

## 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 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 do 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 the  
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  
sweeper, Manville, with his character-  
istic love of symmetry and elaboration,

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"Anything r  
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The Reverer

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The Reverer  
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