The Economy of "SALADA" GREEN TEA 8466

is in the larger number of cups it gives per pound. — Delicious! — Try it.

About the House

WHEN CHILDREN WANT TO HELP.

"Please, mother, can't I do that? I just know I could if you'd let me, and I'd be so careful." How many mothers have listened to that plea when busy and answered by saying, "Oh, you would just make a mess of it."

Most children, when they are little, are eager to help, anxious to learn to do things around home, but as they get older and are not allowed to do any of these things they lose interest. Of course it is a lot of bother to let Mary wash the dishes, and her work is not the best in the world. But I knew one mother who told me that she washed all her dishes over for a period of time when she was teaching her little girl to do it rather than not let the little girl learn when she was willing.

While [illegible] we cannot be [illegible] to teach the children [illegible] so many of us [illegible] to use the "easy [illegible]" as [illegible] The reason is simply [illegible] knowledge of [illegible] and cooking is because [illegible] have not been [illegible] when [illegible] and [illegible] a great [illegible] all-round [illegible] a good many [illegible] tried out the idea entirely agree. They say it is both a time and strength saver.

The woodbox ought to be built large enough to hold five or six buckets of coal, or a whole day's supply of wood. It can be filled by the husband or by the children before they go to work or to school.

Of course, it ought to be tight and well-made, and high enough so that, with a tight, clean cover, it can be used as a little table, if this top is neatly covered with oilcloth.

There should be a small door near the bottom from which coal and wood can be taken without raising the top. Put a peephole inside the box just above this door, so the coal or wood will be put down evenly. A stop such as is used on phonograph lids is most convenient to support the top lid while coal is being filled.

WOODBOX ON WHEELS SAVES THE FARMWIFE.

One way to make it easier for Mother is to put casters on the coal or woodbox, so that she can roll it right up to the stove, and not have to do all that lifting and lugging.

It is a perfectly practical idea, and a good many farmwives who have tried out the idea entirely agree. They say it is both a time and strength saver.

The woodbox ought to be built large enough to hold five or six buckets of coal, or a whole day's supply of wood. It can be filled by the husband or by the children before they go to work or to school.

Of course, it ought to be tight and well-made, and high enough so that, with a tight, clean cover, it can be used as a little table, if this top is neatly covered with oilcloth.

There should be a small door near the bottom from which coal and wood can be taken without raising the top. Put a peephole inside the box just above this door, so the coal or wood will be put down evenly. A stop such as is used on phonograph lids is most convenient to support the top lid while coal is being filled.

THIS IS THE DAY.

"Let me see," meditated the little fellow, finger on her notebook, eyes on the calendar. "First Thursday in the month. Yes, this is the day to look over the cellar.

Seeing my astonishment, she continued laughingly: "You think it is queer to have a particular day for looking over the cellar, don't you? Well, let me tell you it is not.

"Once I had kept house long enough for the newness to wear off I became perfectly discouraged about ever keeping everything in order. I'd carefully sweep my house all over and discover that the silver should be repolished. I'd stock my [illegible] with all kinds of goodies and find that the storeroom should [illegible] put in order. I'd spend a week over the much-needed sewing or canning and the whole house seemed demoralized.

"I began to see that no woman who does all her work can hope to keep every department in perfect condition. So I worked out a sort of system.

"Once each month I go over the attic, cellar, storerooms and such parts of the house as do not receive regular daily and weekly attention. This keeps them in very presentable condition and really does not take much time because they never get actually out of order.

"I have a stated time to clean and polish the silver, clean and oil the sewing machine, clean the cupboards and do seasonable sewing. In this way all these tasks that do not come in the regular routine work never get neglected until they crowd into other duties and simply must be done.

"Of course, there is nothing rock-bound about these plans—I should never think of staying home from a picnic to go over the cellar. But generally speaking a thing gets done when 'this is the day' for it."

PREVENTS COLDS FROM SPREADING.

I heard of a wise mother who has an old-fashioned salt box which she keeps in her kitchen. When any member of the family has a cold this person's glass is kept in the salt box to prevent any other person using it until he is well. Then the glass and the box are sterilized.

SIX HOUSEHOLD SHORT CUTS.

Put a thimble over the end of the curtain rod. This makes it slip easily through the curtain casing. If this makes it too large, slide an empty rifle cartridge in the end of the rod.

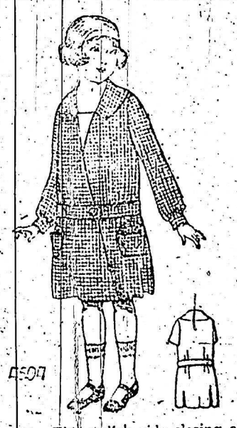
To remove paint from cloth, apply olive oil to the spot and then drop on chloroform. When once the paint is softened, no matter how old it is, the chloroform will remove it.

The next time you blacken the stove try lathering hands plentifully with good soap and let dry thoroughly. Then after your work is done the blacking all comes off with the soap.

In order to have a custard pie an even nice brown, I sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting in the oven.

As I was troubled with rheumatism, one of my hard jobs was stooping to get the dust out of the corners of my kitchen, pantry, and back porch. I got around that by nailing little brass stair corners in all these corners, and it is a great help. They only cost a few cents a dozen and are neat-looking.

A NEAT AND PLEASING FROCK.



4304. This stylish side closing and the pretty basket pockets will please the little girl for whom this dress may be selected. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham with collar, vest, pockets, belt and cuffs in contrasting material will be good for this design. Brown linen with tan or white for trimming is also attractive. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size requires 3 yards of 27-inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

HIS REST TOO.

Daughter (at seashore): Why, Mother, what on earth's the matter?

Mother: Just got a letter from home from your father, saying he was enjoying his vacation very much.

Two Elizabeths.

Professor of History: "What do you know of the age of Elizabeth, Mr. Jones?"

Jones (dreamily): "She will be nineteen next week."

Men are known by the company they keep; women by the clothes they keep on wearing.

The Hidden Hour

BY J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Trehorn, after a hard day's work, flung himself into a chair before the fire that burnt brightly in his little dining-room and lit the tobacco in his old briar pipe.

His thoughts were by no means so pleasant as the atmosphere of quiet comfort in the room. He had embarked on a journey—a long journey which might end in ruin and disgrace. For the sake of his word, given to a woman in distress, he had been forced not only to lie to the police but to commit perjury in a court of law. It was true that the coroner had never asked him whether Merrington had been accompanied by a woman. But, in his statement, he, Trehorn, had not mentioned the woman, and the court had taken it for granted that Merrington had been alone when he had been picked up on the road.

"So far," thought Trehorn, "fortune has been with me. But will it last?"

That was doubtful, but certainly up to the present he had had the best of luck. On the day following the accident John Merrington had relapsed into unconsciousness, and when Detective-Inspector Ditton had called to see him, it has been quite impossible for the patient to be questioned. A wire had been sent to a London specialist, and Ditton himself had obtained the services of a police surgeon. As a result of the consultation, it had been decided that no good purpose could be served by telling Merrington that his wife was dead. Merrington, even when he had recovered his senses, would have been obviously unable to give any evidence in regard to anything that had happened during the previous seven months, and the eminent brain specialist had confirmed Trehorn's own opinion—namely, that the shock of the news might very well prove fatal.

It had been left to Trehorn himself to deal with Merrington's questions. He had simply told Merrington that his wife was ill with influenza—not dangerously ill, but quite unable to come down and see him, or even to write to him. Trehorn had even declared that she had sent Merrington her love.

Well, at the time, that had seemed an easy way out of the difficulty. But now, as Trehorn smoked his pipe before the fire, he began to realize that Merrington himself might be the most difficult person to deal with. Merrington had begun to worry about his wife. He was constantly asking for Paula. And at least a month must elapse before he could be told that Paula was dead. At present Merrington was too weak and ill to do anything but worry, but as Merrington grew better he would be more difficult to handle. He would not be so easily deceived.

Well, there were the police, likely to be active in attempting to solve the mystery of this tragedy for months to come. And then there was Merrington, who had to be restored to health, and there was the unknown woman whose reputation had to be saved. And then there was that queer fellow Ardington, with his two red feathers. Of course Ardington was an old friend of the Merringtons and thoroughly to be trusted. He had not taken Ardington into his confidence. That was on his conscience. Ardington might not be very pleased when he knew the truth.

Trehorn smoked for half an hour, and then he went upstairs to see Merrington. The nurse, a gaunt woman with a stolid, sensible face, rose from her chair by the bedside. She had been reading, and the shaded oil lamp threw no light on Merrington's face.

"I'll stay with him until ten o'clock, nurse," said the young doctor. "You can have a breath of fresh air if you like. It's a jolly night."

The nurse left the room, and Trehorn seated himself in the chair. For a few minutes there was no sound in the room but the ticking of a small clock.

And then Merrington, who was supposed to be asleep, said in a slow, dreamy voice: "Something's been worrying me, Trehorn—nothing much—just a face."

"Oh, you mustn't worry about anything, Merrington," the doctor replied. "You ought to be asleep."

"I think I was asleep when you came in Trehorn. But the night you brought me here—do you remember?—a woman came into the consulting room for a few seconds—a stranger—and yet—she did not seem to be altogether a stranger. Do you remember who it was?"

Dr. Trehorn had expected this question—sooner or later. Indeed he thought it odd that it had not come before. Of course for some days Merrington had been too ill to talk at all. But on the morning after the accident there had been a brief period when Merrington had been able to talk of his own affairs. Trehorn had expected the question then, and as Merrington had said nothing about the unknown lady, Trehorn had hoped that the incident had passed out of Merrington's memory. But Trehorn had his answer carefully prepared for the time when he might have to reply to the question without hesitation.

"You must have been dreaming," Trehorn said. "It could not have been one of the servants."

"Oh, no—certainly not—a servant—a woman in a fur coat—a very beautiful woman," said Merrington. "She came into the room, and then she stopped, as we looked at each other. Then she turned round and walked out again, and the door closed."

Trehorn shook his head and smiled.

"My dear fellow," he replied, "you must have been dreaming. I remember leaving you, and when I came back you were found asleep."

For a few moments there was silence, and then Merrington said, "I hope there are no ghosts in this house."

"None at all. It's the most uninteresting house. You must have been asleep. And besides you'd had a very nasty knock on the head. Do you think any woman would have behaved in that extraordinary way?"

That was his trump card—the ace of trumps that he had selected out of so many cards to silence any doubts on the part of John Merrington. No ordinary living woman would have behaved in that peculiar fashion.

"I thought it—rather odd," answered Merrington, "and it's worried me—once or twice."

"Well, don't worry about it any more, old chap. There was no one in the house that night but the servants. You just had a rather pleasant dream, that's all. Now it's time for your medicine, isn't it?"—he looked at his watch. "Yes, it's quite time."

He poured out some medicine into a glass and held it to Merrington's lips.

"How is my wife?" said Merrington when he had swallowed the draught. "Have you heard—any news—since—since——?"

"Yes, half an hour ago," Trehorn answered glibly; "the doctor rang up. She's going on splendidly."

"Good," said Merrington. "Good—Paula and I—we are very grateful to you—yes, very, very grateful—so much trouble—so much——"

The words died away in a whisper. Merrington was asleep. Trehorn moved the lamp so that the light fell on Merrington's face. The eyes were closed and a tear was trickling down one of the white cheeks.

"Poor devil," said Trehorn to himself. "However much he has sinned he is going to pay—in full."

The young doctor seated himself by the side of the bed again. He was glad that he had invented such a simple story to explain the entrance of the unknown lady into Merrington's room. Its very simplicity made it almost unassailable. At first Trehorn had intended to say that the visitor was his own sister, or a friend, or some woman who had been passing in a car and had helped him to get Merrington to the house. But when he had thought over the matter he had decided, and rightly, that a falsehood of this description would ultimately involve him in endless explanations and difficulties. Merrington might have questioned the servants later on, or Ardington, or even the nurse. He, Trehorn, would have been proved to be a liar, and that would have worried Merrington.

As it was, Merrington would probably believe that the beautiful woman had only appeared to him in a dream, and this belief would last until he had recovered his memory.

At ten o'clock the nurse returned, and Trehorn went back to the dining-room. He had scarcely seated himself in his chair by the fire when there was a knock at the front door, and a few moments later Alice showed Ardington into the room.

"Thought I'd find you up," said Ardington, shaking hands. "I was passing here on my way home and I thought I'd just look in. How's old Merrington?"

"Oh, he's going on all right, Ardington. Sit down and have a drink."

"No, thanks, Trehorn—I mean I won't have a drink."

He seated himself by the fire, and taking a pipe from his pocket began to fill it with tobacco.

"When do you think I can see Merrington?" he asked.

"Oh, in about a fortnight's time, I dare say."

"Not until then?"

"I'm afraid not, and perhaps not even then."

"I say, what did you think of the inquest?"

"The verdict was in accordance with the evidence, Ardington."

"Yes, I suppose it was. But I thought the inquest would have been adjourned. Got a light?"

Trehorn handed a matchbox to Ardington and said: "The coroner gave his reasons for closing the matter."

"Yes, yes," said Ardington, lighting his pipe, "but he didn't give the real reason."

"What do you suppose to be the real reason?"

"Well, you see, it was like this. The police have a long and difficult job before them, and they didn't want to be hampered by continually being asked to give evidence."

"I suppose they could say just as much or as little as they chose."

"Yes, and they want to say nothing. And it's very unlikely that anyone but the police would come forward to give evidence in the adjournments. Therefore it would have been a waste of time to put off the end of the inquest. Look here, Trehorn, I don't think you're playing the game."

"What do you mean?"

"Just this. I took you into my confidence, and you—you ought to have trusted me. You ought to have taken me into *your* confidence. You know as well as I do that there was a woman with Merrington in the car."

(To be continued.)

Real Irish.

An Irishman was astonished to receive the following letter from his son in London:—

"Dear Father,—I am in a deuce of a hole. Kindly send me £10, and oblige

Your loving son, Pat.

After writing this letter Pat was so stricken with remorse that he ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I can only pray that it will not reach you."

But who could be more grieved than the son when he received this reply:

"Dear Son. Your prayers are answered. The letter did not reach me—Father."

Bear this in mind—he wins the noblest fight who slays his sins.

Wanted—A King!

Albania wants a king, "an Englishman, gentleman preferred." The salary is not stated, but the civil list of the new monarch, whoever he may be, is unlikely to be a very extravagant one, seeing that the entire revenue of the country amounts to no more than about £800,000.

This, by the way, is not the only occasion on which a European principality has been "in the market," so to speak. The late Duke of Edinburgh, afterwards Duke of Saxe-Cobourg and Gotha, Queen Victoria's second son, was once offered the throne of Greece, and so certain were the Greeks that he would accept that they actually had him proclaimed King at Athens.

Not only this, but a number of coins were struck bearing the new "monarch's" effigy. These are now greatly prized by collectors. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, on news of these events reaching Windsor, the proffered honor was promptly declined.

Some time previously the Greek throne had been offered to the grandfather of the present Earl of Derby, who also declined it. Following the refusal, the vacant throne was hawked round amongst half the princelings in Europe, to be eventually accepted by the Grand Duke Otho of Bavaria, whom his ungrateful subjects later deposed.

In 1878, following on the Russo-Turkish war, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff might, had he so minded, have been king of the then newly-formed principality of Rumelia.

He was acting at the time as British High Commissioner there, when one morning a delegation of leading notables came to offer him the throne, assuring him of the support of Russia, and suggesting that he should be crowned forthwith at Philippopolis.

Sir Henry pretended to treat the matter as a huge joke; whereat the delegates retired in high dudgeon. The after-history of the torn and distracted little country showed that the astute Englishman's self-abnegation in refusing a kingdom was a wise move on his part.

This same crown was afterwards declined by Prince Alexander Vogorides, probably for a similar reason to that which had previously induced the Count of Flanders to decline the honor of ruling over the turbulent populace of the sister principality of Rumania.

Said this astute individual, when offered the crown by the President of the Council of Ministers: "If you can guarantee that I shall not be assassinated, as was M. Catargi, or interned for life in a dungeon, like M. Petrovski, my answer is 'Yes.' Otherwise it is 'No.'" The Ministers looked askance at each other, then silently withdrew.

Not always, however, have offers of this description been declined. Many years ago Sir James Brooke, an ex-officer in the old East India Company's service, was offered, and accepted, the crown of Sarawak, in Borneo, over which country his descendant, the present Rajah Brooke, still reigns, it having been constituted an independent State under British protection in 1888.

The Shield.

God, give me laughter for a buckler,
Lest to the blows of Life I yield;
When my head is bowed to press of foemen,
Lord, give me laughter for a shield.

Grant me will to fight, if not to conquer,
Strength to keep my spirit from eclipse,
And let me hold at midnight and at noonday
The shield of laughter on unshaking lips.

There is none so strong can overcome it,
Black rage, red scorn, or serpent guile,
Magic lives in weakliest defences—
Even in little twisted smile.

In the dusk and through the murk of conflict,
Fighting on against the driving spears,
More flags will rally round to laughter
Than ever cowed the sovereignty of tears.

Though I have no armor that is worthy,
Nothing but a wreath and sword to wield,
I shall go down fighting and not craven
If Thou, Lord, give laughter for a shield.

Elna Valentine Trapnell.

Stingy Father.

First Boy: "Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots!"

Second Boy: "He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth!"

Destinations.

They follow roads who know how dear they are
Never adventurous trails or cross-ways marks
A turning to the day or to the dark
But they must go impatient for a star.
They follow wind who know a ship at sea,
A tug is music to them and a smack
A thing of glory when a dawn creeps back
Over a curve of harbor to a quay.

So earth and water hold a man in awe,
And some must go the wideness of the sky,
And others hasten to where vessels lie,
Each answering to a purpose or a law.
You to the mountains I will never know,
I to the sea where salty barges go.

Harold Vinal.

Paid in Cabbages.

With the present fluctuating exchange in Germany many tradesmen and professional men refuse to take money, and are asking for accounts to be settled in kind.

Even the doctors, most conservative of professional men, have now adopted this system. Here is the tariff of a physician in one German town:

For a consultation during the day: One large loaf. For a consultation at night: Two large loaves. For an X-ray examination: Thirty loaves.

A farmer who had broken his leg and called in this doctor was charged two pounds of butter, twenty eggs, and a cabbage. For a case of rheumatism, however, a sack of potatoes was considered sufficient remuneration.

The nature of the goods demanded varies according to the trade of the patient. Thus, a butcher is asked for meat, while a draper pays his bill in cloth. But what happens when the medico visits the ice-man in the middle of winter we are not told!

Milk in Sponges.

So important has the sponge become in everyday life that it is now grown from "seed" like ordinary land plants.

The sponges are brought up by divers, some of whom work naked, while others wear diving costume. The sponges present a flesh-like appearance, and are covered with a firm skin in which tiny holes appear and disappear apparently at the animal's will.

The inside of the sponge, not unlike raw meat, is intersected by numerous canals and cavities. These are filled with a sticky, greyish-brown fluid known as "milk." This "milk" must be taken out at once, for it is the only part of the animal that is actually alive. Should it be left, the sponge begins to decay and lose its elastic qualities.

Painting the Lily.

The color of cut flowers may be altered to almost any desired hue in a remarkably short time by placing them in colored water.

For instance, if a drop or two of red ink is dropped into the water in a vase where white lilies are standing, they will turn red. But, although a white lily, colored pink, blue, or purple, may be an interesting novelty, to the artistic mind it is probably not a particularly attractive one.

Even when grown in soil, some flowers can have their colors changed or modified by the addition of something or other to the plant's diet. A good example of this is the popular hydrangea, the color of which can be changed from pink to blue by adding alum to the soil.

NOT WEATHER-WISE.

"He said he was laying up money for a rainy day."

"And got fooled by the first little shower that came along."

Origin of Atolls.

According to the investigations of Searle among the Pacific Islands there is a slow elevation going on there, which, by lifting the reefs gradually above the waves, preserves them from erosion at the top and enables vegetation and certain animal forms of a terrestrial character to exist there. This is quite in opposition to Darwin's idea that the atolls were formed by the gradual submergence of small islands, that the coral insects built up encircling reefs as the islands sank. Searle shows that the elevation of the islands is a general phenomenon, but variable in amount, some islands, like Aukena, in the Gambier archipelago, rising rapidly, and others very slowly. Both the flora and fauna of these islands are confined to very few species, although seen from a distance some of them appear to be rich in vegetation.

Many Kinds of Fur.

At a fur auction held in St. Louis, the list of the different kinds of furs numbered sixty-two. It is remarkable that so many different furs are on the market. Among the offers were skins of monkeys and gazelles from Africa, ponies from the steppes of Russia, giant wolves from Siberia, polar bear from the Arctic, dog skins from China, kid skins and goat skins from Greece, Turkey and Near East countries, kangaroo and fox from Australia, and strange but useful pelts of furbearers from many other Atlantic lands.

London's police force is 21,37 strong, while her fire brigade numbe another 2,000 men.

After Every Meal

A universal custom that benefits everybody.

Aids digestion, cleanses the teeth, soothes the throat.

WRIGLEY'S

a good thing to remember

Sealed in its Purity Package

THE FLAVOR LASTS

"GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT."

One day, in a shabby little [illegible] in a quiet little street, a woman [illegible] Clean, clean curtains hung [illegible] windows. There was nothing [illegible] the house to distinguish it [illegible] neighbors, except the flowing [illegible] symbol that hung crookedly [illegible] door. In the tiny parlor, [illegible] spite of furniture removed, [illegible] and crowded, the woman [illegible] box that accused her was [illegible] the shabby silk dress that [illegible] ped her was old-fashioned. [illegible] keeper, who had come to [illegible] dered if the whimsical conver[illegible] her mind was caused by [illegible] tion of her passing on, or if [illegible] always worn it.

In the early morning [illegible] it but the Sleeper had heard [illegible] big policeman rang the [illegible] "I wonder if I could be [illegible] how," he said to the Doorkeeper [illegible] won't like to intrude, but [illegible] stepped lightly into the [illegible] in, closed down on the [illegible] "I'm sorry, but can't [illegible] gave an bitter winter [illegible] said. "As many a cold [illegible] on bellin' some [illegible] wor' in this peaceful long time [illegible] from a dog over [illegible] never [illegible] more, anyway." He went [illegible] grim smile [illegible] peered up [illegible] corridor right.

Left alone [illegible] one [illegible] ently.

"Dead [illegible] when [illegible] died," said the [illegible] got [illegible]

"She [illegible] up nights [illegible] was sick," [illegible] bbed a [illegible] "and the doctor said [illegible] get better if it hadn't [illegible]

One small girl [illegible] roses.

"The man in the flow[illegible] them to me," she [illegible] she would like them."

Keeper assured her [illegible]

"Can [illegible] do you think [illegible] bright," [illegible] The Doorkeeper [illegible] plained that, while it was [illegible] plant in theology, she [illegible] thought she did. So the [illegible] laid aside her, and they [illegible] out, a sorrowful little group.

At night came two girls, [illegible] ed and shivering, a baby [illegible] sleep, born to be [illegible] flint of eye, had hard of [illegible] and like to see her [illegible] a party. They went [illegible] lighted room. Their complex [illegible] works of art, and their [illegible] dead though it was, to [illegible] stood, flared like a red light [illegible] place. A breeze from [illegible] blew a strand of hair [illegible] face of the Sleeper. The [illegible] eyed one bent and put it back [illegible] "It always did that," she [illegible] threw across her face like [illegible] "Was she a friend of yo[illegible] Keeper asked quietly.

"No, Lord no!" They [illegible] couldn't have minded [illegible] regular thoroughfare. She [illegible] spent to me once, [illegible] person who was!" she added [illegible] "Come on, Kit, I'm [illegible]

I'm glad you did, too, [illegible] the Doorkeeper gently. [illegible] eyes flashed her a [illegible] the glance of an [illegible] of unexpected kinship [illegible] years came, making [illegible] the wonders of her [illegible] went out into the dark [illegible] streets [illegible] neighbors came, and [illegible] it, and talked. The Sleeper [illegible] decorations, but when [illegible] per [illegible] to the [illegible] seemed as if a Distinguished Order should have been [illegible] her breast. A little [illegible] crept in. She [illegible] eyes seemed [illegible] She stayed with me when [illegible] was killed," she said [illegible] me get work. And [illegible] climb to look after [illegible] club to look after my [illegible] she should go when [illegible] Irish people are, [illegible] to stay till the [illegible] And after it was all over [illegible] including the Sleeper [illegible] Doorkeeper found [illegible] a verse that began [illegible] "Be a doorkeeper in the [illegible] Lord" that it was not [illegible] what could be more [illegible] the Lord than the [illegible] keeper had done?

Nothing walks with [illegible] That not one life shall be [illegible] Not as rubbish to the [illegible] When God hath made [illegible] complete.

Some men have to be [illegible] Some men you can't help [illegible] It takes a smart man to [illegible] difference.