Nothing stimulates the digestion like KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD Freshly Mixed

HER MOTHER

BY LUCIEN L. WALDO.

PART II.

"Oh! Well go on," said Teddy. Betty rolled back in g'amma's arms, vaguely understanding, but content to let Teddy ask all the questions, while she fumbled at a little gold locket hanging from a chain round g'amma's neck.

"Daisy used to pull the cart all round the house."

"And in the house?"

"Yes."

"And up and down the stairs?"

"Yes."

"Didn't the cart ever get stuck?"

"Oh, yes, Daisy would try to crawl under chairs and tables with it to get rid of it.

"Did she ever get rid of it?"

"Yes. Sometimes. But your mother would fix it again."

"Wish I'd seen it," Teddy laughed. Then Betty laughed, too. "Go on!" directed Teddy, imperiously.

"Daisy used to try to jump up into bed with it."

"Why did Daisy do that?"

"Because she got tired of pulling the cart around."

"But she couldn't lie down and go to sleep with it and back up on to her that way," said Teddy.

"No, of course she couldn't," g'amma agreed.

"Well, what did she do then?"

"She gave it up."

"Gave what up? The cart?"

"No, she couldn't give up the cart. I told you—"

"Well, then, what did she give up?"

"Why, she gave it up."

"Gave up trying to curl up in bed with the cart fastened to her?"

"Oh! Well, what did she do then?"

"Some people would run away."

"Run away? Just like a horse?"

"Yes. One day what do you think happened?"

"What?" asked both children together. This was the first time Betty had taken part in the conversation. She had succeeded in pulling the locket open for it came open easily—but there was nothing but a little bit of golden hair in it, behind glass, and she had a locket just like it. She had plenty of hair like that on her own head. So then she struggled and squirmed to the ground, and ran about, and now and then came and stood, all a-wobble, for a little while at a time, at g'amma's knee.

"Daisy was pulling the cart up the front walk," said g'amma. "The house was open from top to bottom."

"Was the roof off?" asked the pitilessly literal Teddy.

"No. I mean the windows were open. The front door was open, too. The house was being cleaned."

"What was it being cleaned with?"

"With soap and water."

"Oh, Well, go on!"

"You could go up stairs," g'amma continued, "from the front door, straight to the attic, and the attic windows were open."

"What were they open for?"

"I said the house was being cleaned."

"Well, did you throw the dirt out of the windows?"

"No—that was to let the air in."

"Well, but you said you used soap and water to clean the house. You can't clean a house with wind, can you?"

"No—but the first thing you do when you're cleaning a house in the spring is to let in all the sun and air you can."

"Oh! Go on about Daisy. You said Daisy was pulling the cart up the walk."

"Yes. And a dog came along."

"My! I guess Daisy ran like anything then, didn't she?"

"Yes. She had just sat down between the shafts to take a rest, and your mummy was trying to make her get up and go on. But when Daisy saw the dog, she jumped up and ran as fast as she could, up the walk, and up the steps—"

"With the cart tied onto her?"

"Yes, the cart was banging and clattering at her heels—"

"Cats don't have heels."

"Well, banging and clattering after her. And she went straight on up the stairs. Your mummy never saw her run so fast with the cart before. And the dog went right after her."

"What kind of a dog was he?"

"A fox terrier."

"Oh! Well, go on."

"Daisy ran up the stairs and didn't stop until she got way up to the top. She didn't stop until she came to a window. Then he stopped just a second and then she jumped out of the window. And the dog came after her, and he stopped for two or three seconds, and he whined and whimpered, and then he jumped out, too."

"But g'amma, how do you know they stopped before they jumped out of the window? Were you there? Did you see them?"

"Yes, I was there."

"Well, why didn't you stop them?"

"I was at the other end of the attic. And it all happened so quickly I didn't have time."

"Well, didn't they get killed?"

"No."

"What did happen to them?"

"Daisy went on running round the house and the dog went on chasing her."

"How do you know?"

"I looked from the window."

"Did the dog catch Daisy?"

"No. By and by he gave up trying."

"What was the dog's name?"

"I don't know."

"Wasn't the cart all broken to pieces?"

"One of the wheels came off."

"Wasn't Daisy hurt?"

"She didn't seem to be."

Teddy was silent a moment.

"I don't think that was much of a story," he answered judicially. "Tell us another. Tell us a better one."

But just them father came.

And father did not smile.

"Telling them stories?" he asked. His query had a perceptible cutting edge to it.

"Yes. How is Muriel?"

"About the same."

"Did she ask for me?"

"No."

"Did she ask for the children?"

"No."

"Was she conscious?"

"No."

"How long were you there?"

"A few minutes."

With a sharp intake of her breath, Mrs. Mitchell put her hand to her throat. "I must go to her."

Henry Alderson shook his head in firm negation. "You'd better not," he said. "The doctor does not wish it."

"But she's dying! I know she's dying!" The mother's self-control forsook her. "I am her mother. I have a right to go. My place is with my child. No one can keep me."

"You couldn't see her. They won't let you."

"I can't bear it!" Mrs. Mitchell covered her face with her hands, and shook with sobs. Betty and Teddy were chasing a butterfly with joyous outcries. The world in the sun was radiant. All the sorrow belonged to a husband and a mother to divide between them.

Then she flamed out at him. "You don't love her! If you did, you would be with her now! Yet you won't let me go! What right have you to hold me back?"

"Mrs. Mitchell, I'm not holding you back." He was calm, but it was the calmness of a terrible intensity. "I brought you here because you were worn out—and for your own sake as well as for Muriel's sake I hoped you would stay until you were thoroughly rested. You can't give strength to her till you have strength to give."

"How can I rest," she broke out indignantly, "with my daughter dying? I only came out here to see how the children were—and I want to go back this afternoon."

"You'll do more good by staying here with the children," he protested.

"Are you going back?" she demanded.

"Yes."

"You are going—but you won't let me!" she flamed. "It's always been that way. You took her away from me seven years ago. And now you stand between us—even though she's dying."

A maid fluttered across the lawn. "You're wanted at the telephone, Mr. Alderson."

The few minutes he was gone were filled with torture on the rack for Muriel's mother. She was sure that it was word of death or dying.

When he returned she tried and failed to read the message in his face.

"What is it?" she barely murmured.

"Muriel—wants—us," he said slowly.

Mrs. Mitchell's face was alight like the sky with sunrise. "Wants—us?" she repeated, dazed and tremulus in dawning joy.

"Yes. The doctor says she has regained consciousness and is calling for us and seems to have something on her mind that she wants to tell us—and will tell no one else."

They left the children in the care of the faithful nurse and took the next train into town.

"Let me warn you," said the doctor, "to say very little and not to stay long. She is still very, very weak. The least excitement now will sap her strength and retard her recovery. She has barely rounded the crisis. But she was fretting for you both from the moment she knew what was going on around her—and I thought you'd better come."

When they came in the room where Muriel lay, it took all the self-control the mother could muster to hold back her tears. Muriel's eyes were closed and the pallor was a spotless page for the autograph of death. Then the eyes opened and the eyes smiled on them. Muriel slowly put out her hands and gave one to each of them.

Then she brought their hands together and spoke, word for word, in a faint, far-off voice:

"Henry, will you do something for me?"

"Anything, dear."

"Please let me hear you call her—'mother'!"

Henry looked at Mrs. Mitchell.

"Mother," he said.

It was the first time.

His wife smiled. A faint rose flush came in her cheeks.

"That was what I wanted," she said. "It was all I wanted. Now I know I am going to get well."

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Why Enameled Ware is favored

"Poor old Coffee Pot," whispered the enameled Double Boiler to the Cup. "Mistress was awfully mad at him today, wasn't she? She scraped and scoured and rubbed him, but he's almost as black and dirty as ever. And when he arrived here he shone like silver.

"How about me?" groaned Sauce Pan from a corner. "Mistress says she's ashamed to have me in the kitchen. Once I was just as shiny and silvery as Coffee Pot. I wish I were like you, Double Boiler. You enameled ware fellows are always so clean. You are the favorites in this kitchen."

"Cheer up," squeaked the enameled ware cup with a sleepy yawn. "I heard Mistress say today she is going to replace all you fellows with SMP Enameled Ware utensils."

"She's wise," admitted the dirty-faced Sauce Pan sadly. And silence descended on the kitchen.

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About the House

Eat Strawberries and Cream.

Probably no other popular fresh fruit is so often unsuccessfully canned as strawberries. While there are many reasons for this, the most usual one is that the berry, which is very delicate and quickly cooked, is canned by the open kettle method and allowed to cook too long, thus losing its shape and color.

But however successfully canned, no cooked strawberry is so deliciously flavored as the fresh one, so the wise housekeeper makes the most of strawberry season and feasts her family while the picking is good. Strawberries and cream, strawberries washed and left with stems and hulls to be dipped in powdered sugar, strawberry shortcake, strawberry pie, strawberry mousse—many are the ways to serve the fresh fruit.

Opinions differ as to whether the shortcake shall be cake or biscuit, but no tastes disagree as to the amount of berries. In either case it is the berry that makes the dish, let the skeleton be what it will.

Strawberry pie is a favorite in some homes. Heap a pie shell with ripe, firm berries and then with whipped cream. Or it may be covered with a meringue and browned in the oven.

For years I have prepared strawberries for winter use in exactly two ways. One is sun-cooked—or "sun-kissed," as this family calls it. To prepare, allow equal weights of sugar and fruit—using only perfect berries—and two cups of cold water for every three pounds of sugar. Cook the sugar and water until it threads, then add berries and cook for fifteen minutes after the fruit begins again to boil. Pour onto large platters, cover with glass and set in the sun until the syrup thickens. If you have an unused room with a southwest exposure this is a good place to finish the cooking, as it is safe from accidents and dust. The platters may be moved from the south windows to the west as the sun moves, and two or three days should suffice to finish the fruit. The berries may be stored the same as jelly.

Sun-cooked berries are delicious for tart filling, jelly rolls, filling for layer cakes, and one glass made into a mousse with a pint of whipped cream makes a dessert fit for a king.

For canned berries I use a government bulletin method which gives a delicious flavor. Wash and hull the fruit and put in an enameled kettle, which is not chipped or any acid-proof kettle. Allow one-half pint of sugar and two tablespoons of water to every quart of berries. Boil slowly fifteen minutes, cover and let stand over night in the kettle. In the morning pack the cold berries in hot, sterilized jars, put on new, sterilized rubbers, and screw down the tops until they just touch the rubber. Place in the boiler—or canner—and boil exactly eight minutes. Remove, tighten tops, and wrap in paper. These may also be used to make strawberry mousse.

To make the mousse whip one pint of cream with one-fourth teaspoon of salt and one cup of the fruit until it is solid to the bottom of the dish. Then turn into a mould with a tight top, and pack in equal parts of salt and ice for three hours. If the cream is thin soften a teaspoonful of gelatin in cold water, melt over a dish of hot water.

How to Dye Efficiently.

When dyeing cotton boil the goods in the solution for from thirty to forty minutes. If wool first boil the bark or root solution, and then soak the goods from one to two hours, until the desired shade is obtained. Following are the solutions: Black currant juice to dye red. Hickory bark for black. The inner bark of white birch for orange. Hoop-ash for yellow. The roots and bark of dogwood for scarlet. Indigo herb for blue.

To Color Cotton Brown.—For ten pounds of goods use one-half pound of catechu dissolved in hot soft water, and one half ounce of blue vitriol. Put the two together in a tub with enough warm water to cover the goods. Stir in this twenty minutes, then lift out and put into another tub in which has been dissolved two ounces of bichromate of potash. Stir in this twenty minutes, wash, and dry. If not dark enough repeat the process.

Blue on Cotton—For one pound dissolve in sufficient cold water to cover one ounce of copperas. In another vessel of hot water dissolve one ounce of prussiate potash, (potassium ferricyanid). Dip the goods in the copperas water, wring them out and dip in potash water. Repeat the process three times, air the goods, add to the goods one-fourth ounce of vitriol, stir well, then put the goods in and stir constantly ten minutes. Hang up to dry.

Mumps and Condolences.

"Mumps!" Phyllis echoed the word with mingled incredulity and consternation. "But I can't have them!" she cried. "I can't. Why, I'm going to be married to-morrow! Everything's all ready!" Her voice indicated the utter preposterousness of it all.

The new doctor—he was taking the place of the family physician who was away upon an almost unheard-of vacation—was courtesy itself. He told her regretfully that mumps were no respectors of weddings, but promised her, from all appearances, only a brief imprisonment; of course he could not be certain; but so far there was no swelling on the right side. But that it was mumps on the left side, and that it was bound to run its course, he left her no doubt whatever.

After he had gone Phyllis buried her face—right cheek down—in the pillow and sobbed. She was interrupted by her younger sister, Ethel, who was immune and thrilling with excitement. She had been telephoning to the Underwoods, and they all sent messages, and there was a great box of flowers, and Richard was insisting upon seeing her.

"Indeed he shall not!" Phyllis interrupted sharply. "It's bad enough to have the bride ridiculous. I won't have the groom a laughingstock, too."

Ethel drew a long breath; her eyes shone with excitement. "Oh, isn't it just awful!" she whispered sepulchrally.

A week later Phyllis, with the "mump," as she accurately defined it, vanquished, was giving Cousin Katherine a vivid account of the experience.

"Cousin Katherine, I had the most wonderful collection of condolences you ever heard of. They taught me a great deal. You see, I had plenty of time to think them all over, not seeing Richard for five whole days!"

"Tell me," said Cousin Katherine.

"Well, there was Alicia. She wept over me by telephone and made floral offerings till I felt like a sheet of wet blotting paper. 'You poor dear how are you feeling, really? Isn't it the most awful thing you ever heard?' and so forth, and so forth.

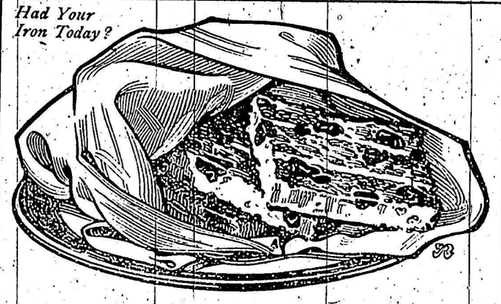
"Kit Frane was a good antidote. She took it all as a huge joke—which made me mad, for it wasn't precisely a joke even if it wasn't a world-shaking calamity. Then Helen Hunter kept telling me how much worse it all might have been. Of course it might, but it didn't do much good to keep telling me so. And Olive gave me a complete account of Lillian Peters's wedding, where everything went so perfectly."

"And Mary Hosmer?" Cousin Katherine asked.

Phyllis met her smile with another. "You do see through us all, don't you, Cousin Katherine? Yes, Mary was the one. She was dear and sympathetic, but before I know what had happened she had taken me by the hand and led me right out of my selfish self into the big world outside. She didn't preach, but she had me so interested that I forgot all about mumps the world was so big. Mary always does that."

There was silence; then Phyllis said softly:

"Yes, I learned a heap of things."



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Forest Fire Law Strengthened

Many important amendments were made to the Forest and Prairie Fire Act of the province of Alberta at the last session of the legislature. The principal of these amendments, which will greatly lessen the difficulty of combating fires, and which are welcomed by all who have to do with the forests, are the following:—

All Dominion forest and fire rangers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Provincial Police and municipal councillors are ex-officio fire guardians, with authority to enforce the Act.

Municipal councils must appoint fire guardians.

Fire guardians have the power to order out any male person over sixteen years of age to help in fighting a prairie or forest fire. There are of course the usual exemptions in the case of postmasters, physicians, telegraph operators, etc.

Spark arresters must be used on marine engines, with a view to preventing fires originating from sparks thrown from the smokestacks of steamboats operating on northern lakes and rivers.

Provision is made for the establishment of fire districts. In these timbered areas it is illegal to start clearing fires between 15th April and 15th November, without a special permit.

The scale of penalties for violation of the Forest Fire Act has been revised and the penalties made heavier, so that there will be greater respect for the Act.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Three Foods.

For an hour the teacher had dwelt with painful repetition on the parts played by carbohydrates, proteids, and fats respectively in the building up and maintaining of the human body.

At the end of the lesson the usual test questions were put, among them "Can any girl tell me the three foods required to keep the body in health?"

There was silence until one maiden held up her hand and replied:

"Yes, teacher. Yer breakfast, yer dinner, and yer supper."

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PROTECTING SHIPS FROM AIRCRAFT

The big doubtful [illegible] warfare is the effe[illegible] as opposed to the [illegible] authorities are of the [illegible] most formidable dre[illegible] helpless to defend [illegible] attack by flying [illegible] bombs that carry [illegible] of high explosive.

The anti-aircraft [illegible] of defense, a[illegible] easily crippled. Ba[illegible] be expected to pro[illegible] a fleet of planes a[illegible] ously? It is argue[illegible] safety from the gun[illegible] winged attackers w[illegible] so high that their a[illegible] inaccurate. But they [illegible] safety. Their tacti[illegible] be one of reckless da[illegible] of a dozen planes bo[illegible] range if a single bo[illegible] could be successfully [illegible] hit would be [illegible] the ship out of action.

Recently a test w[illegible] efficiency of ph[illegible] creating a smoke [illegible] a smoke screen [illegible] fighting ships [illegible] ides. It is the a[illegible] cuttlefish for hi[illegible] on maritime war[illegible] cuss the experiment[illegible] the employment of a[illegible] attacking airpla[illegible] selves invisible. [illegible] can accomplish this [illegible] fully, while holdin[illegible] they are attacking [illegible] possible to hit them [illegible] vantage in the co[illegible] mous.

Phosphorus sm[illegible] sively daring the [illegible] means of hiding fr[illegible] vessel pursued by [illegible] of the sea, would [illegible] cloud which, [illegible] a bank of thick fo[illegible] to use eye-afforde[illegible] concealment, giving [illegible] away and escape.

[illegible] had a [illegible] phosphorus [illegible] winds [illegible] are made in [illegible] flesh and [illegible] charge which [illegible] explosing, the [illegible] dense white sm[illegible] the army ships [illegible] that the poisonous [illegible] guns can see a [illegible] on a cloud. The [illegible] ing a law [illegible] the farmer fa[illegible] This part of [illegible] attack would [illegible] flying planes. W[illegible] cred the enemy [illegible] cross cloud, a fl[illegible] planes would arr[illegible] free huge demol[illegible] reserve. It is ca[illegible] would have sma[illegible] of this sort, where [illegible] upon them fr[illegible] The phosphorus [illegible] shaped with a tail [illegible] straight through [illegible] hall is of wood; the [illegible] There used in the [illegible] twenty-five pound, fi[illegible] hundred pound weig[illegible]

Incubators Are Ancient.

Although hot-air [illegible] cubators were not k[illegible] until 1777, the Chine[illegible] practised artificial [illegible] than two thousand [illegible]

The Egyptians in[illegible] very primitive fa[illegible] excellent results. [illegible] mous ovens of sem[illegible] covering an area of [illegible] These time egg-ove[illegible] to-day, the craft ha[illegible] down through the [illegible] father to son.

Through the centre [illegible] runs a passage, w[illegible] each side to huge [illegible] which the actual [illegible] Fires are kept a[illegible] and all surplus he[illegible] capes from a large [illegible]

It is not surpri[illegible] Egyptian fowls are [illegible] broody instinct has [illegible] then through the [illegible] egg-ovens.

During incubation [illegible] shell admits oxygen [illegible] cape of other gases [illegible] shell grows more [illegible] the time comes for [illegible] breaks forth, it has [illegible] ing s[illegible]

The chicken has [illegible] this task by eating up [illegible] the egg. This acco[illegible] that a newly-hatched [illegible] food for the least [illegible] after birth.

Up-to-Date.

[illegible] time it is [illegible] from which emanates [illegible] century distinction betw[illegible] and the dead."

"Yes, miss, said the [illegible] serving scholar, "the quick [illegible] that gets out of the way [illegible] biles and the dead is those [illegible] doesn't."

Every day we see men of ordinary talent passing their [illegible] on the road to success, simply because they are possessed of [illegible] of application.