THE WEST. REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN.



WEDNESDAY, MAY 19.

W7RITLRS

much o sity of preserving an ture for rising dough The old-fashioned coo

The old-reshipned coo bread tray in flanne pers and scolded the left the kitchen door dough was put to bed ner. The trained e

sets her dough in a p a perforated top, o

lraughts, and consul

eter regularly and so

The average hous if she does not asse

breads can take care In reality, overfern grave an evil as the ess. Summer board

to be reminded how

week sour bread rec est of apologies from mistress. If she thin

while to attempt co

night, she kneads

heavy hand that leav streaks in the bake neutralizing the acid Yet good bread is

necessity of comfort

in warm weather. S

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utmost delicate mus

heat. Hot yeast b right to the winter

does not begin to "

cold, nor does it si

majority of stomac

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cakes come and de

that I need not er reason of their banis tables of people knowledge of gast

Since many eaters men and brothers for

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work of fermentati

the biscuit family,

made, are delicate a

Nonpareil Qui

It is so well unde

damage done to

topics house

ter off. You'd never gone after that fox if it hadn't been for me, and there wouldn't have been none of this fuss." "Oh, don't say that! You've been so brave. Anyhow, we'll die together,

"Pashy," said Captain Perez solemnly, "it's mighty good to hear you say

CAP'N

Oh. dear. dear!"

me?"

as he said:

pleasing.

without you?"

that's a comfort.'

"Pashy," he said huskily, "I've been thinkin' of you consider'ble lately. Fact is, I-I-well, I come down today a-purpose to ask you somethin'. know it's a queer place to ask it andand I s'pose it's kind of sudden, butwill-will you- Breakers, by mighty!" The carryall had suddenly begun to rock and there were streaks of foam about it. Now it gave a most alarming heave, grounded, swung clear and tipped vet more.

"We're capsizin'," yelled Perez. "Hang on to me, Pashy!" But Miss Patience didn't intend to

let this, perhaps the final, opportunity As she told her brother afterslip. ward, she would have made him say it then if they had been "two fathom under water.'

"Will I what, Perez?" she demanded. The carryall rose on two wheels and begun to turn over, but the captain did not notice it. Thewarms of his heart's desire were about his neck and he was looking into her eyes.

"Will you marry me?" he gasped. "Yes," answered Miss Patience, and they went under together.

The captain staggered to his feet and dragged his chosen bride to hers. The ice cold water reached their shoulders. And, like a flash, as they stood there came a torrent of rain and a wind that drove the fog before it like smoke. Captain Perez saw the shore, with its silhouetted bushes, only a few yards away. Beyond that, in the blackness, was a light, a flickering blaze, that rose and fell and rose and fell again.

With his arm about her waist Perez guided his dripping companion, as fast. as they could run, toward the light. And as they came nearer to it they saw that it flickered about the blackened ruins of a henhouse and a lath fence.

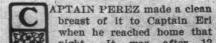
It was Mrs. Mayo's henhouse and Mrs. Mayo's fence. Their adventurous journey had ended where it began.

"Well, by mighty," exclaimed Captain Perez for at least the tenth time, as he sat in the kitchen wrapped in an old ulster of Mr. Mayo's and toasting his feet in the oven, "if I don't feel like a fool! All that scare and wet for nothin'."

"Oh, not for nothin', Perez," said Miss Patience, looking tenderly down Into his face.

"Well, no, not for nothin' by a good deal! I've got you by it, and that's everything. But, say, Pashy," and the captain looked awed by the coincidence, "I went through fire and water to git you!"

CHAPTER XVIII.



when he reached home that night. It was after 12 o'clock, but he routed his friend out of bed to tell him the news and the story. Captain Eri was not as surprised to hear of the engagement as he pretended to be, for he had long ago made up his mind that Perez meant business this time. But the tale of the fire and the voyage in the carryall tickled him sation to pay any heed to anything Immensely, and he rolled back and forth in the rocker and laughed until strange that the schoolmistress should his sides ached.

The next evening, when the three and disagreeable morning they said captain were together in Jerry's room | nothing about it. One young man in

'Why should I be glad, pray?" she asked. "Why, I don't know. I jest took it for granted you would be. You didn't

want him to come and see you, and if he was gone he couldn't come, so"-"Just a minute, please. What makes

you think I didn't want Mr. Hazeltine to call?" And now it was the captain's turn

to stare and hesitate. "What makes me think"- he gasped. 'Why-you told me so yourself.'

"Elsie Preston," he ejaculated, "are you losin' your mem'ry or what?

Didn't you pitch into me hotfoot for lettin' him be alone with you? Didn't you give me hark from the tomb' for gittin' up and goin' away? Didn't you say his calls was perfect torture to you, and that you had to be decent to him jest out of common politeness? Now, didn't you?"

"No. I didn't. You misunderstood me. I did object to your leaving the room every time he called and making me appear so ridiculous, and I did say that his visits might be a torture for all that you knew to the contrary, but I certainly didn't say that they were."

"Sufferin'! And you ain't glad he stopped comin'?" The air of complete indifference as-

sumed by the young lady was a tri-

"Why, of course," she said, "Mr. Hazeltine is a free agent, and I don't know of any reason why he should be npelled to go where he doesn't wish scare

Captain Jerry was completely crush-ed. My! My! My!" he murmured. "And after my beggin' his pardon and

"Begging his pardon? For what?" "Why, for leavin' you two alone. Of course, after you pitched into me so see how foolish I'd been actin', and I -honest, I didn't sleep scursely a blt that night thinkin' 'bout it. Thinks I, tion with amazement. Then the door

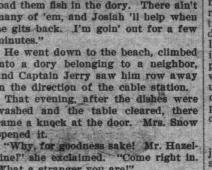
'If Elsie feels that way, why, there ain't no doubt that Mr. Hazeltine feels his head. the same.' There wa'n't but one thing to be done. When a man makes a mis- you that this is my doin's, not Jerry's. take, if he is any kind of a man, he owns up and does his best to straight

en things out. 'Twa'n't easy to do, but duty's duty, and the next time i see Mr. Hazeltine I told him the whole

thing. and"-"You did!" "Sartin I did."

"What did you tell him?" They had stopped on the sidewalk nearly opposite the postoffice. Each

care to loiter out of doors on that cold



What a stranger you are!" Ralph entered, shook the snow, which had just begun to fall, from his hat

"This is my doin's, not Jerry's."

and coat, took off these articles in response to the hearty invitation of Captain Eri and shook hands with all present. Elsie's face was an interest ing study. Captain Jerry looked

After a few minutes' talk Captain Eri rose "Mrs. Snow," he said, "come upstairs a little while. I want to talk to you

bout somethin'. You come, too, Jerry.' Captain Jerry looked from Elsie to the speaker, and then to Elsie again. But Captain Eri's hand was on his arm, and he rose and went. Elsie watched this wholesale deser

opened again, and Captain Eri put in "Elsie," he said, "I jest want to tell.

That's all." And the door shut. (To be Continued.)

Origin of Mothers' Day. "Mothers' day," originated by Miss Anna Jarvis of Philadelphia, will be

observed this year, as it was last. On the second Sunday in May every one is asked to wear a white carnation in honor of his or her mother or her memory. It is suggested, too, that all who can should do some kindly act

upon that day. Boston has already celebrated one mothers' day in a special service on Thursday, Feb. 18, at Tremont temble. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman presided.

Young Lady (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12—Why, I thought you

And, by the way----'

"You might begin to get ready ow."-Kansas City Journal.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's

Underground In Paris.

Underground passages for pedes-trians are to be built at various points beneath the Champs Elysees, which the constant stream of motor cars now renders impassable from morning till rening. The congestion of other l'arstreets also has grown to an alarm-

ng extent, and all thoroughfares around the Opera are blocked with traffic for hours, morning and afternoon. if the Champs Elysees tunnels prove a success others will be excavated in the center of Paris, and foot passengers will in future cross not over streets, but under them.

DODDS

PILLS

W. N. U.

Young Lady (to Tommy, who has just announced that he is engaged to a lady aged 12—Why, I thought you always promised to marry me! Tom-my-Yes, yes. I know I did. I blame myself entirely. —Punch. **BETTER THAN SPANKING.** Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Sum-mers, Box W. 1, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her success-ful home treatment, with full instruc-tions. Send no money but write her to-day if your children trouble yon in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged by day or night. "Did you secure tickets for the play hubby?" inquired the New York wife, "I hear they are in demand." "They are; but I managed to get seats for two months from to-night "Well?"

tion is rapid and very find. is evident distention of the vein. If you are a healthy person in the prime of life your pulse will move at the rate of seventy-two beats to the minute, though the number will vary according to the hour of the day. Do not think, however, that you are more vigorous than others because your pulse beats at the rate of 80 or 90 to the minute. One whose pulse beats at the rate of only 40 or 45 is as like-its ly to be quite as vigorous. Artists, dely to be quite as vigorous. Artists, clares Ribot, a French physician, a rule, have a normal pulse action 78 to 84; mathematicians, from 60 70; because the section of the ns, from 60 to

a rule, have a normal pulse action of 78 to 84; mathematicians, from 60 to 70; laborers, from 65 to 68. The French Dr. Quetelet has drawn up a table showing the action of the pulse at different stages of life. At birth the little indicator gallops along at the rate of 136 to the minute; at five years, at the Tate of 88; from ten to fifteen, at a rate of 78. Here a drop occurs, and between fifteen and twenty there is a fall to 69. Be-tween twenty-five and thirty the rate is 71; between thirty and fifty, about 70. During recent years the exact state of any given heart has been gaugeable, owing to the invention known as the sphygmograph, which registers the action of the pulse and so tells the truth about the heart. Any doctor can tell you whether your heart is weak or strong and, without a doubt, whether a sudden death is likely to be your portion.

ion! Lovely dame! dge in sparkling win as add her name

bugh the m

MOONEY ERFECTION

"That reminds me"-Another effective method is to place

ressing a political meeting in Faneuil all the standing multitude within the your finger rings on your key ring. By this means you are not only re-minded of that "something" by the hall, pressed by those who were endeavoring to enter from without, be gan to sway to and fro, a solid mass of human bodies, as helpless to coun-teract the movement as if Faneuil absence of your rings from your ger, but every time you use your keys the fact is forced upon your attention. hall were being rocked by an earth quake. The orator was in the mids

Phil May's Retort.

hall were being rocked by an earth-quake. The orator was in the midst of a stirring appeal, urging the neces-sity of individual exertion and un-flinching patriotism to avert the dan-gers that threatened the political party whose principles he espoused, when he perceived the terrible swaying of the packed assembly and the im-minent danger that might ensue. Webster stopped short in the middle of a sentence, advanced to the edge of the platform, extended his arm in an authoritative attitude and, in a stentorian videe of command, cried out, "Let each man stand firm!" The effect was instantaneous. Each man stood firm, the great, heaving mass of humanity regained its equilibrium and, save the long breath of relief that filed the air, perfect stillness ensued "That," exclaimed the great orator, "is what we call self government!"



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