

"HOW DID HE LIVE?"

Not "How did he die?" But "How did he live?" Not "What did he gain?" But "What did he give?" These are the units to measure the worth of a man, as a man, regardless of birth.

Not "What was his station?" But "Had he a heart?" And "How did he play his God-given part?" Was he ever ready? With a word of good cheer, to bring back a smile, to banish a fear?

Not "What was his church?" Nor "What was his creed?" But "Had he befriended those really in need?" Not "What did the sketch in the newspapers say?" But "How many were sorry when he passed away?" —Anonymous.

Menu Hints

Recipes for New and Novel Dishes: Household Ideas and Suggestions

By Betty Barclay

ON STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE! Warm weather is truly here when the first strawberry shortcake makes its bow to the family. And with the co-operation of cake flour and combination baking powder you can make a shortcake with that chef-like touch.

INDIVIDUAL STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKES 3 cups sifted cake flour 3 teaspoons combination baking powder 1 teaspoon salt 1 cup butter or other shortening 1/2 cup milk 2 quarts strawberries, washed and hulled

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening, add milk all at once and stir carefully until all flour is dampened. Then stir vigorously until mixture forms a soft dough and follows spoon around bowl. Turn out immediately on slightly floured board and knead 30 seconds. Roll 1/4 inch thick and cut with 3-inch floured biscuit cutter. Place half of circles on ungreased baking sheet; brush with melted butter. Place remaining circles on top and butter tops well. Bake in hot oven (450 degrees F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Cut strawberries in small pieces and sweeten slightly. Reserve 8 whole berries for garnish. Separate halves of hot biscuits, spread bottom halves with soft butter and some of sweetened strawberries. Place other halves on top, crust-side down. Spread with butter and remaining berries. Garnish with whipped cream and whole berries. Serves 8. Dough may be rolled 1/4 inch thick, cut, and baked, then shortcakes split after baking.

ORANGE RICE

1/2 cup uncooked rice 1 pint boiling water 1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 pint whipping cream 1 cup orange juice 1/2 cup sugar 1 tablespoon grated orange rind Cook rice in boiling salted water until tender. Do not overcook. Pour into a strainer and wash several times in cold water. Spread out on a cloth to drain. Sprinkle 1 teaspoon of the grated rind over the rice. When cold fold the rice into the whipped cream and serve with sauce made by combining the orange juice, sugar and rind, which has been stirred until sugar is dissolved.

JELLIES AND JAMS

Berries to the right of us, berries to the left of us, berries all around us. And in a little while there won't be any at all. But, if you're clever, you can make the berry season last all year around. Simply convert these delicious and colorful fruits into jams and jellies. They'll look perfectly beautiful "put up" in bright, shining glasses. And they'll taste marvelous with breadstuffs and meats of all kinds. Besides, making jams and jellies is as easy as a snap of the fingers, if you use the recipes given here:

BLACKBERRY JELLY

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice 7 1/2 cups (3 1/2 lbs.) sugar 1 bottle fruit pectin To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind about 3 quarts fully ripe berries. Place in jolly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard 1/2 minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RED RASPBERRY JAM

4 cups (2 lbs.) prepared fruit 6 1/2 cups (2 1/2 lbs.) sugar 1/2 bottle fruit pectin To prepare fruit, crush or grind about 2 quarts fully ripe berries. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard 1 minute. Remove from fire and stir in fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just 5 minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

Always use the strength and under-standability of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Expeller to drive out the parasites.

Another Short Story The Ladder of Happiness

PEARL SNIDER

DORIS, flushed and radiant, let herself into the big hall, dimly illumined with the night light, and softly ascended the stairs. Then, hearing voices in her mother's room, she hurriedly made, her way thither. Ellen, her older sister, sat on the foot of the bed and from the pillow her mother smiled a greeting.

"Come in, dear. As usual, we're talking plans for Ellen's Normal. Just six weeks before she leaves us. I'm glad that you are not leaving me, too. Did Hal—"

Then she saw a tear glistening in Doris' eyes, and added, quickly, "You haven't quarrelled?" Doris shook her head.

"No. It's not that—" She hesitated. "It's really good news. Hal is being given a chance to go to New York. It's a real proposition, and means promotion. He—he wanted me to marry him right away and go with him. The firm would pay all expenses and—"

"It would be nice," agreed Mrs. Mortimer. "But I'm afraid—"

Doris lifted appealing eyes to her mother. "Couldn't we manage some way, Mother? I wouldn't want much of a trossousser. And I'd work—hard! Oh, I don't want him to go off there alone for a whole year." Her voice broke.

"But we can't manage a real housekeeper." Ellen's words were clear cut.

"I thought maybe—you might put off—your Normal year—for me." Doris was twisting her handkerchief in a tight knot.

"Give up my Normal—" Ellen repeated, dazedly. "Why, I can't teach, without it—I'd have to stay at home all the time—why, I suppose, I could," she finished slowly. Then, getting off the bed, she said quietly, "You and Mother had—better talk it over." It will be all right for me." She went stumblingly toward her room.

Doris threw herself beside her mother's bed. "It means my happiness, Mother. Ellen doesn't know—how can I let Hal go there alone? He needs me, Mother, really. I can't bear to let him—" She sobbed out her grief, while her mother's fingers softly stroked the shining hair.

"I know, dear. But—is it fair to Ellen? You know that the doctor has forbidden me to do anything strenuous. And if you were with me this year, it would mean training for you, and then Ellen could get on the staff here and be with me. We can't manage both—there isn't the money, for another thing. Of course, we could send you your things gradually—" She seemed to be thinking out aloud. Doris raised her head.

"Oh, Mother, do you think maybe—if Ellen doesn't mind too much—I'll make it up to her some day—" Doris was pathetically eager.

Her mother smiled a little wearily, and closed her eyes. She looked so white and drawn that Doris' heart smote her. "But, how can I leave you, Mother?" she whispered, and crept into the shelter of her mother's arms.

When at last Doris managed to get to sleep, she tossed and stirred uneasily. She dreamed that she was in a garden of winding paths with Hal standing in the centre. She would run quickly toward him, only to find herself lost in a jello bush. Then his voice would come. "You had the wrong path. Try again, Doris." His arms were out-toward her. But, try as she would she never quite reached her objective. She wakened at last to find sunlight streaming into her room and to see Ellen standing at the foot of her bed, with a breakfast tray.

"Get up, lazy bones, or you'll be late for church. Mother's had her breakfast long ago." Then, setting down the tray, she came over and kissed her sister. "We've talked it all over, and we think we can manage—to let you go to New York."

Ellen's voice was carefully steady, but there were tell-tale marks around her eyes. The decision had not been an easy one for her.

Doris' arms were around her neck. "Ellen, you're a dear. Some day—I'll do something nice for you." For a minute she clung to her sister.

Then, climbing out of bed she hurried into her clothes. From downstairs Ellen was calling, "Hurry, Doris. We'll be late," and Doris, in her haste, started down; then, remembering, turned back to say good-bye to her mother. At her door she paused, however, for her mother was asleep. How frail and white she looked! Doris shivered, and went softly to where her father and Ellen waited for her. In spite of herself, she couldn't forget the white face on the pillow, and there was a heaviness where there should have been joyfulness. Even the sight of Hal, across the church from her, didn't have a brightening effect. "I need to go home and get some sleep," was Doris' vexed reflection. "If I'm to be married in a month—" But the thought wasn't convincing. If she could only talk it over with some one who wasn't too close to the plan, some one who would be sympathetic to her problem! She caught Miss Price's kindly smile; the very one. She'd walk home with her after church, and perhaps—

On the way out there was the usual friendly interchange of greetings. Big Mrs. Morgan stopped to shake hands. "And how is your mother? I suppose you're busy getting ready. Ellen? They

will miss you—" Then, in reply to Ellen's quiet statement that she had changed her plans—"Oh, child, you mustn't do that. Nothing must make you give up Normal—you'll help your mother best by having the necessary preparation. Now, remember!" Ellen smiled, but Doris said if she had known the truth?

It was a relief to get outside, to feel the soft wind, refreshing in its coolness. Miss Price, too, was restful. If she sensed something wrong, she said nothing. But at the Mortimer gate she said quietly, "Won't you come home with me, Doris, and share my solitary meal? I think I need company. You can slip home as soon afterwards as you wish," she added smilingly. "Or Hal can come over and get you there."

"There was peace on the shaded verandah, with the birds twittering and the fragrance of the summer flowers drifting up to them. Doris lay curled up on the swing, while Miss Price settled herself with a book in a comfortable chair. "Well," said her hostess calmly. "What is it, my dear? Would it help to talk it out?"

Doris laughed. "You're far too wise. Well, this—is it—" Without hesitation, she placed her problem in open array. "And—there you are," she finished. "Have I a right to take my happiness at the expense of Ellen's ambitions—or not?"

Miss Price nodded sympathetically. "It is hard, isn't it?" she acknowledged. She sat quiet, thinking. Then she said, "I've seen so many people hunting for happiness. Every one has a right to their share. But—it depends so much on how and where. I know one girl who ignored any other claims and tried to seize happiness, but—she missed it. Happiness—well, it's a state of mind, isn't it?" She laughed a soft laugh. "That isn't very helpful, though, is it?" Then, more soberly, "The way I've worked it out is that we take a long chance when we try to climb to happiness by stepping on other people's hopes and ambitions. I think that the only ladder by which we can climb to lasting satisfaction is made by our own deeds, the rope often woven with sacrifice." The last words were almost inaudible. The

Sunday quiet descended again, and the birds sang from the tree-tops. Doris swung slowly to and fro in the swing, her foot tapping, as she pondered. The gate clicked. Up she walked came Doris quickly, and was sitting up, smoothing her tousled head: "Just a minute, Hal. I'll be right with you."

She was on her feet. Bending down, she kissed the kind face, marked with the fine lines of experience. "Thanks—so much!" she whispered, and was gone.

On the walk home, Doris was silent, and as they neared the house she halted, and faced her lover. "Hal, they—the family—they've been dear about it all, they read she'd give up her Normal and stay home—and Mother said they'd manage the trossousser. But Mother's so frail—and I—I can't take my happiness that way after all. If I do the other thing, I'll have a year with Mother—and learn all manner of things. What to feed you to keep you from being cranky—and everything." Her tone was whimsical. Then, soberly, "You do understand, don't you, Hal?" Her eyes had been downcast, but now she glanced up, fearing his disapproval. In his face it read a different story, an adoration and affection that thrilled her unutterably.

"Understand? Of course I do. I knew last night that the girl I knew couldn't—"

His grasp around her tightened. Doris flushed happily. "But I pretty nearly did—" she confessed. Hal nodded.

"Sure. I know. It isn't going to be easy—being away from each other. But we'll be planning—"

"And building our happiness ourselves," said Doris. "Come on, let's go and tell Mother."

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