

HAPPY THOUGHT



PERFECT BISCUIT BAKING NEED NOT BE DIFFICULT

It all depends on the heat your oven gives.

Ranges with slow ovens are all right for some kinds of biscuits. But an oven that is chronically slow simply ruins others, and it is useless for many purposes.

Other stoves bake beautifully on one side and not on the other. So you can never depend on them.

"Happy Thought" Ranges are perfect bakers.

If you want a slow oven, a slow fire will produce the desired result. If you want a very hot, quick oven, just build up the fire and keep it going strong for a little while.

This feature saves you money in two ways: It saves fuel by making it unnecessary to use too much, and by giving you the full heat value of every ounce of fuel.

It saves the food material by ensuring just the right result, no matter what part of the oven you use. More than a Quarter Million Canadian women use the "Happy Thought" every day.

HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES

Are sold in your locality. Ask your hardwareman.

WILLIAM BUCK STOVE CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD

Almost Runs Itself

A SLIGHT push starts the tub moving. That's because the Connor Ball Bearing Washer swings on ball bearings. The ball bearings carry the weight of the tubful of clothes. You have nothing heavy to push. You simply give the tub a little swing. It strikes a set of powerful coil springs. They swing it back swiftly until it strikes another set, which return the tub to the first set. These springs do nearly all the work.

Connor Ball Bearing Washer

is almost automatic—almost runs itself. Just think of the comfort and satisfaction of owning a machine that would save you your present washtub drudgery, and do the washing better than you can do it yourself.

Yes! Better than you can do it yourself. The swift action of the powerful coil springs sends a perfect cataract of soapy water swirling and surging through every thread and mesh of the clothes, removing the dirt without any wash-board wear. And in one-third the time. Your time is worth money. The Connor Ball Bearing Washer will soon save enough hours to pay for itself.

It's the most convenient washer, too. The handle for swinging the tub, the wringer and the stand adjustment are all operated from one side. You don't have to lift the cover and put it on the floor to leave a puddle of soapy water. The hinged cover, with slusher attached, when raised rests against the handle of the tub. The suds and water drain back into the tub. The wringer is thrown forward out of the way when raising cover, or securely locked into upright position over tub for wringing, by a simple wheel-screw adjustment.



WRITE FOR BOOKLET Drop a postcard for the Connor Ball Bearing Washer booklet. Learn all about this newest, most improved Washer. Sold by hardware dealers almost everywhere in Canada. "Money Back if not Satisfactory" Guarantee Tag attached to every Connor Ball Bearing Washer.

J. H. Connor & Son, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

thing babylike left to 'em. An' when we set on the floor round the stove, the coals shone through the big open draft into their faces, an' they looked over their shoulders to the dark creepin' up the room, an' they come closer round me—an' the closet-up ones snuggled.

"Well, o' course that was at first when they was some dazed. But as fast as their blue little hands was warm an' pink again, one or two of 'em begun to whimper, natural an' human, an' with their arm to their face, an' then begun to cry right out, an' some more joined in, an' the rest pipes up askin' for 'Mr. Middie.' An' I thought, s'posin' they all cried, an' what if Abel Halsey stayed away hours! I dunno. I done my best, too. Mebe it's because I'm just use' to children with my heart an' not with my ways. Anyhow, most of 'em was cryin' prime when Abel finally got there.

"When he came in I see Abel's face was white an' dusty, an' he had his other coat off an' gone, too, an' his shirt sleeves was some tore. But he comes runnin' up to them cryin' children an' I wish't you could 'a' seen his smile—Abel's smile was always kind o' like his soul growin' out on his face, real thrifty.

"Why, you little kiddies! s'e. 'Cryin' when you're all nice an' warm! Le's see now,' he says, grave. 'Anybody here know how to play drop-the-handkerchief? if you do,' he tells 'em, 'stand up quick!'

"They scrambled round like they was beetles an' you'd took up the stone. They was all up in a minute an' stopped cryin', too. With that he catches my handkerchief out of my hand—an' flutters it over his head an' runs to the middle o' the room.

"Come on! he says. 'Hold o' hands—every one o' you hold o' hands. I'm goin' to drop the handkerchief an' you'd better hurry up.'

"That was talk they knew. They was after him in a secant an' tears forgot—them poor little things, laughin' an' hold o' hands an' dancin' in a chain an' standin' in a ring. An' when he hed 'em like that, an' still, Abel begun runnin' round to drop the handkerchief; an' then he turns to me.

"Only two killed, thank God,' he says as he run, 'the conductor an' M-i-d-d-e-l-t-o-n—he spells it, an' motions to the children with the handkerchief so's I'd know who Middleton was. An' not a scrap o' paper on him,' he goes on, 'to tell what Home he brought the children from or where he's goin' with 'em. Their mileage was punched to the city—but we don't know where they belong there, an' the conductor bein' gone, too—the poor fellow that hed 'em in charge never knew what hurt him. Hit from overhead, he was, an' his skull crushed.'

"It was so dark in the church by then we could hardly see, but the children could keep track o' the white handkerchief. He let it fall behind the little girl he'd brought me first—Mitsy—an' she catches it up an' sort o' squeaks with the fun, an' runs after him. An' while he doubles an' turns, 'They've telegraphed ahead,' he says, 'to two or three places in the city. But even if we hear right off we can't get 'em out of Friendship to-night. They'll hev to stay here. The depot hotel's got all they can do for—five or six men an' a woman, hurt pretty bad. They couldn't take 'em in. . . .

"Then he lets Mitsy catch him an' he ups with her on his shoulder an' runs with her on his back, his face lookin' out o' her blue-striped skirts.

"We'll hev to house 'em right here in the church,' he says.

"Here: says I. 'Here in the church?'

"You know Friendship,' he says, hoppin' along. 'Not half a dozen houses could take in more'n one extry, even if we hed the time to canvas. An' we ain't the time. They want their s-u-p-p-e-r right now,' he spelled it out, an' lit out nimble when Mitsy dropped the handkerchief back o' the little blonde girl. Then he let the little blonde girl catch them, and he took her on his shoulders too, and they was both shoutin' so he hed to make little circles out to get where I could hear him.

"I've seen Zittlehof,' he told me, 'He was down there with his wagon. He'll bring up enough little canvas cots from the store. An' I thought mebbe you'd go down to the village an' pick up some stuff they'll need—bedding an' things.

An' get the women here with some supper. Come on now,' he calls out to 'em, 'everybody in a procession an' sing!'

"He led 'em off with

"King William was King James's son,"

an' he sings back to me, for the secant line:

"Go now, go quick, I bet they're starved!'

"So I got into my coat, tryin' to think where I should go to be sure o' not wastin' time talkin'. Lots o' folks in this world is willin', but mighty few can be quick.

"I knew right off, though, where I'd find somebody to help. The Friendship Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Sodality was meetin' that afternoon with Mis' Timothy Toplady, an' I could cut acrost their pasture"—Calliope motioned where the little Toplady house and the big Toplady barn stood—"an' that's what I done. An' when I got near enough to the house to tell, I see by the light in the parlor that they was still there. An' I know when I got into the room, all full as I was o' news o' them little children an' the wreck an' the two killed an' the seven hurt—there was the Sodality settlin' whether the lamb's wool comforter for their bazaar should be tied with pink for daintiness or brown for durability.

"Dainty! says I, when I got my breath. 'They's sides to life makes me want to pinch that word right out o' the dictionary same as I would a bug,' I says.

"That was funny, too," Calliope added thoughtfully, 'because I like that word, speakin' o' food an' ways to do things. But some folks get to livin' the word same's if it was the law.

"I guess they thought I was crazy," she went on, 'but I wasn't long makin' 'em understand. An' I tell you, the way they took it made me love 'em all. If you want to love folks, just you get in some kind o' respectable trouble in a little town here in the West—an' you'll see so much loveliness that the trouble 'll kind o' spindole out an' leave nothin' but the love business. My land, the sodality went at the situation head first, like it was somethin' to get acrost before dark. An' so it was.

"I remember Mis' Photographer Sturgis. 'There!' she says, 'most cryin', 'if ever I take only a pint o' milk I'm sure as sure to want more before the day's out. Where we goin' to get the milk,' she says, 'for them poor little things?'

"Where? says Mis' Timothy Toplady—you know how big an' comfortable an' settled she is—'Where? Well, you needn't to think o' where. I expect the Jersey won't be milked till I go out an' milk her,' she says, 'but she gives six quarts, nights right along now, an' sometimes seven. Now about the bread.'

"Mis' Postmaster Sykes always sets sponge twice a week, an' she offered five loaves out o' her six baked that day. Mis' Holcomb—that-was-Mame Bliss hed three loaves o' brown bread, 'en the other Mis' Holcomb—that's Mis' Epleby—she hed a crock o' sour cream cookies. An' Libbie Liberty bursts out that they'd got up their courage an' killed an' boiled two o' their chickens the day before an' none o' the family'd be'n able to touch a mouthful, bein' they'd raised the hens from egg to axe. So Libbie raid she'd bring the whole kettle along an' it could be het on the church stove an' made soup of. So it went on, an' in about four minutes everything was provided for, bedding an' all.

"Mis' Toplady had flew up-stairs, gettin' out bed-linen, an' she was comin' down the front stairs with her arms full o' sheets an' pillow-slips when through the front door walks Timothy Toplady, come in all excited an' lookin' every which way. Seems he'd barked his elbow in the rescue work an' laid off for liniment.

"Oh, Timothy,' says his wife, 'them poor little children! We've be'n plannin' it all out.'

"Who's goin' to take 'em in?' says Timothy, tryin' to roll up his coat sleeve for fear the Sodality'd be put to the blush if he got to his elbow any other way.

"They're all warm in the church,' Mis' Toplady says. 'We're goin' to have 'em there. Zittlehof's goin' to take up canvas cots. We're gettin' the bedding together,' she told him.

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