Bovril makes you feel splendid

The Purple Lady

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN.

PART III.

The trunk was locked, the key forgotten and lost long ago. She pried the old hasp open. Poor, patient old drawings! There they lay. So many years of a man's life—so much hope, so much skill—so much rubbish! She had no knowledge of mechanics to enable her to follow and understand the purport of those careful, careful lines, but the time, the labor, the hope, the ultimate failure—there was no misreading these.

She laid the drawing gently to one side. Under them were boxes. The first she lifted out was heavy. She knew what it must be, but lifted the cover to make sure. Yes, these were the disjointed parts of a small model of the machine. Exquisite bits of polished wood and carefully wrought metal, all arranged in order like a child's building blocks after a day of play. She put this box on top of the drawings and lifted the other, a large one, fitting the bottom of the trunk like a tray. If—there were anything in Althea's vision this must be the right box. It came up with such a different feel from the other box, so light, yet full! Her hands trembled. She lifted the pasteboard cover and touched the yellowed tissue paper.

"Mother!" she whispered, "Mother!"

And then, just as she would have looked further at the contents, she heard herself called in a soft, guarded voice, and there was that in the call which turned her blood to ice. O God! On a night like this—now?

Still holding the box and the candle, she darted to the stairhead and saw—as she knew she should see—Althea's face looking up at her. Althea also held a candle, and she, too, was as white as the drifted snow. Her forehead glistened, her eyes were wide and black, but a smile fluttered upon her lips.

"Coming at once, darling," Mrs. Mack sped down the stairs like a swooping bird. "Back to bed. Don't be troubled. It will be all right—all right—all right!

"Now I must telephone."

"How ever can the doctor get through?" gasped Althea. "Isn't it drifting terribly?"

"O," said the other serenely, "you don't know doctors. He won't try to use his sleigh. He'll just get on his little black cob. I've seen them going about in worse weather than this."

"The wires may be down."

"They won't be."

"I wasn't—worrying—I only meant—if they should be—don't worry. We can—get along. Other women have." Then she shut her lips tight on a cry that almost came. But neither that wail nor any other passed her lips during that long night. For the sake of Joe, dreaming terrible things in the next room; for the sake of Joe, who had heard, God knows what cries! and so could bear no more. She kept silence—silence!

The wires were not down, but a colder thing than storm thrust her back when Mrs. Mack sent her call into the night.

"We can't take any more calls from you," came back sharp and fine—with a cruel edge of satisfaction in the underbred voice. "The service is suspended for non-payment of the last three months' charges."

"Really!" said Mrs. Mack. "How careless of me. I'll see to that tomorrow. But I must ask you to take this call, because—" and she went on confidently to explain. But she found neither understanding nor pity in the only ear her voice could reach. "Orders is orders," decreed the voice.

Well, then, what must be, must!

She built up the kitchen fire and put on water to boil. Then she went to the closet, where all her complete preparations for the doctor were kept. No, nothing lacked. She passed in lightning review all her knowledge of these matters, and then, with her calmest face, her gentlest tone, rejoined Althea.

"The phone does seem to be out of order," she admitted lightly, "but we'll keep our heads and come through with flying colors. Here's our chance to show what good pioneer stuff we are!"

And so they took up their battle—in silence.

Sometimes—when she could speak at all—Althea would say:

"Go see if Joe is sleeping still. O, make sure he is all right!"

And he always was. At least, he was always sleeping. But his hand was clenched, and his face the face of a man who still fights—in his sleep.

And at last—at last—the snow ceased falling, and the wind was quiet, and a faint pink stole into the east, and one came who did not know of any reason for silence, who believed earnestly that lungs and voice were intended to be used to their utmost. Again and again he filled his mighty lungs with air and expelled it by way of his powerful larynx. A fine baby! A splendid baby! Such a one as had never come into the world before. Even Joe had not been able to cry so loud as that, Joe's mother assured Joe's baby's mother.

And Althea, having looked at him just once to make sure that he really was sound and straight, whispered:

"Take him to Joe—to—cure him."

Joe was awake. He was raised up on his elbow and his eyes were terrible. Would it be safe? she thought, quailing. Who knew what wild fancies might seize him? But she stood her ground, holding that bundle of flannel which Althea had sent to Joe.

"Little son," she said softly, "here's something Althea wants you to take care of." She came nearer to the agonized face. "Something for you to keep warm under your splendid old bearskin."

She pulled down the black pelt, watching his face intently. Would it soften to understanding?

There was motion within the flannel bundle, a sound—and a hand come forth, groping. Joe's finger touched it questioningly, and the hand closed upon it masterfully. Joe looked at it for a long time, then drew the bundle under and looked up at his mother sanely.

"How is she?"

"Well. Perfectly all right."

He gave a long steady look at her face to make sure she spoke the truth, and then, with his son's strong hand holding him, relaxed and slept. But now his face was no longer dreadful.

And Althea was sleeping. Mrs. Mack began to realize that she was tired—tired almost beyond what it is possible to endure. Yet—one must go down to the furnace—one must cook—what there was to cook—must consider whether there was anything in the house that could be sold to buy food and warmth just a little longer until the children should be able to face the problem in their young, strong way. She was so old—so tired.

In the hall she saw the box which she had brought down with her the night before and brightened for a moment. How pleased Althea would be when she woke! Strange—so strange! Had it really been her mother the child had seen?

Yes, there they were, dainty old fashioned little things. What embroidery! Like frost work.

And then—then—she came upon the Purple Lady's message. For under everything there was a book and an envelope—a big manila envelope. But the book—"For my baby when she grows up" was written at the top of the first leaf. This was what the message said:

"Dear funny little daughter, sound asleep in your crib, I wonder how and where you'll read this—if you ever do? I'm so puzzled—so puzzled! So afraid I've done something wicked.

"I've just been to see dear old Judge Martin, and at last he has sold those western lands for me. I had told him I wanted the money in cash, and there he sat with it all spread out, but looking sad and stern. And when I told him I wanted it to give your father, so that he could use it to finish his machine—O, dear, how he did lecture me! I don't know—I don't know what to think! I never dreamed before of not believing in your father's success, but when I'm told, so earnestly, that if I let him have my last money for his machine I am robbing you—what can I do? What can I say?

" 'I am old fashioned,' he said, 'I know you have promised to obey, but I counsel you now, not only to disobey; I counsel you to deceive. Don't, I beg of you, let him know you have this money!'

"O, my dear baby! I seemed to stand at the edge of a gulf!

" 'I will think of what you've said,' I managed to answer, 'but I think I would like to keep the money while I think it over.'

"And so I came home, trying not to cry, with my little fortune, all these great bills—clutched in my hands, and I've written you about it, and put it here under your tiny things, which I must put away to-day, anyway; you're so big and old now. I'm going to think and think. Perhaps I shall take it out and give it to your father—perhaps I shall give it to Judge Martin to keep again, and perhaps I shall just leave it here, years and years, for you to find when you have a baby some day and need so many, many things for it. If anything should happen to me before then, I suppose this is the surest place for you to find it, for all women go poking over baby things some time or other.

"Well, I must leave it now and go down to my preserving and look in on you to see if you are through with your nap—and quite likely to-morrow I shall change my mind—give it to daddy, and burn this silly letter."

Mrs. Mack, breathing a little quickly, but otherwise calm, counted out the old fashioned bills of the seventies, and slipped the envelope into her little black bag. Then she dressed warmly and sensibly, pinning up her old fashioned skirts. A wood sled squeaked by through the drifts, making a path to the village.

She went and stood in Althea's doorway with the box of baby clothes.

"They were there," said she, and spread them about on the cover, so that the girl could examine them without exertion.

"Joe is taking care of the baby," said she, "and I am going to the village. I'll send the doctor. He may come before I get back, and Mrs. Brady. I must see about the phone—and order supplies. Some coal came in yesterday, I heard. I must see why they haven't sent our share."

(The End.)

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The price tag on Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear offers you the best underwear value in Canada.

Buying wool in enormous quantities, enables us to obtain the lowest prices.

Making hundreds of thousands of garments each season, keeps down the cost of production.

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Music Education and What It Is.

What is music education? It is easy to describe what it has been to a large degree in the past. Too often it has consisted in taking lessons and after many hours of painful effort and practice the pupil achieves the doubtful goal of being able to play a few pieces on the piano or sing a few songs or talk intelligently about Bach or Beethoven.

To-day, however, we know that the first and all-important thing in music education is learning to listen. For generations past music educators have been putting the cart before the horse and have stressed performance and totally neglected hearing. Of real musical feeling, of the ability to harmonize a simple melody, of the joy of real self-expression through music, hardly a fragment can be discovered. For this reason the world is full of so-called artists who can play a Liszt Concerto but cannot pick out a folk song by ear, who have the technical facility of a mechanical instrument, but cry out in dismay if requested to harmonize or transpose the simplest tune.

The latest word in music education is that performance is not the first but, rather, the last step. Listening must precede performance. Music education no longer means pumping something known as a system or a method into a pupil from the outside, but it means developing the latent music which is already there. It means self-expression, not a parrot-like imitation or a techical achievement. Music should mean health, joy, growth and self-expression. Too often in late years it has meant for the artist and teacher physical and mental collapse, while in the field of children's music the average boy or girl who has had music lessons hates them with a loyal hatred and takes every chance in the world to cheat the clock and avoid study and practice.

A Prescription for Long Life.

The gathering of centenarians which took place the other day recalled the case of the eminent German physician, Dr. Fischweiler, who died recently at the age of 109. He often declared that he possessed an infallible rule for securing longevity, which he would reveal to the world in his will. Upon his death, then, this formula was disclosed:

"Put your bed, orienting it by means of a compass, so that you will have your head placed north, and lie in a horizontal position. Sleep solidly with closed fists."

This is the whole secret. This position, it is asserted, brings the body in communication with the great tellurian currents coming from the north and insures an extremely happy blood circulation.

At Grandfather's.

(From Contemporary Verse)

My son, upon this curving stair
Whose balusters are slim and white,
Your mother scurried from the bear
That sometimes follows you at night.
And later (though you do not care)
She kissed me here by candle light.

So shake the spindles with your hand
And pound them with your chubby fist.
But I would have you understand,
You, with your eyes of amethyst,
That this is an enchanted land
Where bears have lurked and lovers kissed.

—John French Wilson.

Dye Dress, Skirt or Faded Curtains in Diamond Dyes

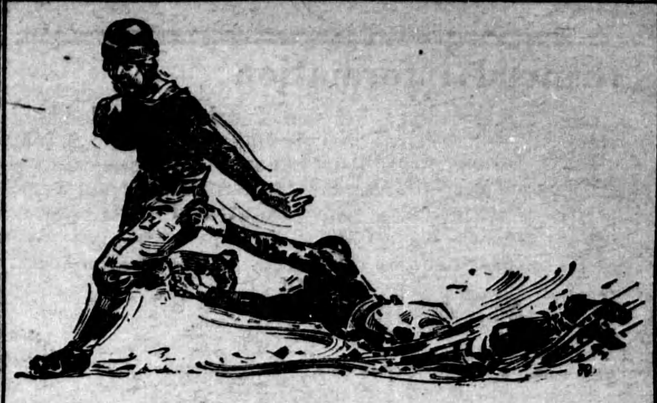
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can die or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

When anything comes easy there is something the matter with it, for good things come hard.

"Never be in a hurry with a bee," is an expert's advice to bee-keepers. "It resents this, and will probably sting you if you do not move slowly, but with confidence."

If crusty rolls were substituted for the ordinary form of loaf, our teeth as a nation would be improved.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.



Help You Run the Ball

—bring home the bacon, collar the blue vase, carry the message to Garcia, etc.

LITTLE Raisins, full of energy and iron, will put the pep into you that makes winning plays. Use vim like it in your business, too.

One hundred and forty-five calories of energizing nutriment in every little five-cent red box that you see.

Comes from fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it—so it goes to work almost immediately. Rich in food-iron also.

Try these little raisins when you're hungry, lazy, tired or faint. See how they pick you up and set you on your toes.

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins

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Had *Your* Iron Today?

There are several mines in the Lake Superior copper district nearly 5,000 feet deep.

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A REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM IN ALL ITS VARIOUS FORMS.

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Dear Sir:—It affords me more than mere pleasure to add my testimony to the many I am sure you already have as to the merits of your New Life medicine for sciatica and rheumatism. I was a great sufferer for a long time with sciatica, and hearing of your medicine, I procured two bottles, which cured me completely, at least one year ago, and have never been troubled since.

Trusting your medicine will become universally known and cure, as I believe it will, all sufferers who take it.

I am yours very truly,

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One bottle for One Dollar. Six bottles for Five Dollars, from your nearest Druggist or direct from

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For Nervous Headaches

IS THE RELIEF from headache or neuralgic pains worth one cent to you? That's all it costs for an application of "Vaseline" Mentholated Jelly. With the first indication of a headache rub a small amount of it gently on the forehead and temples. So convenient, effective and economical!

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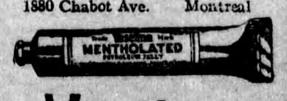

Vaseline Trade Mark MENTHOLATED PETROLEUM JELLY

Grave Humor.

In the cemetery at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, the following sign appears: "Persons are prohibited from picking flowers from any but their own graves."

Minard's Liniment for Colds, Etc.

Fishes' ears are beautifully formed plates of pearl-like substance, which lie close to the brain.

Cleaning

THE postman or express man will bring Parker service right to your home.

Whatever you send—whether it be suits, coats, dresses, lace curtains, tapestry draperies, etc., etc.—will be beautifully cleaned by the Parker process and speedily returned.

We pay carriage one way on all orders.

Write for full particulars.

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Rheumatism! try Sloan's

Nagging pains cease *when congestion is relieved*

Remember: most of the pain and inflammation of rheumatism comes from congestion. Start the congested blood flowing freely and even chronic, nagging pains cease. Sloan's does just this—it penetrates without rubbing—straight to the congested spot. It warms up, stimulates the circulation. It stops pain, brings quick, comforting relief. Many uses—all in one 35c bottle.

Keep Sloan's handy. It allays pain of all aching muscles. Relaxes and eases tired, aching backs. Ends neuralgia. Halts cold in chest. Relieves all cases of congestion. *Made in Canada*

Sloan's Liniment-*kills pain!*