



Pure, Rich Milk, without the bother of Keeping Cows

CARNATION certainly solves a difficult milk problem on ranch and farm. How good Carnation is, of course you cannot tell until you try it.

Consider how convenient, though, to buy this rich, pure milk by the case. To have it always on hand. To have no waste.

Try three or four cans of Car-

nation (tall size) just to see how good it is.

You can use it as cream for tea, coffee, fruit and cereals. You can whip it—chill it first, of course.

You can also use it in every way you use ordinary milk—for the children's drink, for cooking. Because it is evaporated—you should dilute it first—add an equal quantity of water.

Carnation Milk

is both cream and milk—the only milk supply your home needs.

You will soon want it by the case. And you will order a case of Carnation the convenient way—with your groceries. (48 tall cans per case—16-oz. net size.) Directions on every can.

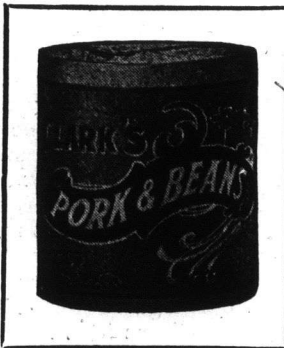
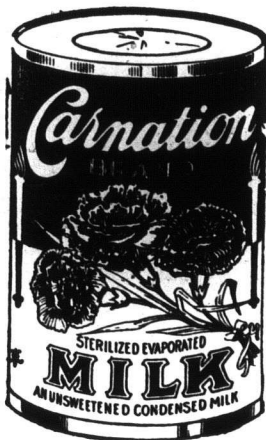
We'll be delighted to send you a copy of "The Story of Carnation Milk," a splendid booklet that includes 100-tested recipes. Write our Aylmer office.

Made in Canada by

Carnation Milk Products Co. Ltd.
Aylmer, Ont.

Seattle and Chicago, U.S.A.

Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

And Give Just as Much Satisfaction and Nourishment

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216



"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly."

The Gold Gown

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

By Grace Torrey

HETTY was looking uncommonly forlorn. Her hair, always too tightly drawn back from her wan little face, fringed it, now, in drab wisps. Her eyes, never of the strongest, were red behind their thick lenses. She had been up several nights lately with the twins. Grandmamma watched her with old eyes that saw everything. There was something especial, she was sure, on Hetty's mind. Waldo's insurance was paid. The twins' croup had rounded a turn. Howard was doing well in school.

"What is Elaine up to?" she asked, suddenly, twitching her knitted lavender cape about her shoulders. Hetty looked guilty at once.

"Elaine?" She was vague, grandmamma knew, because she was frightened. "Elaine is getting on beautifully. Her professors all say the kindest things. She has made herself the prettiest hat out of just nothing. She was asked to something at the Marshalls', and her hats were all impossible."

"The Marshalls ask her often," commented grandmamma. Hetty had started, blinked behind her glasses, turned red, considered, then abandoned her guns.

"Sheldon Marshall has asked her for the next cotillon."

"So that is what ails you," her mother considered. "Elaine is obliged to have a new frock!"

"She does so wonderfully with her poor little frocks," Hetty besought. "She is the cleverest girl! You know how stupid I am with my needle. But Elaine! Out of ten dollars she evolves Parisian marvels."

"Well, I suppose Sheldon is worth a ten-dollar miracle," commented grandmamma, acidly. Sheldon was a precise young person, bred at the university that she most disliked, and infused with the poison of his father's money. Grandmamma, who was democratic, and the widow of a famous professor of Greek at the university to which she believed all young men should be sent, thought him a youthful example of all that menaces our country.

"But Elaine says she just can't wear a patched-up thing to the cotillon with Sheldon. There is to be a dinner, and she will go in a carriage, and—well, she is right. She ought to have a proper gown."

"How does she propose to pay for it?" asked grandmamma pointedly.

"Oh, Waldo and I will manage!" Hetty tried for dignity, and failed; for unconcern, and failed; and ended with simple tragedy.

Grandmamma refused to be touched. Years ago, when she had yielded Hetty to Waldo, she had jested about giving her over to the wolf. She had been secretly proud of the spirited folly of

the young people, who had refused to let her money aid in keeping the wolf at bay. From pride, she had gone to impatience, rage, and exasperated anguish, as the infatuated two steadily refused her. Waldo knew a great deal about chemistry, and his university counted him its most eminent man. He could not, however, transmute bills, babies, and breakdowns into coin of the realm, and the salary of eminent university men takes into account none of these things.

Grandmamma saw the arrival of Elaine, who was a very sickly and costly babe, with misgivings. Waldo's trouble with his eyes, that took him to Paris for a year, dismayed her utterly. Howard, baby number two, and Hetty's ensuing six months at the hospital brought her to spoken protest. The arrival of the twins was the signal for war. If they chose to be poor, at least they need not be pitiful before her eyes. They would either take her money, or stop having babies and tragic happenings. But Waldo was calmly recalcitrant. And Hetty, mute, but with the distressed pucker between her eyes steadily deeper, held her mother's pocketbook at arm's length.

The two did stop having babies. They managed their incredible finances somehow. When grandmamma inquired how Waldo had fared in the annual university budget, she always learned that there had been a little, a hundred or two more, but that there had been dentistry all around, or the house to be painted, or assessments on some of Waldo's absurd investments, that licked up the little hundreds. Of late years, she had heard frequently of little expenditures for Elaine.

"You are making that girl into a luxury that nobody could afford. You are ruining her. You are destroying your own morals. I wash my hands of you," she cried, as she had cried innumerable times before. Hetty was used to being washed from her mother's hands.

There was certainly storm in the air as Elaine opened the door upon the two on this wet afternoon. For an instant after her rosy fairness looked in upon them, the room was so still that the drip from the gutter outside and the subsiding of the wood fire within seemed uproarious.

"You here, mother?" said the fresh young voice reprovingly. "Is my undershirt done?" Hetty trembled.

"I left Miss Bemis just finishing the ruffles."

"You have the dressmaker, already, have you?" grandmamma spoke sharply.

"Yes, grandmamma," answered Elaine. "I am really having a gown. It seems to me I deserve it. Here I am, twenty-one years old, and asked about, and

Continued on Page 5