

so far, only eight or ten blocks. He drew up in a quiet little street before a pretty cottage.

The shades were drawn, the house looked empty, and a doormat lay large and square upon the porch.

"Which is northeast?" I demanded of the cabman as I got out. He told me with a look of amazement.

"I want you to wait here a few minutes," I said and ran up the steps.

I rang the bell. No one answered; I did not expect any one to. I lifted the corner of the door-mat—there lay the key. I fitted it into the lock, and entered the vestibule. Dainty, simple, modest in its appointments, this was what I had expected. I put my head in to the parlor and my own picture gazed mockingly at me from the mantel-piece. With a hysterical laugh, I fled through the house to the kitchen, and opened the pantry door. Faint, tempting odors assailed my nostrils; the shelves were full of dainties. I rushed out, locked the door, and replaced the key.

"Now," I said to the cabman, who regarded me with suspicion, not unmixed with apprehension, "Take me to 314 Mellison Street!"

I was completely stunned, and before I recovered myself, we were at that awful house.

"I want you to wait again," I said, tumbling out of the cab, "for about fifteen minutes. Then I want you to drive me and my sister and two suit cases back to Mellison Avenue."

Without waiting for a reply from the now thoroughly scandalized cabman, I hurried into the house. I dragged Early up-stairs, quite unmindful of her indignant protests. When I got her into the bedroom, I locked the door.

"Early Chlore," I said, "pack your suit case. I'll tell you all there is to tell after we get into the cab; just now this is enough to say, we've broken into the wrong house! But I've found the right one, thank Heaven for that anyhow! I can never lose a mortal in the face again, and when I think of that maniac, Early, who was he? He said his name was James."

"I'm sure I have no idea," whimpered Early. "The town is probably fairly swarming with lunatics. I know of at least, two, if they have never yet been locked up, certainly ought to be."

I rushed in to the packing with frantic haste. As I was already dressed for the street, it did not take me long to finish. I seized the suit cases and started out, leaving Early struggling with her shoe strings. As I went down the steps an enormous touring car drew up to the door, just behind the waiting cab. A man hurriedly stepped out, and I found myself face to face with my mysterious caller of the night before. He was immaculately dressed, with a flower in his

buttonhole, and I was forced to admit that he looked handsome, though I fairly hated the sight of him.

"Why, Miss Chlore," he exclaimed, "you're not going away!"

"The role of housebreaker," I said, "is pleasantly exciting just at first, but I find that it soon grows wearisome. The novelty of the situation having worn off, my sister and I are seeking fresh fields of adventure. Having exploited Mellison Street to our satisfaction, we are now starting for Mellison Avenue. Oh," I cried, poignantly, "a town so lost to all sense of decency as to have two streets of the same name ought to be wiped off the map! How could you be so unkind as to let me go on being an impostor, when you must have seen that there would be a mistake somewhere? Why did you let me think you were crazy? And you told me your name was James!"

I never saw a more hopelessly puzzled expression on the face of a human being.

"My dear Miss Chlore," he said gently, picking up the suit cases. "I am sure that there has been a mistake, but what it is do not yet know. But since you are evidently starting out somewhere, let me at least have the consolation of taking you in my car. That will give you an opportunity of explaining the matter to me, which I am sure, you will be willing to do."

And before I could catch my breath he had actually paid off the cabman, another humiliation, and installed me bag and baggage, in the automobile. Just then Early came out.

He leaned toward me. "I told you my name was James," he said in a low voice, "because you asked me; and it is—James Dearthman. Now won't you introduce me to your sister?"

"Early," I said with as much self-possession as I could muster, "this is Mr. Dearthman. He is going to drive us to the police station, for aught I know; there is no particular reason why he shouldn't. But I wish, please, to tell him how it happened."

I never can be proud enough of Early for the way in which she rose to the emergency.

"So your sister is Mrs. Frannin?" I heard her saying. (I had heard Clara mention the Frannins as the grand moguls of Pratsburg.) "And you are a second cousin of Eugene Hedding? How nice that we should have mutual acquaintances! What is that, Mr. Bradmur? Oh Edith, Mr. Dearthman knows George Bradmur! I have heard him speak of a Jim Dearthman, who was in the class above him at college. So that was you? And of course it was through Mr. Bradmur that you heard of us."

As we climbed the steps of 314 Mellison Avenue the car opened, and Mrs. Hedding rushed breathlessly out.

"Oh oh!" she cried rapturously, "to

think that I should have got here just ten minutes before you! I left Eugene to look after his father for a day or so longer; the fracture isn't nearly so bad as we feared at first. And Mr. Dearthman, too! Come right in all of you."

That evening I found myself entertaining James Dearthman in the parlor after Clara and Early had gone upstairs.

"Were you very much afraid of me last night?" he asked.

"I was," I assured him, "absolutely panic-stricken during the whole of the interview."

"You need not have been," he replied, "for had you but known it, you had me at your mercy from the first moment."

Perhaps it is possible for a man to be in his right mind and still be irresistibly charming. I should like to think so; but I am afraid that he is just a little crazy after all, for he insists that I am really prettier than Early!

Homes for our Shelter Children

(Described in our August 12 issue.)

That the Household Department of our paper is being rapidly read is evidenced by the fact that scarcely three days after the publication of our August 12th issue, in which we described the Children's Shelter at Peterboro and gave photographs of homeless children, whom we are trying to place in good homes, we received three applications for two of the children whose pictures we published in that issue. Not later than five days after our August 12th issue was off the press we had received seven letters in our office asking for some of these children and one especially urgent long distance telephone call wanting little Harvey at once. Several letters were also received during this short time by the caretaker, Mr. Henry at the shelter as well as several long distance phone messages. Surely the Canadian boy and girl of the World is not going to find it a difficult matter to place three or four of these bright little boys in homes where they will be given every kindness and every opportunity that a Christian home can offer.

Unfortunately superintendent E. L. Goodwill was out of the city when these many requests for children were received and we have been obliged to hold over all these letters and messages awaiting Mr. Goodwill's return to Peterboro which time we shall turn over all applications to him and trust that he will be able to place the several children asked for in good homes.

INQUIRIES FOR CHILDREN

It may be of interest to those of our readers who have not yet seriously considered these homeless little ones to read what several of our subscribers have written us regarding the children. One woman from Lambton Co. writes as follows:

"Having just read an article in The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World, regarding the children now in your shelter, we would like to know all you can tell us about little Harvey aged three years. We think of adopting a child and might take him on trial for a little while, and if he proved suitable, a child we could love as our own. We might finally adopt him. Kindly let us know if we are already provided for or not, and how he could come to us if we decided to have him."

My husband would also like to have a boy of about 13 or 15 years to help with light work. Tell us about the lad 15 mentioned. What arrangements do you make for boys of that age?—Mrs. J. H. Robinson, Lambton Co., Ont.

From Glengarry County we received the following letter:

"I have seen an article in The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World in regard to little children at the Shelter. I would like to adopt a boy

if I could get one that would suit me. I would like to know on what condition they are given away. I would like to secure one that would be about 12 years of age or older. In any case I would like to get him on trial for four months or so. To a good boy, we will give a good home."

From Miss M., Ont. we received the following letter:

"I have just read in your paper about some of these homeless boys about 12 years of age in good homes. I would like to give that nine-year-old Walter a trial, so if he is not placed, please send him on. If you want any references we might write to our minister." A subscriber.

From Perth Co. Donald Stewart writes us the following letter:

"I write regarding the little boys whose pictures appeared in The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World of the 12th inst. We like the picture of the youngest boy Harvey, aged three, and I think we would like him in our home. We have just two girls in our family. Will you please write sending all the information about taking one that you can send. We would prefer seeing the boy before taking him."

From Mr. Brydges, Ont. an interesting letter reads thus:

"We are greatly taken up with little Harvey aged three years. We should like very much to have him as our own children are both married and have farms of their own. We are left alone and would like a little lad like Harry for company and to help work our farm some day."

A farmer's wife in Breslau, who was interested in our first article and who is anxious to secure a little boy about nine years old wrote us the letter below:

"I saw in your paper the picture of poor children who would like good homes, so I thought I would write and see how you put them out. I would like the boy of nine, if I could have him. I am a farmer's wife and have no children of my own and would like a boy."

It looks as if our Shelter children would all be placed in congenial homes before the long cold winter sets in, and if such is the case we will not think our efforts have been in vain.

She Pays for Her Mail

We pay a mail man 25 cents a month to bring our mail and leave it in a box fastened to a post at the road side in front of our house. We have a piece of glass put in the back of the box, so we can see if the mail is in it from one of the windows from our front door. This saves us going out on stormy days and not finding any mail in the box. We have had our mail brought for eight years in this way, and by paying every month we do not miss the 25 cents. No one knows, only those who have had the experience of a mail box, what a comfort, pleasure and convenience it contains. Our neighbors in our vicinity have followed our example.—Mrs. A. Marshall, Monk Co., Ont.



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