

MADGE WILDING'S CHRISTMAS

It was a lovely morning in spring. The sun was shining as if on a world newly created; the birds were gay with buttermilk; the air was full of the songs of pairing birds; and the hedges were gay with glittering dewdrops.

A young man and a girl seated together in a light market cart were driving rapidly towards Crowbridge railway station, now less than a mile distant.

In spite of the brightness of the morning the young farmer's face was discoloured and gloomy. He did not even glance at his companion, who sat beside him in silence. Madge Wilding was a remarkably pretty girl, and usually she was full of chatter and light-hearted laughter. Now, however, she was grave, partly in sympathy with the young man at her side, partly because this was an important day in her life's history. She was leaving Woodbine Cottage, where the two maiden ladies who had brought her up—Miss Rosemond and Miss Rebecca Wilding—still lived, and was about to launch her little craft in the stormy sea of London life.

For the last twelve months she had been trying to persuade her aunt to let her go to London and earn her own living; and now, at last, she was allowed to have her own way.

"I suppose, Madge," said Tom Browning, nodding his head at her, "you're changing your mind?"

"No, Tom, I can't pretend that there is. I like you very well, and have always liked you. But I can't care in that way for you—not one little bit."

"It's all this silly nonsense about being independent, and living your own life, and all that sort of thing," cried Tom, with sudden passion. "I wish the books and papers that put such stuff into your head were burnt up, and the silly women that write them burnt up along with 'em!"

"Tom, it's no earthly use going on like that, you know—"

"Oh, I know that right enough. I only know that the nicest and prettiest girl in Berkshire is going to be a 'spinster' and he gave a savage cut at some imaginary flies over the mare's head, so that the high-strung, nervous animal started and nearly run away."

"Tom," said Madge, seriously, when he had quieted the mare, "you're quite mistaken. This is my own idea—my own doing. You love the country, you don't—well, in a way I do, but I feel cooped up. I want to see and do in a wider, more interesting life."

"You would do differently to the fields and the cows if they were your own, Madge," said the young man, with a side glance at her.

She was silent.

"If ever you do change, Madge, you will let me know," asked Tom, in a very ingenuitous tone, as the cart entered the approach to the station.

"Oh, no, Tom. Don't build upon that. I shall never change. As I have told you a hundred times, I like you very well, but I should never want to marry you, and I do hope that before I see you again you will have fallen in love with some nice, good girl, who will make you happy."

"Don't talk like that, Madge," he said almost roughly. "You know well enough that you mean a girl in the world for me, and if she won't have me, I shan't wed at all."

But Madge laughed as she sprang lightly out of the cart, and looked up mischievously in her companion's face.

"How many men have talked like that and felt like that, too; and how many have married somebody else before the year was out?"

Tom did not answer. He had to get someone to mind the mare, and then he had to get Madge's ticket for Paddington, and see to her luggage. The train was almost due. Soon he was standing at the door of a third-class compartment, with his hand on hers, as it rested on the window ledge, and a great lump in his throat.

"Christmas!" he was saying. "Surely you will be back before then!"

"Perhaps for a few days in August," said the girl; "but I can't tell. Please don't look so sorrowful, Tom. People will notice you. Tom called up a heavy frown, which rested on his countenance till the guard's whistle sounded.

"Do look a bit pleased, Tom, for the last," pleaded Madge, and the lines on his honest face relaxed into a meaningless grin.

"Good-bye!"

It was over; and Tom found himself staring at a fluttering white handkerchief, which stood for all that his heart held dear.

Long before Christmas—before August even—Madge was back at Woodbine Cottage. She had come home to nurse her aunt, who had been moved with typhoid fever through drinking polluted water.

For more than a week she nursed them with untiring care, often bitterly, though perhaps unfairly, reproaching herself for having left them. But her toil and watching were in vain. The two kind-hearted old maids died, one on Tuesday, the other early on Thursday morning; and Madge was left alone.

Young Browning saw scarcely anything of her during those sorrowful days, though he called daily at the cottage to inquire for her patients. He knew that she had no leisure to spare for him, and that in any case it was no time for love-making. Even after the funeral he was not successful in his attempts to see Madge alone; but he consoled himself with the thought that he would get his mother to ask her to spend a few days at the Hill Farm later.

The cottage was readily let to another tenant; Madge disposed of the furniture and went back to London. She felt very lonely—more lonely

than she had ever been in her life. Woodbine Cottage had always been home to her; she felt that no spot on earth was now in any special way her own. Then, of course, she grieved for her aunt; and she knew, could make up to her for the loss.

It was well for Madge that short after her return to London she found a new situation, one in which she had plenty of work and plenty of companionship. Messrs. Rosemond, Jones and Rosefield, her new employers, were merchants in the City, in rather a large way of business. There were more than a dozen clerks and three girl-typiists in the office besides herself. Madge was private secretary to the senior partner, Mr. William Rosemond, an elderly gentleman, rather distant, and punctilious in this manner, and very particular about the manner in which the clerks' work was done. Madge found him more than a little trying sometimes, but, on the whole, he was fair, if not always reasonable. There was a rule at the office that any of the clerks might be required to stay after hours to finish any work they had on hand, being paid at a fixed rate for overtime.

The typist who shared Madge's room was a smart, attractive-looking girl called Irene Thompson. As was very nice to have her, and she became rather intimate.

One Saturday afternoon, when they were waiting together in Kensington Gardens, Irene stopped to speak to a young man whom she greeted as an old acquaintance. She naturally introduced him to Madge, and Madge thought him not only very pleasant and agreeable, but very distinguished-looking. His name was Colebrooke—Edward Colebrooke.

A friend of his happened to stroll by just then, and stopped him and introduced him to the two girls, and then proposed that they should all go somewhere for a cup of tea.

Irene smilingly agreed, and Madge felt that she could scarcely refuse to join them.

Both Mr. Colebrooke and his friend Bateson were fashionably dressed, but there was a considerable difference between them. Bateson was too familiar in his manner, besides being loud and sometimes vulgar in his talk. Colebrooke, always quiet and gentlemanly, was obviously annoyed at Bateson's vulgar familiarity, and once or twice, Madge noticed, tried to check him with a frown; but Bateson took no notice.

Madge was rather pleased that Colebrooke sat next her, paid her rapturous attentions, and contrived to be at her side when they left the tea-rooms.

"You have made quite a conquest, Madge," said Irene, when the two young men had left them.

"Oh, nonsense!" cried Madge, blushing, and feeling very much gratified. "Mr. Bateson scarcely spoke to me."

"Bateson!" echoed the other girl. "I wasn't thinking of him. You know very well that it was speaking of Ned Colebrooke. Isn't he a good-looking fellow?"

I had seen a hand-knitting machine advertised, and I thought that if I could get one I could help the Red Cross by knitting socks, and at the same time use the machine to increase my small salary and keep the wolf from the door.

With this idea in mind, I found the address of the Auto Knitter machine Company in our local paper and finally sent for an Auto Knitter.

When the machine arrived, my wife and I turned to the instruction book, and therein found the answer to all our questions. I was soon able to make splendid socks. I became more and more delighted with myself and the machine.

How I started making money. I now volunteered to knit socks for the Red Cross. The St. John's Ambulance Society furnished me with yarn. I knit several pairs of plain socks and was complimented on my work. I felt very gratified, for I was requested to knit more and was to receive 20 cents a pair for the work.

I began to make and sell socks to private customers as well as knitting for the Ambulance Society. In a comparatively short time I had my machine paid for. I was now making \$15.00 a week in my spare time. My wife was able to buy clothing and shoes for herself and the children.

This story would be incomplete and convey a very wrong idea if I did not make it plain that I could not have accomplished all I have written the valuable help of my better half, Mrs. Monaghan.

\$125 Earned in Spare Time. In about eighteen months from the time I started knitting I had a surplus bank account of \$125.00.

Our house at this time consisted of a two roomed shack on a rented lot. I decided now to buy a lot on which to move my shack. I selected a beautiful locality and arranged easy terms of payment, the price being \$475.00—\$100 cash and the balance \$10.00 a month. I kept on using the Auto Knitter steadily in my spare time to add to my income, and in less than a year my property was paid for.

When the overture demand for socks declined, I noticed that the quality of wool socks sold in the local stores was very inferior. I saw that there would be a good demand for a better article, and I knew I could supply it with my Auto Knitter.

So I bought some of the best wool in the city, manufactured it into socks and exhibited my goods to James Ramsey, Ltd. (one of the largest departmental stores in our city). They gave me a trial order for

As for Tom, if he began to plague her again, she would tell him kindly but very firmly that he must put all such thoughts quite out of his head; and then a softer light would steal into her blue eyes, and a faint blush come to her cheek as the thoughts of Edward Colebrooke crossed her mind. It was so plain that he admired her; they had become quite intimate; yet he had said nothing of love to her.

Rather timidly Madge made her position for two days' extra leave at Christmas, and in a rather surly fashion she was granted.

But on Christmas Eve, just as she was beginning to put her things away, Mr. Rosemond rang for her, and put a whole bundle of letters into her hands.

"I had no time to see to these this morning," he said, "but I have now run through them, and pencilled replies on the back of each. Please type them in duplicate, and post them on your way home."

Tears of vexation sprang to the girl's eyes, and she left the room without speaking, for this work, she knew, would cause her to miss her train to Crowbridge.

"It is a burning shame!" she cried, when she had gained her room, throwing down the letters in a rage. "Christmas Eve of all nights! To say he had no time to attend to them sooner—what nonsense! And they will be all waiting supper for me at the farm. Tom will be at the station, and he will be so disappointed, poor fellow!"

For some minutes she actually thought she would walk out of the office and never return to it, leaving Mr. Rosemond's letters where she had thrown them; but saner thoughts prevailed, and after a few minutes spent in the luxury of having a good cry, she put the paper and pen in her machine and bravely buckled to her task.

In another half-hour the loud whistling of the office boy reminded her that the clerks were leaving the office, and that she had not yet sent a telegram to Hill Farm to explain that she could not get away, and probably she would not be able to leave London that night. Her despair reached its height, and she went on with her work; but visions of the large, comfortable parlour at the Hill Farm,

three dozen pairs. Within a few hours after delivery I had a telephone call from the hosiery department of Ramsey's store, asking me to bring them fifty dozen pairs more! It wasn't possible for me to do this, but the James Ramsey Company took all I could supply them up to the year 1919.

Turned Poverty Into Independence. 1920 was my banner year. I now of course had a little capital. Also I knew the demand for good article. I purchased the best yarn obtainable, getting a substantial

discount on a quantity purchase. I worked all summer, knitting this on the Auto Knitter in my spare time, but sold none until October, 1920.

Then I advertised my goods, also stating that I would make socks to order. Many people brought their own wool. I had to work hard to fill all the orders, even with the supply I had on hand. People from all over the city, including the Mayor and the Attorney General of the Province, came to purchase my socks. My advertising brought in orders from Calgary, Red Deer, Wetaskiwin, and Fort Saskatchewan.

I made, one evening after work that winter, \$7.50 on the Auto Knitter, but you may infer that I did not retire very early.

After all the thousands of pairs of socks we have made, our Auto Knitter is as good as the day we received it, and it has never cost one cent for repairs.

Made New Home Possible. Last February we purchased a beautiful nine room house, as shown in the photograph, and had it moved to our lot, which is a real home, is now worth about five thousand dollars. What part the Auto Knitter has played in this splendid evolution it is

with its wide, low window-seats, red curtains, and heating fire came to her attention. At last the work was done. The last of the letters was read, addressed, and stamped, and Madge thought she might still be able to catch the last train from Paddington. There was one at midnight, but she could not go by that.

She put on her hat, jacket, and gloves, switched off the electric light, and went to let herself out. But the outer door leading into the corridor would not open! Apparently the clerk who had been the last to go, not knowing, or forgetting, that she was still at work in the inner room, had locked it behind him! She was locked in!

Of course, she at once began hammering on the door, in the hope of attracting the attention of the caretaker, who lived in the topmost story; but soon she realised that she was spending her strength in vain. The caretaker could not hear, or very probably was out shopping, so Madge went to Mr. Rosemond's room, made up the fire, and lay down to rest on the old-fashioned sofa. There, after a time, she fell fast asleep.

Three hours later she awoke. The fire had burnt itself out, and she was very cold.

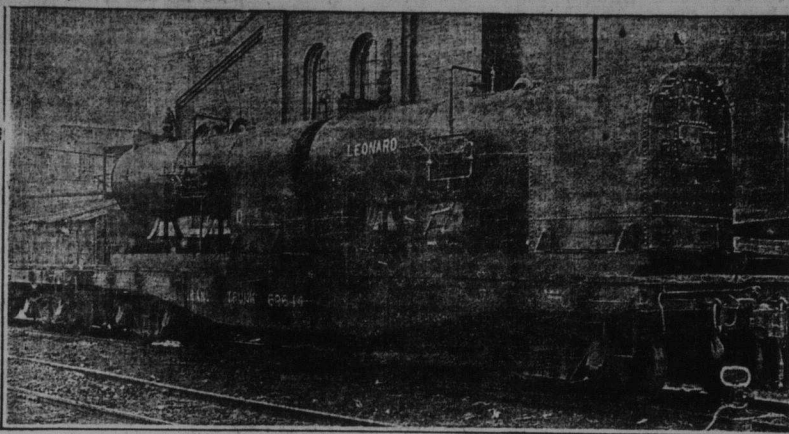
Was that a noise in the outer office? Had someone come in? The door between the two rooms was open, but there was a swing-door

of haise as well. This she pushed open, and a strange scene met her eyes. Two men were doing something to the big safe, and a third stood over them with a small lantern in his hand.

With a strong feeling of bewilderment she recognised him—Mr. Colebrooke!

She was on the very point of calling him by name and asking him if the outer door was open, when the thought struck her that there must be something wrong. Why was he there at that time of night, apparently helping two men who were trying to open the safe?

(Continued on page 6)



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The remarkable way in which Mr. & Mrs. P. J. Monaghan solved their extra money problem. Every wife, self-supporting girl, and father of a family can now use spare time to make money at home—in the same way they did.

By P. J. MONAGHAN

THE years 1916 and 17 were lean years for the working man in our part of the country, especially if he happened to be the sole support of a large family.

I kept hoping for some way to increase my income, and finally I had an idea. At this time the Red Cross and the St. John's Ambulance Society were appealing for aid in knitting socks for our Canadian Forces Overseas.

I had seen a hand-knitting machine advertised, and I thought that if I could get one I could help the Red Cross by knitting socks, and at the same time use the machine to increase my small salary and keep the wolf from the door.

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difficult to figure precisely, as separate accounts were not kept.

This much I can vouch for, however. During the months of October, November and December, 1920, my bank account increased \$700.00, and many days my wife took in \$45.00 for socks sold. Of

course this was covering the previous summer's work.

The Auto Knitter was kept going every spare moment I had. I verily believe that if we had not had it, we would have had to appeal to the Sunshine Society or other charitable organization for help when times were the hardest with us. I am also sure that, but for the Auto Knitter, we should be tenants of a two roomed shack on a rented lot.

I wish that I might be able to place an Auto Knitter in every home, especially where there is a large family. I believe that the gap between poverty and independence would be bridged in every case where there is industry and good management.

The man or woman who is ambitious, and wishes to improve his or her circumstances, can in no way employ their spare time better than in knitting socks on an Auto Knitter, either under the company's Work Contract or for their own local trade. It will bring comfort and even luxury to the home and be the means of bringing joy and happiness to the family.

P. J. Monaghan, Alberta.

Mr. and Mrs. Monaghan, whose experience with the Auto Knitter you have just read, have been very enterprising and energetic in using their machine to advance themselves and improve their circumstances.

Mr. Monaghan was fortunate in being able to find a good local market for all the socks he could turn out, so he preferred not to take advantage of the Work Contract. We sign with every purchaser of an Auto Knitter.

A Market for Every Salable Sock Guaranteed

This contract obligates us to accept and pay for every pair of socks sent us by an Auto Knitter owner—when made according to our standard directions. Hundreds and hundreds of Auto Knitter workers take advantage of this guaranteed market, and send us their entire output without trying to sell socks to local customers—although they are in no way bound to do so.

They simply send us the socks they knit and we send them back checks in payment for their work, at a guaranteed, fixed rate per pair. We also replace each time the amount of yarn used in the socks received.

You can work for us as much or as little as you please—but for every shipment of socks, small or large, you receive your pay check promptly.

The Auto Knitter comes to you with a sock already started in it, a supply of yarn, and a complete instruction book that makes every thing plain, as Mr. Monaghan has stated in his letter above.

Write Today for Our Liberal Offer

If you can use extra money—and most women can in these times—you will want to know all about the machine that has meant so much to Mrs. Monaghan's home and thousands of others all over Canada, at a guaranteed, fixed rate per pair. Send right away for the company's free literature and read the experiences of some of the thousands of other Auto Knitter workers. Find out what substantial amounts even a small number of your spare hours will earn for you. Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you do not need to know how to knit.

Send your name and address now and find out all the good things that are possible for you. The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd., Dept. 7113 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Canada.

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Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 5 cents postage to cover cost of mailing literature, etc. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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