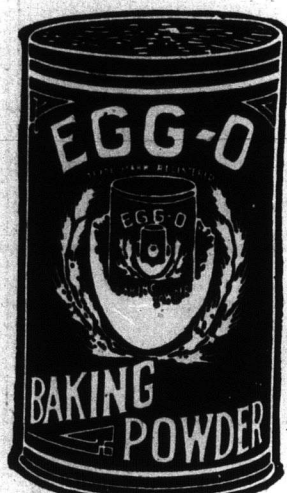




Old Dutch
acts like magic in removing
stains, rust and sticky substances
from steel knives and forks



Use Less Powder—
Get Better Baking

EGG-O
Baking Powder

Follow the directions on the label

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

Wholesome, Nutritious, Economical.

McCormick's
Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada.

Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston,
Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Don't Throw it Away

Does Your Granite Dish
or Hot Water Bag Leak?

USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them, fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W. Collingwood, Ont.

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
And How to Feed

Mailed free to any address by
the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
118 West 31st Street, New York

America's
Pioneer
Dog Medicines

When writing advertisers, please mention *The Western Home Monthly*

Those Borrowing Borwicks

A good story about Borrowing Neighbours

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Miss S. G. Mosher.

YOUNG Mrs. Gibson was late for the meeting of the Red Cross Auxiliary, and when she did arrive there was a sparkle in her eyes, and a flush on her cheeks that spoke of inward agitation. "We were wondering if you were coming," Helen Farrar said. "Now we are all here but the Borwick girls."

"Those borrowing Borwicks," Mrs. Gibson exploded. "But for them I should have been here an hour ago."

Mrs. Connors tossed the angry speaker a bandage. "You can be sewing while you tell us your troubles," she said.

"It is a small thing, but exasperating. I was out in the back yard when Beatrice Borwick called from the kitchen door that she had just run in to borrow some bread, and was taking the loaf she found on the kitchen table. She was gone before I could say a word, and it happened to be all the bread I had in the house. My mother-in-law was coming to lunch, and I had to make biscuits. I wonder why Beatrice is not here."

"Perhaps she can't find her shoes, or her hat, or some other part of her attire," Louise Kenny suggested.

"She needn't stop to look for her own shoes—she can wear mine," Helen Farrar said. "She borrowed my skating boots three weeks ago. I never thought of them again until last evening, when the Nelsons stopped to get me to go with them. After spending ten minutes looking for the boots I remembered that Beatrice had them. Mr. Nelson said we could drive past the Borwick house and get them. There was nobody home but Beatrice. She said she was very sorry, but she had let Polly take my shoes to go skating. I walked home, getting angrier every step of the way."

"I should have gone to the lake and demanded them," Mrs. Gibson snapped.

"Oh, no, you wouldn't, Mary, any more than you would have followed Beatrice and demanded your bread back."

"They made ice cream last week," Louis Kenny took up the tale. "Perhaps you won't believe me, but they borrowed cream, sugar, freezer, salt and flavoring from us. I wonder where they got the ice."

"I let them have that," Mrs. Connors admitted. "They sent the little Burgess boy for it, and he borrowed our wheelbarrow to take the ice over in. He forgot to bring the wheelbarrow back, and Mr. Connors had to go for it yesterday."

"They've had our alarm clock for nearly a month," Mrs. Gibson resumed. "John says things about it nearly every morning, especially when we oversleep. He declares he is going to ask Will to bring it back."

"Will isn't much like his sisters. I never knew him to borrow anything."

"An uncomfortable time he must have of it in that hit-or-miss household," Mrs. Duncan remarked. "I've been rolling out my biscuits with the vinegar bottle for nearly two weeks now. Polly Borwick borrowed by rolling pin because theirs was mislaid."

"I move," said Mrs. Gibson, with determination, "that we all agree not to lend anything more to the Borwicks. They are as able to buy things as we are."

There was a chorus of assent, but Mrs. Connors murmured gently, "Lend to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away."

"Here are the Borwicks now," Louis broke in.

The two girls hurried in, flushed, breathless, and looking as if their clothes had been flung at their heads.

"We were almost ashamed to come so late," Polly explained breathlessly; "but I promised to leave my skirt pattern at Mrs. Brown's, and at the last moment I couldn't find it. We had to turn the house upside down before it turned up."

The talk passed to other things, but Mrs. Gibson's eyes still glowed. She con-

sidered that the borrowing nuisance was growing intolerable, and turned over various schemes for putting an end to it. At last she hit on a plan she thought would do. She outlined it to Louise Kenny as they walked home together.

"It's a perfect plan, Mary, if we get enough people to agree to it. You do have an original mind."

"We had better not say anything to Mrs. Connors; she is too soft-hearted," Mrs. Gibson said. "Everything depends on secrecy, and on doing the thing to a minute. Everyone interested had better meet at my house tomorrow afternoon, and we will plan things."

Two days later Mrs. Duncan, accompanied by one of her boys, drove up to the Borwick house in a market wagon. There was no one at home but Polly. Mrs. Duncan explained that she wanted to paint her kitchen table, and had come over to borrow theirs for a few days.

"There are so many of us that I simply must have a kitchen table, but I am sure you can get along very well without one," she said.

Polly assented cheerfully, and helped to put the table in the wagon. Her good nature almost caused Mrs. Duncan to relent.

A few minutes later Louise Kenny ran in. "Oh, Polly, could you lend us your dining-room chairs? Two of ours are broken, and we expect company to supper this evening."

Polly hesitated only a moment; she had that morning enamelled all the sitting room chairs, and they were drying in the attic. Both kitchen chairs were broken. But she reflected that they could sit on boxes if necessary.

"Why, of course," she said cheerfully. "Shall I help you to carry them over?"

"No, I'll send the boys. Can you lend us a pot as well?"

Polly fetched the pot, and it was not until later that she remembered that it was their only one, the others having worn out, and never been replaced by careless Beatrice. As there was beef-steak for dinner, she told herself it would not matter; she could bake the potatoes in the oven.

It seemed to Polly that all her acquaintances ran in to borrow something that afternoon. Towards three o'clock, however, there was a lull in the stream of borrowers, and she ran down to the post office with a letter, leaving the door unfastened after the trusting fashion of the community. She was hardly out of sight when a wagon drove up to the door. Helen Farrar, who was sitting beside the driver, descended and knocked. When no one responded, she opened the door and went in.

"Nobody is home," she told the driver a moment later, "but I know where everything is, and my friends won't mind, I know."

In a few moments the dining table was loaded into the wagon, followed by the Borwick's dinner set and silverware. Helen left a note on the sideboard, now the only article left in the dining-room.

Soon Beatrice came in. She was overtaken at the gate by Mrs. Gibson. "Oh, Beatrice," she exclaimed breathlessly, "do you happen to have more meat in the house than you need? John has just telephoned that he is bringing a friend home to dinner, and I don't know what to do. Men are so thoughtless."

"We have some nice steak, which you are welcome to," Beatrice said. "Here is a lemon pie, too, and do you need any bread?"

For a moment Mrs. Gibson felt ashamed of her plot in view of this neighborliness, but she told herself the girls needed a lesson. Besides, they owed her a loaf of bread. Beatrice helped her to carry the things over. On her way home she remembered that she had forgotten to order bread that day, and that

Continued on Page 11