

or you would not put these strangers before me. What do they signify? I want you."

In her loyalty Janet tried to make excuses for him. It was hard on him; he did not know them and could not realise their great kindness to her, a lonely stranger. She would not allow herself to call his feeling by its right name—selfishness. True love puts itself aside and seeks to help and strengthen the one beloved in any difficult or trying time. But she was deeply pained by his reproaches, and when after this his letters became less warm and less frequent, she felt it keenly.

"But I could not have done otherwise," she would repeat to herself. "The little one nearly died, and Mrs. Thornton could never have got through that time alone."

She was to have a holiday in September instead, and it was arranged that she should spend the three weeks at Kimberley. It seemed a long time to wait. Then she would laugh at herself for her impatience.

"It will be all right then. The old saying holds good still, and the course of true love never does run smooth. Archie is naturally impatient, and letters are a poor medium for an explanation. He will not doubt my love when he sees me."

Yet she could not help telling herself that she would not so soon have mistrusted him. It never occurred to her simple and loyal mind to suspect any further cause for his increasing coolness.

September came at last, and on the very

day on which Mr. and Mrs. Thornton had been discussing her, Janet received a note from Miss Codrington, fixing the twenty-fourth as the day for her visit. "Archie had been obliged to go out to keep an engagement," she said, "so, though sorry not to write, had asked her to send a line to make final arrangements."

Despite her resolves, Janet in her disappointment could not suppress a feeling of discomfort. It was some little time now since Mr. Codrington had written, and something in the tone of that last letter had jarred upon her, although she could not have told why it was. So that when on the morning of the twenty-fourth Mr. Thornton drove her into Bethulie and saw her off on her long railway journey to Kimberley, her feelings were not entirely unmixed happiness after all. In her pocket was a long chatty letter from Mrs. Miles, received by the last Cape mail. The old lady had written to her regularly, ignoring entirely what had passed between Janet and her son, but this was the first time that she had renewed her invitation to the girl to pay her a visit at the Cape.

"I do not know," she wrote, "how long holidays your friends give you, but you must consider yourself engaged to me for some part, at any rate, of your Christmas holidays. Harold is already planning a trip up country when he gets his leave in January, and I should especially enjoy your companionship when he is absent, for I shall miss his

constant visits. I fancy, too, that you are feeling your work rather tiring, for I think I detected slight signs of depression about your last letter. Not that you did not intend to write brightly, dear child—you always do that, though your letters are by no means frequent enough."

Janet smiled as she re-read this sentence and then she sighed.

"What a good friend she is to me," she thought. "I must really persuade Archie to let me tell her of our engagement. If I were to stay with her I should never be able to keep it from her. It is good of her not to resent my refusal of her son's offer when she is so devoted to him. And how fond his friend was of him! What very nice people they all were! Poor man! I hope he has got over his disappointment by this time; it is dreadful to have to make people unhappy."

Janet had been unable to forget the look on Captain Miles's grave earnest face when he learned that his suit was hopeless. He was the first man she had ever refused, and the doing so had given her much pain.

The long journey came to an end at length, and on the platform at Kimberley Station stood Mr. Codrington awaiting her. Janet forgot everything in the delight of seeing him once more. Her luggage collected, he helped her into his "spider" and drove her rapidly to his father's house in the fashionable quarter of the town.

(To be concluded.)

WHAT TO DO WITH A BUTTER TUB.

THE cost of the article itself is not more than sixpence, as provision merchants are glad to get rid of them. They are made very neatly of white wood, with wooden hoops, by our kinsfolk in Canada to pack the butter they send us in. A tub when dry shrinks, and the hoops would fall off; so, to prevent that, get some half-inch French nails and drive through the hoops into the staves, and then clench them inside, which will effectually keep the tub from dropping to pieces when it gets quite

dry, for, when you purchase it, the tub is naturally wet.

The first thing to do is to thoroughly wash the tub inside and out with hot water, soda, and soap to remove all grease, and put it aside to dry. Let this be done thoroughly, as paint will not dry if there is any grease on the wood, and we propose painting it and putting a little decoration on it; but before this three feet should be screwed on to the bottom. Large empty reels of cotton would do; but, if you want them shaped like those in the sketch, then you had better get a carpenter to make them for you. The feet, though not of course absolutely necessary, give such a finish to the appearance of the tub that I don't think any reader would wish not to have them.

As to the colour of the tub, I have indicated a dark rich one in the sketch; but, of course, this is a matter of taste, though I think if it were painted a deep peacock-blue it would be very effective in a room, and would take decoration well. If you decide upon this colour, then get two pounds of white lead ground in oil, which you can purchase at a good oil-shop, half a pint of linseed oil, one pennyworth of driers and tubes of Prussian blue, emerald green, and French ultramarine, also a little turpentine. Pour some oil upon the lead, which you could put in an empty tobacco-tin, until it is well covered, with just a couple of dessertspoonsful of turpentine and the driers. Let this wait for a while, though you can take a palette knife and stick it into the lead a few times to allow of the oil and turps amalgamating with it, and you can repeat this a few times. The next day the lead will be soft, and when stirred up should be

the consistency of cream (not clotted). If still too thick, then add more oil and turps, and strain it through some fine muslin, rubbing it through with a brush. Then squeeze out some of the three tubes, and add a little of the white, and mix up on a palette, and then put into the pot of paint and stir up. This will tint it a bluish-green colour, and you can now put on your first coat of paint. A flat hog brush about two inches wide will do well, or, if that is not procurable, use an ordinary round brush; but a good brush will give you a better result, as the colour should be put on evenly. When this coat is dry, put a little more of the tube colours into your paint to darken it still more, and then give the tub its second coat. The last coat will have to contain very little white if your ground is to be dark, and you ought to add a little more driers, as the tube colours take some time to dry, unless you put something in the nature of driers into it.

When this last coat is quite hard, you can decorate or stencil your tub. If you put on some hand decoration, choose plants that lend themselves to the shape of the tub. I have indicated the iris as the *motif*; but the ox-eye daisy, meadow-sweet, and many other plants can be used with equal advantage.

These tubs do most excellently for large ferns, palms, or other indoor plants. If you are content with plain painting, and do not care to decorate the tub, then you could finish with a coat of enamel, and paint the hoops a lighter colour. By the way, some of the tubs have three hoops, and this centre one will interfere with such a design as the one I have sketched. If you cannot get one with two hoops, remove this centre one if you wish to paint such a plant as the iris; but, if you use stencils, then a couple of rows of stencilling between the hoops will nicely ornament it. I should advise the painting of the inside of the tub with a couple of coats.

Don't forget to have a saucer or tiny tray at bottom of tub if you have a growing plant in it so that the water does not rot the wood.

