

How do you know?"

"I—know her," said the girl, quietly.

"Oh!"

"She couldn't enact the glory role, as you did. She couldn't march away, banners flying and bands playing and fight the enemy, but she fell into a nice job, one that paid her well, and she held it and was thankful for the money. Her people live in the country and are poor."

"And—and who has—my job?" he gasped.

The girl shrugged.

"The firm said they would hold it open for you indefinitely. That's all I know. Probably a succession of substitutes is in charge of it. I'd advise you to go back to-morrow morning."

"I will that! But the girl—Miss Brooke—where is she?"

"Oh, she was out of employment for a while of course. But she's all right again. It happens that she has very clever fingers, and she invented a new type of wool sweater-coat, a rather novel idea, a slip-over-the-head affair with a capuchin. She took two of these to a certain firm that deals in exclusive women's wear and they paid her thirty dollars and fifty cents apiece for them and ordered two dozen more. She signed the contract. You're the only one who knows though, because it was a secret agreement. The firm wants the monopoly. So don't worry in the least about the girl, because she's got enough to keep her busy all winter. She's going to invent other things, too."

The young man, after a moment of wonderment, turned to his coffee cup and drained it. Then he recollected something.

"But you?" he asked, eagerly. "Where do you come in? I haven't learned your name?"

"I," said the girl, with a smile, "am Miss Brooke."

the garret-like room, above the kitchen, which was reached by a ladder. Sometimes my supply would get low, but never entirely run out, from one sugar time to another. I always kept an extra large piece for your father, when he came home, but that was not very often.

"When your grandfather died, your daddy, as you call him, was ten years old and the eldest of my family of five."

"Oh, shoot, I didn't want grandpa to die," broke in Harry.

"Grandma can't tell a story with you butting in like that, just keep quiet," said Kenneth, giving Harry a poke in true brotherly fashion, at the same time telling grandma not to mind that "little mutt" and go on with the story.

"Our little log house stood at the back of a small clearing, and behind it was one of the finest maple sugar bushes in Ontario. Excepting for the little I could grow in the small clearing, and our cow, the maple trees provided us with a living. I had to be very careful with what we had, and even then sometimes there was not enough. Your father was one of the best boys any mother ever had, and was so anxious to help me in every possible way that when a farmer, on another clearing twenty miles away, came one day and offered to take him to work for his board and clothes, and if he would stay and work for three years, William Hooper, for that was his name, would then give him an extra homespun suit of clothes, a pony and saddle. Robert wanted very much to go. He was to be allowed to go to school for three months in the winter, and it was really the chance to go to school that made me decide to let my boy go. There seemed no other chance of schooling, and so I decided to take farmer Hooper's offer."

"You know, children, this was long, long before automobiles, that spin about

so easily now over the good roads, were even thought of, and almost all traveling was over a bridge path on foot or on horseback. Twenty miles was a great distance."

"Then William Hooper rode away that same evening with your eleven year old father, on the pony's back, along with him."

"I felt very lonesome indeed. Twenty miles between us then meant we should rarely see one another. I knew nothing of how he was faring for over six months and it was not till many years later he told me his first experience in butter-making."

By this time May had fallen asleep, and Mrs. Baker relieved Grandma's frail arm of its sleeping burden. The others drew nearer to hear the rest of the story.

Grandma's eyes looked as though she were seeing other scenes than those in the bright kitchen, and continued.

"William Hooper was a very upright, kindhearted man, but his wife was very stingy as well as a terrifying scold. Robert did his best to please her, but if she ever was pleased those around her never suspected it. When she had anything to say it was usually to scold or find fault. Your father had to take her continued nagging much more regularly, and abundantly than his meals."

"The mean, old cat, I'd like to kick her," said Rob, who with Will had come in from school in time to join the group of listeners.

"Will," said grandma, with a sigh, "she is dead and gone long ago, and we mustn't have any hard feelings."

"One day she and William were going to a sugar camp about ten miles away, leaving your father in full charge of everything on the place, including four young children, and so loaded with orders to be sure and gather the sap twice

a day, pile all the small stumps ready for burning, and pick the sprouts off the potatoes in the dug-out cellar' as well as many others, that it seemed as big a task as commanding an army general to take a fortified city single handed."

"If they did not return on the afternoon of a certain day he was to add to his long list of duties the churning. In the old stone dash-churn there was, for safe keeping, a peck of valuable grass seed, and of course Mrs. Hooper gave explicit instructions as to where he should put this and how to prepare the churn for the cream."

"Your father, then a lad of thirteen, worked hard, even exacting Mrs. Hooper could have found no fault if she had returned, at the time expected, but alas! she did not, and the butter making proved his undoing. He remembered he was to churn, he forgot the details on preparation, and poured the thick cream on top of the precious grass seed, and I believe that was the first, last and only time your daddy made the butter—"

Just then a tall, grey haired man entered the side door. The three boys yelled "Three cheers and a tiger for dad's butter."

The Envelope, Not the Seeds

Congressman Hull of Iowa once sent free seeds to a constituent in a franked envelope, on the corner of which were the usual words, "Penalty for private use, \$300." A few days later he received a letter which read: "I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is \$300 fine for private use. I want to plant them in my private garden. Won't you see if you can't fix it so I can use them privately? I am a law-abiding citizen, and do not want to commit any crime."

Daddy's First Churning

By Ida Greenway Wright

YOUR marmalade smells good, Eliza," said Grandma Baker to her son's wife, as she walked into the sunny kitchen, where the open jars of delicious orange marmalade stood in rows on the table, ready to be sealed and put away for future use. The previous Saturday there had been a bargain in oranges at the corner grocery and Mrs. Baker, with housewifely forethought, had taken advantage of it.

At the sound of grandma's voice three sticky faces looked up from the kettle, from which they were gathering the "scrape." Baby May toddled at once towards grandma, holding out her spoon and saying "Me dive 'ou some, it's dood," as she reached up to touch grandma's lips. Kenneth and Harry, not to be outdone by baby May in their attentions to grandma, whom they all dearly loved, insisted on her tasting their "scrape" too, and also ran to bring a comfortable chair for her. After each dose grandma smacked her lips and said, "Oh, my, that is good."

"Did you like marmalade when you was a little boy like me?" asked Harry.

Kenneth tried to set him right, assuming a real, grown-up manner, and saying with fine scorn, "You silly! Grandma never was a little boy."

"Never mind," she said, with a smile, "if grandma never was a little boy herself, she had little boys of her own and that is even better."

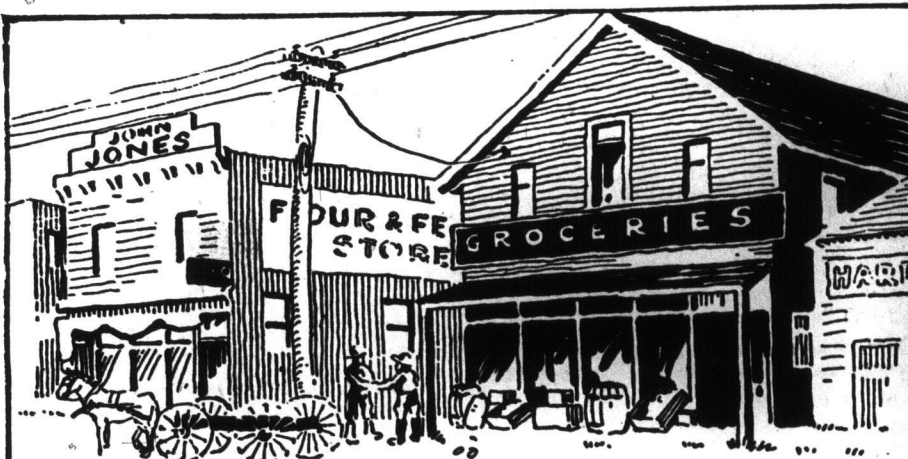
"Oh, yes, our daddy was your little boy, wasn't he?" said Harry.

"Tell us a story about daddy, when he was a boy like us," pleaded Kenneth, coaxingly. "Do, oh, yes do," shouted Harry and May, the former adding philosophically, "I like stories about daddy the very best for I know they are really, truly ones."

"Did he like orange marmalade?"

When faces and hands had been washed, grandma, with baby May cuddled up on her lap, began,

"My dears, when Robert, your father, was little like you, we never had any orange marmalade, and very seldom had an orange. When I wanted to treat my children I gave them a piece of maple sugar, which I always kept in a box, in



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