

15 Jul/20  
6.  
tween them, it was evident that she regretted it all and was eager enough to get back to their old friendly footing. But Mary met all his advances coldly. It will be time enough, she thought, when he has ordered the vacuum cleaner. And each day she was more unhappy about it all.

And it was her woman friends who made things quite unbearable; she could not go to town or to church or even walk down the road to her father's house without some one stopping her to inquire if the vacuum cleaner had come yet. She began to dread any of her friends, and even avoided her own front yard, lest some one passing would stop and call out an inquiry about it.

One morning Mrs. Dillon stopped in because she was going over to Grandma Anderson's that afternoon and had promised to tell the old lady all about it.

And while she was still there Mrs. Gibson's car stopped in front of the house. She had brought Matilda, she said, to see Mary's vacuum cleaner.

Mary repeated what she was so sick of saying: "It hasn't come yet."

"My goodness!" Mrs. Gibson exclaimed, innocently enough, though to Mary it seemed pure malice. "It must be lost. I never heard of anything so slow."

"If you ordered one in town," Mrs. Dillon volunteered, "you could have it out here this same day."

"Well, if I were you," Mrs. Gibson advised, "I wouldn't stand it a second longer. I'd write to them and tell them that if they are going to be so slow they needn't send their old thing at all, that you can get one here just as good. You come over and see if you don't like mine."

And as she left she said, "I never in all my born days ever heard of anything so slow. You want to look into it, Mary."

Mary said she would. At that moment she made up her mind what she would do, for her pride could brook no more inquiries.

When Mrs. Dillon too had gone, she went right upstairs and in her bottom bureau drawer, among the babies' outgrown dresses and a lace shawl which had belonged to her mother, found an old, worn, black purse. It was her butter and egg money, and there was forty dollars and seventy-five cents of it. She was saving the money for little white fur coats and caps for the children.

There was enough of it for the vacuum cleaner and she'd delay no longer.

"May I have the horse to go in town this afternoon?" she asked Ben the next morning.

"Sure," he told her. "I have to go in town myself this afternoon, but I don't know just when I'll be able to get off." He paused for Mary to say she'd wait and they could go together. She did not say it, so he went on. "You take the horse and don't wait for me. I can walk over to Dillon's Siding and take the train in."

"All right," said Mary. All that morning she was so busy nursing her grievance that she scarcely gave a thought to dinner. She was shocked, therefore, when she came down to the kitchen to find that the beans and potatoes were cooked dry and that the cornbread in the oven was heavy and soggy.

This was worse than having the drop cakes for the missionary circle fail, for never had she placed such a meal before her husband.

But she made no apologies for it, and Ben ate it cheerfully enough. The only sign he gave that he was aware of its shortcomings was when he asked, most amiably, for another piece of cornbread. "I'd like a bit more of that wet sponge, dear," he told her.

Mary hardened her heart. If she were not so pressed for time, she told herself, and had, say, a vacuum cleaner and some things like that to help out with the work, there wouldn't be any spoiled meals. Why? If Ben had complained about the dinner it would have been quite unjust. Not once did her purpose waver all

out to go to her.

She drove home in thoughts.

"How can anyone be dear and lovable when he has had scorched beans and potatoes for dinner and cornbread that is heavy and soggy! And wasn't I a pig about the vacuum cleaner!" she thought remorsefully. "Why couldn't I have been as patient and cheerful about my share of the work as Ben was about his?" she demanded of herself. "And, besides, a harrow is a lot more important than a vacuum cleaner, because you can sweep with a broom and you can't harrow with anything but a harrow."

When she stopped at Janey's to get her children she felt glad to have some one to whom to tell her happy secret. "I bought a harrow," she announced proudly as Janey lifted the little girls into the buggy.

Janey's eyes opened wide. "You got a harrow," she gasped. "Whatever in the world are you talking about?"

"I bought a harrow this afternoon," Mary repeated proudly. "I bought it at Lawson & Smith's. It cost \$40."

"Where did you get the money?" "It's my butter and egg money," Janey's dimples appeared for an instant, and then disappeared again. "Why didn't you get a vacuum cleaner with your money?"

"Because," replied Mary firmly, "I preferred a harrow."

Mary found Ben waiting for her in the front yard. He greeted her as joyfully as if she had been away for months. After he had put the horse away he helped her to get the supper from the pantry shelves and put it on the table. And after supper he went with her to put the babies to bed.

"Do you know what's going to happen to-morrow?" he asked as they came downstairs together.

Mary's first thought was that somehow he had found out about the harrow.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"Why, to-morrow's your birthday, girl, did you think I had forgotten it?"

"So," she challenged him tenderly, "that's why you had to go to town to-day, 'cause to-morrow's my birthday!"

He smiled, "because to-morrow's your birthday."

The next morning every time Mary tried to peep furtively out the front door to see if Lawson & Smith's wagon was in sight it seemed to her that Ben was there, too. And when it did finally appear there was Ben beside her watching it. He stood with her in the doorway, his arm across her shoulder, and together they watched its approach.

As it turned into the yard she felt his arm tighten across her shoulder.

"It's bringing your new harrow," she told him softly.

"Harrow nothing," he replied with a joyous laugh. "It's bringing your new vacuum cleaner I have been getting for your birthday."

(The End.)  
Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

It's an awful bore when a man will insist on talking of his ailments when you want to talk of yours.

**WANTED**

Young women to take the Nurses' Training Course in the Ontario Hospital for the Insane, Toronto. Three years' course in general nursing secures a Graduate Nurse's Diploma from the Provincial Secretary's Department of the Ontario Government.

Wages—First Year: \$25.00 per month, board, uniform, and laundry. Second Year: \$30.00 per month, board, uniform, laundry and high cost of living bonus. Third Year: \$35.00 per month, board, uniform, laundry, and high cost of living bonus.

Write for particulars to the Medical Superintendent, 999 Queen Street West, Toronto.

help, and he owes it to the community at large. The courts would be cleared of a great burden of needless litigation and a vast amount of bitterness would be avoided in families if every man screwed up his resolution and actually made a will.

Despite the fact that grave perils follow the failure to make a will, only about half of the persons who leave property sufficient in extent to justify their making such document actually perform this duty. Of course, those who neglect such a precaution have their estates administered with quite as much regularity as if they had made a will and appointed an executor. But there is always a sad difference. The difference is that in the cases where no will is made the estate seldom if ever passes to the persons in the same proportions as it would if a will had been left. There is always and ever the total absence of the testator's mind back of the distribution of the no-will estate. If you make no will you are neglecting a privilege which no other person in the wide world can perform for you.

**A Few Don'ts.**  
Here are a few terse but loud-pedal Don'ts for laymen willmakers:

1. Don't make your own will; you may not, most likely do not, know how.
2. Don't use a printed will form and don't copy the will of another and make it your own.
3. Don't trust the work of making your will—the most important undertaking of a whole lifetime—to a person not a lawyer.
4. Don't, after the will is executed, make insertions, cross out words or make any such changes. If changes are to be made have a new will or a codicil prepared, and by the same lawyer, if possible, who prepared the original will.
5. Don't put your will under the carpet or in an old trunk in the attic or otherwise hide it after its execution. It is an important document and will be wanted after you are gone. Leave

## Solving the Fuel and Power Problems

Automobilists are disgusted and alarmed at the soaring price of motor fuel, but how will they feel when, a few years hence, it costs two or three times as much as now? Supply is not keeping pace with demand, and a continuing rise of the product is inevitable.

The prospect seems to be that electricity will largely take the place of gasoline. With the next quarter of a century we shall see on this continent an immense development of great plants from which power will be widely distributed. Many such plants will be established at the mouths of coal mines. Others, far more numerous, will utilize falling water for the production of electricity. At intervals along all important traffic roads will be charging stations, to reload the storage batteries of auto-vehicles.

The automobile storage battery is steadily gaining ground. Already it is largely used on trucks, being found as convenient and economical as the gasoline engine where travel is not extended over great distances. The electric storage locomotive has proved for certain uses altogether satisfactory, and in the subterranean tunnels of mines the same means of propulsion is to-day widely adopted.

As fluid fuel grows dearer "canned"

may sometimes be cured with oil. This applies more especially to soft corns. Soak some wadding with the oil, place on the corn before getting into bed, tying a bandage around to keep secure.

## Bread Bits.

Ordinary white bread contains 40 per cent. of water.

The "fat" in bread is just 1 per cent. of its total ingredients. The rest is made up of protein (the basis of life), starch, sugar, dextrin, cellulose (indigestible), and mineral matter.

New, moist bread is extremely hard to digest, because it produces no appreciable flow of saliva in the mouth during mastication. A slice of ordinary day-old bread is not digested until it has been in the stomach two and a half hours.

During the process of baking, bread loses a large quantity of its nutriment. Just short of three-quarters of the "fat" is lost, and an inroad is made on the protein, etc.

Wheat can be eaten in its entire state if soaked for a long time in water, then boiled in milk, and sugar added. This is "frumenty."

Real brown bread is made from stone-brown flour, manufactured from the whole grain.

An expert has stated that if this wholemeal bread had been eaten and white bread forbidden, the present national decay of teeth would never have happened.

Flour made from the whole grain has twice the protein and only a third of the water in ordinary "white" flour.

Bread is such an excellent food because but 4½ per cent. of its solids escape absorption by the body.

If milk were drunk with bread practically every crumb would be absorbed in nutriment.

The Japanese are not great meat eaters. Beef is sold in Japan by the ounce, and chickens are minutely dissected and sold by the wing, the leg, or an ounce or two of the breast.

Small Spice Cakes.—To one cup of molasses add one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one cup of boiling water, two tablespoons of melted butter, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-half teaspoon of cloves, mace and salt, and three cups of flour. Beat until smooth and bake in gem tins in a moderate oven.

There are many recipes for cakes made with honey. These nearly all call for some sugar, but the amount is usually small.

Honey Cake.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of granulated sugar, one-half cup of strained honey, two eggs. Beat these until creamy yellow. Add two cups of flour, one rounding teaspoon of baking powder, one-eighth teaspoon of soda—honey always needs a little soda—sifted together, and one teaspoon of caraway seed. Bake as a loaf cake.

Honey Cakes.—Sift two cups of flour and stir into it a cup of sour cream, two tablespoons of strained honey and two of granulated sugar, a fourth teaspoon of cinnamon and a half teaspoon of ginger. Beat all thoroughly and add an even teaspoon of soda dissolved in two tablespoons of hot water. Beat hard again and drop in gem tins. These are especially good eaten hot.

Honey Gingerbread.—Beat two tablespoons of strained honey into a half cup of butter, first warming the butter slightly. Whip to a cream and then beat in a tablespoon each of powdered sugar and ginger. Have ready four eggs, yolks and whites beaten light separately, and add these alternately to other ingredients. Last of all, add three cups of flour sifted with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat vigorously for one minute, then pour into shallow pan or gem tins and bake one-half hour covered. Uncover and brown. Have a steady heat, not too intense.

Dutch Honey Cake.—To one pound of bread dough add one pound strained honey, a quarter-cup of butter, half a teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Work these into the dough and add the grated rind of a lemon, a quarter pound of candied ginger and citron, both shredded, and the yolks of four eggs beaten light, and the whites of two, also beaten, a half teaspoon of soda, dissolved in a little hot water, and one cup of flour. Make into a loaf, and bake covered for forty-five minutes. Then uncover and brown.

Cakes to which sauce or jam is added may be made and syrup substituted for the sugar called for. A larger measure of syrup than the sugar called for is needed, as corn syrup is not so sweet as sugar. Usually a little more flour should be added.

Apple Sauce Cake.—One and one-half cups apple sauce, one and one-half cups syrup, one-half cup butter, three and one-half cups of flour sifted with three teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of cloves and nutmeg, and one teaspoon of cinnamon. A cup of raisins may be added.

Blackberry Jam Cake.—One-half cup of butter creamed, two eggs well beaten, one and one-fourth cups of syrup, one cup of blackberry jam—or any jam, three tablespoons of buttermilk, one teaspoon of soda, two cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of cinnamon and one-half teaspoon of cloves.

"Over and Overs."  
As Maide followed her sister up to the sewing room her small feet were fairly dancing with excitement.

"O Ellen, are you going to begin my new dresses this afternoon? Will you do the pink one first? Please do the pink one, Ellen. You know I like that best."

Ellen drew the cover from the pile of work cut out and ready for basting. Such a pile of work! The pink ging-

the fam-  
she could set  
going that would make new  
clothes every spring and fall. She  
would not get tired then. It was the  
doing things over and over endlessly  
and never getting them done. Days  
and nights and seedtime and harvests  
did themselves.

But how about people? How about  
people's selfishness and laziness and  
impatience? Did God never get tired  
of forgiving people over and over?  
Did He never get tired of giving them  
fresh days and having them spoil  
them?

Ellen's needle slipped from her  
fingers, and she sat very still in the  
bright little sewing room. Suddenly  
she dropped her work and went to the  
window. In the yard below was a  
grave little figure sitting listlessly in  
the swing.

"Maide," Ellen called, "you may  
come up now. I've found a lovely piece  
that you may use to make Rosie May  
a dress."

## Buttermilk As a Summer Beverage.

Buttermilk with its fat taken out  
and its milk, sugar, minerals and pro-  
tein left in, plus its wholesome acidity,  
is an ideal drink for bilious folks and  
all with intestinal and gastric  
troubles.

For very aggravated cases of bil-  
iousness let the patient put himself  
on a steady diet of buttermilk and  
bread and cereals for one week, and  
he will be surprised at the result.  
Of course, care must be taken not to  
take too much even of this plain food.  
Fruit should not be eaten at the same  
meal with buttermilk.

An appetizing and nutritious way to  
prepare buttermilk for table use is to  
make buttermilk jelly. Boil one quart  
of fresh buttermilk in a granite kettle,  
stirring occasionally to avoid curdling  
in lumps. Mix in it enough rice flour  
(previously moistened) to make a soft  
mush. Beat in the yolk of an egg  
while hot, two tablespoonfuls of sugar  
and pour into molds. Serve cold with  
cream. Another variation is to flavor  
with lemon and add half a cupful of  
chopped almonds instead of the egg.

Buttermilk pie is preferable to the  
usual custard pie, being pleasantly  
acid and more wholesome. It is pre-  
pared the same, substituting butter-  
milk for sweet milk and adding to  
each cupful a heaping teaspoonful of  
cornstarch. One egg to each pie is  
sufficient.

Buttermilk, too, is good for the  
complexion of womankind, externally  
or internally applied. On a hot day  
try a glass of half sweet cream and  
half buttermilk. It is wholesome and  
refreshing—both food and drink for  
summer time.

Boiling water and washing soda  
will remove the musty odor from a  
closed teapot.

The man of intelligence who lacks  
moral force remains always a follow-  
er; he never becomes a leader, for he  
is seldom master of his own conduct.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

**COARSE SALT  
LAND SALT**  
Bulk Carlots  
TORONTO SALT WORKS  
C. J. CLIFF TORONTO

Beautiful Women  
of Society, during the past  
seventy years have relied  
upon it for their distin-  
guished appearance. The  
soft, refined, pearly  
white complexion it  
renders instantly, is  
always the cause of  
flattering comment.



Gouraud's  
**Oriental Cream**  
PERFUMERIE GOURAUD