



THERMOMETER
IN OVEN DOOR

NO MORE GUESSING

"Famous Active" Range

On the dial of the thermometer is marked the proper degrees of heat necessary for baking bread, cakes, pies, etc.

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" has every range virtue and no range fault. We make it so.

McClary's

London, Toronto,
Montreal, Winnipeg,
Vancouver, St. John, N.B.

at the oven-heat, if you have a "FAMOUS ACTIVE" range with a thermometer. No other thermometer registers the heat so accurately as the "FAMOUS", which is put in the oven-door of every

The "Famous Active" is a Famous Fuel Saver

MARGARET HOLLING'S RECEPTION.

Margaret Holling's impulses were always kind, and it was one of them now that made her lean forward in the carriage to ask, "Who lives in that cottage, Martin?"

"That one with the sign 'Domestic Bakery' over the door, Miss Margaret?"

"Yes."

"It's Mrs. Gates. Her husband died a few weeks ago. She has four little children to take care of, and as she's a fine cook she takes that way of supporting them."

"Do you know her, Martin?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, well. She is anxious to work, but it's hard to find work to do. You see she is not known, and she has to wait for folks to find her out, and they're slow about it."

"I suppose they are. Stop there, Martin, and I'll see what she has for sale." was all that Margaret said.

The girl smiled to herself as the horses stopped. "If Mrs. Gates' wares are good I'll see if we can't do something for her."

This girl had so much! Not only of purchaseable things, but Mother Nature seemed to have opened her store-house wide to pour gifts upon her. And they were well bestowed. Her beauty was a joy to all who saw it, because it was but the light radiating from a loving heart. Mrs. Gates felt its influence and forgot her worries as she looked into the pretty face bending over her little counter.

"I keep only a small stock on hand, Miss, because things get stale so soon. But I'm ready to fill an order at any time," she added eagerly.

A few minutes later Margaret returned to the carriage, carefully holding her purchase—a tempting-looking cake.

"What will cook say when she sees it?" she asked herself. "But maybe I can help Mrs. Gates—anyway I'll try."

The cake proved to be all it looked, and so Margaret paid a second visit to Mrs. Gates. Then home again where she spent the whole afternoon writing notes, which read:

"Miss Margaret Holling requests the pleasure of your company at an exhibition and sale of bread, cake and pastry to be held at her home on the afternoon of Saturday, June the twenty-fourth, at three o'clock."

As her friends often said, Margaret was different from the average girl. She did not hesitate to break through conventionalities when they offered a hindrance to

any kind plan she wished to carry out. Her politeness was of the genuine sort that showed itself in deeper ways than mere formality. It made no difference to her that her friends called her "odd,"—it was a blessed sort of oddness that carried cheer to many a sorry home.

Wondering now what new work she had undertaken, the girl's acquaintances, almost without exception, accepted the invitation.

In the meantime, the days were busy ones for Mrs. Gates. Her choicest recipes were studied, and such marvels of cookery produced as only the most dyspeptic mortals could resist. Then on Saturday, she and Margaret spent hours in Mrs. Holling's dining-room.

"We'll make the room look as like a bower as possible," said Margaret, hiding her pretty face in a basket of sweet-peas she had just brought in.

And surely the place looked like a bit of the cool, fragrant woods, when the morning's work was ended. Flowers everywhere; even the windows were so shaded by vines trained across them, that the mid-summer sunlight came through in moving flecks of gold. But the last touch was added when the long table spread with its glossy damask was daintily laden with Mrs. Gates' display of bread and cakes.

When the guests had all arrived, Margaret took them at once to the dining-room.

"How beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!" was the exclamation from all sides. Admiring looks went from the flowers to the table and then to Mrs. Gates' glowing face. It was all so wonderful to her. For a few weeks everything had looked so hopeless, and now, through the thoughtfulness of a young girl, she saw the way opening for herself and her children.

"Her face is so full of happy light," said one lady to another, "that I shall buy my bread of her just for the pleasure of looking at her occasionally."

"Did you ever taste such cake?" said another. "Mrs. Gates, you may consider me a regular customer." And so on, until everything was sold, and Mrs. Gates' purse was heavier than for many months.

The last guest to go was Mrs. Dudley, Margaret's oldest friend.

"My dear," she said, "do you know you are very like your mother to-day?"

"That is a pleasant thing to hear," said Margaret, turning her shining eyes for a second to a portrait hanging near. "Please tell me why I am like her to-day?"

Mrs. Dudley answered smilingly:

THE WORST THING ABOUT MONEY IS

Not To Have Any

Don't leave your family the worst thing. It would be the worst thing you could do. The

Best Thing to Leave

IS A POLICY OF INSURANCE IN THE

North American Life

An ENDOWMENT Policy Makes a

SPLENDID INVESTMENT

SHOULD YOU LIVE Your old age would be provided for....

SHOULD YOU DIE Your family would be provided for....

RATE AT YOUR AGE UPON APPLICATION.

Home Office, - - Toronto, Ont.

L. GOLDMAN,
Secretary.

W.M. McCABE,
Managing Director.



"I suppose you think we don't understand just why you had us here to-day; that we think you want us to know, for our convenience, where we can find good bread for sale. But, my dear, this is just the sort of thing your mother was always doing—using her wealth and position to help someone less fortunate. I've had a long talk with Mrs. Gates and heard all your generous plan. I only wish I might have been a sharer in it."

"Why, you have been," said Margaret laughingly. "Didn't I hear you telling her you wanted her to do some baking for you every week?"

"That is nothing. The credit is all yours, Margaret, and I am glad you have had the happiness of seeing your reception—though it was an odd one—succeed."

Soon after Mrs. Gates came to say good-by, and to thank Margaret from a very full heart for all the kindness shown her.

Then the girl was left alone. She looked from the drooping flowers to the portrait of her sweet-faced mother.

"They are all fading, mother, but we have given one heart the flower of a happy memory that will last a long time, and so we are glad."

AN INDUSTRIOUS BEAVER.

Mr. A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver, which he relates:

A large willow tree in the garden had blown down. A branch about

twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's inclosure. Then the beaver was watched, to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and, walking around the limb, commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his progress was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, bringing his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The little fellow quickly ate it, and afterwards was seen swimming about the pool until about half-past five. Then he returned to his work, and in ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterwards the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the upper part of his house.

—The things of eternity are real about us, but not to us, unless we meditate upon them, and drink in their significance.