

# Hardy's Luck

By J. W. MARSHALL.

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Young Dr. Hardy's long run of luck was over. He acknowledged it to himself when he awoke that morning in his room at the University Hospital. And then, as he dressed, he went back to the beginning of it all, a little more than four years ago, and summed it up—that long run of luck.

It began the evening that he matriculated at the university, when the dean's clerk took the matriculation fee and smilingly wished him "good luck" in the course. He had been having it ever since. He had worked in one of the government departments by day, had attended lectures honorably, his work at the university from half past four until ten, and had studied from half past ten until—well, until he had finished. He had managed to get in his clinics by taking his annual thirty-day leave from the department an hour or two at a time, and at the end of his four years had graduated third man from the top of his class. Luck enough! But besides, he had taken his prize in chemistry, and won first honorable mention in pathology. As he walked home from the graduating exercises with his M.D., his prize in chemistry, and the first honorable mention tucked under his arm he had apostrophized himself as Lucky Tom.

He had wanted above everything else to go on as extern at the hospital; but externs maintain themselves outside the hospital for a year, and because of the expenses of his university course he had not been able to save anything from his salary. So he had resigned himself to the prospect of working on at the department until he could save enough money to begin practice without the coveted hospital experience. And then came a epidemic of typhoid at the hospital; two of the internes were down, and again luck was with him—he was offered a place as substitute interne! He arranged with his chief for two months' leave without pay and, never stopping to think that his record at college had anything to do with this opportunity, rushed to his luck.

At the hospital his wonderful luck had held. He had wanted to crowd experience into every hour of those short sixty days, and when he showed willingness to "work his head off" the regular internes joyfully told him to "go as far as he liked."

"What side is that Dr. Hardy supposed to be on, anyway?" said a nurse in "A" to a nurse in "H," as they met on the stairs.

The nurse from "H" looked puzzled. "Old Tommie? Why I did know, but I guess I've forgotten. Of course he was put on one side or the other. Isn't he the most serious old thing you most ever saw? Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Only, if I'm sent to the medical side, I'm assisting Dr. Hardy; if the surgical, I assist Dr. Hardy; in the dispensary I mostly assist Dr. Hardy. If I'm sent to the laboratory, there's Dr. Hardy humped over a microscope. And the night nurses say that if they send down a call Dr. Hardy always comes up, doesn't the man ever sleep or eat? No wonder they call him Old Tommie!"

The nurse from "H" laughed. "Eat! The night nurses in 'H' asked him to midnight supper in the diet kitchen once when he was still in the laboratory. They thought it would be such a lark. Well, he humped along his old microscope and spent all the supper hour showing the girls some new



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perms he'd been staining! And sleep! The night boy on the telephone switchboard says, "No'm, Dr. Hardy, he don't never sleep! Ouch! Just see how my ankles are swollen! I've been on duty for ten whole hours, and if I'm not relieved pretty soon, I'll—Sh! Here's the head nurse!"

When Hardy's two months at the hospital were almost up, one of the two internes who had been ill with typhoid resigned, and went home to recuperate.

"Good-bye, old man!" he said to Hardy on leaving. "You sure have made good here, from what they tell me, and I wish you could have had my place."

That let the cat out of the bag! Hardy inferred that it had already been settled that the other substitute, nephew of the chief of staff, was to have the appointment. His long run of luck was over.

He thought about it as he dressed that morning—the morning after the interne had made his remark. When he had finished tying his shoes he stood up. He was "sandy complexioned" and short,—almost stubby,—with a large head and a big mouth. His deep-gray eyes behind large round lenses travelled wistfully round the four walls of the little white room.

"Well," he said to himself, "I only expected to stay two months when I started for the door he said aloud, "And I've got one whole day left, anyway."

He hurried off up the corridors, meeting no one except maids and scrubwomen and orderlies who were hurrying to complete the toilet of the hospital before the work of the day began. Up one flight of stairs he turned to the left, entered ward "G," and stepped directly to bed No. 41.

The little night nurse, who had not yet gone off duty, came over as he took the chart from the head of the bed. When he had read through the notes of the night, she asked a very unprofessional question.

"Dr. Hardy, what is the matter with this patient, anyway?"

Dr. Hardy replied an extremely unprofessional reply. "I don't know," he said. "But it's a very interesting case. He was brought in two days ago in this semi-comatose condition from a tramp schooner down in the harbor. Every visiting staff doctor

and back to hands of contrasting material which extend beyond the side seams for five inches and bind them. When you wear the blouse, knot the sash ends at either side and let them hang down. French blue gorgette bands on a tan gorgette blouse give a very pretty effect.

A "Can-a-Day" Canner.

A home-made device that saves in more than one way is my "wee" canner. As my family is small, I often have enough vegetables or fruit to fill one jar, besides what I need for the immediate meal.

By using material at hand we made a canner to hold a quart or pint jar. I often fill a jar with the surplus, and boil it while getting a meal, thus adding to the store of good things to eat, and saving fuel and products that otherwise might go to waste.

For the container I use a gallon syrup pail, with wire rack that fits inside the pail. The rack is made of two pieces of baling wire, 22 inches long. They are crossed at centre of each, and securely tied with picture wire. Any kind of fine, pliable wire will do to tie with. The wires are bent upward at right angles, two inches from centre; the ends are bent back at top, to make ears to lift by.

Two circular wires are fastened to the upright wires with the picture wire, two inches from top and bottom.

When I have more fruit or vegetables than required for a meal, I fill a jar, adjust rubber and lid, place in a rack, then in pail filled with cold water to neck of jar, boil the required minutes, and seal.

Often I cooked a large pumpkin or squash which I do not wish to use all at once. It is only a few minutes' work to fill a jar and process it, and I have pie filling ready for any emergency.

In winter I have preserved fresh meat for future use, a can or two at a time, with the same little outfit. The meat must be cooked tender, put in sterilized jar, covered with its own broth, and boiled an hour three consecutive days. It can be boiled for three hours at one time, but I think the former method is the safer one.

How To Do Things.

For nothing lovelier can be found in woman, than to study household good.—Milton.

When mosquitoes bite, moisten the end of a cake of common toilet soap, and rub it gently over the spot. In a few minutes all signs of irritation will have disappeared.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

and most of the city physicians who have patients here had gone over the case in these two days, and the diagnosis is still obscure. The trouble is, you see—

He ran his eye over the meagre "history" that they had been able to get from the patient's shipmates, the obscure physical findings, the baffling temperature curve, the conflicting symptoms. And then, grasping for any straw, he in turn asked an unprofessional question.

"Maybe you can make a suggestion, Miss Maynard?"

The little night nurse gave one anxious glance at the semi-comatose patient. "Yes," she said, "I can. I think you'd better get busy and find out what's the matter before it's too late! If I were a doctor—" She was hurrying on indignantly, when she stopped and flushed. "Excuse me, Dr. Hardy."

But Dr. Hardy was not at all insulted. He even smiled at her heart.

"Doctors are pretty helpless at times, aren't they?" he said quizzically. "If medicines were only an exact science, now, like mathematics, but it isn't. The picture of any given disease is so often modified and distorted by other underlying conditions, by idiosyncrasy and temperament. Personally, I've given every extra minute I could find here and there, and I've heads that mine have puzzled over it, and we're no nearer a diagnosis than when it came in; but we're still trying."

"I know you are, Dr. Hardy," she said contritely. Then she flared up again. "I was thinking of that chief of staff's nephew. He's on this service; why don't he do a little hard work? He's smart, they say; why doesn't he show some of it here? Not that you aren't smart, Dr. Hardy," she added with a flush, "and the nurses are all sort of crazy over the way you work. Why, when I'd relieved the day nurse last evening she said she'd bet her uniform against a roller bandage that you'd diagnose that case before you left!"

Dr. Hardy was embarrassed. "Mighty risky, wasn't it? I—I mean 'twas mighty nice in her to offer—you know what I mean. He pulled a chair to the bedside and sat down. "I'll just sit here and study the case till breakfast time."

The little night nurse smiled and wrote on her order pad for the day nurse, "At 7:30 p.m. Dr. Hardy to go to breakfast."

At a quarter of eight the day nurse touched Dr. Hardy on the shoulder and showed him the order. He stared, mumbled something about having "clearly forgotten" roots, and tramped thoughtfully back through the corridors. He sat down in his place at the doctors' table and began mechanically to eat. The talk stopped. Glances travelled from Hardy's troubled face to the nephew of the chief of staff, darkening glances; but the nephew evidently did not see them.

(To be continued next issue.)

Should fat in the frying pan or that in the dripping pan of a gas or oil-stove become ignited, pour some milk directly on the flames. If only a tablespoonful of milk is used the blaze will be extinguished.

Lemon egg-nog is a food as well as a beverage. Make it by heating an egg yolk until it is lemon colored and thick. Gradually add a teaspoonful of sugar, and follow this with the stiffly beaten white of the egg and one cupful of milk. Add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and serve while cold.

To make sticky fly-paper, thoroughly mix sixteen ounces of resin with about six and one-half pints of castor-oil and heat until a liquid is formed. With a small brush apply thin coatings of the liquid to sheets of heavy-weight Manila paper, leaving a one-inch border around the edges. This formula is sufficient to cover sixteen sheets of paper measuring 17 x 12 inches.

Fruit which is sweet enough to be eaten without sugar can be successfully canned in its own juice, without sugar. Select one-third or one-half of the fruit which is least perfect in shape, and extract the juice as for jelly-making; that is, by simmering it. For every water fruit use about a cupful of water to four or five quarts of fruit, and for less juicy fruit sufficient water to cover it. Cook the fruit until tender, then drain it in a jelly-bag. Can the perfectly shaped fruit which was reserved for this purpose, filling the jars with the fruit juice instead of syrup, and follow the directions for canning by the cold-pack method. Fruit canned thus keeps its shape and has a good flavor.

When many chair coverings and pillows are needed, a worth-while economy can be achieved by covering some of the pillows with the better parts of old bedspreads. The material thus obtained is dyed to harmonize with or repeat one of the colors shown in the cretonne, the woven pattern of the bedspread showing up very prettily. In order to obtain satisfactory results, select a dye intended for cotton and one which requires the material to be boiled in the dye. Experiment with a scrap of the goods and follow directions closely.

A better effect can be obtained if the pillows are uniform or harmonious in color, than if a variety of coverings is used; and if the pillows are stuffed with worn-out stockings they will cost almost nothing. Cut the stockings into small pieces if you want the pillows to be soft.

When a porch is furnished with a collection of odd pieces, they can be brought into harmony and present a neater appearance if all the pieces of furniture are painted in one color. If it harmonizes with the color of the house, a good, clear shade of gray paint is very satisfactory, for it is durable, restful to the eye, and makes an excellent background for cretonnes.

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Cretonnes which are to be used out-of-doors should be bold or strong in design. The colors may be gray, but should be harmonious. The dainty patterns, which are charming in a bedroom, lose their character when used on a verandah.

## FLEET FOOT

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## Woman's Interests

Sewing Pointers.

If a child's dress is short, lengthen it with a fold of contrasting material sewed to the bottom of the skirt. It is an especially good idea for a dress that is faded so that the let-down hem shows a difference in color. Just cut off the hem and sew a fold of material to the bottom, provided, of course, it is a straight skirt. If the skirt is circular, then the band must be circular too, and the exact flare of the skirt. Folds from three to six inches wide can be used to very good advantage, but some smart little frocks have much wider bands. It is a good plan to add a touch of the contrasting material to the waist in pipings or a new collar.

If your suit is out-of-date or unbecoming, cut the coat over into an Eton jacket—that is, if you wear a youthful style. Almost any coat can be made into an Eton. All it means is cutting the coat off about three inches above the waistline. It's quite likely you can use the collar just as it is, but if you want a change make the coat collarless, cut away the front in open style, and wear it with one of the new frilly lingerie blouses. And don't forget to add a crush girdle and sash ends to your skirt. If they are Roman striped ribbon, so much the smarter.

If the skirt is tight through the hips and it happens to be a serge, tricotine or gabardine skirt, the fault can be remedied this season, and the skirt made smarter than it has ever been, with inset panels of tricotine.