangely.

They went to a little restaurant adjoining the old-fashioned village inn. Mark went to telephone the office, and when he returned there was a little frown between his brows

"The old man wants me to pop into the office for a few minutes. He says it's urgent," he said. "You sit here and start to eat, and before you've finished the first course I'll be back."

He had been gone only a few minutes when she discovered that she had left her attache-case at the cottage. If she took a short cut across the fields and hurried she could get it and be back again before Mark returned. Telling the waitress to hold back the meal for half an hour, she started off for Swaine's Lane.

Arrived at the cottage, she was surprised to find the front door open. Perhaps Mark hadn't properly turned the key when they left; once before he had been guilty of carelessness in this respect. Stepping into the hall, she was further surprised by hearing voices from upstairs. There were men in the attic.

"Funny," she thought, puzzled, and swiftly climbed the stairs.

As her head came above the floor level she stopped, gazing at the scene before her with wide eyes of inquiry.

There were two men in the room. One sat on the bed, and the other was kneeling on the floor beside the open cases, upon which Mark had pronounced sentence only a short while before. Her bewildered eyes caught the gleam of silver, piles of it, and silk tapestry that trailed over the sides of the shabby old cases and spread across the floor.

Her gaze encountered the eyes of the man on the bed. He smiled, and with elaborate courtesy removed his hat.

"I—I beg your pardon," she stammered. A flash of realization came to her, and she added: "Are you the new tenants?"

The man on the floor rose and bowed to her.

"We've only just arrived. We came sooner than we expected," he replied in a smooth, well-educated voice. He indicated his companion with a sweep of his hand. 'This is my brother; he's come to give me a hand with the luggage."

Elizabeth explained her errand and wished them "Good-night." She retrieved her case from the kitchen and started back for the village. Mark was just arriving as she came down the street. In the back of his car, uncomfortably squashed together in the narrow seat, were two men, both strangers to Elizabeth. She told Mark where she had been, and added the news that the new tenant had arrived.

"He seems rather a nice man, and his brother is with him,' she said warmly. "And those cases you called 'rubbish' belong to them. They're full of silver——"

She broke off, interrupted by a snort from Mark and a subdued guffaw from one of the men seated in the back.

Mark opened the door of the car.

"Jump in!" he commanded briefly. They were off down the street almost before Elizabeth had sat down. "We'll be there in a couple of shakes, Stevens," he called over his shoulder.

The two men were just coming down the stairs when Mark and his two companions, followed by a vaguely alarmed Elizabeth, entered the hall of the cottage. Stevens stepped forward. Neither of the men on the stairs seemed pleased to see him.

"This is just too bad, my pretties!" chuckled Stevens.

Mark turned to Elizabeth and, pulling her arm through his, led her out into the open. She still looked puzzled and a little frightened. Stooping, he tenderly kissed her small, upturned face.

"Those cases contain the family plate and tapestries of the old Squire of Alburham," he explained gently. "Guess you know a bit about that spot of bother! The police got wind, early this morning, of where the stuff was hidden when an old-timer they collared for the umpteenth time 'blabbed' that over a month ago he had helped to bring it to a deserted cottage in Camber village.

"The police got in touch with our firm and asked them about an empty cottage in these parts. The old man guessed at once that it would be this one. Apparently the police knew the two men would come and collect their booty to-night, and they decided to make a grand clean-up of the affair and catch them red-handed."

"I can't think why they left it in the attic for so long," murmured Elizabeth reflectively.

Mark grinned.

"They were put under lock and key for another offence the very day after they'd hidden the cases, and this is the first chance they've had for some weeks of breathing fresh air," he answered cheerfully.

They had walked round the cottage and now they were standing on the small square of ground that went by the name of "garden." In the half-light the cottage looked rather fantastic, with its little windows and short, stumpy chimneys.

"Touch it for luck, my dear," he said gently. "I'm going to take up residence next week." He smiled into her wide eyes, and lightly kissed the tip of her nose. "Didn't you really guess, darling? It's my cottage, every bit mine, and I hadn't the heart to tell you at the start."

"But the—the marired couple," murmured Elizabeth.

He shook his head, and his expression was inexpressibly tender. Her heart started to beat erratically, her cheeks were magically flushed.

"Oh, my dear, must you ask silly questions?" he began solemnly; and then he drew her towards him, holding her closely. "Oh, Elizabeth, I love you so much! Let's go indoors, and I'll propose to you properly."—"Answers.

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Tired Tim, the knight of the road, slithered wearily up to the well-to-do business man.

"Spare a copper for a poor man out of work, sir," he begged.

The business man, who must have been in a particularly generous mood, put his hand in his pocket.

"Here you are, my man," he said, giving Tim half-a-crown. "Call at my office tomorrow and I'll find you some work."

Tim's reply come very quickly.

"No, sir," he said "The half-a-crown will be enough—I'm not greedy."

"Air manoeuvres are no more a demonstration for war than the police parade a promotion of crime." —Bishop Wm. Manning.

Nurses Wanted

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Fordham Hospital, New York Cit offers a Three Years' Course of Training to Young Women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further particulars write or apply to the Superintendent.

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T'owd Tea

In the days long ago when tea was too expensive for the children of agricultural laborers in Essex and Sussex, a beverage was given them made from the scalded raspings of over-baked bread called "T'owd Tea" (the Old Tea). The stimulating qualities of tea were well described by an old woman, who said: "It must be a bad complaint that a cup of tea didn't cure." In those days also, poor men often smoked dried willow leaves in place of tobacco, which they could not afford to buy.

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