

## No Kitchen Worry

No servant problem in the home where

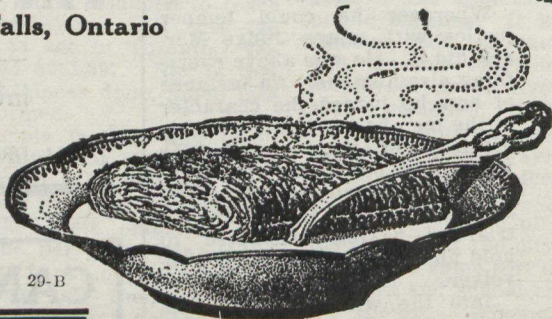
# SHREDDED WHEAT

is known. We do all the work and all the worrying for you when you serve Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Made of the choicest selected Canadian wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked—a Canadian food for Canadians. Our kitchen is your kitchen.

Always heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with hot milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work. Deliciously nourishing when eaten in combination with baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas, canned or preserved fruits. Try toasted Triscuit, the Shredded Wheat wafer, for luncheon with butter, cheese or marmalade.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited  
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Toronto Office:  
49 Wellington  
Street East



29-B

## SANDY MACDONALD

SPECIAL LIQUEUR  
SCOTCH WHISKY

10 YEARS OLD

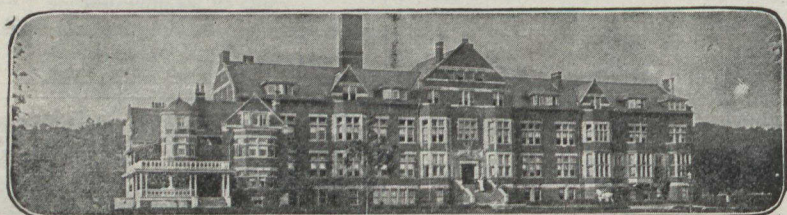
If it's good Scotch—

it's "Sandy Macdonald"

If it's "Sandy Macdonald"—

it's good Scotch

ALEXANDER & MACDONALD, LEITH, SCOTLAND.



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Easter vacation, April 15th, 1914. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster.

## No Business Woman

(Continued from page 8.)

Esther meant to keep it a secret until such time as she had accumulated a considerable sum. She often amused herself with picturing Sol's surprise when some day she could show him a bank book crediting her with a thousand dollars or when if, Heaven forbid, that time should ever come, when Sol needed money and was in despair, and she could give it to him. It was one of his pet superstitions that she could not save money, and Esther would as soon have thought of picking his pockets as of robbing him of it.

She had never been tempted to touch this little fund before, but now, why not? The money would be just as safe in up-state land as in the bank, perhaps safer. She believed that she would put it there, but she would have to tell Sol and endure his ridicule, but then—would she?

If Sol was told he would be sure to be angry and to forbid her to make the investment, and all the fun of saving the money would be gone. No, she would forget all about the old land and never go to Mrs. Rumpelmeier's again. That was her decision when she went to sleep that night, but the next morning her mind promptly opened up the whole question again, and try as she would she could not forget it.

For two days she struggled valiantly, and on the third drew her money out of the bank. "Of course, I could write a check," she told herself, "but there is nothing like ready cash." She put the map in her purse and took an early train for Knoxville.

The property was just beyond the edge of the town, and Esther hired a carriage and had herself driven there. The driver was a loquacious native, and he volunteered a great deal of information. With his help, she found the stakes marking off the lots she had almost decided upon.

"What do you think of my choice?" she asked.

"I take it that you're meanin' to buy?" said the old man.

Esther nodded.

"Wall, sinct you're a lady, I'm a goin' ter butt in and advise you to go kerrful and slow. They's something queer about this here property.

"Right straight along fer a month they's been agents here on the ground all the time, an' two excursions down from the city. Lots of folks couldn't see no great shakes of a buy here and didn't take no lots, but quite a few did.

"MY son-in-law thought there was going to be a boom, and sashayed up to the office in the city to buy these here very identical lots. When he got there and give the numbers they told him that they'd took the land off'n the market and wouldn't sell another foot, not for no price. There ain't been nary a agent here since; somethin' crooked, I say, lady."

Suddenly he raised his hand and pointed. "See over there by them trees—them four fellers? They came this mornin' and they've been trampin' over every inch of the tract and on the other side of the river—Grand Jury men, I'll warrant you."

"I think I'll go back to the station," said Esther. On the way, she noticed a small cottage surrounded by garden. "Their back yard runs right down to the river," she remarked.

"Yes, marm, it's a right pretty place. Old feller named Mendelbaum an' his wife an' son own it and raise truck for the market. They've had a spell of bad luck lately an' I guess the old feller would be right glad enough now to sell his patch of land. There was a party tryin' to buy it a spell back, but Mendelbaum he wouldn't sell."

Presently they were overtaken by an automobile holding four men besides the chauffeur. "Them's the fellers I told you about. Guess they're going to make the 1.40 train back to town."

"That's the train I want," said Esther.

When Mrs. Berger reached the sta-

tion she found the four men pacing up and down on the platform near the open windows of the waiting room. She took a seat just out of their view and shamelessly and attentively listened.

The station was quiet, as there were very few people about, and she managed to catch the greater part of their conversation which interested her very much. She watched them board the train, and then she hunted up the old carriage driver again. "Take me out by Mr. Mendelbaum's; I think maybe he is a landsman of mine, and would like to see me."

When Esther boarded the train for home late that afternoon, after having made a trip to the Knoxville courthouse with the aged Mr. Mendelbaum and his wife, she was minus every dollar of her savings, plus a red sealed document and a happy smile.

Her maid of all work, Rifka, greeted her with an old servant's privileged manner. "Ach, Gott, Mrs. Berger, I thought sure you was killed; you're so late home again. The dinner is spoiled. Even Mr. Berger he ain't been home yet; he telephoned and said I should tell you he's got a out-of-town customer to take to dinner, and he is such a bum that he can't bring him up here."

"Thanks be to goodness!" thought Esther. "May Heaven bless that customer."

TWO days later, as Rifka was serving coffee, the doorbell rang. She answered and came back, blushing furiously. "Oh, Mrs. Berger! Please excuse me, I forgot to tell you about this here gentleman what's now in the parlour." She laid a card before her mistress, and avoiding Sol Berger's stern eye, hastened on. "He was here this afternoon, while you was out. He said he's got to see you right away. I told him you would sure be home to-night. This here is his card."

"Mr. A. G. Howe, representing the B. T. Z. Railroad. I think I know what he wants. Tell him I shall be in by the parlour in a few minutes; that he should please wait. Then you have your dinner, Rifka, and next time don't forget."

Sol was too amazed to reprimand the maid who breathed a great sigh of relief, and escaped to the kitchen.

Esther handed the card to her husband and sipped her coffee.

"Who is this here feller?" demanded Sol, a gleam in his eye.

"I don't know any more than you do. I don't think I have ever seen him, but I guess he has come to buy my land up by Knoxville."

"Explain yourself, Esther."

"Come on in by the parlour, then," and she led the way.

"This is Mr. Howe, yes?" she began. "I am Mrs. Berger and this here is my husband."

The visitor bowed. "I have come to make you a cash offer for your Knoxville property," said Mr. Howe to Sol.

"I don't know nothing about it; talk to my wife." Sol subsided into the nearest chair, too amazed to contribute a word to the conversation.

"I presume you bought that land for speculative purposes, Mrs. Berger?"

"Yes. I thought the B. T. Z. railroad might maybe need it bad enough for their repair yard to maybe buy it from me."

Mr. Howe looked staggered for an instant. "I beg your pardon, but how on earth do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"I heard you say so, yourself," answered Esther smiling.

"Really, I don't understand."

"Last Tuesday, at the Knoxville station, on the platform, you and three other gentlemen. You said, 'We've got options on or else we own all that land west of the river except the little truck farm. I'd have settled that yesterday, only the old German Jew that owns it can't speak English, and his son won't be home for two days. We ought to be able to get his land for a thousand dollars at the outside, and it would be better to give him two thousand than to give Rumpel-