

For Dainty Summer  
Desserts, use

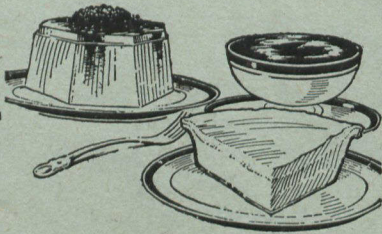
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Don't take chances of  
spoilng your desserts  
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Write for a free Recipe Book.

The Canada Starch Co., Limited  
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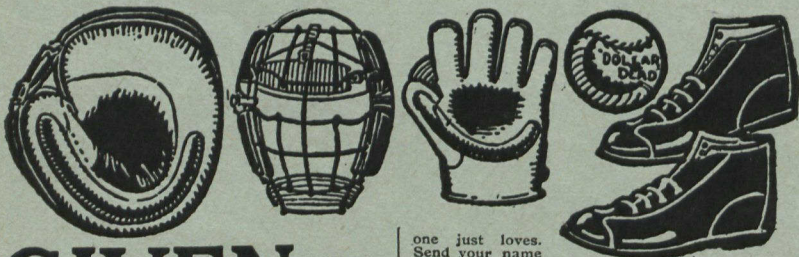


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No furnace can do more than satisfy—  
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Here is everything you need—the complete equipment  
—absolutely free. It contains this dandy big league  
catcher's mask; a chrome tanned web thumb and  
raised heel solid leather fielder's glove; a well padded  
1917 steel catcher's mask; a strongly sewn full size  
baseball, and there's a dandy pair of baseball shoes  
for every boy who earns an outfit. Every piece in  
this grand outfit is full size and well made.

BOYS—We are giving away this great outfit to  
quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries," the  
new cream candy coated breath perfume which every

THE FAIRY BERRY COMPANY, DEPT. BB. 2 TORONTO, ONT.

## THE SINGULAR CASE OF WILLIAM PLUMPTY

(Continued from page 11)

I am unique, and found it cold comfort, (I  
sometimes pick up Pinky's books). For the  
first time, I made the acquaintance of the words  
neurotic and neurosis and did not care about  
them; also I got a glimmer on the subject of  
suggestion. I turned for relief to a treatise on  
Commercial Fertilizers. We found, by experi-  
ence, that I could not speak one of these sen-  
tences "of intent." If only I could have had  
an option as to which one to use, the consequence  
might not have been so awkward. But some  
sprite of misfortune, some frolic pixy, perhaps  
one of the mischievous native spirits I met in  
Pinky's theosophical magazines, seemed to  
have charge of affairs. Always it was the  
wrong sentence! Laughing over it afterward  
with Pink and Lenny was all that saved me  
from nervous collapse. Thank heaven for a  
sense of humour!

I MAY say Dr. Ketchum had given out I was  
suffering from temporary loss of spirits, caused  
by shock, and needed rest. He murmured the  
word "aphasia" but Pinky Patterson said that  
aphasia, either sensory, ataxic, or amnesic, did  
not describe my case. She also reeled off a long  
list of words—varieties of diseases affecting the  
speech by the nerves—that made me dizzy. I  
can neither spell them nor pronounce them, but  
as she decided none of them would do, it does  
not matter.

I had a capable Deputy Registrar of Deeds  
installed, and, as I was not altogether dependent  
on the office for my income, I had no financial  
anxieties.

Three examples of the sometimes exceeding  
appropriateness—or otherwise—of my remarks,  
will suffice here; but you who have imagination,  
can multiply them:

One day Mrs. Billows, who was a most ardent  
temperance worker, came to solicit funds for  
a new bell for the Division of the Sons of Tem-  
perance, the Crystal Clears, at Billowsville.  
She had overborne the objections of Jane,  
my wife (a great feat!), and pushed her way  
into my private sitting-room. Pinky was in  
the garden and Len had gone fishing, so I sat  
defenceless and listened to her flood of argu-  
ment. I am the most temperate of men and  
feel quite rakish if I even indulge in too much  
ginger beer, but she reasoned with me as if I  
were a rum-soaked profligate. A woman (or  
man) with a hobby is like a dog with a bone—  
they never know when to stop chewing.

Hearing a voice, Pinky came quietly into the  
room through the open French window. I  
waved a signed cheque at her and started to  
say "Please give this to Mrs. Billows," but  
instead these words dropped like icicles into  
the air:

"Great Crimson Christopher! She has run  
amuck!"

Mrs. Billows has never spoken to me since,  
but she had the presence of mind to take the  
cheque from Pinky as she bounced out.

One day a rattly, country buggy drove up  
to our door. It was the mail-carrier from East  
Plumpty, and when I heard the penetrating  
voice of his passenger, floating to my window,  
I had a fit of goose flesh. Well I know the  
lady. Alas! alas! too well, for long and tedious  
had been her previous visitations. It was my  
great-aunt, Annabella Plumpty, who was the  
leading lady of East Plumpty, and had money.

She jerked into the room, barking her elbow  
on the door, as usual, as she entered.

"My dear, dear William," she said gushingly,  
"I have come help take care of you, and to  
make you a long, long visit."

From force of habit I began to reply, "De-  
lighted, Aunt Annabella!" instead a groan  
burst from me, "Oh! my poor wife!"

I hear Aunt Annabella has left her money  
"elsewhere."

After this I refused myself to visitors for  
several days, but Pinky, Professor Wyse, and  
Len Briscoe enjoyed so much my neat retort  
to Aunt Annabella, that I cheered up.

ONE afternoon my wife's minister, the Rever-  
end Wilberforce Stone, called, and Jane in-  
sisted that I see him.

I do not need to describe him, his name just  
hits him off. I am sure his mother called him  
Wilber-force in his cradle. I did very well  
that day. I was reinforced by the presence of  
Pinky and Francis Wyse. I listened to the  
Reverend Stone's petrifications and made polite  
replies on my slate. I was so proud of myself,  
that my pride was my undoing. Such a wave  
of relief went over me as he turned his stony  
back in departure, that I went to sing out for  
the benefit of my audience, "Come again, Mr.  
Stone." Instead a clear, cheerful voice rang  
out, with a touch of banter in it:

"Good-bye, Bill!" and Pink Patterson rushed  
for a sofa pillow.

I heard Wilberforce said I was very frivolous  
for one chosen for affliction.

Perhaps Professor Francis Wyse comes in  
here. He was brought into my room one day  
by Pinky Patterson, who was looking as sweet  
as a spray of mignonette in a green sprigged  
muslin. She had met him at a Tennis Tea and,  
I judged, had borne him away from all com-  
petitors; and not trying one bit either! Girls  
like Pinky Patterson don't have to try. They  
just walk off, looking as though nothing nearer  
than the horizon interested them, and the  
Francises follow. Such eyes she had, almost  
equal to Uncle Len's, such apple-blossom cheeks,  
such a dear she was! I admired the young  
man's taste.

It seems Wyse was Professor of Psychology  
at Queen's University and was spending his holi-  
days at Harmony Centre. He was extremely  
interested in my case, as a psychologist, and  
more interested, as a (Continued on page 44)



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from  
Moths  
and  
Germs

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### White Tar Moth Bags

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metal garment holder:

Size	Tar	Odorless	Cedar
24 x 6 x 24	\$ .50 Ea.	\$ .60 Ea.	\$ .70 Ea.
30 x 6 x 40	.60 "	.70 "	.80 "
24 x 6 x 37	.75 "	.90 "	1.05 "
30 x 6 x 50	1.00 "	1.15 "	1.30 "
30 x 6 x 60	1.25 "	1.40 "	1.60 "
30 x 6 x 70	1.50 "	1.65 "	2.00 "

### Lavender Garment Bags

24 x 9 x 50.....\$2.25 Ea. 24 x 9 x 60.....\$2.50 Ea.

### White Tar Moth Paper

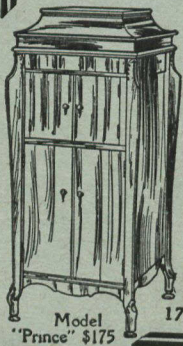
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