

# Hardy's Luck

By J. W. MARSHALL.

## Follow "Vacuum Cleaner"

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 and done 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 days' 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 made a 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 an unexpected turn of events. One of the internes was down, and again luck was with him—he was offered a place as substitute intern! He arranged with his chief for a few days' 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 intern joyously 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 must 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 nurse in 'H' asked him to midnight supper in the 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

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 a little tired 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 with him 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 came, and you can't expect such luck as I've had to last forever." As he 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 answered 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 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 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, I—"

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

"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 underlying conditions, by idiosyncrasy and temperament. Personally, I've given every exact minute I could find in this case, and wiser heads than 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 you 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 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 tell 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 "clean forgotten" 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.)



## 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 girde 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 tricotette. Of course, the tricotette must be a matching color. The width of the panels does not matter so much. Some are mere slot seams, and others are four or five inches wide. Some are just plain inset panels, and others have the tricotette laid in crosswise tucks. If it's a dress, add a collar of the tricotette too; or, if it's a suit, try cutting away the front of the coat and adding one of the new vestees.

If you have one of the old-time gored skirts in smooth material, such as serge, it too can be made up-to-date by combining it with a remnant of tricotette. Cut the gores into straight strips, and alternate them with strips of the silk, pressing the edges of the cloth over the silk, box-pleat fashion. Just hang it from a belt of grosgrain belting, and wear with a tricotette outside belt and you will have as swaggy a sports skirt as one could desire.

If you are oversupplied with ordinary blouses, and want one of the new over-the-skirt blouses, try this plan. Cut off the bottom of a blouse until it hangs over the skirt just the same amount at all points. Then gather the lower edge a little, and join fronts

and back to bands 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 blueorgette bands on a tan georgette 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.

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 beating 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 very juicy 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.

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

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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

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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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## Nine Points of the Law.

Which are the Seven Seas? This is an expression as old as Shakespeare, yet even to-day nobody is quite sure about the seventh. Any body can name six—the Atlantic, Pacific, Arctic, Antarctic, and Indian Oceans, and the Mediterranean Sea—but there has always been a doubt whether the seventh was the Baltic or the North Sea. The expression "the Seven Seas" is really another way of saying all the world.

What were the Seven Wonders of the World? This question can be answered in rhyme:—

The Pyramids, first, which in Egypt were laid;

Next Babylon's garden, for Amytis made;

Then Mausoleus' tomb of affection and guilt;

Fourth, the Temple of Dian, in Ephesus built;

The Colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the Sun;

Sixth, Jupiter's statue, by Phidias done;

The Pharos of Egypt, last wonder of old,

Or the Palace of Cyprus, cemented with gold.

It appears that, as in the case of the Seven Seas, only six wonders were agreed upon universally, opinion being divided as to which constituted the seventh.

What are the Nine Points of the Law? It has been said that success in litigation requires a good deal of patience, a good deal of money, a good cause, a good lawyer, a good counsel, good witnesses, a good jury, a good judge, and, last but not least, good luck. Why, then, the saying is really a part of the proverb which says that "possession is nine points of the law," and that anybody is welcome to the tenth if they can get anything out of it.

## How Pins Are Papered.

The first pins made in this country were very crude indeed—merely a bit of wire twisted into a knot for a head at one end, and sharpened to a point at the other, says the London Journal. Their successors of to-day undergo a surprising variety of operations before they are considered fit for use.

In comparison with the size of the object manufactured, the operations seem bewilderingly numerous; but if there be one process more remarkable than another it is "papering the pins." The papers having been passed through an ingenious machine which, at regular intervals, according to the size of the pin, punches up a fold and pricks a hole in it, are ready to receive the pins.

For this purpose there is another machine, worked by two girls. One feeds the pins, the other the papers. The first part of the machine is a box about 12 inches long, 6 inches broad and 4 inches deep. The bottom is composed of small, square steel bars, spaced far apart to let the sharp of the pin fall through, but not the head. These bars are just as thick as the space between papered pins. The lower part of the bottom of the box is made to detach itself as seen in the row of pins is complete.

Row after row of papered intervals is received and pressed down a narrow, pointed set of grooves until it reaches the ready-printed paper. By the most possible adjustment these pins come exactly to their place, and are then pressed into them. By this method two girls can in one day put up many thousands of pin papers.

## Land Without "Old Maids."

There are no old maids in Persia. So hedged about is the Persian woman with mystery such a disgrace is it for man to die a bachelor, so difficult must a wife be, and so easy are divorces—these are perhaps the reasons why old maids and bachelors are a curiosity in the country of the Shah. The marriage customs of the Persians, which have come down from immemorial antiquity, survive in the greatest perfection in remote little towns such as Karbid in Kurdistan.

In these little towns the traveler is sometimes fortunate enough to see a curious procession coming down one of the narrow streets. At the front rides a man on a white horse. In his hand he holds a mirror. On either side of him are rows of new buildings. At a little distance behind is a woman on a black horse wearing a red veil. Over this is thrown a white chador or shawl. Her arms are bound to her sides by a scarf. The man is attempting to catch the sun's reflection in the glass and flick it on the woman's head.

It's a bride going to her husband's house, and the scarf which binds her arms is one of her husband's, symbolizing the marriage bond. The sun is supposed to be a beautiful effect in Persia. The man in the procession is the bridegroom and is trying to do one last thing before he is married, increasing the beauty of the bride by casting the rays of the sun on her. A Persian must not appear in public with his wife. She must walk separately and behind him. Her voice must not be heard. Mohammed says: "God having given men dominion over women, husbands may punish wives if they are disobedient."

## Cake Broken for Good Luck.

In many parts of Scotland it is still the custom to break an oatmeal cake over the bride's head for good luck, the cake being enclosed in a muslin bag.

In the Amazon there are known to exist at least 2,000 species of fish.



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