

## According to Budget

By Jane Osborn

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When Morton Blake, who had been married a year and was supremely happy in his snug little apartment with his blue-eyed little wife, seated himself in his favorite easy chair with a volume of his favorite author and his favorite pipe, preparatory to enjoying for the evening all the happiness of bachelor life rolled into one with the contentment of married life, there was blue-eyed Peggy on the other side of the table with a flat, oblong book that had a new look to it. Peggy opened it with care and pressed the covers back as one does with a book that has never been opened before.

It was the budget book. "Angelica has been here today," Peggy announced, "and she brought this—it's such a wonderful idea! Morton, did you ever hear of a budget? I never had, but Angelica explained what it means and here is the book. She has made a special study of house-keeping, you know."

"But what does Angelica know about making men happy in their homes?" queried Morton, who had not an altogether pleasant mental image of Peggy's tall, angular, many-degreed cousin, who seemed to be so fond of putting ideas into Peggy's head as Peggy was of sponging them up. "What does she know about real house making?"

"Oh, she knows a great deal," insisted Peggy. "And she says that the reason why so many people aren't happy is because the wives aren't business-like and don't apply the same methods to housekeeping that men do to their businesses. Angelica would make some man wonderfully happy."

"Did she tell you that, too?" asked Morton, puffing on his pipe viciously.

"Yes, only, of course, she is so busy telling other women how to make their homes happy that she doesn't have time. Well, she brought me this budget book and I am to put down in these little columns just what I spend each day—see, here's a place for bread and one for butter and another for meat and fish, and all the things we eat, and here's one for ice and one for help and carfare and light and things like that—Angelica says you call those last ones operating expenses. It is the first of the month, so I started right in. See, I bought some face powder at the drug store and I put that down under medicine, and the two dollars for the laundress—that goes under help. Every time you give me anything that goes in here under receipts. And every week I am to balance it both ways so I can tell at a glance just how much I am spending for every different sort of thing—and in the front of the book there is a table telling how much we ought to spend for things and if I'm spending too much for any one thing then we'll know it and can stop making that mistake. Angelica says she will help me balance and figure out the percentages—I never could do percentages."

"You don't mean that Angelica is going to keep tabs on our household expenses?" gasped Morton.

"Oh, you mustn't mind that. She helps lots of young married girls—she says she is helping them to make their husbands happy and contented. That is her life work. She started doing it only for the poor people in the settlement, but she has discovered that people comfortably off need help just as much. And so I started right away, but I can't finish till you tell me your part of it. Here's a place for 'man's lunch' and another for 'carfares,' that you must tell me, and every day you must tell me how much you have spent for magazines or papers—that goes under 'improvements,' and if you give something to a beggar you must tell me so I can put it down under 'Church and Charity.'

"Every night I will ask you so you won't forget anything. Angelica has been helping one young couple and they haven't been a cent out of the way since they began. The husband remembers every tiny winty thing he spends and he is so happy just on account of it."

Morton snorted inwardly and had some rather sinister thoughts regarding Angelica and her missionary enterprise. "Is there a definite percentage for the amount of tobacco a husband can use?"

"Yes, indeed—but the book says that one of the things the young people ought to strive to do is to divert that money—those are the words the book uses—into other more worth-while channels, such as lecture courses, the purchase of an encyclopedia or a beautiful work of art. Don't you think Angelica is doing a wonderful work?"

"Yes, quite wonderful, not to say remarkable, phenomenal and epoch-making," said Morton, and Peggy was satisfied.

Every night for a month thereafter Morton was obliged to confess just how much he spent on luncheon, shoes, shines, beggars and tobacco, and even had to admit that he lost a dollar on a bet one day and gained two dollars the next, though Peggy hadn't any idea where to enter these items and finally decided on putting the dollar down un-

der "mortgage interest" because she hadn't anything else for that column, and calling the other simply "cash received."

Angelica had promised to help Peggy with the percentages and correct their budget at the end of the following month, and Morton was casting about in his mind for a way of defeating her in her purpose. One night early in the second month of their budget accounts he told his wife he had met an interesting old school friend of his who had a delightful mission in life. He was trying to help the men he knew to make their wives happy and he had worked out a system which as yet he had not had published. It was, said Morton, the theory of this man that the most worth-while thing in life was not money. Money was incidental. One's happiness did not depend on the amount of money one had so why take pains to conserve it? The things that counted were the words one spoke, the smiles and tears and sighs and laughter. It was as folk use these real things of life that they were either happy or unhappy. For instance, if a man laughs only when his wife hits her thumb with a hammer or when he sees a cat with a tin can on the end of its tail, he is pretty sure to make himself and his associates unhappy.

The woman who spends two hours every morning gossiping with a neighbor about another neighbor's divorce case is wasting her time and cheating her husband because a woman's words belong as much to her husband as a man's savings belong to his wife. Peggy listened intently to the explanation, and seemed enthralled. So far, was she from suspecting Morton's scheme that she even suggested that Angelica would like to meet the stranger, and went off into a very pleasant brown study as she thought that possibly a match might be made between these two workers for humanity's happiness—and so there might, had the second philanthropist been a person of flesh and blood and not a creature of Morton's imagination. Morton gave his wife some typewritten sheets containing items and a system of horizontal and perpendicular lines not unlike Angelica's budget book and he asked her to fill in the items from day to day. He would not let her forget, he said, but would go over the sheets every evening after he had finished telling her just how much he had spent.

One of the items of Morton's scheme was labeled "tears" and under this poor Peggy felt in duty bound—for Morton had accounted for his lunch money to a penny—to explain the cause for every tear she shed. The tears she spent over the frost-bitten geranium plant were in a measure excusable, for death even of a plant is a suitable cause of sorrow, but when she wept over the fact that she was not invited to a certain luncheon party she was in the wrong because the sorrow in that case was prompted by jealousy or personal pique.

Peggy had a hard time with the item marked "laughter" for it was Peggy's nature to laugh a little quite frequently and everytime she stopped to think that she was laughing and that she must remember to put it down in the list she was sobered so she stopped laughing. And it was hard sometimes to have to put down on that sheet for Morton's eyes that she had said "damn it" because the potatoes boiled dry; still there was an item for "profanity" and Morton had decided that "damn it" was as near to profanity as Peggy ever came.

One night—it was the night before Angelica's expected visit and Morton had been unusually severe with Peggy over the sheets, as indeed Peggy had been with Morton because he couldn't remember how much he tipped that day at luncheon—Peggy crumpled down over the sheets in tears. "We're not half so happy as we used to be—before we began to budget everything," she wailed. "I wish Angelica had never left the settlement and I wish your sour-hearted old friend—I know he is sour-hearted—was in the bottom of the ocean. And I just hate to keep accounts, I do, and I don't want you to tell me how much you spend."

Morton took a warm little hand from under the tear stained face and then raised the face and kissed away the tears.

"Snake, Peggy," he said. "We don't need any one's prescription for happiness, do we? And we are through with budgets for keeps."

"Forever," echoed Peggy, and she meant it.

Strained the Glass. The oldest inhabitant of Little Cockeyton possessed a telescope he never used.

"Why don't you make use of it sometimes, James?" asked a neighbor. "It used to be a good 'n," said James sorrowfully, "but it's broke now." "Broken?" asked the neighbor. "Who did that?" "Well," said James, "it was such a good 'n that I could see the old church steeple five miles away quite plain, but Joseph, the scoundrel, got the lend of it and tried to make out the steeple of the Methodist chapel more'n ten miles away. He tried and tried and couldn't, so that strained my glass, an' it's never been right since. Dnat Joseph!"

Modest Chorus Girl. Chorus Girl—Understand, now, I want no publicity about my marriage to Harold Gottmunney.

Reporter—Very well. Chorus Girl—Just a modest photograph of myself in tights and a scant half-column in an inconspicuous place on the front page.—Puck.

## Brockville Business College WEEKLY BULLETIN

Miss Beatrice McDaniels has been called out to do some temporary stenographic work for The Canada Carriage Co.

Mrs. M. Quinn is assisting the local Fuel Controller with some clerical work.

Miss Pearl Acheson has secured a position as stenographer in the law office of W. F. Nickle, of Kingston.

We have been asked to vouch for one of our graduates who is line for a position as stenographer with A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal.

A. Gorman, who attended College from Perth fourteen years ago, was a welcome caller on Thursday. Mr. Gorman is manager for a large film company at 765 St. Urban street, Montreal.

Those taking the highest standing in our January examinations were, in order of merit: Chas. Martin, Mrs. Kenneth Burch, Elva Dillon, Norma Fairbairn, Glenna Munro, Evelyn Fox, Recca Steacy, Genevieve Shea, Mabel McAlpin, Cecil Corey, and Alicia Reilly.

Wanted for the U. S. Government. Thousands of workers are urgently needed in the prosecution of the war. The actual fighting forces would be powerless without an efficient civilian army behind them. Clerical positions:

2,000 stenographers and typists, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.

2,000 general clerks, men and women, \$1,100 a year.

500 index and catalogue clerks, men and women, \$1,100 to \$1,200 a year.

200 business administrative clerks \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year.

300 production clerks not more than \$1,500 a year.

200 accounting clerks, \$1,100 to \$1,800 a year.

100 statistical clerks, \$1,800 a year.

100 multigraph operators, men and women, \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year.

Salaries named are the usual salaries. Higher salaries may be paid in exceptional cases. Stenographers and typists are rated principally on their education, training and experience as shown upon their application forms. John A. McIlhenny, Pres. U. S. Civil service Com.

The above advertisement appearing in the United States magazines shows the demand for Business College graduates at the present time.

On our last typewriting tests, the records were: Miss Agnes Blair, 55 words per minute, Miss Blanche Whiting, 43 words per minute, Miss Pearl Acheson, 40 words per minute, and Miss Nellie Tweedley 42 words per minute.

Our tuition rates are: For 3 months, \$41.00, each subsequent month \$6.00. These fees include all text books and one stationery ticket.

BROCKVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE  
W. T. Rogers, Principal  
Address: Fulford Building, 2 Court House Avenue, Brockville, Ont.  
Phone 373.

## MARY M. GAVIN DEAD

Mary Marguerite Gavin, the two-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Gavin of Escott passed away Monday afternoon in St. Vincent de Paul Hospital after a short illness. The little tot was particularly bright and was a great favorite with the many friends of the parents, who have the deepest sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

## TIME TABLE

To and From Brockville

Daily except Sunday.

Departures  
No. 560 for Ottawa, 5.50 a. m.  
No. 568, for Ottawa, 2.30 p. m.—change at Smith's Falls.  
No. 564, for Smith's Falls, 6.20 p. m.

Arrivals  
No. 561, from Smith's Falls, 11.20 a. m.  
No. 567, from Ottawa, 1.10 p. m., change at Smith's Falls.  
No. 565, from Ottawa, 10.15 p. m.

For particulars, apply to Ticket Agents.

GEO. E. McGLADE  
City Passenger Agent  
Brockville City Ticket and Telegraph Office, 52 King St.

## NEWS ITEMS

### Brief Notes of Interest to Town and Rural Readers.

The Misses Gilroy, of Glen Buell, were recent visitors in the village.

Mr. Alex Eaton is not enjoying the best of health.

guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Yates.

Mrs. Nellie Steacy, of Brockville, spent a week in Athens, a guest of her son, W. L. Steacy.

Mr. Roy Robinson has been appointed manager of the egg circle and is now in full charge of the business here.

Miss Ida Ferguson, who has been in Athens for the past few months nursing the late Mrs. A. Patton, has returned to her home at Renfrew.

Mrs. A. Bonstell, of Glen Elba, is spending the winter in Athens with her sister, Mrs. Mahlon Yates.

Mrs. Fred Pierce, of Brockville, was a visitor in the village recently, a guest of Mrs. E. Duffield.

Miss Hazel Lattimer has returned from Toronto and is recovering from a severe cold.

Mrs. E. A. Putnam slipped on the ice this morning and sustained a fracture of the wrist.

Mrs. Mary Robinson received word this week of the death at Long Beach in California, of Mr. Alex. McCrea. The deceased was a brother of the late Col. Hiram McCrea, of Frankville. He resided for a number of years in Merrickville. He leaves to mourn his death, besides his wife, a daughter and three sons.

### Badly Shaken by a Fall

Miss May Berney slipped on the icy pavement in front of the Post office Saturday evening and was badly shaken. She was taken into the building and medical assistance was called. Recovering sufficiently she was taken home and is now improving rapidly.

### Cadet K. C. Rappel, of the Royal Flying Corps came down from Toronto for a short leave of absence.

Having spent two months in the corps, Cadet Rappel will soon be attached to a flying wing for instruction in practical work. While the course is mostly work, there is the element of play, and in a conversation with the Reporter he told of the good time he had while playing hockey with the R. F. C. team in Pittsburg. His team was beaten as they had not been able to do any real practice with the whole team on the ice at once. It will be remembered that "Ken" was captain of Queen's University team a couple of years ago.

### Great Work for Red Cross

The Athens Women's Institute, as the result of a month's work has sent to the Red Cross headquarters at Toronto, the following supplies, valued at \$41: 64 stretcher caps, 17 filled housewives, 1 1/2 doz. pkgs. boracic acid. The ladies of the Institute will meet at Mrs. Beach's at 3 p. m. Friday for the purpose of working on further supplies. Pieces of heavy serge and flannelette are needed. These may be left with Mrs. Beach or Mrs. G. Judson.

### Catarah Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarah is a constitutional disease, and in order to cure it, you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarah Cure is taken internally, and acts upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarah Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarah. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills for Constipation.

## Automobile Tops and Cushions

We have a full line of everything for Tops, Cushions, Slip Covers, Buggy Tops, etc.

Write for Prices on Repair Work

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