

solution in Matchless Wallboard, the least expensive of wall coverings that could be nailed on over the old walls and tinted by even the most inexperienced.

Like an answer to a prayer the advertisement fitted itself point for point to the woman's needs. She closed her eyes and as in a vision saw the unprepossessing interiors transformed into restful, charming rooms. She would do it, and alone, but how? Justin had failed her, but there must be some way, even though she had no money of her own.

She set about her preparations for dinner, her brain more active than it had been in months, plans, impossible plans, for raising money, racing through her head, only to be rejected.

It was not until the tempting meal was eaten and the last dish put away that an inspiration—a rather daring one—came to Marcia. She stole upstairs to her room, where, after several attempts, she felt satisfied as she read the short note she had written. She was rather hazy as to whom to address, but as she had received her inspiration through an advertisement, she decided it had best be the advertising manager.

"Dear Sir," she wrote, "I have just finished reading a most attractive advt. for 'Matchless Wallboard' in the 'Modern Farm' magazine for September. There are a great many farm houses in Fall Haven that are as badly in need of redoing as your pictured one, but it is such an isolated district that I suppose your salesmen will never get this far. I should be glad to act as agent for

his quick vision had shown him the flat would accomplish—increased efficiency in selling by diminishing the necessity for explanation and illustration to unconvinced dealers, who would now see at a glance the reality that wallboard could create.

The days while Marcia waited for an answer to her letter seemed endless. Still they were happy, for her mind was busy planning. When at last the answer came, she opened it fearfully, the dread of disappointment making her physically sick.

"Dear Madam," she read. "Yours of the 15th received. In reply would state that we have decided to let you handle the agency for Matchless Wallboard in your town, and are sending in advance payment consignment of wallboard to cover specifications stated. Will probably reach you about the 30th. Yours very truly, J. M. Robins, advertising manager."

She did not question her good fortune. Not knowing about the idea, she had no means of guessing that she was being paid for having fostered it. She simply accepted what had fallen to her lot, the while she formed a second plan—to get Justin away for a week or so while she accomplished without him what he had refused to help with.

She went about her work absently. In two days the wallboard would arrive—that was her predominant thought. When Justin came in she watched him eat his dinner, still in that detached frame of mind. Temporarily she had forgotten even her animosity towards him—he was



A peaceful bay where sport abounds

'Matchless Wallboard' in Fall Haven and the surrounding villages if, in compensation, you send me enough wallboard to redecorate my house and partition off some of the rooms. I am enclosing specifications on a separate sheet. I have had some experience in interior decorating, and feel sure that my refinished house will be the best possible advt. for your product. Hoping for an early and favorable reply, I am, yours truly, Marcia Sherman."

The advertising manager of the Matchless Wallboard Co. was the typical, up and doing, young business man, well groomed, snappily dressed, always on the trail of something new and original. He started to read Marcia's letter casually; then a smile twitched the corners of his mouth. Fall Haven had been the Waterloo of one of their best salesmen, an isolated village, populated with wealthy, saving farmers. Rather a daring proposition, she offered, he chuckled. He read on and then suddenly the chuckle died and a keen sparkle came into his clever, advertising-seeing eyes. Again he read that last sentence—"and feel sure that my refinished house will be the best possible advt. for your product." "By Jove," he murmured softly, "by Jove." In Marcia's funny, unbusinesslike letter he had found the germ of that magic, elusive thing—an idea. He sprang from his desk, and rushed somewhat unceremoniously to his chief.

"Know that vacant space on the top floor we were talking about this morning? Know what we're going to do with it? Model flat! Oh, man, it's great. Send for the interior decorator." And while they waited he mapped out what

simply an obstacle that must be removed.

A letter had come for him on the same delivery that had brought hers. He opened it carelessly, but suddenly she saw his tanned face light up with quick interest.

"Jingo, Marcia, if this isn't a voice from the past. You remember Johnny Trexler, played half-back when I was on the team? The Green Valley Farm is for sale, and he's coming down to Coburn to look it over. Wants my advice in person. Think of that old rover being bitten by the land bug. Listen to this:

"You never thought I'd come back to nature, I'll wager, but I'm sick of globe-trotting and this proposition looks pretty good to me. I don't know anyone whose opinion I'd value more than yours, though it seems mighty nifty to ask you to come up here to give it. By way of recompense I have two inducements to offer—first, a prize bull that goes with the farm; and second, the chance to see some of the old crowd who are coming up with me to fish."

There was a wistful look in Justin's eyes as he finished.

"Wouldn't it seem bully to go?" he said boyishly.

It was her straw, and she grasped it. "Why don't you, Justin? Harvey could finish the west field as well as you, and, besides, Coburn is where Ellen makes connections. You could meet her there and bring her the rest of the way. Anyhow, you need a vacation, so why not take it when it means a chance to get stock, too?"

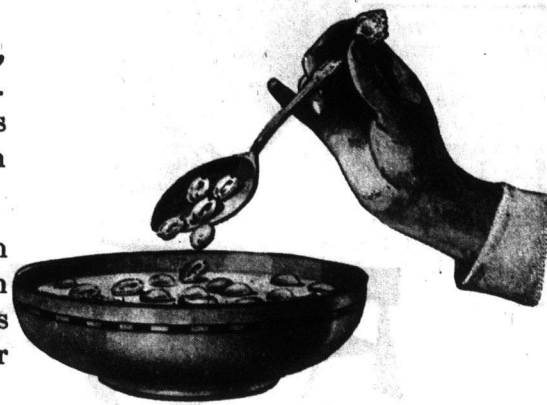
It was like throwing a red rag to a bull. Weighed with that opportunity,

In Milk—Puffed Wheat

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

It is light and airy, crisp and flavory. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete.

Puffed Wheat in milk offers children the two greatest foods in existence, in their most enticing form.



On Berries—Puffed Rice

Mix Puffed Rice with your morning berries. That flavor blends best with fruit.



The grains are like bubbles. They crush at a touch. The flavor is like toasted nut meats.

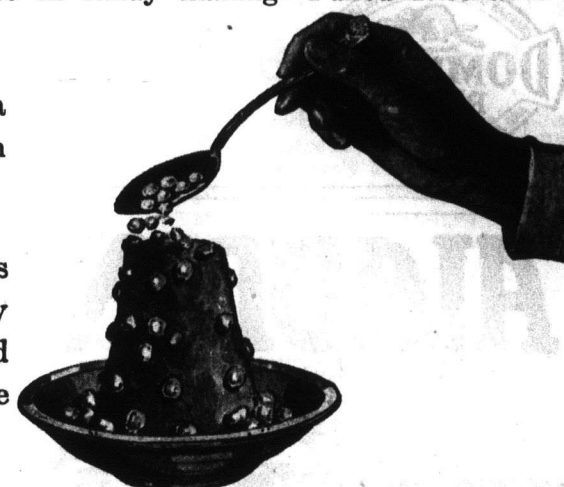
When you learn what Puffed Rice adds to berries you'll be sorry that you went so long without it.

On Ice Cream—Puffed Rice

So on ice cream—so in candy making—Puffed Rice adds a nut-like taste.

There was never a garnish so delightful on ice cream.

These fragile tidbits seem to melt away with the cream, and they add to it the flavor of nut meats.



Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Each 15c, Except in Far West



At Breakfast

Serve with cream and sugar or with melted butter.



At Play Time

Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

(3148)

Saskatoon, Canada