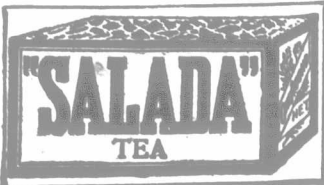


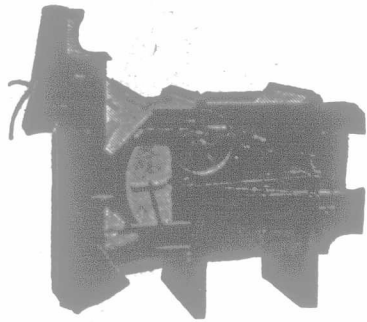
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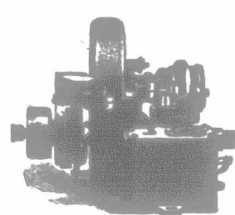
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## Hope's Quiet Hour.

Continued from page 570.

anything on that bill, and yet the children are constantly buying candy."

Those who have faith enough to know that if they deal dishonestly with their fellows they are stealing from God, will do their very best to pay all their bills. Religion which is packed away for six days of the week, with the Sunday clothes, is likely to grow musty and mouldy.

Faith is like the muscles of our body, it grows stronger with daily exercise. And Faith can't see the great Vision out of clouded windows. Only the pure in heart can see God. We must keep our hearts always open and ready for the Master. We dare not invite Him to help us in any doubtful enterprise. We can't allow worry to spoil our peace if we have really given Christ the command of our lives.

I was waiting for a street-car the other day when I heard a lady say to a companion: "You know I am a great worrier." That was a confession I should be ashamed to make—and yet the giant worry too often makes himself at home in my heart. Christ will not accept a divided throne. If we allow worry to rule us we are shutting out the Prince of Peace—and we don't want to shut the door in His face, do we?

We want a faith which can cling to God even when He hides His face and gives no sign of hearing our prayers. Like our Leader we want to hold fast to our Father even when He seems to have forsaken us. And we have no confidence in a fair-weather faith. Faith is a gift worth praying for and worth fighting for. Are you passing through a dark and shadowed valley of testing? Listen!

"Couldst thou love ME  
When creeds are breaking—  
Old landmarks shaking  
With wind and sea?  
Couldst thou refrain the earth from  
quaking  
And rest thy heart on ME?"

What is your answer to that searching question? My answer to it is the earnest appeal: "Lord, increase my faith."

DORA FARNCOMB.

## Serial Story

### "His Family."

BY ERNEST POOLE.

(Serial rights reserved by the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine.)

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

But later in the evening, when Allan and Deborah came in, Roger, who in the meantime had had a good hour in Japan and was somewhat relaxed and soothed, decided at once this was the time to tell her and have done with it. For Deborah was flushed with triumph, the meeting had been a huge success. Cooper Union had been packed to the walls, with an overflow meeting out on the street; thousands of dollars had been pledged and some big politicians had promised support; and men and women, rich and poor, had volunteered their services. She started to tell him about it, but noticed his troubled expression and asked him what was on his mind.

"Oh, nothing tremendous," Roger said. "I hate to be any damper to-night. I hadn't meant to tell you to-night—but I think I will now, for you look as though you could find a solution for anything."

"Then, I must look like an idiot," his daughter said good-humoredly. "What is it?" she demanded.

"It's about John." Her countenance changed.

"Oh, is he worse?"

"Edith thinks he is—and she says it's not safe."

"I see—she wants him out of the house. Tell me what she said to you." As he did so she listened intently, and turning to Allan at the end, "What do you say to this, Allan?" she asked. "Is there any real risk to the children?"

"A little," he responded. "As much as they take every day in the trolley going to school."

"They never go to the trolley," Deborah answered dryly. "They always go on the top of the car." She was silent

for a moment. "Well, there's no use discussing it. If Edith feels that way, John must go. The house won't be livable till he does."

Roger looked at her in surprise. He felt both relieved and disappointed. "John's only one of thousands to her," he told himself aggrievedly. "He isn't close to her, she hasn't room, she has a whole mass meeting in her head. But I haven't, by George, I like the boy—and I'm the one who will have to tell him to pack up and leave the house! Isn't it the very devil, how things all come back on me?"

"Look here, father," Deborah said, "suppose you let me manage this. And Roger's heavy visage cleared.

"You mean you'll tell him?"

"Yes," she replied, "and he'll understand it perfectly. I think he has been expecting it. I have, for a good many weeks," she added, with some bitterness. "And I know some people who will be glad enough to take him in. I'll see that he's made comfortable. Only—"

—her face clouded.

"It has meant a lot to him, being here," her father put in gruffly.

"Oh, John's used to getting knocks in this world." Her quiet voice grew hard and stern. "I wasn't thinking of John just now. What frightens me at times like this is Edith," she said slowly.

"No, not just Edith—motherhood. I see it in so many mothers these days—in the women downtown, in their fight for their children against all other children on earth. It's the hardest thing we have to do—to try to make them see and feel outside of their own small tenement homes—and help each other—pull together. They can't see it's their only chance! And all because of this mother love! It's so blind sometimes, like an animal!"

She broke off, and for a moment she seemed to be looking deep into herself. "And I suppose we're all like that, we women are," she muttered, "when we marry and have children. If the pinch is ever hard enough—"

"You wouldn't be," said Allan. And a sudden sharp uneasiness came into Roger's mind.

"When are you two to be married?" he asked, without stopping to think. And at once regretted his question.

With a quick impatient look at him, Allan bent over a book on the table.

"I don't know," Deborah answered. "Next spring, I hope." The frown was still on her face.

"Don't make it too long," said her father brusquently. He left them and went up to bed.

Deborah sat motionless. She wished Allan would go, for she guessed what was coming and did not feel equal to it to-night. All at once she felt tired and unnerved from her long exciting evening. If only she could let go of herself and have a good cry. She locked her hands together and looked up at him with impatience. He was still at the table, his back was turned.

"Don't you know I love you?" she was thinking fiercely. "Can't you see it—haven't you seen it—growing, growing, —day after day? But I don't want you here to-night! Why can't you see you must leave me alone? Now! this minute."

He turned and came over in front of her, and stood looking steadily down.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "how well you understand yourself."

"I think I do," she muttered. With a sudden twitching of her lip she looked quickly up at him. "Go on, Allan—let's talk it all over now if you must!"

"Not if you feel like that," he said. At his tone of displeasure she caught his hand.

"Yes, yes, I want to! Please!" she cried. "It's better—really! Believe me, it is—"

He hesitated a moment, his wide generous mouth set hard, and then in a tone as sharp as hers he demanded, "Are you sure you'll marry me next spring? Are you sure you hope you will next spring? Are you sure this sister next spring? Are you sure your nerves of yours in the house, on your nerves day and night, with this blind narrow motherhood, this motherhood which frightens you—isn't frightening you too much?"

"No—a little—but not too much." Her deep sweet voice was trembling.

"You're the one who frightens me. If you only knew! When you come like this—with all you've done for me back of you—"

Continued on page 574.