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think they'd want to see much of me. Perhaps, though, Sam Taylor and Dorothy didn't come west with the old folks. Well, it's kind of them, anyway. It would be nice to see a familiar face once more, and hear the news from the east. I don't seem to get many letters from down there now. I believe I'll go over and pay them a short visit."

The following Sunday morning Jack added Pepper, having borrowed him from Jimmy, who had not yet carried out his plans for leaving, and set off across the prairie for the home of the Blairs. It was a long ride. Pepper was accustomed to such, and in the afternoon Jack rode up to the home of his old time friends.

In answer to his knock, the door was opened by Dorothy. A look of blank amazement overspread her face, then over neck, cheek and brow and red blood rushed mantling cheek and brow, then faded, leaving her pale as a lily. After a moment she succeeded in controlling her voice, as she said, "Good afternoon Mr. Gray. Will you come in?"

"That you," said Jack in an embarrassed tone, as he stepped into the hall. Dorothy opened the parlor door, and motioned him to a chair. Mechanically he accepted the proffered seat.

"I'll call my mother," said Dorothy. Then, as an afterthought, "Did you bring Mrs. Gray with you?"

"No, Mrs. Taylor, I didn't bring Mrs. Gray with me. In fact, I didn't think there was such a person in this district."

Dorothy gazed at him incredulously.

"Aren't you married?" she enquired. "No, Mrs. Taylor," answered Jack, surprised in his turn, "I'm not married. Who told you that I was?"

"Why—why, Kitty Lowe in the post office. You remember her! But why do you call me Mrs. Taylor?"

"Aren't you married?" exclaimed Jack.

"No," laughed Dorothy. "Who told you so?"

"Kitty Lowe stammered Jack, "Kitty Lowe sent a card saying that you were to be married that Christmas—and Sam Taylor."

"Going to be married! And to that Sam Taylor! I wonder who told her such a story. It's false!" and the blue eyes flashed.

"And—and—you still love me?" eagerly questioned Jack, with outstretched arms.

"Yes, Jack," came softly from his shoulder, as he stopped and passionately kissed the tear-stained cheek. Dorothy's father and mother presently entered the room, greeting Jack cordially. Words were needless—the happy look on the faces of the two young people told the parents that all was well.

"But why did you not write, dear," enquired Dorothy as they took an evening stroll to gether.

"Write?" replied Jack in astonishment. "Why, Dorothy, I sent a dozen letters at least after yours stopped coming."

It was now Dorothy's turn to look perplexed.

"Really," said she, "it's a strange thing that I never received one of them. I wonder if—hesitatingly.

"What is it, dear?" asked Jack. "Well, Kitty Lowe has been postmistress for a number of years, and—and—I think she cared for you, Jack."

"I see," said Jack dryly. Then the conversation drifted to other topics.

One bright September day as Dorothy and Jack were driving along the trail towards "Meadowbrook" they saw a horseman appear in the distance, and ride rapidly towards them.

"Why, that's Jimmy Weston, on Pepper. He must be back from his trip."

And Jimmy it proved to be, belted, hooded and spurred, kerchief and all.

"Hello Jack. Found the silver linin' yet?"

"Yes," replied Jack. I have it here, Permit me to make you acquainted with Mrs. Gray, Mr. Weston. You see, we were just married this morning."

"Hoory!" shouted Jimmy, bowing low in the saddle, in answer to Dorothy's salutation. "Oh, beg your pardon. Wish you much happiness, Mrs. Gray."

"An—an—" with a shy look at the charming bride, "congratulations Jack."

"Thank you," was the happy answer.

"Drop in some time soon, and have a chat," added Jack.

"Thank you, that will," said Jimmy, bowing low, and riding away.

**The Upward Look**

**A Sphere for Everyone**

"WE are laborers together with God." 1 Cor. 3:9.

There is a story of a man who was faced with a series of what appeared to be impossible tasks to perform ere he could reach the desires of his heart. Amongst other things he had to do, was to recover every grain of seed that had been sown in a large field, and bring it all in without one missing. By sunset he came to an ant hill and won the hearts and enlisted the sympathies of the industrious little people. They spread over the field, and before sundown the seed was all in, except one, and as the sun was setting over the western skies a team jogged along with that grain also, the only one he had been able to recover in the day.

This world is a place where there is unlimited scope for everyone to do their share and to contribute to the sum total of the world's happiness. Some of us can render one service, some another. Some have youth and vigor on their side, while others have probings and the three score and ten mile post. Let us not forget, however, that there is something for each one to do, no matter how small it may be. There is not one of us who cannot help in some measure, as we did the crippled ant, to make the pathway of someone brighter.

If I can stop one heart from breaking, I shall not live in vain;

If I can ease one life the aching, Or cool one pain,

Or help one fainting robin Unto his nest again,

I shall not live in vain.—M. M. R.

**Some Original Conveniences**

Mrs. M. Shantz, Waterloo Co., Ont.

MRS. BURNETT's letter first attracted my attention to the Utility Contest. As I am kept pretty busy, I at times do not find time to read everything each week. We have hard and soft water on tap in the kitchen, also run washer with gasoline engine. These are great conveniences to me, but not within the reach of everyone, it seems, as a lot of my friends have not got them. As shall try and tell of two I have, however, that are accessible to everyone. Unlike Mrs. Burnett, I am short and often find tables and stove too high. I made a stool with seven empty tomato cans. I covered each one with an old sock, then sewed them all together and covered the whole with heavy goods from an old skirt. This I can stand on, sit on, put on my chair to sit on when paring apples or potatoes, etc. I am sure anyone not having a high stool will find this a great convenience.

Being the mother of four small

children, and often without a maid, I have a box for my nine-months-old baby, 16 inches wide, 20 inches long, and 18 inches deep. This I covered with dark blue flowered cretonne inside and out, and around the top a piece of white oilcloth doubled two inches inside and out. The oilcloth can be wiped off when soiled. A folded blanket is in the bottom and baby plays in there most of her time, since seven months of age. As first it was too deep, so I put a two-inch plank in the bottom. She can pull herself up and stand with her arms over top.

I think this helps to strengthen her limbs for walking, so this explanation is not clear, I would gladly give anyone more information. I wish Farm and Dairy and all its readers a very happy New Year.

**New Doorway a Decided Convenience**

Mrs. Fred English, Peterboro Co., Ont.

HAVING noticed the Utility Contest in Farm and Dairy, I thought perhaps I might be able to contribute something that would be of value to someone else.

I might here say that since I came to the farm a bride several years ago I have always been an interested reader of Farm and Dairy, and have to do so, to get some useful information from its pages. This paper has been coming to our farm for a number of years—in fact, long before it was called Farm and Dairy, and it has always been considered a welcome visitor.

To explain what I think my greatest convenience, I must describe our house, which is a substantial brick building, built in the old style of large dining or living room, with kitchen, stairway, and pantry off one side. Formerly, to get from the kitchen to the pantry, we had to go through the dining room, and to pass the stair door, which was quite a distance.

One day I suggested that we have a door cut through under and back of the stairs, and so connect the kitchen and pantry. After some consideration my husband, who is a sort of "jack-knife" carpenter, went to work, and in a short time had the doorway completed. I can now go from the kitchen to pantry without entering the dining-room, thus keeping the dining-room much cleaner, and saving so many steps. In many houses a doorway or partition could be changed that would save the busy housewife many steps, and so make life a little more pleasant.

**Some Appreciated Labor Savers**

Mrs. L. C. Beer, Wellington Co., Ont.

THE Utility Contest attracted my attention a week or so ago as I always turn to the pages for women first. As I am of a rather timid nature, and have a dread of the waste paper basket, I have put off writing, but as time is getting short for this contest, I have made a brave attempt to let other women know of the conveniences in my home.

It happens to be fortunate enough to have several labor-saving devices. I have a washing machine and wringer that is far ahead of the old wash board and tub, and a vacuum washer that does good work, and I am sure that I am very handy, as you do not need to put your hands into the dough at all when making bread. I think it makes just as good bread as the old way, but I have heard some say they could not get good bread with them. I always measure my liquid and flour and turn about half an hour.

Nor must I forget my ironing



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Prof. J. W. S. WOOD, Toronto, Ont.

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