

"Mighty good, that soup. Your northern climate makes me hungry as a hawk."

Although born and brought up in the state of Maine, Eben always referred to his native country in this impersonal way.

His brother put two poached eggs on a plate, and handed it to the guest. "Pass your uncle the tomatoes, Tom," he said.

"Thanks, I never touch the things; rank poison to me," was the reply. "Haven't you forgotten to bring in the potatoes, Edith?"

"We never eat them," Mrs. Warne explained. "They are composed chiefly of starch, and have little food value, Edith, pass your uncle the sliced onions."

Uncle Eben declined the proffered "unspoiled vegetable." He ate his eggs and several slices of bread with an abstracted air. Dessert consisted of nuts, raisins and oranges. Uncle Eben declined the nuts with the remark that in Brazil only

monkeys ate them, he then took out an orange without any show of enthusiasm.

When Uncle Eben failed to appear at the eight o'clock breakfast next morning, Mrs. Warne supposed that he was tired after his journey. But when Mr. Warne and Christina had hurried off to catch their train, she sent Tom up to call his uncle. He came back looking excited and rather scared.

"He isn't in his room, mother. The bed has been slept in, but he isn't there. I found this on the bureau."

Mrs. Warne tore the letter open. "My dear Mary," she read, "John grew confidential over a pipe last night, and told me all about the diet. I fear I am too old to learn to eat my food raw, like a cow, and I have a loathing for eggs in any form, while tomatoes I regard as poison. I am sure I will relieve you of embarrassment by cutting my visit short. I am returning to the city by the 6.15, and looking forward to having a good breakfast on the train."

With an effort Mrs. Warne controlled her feelings. "Your uncle has been called back to the city," she told Tom. "You will be late for school if you don't hurry."

She hurried through her household tasks, made a hasty toilet, and caught the 11.30 train to town. She reached her husband's office about half-past twelve, and expected to find him eating the hygienic lunch which she carefully put up for him every morning. The stenographer, however, told her that Mr. Warne had just gone out to lunch. "Mr. Grey called for him, as usual" she said. "I think they were going to the Belmont, on Walnut Street."

Mrs. Warne hurried to the Belmont. There she found her husband and Mr. Grey, sharing a corner table. In front of them was the remains of a planked steak, which had evidently been surrounded by the usual accessories. She approached them unobserved.

"I hope you are enjoying your lunch,"

Mr. Warne dropped his fork. His friend, after a rather incoherent greeting, pulled on his overcoat. "Just remembered an important appointment," he muttered, as he fled.

"So this is the reason Ned Grey didn't stay thin," Mrs. Warne said.

"It is also the reason I did stay fairly good natured," her husband retorted. "You were bound to find us out sometime, of course. Why didn't you bring Uncle Eben with you? I fancy he is about ready for a square meal."

"Read that," she tragically exclaimed, throwing Uncle Eben's note on the table. As he read a dark flush mounted to Mr. Warne's brow. "I must say, Mary," he began, when he was interrupted by the waiter, who handed Mrs. Warne a menu.

"The tomato soup is unusually good today, madam," the man suggested.

"Don't dare mention tomatoes to me," she flared. Then, seeing the man's stare of surprise, she added more gently, "Bring me a porter-house steak, with French fried potatoes, pumpkin pie and coffee to follow."

For the second time Mr. Warne dropped his fork. His jaw dropped too.

"To think a guest should be driven from my house by actual hunger," Mrs. Warne continued. "I was never so ashamed in my life. I always loathed tomatoes, too. Not that I should have minded if the diet had done me any good, but I have actually gained weight."

"I don't believe that it makes much difference what we eat, at our age," her husband said, soothingly. "Anyway, you look just right to me. What shall we do about Eben?"

"You must go up to the city this afternoon and bring him back. After lunch I am going to Mason's to order some things fit to eat. I think I shall order the Christmas goose today, too, and one of those delicious plum puddings that Mason always has."

"But make the pies yourself," her husband begged. "Pie may spell poison, but I'm willing to take a chance with the kind you make."



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### The Trouble

"Why were you absent from school yesterday, Grace?" asked the teacher.

"Please, teacher, my mummy was sick."

The teacher, who is afraid of contagion, asked:

"What is the matter with her? What does the doctor say it is?"

"Please, teacher, he says it's a boy."

### Logic

The new minister in a little English town was on his way to church when he met a game-keeper.

"My good man," said the preacher, "tell me how it is that I never see you at church?"

"Well, sir, I don't wish to make your congregation smaller."

"I don't understand you," answered the minister, puzzled.

"Well, sir, you see if I went to church the rest of the parish would go poaching," answered the game-keeper.

### Inexperienced

In a boarding-house for bachelors, Amanda, a typical "Mammy," looked after the guests' comfort in true Southern style so well that one of the men thought he would like to take her away with him in the summer in the capacity of house-keeper. Toward spring he waylaid her in the hall one day and said:

"Mandy, do you like the country?"

Mandy reckoned she did.

"Would you like to go away with me this summer and keep house for me?"

Mandy was sure she would.

"Suppose I get just a bungalow. Do you think you could take care of it nicely by yourself?"

Mandy gasped and rolled her eyes. "Deed, no, massa! Reckon you all better get somebody else; I don't know nothin' about taking care of any animals!"

It is in Demand.—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.