



Her Cooking Secret

FOR RICH, delicious cakes, pastry, puddings and other dishes, she uses Carnation Milk. It is twice as rich as ordinary milk because it is rich milk with about 60% of the water removed by evaporation, then sealed and sterilized. And there's no waste with Carnation—it keeps for months in the can, or for several days when opened when kept cool. With your groceries order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans. Write for Recipe Book.

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211 JOHN STREET, AYLMER, ONT.
Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.

Carnation Milk



"From Contented Cows"

The label is red and white

Lemon Cream Pie—1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1/8 cup lemon juice, 1 1/4 cups boiling water, 3 egg yolks, 3/4 cup flour, 1/2 cup Carnation Milk, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Mix flour and sugar, add boiling water, stirring constantly. Cook 5 minutes; add butter, the beaten egg yolks, Carnation Milk, the lemon juice and rind. Line plate with pastry; bake in hot oven. Cool. Fill with the lemon cream mixture. Cover with meringue (see recipe below); bake in a slow oven until the meringue is a golden brown.

Meringue—3 egg whites, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract. Beat eggs until stiff, add sugar slowly, beating all the time. Flavor.

In the Carnation Cook Book you'll find recipes for seven delicious pies, as well as other good things to eat. Write the Carnation Milk Products Co. Limited, Aylmer, Ont., for a free copy. 12

NONE SO YOUNG

(Continued from page 33)

ink upstairs. Worried about me, Mamma?" Alma made little blotches of ink on the blotting paper with her poised pen. "You shouldn't really, Mamma."

"Yes," Martha admitted, "I was worried. You said eight, Alma—and that Harry McCoy—"

"He went away," Alma interrupted. "I went to Bertha's."

"Went to Bertha's? Oh, Alma, why didn't you 'phone?"

Alma looked into the face she loved and saw there the pain she had caused. She reached out impulsively and caught Martha's hands.

"Mamma, you didn't think—"

Martha smiled her sudden relief into the shocked, uplifted face.

"No, I didn't think—it's all right," she patted the slim, smooth hands in her own. "It's all right, Alma. I was foolish to worry—even a little."

"Sit down, Mamma," Alma motioned to a chair. "I think I want to talk to you—tell you things. I want you to understand me, Mamma. I want you to know something in me is different—since you went away. Sit there, Mamma, and don't turn the light on. It is easier for me to talk to you in the dark. I want to say things, Mamma—real things." Martha obeyed and waited.

"It's hard telling things sometimes, Mamma," Alma smiled shyly down at her hands, "even to you. But I want you to understand. It was so funny when you were away, so funny washing out my little things, getting breakfast in the morning, doing what you always did. It made me see just how hard you had to work for us—and I felt sorry for you. You didn't seem to have anything I had—Youth and Pleasure. When I met you at the station—somehow, I couldn't laugh—it didn't seem right for you not to have those things. And I was sorry for you, and I think, maybe, I loved you more when you came back, only I couldn't show it."

Something stirred in the deeps of Martha—but she was dumb—something of song—of joy. Perhaps it was lost Youth.

"But I was selfish," Alma went on, "horribly selfish, Mamma. I made up my mind, never—well, not for years—to give up my pleasures and my freedom. I wanted to keep them. It seemed as if movies and parties and visits were enough. But now—"

Martha waited immobile, voiceless.

"Harry McCoy," she thought.

"But now," Alma resumed, "it is different. I am changed—all in a day, Mamma. It seems strange the way Life can be changed for us—so sudden and so sure. It was at the meeting listening to you talk about courage to meet the common task, Mamma. Courage and the common task. One always felt courage was for the great things—but the common task—you said it. And that baby in my arms and the smile of its mother—she was so grateful, Mamma—so grateful—just because I held it. I was glad when Harry left—relieved, you know. I didn't want to come home, so I went to Bertha's."

"I've nothing to do," I told her—"you and Ed go out for a while to the movies—anywhere—I'll stay with the babies."

BEFORE YOU BUILD

(Continued from page 30)

country are also sure to find the vagaries of the weather infinitely more disconcerting than they ever did in town; and they are equally certain to miss—for a time at least—conveniences and the social activities to which they have long been accustomed. 'Tis safest, therefore, to move very deliberately in choosing a home-site radically different from the one now owned and occupied.

If at all possible, a site boasting of some old shade should be sought for. Although any barren waste of land can be transformed eventually into marvelous attractiveness by well-considered planting, it is not the better plan to secure at the outset a plot of ground sufficiently endowed with trees to assure a leafy setting for the house-to-be? Nothing can quite take the place of foliage as a means of softening the inevitable rawness of a new house; and nothing can eclipse abundant trees and shrubbery as a source

"They were so happy to go, Mamma, so happy to go—it made me ashamed—I should have done that before. And when they left—" A long silence. "And when they left, Mamma, why, it seemed—all at once—that their little home was my own—my little home—and the babies. It was something like a beautiful, stained-glass window. Outside on the street we can't see—we don't know how beautiful it is—but inside with the sun streaming through—we get the beauty of the colours. It is a work of art, not just a window. And I saw home like that—not from the streets—but inside. And I was happier just sitting alone, happier than at dances. Then the baby cried—I went upstairs—took him from his crib and rocked him. Oh, Mamma, his little body in my arms—warm and cuddly and needful. Did our little bodies seem like that in your arms—warm—needful?"

Martha nodded and raised a hand to her wet cheek.

"I loved the baby more than I ever loved him before. And I knew—oh! swift and sure—that Youth isn't everything—and Pleasure isn't everything—the voice was low—"but Love is, Mamma—Love is."

Again Martha nodded.

Alma turned to the desk.

"I am writing Buster now," her fingers went out to the pen. "I hurt him, Mamma—oh, I know I hurt him—the way he hesitated at the dance—about the dinner to-night—and his face—I tried to look past his face, but I couldn't—I saw how hurt it was. He wouldn't hurt me, he is too fine for that. He is—he is—oh, so splendid, isn't he, Mamma?"

"Yes," Martha said, "yes, Alma."

"It seemed to-night, alone there with the baby—that I was listening for a step on the stairs, Mamma—a step—on the stairs—you know—his step. And I knew then how hurt he was—and how much he cares. He told me that! And I knew there, alone in the little house that seemed mine, that I cared too; but I had never been on the right side of Life's window—I'd been on the shallow side—I'd never seen Love shining through—like a great sun—shining through the colour, Mamma. I was—well—asleep, but suddenly, I seemed to wake up. I knew—Love is most."

"Love is most," Martha echoed. "Yes, Alma."

"So I am writing to tell him I am sorry—I can't have him hurt, and some day—well, maybe—you know—Mamma."

"I love Buster, too, dear," Martha said, simply.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad," Alma cried softly. "He is—so dear—isn't he, Mamma?"

IT HAD come—Alma would one day go away—leave them—be no longer hers. But strangely Martha felt she had not lost Alma, but found her—found her—found her! For all time they were bound and welded and held together. They both knew Love.

Martha watched Alma bending above the note. Memory moved her.

"None so old," she murmured in retrospect, "none so old—for Love." Then with a wistful smile at Alma, "None so young, either."



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