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- "Vaseline" White—for all irritations of the skin

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Chesebrough Mfg. Company
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Vaseline

Trade Mark

Camphor Ice



girl, and you've got four legs to carry you, so we'll both go and be happy."

At the circus grounds, young Pinney, finding she had forgotten to eat any lunch, treated her to everything he thought might tempt an old lady's appetite, led her into all the side shows, and finally established her in one of the reserved seats where she could see everything there was to be seen.

The afternoon passed like a dream out of fairyland. Bareback rider, clown, performing animal, and trapeze artist, each held her equally spellbound, never had she been so happy in all her hard working life. As one in a dream she let Fred Pinney lift her back again into the buggy and never said a word until he set her down at her own gate. Then she thanked him over and over again and watched the buggy disappear over the brow of the hill.

Supper was all prepared before Johnny and his grandfather returned hot, tired, and strangely reticent about their day's outing.

"Did you enjoy the parade?" Mrs. Dilligen asked, as she poured the tea.

Hiram grunted; the little boy nodded his head.

Mrs. Dilligen heaped high two plates with potatoes and cold meat, but forgot to help herself, as she lived over again the excitement of the afternoon.

"Aren't you going to eat?" demanded Hiram a little anxiously. His conscience was troubling him somewhat. This magnanimous attitude on the part of his wife made him feel small.

"No, I guess not—I'm not hungry," she said cheerfully.

"My! didn't those little bears eat!" exploded Johnny, unable to contain his secret longer.

His grandfather gave him a warning kick under cover of the tablecloth. Johnny flushed and swallowed a huge piece of potato to hide his confusion, but his grandmother apparently noticed nothing wrong; for she continued placidly to spread a slice of bread with butter for him.

"Yes, they were cunning," she answered absently: "I don't know when I've seen anything so funny, unless it was the clowns."

"How did you know about those bears and the clowns?" demanded Hiram.

"How did Johnny?" she retorted with unwonted courage. This was carrying the war into the enemy's camp with a vengeance.

"Why-er-he teased and carried on so, I took him to the circus. Cost me a dollar, too."

"Just what it cost me; but it was worth it. Father! I took some of the taxes money. You needn't look at me like that—you know that you and Johnny were planning to deceive me, and you a deacon in the Methodist church, too! I admit I was planning to keep still about it, too; but I, for one, am glad it's come out, so we can talk about the circus. I declare I never saw anything quite so wonderful in all my life."

Hiram opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. Meditatively he filled and lighted his pipe. "That was some show, eh Mother?" he said between puffs.



TYPES OF CANADIAN V.C.S.

Major T. W. MacDowell, V.C., D.S.O. Lt.-Gen. Sir R. Turner, V.C., K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

Retiring from the Farm

MARY, Mary, wake up, Mary!" The speaker, a man about sixty years of age, raised himself on his elbow and looked at his sleeping wife by his side. Nearly forty years' experience with Mary had taught him pretty thoroughly that if there was one thing more than another that she heartily disliked it was to be awakened early in the morning before it was really necessary. Hence his hesitation. An extra heavy jolt in the bed and jerk of the bed clothes, however, had the desired effect without incriminating him too much.

"Hello, Mary, you wake at last? Isn't it a dandy morning?" His wife's grey eyes rested reproachfully on him for a moment; two hours later the morning would have been quite "dandy" enough for her.

"Don't be cross with me, dearie," he remonstrated, stroking her thin face with his gnarled, toil-worn hands. "Let's wake up and talk about it, eh? No more work, no more chores now we've retired; you won't have no more of them blamed old hens to look after, and if the cows get out into the wheat, some one else will have to chase them and not me, thank goodness. No, sirree," and the old man sat up in bed and hugged his knees ecstatically, incidentally dragging most of the bed clothes off his partner.

"What? might ha' let you sleep a little longer this first morning, anyway? Gosh, Mary, why on earth don't you come to bed at eight o'clock like I do, instead of read-

ing or knitting or that there cro-shay work until ten or eleven o'clock. Well, all right I'll get up and light the fire and you go to sleep again. "I'll dress." And suiting the action to the word, he began putting on his clothes.

"Sunday pants now, Mary, all the time, no more overalls, no more work, no more nothin'," and he exultantly pattered off downstairs.

"No more nothing." That was the gist of the whole thing. After nearly twenty years on the prairie farm, working, planning and contriving how to make both ends meet, toiling from early dawn until long after dark, coping with its many hardships and privations, and its equally numerous pleasures, there was to be, as John truly had said, "No more nothin'," and, inwardly, her soul rebelled against it as she turned over and tried in vain to drop off to sleep again.

So John, after lighting the fire, and putting the water over for the oatmeal, proceeded to hunt for his carpentering tools to put up some shelves. He wanted to make this new home of theirs in the little town where they had decided to settle as much like the first home they had had after they were married as it was possible. He remembered the first thing Mary had asked him to do then was to put up some shelves, and how she had stood by and handed him the nails, and wondered in a vague kind of way whether he should waken her up again and ask her to hold the nails this time, but finally decided not to.

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