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For bites between meals there is nothing equal to Maple Buds—all the goodness of the Indies seems to be caught and prisoned in these pure, velvet-smooth bits of solid chocolate—and they're so wholesome and nourishing too.



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal



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THE FAST, CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

will restore their freshness and beauty, give them a new lease of life, and enable you to get far more value for your money.

Maypole Soap gives deep, even, lustrous shades, fast and fadeless. Cleans and dyes at one operation—saves muss and trouble. 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c, black 15c—at your dealers or postpaid with free booklet "How to Dye" from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

stand each other, once and for all. And the sooner you understands that I'm master in my own 'ouse the better it'll be for both of us."

"I expect to have my wishes carried out," she said stiffly.

"If they're reasonable they shall be," he promised her. "If not—"

He shrugged his shoulders, and re-lighted his pipe in that sacrosanct parlor.

"I won't have smoking in here!" she shrilled. "I'm used to having my own way, and I'm going to have it! And there's a lot of your little habits you've got to mend, let me tell you!"

She went on to give him a number of instances where he would have to conform his standards to hers. Mr. Dapp listened to her in silence, and then, with some significance, he put away his pipe.

"We're goin' to 'ave no quarrelling," he announced. "I see 'ow it is with you—you're too used to ordering, and not used enough to obeying. Well, there's only room for one boss in this 'ouse. Is it to be me or you?"

"Not you!" she exclaimed rebelliously.

"Very well," he answered with gravity. "It's to be you, then; that's understood. If you're to be master, I'm to be the other thing, that's all."

wearing his apron, he took a basket, and went down the village street to do a little marketing.

"A nice one you are to do shopping!" scoffed Aggie, affecting merely to be amused when he returned. "A fine lot of mistakes you've made, I'll be bound."

"Oh, no, I 'aven't," he replied. "I got Mrs. Stebbings and Mrs. Custance to come along with me to 'elp me."

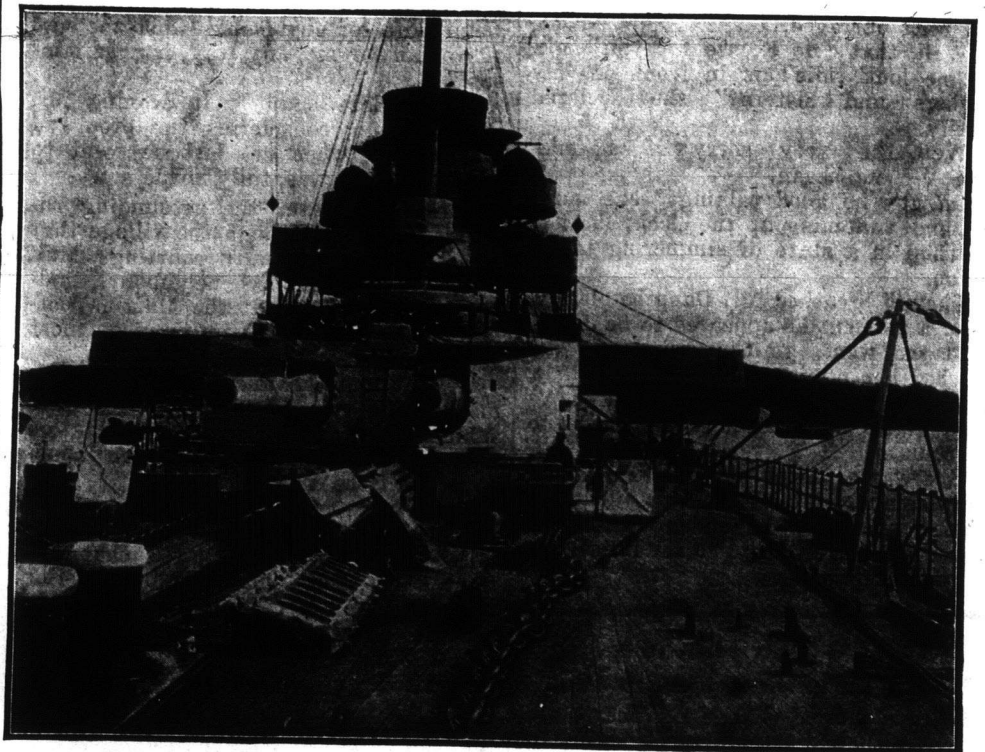
"Them two!" she cried, in horror. "Why, they're the two biggest gossips in the village!"

"I can't 'elp that," he replied doggedly. "I 'ad to get someone to 'elp me. I've got a lot to learn yet, you know."

In vain did his wife storm at him, threatening all sorts of pains and penalties if he did not cease this foolishness. Mr. Dapp, displaying an unexpected vein of obstinacy, merely reiterated his intention of persisting in these courses until Aggie should abdicate from the position of master.

"Very well!" she cried, in final exasperation. "Do what you like. I don't mind! It won't make any difference to me!"

Immediately after tea, an ecstatic row of villagers stood to watch him ha— out a little washing he had been doing,



German Cruiser "Goeben" ordered from many neutral harbors during war progress

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He did not answer her then; but she understood next morning before breakfast. Glancing from a window she was amazed to see a delighted row of village faces staring at her front-door.

Hastening to the door to understand the reason for this, she was aghast at finding her young husband, an apron round his waist, on his knees, hearth-stoning the doorstep.

"Joe!" she exclaimed "What on earth—"

"That's all right. I'll be done in a minute," was Mr. Dapp's imperturbable reply.

"Come indoors at once!" she stormed. "Not me," he replied stolidly. "If you're the man in this 'ouse, it stands to reason I must be the woman."

For a minute she stood staring at him. Then, banging the door violently, she withdrew, to the accompaniment of mocking village laughter.

A few minutes later, Mr. Dapp, wiping his hands on his apron, rejoined her at the breakfast-table.

"What did you want to go and be so silly for?" she demanded irately.

"I told you why," he returned. "And what's more, I'm going to keep on like that."

"If you like to make a laughing-stock of yourself, I'm not going to prevent you," she said. "It don't make any difference to me, and it won't neither."

"We shall see," he replied. "Anyway, I'm going to keep it up till you asks me not to. When you tells me you're ready to change places with me, and let me be the master, I'll give it up, but not before!"

"Then you'll have to wait a long time," she promised him.

He was busy all the morning, and so could carry his scheme no further into practice till the afternoon. Then, again,

and the rumour ran that he had performed quite a lot of darning in the semi-publicity of his shop.

Within the next few days, Mr. Dapp's efforts at domesticity were the talk of the village.

Not only had he persuaded old Mrs. Tarver to show him how to use a mangle; not only had he performed the ceremony of washing-up in the full light of day outside his front-door; but also he had made tentative efforts to acquire the art of cooking, and, so proud of his experiments was he, that a putty-coloured cake, made by his own hands, actually stood in his shop-window between the tray of brooches and the second-hand alarm clock.

All these actions of her husband's did Mrs. Dapp regard with fierce anger; but, having asserted that she would feel no concern at whatever he might do, her prideful temper kept her from admitting any annoyance.

She merely simulated a frigid scorn at his silliness, affecting to be untouched by any warmer emotion.

Once or twice, intending to work up to the subject, she deliberately embarked on a recital of other points of contention, but Mr. Dapp refused to be drawn.

He would just listen to her in silence, meekly agreeing with what she said, and professing an intention of trying to do better in the future.

"I know I ain't quite a success yet," he would admit regretfully. "But I 'aven't 'ad much practice at being the mistress of a 'ouse yet. Just you wait!"

A few more days passed, and the behaviour of Mr. Dapp was losing its novelty.

Hourly his wife was expecting him to tire of the pose, and had already magnanimously resolved not to say "I told you so."