

A Vacuum Cleaner or a Harrow?

By NELLIE RYDER GATES.

PART I.
It seemed to Mary Loomis as if never in all the twenty-seven years of her life had she ever wanted anything so much as she wanted a vacuum cleaner. She had sent for several circulars, which set forth in glowing terms what wonderful things they were capable of doing. She fairly glowed over the pictures of the attractive, elaborately gowned young ladies, with their hair curled so beautifully, who smiled so happily as they worked their cleaners. She left the circulars around where Ben couldn't help but see them, and she talked vacuum on every occasion. But he just wouldn't get interested.

"Forty dollars seems such a lot, Mary," he would say, "when we have just got to have a harrow. I can't go on borrowing your father's money, and you know as well as I do that the old one can't be repaired any more." On the day that the Mission Circle met with her she had worked herself up to the pitch where she almost hated Ben for what she termed his unfairness. But there was no time to brood over it, there was so much to do to get ready.

First of all, she took the children out under the apple tree so that they could be under her feet as she worked. And then there was the breakfast dishes to be washed, cinnamon tarts and drop cakes and apple tarts to be made, the house straightened up, dinner to get, the dinner dishes to wash and herself and the children to dress by 2 o'clock, the time the circle would begin to arrive.

And Mary felt tired even before she started. It seemed to her that in all her life she had never been so tired. When she was a girl, the eldest of the Osbornes, the ill health of her mother had caused too much of the work to fall on Mary's slender shoulders. In the months before she was married she used to think what a sweet relief it would be to have only Ben and herself for whom to work. But it had involved much toil on her part to turn the bare new house into a comfortable home on a few dollars, and then there had been Ben's illness and soon the two babies had come, leaving less rest than ever for Mary. The thought of the vacuum cleaner as she worked had entered into an obsession. If she didn't have the sweep, to bother with every week, would vastly much easier the housework would be.

She left the sink where she was washing the dishes and walked wearily over to the window to see if the babies were still all right. As she did her eye caught sight of her younger sister, Janet Osborne, coming into the yard. She saw her stop and take up in turn each child for a hug and then come to the kitchen door.

Mary looked up half-tenderly, half-curiously at the soft, fresh pink of Janet's cheeks.

"Janet," she told her, "it's dear of you to come and help me out, for I'm tired I'm just a wreck."

"Nonsense!" said Janet, that dimple of hers appearing in one cheek. "You're no wreck at all; you're a perfectly strong female, and here is your sister, that's as strong as two oxen, come to do the hardest part of the work. Now what do you want me to do first?"

It seemed to Mary that Janet fairly wheeled the work into getting done. She sang and she laughed, and everything her hand touched turned out right. The cinnamon buns were now white and as light as a feather; the apple tarts would melt away as one ate them into a delicious apple sweetness. On the cream separator, although Mary's reputation as a cook was a proud one, the drop cakes she made that morning were flat, heavy, lifeless things.

"I'm too tired to do anything right," she said to herself. "If I hadn't gotten all tired out with the sweeping yesterday—"

And she said to Janet, "If you can possibly help it don't let Mrs. Gibson have any of these drop cakes. Get her filled up on something else before you pass them. I don't care so much about the drop cakes because they brag the way she does about her housekeeping. You'll remember, won't you?"

"Sure," responded Janet. "What next?"

"Let's see," Mary looked around the room and pondered. "Oh! would you mind sweeping up the downstairs again? I went over the whole house yesterday, but the babies have been playing around since, and you know what Mrs. Gibson is like; her eyes are microscopic."

Janet seized the broom as gayly as if it had been a parasol and went about the sweeping.

"The sweeping is the worst part of housekeeping," Mary announced as she started to make the icing for the cakes.

"It's these carpets," Janet called in to her from the next room. "Bare floors with a rug or two aren't half the trouble."

Mary puckered her brows in a little frown of annoyance. Those carpets were a sore point with her; in her first glow of enthusiasm for her new home she had bought them with money that was needed elsewhere, and she hated to be reminded of it.

Even with Janet's help it was irritable. "It's these old-fashioned brooms. I wish I had a vacuum cleaner."

Janet opened her eyes wide and wondered.

A minute later, dusting the living room table, she found the answer to her wondering in the circular that was lying there. She looked it over with disapproval and then stuck it between the pages of the family Bible. "Stay there," she bade it uncordially under her breath. "Stay there, where you won't do any harm."

Even with Janet's help it was a hard day for Mary, and when at last even the quilting frames were set up and everything seemed ready for the arrival of the missionary circle and Mary had dressed herself and the children in their best white dresses, little Margaret's inquisitive fingers found a bowl of jam and left unmistakable tracks of it on her mother's dress and her own. When Mary discovered it, it seemed the last straw. There was barely time to slip a clean dress on Margaret, and as for herself it was the only white dress she owned.

Just then Mrs. Gibson and her daughter Flossie arrived in their automobile, and after she had greeted them Mary managed to slip out into the kitchen and try to wipe off the tracks of jam with a damp cloth.

But all afternoon she was uncomfortably conscious of those dreadful drop cakes and the way in which Mrs. Gibson's near-sighted, critical eyes kept wandering around the living room.

It seemed to her tired mind, therefore, almost a personal insult when she talked to her sister-in-law.

"It does seem to me," said Mrs. Gibson, "that nowadays, with all these modern improvements, that there's no excuse for housework being anything but a pleasure. Why, I can remember when I could no more have done my work without a hired girl than fly. And that was before Matilda was married, too. And now there's only me and Flossie to do the work, and there isn't a day but what we have plenty of time to take an auto ride; and I don't get tired a mite the way I used to. Who's got the fifty thread?"

Mrs. Gibson passed it to her.

Mrs. Gibson threaded her needle and went on with her quilting and her talk. "I think these new butter pans that make butter all by themselves at night is the most comfort."

"Oh, I don't, mother," interposed Flossie. "I don't think there's anything so much comfort as the bread mixer and the electric iron."

"Well, I don't know," Mrs. Gibson replied. "I guess one thing is about as much comfort as another. But I don't see how I ever got along in this wide world without a fireless cooker and a cream separator and an electric washing machine."

"And a big refrigerator in the house," put in Flossie. "My land! When I think of all the trips I used to make to the spring house!"

Mary couldn't stand it and tried to steer the conversation into another direction, into the alluring channels of babies or the county fair or the unconverted heathen, but she tried in vain, for it seemed fastened hopelessly on the shoals of housekeeping.

Old Grandma Anderson was keenly interested in the new butter pans. Mrs. White and her two daughters wanted to know if you really could bake cakes in a fireless cooker.

"Indeed you can," Mrs. Gibson solemnly asserted, and nestled her plump figure back in her rocking chair that she might discuss it the better. "And for my part I can't see why every housekeeper doesn't have a

fireless cooker and every single other labor saver there is."

The rest of the women there knew well enough why, but none of them said it aloud.

Mary had stood all she could, and there was a flush in her cheeks as she replied: "There is only one of those things that I would care to have, and that's a vacuum cleaner."

Mrs. Gibson gave a gasp of astonishment. "You don't mean to say you haven't got one. A delicate woman like you! Why I should think your husband would make you get one to save your strength. It's queer he don't."

A hot wave of indignation swept over Mary. This was more than she would stand, insinuations that Ben wasn't good to her. Impulsively as a child, regardless of truth, she flung at Mrs. Gibson a convincing retort. "My husband," she said proudly, "has already ordered one for me."

Then when it was out she wondered whatever made her say it. And what could she do? She couldn't turn around and deny it in the same breath. Anyhow, they'd all forget it pretty soon. Anyhow, maybe Ben had ordered it after all. She didn't think she had not foreseen the storm of interest that the statement would arouse. Everyone wanted to know,

meantime, preferably at breakfast or dinner.

When children begin to have their meals with their parents at the family table some training in the art of eating is usually needed. Children do not naturally chew their food thoroughly and unless taught to do so are likely to form the habit of washing down half-chewed food with milk or water. Meats should be cut very fine and vegetables well cooked.

It is never wise to ask a child what it would like to eat. The child's choice is governed solely by its desires, and its desires are capricious. The best way is to place before the child at every meal some wholesome food that it should be required to eat before it has its simple dessert or fruit.

A common source of anxiety to a mother is the child's apparent loss of appetite, and the mistake is often made of urging the child to eat, or tempting the appetite with sweets or specially prepared food. It is a bad practice, for the child is likely to acquire from it a taste for such things and to refuse the plainer and more nutritious foods.

Most healthy children who have plenty of outdoor life and are not allowed to eat between meals are hungry enough to eat any wholesome food that is placed before them. If they refuse it, do not urge them, but also do not allow them to leave wholesome food and eat the dessert. Give them nothing but water until the next mealtime, when the healthy appetite will usually assert itself.

By training of that kind, not only can children be taught what is wholesome and nutritious but they will gradually form a liking for simple, substantial food that will last them all their lives. On the other hand, unless some gentle firmness is brought to bear, there is danger that children will form likes and dislikes in regard to food that may become a source of annoyance and humiliation.

It should also be remembered that early home training in right living is the foundation of the child's education, and that no amount of later training can entirely make up for the lack of it.

The Hardware Shop.

"Well, all I can say, Merle Coles, is that I think you are one big fool."

"I get two dollars a week more than you do," Merle responded doggedly.

"Yes, and what good does it do you?" Vi retorted. "Look at the way you dress! Oh, of course, you dress all right for a hardware shop, but that's exactly it. What do you see all day long except bolts and screws and varnishes and the kind of people who buy them? You can't deny that I can at least see lovely things; and the people—it's like the whole society page before your eyes every day. And the people you meet in the store, and the dances! I've got a date every night next week."

"I'm not sure how much that's worth while," Merle said slowly.

She never had said just that before, and Vi whirled upon her in mingled astonishment and indignation.

"Merle Coles! 'Not worth while!'"

"What in the world is worth while?"

"I mean," Merle worked it out slowly, trying to put it so that Vi would understand, "I feel as if I had a real place there. Mr. Ben and Mr. Joe depend upon me. It wouldn't be just exactly the same to them if any other cashier came in; and lots of the customers know me, too. I feel as if it were my corner of the world, somehow."

"Well, believe me," Vi retorted, "you'll only have to stay there about six months more at this rate and you'll be settled for the rest of your life! Regular old maid factories—that's what places like yours are!"

Vi turned away without saying good-bye, and Merle went on to her room. The last words stung. Merle did not want to grow old-maidish, but she had been with the Dulins eight years, and there was truth in what Vi said; she would probably go on like that the rest of her life. She was tired of seeing nothing but nails and

What make it was and when it would come. Everyone who did not already possess one, it seemed, was on the point of purchasing and wanted to know all about Mary's.

It was too late now to retreat, and Mary, avoiding Janet's eyes, plunged bravely ahead. She couldn't tell just how simple that a child could work it. "The circular is here somewhere," she said, and made a futile search to find it for them.

Just as soon as it comes I want to see it," Mrs. Gibson declared, "because our Matilda is going to get one and she may like your kind better than ours."

"I want to see it, too," said Mrs. Dillon, and so did Grandma Anderson and Mrs. White and her two daughters, and the Cunningham girls and Miss Cunningham and Mrs. Port.

Mary ran sed then every one to let them know when it arrived. And there was panic in her heart. Suppose Ben heard what she had been telling? What would he think of her? Or worse still, suppose he didn't get her one after all?

(Concluded in next issue.)



Mothers.

When I get tired, as mothers do, Of stopping at a eager call To hold a kite or watch a ball Or tie again a little shoe, Before I speak the word that stings I think of one, a woman fair, Who told me once her great despair Was missing joy such service brings.

When I get tired as mothers must Of duties piling each on each, So much to bear, so much to teach, So hard the task of being just, I tip the balance, favoring then The children, thinking of a day When I shall miss them at their play Because they walk the ways of men.

When I get tired, as mothers will, So long as children bless the earth, I try to share their hopes, their mirth, To keep a young heart in me still For sometime, when I sit alone I shall be glad I chose aright Caught every moment's fond delight And found my pleasure in their own.

Canning Without Sugar.

The first and perhaps the simplest method is to can fruits in water instead of in a sugar syrup. If we can fruits this way, we expect to have sugar to sweeten them when we use them. Any fruit may be very successfully canned in water without sugar by the Cold Pack Method.

In canning without sugar, the fruit must be as fresh as possible. Cull, stem and seed the fruit; clean it by placing in a strainer and pouring cold water over. Pack the product carefully in hot jars or tin cans until full. Use a tablespoon, wooden ladle or table knife for packing purposes. Pour boiling water over fruit in the hot jar. Partially seal glass jars. Completely seal tin cans. Place in the canner and, if using a hot water canner, sterilize for 30 minutes. After sterilizing, remove jars, finish seal, test for leaks and wrap in paper to prevent bleaching.

In canning strawberries and other delicate soft fruit, the time of sterilization may be reduced to 20 minutes. If the fruit is to be used for jams, marmalades or butters, pack into jars tightly by crushing and add little or no water, process the same as before and store away until sugar has come more plentiful and reasonable in price.

If the fruit is to be used for jellies, boil it in an open kettle until soft, strain carefully and fill jars with the fruit juice. Partially seal the jars and process the same as if canning the fruit. Store these unsweetened fruit juices until sugar is available, when the jelly can be made. If preferred, fruits may be mixed before extracting juices.

Good and Bad Habits of Eating.

Probably nothing has so much to do with a child's health as what it eats and when and how it eats it. Many of the disorders of childhood can be traced directly to unsuitable food, eating between meals and overindulgence in sweets. One of the most injurious habits of childhood is eating between meals. Children are tempted to spend their pennies for cakes, doughnuts, candies and pickles. They eat them between meals and so destroy their appetites for their regular meals.

Just how long a child will keep well under such conditions depends upon the care it receives in other respects; sooner or later its digestion will become impaired, and it will have bad dreams, lose sleep and become thin and pale. It is such a child whose bowels become unhealthy and who, on account of being run down, becomes susceptible to colds and more serious contagious diseases.

Milk, instead of water, is often given to children between meals. It is one of the best of foods, but it should be given only at mealtime. If taken between meals, it will cause constipation and indigestion, and will destroy the appetite for regular meals. Fruit, also, should be eaten only at

varnishes—not a pretty thing or a bit of color in the whole shop.

"I believe I will," she resolved.

The next moment she took back her resolution.

"No, I won't—at least, not yet! I won't go because I'm beaten!"

For two days Merle did some hard thinking, which had several results. One was a warm scarlet tie for her white tailored blouse; another, a vase with a single crimson rose for her desk; a third a copy of a lovely sea photograph, which she put on the wall behind her desk. It was curious how excited she felt over her little adventure, as if something was going to happen. Before noon something had happened three times. Three people had spoken of the rose. One old lady said, "I felt cross when I came in, but your lovely corner has taken it away, my dear."

Merle smiled happily to herself. No, she was not going to a department store. She was going to put the color into life right where she was.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT Bulk Carlots TORONTO SALT WORKS C. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Not A Blemish marks the perfect appearance of her complexion. Permanent and temporary skin troubles are effectively concealed. Reduces unsightly color and corrects greasy skins. Highly antiseptic, used with beneficial results as a curative agent for 70 years.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Put the Boys and Girls in FLEET FOOT

WHAT you would have to pay for a single pair of children's leather shoes will buy several pairs of Fleet Foot. And Fleet Foot have many other advantages. The rubber soles prevent slipping in play and promote quietness in the house. These shoes are easy on the feet—and so carefully made of such sturdy materials that they give excellent wear, even with children who are "hard on shoes."

Put the boys and girls in Fleet Foot this summer and save money on their shoes. There are styles for men, women and children.

Fleet Foot Shoes are Dominion Rubber System Products The Best Shoe Stores Sell Fleet Foot



Fresh and Sweet as the Day Preserved

FRUITS retain all their luscious flavors, as fresh and sweet as the day preserved if flavors are sealed in with Imperial Parowax.

Imperial Parowax forms a clear, air-tight layer over fruit jars, keeping the fruit free from air, dust and moisture and in perfect state of preserve. Saves time, labor, money. The economical and safe way to seal your jams, preserves and jellies.

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED Power, Heat, Light, Lubrication Branches in all cities

Cut Your Fuel Bills in Half by Using "CLEAN ALL" BOILER COMPOUND

Manufactured by The Allen Feed Water Purifier Co., Limited, 21 Camden St., Toronto

The Hit of the Season For the Farmer's Boy

BOB LONG Pure Wool Worsted Jerseys For Dad and the Lad Pull-over or Button Shoulder Style

Made for Hard Wear, Comfort and Smart Appearance R. C. LONG & CO., Limited Winnipeg TORONTO Montreal Bob Long Brands Known from Coast to Coast

Canada has 1,650 newspapers and magazines.

World's Most Amazing Mine.

The most amazing salt mine in the world is at Wieliczka, in Poland. It is a veritable city of salt, with its magnificent cathedral, crucifix, altar, pulpit, and statues of saints, magnificent ballroom, bewildering layout of broad streets, restaurant, railway station, and other features incidental to every surface colony, but all of salt.

Salt has been continuously quarried in area by seventeen feet in height, which has been produced by excavating salt, writes Frederick A. Talbot, in "All About the Treasures of the Earth."

The ground upon which the town is built is steadily caving in, the skin of soil and rock, one hundred and twenty-four feet thick, upon which the buildings are resting, proving too weak to support them.

Pairing Particulars.

Quite an interesting lesson in dietetics can be learned from "pairing" of certain foods.

You may associate such things as bread and butter, bacon and beans, belled beef and carrots, and the like, as representing nothing but a combination of taste. That is not so. Long before dietetics became a science or the calories and constituents of food were studied and analyzed, observation and "taste" information proved that foods had natural "pairs."

Each supplied what the other lacked.

What bread needs to make it a perfect food is that which contains protein, carbohydrates, and fat in certain definite proportions — is something with fat in it. Hence bread "and butter," and bread "and dripping," and bread "and cheese." Pork and beans pair quite properly, because the beans supply the absent protein.

When you eat beef and potatoes, or roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, the pairing makes a perfect food.

The pairing of condiments is not a matter of taste alone. Cabbage is peppered because it was discovered that pepper discounted the excessive action of greenstuff on the bowels. Mustard goes with beef, but not with mutton, because mutton is much more easily digested than beef, and mustard is a first-class digester.

The wickedest pair is that of tea with sugar. The pair should be tea and lemon.

EARTH'S GREATEST MINERAL TREASURE

LIFE WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE WITHOUT SALT.

Amazing City of Salt in Poland—Mines Worked For Thousand Years.

With what could we least dispense? Coal? Iron? Gold? No, the answer is—salt!

For gold, iron, and coal substitutes may be employed. Without salt, however, life would be impossible. It is the greatest mineral treasure of the earth.

In some countries it is formed from the sea, notably at Alvarado, twenty miles from San Francisco. There tracts of low-lying country are flooded with sea water, which rapidly evaporates in the intense heat, leaving the brine behind in pans, to be harvested and carried to the refineries.

Open-air salt-farming is hopelessly impracticable in Britain for the simple reason that Old Sol cannot be depended upon. Consequently, the salt in the beds at Droitwich and Northwich has to be recovered by mining and pumping.

Beneath the latter town there is a massive chamber, seventeen acres in area, by seventeen feet in height, which has been produced by excavating salt, writes Frederick A. Talbot, in "All About the Treasures of the Earth."

The ground upon which the town is built is steadily caving in, the skin of soil and rock, one hundred and twenty-four feet thick, upon which the buildings are resting, proving too weak to support them.

The life is rigorous. The workmen are zealously searched, not only when entering and leaving the mine, but at intervals during the day. Salt was at one time regarded as currency, but as it can now be acquired for a few pence a hundredweight in almost any part of the world, the object is searching workers for a few coppers to hand to understand.

The city is freely interspersed with lakes and mysterious subterranean streams, upon which ply various craft.

Origin of Snakes.

Little Nettle—"Mamma, I know why God made snakes."

Mamma—"Why, dear?"

Little Nettle—"When he got through making the world it was full of holes, so he made the snakes to fill up the holes."

Canada's Far North has 120,000,000 acres of agricultural land, per estimate of J. K. Cornwall.