The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XLII.—(Cont'd.)

It was on the roadside by the Long Gully that Mr. Cameron had died. The old tree by the gully had fallen at last, and on Donald Cameron. At Rane, while Dan and she were living there, a man had been killed by a falling tree, but it was strange that Davey's father should have died in this way, she thought, he who had been the first settler in the hills.

She wondered if he had ring-barked the tree—scored its living green wood—if he had killed it, and in turn it had killed him, pinning him to the earth with its great bulk of dead and rotting timber. She could see Davey's father, heavy, squarely-built, in shabby, dark clothes, lying beneath it, his grey hair blood-dabbled, his face bruised and blackened. The man who had conquered the wilderness had lain there, on the very road he had made, a broken, cast aside—a thing that life had done with. It was as if the wilderness had taken its revenge.

She slipped from the chestnut's back in a sunny clearing and gathered a handful of freckled and golden-eyed white honey-flowers, twisted some tendrils of creepers and blades of ferns among them, and tied them together with a long piece of grass.

When she came in sight of the weatherboard house crouching against the purple wall of the hills, Deirdre realized again what Donald Cameron had done. The cleared paddocks spread round it on every side. An orchard climbing the slope to the left showed in dark leafage against the grey and green of the forest. Cattle dotted the furtherest hillside. The barns and sheds and stables behind the house formed a small village. He had made it, cleared the forest for it. He had done all this, she realized, and so much besides, and now he was dead, the man of iron will and indefatigable energy.

There were two or three of the neighbors' carts in Cameron's yard. Deirdre opened the gate and shut it when she and White Socks had passed through. She hung the chestnut's bridle over a post by the barn, and lifted his saddle.

Speckled fowls and handsome tan and yellow pullets stalked about the yard, pecking industriously even under the legs of the Ross's and Morrison's horses, which, with farm-looked backs on them, their manes deep in fodder bags, stood beside the carts. In the brilliant sunshine on a wood-stack, struck against the clear blue sky, a black rooster crowed at intervals.

Mrs. Cameron's sitting-room was in semi-darkness. Deirdre heard the hushed talking, exclamations and sound of weeping as she went into it.

"It you, Deirdre!" Mrs. Cameron said when she saw the girl. Her voice was flat and tired; she seemed to have scarcely strength enough to speak.

Deirdre kissed her with quivering lips, and eyes welling.

The room was full of people. She did not see who they were at first in the half dark.

"If only Davey were here!" Mrs. Cameron cried.

Deirdre knelt beside her.

"Perhaps he'll come," she whispered. "Did you gather the flowers for his father?"

Mrs. Cameron's eyes had fallen on the little bouquet in Deirdre's hand.

"I brought them for Davey," Deirdre said.

Mrs. Cameron's hands quivered in hers.

"We must keep her cheerful, not let her spirits get down," one of the visitors said in Deirdre's ear.

Jessie Ross brought in tea and some newly-made scones.

"You must eat this now, dear to keep up your strength," Mrs. Ross said to Mrs. Cameron, taking a chair beside her.

Mrs. Ross talked of her milking, and the calves she had poddied during the wet weather; and the other women, gathering round, talked in serious and melancholy fashion of their milking and the calves they had had trouble with during the winter. They gave each other recipes for cream cheese, and jam, and cakes to be made without eggs.

"And I've discovered a sure way of making hens lay in the winter," said Mrs. Ross.

"Have you?" replied Mrs. Cameron, listlessly.

"Yes, indeed, and I'll tell you just what it is, Mary"—

"Oh, it's of no interest to me now, with Davey away and his father gone," Mrs. Cameron cried.

She kept her hold of Deirdre's hand.

"To think of him—Davey's father in there, Deirdre—lying so still and cold, he that was so strong and nobody could break, or turn," she said. "You haven't seen him yet. You must come with me."

"Presently, dearie, but you must drink your tea and eat this little bit of scone first," Mrs. Ross said.

The neighbors talked again nervously, cheerfully, in subdued tones, of the weather, the sales, and what the men of their households were saying about things in general.

"We mustn't let her brood," they said anxiously to each other.

Mrs. Cameron did not seem to hear or notice them. When she stood in the silent room with Deirdre looking down on the white-sheeted figure of Davey's father, she turned to the girl with a sharp cry.

"It's a sad, sad thing to be parting from your life's mate, Deirdre," she said. "To think that he should have died like that . . . after all that he's done—he that made this hill country. To have gone without a word from anyone, or a clearing-up of the misunderstandings between us. And Davey not to see him again!"

She broke down and sobbed utterly.

Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Morrison took her, each by an arm, and led her back to the sitting-room. The hum of strained, subdued and cheerful conversation began again.

Mrs. Cameron went to the door with Deirdre.

"If only they'd let me be. It's very good of them all to bother, but if only they'd let me be!"

As the chestnut padded softly along the track home to Steve's, Deirdre wondered again what effect Donald Cameron's death would have on Davey and Dan. It would make Davey a rich man, she knew. Donald Cameron had been reputed wealthy when she and the Schoolmaster first came to the hills, and he had not been drinking long enough to have squandered much money. "It would take more than a gallon of rum to make old Cameron loosen his purse-strings," she remembered having heard Coinal say.

To Dan and to her it would make very little difference in the end. There would still be McNab. The train of her thought snapped. For a moment, with all her passionate youth, she envied Donald Cameron his stillness.

A night and a day remained before she would have to tell McNab that she had made her choice. Every beat of the chestnut's hoofs on the soft roadside drove what he had said into her brain. She knew no more now than she did a week ago what was going to happen to Davey and the Schoolmaster or how the case was going. Perhaps less, since Donald Cameron's death. But her mind was made up as to what McNab's answer would be. She had never really had any doubt as to what it must be, and had asked for time as one asks to have the window open before settling down to passing the day in a dark and airless room.

Deep in her mind there was still, however, a vagrant hope, a fairy, child-like thing, a phantom assurance of the impossibility of what was demanded of her, a belief, like thistle-down, as faint and fragile, that something unheard of, miraculous, would happen to help her, and at the same time save Dan and Steve and Davey.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The big kitchen was very quiet. The log that had been smouldering on the open hearth all day broke. Deirdre swept back the scattered embers and thrust the broken ends of wood together. Flames leapt over them, lighting the room.

They penetrated the shadows that bulked, huge and shapeless, at the end of it, revealing a hoard of store casks and boxes piled almost to the roof and half cloaked with hessian bags sewed together. The barrel of a rifle slung on the walls glimmered for a moment; the fire-light showed stirrup irons and miscellaneous harnessing gear, halters and bridles hung over a peg near the door, a couple of horse-shoes nailed to it, and two or three hams in smoke-blackened bags with bunches of herbs beside them, strung up to the rafters.

A tallow dip cast a halo of garish light about Deirdre where she sat sewing; a broad gleam touched the crockery on the shelves behind her. The high-backed arm-chair in which Steve lay, slack and nodding drowsily, was drawn up before the fire.

The door to the bar, reached by a step from the kitchen, was open. A dip burned on the bench there, too, giving the dingy windows of the shanty a gleam for wayfarers. It was a wild night; the wind blowing from the south-west beat against the doors and rattled the windows of the frail building. The doors were all shut, though it was still early.

Steve at last fell asleep in his chair. His heavy-labored breathing had the sound of a child sobbing. Deirdre looked up from her work, again and again, troubled by it. It increased her sense of desperation to hear him. The sound became unendurable. She got up at last and awakened him.

"Hadn't you better go to bed, Uncle Steve," she said, impatiently. "You'll catch your death of cold like this. It's too late for anybody to be coming our way now—and a bad night. I'll lock up."

"Yes, Deirdre," he murmured sleepily; "it's a bad night and too late for anybody to be coming our way."

She pulled the bolts across the doors at the front of the shanty and locked and bolted the door from the bar into the kitchen; then she took his arm, and helped him out of his chair. He had fallen back into it, nodding drowsily again. She led him over to his room, which opened off the kitchen.

"I'll see the lights and the fires are out," she said "but I want to finish a bit of mending before I go to bed."

"Right," he murmured. "Right, Deirdre!"

The noise of the wind carried off the droning tones of his voice; but it was only a few moments before she heard his heavy breathing again.

The Schoolmaster's sock which she was darning dropped from her hand.

She stared into the darkness beyond the dip-light. She did not want to go to bed—to be alone in the darkness with her thoughts. In the kitchen she heard the creaking gossip of the fire and the whisper of falling embers. Besides, she wanted to keep her hands and brain busy. In the darkness there would be only the voice of the wind in her ears, and that was like the crying of her heart. She listened to the wind now. A mournful, passionate thing, it murmured about the house, rising wildly, desperately, in blasts of sudden rage, and fell back into a thin, pitiful wailing of helplessness and despair. She was afraid to listen long, afraid of what this communicating, interpreting murmur might do with her reason. Yet the wind was with her, she thought. The wind knew her heart—the wind was the voice of her heart crying out there in the darkness.

She shivered, trying to banish the strange, fantastical ideas that swarmed upon her.

How to pass the night—this long night in which she must not think, or feel. To-morrow McNab would be coming. "You pays y'r money and you takes y'r choice, Deirdre," he had said. She saw his face as he had spoken, his twisted, sallow face, the glimmering of his malicious eyes, with the smile that spilled over from them. She had made her choice. She had set her mind to it. There must be no wavering. If the Schoolmaster got off, she must marry McNab; if he was sentenced to three years' imprisonment there would perhaps be time to scheme and out-manoeuvre him. She would set her wits to that. But she could not think of the next day. She must think of Davey, or Dan, or Steve—any of them. There must be no shrinking, shrieking, or failing. What had to be done, had to be done, and the first thing that had to be done was to give McNab her word.

(To be continued.)

Dye Silk Stockings Blouse or Sweater In Diamond Dyes

"Diamond Dyes" add years of wear to worn, faded skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, hangings, draperies, everything. Every package contains directions so simple any woman can put new, rich, fadeless colors into her worn garments or draperies even if she has never dyed before. Just buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then your material will come out right, because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to streak, spot, fade, 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.

April Promise.

April, you've a comely name,
What may be its root?
Latin smooth as cherry bark
Must have borne such fruit.

Who'd have thought "aperio"
Gave the sweet degree?
Open windows, open brooks,
Are its prophecy.

Open eyes to loveliness
Of the bridal spring,
In a midst of emerald
Shyly burgeoning.

Open souls to greet the gifts
Of a heavenly hand,
Pouring glories without stint
O'er a radiant land.

Open bird throats, rending buds,
Add their pound share;
With such lures the open sloughs
We can surely dare;

Unafraid of sucking bogs
In the woodland lanes,
Tramp we home with mired feet,
Proud of our campaigns.

"April, April," how it lilts
With the bubbling stream!
"April, April," thrushes call
Through the shower and gleam.

Winter, then, our open hearts
Shall no more annoy;
They shall greet the April dawn,
With an answering joy.

—Eliot White.

Bovril Limited Reports Good Business in 1922

The report submitted at the 26th Annual General Meeting of Shareholders of Bovril, Limited, in London, England, last month, was most satisfactory.

A net profit was shown of £305,709 out of which after payment of regular dividends on preferred stocks a dividend of 9% on the Deferred Shares free of Income Tax was voted.

Sir George Lawson Johnston is Chairman, The Earl of Erroll, Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Douglas Walker, Managing Director. Sir Cornthwaite Rason, a former premier of Western Australia, has recently accepted the position of Secretary.

Bovril exports in 1922 exceeded those of 1921 by 22%, and 1923 shows every indication of still further growth.

The increasing amount devoted to various forms of advertising was one of the noteworthy features of the statement—and one to which perhaps much of the increased success of operations was due.

Another Failure Noted.

"Doctors report an alarming increase in baldness."

"Yes; it's being demonstrated that hair tonic's a failure when applied on the inside."

In Java there is an orchard all the flowers of which open at once, as if by the stroke of a wand, and they also all wither together.

MINING STOCKS
BOUGHT, SOLD, QUOTED
Orders Promptly Executed
Inquiries Invited
F. G. Oke & Co.
Members Standard Stock and Mining Exchange.
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Special long distance phone service for benefit of out-of-town clients

About the House

Five Ways of Cooking Chicken.

At first the chicken stuff'd and roasted brown,
With cranberry sauce and fixings all complete.
And then the fricassee, all covered o'er
With thickened gravy, poured with lavish hand
To hide the bones. And then what may be left
Is done up into pies, with pastry tops
Just fitted to the dish. Last course of all
Of this eventful bird is chicken soup—
The general leavings and the scraps-up
Of wings, legs, tails, necks, bones and everything.

When dressing a chicken scald the feet, and the skin will peel off like a glove. Cut off the horny claws and cook the feet in a little water, adding seasoning. This will make a cupful of delicious jelly, or add richness to the stew.

Left-over chicken can be used to advantage when combined with macaroni, thus: Cut the chicken into small dice, and to one cupful of chicken add two cupfuls of macaroni, which has been boiled until tender, drained and rinsed. Melt a piece of butter in a baking pan or oven-glass dish, put in the macaroni, moistened with chicken broth, slightly thickened. Cover with the minced chicken, sprinkle with grated cheese and place in the oven for a few minutes. Serve hot.

When serving chicken, it is often embarrassing for the head of the house to find the portion preferred by a guest. To prevent this, put the pieces on the platter as nearly as possible in their original position: lay the back in the middle of the platter, the pieces of breast on top of this, a drumstick on each side with side-bone and second joint at the upper end and wings outside these. If two fowl are served at once, have a platter large enough to repeat the arrangement at the other end.

Chicken cooked in an earthen or oven-glass dish having a cover is especially good. Cut into pieces and place in the bottom of the dish a dozen small onions, one carrot, one turnip and a stalk of celery. Cover with a pint of boiling stock or boiling water, seasoned with salt and pepper. Dress a year-old chicken, rub with melted butter, place it on top of the vegetables and set the baking dish, uncovered, in a hot oven until the chicken is nicely browned. Then cover the dish and allow the chicken to cook slowly for an hour.

Smothered chicken provides an excellent way of cooking a chicken that is somewhat tough, for the baking renders it very tender. Singe and dress a chicken, split it down the back, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Salt and pepper well, then cover with butter and dredge both sides with finely powdered, dry bread crumbs. Place in a baking pan, the inside down, cover with another pan and cook in a hot oven for twenty-five minutes. Remove the top pan and let the chicken brown for five minutes. Then remove to a platter and garnish with parsley.

Pilau of chicken prepared according to these directions is a dish of great excellence. To prepare it, joint a chicken and leave for a half-hour in a bath composed of the juice of two large lemons and three tablespoonfuls of salad-oil. Drain without wiping. Fry a sliced onion in three tablespoofuls of butter, and then put in the chicken. Cook for ten minutes, turning often, and empty the contents of the pan into a pot with a broad bottom. Pour over this a cupful of stewed and strained tomato, and a cupful of stock or a cupful of hot water seasoned with celery and onion. Stew gently until the chicken is tender, take it up and keep hot in the oven, covered closely. Have ready three-quarters of a cupful of rice soaked for one hour in cold water, put the rice with the gravy in the pot and cook until soft. Put the chicken back in pot, mix with rice, simmer three minutes, arrange on a hot platter and sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese.

Old-fashioned chicken potpie requires two pounds of flour, one-half pound of lard, a rounded tablespoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two fat old hens, and eight large potatoes. Sweet potatoes and a little ham may be added. Cut up the chicken as for frying, pare and halve the potatoes, sift the baking powder and flour together twice, rub in the lard and mix to a soft dough with ice-water. Cover the lower portion of the sides of a large pot with dough rolled to one-fourth of an inch in thickness. Put in a layer of chicken, sprinkle with salt, pepper, flour and a dash of cayenne, and a few thin slices of onion and ham, then a layer of potatoes and dumplings cut from the dough, and repeat with the rest of the ingredients. Roll out the remainder of the dough to a size to cover the pot, cut a cross in the centre and turn the corners back. Add a tablespoonful of vinegar to sufficient water to fill the pie up to the crust, cover the pot and set over the fire until it boils, then place where it will simmer for an hour. Take off the lid and put in the oven for another hour. If it browns too rapidly, replace the lid for awhile. As the water boils away, add boiling water.

Renovating Wall-Papers and Window Shades.

If something unforeseen interfered with your plans for repapering some of your rooms this spring, try cleaning the old paper.

First brush the walls with a broom covered with soft outing flannel or old underwear. You will then be ready for further cleaning.

Stale bread is the old-time material for cleaning papered walls, and it does very well, too. Cut the bread in generous slices, take one of the slices in your hand, and begin at the top of the wall, rubbing (not too hard) in even, downward strokes, taking a strip about three feet wide and about the same in depth, and so go all around the room. Then begin where you started, taking a similar strip, and going around the room again, until the walls are clean. Look at the bread now and then, for it will get dirty, in which condition it is likely to smear the paper; cut off the soiled part as it becomes unfit to use. Rub gently, with downward strokes only.

The modern cleaner—A more modern cleaner is made of one part of sal ammoniac and four parts of rye flour. Make into a dough with cold water. This dough must be made stiff, and is used by taking a small lump of it in the hand, as with the bread, and rubbing the wall as described; now and then work the dough in the hands in order to avoid rubbing the paper with a soiled part.

Another cleanser may be made with borax and wheat flour. In a shallow two-quart vessel put a pint of water and one-half ounce of powdered borax; bring the water to a boil quickly, and while it is boiling stir in a pound of good pastry flour. Let the paste remain on the stove until the mass is thoroughly cooked, then put it on a clean board and work it as bread dough is kneaded. Do this for a few minutes, when it will be ready for use. If you find that it crumbles, it either contains too much borax or too little water. If it is sticky, it should have more flour worked in. Use as the other two cleansers are used.

Slight blemishes on wall paper may be removed with a paste made by mixing calcined magnesia or carbonate of magnesia, with cold water; apply to the spots with a soft brush, coating rather heavily. When it is dry it can be removed with a sharp knife.

Removing mold—Mold on wall paper can be removed with a solution of one part of salicylic acid and four parts of alcohol. Apply with a soft brush. In stone farmhouses the walls will sometimes show great patches of mold; but if they are brushed off and the paper is wiped with a dry clean cloth, scarcely any stain will remain. This must be done when the mold is dry. The mold will return, but can be removed again.

Soiled places on ingrain and other paper of that class are easily removed with an eraser. Sponge rubber is especially useful in cleaning off smoke and dirt. If there are paint spots or other spots hard to remove, take a small piece of very fine sandpaper and gently rub the part. Still other forms of disfigurement may be removed by passing the palm of the hand back and forth over the part, the slight friction sufficing to take away some slight blemishes, where sandpaper might be too rough. A break or tear in wall paper can be made less noticeable if the bare or broken spot is colored to match the paper. For coloring, use water-color paints or colored crayons.

To remove blisters and wrinkles from wall paper which has been hung and is dry, pass a warm sad-iron over the parts, placing several thicknesses of paper between the iron and wall paper.

Cleaning your shades—If the window shades need attention, take them out-of-doors, unroll them on the porch floor and brush both sides with a soft brush so that all loose dirt may be removed. Then rub the shades with bits of raw cotton, using downward strokes and replacing soiled cotton with that which is fresh. If the lower parts of the window shades show wear, take them from the rollers, stitch a new hem in what was the upper edge and fasten what was the lower edge to the roller. Instead of tacking the shade to the roller, try fastening it by means of a wide strip of adhesive tape. Stitching the new hem is clumsy work. By placing the sewing machine alongside a large table, the shade can be managed with less difficulty.

Lures.

A posy on the table,
Apples on the shelf;
Goodies in the cupboard
That you have made yourself—
These are things the fairies love;
And do remember this—
A pot of honey in the porch
Will never come amiss.

A robin in the shrubbery,
Daisies in the grass,
A rainbow-colored way-of-the-wind
Made of tinkling glass.
A big bush of lavender,
A bed of mignonette,
And a thatched woollen summer-house
For dancing when it's wet.

A fire in the parlor
On chilly summer nights,
A pretty sound of singing
(Not too many lights)—
These will lure the fairies in;
And I would have you know,
So long as fairies visit you,
Your luck will never go.

Why Are Negroes Black?

There have been many theories as to why there should be black, white, yellow, and red people in the world. It has even been asserted that Adam was black.

The latest theory regarding the color of the skin is that it turns entirely upon the question of salt. The writer of an ingenious book brings together a mass of evidence to show that the darker the race the more it lacks salt as an item of diet.

It seems that in some parts of Africa salt is such a luxury that the Negroes suck rock salt as we would confectionery. They describe a rich man as one who eats salt with his meals.

The author of the salt theory states that each Briton eats about sixteen pounds of salt every year. In India, however, salt is taxed, and the average consumption per head may not be more than three or four pounds. As everybody knows, the natives of India, although they would resent being called "black men," are certainly not white.

It is remarkable how wide is the difference in complexion, say, between the natives of Samoa and those of New Britain. Anthropologists would say they were of different races, and probably they are, but it seems that "access to salt" is the cause of the difference between the blacks and the light browns!

So scarce is salt in Tahiti that Captain Cook, the great navigator, described how salt water was a royal drink, taken with great solemnity, a sip at a time, on ceremonial occasions. The writer finds, however, that people who live near the sea in that part of the world tend to grow lighter in complexion.

Forest Fires.

The season of forest fire danger is approaching and the forest services, federal and provincial, and forest protective associations, are making preparations to combat this great destroyer of forest wealth. Everything that modern science has devised will be used in the campaign—patrols, lookout stations, telephones, telegraphs and heliographs, portable pumps, gasoline trucks, power boats, railway speeders, and aeroplanes. These are all valuable aids, but the great engine for fighting forest fires is public opinion.

Nearly all forest fires are caused by human carelessness, therefore when public opinion sets itself solidly against this carelessness, and holds it to be a crime against the nation, a large part of the cause of fires will disappear. Patriotic citizens can do a great service for Canada by being scrupulously careful with their own use of fire when in the woods and by helping to build up, whether they live in the city or the country, a body of public opinion about fires which will deter the careless and strengthen the hands of those who protect the forests.

Work for Pleasure.

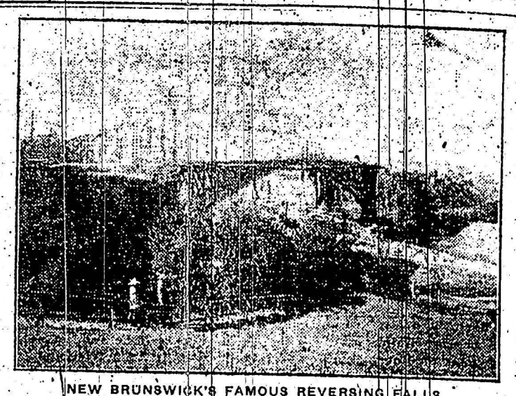
Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve,
The thing thou lovest, though thy body starve,
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for work's sake then, and it well may be,
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.

The Plan Worked.

A former M.P. confessed that, though he was always forgetting the faces and never remembering their names, he had no difficulty in being pleasant to his followers in the House.

"When I meet somebody in the lobby whom I don't know from Adam, and I see he expects me to know who he is, I take him warmly by the hand, look straight into his eyes, and say, 'And how is the old complaint?' I have never known it to fail."

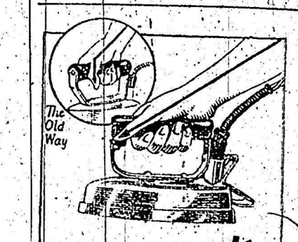


NEW BRUNSWICK'S FAMOUS REVERSING FALLS.

Near St. John, N.B., are the beautiful Reversing Falls, so called because at high tide the river has a perceptible drop upstream. The occurrence is unique, and considered one of the natural wonders of the world.

He—"That's what I'd call a good looking pass in a bum looking glass."

There is no royal road to a successful life, as there is no royal road to learning. It has got to be hard knocks, morning, noon and night, and fixity of purpose. Never has there been a time in the history of the world when so much opportunity offered for the leading of a successful life as to-day.—Charles M. Schwab.



The Old Way

The Hotpoint WAY

IN place of the tense grip and severe strain on the wrist, encountered when using an ordinary iron, the Hotpoint Way permits a light comfortable grasp with the thumb resting on a firm projection. The Hotpoint thumb rest is an exclusive feature found only on the famous Hotpoint iron.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

"Made in Canada" by
Canadian General Electric Co., Limited
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Give your digestion a "kick" with WRIGLEYS.

Sound teeth, a good appetite and proper digestion mean MUCH to your health.

WRIGLEY'S is a helper in all this work—a pleasant, beneficial pick-me-up.

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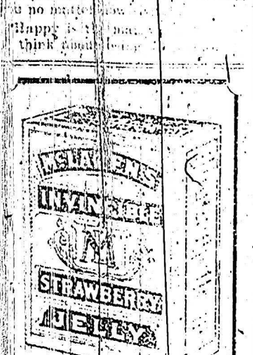

Children Love it and It's Good for Them

SMACK!

THAT doesn't happen when you turn your dishes over to the Walker Electric Dishwasher—the machine is more careful than human hands. The Walker cannot chip, crack or scratch. And it does the work thoroughly, quickly, efficiently and sanitarily. Throw away your dish mop! Let your Walker do it. It will wash, rinse and dry.

WALKER ELECTRIC DISHWASHER

Hedley Machine Co., Limited
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Toronto

The Markdale STANDARD