

"Well, then, you run back to 'er and tell 'er the clock's full of dust and wants cleaning, and let me know what she says."

The youthful Martin sped away; Mr. Dapp turned his attention to the work he had in hand.

Ten minutes later the shop door swung open noisily, and Mr. Dapp, looking up in surprise, found himself confronted by the figure of Miss Aggie Martin.

"About that clock!" she explained controlling herself with difficulty. "What do you mean by sending my brother back to me with a message like that?"

"A message like what?" asked the perplexed Mr. Dapp.

"Why, he came back and said he was to tell he, from you, that the clock was all choked up with dirt, and couldn't have been dusted for years."

"I did say it was full of dust," admitted Mr. Dapp.

"Well, I say it can't be!" she retorted stormily. "There's no one could keep cleaner the room where that clock stands than I do! I dust every morning myself, and turns it out once a week. So where's the dust to come from that you say is inside them works?"

Mr. Dapp endeavoured to mollify her by a technical explanation, but it was clear that her feelings as a housewife had been outraged.

"Well, that's no excuse for you making me look ridiculous in front of my brothers and sisters!" she declared angrily.

"Well, I'm very sorry if a mistake—" he began.

"Oh, it's no good talking!" she burst out, and, snatching up the clock, she left the shop in a state of simmering indignation.

"Phew!" breathed Mr. Dapp helplessly. For a moment he appeared to be dazed. Then he went to the window, and watched her progress up the road.

"A pretty gal, too!" he murmured. He shook his head and returned to his counter.

"She was a pretty gal," he said again, a few minutes later. "Asn't 'alf got a temper, though," he added, rather regretfully, and fell again to the intricacies of watch-repairing.

LEARNING THINGS

We Are All in the Apprentice Class.

When a simple change of diet brings back health and happiness the story is briefly told. A lady writes:

"After being afflicted for years with nervousness and heart trouble, I received a shock four years ago that left me in such a condition that my life was despaired of.

"I got no relief from doctors nor from the numberless heart and nerve remedies I tried, because I didn't know that coffee was daily putting me back more than the doctors could put me ahead." (Tea, also, is harmful, because it contains the same poisonous drug, caffeine, found in coffee).

"Finally at the suggestion of a friend I left off coffee and began the use of Postum, and against my expectations I gradually improved in health until for the past 6 or 8 months I have been entirely free from nervousness and those terrible sinking, weakening spells of heart trouble.

"My troubles all came from the use of coffee which I had drunk from childhood and yet they disappeared when I quit coffee and took up the use of Postum." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Many people marvel at the effects of leaving off tea and coffee and drinking Postum, but there is nothing marvelous about it—only common sense.

Tea and coffee are destroyers—Postum is a builder. That's the reason.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum—must be well boiled.

15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.

The memory of Miss Martin dwelt persistently with Mr. Dapp for the next few days. Not altogether to his annoyance, he found himself unable to banish her from his mind.

In a cautious, roundabout way he began to make inquiries concerning her. The replies were discomfiting, centring themselves, to the exclusion of every other quality, on her temper. Folks adduced abundant instances of her high-handed way of doing things.

On one occasion, as an object-lesson, Mr. Dapp was secretly posted behind the hedge opposite to the Martins' cottage, so that he might witness the manner of Miss Aggie's reception of her sire when he came home late.

And yet, in the face of these discouragements, Mr. Dapp was unable to banish the image of Miss Martin from his thoughts. On the contrary, moved by a sudden impulse, he went one day to the cottage to offer a belated apology for having inadvertently caused Miss Martin to take umbrage.

Here, not only did he perceive Miss Aggie's methods of obtaining obedience, but also he saw the results of them in the neatness and order that prevailed in the cottage.

"She's all right!" he told himself seriously as he returned to his shop. "Once get 'er tempter under, and she'd make a fine wife for any man. Just the sort of woman for me, any way, bar 'er temper!"

Till a late hour that evening Mr. Dapp sat up, considering the pros and cons. And when at last he went to bed, his mind was fully made up.

Three days later the astounding rumour circulated through the village that Mr. Dapp was actually courting Miss Aggie Martin. Excited neighbours, finding pretexts to call at the Martins' cottage, discovered Mr. Dapp there on most occasions.

He sat quietly and, indeed, rather meekly in a corner, and appeared to have submitted to Miss Aggie's domination just as unquestionably as her own immediate relatives did.

Miss Annie Northcott spoke openly of mesmerism and other occult methods. Miss May Custance declared that Mr. Dapp had been entrapped by superior force, and was Miss Martin's suitor only because he was afraid of her. Miss Laura Stebbings expressed an opinion that Mr. Dapp could not be in his right mind.

And this, indeed, was the general theory put forward by the village to explain Mr. Dapp's temerity in seeking the hand of Miss Aggie Martin.

When, however, kindly friends sought to offer him counsel, Mr. Dapp merely shook his head, and told them, somewhat distantly, that he knew quite well what he was about.

"She's got a rare old 'andful in 'er father," he would explain. "Why, the old chap 'ud spend every penny 'e's got in enjoying 'imself if she didn't keep a tight 'and on 'im. And then there's them brothers and sisters of 'ers—a nice unruly lot they'd be if she wasn't stern with 'em."

"But 'er temper," they hastened to remind him.

"Wouldn't you 'ave a temper if you 'ad to manage a lot like that?" he would retort. "I see 'ow it is, she 'ad to be quick tempered to get 'em all in 'and at first, and now she can't get out of the way of being bossy and snappy. It don't frighten me, though. Look at the Martins' cottage; you won't find a better conducted one nowhere."

"Yes, but 'er temper—" "That'll be all right," Mr. Dapp would reply confidently. "I'll see to that?"

And so, in due time, Miss Aggie Martin was conducted to the altar by Mr. Joseph Dapp to the no small relief of her brothers and sisters, and to the pained wonderment of the entire village.

For a whole week after the wedding the new Mrs. Dapp's temper was seraphic. Then habit, again became too strong for her, and the subject of tobacco smoking in the parlor formed the text for a spirited sermon she delivered to her husband.

He listened to her patiently enough, but when she began to diverge on mere potential offences, he asserted himself.

"Look 'ere," he said steadily. "It's just as well you and me should under-

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