

THE WIDOW'S CRUISE OF OIL

On her little farm hard by the junction of Snake branch and Bitter Root creek, the Widow Thompson eked out a precarious existence.

Five times had the daisies bloomed beneath the feet of her departed husband; five times had the snow of winter caused him to use language unfit for publication as he nursed the chibbians in that distant country to which he had departed and from which he expected never to return.

The country in which he tarried had its drawbacks and the climate was undesirable. But when Mr. Thompson thought of the elderly girl he had left behind him, the gentle female whom he had vowed to love, cherish and protect until something fatal should put them asunder, he forgave country and climate all their faults and felt that he was in paradise now.

Mrs. Thompson was of the moaning dove type of lady. Like the gentle plaint of the widowed dove, her moaning, gentle complaint went on forever and forever. And then some.

Before their marriage Mr. Thompson thought this was very cute. But with waning of the honeymoon the cuteness gradually wore off and it became monotonous. Then it became tiresome. Finally it became maddening.

At last, on a glorious morning in early June, when earth and sun and sky seemed blent in one radiant smile of perfect ecstasy, Mr. Thompson felt that he could stand it no longer. So he smote his wife over the head with a frying pan and departed abruptly from the country.

He departs abruptly from this story. Mrs. Thompson's path after she began trotting in single harness again was not exactly one of roses. Her little farm was not very fertile, and it was easier to raise a dust storm on it than a crop. But she kept a cow, and milk and butter go a long way in solving the grocery problem.

All in all she managed to live fairly well. And she was quite happy in a gentle, subdued, complaining kind of way. A divorce was granted her after awhile, on the ground of desertion. After the divorce her neighbors naturally expected her to brighten up a little and begin to "take notice" again. But she didn't.

She seemed content to remain a poor, lone, lorn widow woman. One morning, about five years after the episode of the frying pan and the beginning of her widowhood, Mrs. Thompson awoke from her slumbers and looked out of the window. The sky was cloudy and the wind was from the east.

"Oh, my!" she sighed, as she pulled on her stocking. "Such a dreary morning! It gives me the blues and makes me feel like something awful is about to happen. Oh, my! Some folks say every cloud has got a silver lining, but it seems to me like every silver lining has got a cloud. I ain't complainin', and I reckon it's all right, but it seems to me like some folks have got all the silver lining and some folks have got all the cloud. And a poor, lone, lorn widow woman like me ain't got no right to expect anything but clouds. I ain't complainin' but—"

Still gently moaning, the widow made her way to the kitchen. At the same hour of the same morning, in the county seat town ten miles away, Judge Oldridge was cranking his car preparatory to going a-canvassing for votes. He had been county judge for two terms, and now he wanted to go to the legislature.

The car awoke with a snort and a roar under the judge's vigorous spinning of the crank. "Ha!" quoth the judge oratorically, to the empty air as he climbed into his seat. "A fine morning. It puts pep into a man—makes him feel like something good was about to happen."

The judge was a widower, a perfectly legitimate sod widower at that, and was reputed to be the wealthiest man in the county. He seemed content to remain a widower, which in the estimation of his neighbors didn't speak very well for his delinquent wife.

"The widow Thompson lives here," he mused. "I don't know whether it's worth while to stop or not. I don't believe the poor thing has a ballot, but—well, I'll stop anyhow. It won't take but a few minutes and maybe it will be a vote gained."

So he stopped. As he entered the yard he spied the widow coming up the path back of the house. He hurried around to meet her and greeted her effusively. "Why, howdy-do, Mrs. Thompson! How are you this fine afternoon?"

Mrs. Thompson passed a glass vinegar jug filled with some kind of dark brown liquid from her right hand to her left hand and extended her right hand to shake hands with the judge. "Mighty poorly, judge, mighty poorly," she replied. "I ain't complainin', but—"

"On, you have no cause to complain!" said the judge, jovially. "You are looking fine; better than I ever saw you. But what is it you have in that vinegar jug?"

"Oh," replied the widow. "I use it for kindling fires."

"Oil—and where did you get it?" queried the judge.

"Out of the well down there at the foot of the hill," replied the widow. "I reckon I have the hardest luck of any poor widow woman that ever lived, judge. I ain't complainin', but it does seem hard to have a well on the place all gormed up with nasty stinkin' oil and have

RICH IN VITAMINES



MAKE PERFECT BREAD

to tote drinkin' water from the crick. I ain't complainin', but—"

The judge interrupted her by taking the jug from her hand. He smelled it reverently, and wiped the perspiration from his brow. His voice trembled as he handed the jug back to the widow. "I've asked permission to go down and take a look at the well."

"Sho, judge," she said, "go down and take a look at it. It's a plumb nasty lookin', but maybe men folks don't mind that like ladies do."

The judge pattered around the well a considerable while. Finally he tore himself away from it and returned to the house. The widow invited him in. "Mrs. Thompson," said the judge after some preliminary conversation, "I came out here this afternoon preparatory to offer you a good price for your farm. I am thinking of starting a goat ranch out here. But after seeing that abominable well down there I can only offer you half of what I first intended to offer. I will give you (he named a sum) for your place."

"No, judge," said the widow. "I do not care to sell my little farm. The land is poor, I know, but I ain't complainin', and—"

After much fruitless argument the judge left. But he returned the next morning, and made a better offer. "No, judge," said the widow. "I will never part with my little farm, I have had a hard time, but I ain't complainin', and—"

The judge raised his offer. He raised it again and again, but always with the same result. The widow refused to sell.

Finally he made an offer that was really astounding. It almost gave him heart failure to do it, but the widow was unimpressed.

"No, judge," she said. "I will never sell my little farm. You need not make me nary 'nother offer. I am not goin' to sell, and I'll tell you the reason why. A fortune teller told me not long ago that if I kept my little farm and never sold it I would be the richest woman in the county. And I ain't never goin' to sell it."

The judge staggered out of the house a defeated man. But late that afternoon he returned again. His face was haggard, but in his eyes was the glint of a desperate resolution.

"Mrs. Thompson," he said, "I love you! I love you! Will you marry me?"

"Yes, judge, I will," replied the widow.

They were married that evening. The judge carried his bride to his luxurious home. As she was taking off her hat, she remarked:

"Oh, my! I never was so sore and stiff in my life. Drawin' all that oil out of that well was more of a job than I thought it would be. There must of been two barrels of it."

"Drawing the oil out of the well? What do you mean?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the widow. "I got tired of totin' water from the crick and after you left yesterday not knowin' I was to be married today, I drewed all the oil out of the well so I could use the water."

"I—I—I don't understand—" stammered the judge.

And when he was comin' by my place he stopped and asked if he could drive down to the well and water his horses. Of course I told him yes, not knowin' what would happen and he drove down there and the horses got scared and got to rarin' around and they backed the wagon up against the well and busted the spout off'n the tank and nearly all the oil ran out into the well and I had to tote water from the crick on account of it—Oh, judge, hubby, what is the matter? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

"She dashed to the phone. "Central!" she yelled. "Quick! Send a doctor quick! My husband is havin' an awful fit!"

DECRIES EXPENSES OF CANADA

"It is a conservative estimate that something like half a million people of this country are living on the taxes of the rest of us," declared Gratton O'Leary, Ottawa newspaperman, before the Canadian Credit Men's Association at Toronto on recently.

"The national debt of Canada which stood at \$1,382,000,000 on Armistice Day is to-day \$2,400,000,000," said Mr. O'Leary. "In other words we have increased the public debt of Canada more since the Armistice than we increased it during the whole of the war."

"And that is not all. In addition to this there are enormous railroad securities which the Dominion of Canada has guaranteed and which bring the gross public debt of the Dominion to \$3,219,000,000."

"According to a statement of the Royal Bank of Canada the aggregate of debts of our nine provinces totals \$428,000,000. Therefore, adding the debt of nine provinces to the debt of the Dominion and including also the debts of the large cities you get the alarming fact that we have a total debt of \$500 for every living soul in the Dominion."

"Compare our position in this respect to that of the United States. That country has a population of 110,000,000 people, important possessions, a big navy and army and has but eight cabinet ministers who draw in salaries \$80,000 a year."

"Canada has a population of nine millions, has no outside possessions and no army or navy worth mentioning, yet she has 18 cabinet ministers and pays them, including seasonal indemnities \$229,000 a year."

"The Dominion pays 18 cabinet ministers, one at \$15,000 a year, and 17 at \$10,000 a year, plus seasonal indemnities of \$4,000, or a total of \$229,000."

"Canada pays for nine lieutenant-governors salaries ranging from \$7,000 to \$9,000 a year, pays 235 M. P.'s \$4,000 a year, and 96 Senators the same, being an annual total paid by the people of \$1,644,000."

"Britain, with a population of 40,000,000 people at home and a powerful army and navy, legislates for an empire that encircles the globe and which has a combined population of 350,000,000. She did all this with a House of Commons of 615 members whose indemnities total \$1,230,000. Canada with 9,000,000 people had 908 legislators and 97 cabinet ministers whose salaries are \$3,000,000."

AUCTIONS
An auctioneer who has been "crying" farm auctions for the past quarter of a century tells us that he has come to the conclusion that the three essentials of a good sale are a reputation for honesty, good advertising and proper preparation. He says that he can tell what kind of a sale he is going to have by the kind of man the farmer selling out has been. "If a man has the confidence of his neighbors," he says, "they will come to the sale and bid on what they want. If he has skinned some of them a few times they will be pretty wary. That kind of news travels. It pays the farmer who plans a sale to tell the truth about his stuff. I would rather sell a seventeen-year-old horse that was announced as seventeen years old than to have the owner say he was twelve. A man who subtracts a few years from

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900 and no two alike. A good selection. Prices from \$9.00 up.
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CROWN TAILORING CO. UNDELIVERED SUITS
— Sizes 33 to 48. Prices \$14.50 up:
I tailor to order, suits and coats for men and women, delivered in 10 days. See samples and prices at
W. A. STEPHENS, WINDSOR, N. S.

the age of a horse may find bidders subtracting several dollars from his sale total."

"If a cow has one bad quarter he likes the farmer to say so. Then when he puts up his best cow the crowd will believe what he says about her. He has seen these things happen at so many sales that he can say without a doubt that nothing makes a man more money at his auction than honesty, and nothing loses it faster than trying to hide the bad spots in his tools and livestock."

"Sensible advertising is important. The best thing is newspaper advertising. When sale day has arrived have the tools out in line so they are easy to see. And don't paint them. Folks may feel that the farmer has something pretty poor and wants to cover it with paint. It does pay to repair machinery. A wagon without a tongue or a lever off the mowing machine cuts down the bid."

Only about one farmer in five gives his farm tools really good care. They usually get about all they deserve in price. It is a pleasure to sell a good set of tools even though they are old. If they are in good repair and the farmer has a good reputation, they'll sell well. Describing farm tools as to manufacture, giving the width of the wagon tires, and the age and weight of the horses in the advertising pays. Farmers who know what is to be sold will come for some particular article. Some farmers will run a bunch of cows and pigs together, the horses uncleaned, chickens not crated, and they lose by it. If every animal could be separated from the rest and kept in a little pen so the buyers could get close around it when bidding, or kept moving so bidders could see it from every side, there would be better prices at sales.

Talk the sale over with the auctioneer. If he is a good one he will know how to handle your stock and tools, and how to get them ready. Most of them work on a commission. The more your stuff sells for, the more they get out of a sale.

Women you envy have only this secret
You, too, may employ it to keep the radiance and bloom of youthful skin

Radiant, with the charm of youth still theirs, millions of clever women are admired—and envied—today.
Yet they have no difficult, hidden secret—no great gift.
Only this simple method—which is for you, too. To give you, as well, the charm you envy in them.
For one week do this
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thorities say, to keep your complexion lovely, radiant, youthful. But beware of harsh cleansing methods. They injure skin.
Wash thoroughly with Palmolive Soap—each night before retiring. Rub the creamy, foamy lather well into the tiny pores. Rinse—and repeat the washing. Then rinse again.
Then—if skin is dry—apply a little cold cream. That is all. Skin so cared for is not injured by cosmetics, by wind and sun, or by dirt.



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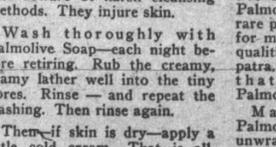
It is to their interest to help you make a good sale.

AVOID FRYING
Frying, as usually employed, is considered the least serviceable method in the cooking of food. The fat or oily material permeates the food and makes it difficult for the digestive juices to penetrate. The frying of meat, even in deep fat, produces fatty acids which have a tendency to irritate the stomach and cause indigestion.

It is generally well known that food fried in deep fat absorbs less of the fat than that which is salted in a frying pan. This may be determined by frying two pieces of fish of equal weight by the two methods and then reweighing to determine the amount of fat which has been absorbed.

Measure your cloth twice since you can cut but once.

Minard's Liniment for Corns.



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THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
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Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give Nature's green color to Palmolive Soap
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Volume and efficiency produce 35c quality for 10c



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It is built in a model plant, with up-to-date machinery. And the savings go to you in values none can match.

Some extra values
Same steels as we use in the costliest cars we build. On some we pay 15% premium to makers to get them exactly right.
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Each car gets 32,000 tests and inspections in the making.
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More Timken bearings than any competitive car within \$1,500 of its price.
Genuine leather cushions, ten inches deep. Unusual equipment.
Crankshafts machined on all surfaces as was done in the Liberty Airplane Motors. This to insure perfect balance.
25,000-mile audited tests made on 329 cars show lower operating cost by 11.4% than the average of its rivals.
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Built by a maker whose name for 72 years has stood for quality and class. Whose assets of \$90,000,000 are staked on serving you better than others. Whose model factories costing \$50,000,000 have been mostly built in the past five years. By Studebaker, for whose cars last year 145,167 people paid \$201,000,000. Whose sales have almost trebled in three years.
Come see what this Light-Six offers. See its many extra values, its beauty, its comfort, its luxury.
Do that and you will choose this car if you have in mind anywhere near this price.

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