

"Why, I can do anything," cheerfully and bravely said this charming widow who had seen better days.

And so at once Mrs. Denison wrote to the management and the management wrote back "If this woman and her boy are honest, bring them along".

O-Me-O-My-"This Woman" with her dainty gowns, her high heels and her beautiful home. Never mind, Mrs. Ward's fame as a first class cook was more than local, and what if the boy had swelled it in New York!

The trio left Napanee with plenty of fun, no care and worn-out suit cases. They were all going to get jobs. Not situations or positions, mind you. After a few days trial at the Rustic Inn, Mrs. Ward was honorably installed as Mabel the head cook, although Margaret ran her a good second, even if she did not wear such high heels.

The boy was a sure enough launchman but as a grave digger for garbage he was an artist, and so henceforth for the season his professional name was Garb.

Mrs. Denison's literary ability found no place in which to shine, and she was able to get an audience for only one lecture for which she received no pay, so to liquidate her board bill, she each and every day washed the breakfast dishes and she washed them clean, and for this she received the title of Scully. She protested that a scullery maid was something different, but one can't be too particular about just what title one receives in war times, even if the market does threaten to be glutted with them.

This little story may all seem just a trifle, but straws show the way the wind blows and it proved two great things—the Domestic Servant Problem was no Problem and Folks are as good as anybody. There was Mary and Ada and other helpers, but when the work was done all hands and the cook gathered about the big stone fire-place which blazed just for the joy of blazing, and Mabel played while others sang, and for her graciousness guest after guest helped her by picking huckleberries for the wondrous pies she made, and even Ethel Lloyd Patterson, famous for telling about Peggy, turned the ice cream freezer on the back veranda and became quite wrathful if some misguided youth said "allow me" in deference to her beauty and French gowns.

Judge Madden, a steady who owns Bon Echo while he is there, and welcome, praised the cooking, and was real chesty, bragging about Mabel whose late husband was the cleverest man in central Ontario.