

Singer Talks

3. The Extravagance of Cheapness in a Sewing Machine

¶ Every woman knows the foolish extravagance of buying anything for her house just because it is "cheap."

¶ Every woman also knows that what seems "dear" at first is often "cheapest in the end."

¶ Yet the woman who will urge her husband to buy a thoroughly good overcoat because he gets several seasons' wear out of it, often buys some unknown sewing machine for herself because of its "bargain" price.

¶ Now the Singer Sewing Machine costs very little more than thrown-together, catch-penny machines. Yet one Singer will outlast several of the ordinary kind.

¶ The Singer has earned the reputation of running as smoothly at the end of its twentieth or thirtieth year as the day it was bought. Considering this, the Singer is in the end the cheapest machine to own.

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In Lighter vein.

DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN'.

Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' marinahs? Ain'tt you got no raisin', chile? Don't be re'chin' crosst de table! 'Possum sets you chill'n will! Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgiving? We's agwineter have a pra'r 'Fo' we teches dem dar 'possums er dem taters—git back dar! Now, ole 'oman, keep dese chill'n wid dey'r hails all bowed down low Whilst I offahs up de blessin' fer de fambly. Han's down! So!

"Lawd, we don't know how to m'asure whut You does up dar 'n de sky. But we knows in all Yo' givin' dat You nevah pass us by; And we's grateful fer de good things You continues to dispense From de cawn-crib and de smoke-house uv Yo' lovin' providence. Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's, spec'ly dem dat He ordains Fer de niggah's faithful stummick and de honger hit contains— Sech ez red-meat watermillons, storin' up de natal juice Uv de summer-time's bes' honey fer de hones' niggah's use. And we thanks You, Lawd, fer roas'n' yeahs and fer de yaller yam, Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes and de ham-bone in de ham; We remembahs You mos' kindly fer de bacon and de beans, And fer good pot-licker extry wid de jowl and turnip greens. And dey hain't no mawtal music to us niggahs heah below Like de gobblin' uv de gobblah and de rooster's lawdly crow. Fer dese bleasin's and all othahs we is grateful, Lawd, always. But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear ole 'possum's praise; Ca'se we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' uv dis beas' Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgiving' fea's!"

Link! Whut make yo' mouf so greasy? M'randy! Whut you munchin' on? Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges' tater gone? Drap it back, dar, Lizy! Heah me! Dis heah ain't no eatin' race! Now, ole 'oman, min' dese chill'n whilst I finish sayin' grace!

"Lawd, dey tells me dat de 'possum am de oldes' critter yit, And we knows dat You's perzerved him fer de niggah's benefit! And we knows You's perzerved him two, ca'se dey wuz so fat and hale From de whiskers on dey'r nostrills to de col' and naked tail! Ca'se de 'possum's good all over, from dat tantallizin' grin To de marrer-bones and chittlin's and de gravy in de skin! Den we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggahs edjicated tas'e, So's 'at dey kin eat de 'possum 'd out a single drap uv was'e! Angels, look down on dis picture! Chil-l'n waitin' fer a piece, Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid thanks-givin' 'at de fea's! And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all blessin's flow— Him dat keeps de blackes' niggah same ez dem dat's white ez snow! Lawd, we honors de traditions uv de niggah to de en; Bless us whilst we taken de creases out'n our stummicks now. Amen!"

Lawdy mussy! Whar's dem 'possums? And dem taters—dey's gone too! And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe de platters clean ez new! Link! M'randy! Zekel! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one ain't cut out! May dyspepsy ha'n't dey'r stummicks and dyr feet swell up with gout! Me a-prayin' and a-praisin' to de Lawd dat nevah fail, Dey a-stealin' 'at de altar, leavin' nothin' but de tail! Leavin' misery in my in'ards, and de in'ards moanin' on Ca'se I didn't ax de blessin' 'fo' I blowed de dinnah ho'n! But I'll promise de ole 'oman and dem chill'n powerful strong Dat de nex' Thanksgiving' pra'r won't be so everlastin' long!

The Thankfulness of Hiram.

Old Hiram Hopkinson was the meanest man on Pusley Creek. He wouldn't even give thanks. He said he ought to be paid for them. "What's the good of giving something for nothing?" he growled. "Nobody gives me anything. What I get I have to pay cash for. Huh? No, I won't. If anybody gets anything out of Hiram Hopkinson he pays cash for it. That's me, and that's my business." This speech had come to the ears of Mrs. Hopkins, a kindly soul and Hiram's only claim to a happy hereafter, and she told him she hoped that what she had heard was not true. "But it is," he persisted. "I said just that, and I mean it. I mean it now."

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried, "it's wicked—it's wicked! You have plenty to be thankful for, and the good Lord will make you thankful. You see if He doesn't."

Hiram snorted defiance and went out to hitch up the team. It was early in November, and he had a wagon-load of turkeys to take to town. Hiram's turkeys were fine and fat always, and he got the top of the market for them. Some time next day Hiram complained to his wife of a sore bump on his neck. She took a look and reported that it looked to her like a "bealin'." By the second day it was a fully-developed boil, and it was very busy. Hiram went around with his head twisted to one side. At night there was a flax-seed poultice on it as big as a plate. Mrs. Hopkinson had put it there.

On the morning of Thanksgiving day Hiram's boil was bigger than a turkey-egg, and he was laid up in bed. "Poor Hiram!" soothed his kindly wife as she smoothed down his pillow, "you haven't got anything to be thankful for today, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Susan," he replied; "yes, I have. I'm darned thankful that I've got only one boil. I might have had a dozen, you know."

"And I'm thankful, too, Hiram," she said, sweet and low, and took his hand in hers.

Thus there was Thanksgiving in the house of Hopkinson.

Tommy's Experiment.

Miss Pensee was present at the Thanksgiving dinner.

As soon as Tommy had finished his second piece of pie and had given up hope of obtaining a third, he asked to be allowed to leave the table for a moment. Permission was granted him, and he slipped out of the room. In a few seconds he returned with the dainty Dresden clock from the parlor mantelpiece.

"Gracious, child!" exclaimed the mother. "What mischief are you up to with that clock?"

"Goin' to try a speriment," replied Tommy, with importance.

Miss Pensee giggled. "The dear little fellow is going to try an experiment!" she gushed. "How clever of him!"

While Miss Pensee was speaking, Tommy had carefully placed the clock on the table in front of her. With a mysterious gesture he laid his finger on his lips and enjoined silence. No one stirred.

After about two minutes Tommy's strained expression relaxed, and he clapped his hands in exultation.

"It goes!" he cried, triumphantly. "It goes! You were wrong, papa!"

Tommy's father said nothing, but looked apprehensive.

"Of course it goes, child," laughed Miss Pensee. "What made your father think it wouldn't?"

"Well, replied the little fellow, simply, 'he said your face would stop a clock!'"

The Colonel's Trap.

"Eph," began the Colonel, sternly, "when you visited my turkey coop last night why did you select the largest fowl?"

"Mass'r Kern'l, Ah declar—"

"Don't argue with me, Eph," interrupted the Colonel. "I have strong evidence against you."

"Mass'r Kern'l, Ah jest—"

"No, Eph. I shall not allow you to add lying to theft. Be honest with me. Confess that you robbed my turkey coop and I might find forgiveness for you. What have you to say?"

"Mass'r Kern'l, 'fore Ah makes er statement 'spose yo' jest 'form me 'bout yo' evidence."

"Certainly," replied the Colonel.

"When I went to the coop this morning I discovered bits of woolly hair in a turkey cock's comb. Now the evidence is that before or after stealing my prize turkey you combed your hair with the comb of another bird."

"Dat sho' look bad," muttered Eph.

thoughtfully. "Mass'r Kern'l I's gwine to tell de truth. Ah did took dat big turkey from yo' place las' night, but 'fore de Lawd, Mass'r Kern'l, Ah didn't stop 'long enuff to comb ma hair!"

Willy Winters.

Bill Winters is one of the heroes who use their wits to save their strength. During a camping trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party. Finally, his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him of home. The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountains. Two hours later the men in the camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear. When the men could stop laughing, one of them said:

"Bill, what on earth possessed you to