

the fact that the angels had visited the McSorley home so often. Therefore, for these reasons, Mary sat on the back step, a rank outsider.

The czar, who knew nothing of these things, began to "go" as soon as he saw her. Mary reached out her arms. The czar stumbled into them and Mary fell to kissing his bald head. She fell more at home with a baby in her arms.

It was at this unfortunate moment that Mr. Ducker and Mr. Evans came around to the rear of the house. Mr. Evans was beginning to think rather more favorably of Mr. Ducker as the prospective Conservative member. He might do all right—there are plenty worse—has no brains but that does not matter. What needs a man of brains when he goes into politics? Brains men make this trouble. The Grigs made that mistake once, elected a brainy man, and they have had no peace since.

Mr. Ducker had adroitly drawn the conversation to a general discussion of children. He knew that Mr. Evans' weak point was his little son Algebron.

"That's a clever looking little chap of yours, Evans," he had remarked carefully as they came up the street. (Mr. Ducker had never seen the czar closely.) "My wife was just saying the other day that I had a wonderful forebode for a little fellow."

"He has," the other man said, smiling, not at all displeased. "It runs clear down to his neck!"

"He can hardly help being clever if he's anything in hereditary," Mr. Ducker went on with infinite tact, feeling his rainbow dreams of responding to toasts at Elk banquets drawing nearer and nearer.

Then the Evil Genius of the House of Ducker awoke from his slumber, sat up and took notice! The house that the friend in Winnipeg had selected for them fell into irreparable ruins! Poor Maudie's automobile rashed at a touch. The rosy dreams of Cincinnati, and of carrying the grand the conservative banner in the face of the foe tumbled to clay and ashes!

They turned the corner, and came upon Mary McSorley who sat on the back step with the czar in her arms. Mary's head was hidden as she kissed the czar's fat neck, amid the general babel of voices, within and without, she did not hear them coming.

"Speaking about heredity," Mr. Ducker said suavely, speaking in a low voice, and looking at whom he supposed to be the latest McSorley. "It looks as if there must be something in it over there. Isn't that McSorley over again? Low forehead, pug nose, bulldog tendencies." Mr. Ducker was something of a phrenologist, and went blithely on to his own destruction.

"Now the girl is rather pleasant looking, and some of the others are not bad at all. But this one is sure-

ly a regular little Mickey. I believe a person would be safe in saying he would not grow up a Presbyterian." —Mr. Evans was the worshipful Grand Master of the Loyal Orange Lodge, and well up in the Black, and this remark Mr. Ducker thought he would appreciate.

"McSorley will never be dead while this little fellow lives." Mr. Ducker laughed merrily, rubbing his hands.

The czar looked up and saw his father. Perhaps he understood what had been said, and as the czar in his father's face and longed to hear him of it; perhaps the time had come when he should forever break the cross-goo bonds that had lain upon his speech. He fringed his eyes with and toddling uncertainly across the grass with a mighty mental conflict in his puddy little face, held out his "Daddy-dinger!"

That evening while Mrs. Ducker and Maudie was busy fanning Mr. Ducker and putting wet towels on his head, Mr. Evans sat down to write.

"Some more of the tiresome election stuff, John," his pretty little wife said in disappointment, as she proudly rocked the emancipated czar to sleep.

"Yes, dear, it is election stuff, but it is not a bit tiresome," he answered smiling, as she kissed her tenderly. Several times during the evening and into the night, she heard him laugh his boyish happy laugh.

James Ducker did not get the nomination.

(Continued next week.)

The Upward Look

Have Faith

O our God, wilt thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do; but our eyes are upon thee.—2 Chronicles 23: 12.

Many of us carry heavy burdens in this life. There is any news story for us. We are weighed down by our troubles. We sometimes wonder how long we can stand them and if there will ever be any release for us. And yet, there is no reason why we should. If we will only open our eyes and look at Jesus, as God tells us, and wants us, to look at them, our troubles will soon disappear and we can be happy. Yes! happy. Happier than we have ever been in our lives, for there will be a new spirit in us, the Spirit of Christ. Read this glorious twentieth chapter of second Chronicles. It teaches us many things that should help us in our daily lives. Jehoshaphat, the king, was informed that a mighty host was advancing against him. He felt that he and his people would be unable to defeat it. He was afraid. But Jehoshaphat was what we may call a Christian. He had faith in God. So waiting or without trying to see what he could do against the enemy he "set himself to seek the Lord." He gathered his people together from all parts of his kingdom. They fasted. They humbled themselves before God. They confessed their own weakness and faith and they acknowledged God's power. They told God, as we read in our own text, that they knew that they could not stand against the enemy and they looked to Him to save them.

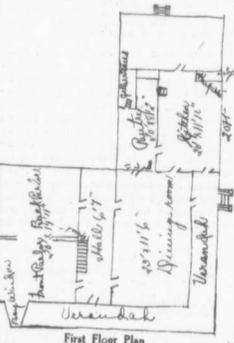
Now, notice what they did next. After one of their number had informed them through the spirit of God that their prayers would be answered they worshipped God and they praised Him. Although they might have enemies were all around them they had such faith in God and in His promise that He would help them that they sang His praises. They actually sang with joy. And while they were

doing this the Lord struck death among their enemies and utterly destroyed them. When the people of Judah went forth they found that their enemies were nothing but dead bodies that were dead and escaped. Then again the people of Judah worshipped God for His great mercy to them.

So it may be in our lives if we will only have faith. God has promised to answer our prayers and not to withhold any good thing from us. But we must do our part. When our troubles seem greater than we can bear we must do as the people of Judah did. We must seek the Lord. We must confess our own weakness. We must acknowledge His power and His promises to help us. And we must have faith. Even before our prayers have been answered we must praise Him and sing a glad song to Him in our hearts. If our hearts are right with God we will have no difficulty in doing this and the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus. There is no reason why Christians should be sad or downcast if they are there is something wrong with their faith.—I. H. N.

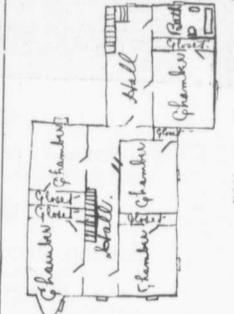
A Comfortable Ontario Farm Home

We are pleased to publish plans of the farm house of Mr. C. N. Clancy, of Northumberland Co., Ont. Our readers are asked to read and criticize any plans of farm houses that are published in Farm and Dairy and offer suggestions for improvement in the plans published.



The house by Mr. Clancy is so situated that the road is visible from every room. The kitchen opens off the veranda. Both hard and soft water are in sink in kitchen. Back stairs open out of the kitchen. A good-sized pantry opens off a hinged table that can be let down to work on. Flour chest and cupboard rows of shelves are constructed across water doors opening from dining-room. The dining-room opens off the kitchen, being a large cheer-

ful room facing south with large plate-glass window. Glass door and window entrance can be made to hall by two doors from dining-room or veranda. Two doors from the hall lead to the double-parlors, having arch and large



Second Floor Plan
bay-window. A good-sized closet is under front stairs.

THE PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.
Back stairs open into a large hall, from which entrance is made to garage, bath-room and large bedroom. Back hall opens into front hall and four large bedrooms open off same, each having good-sized clothes closets.

The Cedar Chest

There was never a woman but wanted a cedar chest in which to stow away her clothing; and only recently I learned how to make one that answers every purpose. Take a pine packing case and hinge on the lid and putty up all cracks. Purchase at the drugist's a bottle of the oil of cedar and paint the inside of the box, be-warned to see that the oil goes into all the cracks and crevices.

Use the oil rather lavishly and when dry tack in a lining of cambric and cover the outside with any preferred material. See that the cover fits down snugly, and you will have a cedar chest that will be just as safe and satisfactory as one that costs a good bit of money, and the oil of cedar retains its odor for years.—Elizabeth Hardy, Peterboro Co., Ont.

In another column will be found some of the reasons for eating Quaker Oats; everyone who has eaten this food regularly will recognize the truth of the statements made in these advertisements.

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To boil potato attention than they should be ed and then lea or an hour or of hot water and boil rapidly than it takes to water so as to the centre of the and with a fork allow the steam will have a m

Ingredients: sugar, yolks 4 cup, sifted flour 1 cup, baking powder 1 teaspoonful cream, 5 teaspoon raisins (seeded) 5 cup figs (fin) 1 spoonful gingers in ingredients a two-thirds of the or cake pans. 7 spices, fruit, and a layer cake paper with jelly (if preferred as it has the dark layer

Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one half of flour, one teaspoonful of soda tartar. Stir butter, and add the eggs, then the and the whites. in the flour and buttered gem paper, a teaspoonful of flat buttered may be added a chopped raisins; a half a cup of citrus half a cup of citron, a half-cupful and lemon extract.

COBBINA! Boil together 1 sugar, 1 cup butter, and 1 cup brown sugar sauce is water vinegar and flavor orange sauce is water and a little graded or lemon flavor. or lemon flavors cur. Then again, inst may use milk, a chocolate or powder chocolate with the addition flavor. If no butter pinch of salt.

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