



Life's Mirror

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.
For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Madeline Bridges.

Mehitable's One Talent

MEHITABLE GAYWORTHY sat bolt upright in the wagon and kept the reins firmly in hand, though nothing short of an earthquake would have started old Dobbin when he had permission to stand still. But in spite of her resolute appearance, the tears were stealing down her cheeks. The supervisor of schools, looking almost equally uncomfortable, sat in his wagon and looked up the road.

Nothing had been said between them since the supervisor had told Mehitable that he was sorry, but there seemed to be a feeling in District No. 9 that the pupils might do better if they had a change of teachers. Poor fellow, he had tried to state it as kindly as possible, but it was a hard thing to say to a girl who was determined to keep on teaching in her own district that she mother. Only the day before when he had decided he must refuse her application for the fall term, he had written her a letter, because he thought it would be easier for them both than to talk it over. Now she was on her way to see him, and they had met on the roadway. He had done his best to spare her feelings and had tried to smooth the matter over by a reference to the fact that people were always clamoring for change. He meant that she should never know that at the last meeting of the school board, a delegation interested in the school, had petitioned for a change of teachers. Deacon Pettigrove had summed up the whole matter when he said, "We haven't a thing against Hity, except that she kind of riles up the children and they don't want to go to school, and that being the case they don't learn much when they do go."

It was only too true. Every family in the district respected the faithful, hard working girl who did all the work at home and cared for her invalid mother before she began her day's work in the little red school house. Poor Mehitable, she was too tired when she began to teach and worst of all she neither understood children nor had the love for them necessary for success. Her own school life had been under the old fashioned discipline and she knew no other. She constantly tried "to do her duty" by the children, and they as constantly resented it.

She left the supervisor and rode drearily homeward, home to tell her mother that her daughter was a failure as a teacher; home to tell her poor rheumatic father that she could no longer add a little to the scanty income.

Supper was a gloomy meal. Mehitable could not talk. The burden of her thoughts was, What can I do? What can I do? Over and over like the monotonous ticking of a clock. At last it found expression in words. "What can you do, daughter?" replied her father with an effort at pleasantness. "You can make the best bread and the best cake in the country."

That night she dreamed she stood on a pile of bread loaves as high as the school house and waved a flag on which was inscribed, "I can make bread if I can't teach school." She dreamed of all the children of No. 9 came and humbly begged for just one slice apiece, until they saw who was on the top of the pile and then ran away as fast as they could.

The next morning Mehitable told her father that she thought she should have to turn baker. He did not understand that it was only a joke and answered in good faith that he had read of some women who earned a good living making jellies or pickles or cake for certain families, and he knew Mehitable was a good sight better cook than those.

For the next week the idea had possession of Mehitable. She was sure she could satisfy customers if she could get them. Plainly she couldn't in Napanea. Every woman did her own housework and would think it a sinful extravagance to save herself a bit by hiring her bread made. She must go to the neighboring city. At first it seemed to her that she could not go and push such a business among strangers; but familiarity with the idea made it become less and less dreadful. There was just one person she knew in the little city of Kingston and that was Mrs. Knowles. But Mrs. Knowles did not have what is called "faculty," so it was plain to Mehitable that if she made a success of what seemed her only chance of earning she must do it alone.

Good old grit counts for a good deal, and the very day the new teacher began in school No. 9 Mehitable went to Bellevue and entered into

partnership with Mrs. Knowles and her jolly little son. The partnership with Mrs. Knowles consisted in cooking and doing other forms of housework enough for board and use of the kitchen; and with Sam, consisted in a share in the profits to repay him for work as a delivery team.

A modest card in the window announced "Homemade bread and cake. Plain cooking of all kinds done to order. Prompt delivery to any part of the city."

Business did not come all at once, and many days were full of discouragement; but many a tired housekeeper saw the sign, sampled Mehitable's savory eatables and became a permanent customer. Many a day Mehitable and Sam went canvassing for orders. Those were not pleasant days for the young girl, but they resulted well for the business. Sam's rosy cheeks and emphatic words were good testimonials for Mehitable, and

Knowles and Sam were hidden. When the good things had nearly disappeared Mehitable's father said with pride, "I didn't suppose you could improve in cooking, Hity, but I declare I believe you have." But it was sweeter to hear her mother say, "Most cooking is done to keep people from starving, but your's, dear, is the most successful in that way that I have ever known."

Labor Saving Devices

Miss M. U. Watson, Macdonald College, Guelph

How many of our homes lack the small inexpensive conveniences which help so much to lighten the work? Have you ever considered what would be necessary to make the house you live in much easier to work in? The farmer is not slow to learn that he



Mehitable enjoying her own home, as a result of her hard work and perseverance.

the goods when delivered always spoke for themselves. Soon Mehitable had a large number of regular customers for her hot rolls and Sam had all he could do to complete the delivery at supper time. Other cooking was in demand, but Mehitable's fame rested on her hot rolls.

Eight months after Mehitable went to Kingston she felt it safe to rent a small house and send for her father and mother. It wouldn't be necessary to rent the old homestead and her father and mother could use it for a summer home. They would have to live in a very modest way, but that was what they had always done.

It was a great day when the little family was united. Mehitable prepared a very special supper and Mrs.

ought to buy machinery. He is learning that it is profitable for him to have water pumped into the barns; that it will save money if he will save his steps. Now, how many of us are willing to ask for these necessary things for the household and are willing to spend the money for them? Many houses lack labor saving devices because the housewife does not ask for them, does not demand them. These things will wear out, of course, but so do the reaper and the mower. How many of our women are using the same old iron pot that their grand mother had before you—not the same pot exactly, but one like it.

The farmer is not using the same plow that was used years ago. Now, why should you not get your labor-saving devices in the kitchen, even