

Telephones For Farmers' and Rural Lines

Telephones and Telephone
Supplies for Cities and
Villages. A Full Line.

WE ARE BUILDING UP A NEW
CANADIAN INDUSTRY

Canada has one telephone to
every 179 inhabitants.

The United States has one tele-
phone to every 16 inhabitants.

Thousands of homes in Canada
are in need of telephones. Do not
think that a telephone is a luxury.
A telephone is a necessity—in case
of sickness, accident, social and
neighborly intercourse, business.

A telephone costs but little money. It will save you the price several
times over during the first year you have it.

Why not join with your neighbors and own your own neighborhood,
city or village telephone system, control it yourselves and have good
telephone service at a fair price? All of our telephones are fully guar-
anteed for ten years.

We furnish full information free.

Canadian Independent Telephone Co.
LIMITED

26 DUNCAN STREET, TORONTO



WALL TELEPHONE, MAGNETO TYPE

Baby's Own Soap—best for
Baby and best for you.

Your Hands Become Chapped Because—

You use water that is either too
hot or too cold;

You do not dry your skin
thoroughly;

You use impure or harsh soap.

Use Baby's Own Soap and you
remove the greatest cause of rough
and chapped skin.

The fragrant creamy lather of Baby's
Own Soap is permeated with minute
globules of refined vegetable oils, which
render the skin smooth and keep it
soft and flexible.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, MONTREAL,
MANUFACTURERS.

at something that was outside Mary
Ellen's vision.

"I wonder where Manville is," she
said; and then was attracted by John-
nie's absorption, and went to look over
his shoulder. She saw the sign Man-
ville had hung on the nail where the
chain dish-rag hung:

"THE STOVE IS CHARGED."

"Why! For the lands' sake!" said
she. "If Manville wanted to get a new
stove, why on earth did he have it
charged? If he couldn't pay for it, he
hadn't ought to have it. We didn't
need a new stove more than a cat
needs two tails. Tch!" and Mary
Ellen sat down by the table and looked
at the stove and the sign.

Johnnie approached the stove
"Why," he said, "the lids are screwed
down!"

"So they are!" said Mary Ellen
"Tch!"

"And it's hot!" said young John, as
the result of his experiments.

"Tch! Tch!" It certainly was hot
as John had said.

"And no stovepipe. Do you see?
What in the world I shall do when
we take the pipe down to have it
cleaned— Like as not, Manville's
burning bricks," she concluded sar-
casmatically.

"I guess he ain't ma," John replied.
He had found some familiar-looking
knobs behind the old blind cupboard.

"Uncle Man's rigged up some elec-
tricity things. Look at 'em." And
young John turned a couple of the
knobs.

"Why—" began Mary Ellen.

"Just see the—" began Johnnie;
but the coffee-mill was under full head-
way in the window-jam, and all turned
to look at it.

"Whoop!" said John, as a screech-
ing, rattling sort of sound came from
the summer kitchen. Johnnie opened
the door and looked out.

"Why, Mary Ellen, the washing-
machine is going lickety-split."

"Tch!" she said, failing to close her
mouth after the exclamation.

Young John rushed to the switch-
board. "I'll turn the rest of 'em," he
yelled.

"Don't you touch another thing in
this house, John Allen, or I'll put you
to bed."

"Now you hear your mother," inter-
jected Johnnie, excitedly.

"For the land's sake, Johnnie, get
the coffee-sack," said Mary Ellen, her
eyes fascinated by the action of the
coffee-mill. Unless Manville gets
home right away, we can't stop the
thing. Heaven knows when, and it
mustn't keep grinding itself that way
without anything in it."

John had rushed for the season's
supply of coffee at his mother's first
suggestion.

"We mustn't grind it green! Tch!
Here, Johnnie, hustle as much into
that stove as you can, and get some
browned. We're wasting time and
heat 'til we get something going in that
stove. I must get at the baking. It
just sets my nerves on edge to see
things going on like that mill, and not
accomplishing a thing."

"What are you going to do about the
washing, ma?" asked John.

Mary Ellen sat down suddenly.
"Tch!" she said. "With all that's
going on, I had forgotten it. Get the
coffee in as soon as you can, Johnnie,
while I sort the clothes." And Mary
Ellen rushed up the back stairs.

While Johnnie was stirring the coffee
beans in the superheated oven, young
John said, tentatively:

"Pa, Uncle Man always turns knobs
to shut things off, and there's a good
many more knobs in the little cupboard.
Don't you think I ought to turn 'em
and see if they wouldn't stop things."

Johnnie looked doubtfully at young
John and then at the switch-board. "I
don't know, John. Your mother said
not to touch them again—"

"But if I turned 'em off she'd be
awful glad. It'd surprise her and—"

"Well," said Johnnie, "you might
try. Just turn one a little, and if you
see anything start going, stop as quick
as a wink."

Young John rushed to the board; he
turned the remaining knobs and stood
looking about the room expectantly.

Several things happened. First, Mary
Ellen called from above:

"What did you just do there, John?
Didn't I tell you not to touch another
thing in this house?" and simul-
taneously with Mary Ellen's voice there
came from above a queer, clicking
sound, followed by a rush, a moment's
silence, another click, and another
rushing sound.

"Something's going off up where ma
is," said John.

"It's the shades," called Mary Ellen
"I'll attend to you."

Johnnie mechanically stirred the cof-
fee, kneeling on the floor by the oven;
but his face was turned anxiously
toward the stairway.

"I guess I hadn't ought to have let
you done it, John. You better mind
your mother." Mary Ellen was a good
deal distracted by the window-shades,
which continually went up and down
with the slight pause, followed by the
reversible click. "Tch!" she said to
herself, as she counted out the pillow-
cases. "And to-morrow's Thanks-
giving," as she tied the corners of the
sheet across the soiled clothes. She
kept her eyes upon the window-shades
all of the time. The law of the eternal
fitness of things was being violated by
them more than by anything else in
the house.

Mary Ellen went down-stairs with
the clothes. "Those shades—" she
said. "There is no earthly use I can
put them to. They won't stay down
long enough to keep out the sun—
which is all right to-night because the
sun's down—but what to do with
them in the morning I don't know.
It nags me awful. It's such things
that worry me half to death." She
passed out into the summer kitchen.
"Didn't you put any water on to heat
Johnnie?"

"I've had all I could do to keep the
coffee going, Mary Ellen," he answered.
"But I don't see why we shouldn't
just let things go along till Manville
comes home, and then—"

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen, and piled
her soiled clothes beside the washing-
machine. "You fill up the boiler,
Johnnie." Mary Ellen took Johnnie's
place at the oven.

"The trundle-bed's come out from
under the bed ma," called John from
above. "It's been a-whizzing all the
time, but I guess it's so heavy that it
just got started."

"Well, you keep still. It can't be
helped. It wouldn't be so bad if I
could let Mrs. Flammer know. It
would sort of soothe her baby and give
her some chance to get her to-morrow's
dinner going. Don't you get on to it.
You're too big." Mary Ellen watched
with impatience while Johnnie filled
the boiler. The many unfamiliar
sounds now filing the house would
have distracted an ordinary woman,
and since they reminded Mary Ellen
that much force was going to waste,
serving nobody, the conditions were
extremely trying to her nerves.

"Only think," she said to Johnnie,
"of the washings and washings about
the neighborhood that are just groan-
ing to be done, and that they could be
done as well as not if—Why, Johnnie,"
sitting back upon her heels and paus-
ing as she stirred the coffee, "we don't
know how long things will keep up like
this, and if we washed everything in
the house we couldn't supply that ma-
chine more than about so long. As
soon as you've filled that boiler you
run with all your might to the Whif-
fleses' and tell Mrs. Whiffles what has
happened to us, and that she can use
the machine as well as not."

"Will I need to carry water for
all—"

"Tch!" said Mary Ellen. "I guess
if I can think out what's to be done
Johnnie, you can manage to do the
mere fetching and carrying."

As Johnnie started for the Whiffleses'
washing he knocked against the carpet
sweeper, and it fell to the floor with a
bang that was lost in the whirr of a
mill, the methodical rush and click of
the window-shades above, the thrashing
of the washing machine, the rumbling
of the trundle-bed, and Johnnie's
startled exclamation. Placing a small
storage battery on the inside of the
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