



Fatherless Children of the Late Dr. Reid, of Kelso, Ont.

In the illustration will be seen Iris Reid, the eldest girl, and her brothers and sisters whom she so heroically saved from the Northern Ontario fire. Fuller particulars are given in the article adjoining.

Do We Prepare Our Poultry Dishes Palatably

(Continued from page 19.)

three tablespoons of butter, two of flour. Cut the fowl into 12 pieces; two drumsticks; two breasts; two second joints; two wings and three back pieces. The giblets can be used to make the stock. Place the butter in a frying pan, add flour when it bubbles, cut onion and carrot into dice and fry a light brown; pour all over the bird, previously placed in an earthenware cooking vessel (or casserole); add the stock, put on the cover and set in a moderate oven for two hours. Raise the lid to allow the pieces to brown a little for the next half hour. Send to table in the casserole and accompany with nicely mashed white turnips and a dish of haricot beans.

A Northern Ontario Heroine

RECENTLY we received a photograph from the Children's Shelter at Hailybury, Ont., of the six children appearing in the illustration on this page. They are the children of the late Dr. Reid, of Kelso, Ont., who lost his life in the Northern Ontario fire last summer. The children were taken to the Shelter at Hailybury until relatives claimed them. Mr. Robt. Lefleup, secretary of that institution, furnished us with some interesting facts concerning the narrow escape these children had from losing their lives in the conflagration which claimed their father as one of its victims.

Iris Reid, the eldest girl, is a real heroine, we are told by Mr. Lefleup, and it was solely due to her presence of mind that her brothers and sisters were saved. Her father had left them in a certain place on the village street and told them not to leave until he came back for them. Dr. Reid then returned to his home to see if something could be done to save it. On these terrible back fires, however, the air seems to turn as well as the wood and a sheet of flame simply curled down over the little hamlet and blotted it out. A few minutes after the fire had left them, Iris saw that the freight train which was waiting to pick up the last of the villagers, was starting to pull out. She left her post with her little brood, put them aboard the train and clambered after them. Then the train raced for the next place of safety, the town of Monteth. Later, the father's body was found near the spot where he had left the children.

Mr. Thos. B. Reid, of Toronto, and Mr. G. M. McKay, of Ingersoll, uncles of the children, were summering at Muskoka, and on reading of the fire hastened to Hailybury and took charge of the children, taking them

to their homes. Mrs. Reid was in Winnipeg at the time of the fire. She arrived in Hailybury one day after the children had been taken to Toronto, and immediately followed them to that city. Fortunately, the relatives of this family are all in good circumstances, so that the children's future is assured.

This is but one of the many pitiful tales of the terrible fire which wrought so much destruction to lives and property. We were glad to learn from Mr. Lefleup, however, that they had no children at the Shelter from the fire zone who were entirely orphaned, all having been claimed by relatives.

The Lay of the Hen That Lays

WE are all, no doubt, familiar with the original style of the writings which come from the pen of Walt Mason. Just recently, however, a bard has come to our attention, who bids fair to steal Walt Mason's laurels. He is W. E. Vapion, of the Colorado Agricultural College at Fort Collins. Here is what he has to say about our old friend "Biddy":

"An egg a day the old hen lays, with which the housewife blithely pays for books and clothes and children's shoes, and Grange and Farmers' Union dues. The old hen pays the rooster's board, she buys the gas to run the Ford; she even buys the old man's cud, and still he meets her with a thud, if in the feed box she should stray, or roost upon his new mown hay. She buys the soap to clean the kids, the sugar and the family lids; she's up the first one in the morn, she's out and hustling in the noon before the old man chucks her the shores to call the boys to do their chores. She's always happy at her work, no one can say that she's a shirk. She don't belong to any club, believes in paying for her grub. She does her work and doesn't care how others comb or curl their hair. She lives to serve and serves to live, gets all she can, is free to give of what the good Lord gives to her. A message from the hen to you is that there are but very few so thoughtless for their own reward, and few who sing and work so hard to make this old world a fit place to live in for the human race.

At the wedding breakfast the bridegroom, an exceedingly bashful young man, was called upon to speak. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose, intending to say that he was no speechmaker. But, unfortunately placing his hand on the bride's shoulder, he stammered these opening (and closing) words: "This—this—this has been thrust upon me."—Chicago Daily News.

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