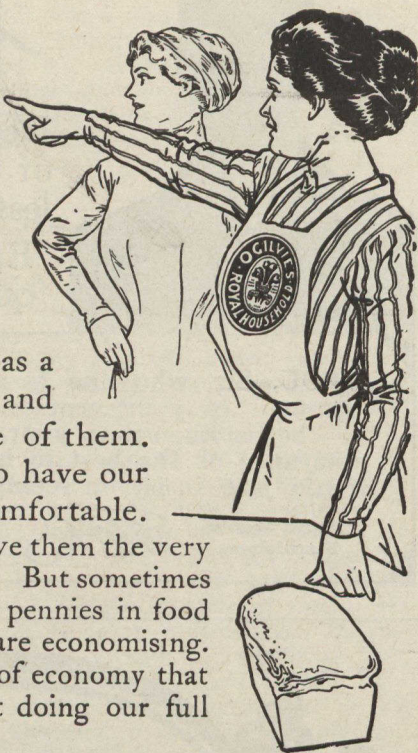


True Household Economy

MOTHERS, we owe it as a duty to our husbands and families to take good care of them. We all want, of course, to have our loved ones cheerful and comfortable.

Our dominant part is to give them the very best that we can make or bake. But sometimes we are tempted to save a few pennies in food and think that in so doing we are economising. But is it so? Is this the kind of economy that is wise and profitable? Is it doing our full duty to our loved ones?



Royal Household Flour

We wouldn't think of buying the lowest priced eggs in the market just for the sake of economy. We would feel that because they were cheap they would be good eggs to avoid. The low price would give us a suspicion of their freshness and quality.

But when it comes to flour, for example, we may be tempted to buy the second best instead of the best because of the few pennies difference in price. We may think that economy in flour is different from economy in eggs. But it isn't. The principle is the same. The difference in cost between the best flour in the

world and ordinary flour is so little that in justice to our responsibility as wives and mothers *we can not afford to take chances.*

From every point of view Royal Household Flour is more economical than any other. It produces more loaves to the barrel. It is richest in food value. It is more uniform. It is best for Pastry as well as Bread and yields more baked product in either bread or pastry than any other flour.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR furnishes more nourishment, more real food value per pound and per penny's worth than any other flour in the word.

Ogilvie's "Book for a Cook" will be sent free to the woman who asks for it and sends in the name of her dealer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited.



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cal, will quickly draw us to her surface.

"One thing more," I said; "when we get into the atmosphere of Venus, will not the friction caused by our rapid descent through the air, fuse us and our airship into vapour—like the meteors that we see?"

For answer he led me out to his workshop and showed me an addition to his ship that I had not seen. This was in the shape of two huge automatic wings, which, he explained, would so act that as soon as we struck the heavy, cloud-laden atmosphere of Venus, would open out and so check our stupendous pace that we would float gradually and gently to the ground.

My fears thus set at rest, I pledged him my allegiance, and then I said good-bye, as I should not see him again before I returned to the city.

"I shall send you a telegram when I want you," he said significantly. "Come the moment you receive it."

So I went, feeling as though I were but imperfectly awake after a confused dream.

The next six months were, naturally, the longest I ever spent in my life. The Professor had not told me the exact date to look out for his message, and it was sooner than I had expected that his summons came. At half-past one in the morning of May the nineteenth, 1910, I was awakened by the arrival of a telegram. It read thus:

"All satisfactory. Come at once.—E. F."

In two minutes I had on sufficient clothing not to be arrested for indecency, and was on my way to the station. Finding a train did not leave for two hours, I composed my appearance, so as not to seem too suspicious a character, and engaging a motor-car, covered the seventy-five odd miles in sixty-one minutes. The Professor met me with his manner wholly composed, and asked me if I were ready, as though we were going on an ordinary railway journey. We went out to inspect the machine, which was only waiting for us to take our places inside. It was held to the ground by tremendously strong ropes. To free her, a fuse was placed at the end of each rope, which would be lighted before we got in, and a little powder at the end of the fuse would sever the ropes in a few minutes.

"There is enough food in there," said the Professor, "to last us for forty days—nearly all concentrated, of course. I think I have left sufficient proof in the house that we have departed this world with our own consent, and taken our bodies with us, to clear any one of the suspicion of murder. Now we will have something to eat."

We went back into the house, where the Professor had the table spread with an abundant repast. Then I went through the most terrible struggle of my life, for, with the realisation that this was to be our last meal on earth, a sort of sick feeling came over me, that I would rather suffer the extremities of torture than enter that machine. The Professor evidently perceived the panic that was striking me, for he put me in a chair, and made me drink a glass of strong whiskey.

"You are not going to fail me at the eleventh hour," he said, and his face was white and set.

We sat still for a long time, staring straight ahead of us, neither speaking. Then I rose.

"I will go," I said.

"Good," was his reply, and we went out together into the cold night.

The Professor was lighting the end of the fuse, when the grey form of the Persian cat stole into the ring of pale light, and with a plaintive mew, rubbed herself against the Professor's

legs. With an emotion quite new to him, he picked her up, saying, "Shall I leave you behind, Pussy, when you have been with me so long? I will not. You shall come too." So the Persian cat entered the sphere in the Professor's arms, and he secured the entrance that barred us from the world of our birth for ever.

That was the strangest journey, I suppose, ever accomplished by mortal men. I cannot describe it, for most of the time we were in a semi-conscious state, produced, I believe, by the awful blackness of space and the terrible majesty of the sun, planets and stars, which burned, burned, burned, in the midst of blackness, and never moved nor twinkled, nor shed any ray that could light the airless eternity of space. Neither of us know how long we were on that journey; neither of us know whether we ate anything or not, but both of us are certain we were on the brink of insanity when the shock of light and motion brought the perception that we had entered the atmosphere of Venus. Then we began to gather our scattered wits, and stared at each other's hollow-eyed faces, until gradually realisation of the situation returned. The Professor had provided a simple contrivance for steering to a suitable resting-place, but it was not necessary to use it, for we floated gently on, until we finally rested on the base of a mountain. Here you afterwards found us. The cat had needed all the strength of her nine lives to come through that journey alive, but she survived it, though when the Professor carried her out—as he had carried her in—she was so weak that her head hung back over his arm. We emerged from the sphere and fell on the ground, and our heads rested on the cool grass, and if we could have cried I believe we should have done so, but we were too weak even for tears. Then when the exquisite joy of being on a world again had abated a little, we took something from the sphere to eat, and fed the poor cat with condensed milk mixed with fresh water from a nearby stream. Here we also drank freely and bathed ourselves, until gradually our strength returned.

You know the rest. I have nothing more to tell you. That is a wonderful world, but this is more so. That is a beautiful world, but this is more beautiful. We were born there and lived there until Destiny brought us here—and this is better. There is no chance of ever returning, and we do not wish it. Indeed, I am quite sure that, even were it possible, we should not leave this happiness, which could never, there, be regained. For I believe that happiness reaches its human zenith here in this ideal planet, Venus.

A Pertinent Question.

A CERTAIN minister, afterwards Moderator of the Assembly, before he became known to fame, was minister of a remote parish in Perthshire, and was not considered a particularly attractive preacher. At his suggestion alterations in the transept of the church were made which did away with a large number of seats.

After the alterations had been finished, he met the beadle. "What do you think of the improvements, John?" he asked.

"Improvements!" exclaimed John in disdain. "They're no improvements at a'! Whaur are you goin' to put the folk?"

"Why, it seems to me there will be abundance of room, John, considering the size of the congregation."

"That's a' very weel the noo," retorted the beadle, "but what will we do when we get a popular minister?"

It Won't Rub Off

VISIT the finest hotels, the costliest homes, and you will find Alabastined walls. Alabastine is used in these palatial places, not because it is the most expensive wall-decoration, but because it is the most artistic and effective. An Alabastined wall is a delight to the eye—so soft, velvety and beautiful. It will not rub off or fade. Alabastine is cement, and hardens with age. Its beauty is permanent. It is the most sanitary and inexpensive wall coating known. Alabastined walls are now the general vogue, in cottage and mansion alike. Wall Paper is out of fashion. The sales of Alabastine in Canada have doubled in two years.

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None Genuine without Little Church on Label

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