

needed and needed badly. The woman thinks she needs other pieces badly too. The children can have their friends in to play as often as they like, because the furniture is so cheap and so old that mother doesn't worry. When she has an occasional chance caller who dwells in the halls of fashion it is a little embarrassing, though.

"Entertaining" is quite out of the question. All the beds are full of rosy-cheeked boys and girls. There is no guest room and the dishes are a miscellaneous assortment. You see the children have to "do them" usually, and there are accidents. There have been accidents to the bric-a-brac too, in the course of raising this large family. So it is comparatively easy to keep a sanitariously clean house.

There is no telephone. It cannot be afforded.

The poor woman does all her own housework and sewing. She has a good washing machine and a sewing machine, but few of the other modern conveniences. By nine o'clock in the morning the breakfast dishes are done and the whole house is in order for the day. The children do this mostly while the mother plans the meals and directs the little ones.

The mother is not nervous and she is not ill. She is a small woman with a delicate frame. Her days were spent in the school room until she was twenty-five. While she works she thinks and studies and plans for those she loves.

The cooking is not hard. There is no time to make elaborate desserts. Instead they just have a simple pudding or fruit. The grocery bill is large anyway. It takes so much money for meat, vegetables, milk, fruit, and staple groceries, that there is nothing left for pies, candy, ice cream sodas, mineral waters, or fancy canned goods. The mother just has to put up her own fruits and bake at home.

The children have all been held to regular, early hours of sleep. There is no automobile and even not money enough for carfare. Mother cannot give parties, neither can they. Even picture shows can only be afforded occasionally and are a great treat. So mother has plenty of time for a little reading before the early bed time of the little ones, and the older children have long, quiet, uninterrupted

evenings for study. They all stand well in school and can attend regularly.

This poor woman isn't even swamped with sewing. There is no need for any but simple, serviceable clothing, no money for finery or style. When people go out so little and live so quietly style doesn't matter much.

So the mother has time to be with her children, to train them, teach them, and talk to them. There is even time to paint with Robbie and to make doll's clothes for Edith, or to play tennis after school with the boys.

All the children are great walkers. They have had to learn to be from babies. It takes so much carfare for a large family to ride wherever they go.

But they do have such good times in that family. All the children in the neighborhood like to fairly "live" at that poor woman's house.

Now which is the poor family, after all? Study the assets:

The Poor Rich—

Hardwood floors.
Handsome furniture.
Fine linen.
Beautiful china.
Silver and jewelry.
Lovely, stylish clothes.
Automobile.
Telephone.
Servants.
Travel.
Advantages of "society."
A large circle of acquaintances.
Social position.
Every luxury the market affords.

The Rich Poor—

Strong, perfectly healthy bodies.
No "nerves."
Necessity for abundant exercise.
Restfulness.
Quiet.
Time to think and study.
Time to read.
Time to enjoy family life.
Friends who come for love, not for what they get.
Plain, wholesome food.
A homelike, simple environment.
Education; a good standing in school.
Training in work.
Mothering.

At the end of twenty years which column will yield the best interest on the investment?

The Career of Jenny

By David Lyall

"Hae ye heard that Jenny Ransome has run away frae Hill o' Cairnie?" inquired Sammy Reid, the Broomferry postman, as he handed two letters to Miss Caroline Gentles at her house in the Broad Wynd of Broomferry.

"What for has she run away from Cairnie, Sammy?" inquired the old schoolmistress with an anxious air. Her letters were important, but her attention was diverted from them to the piece of disquieting news Sammy had delivered at every house he had stopped at on the way down.

He scratched his head, and shot out his underlip, while his one good eye gleamed under his shaggy brows.

"I should say, Miss Gentles, that she ran away because she had enough o'd. In a general way that's what gars folk rin away frae onything in this world."

But Miss Gentles was not reassured, nor, indeed, much enlightened.

"Jenny's no a'boddy's money, ye ken, Miss Gentles, but when she's wi' the richt folk, she's a hard worker and she has a wey wi' her; oh, yes, she has a wey. But she needs guidin'."

Now these words smote Miss Gentles in a vulnerable spot. It was borne in upon her that she might have done more in the way of guiding the orphan girl who had once been her most brilliant pupil. Had she but persisted in her desire to offer her a place in her own quiet household as companion under the supervision of her trusted maid, Susan Bell, Jenny might have gone forth to the battle of life better equipped.

But the two elderly women had shrunk with a very natural shrinking from introducing such a disturbing element into their quiet lives, and Miss Gentles had contented herself with procuring various places for Jenny, none of which had proved to be the right niche.

"When did it happen, Samuel, and do they know where she has gone?"

"It happened yesterday, and they do not ken whaur she has gone, and as faur as I could see they dinna care. But the cook drappit a hint. She said that it was on account of the Captain's nephew that has been stoppin' at Hill o' Cairnie since Christmas."

"Thank you, Sammy," said Miss Gentles. She re-entered the house, read her letters, which were satisfactory, then, after a brief colloquy with Susan Bell, she dressed herself in readiness for a walk. It was a bright winter morning, with a slight powdering of snow lying on the frozen ground, a blue sky overhead, and a brilliant sun which made the exercise of walking ideal. Miss Gentles had two and a half miles in front of her, but footed it briskly, and reached her destination between eleven and twelve, just when the sun was at its brightest, and the day in full glory.

Miss Gentles was conscious of a sharp sense of discomfort and apprehension as she approached the long bare house on the windy hill of Cairnie, and it was only a strong conception of duty which gave her courage to go on. Her inquiry for Mrs. Hill Stonor was met by a dubious shake of the head on the part of the manservant.

"She's not downstairs yet, madam, but if the captain will do—"

"The captain will do, thank you. Please to tell him that Miss Gentles, from Broomferry, would like to speak to him for a few moments."

The man ushered her into a small study, where Miss Gentles was left to recover herself. The walk had heightened her color, and her sweet carefree face was wonderfully attractive, with its becoming frame of soft white hair, and its kind, illuminating eyes.

Miss Gentles, however, was not at all concerned with her appearance, and when the captain, a somewhat bluff, fierce-looking individual, entered the room, she rose with a little nervous flutter.

"I must apologize, Captain Stonor," she said quickly. "It is a matter which perhaps concerns Mrs. Stonor more nearly, but I am informed that she has not yet come downstairs, and as I have had a long walk I ventured to ask for you."

"Quite right, Miss Gentles. My wife is up, but not ready for visitors yet. Fact is she's had an upset in her household, and one of them's run away."

"Yes, it is that I have come about, Captain Stonor, the little girl Jenny Ransome, who came to Mrs. Stonor a few months ago as useful help."

The captain smiled grimly. "Whoever recommended her, Miss Gentles, didn't do us a good turn—"

"Why, it was I who recommended her, captain. Jenny was the very brightest pupil I ever had through my hands, and she only wanted a little guiding."

The captain nodded. "Precisely, but Hill o' Cairnie was hardly the place for a lassie that needed guiding. I'm afraid we need it ourselves. But we needn't beat about the bush. My nephew, or rather my wife's nephew, has been here since Christmas, and he fell in love with the girl. All the trouble has been about that."

"Jenny couldn't help that, Captain," said Miss Gentles, spiritedly. "And it was surely the young gentleman's part to keep away from a young girl who had the protection of his aunt's house."

"Admirable sentiment, dear lady, but vulgarly speaking, it won't wash," observed the captain grimly. "I'm not saying anything against the girl. I may tell you honestly I liked her, she was a sunbeam in the house; I've never known a more willing creature, and I don't blame him. But, of course, his aunt was furious, and spoke very sharp words to the girl, so that she ran away, left all her things here, too. I suppose she has gone home?"

"She hasn't any home, Captain Stonor. She came direct from her last place at Briars Manse to you, and I want to know where she is now."

The captain shook his head perplexedly.

"I'm sorry I can't give you the information, because I don't possess it." "Your nephew is here still. Could you ask him? If he has been so deeply interested in her, he probably knows where she has gone."

"You may take my word for it that he doesn't know. He's very much upset about it, and there have been several scenes between him and his

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