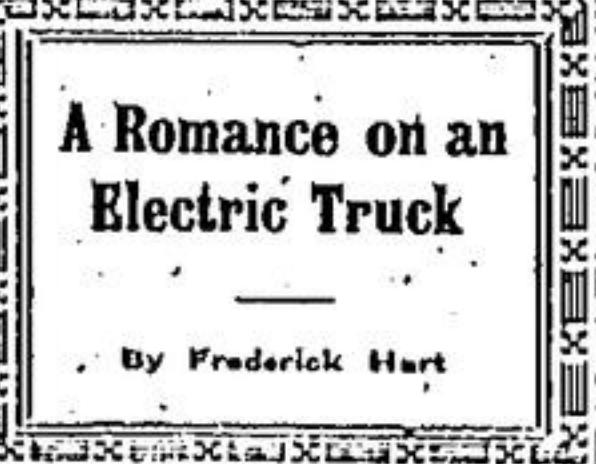


THE GUDY MINISTRIES

The sound of a waterfall  
The rustle when a trolley lights  
The lapping of a lowland stream  
On dipping lights,  
The voices of birds from a herd  
Of gentle cows.  
The echo from a wooded hill  
The murmur through the meadow grass.  
At evening fall—  
"Well—yes, Billy—how homesick  
You are, but trust,  
Such music is not understood."  
"Oh, no, I am not  
But when the world is overwrought  
It hath a spell—  
Beyond all human skill and power  
To make it well."  
The memory of a kindly word  
The fragrance of a fading flower  
Sent hyacinth,  
The smile of a gentle smile.  
Or sudden tears,  
The warm pressure of the hand,  
The touch that means It cannot speak,  
But I have heard—  
The voice of a child bears a verse  
From God's own Word—  
such tiny things we hardly count  
The givers fearing they have shown  
Heart-sympathy;  
But when the heart is overwrought,  
One can tell  
The power of such tiny things  
To make it well!"—  
—Frances Ridley Havergal.



A Romance on an Electric Truck

By Frederick Hart

I had been bright sunlight when  
Elsie set out for town, but  
before she had gone half-way  
down the road heavy  
clouds had covered the sun and  
the accented rumble of the  
darkened heavens the rattle had  
begun to fall. Not that Elsie minded  
it at first; she had lived too long  
in the country to be disturbed by  
the noise of the truck or the  
shriek of the engine, which by the  
fence at the side of the road and wall  
ed for the shower to pass.

But the shower showed no intention  
of passing, so Elsie continued to  
come down, not with her coat  
but with aullen, steady intentness  
that presaged a long-contoured drip.  
She was worried about what she could  
do, for she could go home, but  
the dress would get wet—

—and it was a good three-quarters of  
a mile farther to the village. She  
walked on with her coat up. Dribbed  
and taken the Concord hurry; but  
it was too late for wishing. There  
was nothing to do but to try and  
wait it out.

The bus stopped nearly half an hour  
in her damp retreat, and was feeling  
rather cramped and decidedly at odds  
with the world when she heard  
Olivia's frenzied demands. It was  
had enough to be obliged to have a  
boarer in the house, but if you were  
not bound to have the freedom of your  
own room?

"May I come in?" a wistful voice  
asked.

"I'm sorry," an exclamation,  
Olivia scolded him with a scowl.  
"Of course," she said ungraciously.

The boarer stopped in the doorway.

Everything about her was bold and  
protective and stylized. She raised her  
hand to take a lift from the truck  
and, as she did so, sideways to the  
edge of the road, and stood a yard  
from where she was sitting. The  
curtains parted and a curly shock of  
hair was thrust out, while a cheery  
voice cried:

"Hello! Goin' anywhere? I'll give  
you a lift!"

He hesitated not to comply. She  
handed up her precious parcel, which  
disappeared into the maw of the seat  
and then, aided by a strong tug from  
the driver's stone arm, she found the  
little inclosure of the seat sprang open  
the chequered shelter of the bush. The  
panes of the windshield, steaming with  
her breath, were round and blurred and indistinct; the grey light  
of day let in a sort of twilight in which  
she could make out queer levers and  
buttons and all sorts of funny clock-  
face and dial and dial-like shapes, made  
mysterious gestures with a hand  
that protected from the floor, and in  
a moment they were rumbling down  
the road. Not until Elsie had

the opportunity to look at him.

Her look out the favorable inten-  
tion she had had when he rescued  
her had faded, however, when she thought  
of his rather attractive features.

When she had gone Olivia snarled  
at the hat that she had been trying to  
take, but still she tossed it aside.

Nothing went right, nothing had gone  
right since the boarder had come. She  
was moved.

"You're an awfully good driver, are  
you not?" she said.

He grimmed, but he did not take his  
eyes off the road. "I can drive a little," he said  
modestly. At that moment the truck  
skidded to the right, and with a quick  
skilled twist of the wheel and a  
dash of power he brought it back to the road again.

"Oh!" cried Elsie. "The young man's  
grin widened. "That's nothing," he  
said, smiling. "I can handle her."

"I can't," she said. "She's a little  
old now."

"Hunting and trapping in  
ONTARIO

By action of the Legislature of 1921  
all killing and trapping of game birds  
and mammals is prohibited except for  
sporting hunting and trapping!

Hunting and trapping license: The  
taking of bear, wolf, fox, coyote, lynx,  
bobcat, marten, otter, mink, marten, mink,  
and fox is now permitted without the authority  
of a license or permit.

Bear and Cotton-Tail Rabbits: All  
restrictions on the protection have been  
removed on the taking of hares and  
cotton-tail rabbits.

Pur-licensing Animals: Destroying  
property: Protection has been made  
more difficult for fur-trappers who  
are destroyed in the defense or preservation  
of property, by any means at  
any time. The police take therefrom  
any fees offered for sale during the  
close season, and under the authority  
of a permit.

Special Camp License for Deer: Pro-  
vision has been made whereby each  
operator of a camp may obtain a  
fee of \$2, which will entitle organized  
hunting parties to kill one deer to be  
eaten in camp and such license may be  
issued to any camp operator.

Deer and Moose, Reindeer and  
Caribou: Provision has been made  
whereby it is no longer necessary to  
be in possession of a license to hunt  
these animals, but before the  
young man also said nothing; but he  
had known that Elsie was overwrought, and  
she could count it with her con-  
science for saying she went to town  
almost every day when as a matter of  
fact two weeks had passed since her last  
visit. They drove on in dead silence.  
In a few moments the village ap-  
peared, dripping before their eyes, and  
while she sat in her seat the dreamer  
held out his hand with a frank smile and said: "I'll  
probably see you again some time, but  
not now, Elsie—Billy Edwards, they call me."

"Mine's Elsie—Elsie Goodhart—and  
you ever so much for giving me  
time."

## That Brisk, Rich Flavour found in every cup of the genuine "SALADA" TEA

is the true flavour of the perfectly preserved  
leaf. This unique flavour has won for Salada  
the largest sale of any tea in America.

### BEN'S SHOWER.

"Why can't I have a shower?" Ben asked.  
He had often talked about showers for  
himself and for other people on their birth-  
days. They sounded like pleasant  
things, though.

"We must be out of it," Ben," his  
father said. "It's only woman-folks  
that have that kind of fun."

"Oh, I'd like to have a shower," Ben said.  
"It's perfectly lovely. What's  
car?"

"Well, no, hardly in the truck.  
There's a car over there that I  
think you'll come!"

"Well, yes, Billy—It comes."

That evening a low, powerful-hum-  
ming motor drove up at Elsie's door,  
and in a few minutes the two were  
skipping over the hills.

"This beats the truck, doesn't it?"  
said Billy.

"Well, no, hardly in the truck," Ben said.  
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