

I felt in fine spirits going home, because I was sure I had good yeast and I would not let the bread set too long, so I must surely have good bread.

The next morning I set my bread, and to be sure about the "hoisting element," I put in a good big half quart of it, a cup of water, and then about enough flour to make it good and thick. I had heard my mother speak of salt-raised bread, and so I thought I had better put salt in too. I rolled out a cupful to make it nice and fine, and mixed it in. When it had set for a while I thought I had better make no mistake in getting it baked soon enough. I washed my hands and arms, tied on a large apron, then I rolled, pulled and twisted the bread around on the bake-board to get more flour into it so it would stay in loaves, and then I put it into the pan. Oh, dear, how strange it looked, but I thought the greenish yellow color would bake out, and so put it directly into the oven so it would not have a chance to get sour. I had what I thought was a good

oven, and, waiting impatiently for an hour, I opened the oven door as carefully to see if the bread was cooked—Oh, dear, what I felt like! Gracious, I could not begin to tell you what I felt like; but I took that bread out of the oven pretty quick, and after pounding the bottom of the pan until I had good big dinges in it I got the pan separated from the bread, and I threw the dreadful stuff, hissing hot, down into the ditch.

I imagine it is there yet, and a dozen or so geese hard at it.

It was too much for me, and for the first time I sat down and had a good cry. It was no genteel, little soft snuffle with a few tears, but a real good, genuine, downright cry that would have done credit to any whipped youngster. Oh, dear me! It was awful.

In this plight my husband found me, and I suppose I frightened him most out of his wits.

"Why, what in the world is wrong?" said he, but he soon grasped the situa-

tion, and was very anxious to comfort me.

I told him of my long walk to get instruction, how tired I was, and how anxious I was to make bread fit to eat, and the results of my last effort, and that I hoped the goose that brought that bread to the light of day would get choked immediately.

All at once he burst out laughing, and such a laugh, as though it were a capital joke. But it was no laughing matter to me, and I was on the verge of tears again. At last he said in his kindest voice:

"It was no fault of yours, Nellie, and I am sure you will succeed yet if perseverance counts for anything; but really, if I were you I would write to your mother, and tell her to write down the minutest details and send how she makes bread. She is a superior cook, and I am sure her daughter will be, too."

Well, I did not like to, because they had said so much about my not knowing anything about cooking when I left

home. I had never mentioned any of my trials and troubles to them; I thought I would let them imagine I was doing handsomely. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," I have read, so I thought there was no use of them knowing—they would have such a laugh.

But I did write to her, and such a nice letter she sent me, telling me every little thing, and giving me lots of advice and "pointers"—as my husband calls it—about cooking and baking the needs of every-day life. Girls, always write or go to your mother when in any difficulty.

I could fill many pages with such doleful happenings, and should be willing to do so if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge, or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by saying I can now cook dinner, wash, iron, bake and make bread as well as most women. If anyone doubts it, ask my husband.

A Colonial Valentine (To a Belle in 1770)

By Jennie Betts Hartswick

There's not a damsel in ye towne
But distanced is completie
By Polly in her prim graye gowne
That fits her forme soe neatlie.
I would I were ye golden pinne
That clasps her frocke securelie,
Soe I mighte kisse her dimpled chinne
When downe she lookes demurelie.

Ye little ruffle at her wrist
I envie for its nearnesse
To her faire hand, which oft hath kissed
Those folds of puckered Sheernesse.
And when I see her shy browne eyes
Thro' filmy lashes glancinge,
Within my sober Quaker guise
My hearte is set a-dancinge.

And when upon ye windy square
By happie chance I meet her—
(We "thee" and "thou" each other there—
Sure language ne'er was sweeter!)
If I behold her eyelids falle
Beneathe my glances steadie
I cannot help but hope withal,
Since we are "Friends" already.

How often have I longed to looke
Within ye silken Shaker
That bends above ye singinge-booke
Of this moste lovelie Quaker;
But ah, her pietie reproves
My all-too-ardente passion—
I feare sometimes ye Spirit moves
In very worldlie fashion.

For in this citie where ye Penn
Above ye sword hath honor,
Ye rascals of Kinge George's menne
Had best not gaze upon her;
For tho' I am a manne of peace,
And tho' my hearte is tender,
I'd challenge all ye Colonies
If need were to defende her.

Soe, Polly, if I'm moved to-daye
By Sainte instead of Spirit,
To tell my tale to thee, I praye
That thou wilt deign to heare it;
'Tis onlie that Sainte Valentine
For thee and me discovers
That we should walk as thine and mine—
Not friends alone, but lovers.

A Nursery Tea

When I have cake and jam enough
For two, or maybe three,
I beg Louise or Grace to come
To supper here with me.
But when there isn't very much,
And yet I'd like a guest,
I'll tell you who's the nicest one,
The pleasantest and best;
It's my dear Angelina Maud,
'Cause when I move her up
In her high chair, and set for her
A plate and spoon and cup
And things to eat, she sits right there
With such a lovely smile
And not one bit of appetite!
And when a long, long while
Has gone, and still she doesn't touch
A mouthful, then I say,
'I'll eat your share to save it,'
And she smiles and miles away!

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