

toward the brick church and drew on her gloves, while Mrs. Neal tied together a large bunch of roses and pink-and-white sweet peas for the bride to carry away.

"What's become of the vine on the church?" Mrs. Wetherby asked suddenly.

"The vine?" queried Mrs. Neal. "Why, yes. When I was here twenty-two years ago, the church was almost covered with English ivy, and now it's gone. I never did notice it when I was coming down the street. Did it die?" she asked leaning toward the window.

"There never has been a vine, not since we've been here. Are you sure it wasn't the old frame church you mean? This church has only been built some fourteen or fifteen years, I believe."

"No, it was the brick church, twenty-two years ago," Mrs. Wetherby spoke with conviction. She stood up and looked carefully from the window. Then quickly turning, she asked breathlessly, "Why, what church is that?"

"The Presbyterian, of course," Mrs. Neal looked up from her flowers. "The Presbyterian," repeated Mrs. Wetherby, sitting down very suddenly, her face quite white. "Are you sure it is the Presbyterian?"

"Yes, certainly. Are you ill? Let me get you some water. This is Mrs. Neal hurried toward the pale little woman near the window.

"No, No, I'm all right. It—it's the church! Where then, is the Methodist church?" Mrs. Wetherby's eyes were wide, and her hands grasping the arms of the chair.

"Down two blocks, on this side of the street," Mrs. Neal reached for a fan on the dressing table, and toward her guest, but Mrs. Wetherby only leaned forward in her chair and exclaimed, "Can it be that your husband is a Presbyterian minister?"

"Why of course, didn't you know?" Mrs. Neal's voice was full of alarm, but before she could run for some water, Mrs. Wetherby had buried her face in her hands, and was laughing most hysterically.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Me married by a Presbyterian minister! Me married for good and all, with a ring, by a Presbyterian. Why, my dear, she sat up suddenly and explained to the bewildered Mrs. Neal—"My dear, I've never been inside of any church in my life, scarcely, but a Methodist."

"I thought it was the Methodist church and that your husband was the Methodist minister. Oh! it's dreadful!" and down went her face in her hands again as Mrs. Neal broke into a rippling laughter, leaning against the chiffonier.

"What ever will John say!" The bride got to her feet and fairly ran into the study.

"John Wetherby," she interrupted, just as the envelope passed from Mr. Wetherby to the minister, "what do you think we've gone and done? We've been married by a Presbyterian minister. What shall we do?" She laughed hysterically.

John's jolly laugh sounded even to the little maid in the nursery with the baby. "Do? Well, I guess it's legal, isn't it, even if it isn't Methodist, Amelia; I suppose it'll hold, don't you?" He laughed again and looked at the minister, who was still a bit puzzled, and then at Mrs. Neal in the doorway, whose face was flushed and whose shoulders shook.

"You ought to have known a Methodist minister, Amelia, since you've never known any other kind!" Then, noticing the trouble in her face under the straw bonnet, he took her hand and said quietly, "But if you'd feel any better about it, dear, we'll hunt up the Methodist man and do it over." His eyes twinkled at her and then

at Mrs. Neal and at the minister, who was beginning to understand.

"But Mr. Witte, the Methodist minister, is out of town," Mr. Neal explained, "and he won't be back until next month."

"Maybe we could get a Baptist," teased the bridegroom.

"Nonsense," John said, the bride drew her hand away, and looked up at him. "Of course, it's all right."

She smiled faintly at the minister and his wife, "Only one thing how I could have made such a mistake in the church. I don't see."

"They say engaged people aren't really responsible," John said.

"And I think it's pretty true, isn't it, Helen?" Mr. Neal appealed to his wife, whose lips still twitched and whose blue eyes danced.

"It's too bad to disappoint you, Mrs. Wetherby," he said, "but really I'm glad you made the mistake, or we might never have known you, you see."

She held out the bunch of roses and sweet peas and then left the room, returning with a bag of rice and a pair of little worn shoes, as the bride and groom moved toward the door.

"It's luck," she exclaimed, "even if a Presbyterian has started you in life to-day."

The big man drew his pocketbook from his breast pocket and slipped a crisp bill into the minister's hand. "To go in the envelope with the other," he explained briefly. "And to my notion that was the best wedding service I ever heard."

"This goes to the wife. She gets the wedding fees." And the minister exchanged the envelope and its contents for a handful of rice and the old shoes.

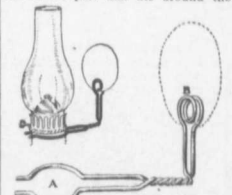
"I'm not so sure but that we ought to turn it over to Mr. Witte, Mrs. Neal laughed, opening the door for him, and following them on to the porch.

"Nonsense!" replied Mrs. Wetherby. "I'm glad we came to you, and I'd do it again. I truly would. I really mean it," she called over her shoulder, as the rice and old shoes were thrown after them.

"And so would I," and the big man stooped for the little shoes and stuffed them into the pocket of his Prince Albert. Then he took off his hat and waved it to the couple on the porch.

Eye Shade for Lamp

One of the most convenient things I have about the house is a lamp shade that is simply a piece of wire bent into shape like the drawing. A shows the part that fits around the

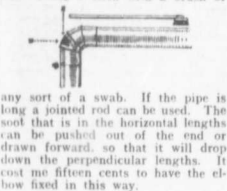


lamp. It can be used on any lamp, or removed instantly if not desired. It cost only ten cents. The shade is simply a piece of cardboard slipped into the crutch marked B where it is held securely.

Affliction always leaves a definite mark. No man will ever be again as he was before. Either he will become more serious, trustful, devoted, careless, indifferent or hardened. In every affliction is a time of trial; and out of it comes decisions, development and destiny.—Rev. F. B. Makepeace.

Easy Stovepipe Cleaning

We use wood for fuel, and instead once a month to clean it. I had an opening made in the elbow, with a shutter over it. When the pipe is foul I open the shutter and clean it out. I use a stick with a brush or



any sort of a swab. If the pipe is long a jointed rod can be used. The seat that is in the horizontal length can be pushed out of the end or drawn forward, so that it will drop down the perpendicular lengths. It cost me fifteen cents to have the elbow fixed in this way.

Women's Institutes

In an address before the members of the Peterboro District Cheese and Butter Makers' Association, recently, Miss Rose of Guelph drew a comparison between the homes of a century ago and those of the present day. "We, as housekeepers in our homes," she said, "should know more about good housekeeping than our grandmothers did. You may not agree with me in that statement, but when people live crowded together, we have unsanitary conditions, poor ventilation, and different food problems presented. We have to cope with these questions as housekeepers and so it is more necessary that the women of the present generation have a deeper knowledge of the most important subject of housekeeping. It always seemed to me that when conditions present themselves, something rises to meet these conditions even in a small way. Down at Stony Creek, in 1867, some women there got an idea that it would be nice to have Women's Institutes in connection with the men's institute. The men were receiving knowledge along their special lines and these women thought that it would be nice to have a women's meeting similar to the men's and so gathered together and formed the first women's institute in 1867.

THE FIRST WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

"Now, we have in Ontario, nearly 425 women's institutes as a result of that one little institute in Stony Creek. These institutes under the direct supervision of our Government, are supported by the Government and I am free to say that I know of no sane society even the missionary societies, that is doing more good than our women's institutes. These institutes start at the very foundation; they start at the home. What goes out of the home makes our country and if we can get our home life better, we have little fear of the country in general. That is why I contend that our women's institutes are doing more good than any other society that I know of."

'THE MEETINGS'

"What do we teach our women? We have our regular monthly meetings. The women gather together, often in the town hall or in some of the homes. There are all the way from six to 100 women and they discuss all problems relating to home life. Ventilation and sanitary conditions always receive attention. Our grandmothers did not need these lessons, because all their ventilation came through the holes in the log cabins. It would be very foolish to go and talk to such people about an elaborate system of ventilation. They did not need it, but our well built homes, our double storm windows and other comforts that we enjoy,

make it necessary to study carefully the ventilation of our homes. The more crowded we get, the more bacterial growth we have and this makes it necessary to dispose of all waste matter from the kitchen. Men don't think enough of this work. These subjects are thoroughly thought of at our institute meetings.

THE FOOD PROBLEM

"We take up the food problem. We talk about balanced rations, not for the cows or pigs, but for the men. Men have been only a secondary consideration. We had to have this matter all studied out for the pig and the cow and after, the Government thought a little attention should be given to man. Many children are starved at tables of plenty because they do not get a proper combination of foods. They are over-fed in some lines and under-fed in others. They get too much sweet stuff and not enough of the protein or muscle-building foods. If you feed a lad properly, you can have a better natured child. A child does not have so much sweets when fed in a proper manner. I often feel sorry for the way children are fed when I am at the table, and see them. Last summer, I was at a table and there was a little child that could not walk and the father thought that it should be all he did. He gave it meat, potatoes and other heavy foods. Thus you can see the need there is of having proper instruction in the care and feeding of children. This is taken up very fully at our institute meetings."

"We study the matter of proper clothing and fuel but probably the nicest feature of our work is that we get the women together. Women of all denominations meet together and in this way, there is a mutual understanding between them."

"Especially in the rural districts is this important, for the women. In town, we have many other societies. Our women's institutes know no caste. Any woman who pays 25 cents can be a welcome member of the women's institute."

What One Woman Believes

I do not profess to be a perfect house keeper, but I do believe in making my work just as easy and delightful as possible. If I cannot afford to buy all modern conveniences I try and invent something that will do just as well. We have a plain little home but we seek to make it as real a home as we can.—Mrs. D. J. McClure, Peel County, Ont.

His Wife Must Have It

The Canadian Dairyman and Farming World is good reading. My wife must have it to read. Enclosed please find subscription for one year.—Walter Bowron, Hamilton, Ont.

Never use hot water to rinse either hands or utensils after preparing canons, as it seems to set the odor. Cold water in abundance will remove the odor.

Baby's Own Soap

Best for Baby, best for you.

Avoid substitutes.

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