

ONE great, strong soul in every community would actually redeem the world .- Hubbard. . . .

## The "Sunshine Special" By REBECCA N. PORTER (Farm and Home)

"Anything else?" "Anything else?" "Yes, I bought a pair of shoes for Mollie, too. They were havin' a big sale of children's footwear at Parker's."

T had been a hard day at the store, and Martin was tired as he drove slowly home in the sagging buck-board. The unoiled axles squeaked deafening protest at each revolution of the wheels, but he did not hear them. Nor did he feel any thrill of slowly vanishing, but he told himself that he would be glad when Mollie response to the sensuous, caressing air of twilight. He was thinking with animal satisfaction of the hot supper that awaited him.

per that awaited him. As he turned into the dusty drive-way he noticed a grey mare hitched to a backless, two-wheeled cart, at the barn door. "Somebody must 've the barn door. "Somebody must 've been to town," he muttered, as he drove up alongside. He unhitched the grey mare and his own horse, and ran the two rigs into the buggy shed, watching with alert eyes the move-ments of Henry, the hired man, who was milking in the barn lot. A brief each with him area the darlier. ments of Henry, the hired man, who was milking in the barn bot. A brief parley with him over the day's work, and then be strode on toward the house, a square, whitewashed build-ing with lean-to kitchen and roofless front porch. The walk leading to it was baked hard and white by suc-cessive summers of pittless sun. The cessive summers of pittless suff. Ine two flowering pomegranate buskes on either side of the steps were the only vestige of a garden. They were in full bloom now, but their gaudy, red-yellow blossoms seemed only another concentrated form of heat.

The man shoved open the screen door of the kitchen, hung his flopping hat on a hook near the mirror, and plunged his head into a basin of cold water. Then, while he dried is on the roller towel behind the door,

i on the roller towel behind the door, he surveyed the table. It was set as usual, knives, forks, and spoons, with the glass sugar dish and han-dleless vinegar jug in the centre, but supper had not been dished yet. With a feeling of irritation he drew up his chair, and at the sound a woman came in hurriedly from the adjoining room. A child of all four hear the quernloss cry of a tirred halv. tired baby.

tired baby. She glanced at the man with mingled apology and distress, "I'm afraid supper'll be a little late," she said. "I had to go to town this afternoon, and only just got back." An impatient exclamation rose to his lips, but he gulped it down and pread the willow answerse att his.

his lips, but he gulped it down and spread he village newspaper out be-fore him. The child climbed into a high chair beside him and began to whine for "petnit." He reached in-to his pocket mechanically and drew forth a stick of cheap candy with red lines running round his hunger was habeen served, and his hunger was hab wife who was still hovering above the stiffer wave.

"What did you have to go to town for to-day, Lola?"

She answered without looking at him. "My machine broke down and I had to get a new band for it and some needles."

subject was going to be rather un- counts, and you'll have pleasant. "Well?"

"Well?" She came straight to the point with a bluntness that bespoke crucial pre-paration. "It's about money. There ought to be some understanding between us about what I can have to spend."

He removed his pipe slowly and stared at her. "What do you mean

stared at her. "What do you mean by an arrangement?" "I mean that I never have a single cent of my own to spend, Martin, and I need more; that's all." His hand strayed toward his poc-tion of the strayed toward his poc-

His hand strayed toward his poe-ket, but her next words arrested it half way, 'I don't mean that I want a dollar or five dollars right now. I want a regular allowance." "An allowance! Why, we're liv-in' together, Lola. That sounds like divorce to me."

divorce to me.

"It ain't though. It's just com-monsense. If it was divorce I could make you give me an allowance, but because we're livin' together and I work like a slave from sun-up to dark, I can never have a cent to call OWD

His hand dropped back into his lap from sheer amazement. "Do you mean," he asked incredulously, "that



was

A Home that Proved too Pretentious for the Farm

The building of a farm home calls for nice indgment. We all like a nice home but it is not well to make it a burden. This home, once owned in connection with Annandale Farm, Oxford Oo, Ont, has since been sold without the farm as a tenant depending on the returns of the farm alone, could not afford to keep it up.

was old enough to go to town on errands. It upset things around the house when Lola was away all after-

He nodded. His irritation

When the meal was over, he strolled out to the porch to smoke, watch-ing lazily as Henry oiled his bicycle and started out upon his weekly courting trip. He tilted his chair far back and braced his feet upon the railing of the porch and sud-denly felt at peace with the world. ranch was in good condition and the store doing well, even though a competitor had loomed upon the field. "I guess I'll put a new coat of paint on the barn next month; it's gettin' to look tough."

Inside he could hear his wife clat-Inside he could hear his wife clat-tering the supper dishes, and he re-membered vaguely that she had eaten nothing; she had spells that way. For a while he smoked in silence, only half conscious of the process of undressing and quieting the two children, which was going on just inside the door. They were still after a time and then Latstill after a time, and then Lola opened the door and came out cau-tiously. She sank down on the step thousive. She sank down on the step near him, drawing her pink calico wrapper closer about her and fanning herself languidly with a palm leaf fan which advertised "Parker's Re-duction Sale" on the back.

duction Sale" on the back. Suddenly the swaying motion ceas-ed, and she faced her husband abruptly. "Martin, I want to talk to you about something." "The man stiffened slightly in his chair. Instinctively he felt that the

you want ready cash all the time?"

He gave a short laugh. "What's eatin' you, Lola? Guess you got a sunstroke, ain't you?"

She had laid down the palm-leaf fan and was tracing its converging lines with a long, black pin. "When I was teachin' Cross Creek School," I was teachin' Cross Creek School," she went on in the same ominous, unhurried tone, "I got a regular salary, and I spent if for whatever I pleased, and accounted to nobody. I gave it up when I married, but I didn't give up wearin' clothes, usin' postage stamps, and some other things. I need money every month, and I want it." I want it.

and T want it." The slow determination in her manner roused in the man a propi-tiotry mood. "Don't I let you buy whatever you need at Parker's" her reminded her. "So long as you get the duds you want, what difference does it make to you whether you pay cash for 'em or charge 'em to me?" "I can't get everything I want at Parker's. Sometimes I could do a lot hetter somewhere else by payin"

cash

He did not reply, and after a mo-ment's silence she went on: "You will find it really cheaper in the end, Martin, if you'll only let me try it that wway."

He caught the pleading note in her last words and knew that it was his opportunity for gaining again the upper hand. "I guess not, Lola," he decided with an air of finality. "My customers at the store all run acJuly 31 1913

month

ame.

10 de ain't any milli nain I don't know any man aroun who turns over a pile of read

There was a moment ence between them. knew that she had lost, physical weariness; shi strength to carry on the and was helpless. The that he had won, and w cent. Presently he brok arg

to his wife every month wantin' an airship next.

cent. Presently he broke with a change of subject ain't been goin' very we store lately, Lola," he said She made no reply, and on, a note of injury in "Maybe it ain't of any in you to know it, but Jim Me has started up in the ness right across the street from -from our store."

"Yes, I know; I saw his sig day

"Well, there ain't room for the us in this town; not yet. pretty good idea of his line of and it ain't up to mine; not But folks in a small pla near. But folks in a small pige Millcreck always want to try at thing new, and they'll flock a Meadows' store like flics to a fruit. They've got an idea, to, I don't need their trade mach, because I've got a farm of mys That's how the wind's blowni'. The rectal of his wrongs ha him a sense of depression, whis saw now, to his satisfaction ad

saw now, to his satisfaction, and on the face of his wife. Her nervous fingers had ring

fan almost to shreds last as it lay in her lap, she g it up and rose slowly. "Gu go in to bed," she announce ily. "Drivin' in the cart, and

ily. "Drivin' in the cart, and the baby all the way, makes me ache like it would break in tw The days that followed is Martin's pessimistic propheo cerning his business. The ne retitor riound the utilities are erring his ousness. The new petitor piqued the village on and the Millcreek housewives, ful for any novelty that brough iation to the dull routine of lives, began to stray into the dows grocery store and run t counts there.

counts there. It was when affairs were a stage, that Martin, coming later than usual one night, l small parcel on the kitchen "Brought you somethin' to m the store," he explained. On a occasions since his victory in lowance argument, he had be home little delicacies from the as peace offerings.

Lola unrolled the brown pa enfolded this one and disch small round cake, perfectly fm "Taste it," he urged. "Yo

bakin' down to a science; what you think of that."

She cut a thin slice and with the critical caution of noisseur, "It's good, was verdict. "Who made it?"

"Search me. An oldish came into the store this men asked me if I'd let her pa things she'd baked into the to sell. I told her all the town did their own baki didn't think she'd have n bakit sale, but she wanted ther to go ahead a try, charge her anything.

The memory of brought him an expar patronage. "Guess money all right," he ive f dded with

Lola was toying id of cake on her plate. buy 'em?'' she asked ''You bet. There as thr and they all sold by "Wonder who took am?"

(Continued ne week) July 31, 1913.

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Although the to werful one. Jame olled by man, but man tame." It ie man tame. wever, by the he It is one of the es us the most nat old to allow unki e unguarded doors en we do speak never know ho el, or what a be taken from a never know avel, or iss from one mout hat we had first gi id that we sho mgues as carefull ngues as carerum rried a loaded nd. Of course sper down than ou and.

ry to control the u lings that appear But it is not ju But gry that we must not surprising ho peating some unk



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