

A LITTLE CHILD THAT LED

A soft spatter of rain splashed on Linda's forehead as she threw up the sash and drew the heavy shutters close. With it came the mournful crooning of the south wind and the silky rustle of poplar leaves from the trees which shaded the house.

"Oh, I do hope it won't rain tonight," she murmured, shutting the window and pulling down the shades.

"But if I can't, I can't. When I think of it's being all my fault that things are as they are, it nigh makes me lose my mind."

Silence followed. Only the soft drip, drip of rain was heard, the mournful sighing of the wind, the swish of the poplar leaves. Linda's eyes turned to the clock. She wished its hands would move a little faster; for at six o'clock Aunt Sallie would have her supper, and a half hour later would wish to be made ready for the night.

Linda caught her breath every time she remembered, for Mary Hudson, the famous soprano, was to sing in this, her native town, for a local charity, and Linda was going to hear her if her other aunts arrived home in time.

Her earliest memories were of a home full of love and song. There came the death of her parents, and her mother's request that the little girl who would thereafter share the ancestral home of her three great-aunts, save her small inheritance if possible, for an education in music.

"That will be when you are eighteen," promised her aunts, looking in to the future with eyes which refused to see the hastening fingers of time.

Linda sighed as, a little later, she held the bread over the glowing coals. Everything had been so pleasant until a month before. Then Aunt Sally had confessed that, allured by a glaring advertisement in a metropolitan paper, and the smooth talk of an agent, she had sunk Linda's little fortune of which she, as eldest sister, had full control, in a worthless stock.

But quiet Aunt Mary had helped solve the problem; and a week after the last consultation, she and Aunt Libbie had left for the home of a wealthy relative in an adjacent town, the one aunt to set her tiny stitches in the lingerie of a future bride, the other to fill empty shelves with the jams and jellies for which she was justly famous.

At their departure, Aunt Sallie, heart-sick with remorse, had gone to bed and stayed there. Then Linda's patience was severely taxed, for Aunt Sallie constantly engaged in self-accusation and tears. But though her own disappointment was keen, Linda could still sing. The glory of the sunshine, the beauty of a moonlit evening, the shadows cast by dancing leaves, all spoke to her joyously.

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RICH IN VITAMINES



MAKE PERFECT BREAD

find out that things aren't half so bad as you think."

The south wind howled and wailed, and the sound of rain changed from a soft splashing to a heavy downpour.

"They'll never get home to-night," thought Linda, thinking of the long drive her aunts must take to reach home, and the shrinking of gentle Aunt Mary from dampness. And she could not leave Aunt Sallie alone while she attended the concert.

The toast was done, delicate and crispy as her aunt loved it; the tea leaves were covered with freshly boiled water; the baked apple was swimming in its own syrup. Linda lifted the tray carefully and carried it up the stairs, humming softly as she went.

Setting the tray down, she arranged the old lady comfortably, talking to her as she would a child. But a new worry had attacked Aunt Sallie. The rain would delay her sisters and keep Linda from the concert. She nibbled the toast, sipped the tea, and made a faint pretense of eating the apple.

She put the tray back and after much persuasion, Aunt Sallie was prevailed upon to finish her supper. Then Linda deftly made her ready for the night, and, seated beside her, one of the hands clasped tightly in her own soft cool ones, she sang the old songs that her aunt loved best.

"Robin Adair" was followed by "Ben Bolt," and she had begun upon a third when there was the sound of chugging outside, followed almost immediately by the rat-tat of the heavy knocker. Linda's heart gave a happy leap. Her aunts had arrived.

She ran lightly down the stairs, singing as she went. But when she opened the door and threw it wide, the words of greeting died. Before her stood a strange lady accompanied by a gentleman in evening dress.

"Our car will take us no further," explained the lady sweetly. "I wonder if you have a horse we could hire to reach town?"

Linda shook her head. "We have no horse at all," she replied. "Perhaps you could get one farther down the road. If your chauffeur had then realized her mistake. 'If you could send a little ways down the road you might secure one, or perhaps a car. In the meantime please come in while you wait.'"

The lady and her companion held a consultation after which the gentleman disappeared for a moment, returning shortly with the information that he had sent Wiggins down the road, and in the meanwhile they would be pleased to accept the young lady's hospitality. The instincts of a hostess uppermost, Linda offered them a cup of tea, which they gladly accepted.

As she hastened into the kitchen to set the kettle farther front a little song bubbled to her lips. After all, she was having an adventure, and adventures came seldom into her life. She measured the tea and wiped the dainty Sevres cups carefully; and soon she carried the tray of old silver and gleaming china with its fragrant burden to the sitting room, where her guests waited. But as she entered, the lady too, rose and came forward.

"My dear," she said, "you will pardon me, I am sure. But I am quite charmed by the song you are singing. Can you tell me what it is?"

Linda transferred the tray to the proffered hands of the gentleman. "It is just a family song," she smiled. "My father was a musician, and wrote both words and music. We have no copy and I sing it only from memory, as he used to sing it to my mother. It is pretty, isn't it?"

The lady clasped her hands tightly together. "Pretty!" she exclaimed. "My child, it is worth a fortune. It is the loveliest thing I have heard in years. Forensky, play it for us."

She turned to the gentleman, and he, bowing to Linda as for permission, opened the little old piano upon which the aunts had practiced so many years ago, and delicately struck the yellowed keys.

Linda had never heard such music. It was the air of the song she had been humming, but with variations and trills she had never imagined possible. Then the lady turned to Linda.

"Sing it, my dear," she commanded. Obedient from habit, Linda stood by the old instrument and raised her clear young voice, bringing out each word with the sweetness and pathos with which it was full. When the last note had died away, the lady nodded her head sagely and spoke in a low voice to the pianist. He played the opening chords again, and then—Linda held her breath. All the birds in the world, all the melody on earth, seemed loosened and floating about the room. The very walls vibrated with it, as clearer and sweeter, the singer's voice rose in song. When she had finished, she turned to Linda and smiled.

"What do you ask for it?" she questioned. "I mean I will buy it from you—at once—to-night, if you will. We will have it published and there will be quite a small fortune. Nothing like it has been heard in years."

She waited while the aunts, who could only stare wide-eyed at this strange person from a world of which she knew little, and who talked of buying a song with less thought than she, Linda, would expend upon a pair of gloves. Her mind flew at once to her aunts, dearly beloved, toiling and mourning her lost inheritance.

"Would—would ten dollars be too much?" she stammered at last, aghast at her boldness when the words were the words were spoken. How had she dared name such a sum.

"Ten dollars," the lady repeated the words in as great astonishment. "My dear child, that is but a drop in the bucket. I will pay you a hundred dollars for the present use of the song. It is a gem—and when it is published you will have, we hope, many hundred. My lawyer will see you and make arrangements."

She paused as the sound of heavy pounding reached their ears. Linda, with an apology, ran to the stairs and mounted them quickly. Past experiences had taught her the signal of Aunt Sallie's impatience. In a few words she explained to the wondering words what was transpiring below and then left her again as the sound of another automobile was heard.

"Wiggins must have found a car," said the lady who was writing upon a narrow piece of paper. Turning to Linda, she extended her hand. "Thank you my dear, for a delightful half-hour. And do not worry about your little song. She handed the paper to Linda.

As her guests chugged their way down the muddy road, in the hired car, Linda ran upstairs and rushed into Aunt Sallie's room.

"Oh, Aunt Sallie, what do you think?" she cried. "I wanted you to see them so! She is such a fine lady and he is such a gentleman, and didn't he play?"

"No better than you sing, dear. I never heard you sing like that Linda. It was as though you were giving yourself away to the song. Did you ask their names?"

Linda's eyes opened wide. "Why I didn't think of that. But the lady has bought the song and she is going to give me, she thinks, as much as one hundred dollars for it. And oh, it seemed as though my heart would just jump out of me when she told me that."

Linda, with her hands pressed close over her breast, looked at her aunt with eyes that the dear lady seemed never to have seen before.

"There, dear," she said, "what is it that you have in your hands?"

"Oh," said Linda, "it is a slip of paper that she gave me," and she leaned forward so her aunt could see the paper.

"Why, dear, it is a check for one hundred dollars, and it is signed by your singer, Mary Hudson."

"And I sang before Mary Hudson?" Linda's voice left her and her hands trembled with excitement as she reached for the check. She turned the paper

over, and examined the other side minutely. Then she gave it back to her aunt.

"Keep it, dear," said her aunt. "It is yours. And now you must get ready to go to the concert. I have been moaning and in tears thinking of what I had done with your money, but now you have put a song in my heart."

Linda stooped and implanted a kiss on her aunt's cheek and just then the knocker sounded from below.

"It is Aunt Mary and Aunt Libbie," she cried turning and running down stairs.

"Bless the dear child," Aunt Sallie said, as she turned her face to the pillow that the tears might not be noticed when the others came up. "It is the singing heart that wins. It surely is."

WHERE QUEER NAMES COME FROM

Many ministers could, from personal experience, tell of strange names bestowed upon infants at their baptism, but few could equal the following story recently told by the bishop of Sodor and Man.

A mother, who was on the lookout for a good name for her child, saw on the door of a building the word "Nosmo." It attracted her, and she decided that she would adopt it.

Some time later, passing the same building, she saw the name "King" on another door. She thought the two would sound well together, and so the boy was baptized "Nosmo King Smith."

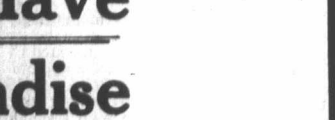
On her way home from the church where the baptism had taken place she passed the building again. The two doors on which she had seen the names were now closed together, and what she read was not "Nosmo King," but "No Smoking."

DRIVING A WEDGE

When a logger places a wedge in a log and hits it a blow he does not know how much of a split the effort will make, but he does know that if he continues to hit the wedge the log will soon lie in twain. The driving wedge to business is advertising. You can't expect to make your success with a single ad, no matter how large. Continual rapping does it.

HOARSE

Gargle several times a day with Minard's in water. It cuts the fungus and gives relief.



MINARD'S KING OF PAIN LINIMENT

Mahomet Could Have Sold Your Merchandise

You know the old story of Mahomet and the mountain--when the mountain wouldn't come to him he, like a sensible man, grabbed his Panama off the hall rack and went to the mountain--he wanted it badly enough to go after it.

IF IT'S PRINTING WE CAN DO IT

That is precisely the situation today--the mountain--BUSINESS--will not come to you--you will have to go after it and go after it hard. YOU have one great advantage over the prophet--he had to take the going as he found it--you can pave the way with advertising.

DAVIDSON BROTHERS HIGH CLASS PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS Wolfville, Nova Scotia

Pile Potatoes Around It

If you've only a small cellar, I have the ideal heating system for you--the Gilson Pipeless Furnace. It has no pipes to clutter up the cellar and the outer casing is so cool that you can pile vegetables and fruit right alongside it.

The big outer casing cannot become heated--even at the bottom. Potatoes piled against it all winter will not sprout. The great current of cold air keeps it always cool.

I can sell you a Gilson at a very attractive price. I can install it in less than a day; no muss or fuss. No walls to rip up. I'll guarantee it to heat every room in your house perfectly. The fuel it will save will more than pay for itself. Get in touch with me now--an estimate will not obligate you in any way.

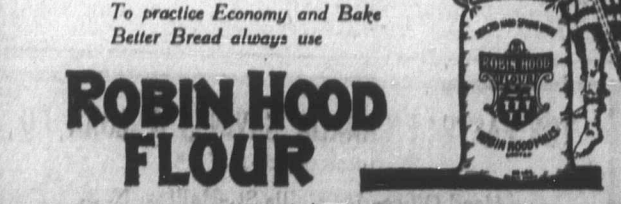


GILSON PIPELESS FURNACE "Makes Many Warm Friends" F. B. WESTCOTT GASPAREAU, N. S.



A Message from a Woman who Loves to Bake

"In Baking good things for my family such as Bread, Rolls and Buns, I have found a vast difference in flours. In the Raisin Bread Baking contests I noticed that the prize winning loaf was in every case made with one flour--Robin Hood. I tried it, found it dependable and easy to bake with and now my bakings are always even in texture, light and flaky, and I require less flour to the baking."



To practice Economy and Bake Better Bread always use ROBIN HOOD FLOUR Boston and Yarmouth Steamship Co., Limited FREIGHT AND PASSENGER SERVICE STEAMSHIP PRINCE GEORGE TWO TRIPS WEEKLY FARE \$9.00