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## Martha Jennie's N'Egg Did It

BY MINERVA L. GUTHAPPEL.

### PART III.

During the brief but awful interview, new passengers had boarded the train. He strode down to his chair to find it occupied by a small girl holding an egg in one hand and a mass of buttercups in the other. Daisies merrily dangled from the arms, back and seat of the chair. In the chair in which he had last seen the children, Jimmy sprawled fast asleep. Beside the sleeping Jimmy sat a portly gentleman.

Le Ferver called a porter. The watching passengers smiled. The porter sought to return Martha Jennie to Jimmy's chair but she resisted with a scream of fear. The maiden lady half way down the aisle suggested forcibly that "the man was a brute."

The portly gentleman looked over his spectacles and grunted that Le Ferver might hold the child on his lap. He didn't take the advice however but resorted to wiles.

Drawing a quarter from his pocket he gave it to Jennie who clutched the "big penny" and gleefully jumped down to show it to Jimmy. Jimmy was asleep and did not look. Meantime, the porter brushed the daisies from Le Ferver's chair and that suffering and abused soul tried to rest.

Martha Jennie, having rescued her buttercups and daisies, wandered back to find her chair well filled. She gazed long at the frowning man with her fathomless black eyes.

"What you been doing? Been gettin' licked?" she asked at length, speaking from the vast wisdom of the children of the poor.

He paid no attention to the child. "See my flowers!" she said again, gently wooing him. "And see my n'egg!"

"Egg!" He glared. "What on earth—!" He never wanted the word eggs spoken in his hearing again. He was fed up on eggs!

The more he glared, the happier Martha Jennie became. She gurgled sweetly "You looks funny. Got a place on your head where the hair's washed off. Who washed it?"

"Brat! Where's that mother?" His rough tone caught the attention of the watchful maiden lady, who gave him a deadly look. He swung his chair toward the aisle, almost upsetting Martha Jennie but she righted herself and dropped softly to the floor in the aisle at his feet. Her gleeful laugh rang out.

Jimmy slept on. Silence reigned. Le Ferver, occupied with black thoughts, did not notice that Martha Jennie was very busy. In five minutes she had buttercups falling over one another on the turned-up portion

of his trouser legs. The maiden lady saw it and smiled, the portly gentleman chuckled. The strings of the correct oxford ties were soon tied in hard knots around bunches of buttercups which dangled over each foot. Her work done and retrieving her egg which she had deposited on the floor at her side, she clambered to her feet in the chair beside the sleeping Jimmy.

Le Ferver wheeled again to face the drawing room, again with his back to the child. Martha Jennie chuckled with delight. The "washed off" scalp was just below her hand. She wet her finger and marked on it. Mr. Le Ferver snapped at her to "sit down and behave!" She sat down beside Jimmy and peered around the chair with sharp eyes. Her victim settled himself with closed eyes. All the passengers seemed quite entertained by his annoyance and life was a hateful burden.

Martha Jennie was awfully tired of riding alone and must do something. Picking up a cookie Jimmy had dropped, she flung it over her head and it landed on the funny man's nose and bounded off. Angrily he kicked the cookie under the chair before him. The child choked with merriment and waited. By and by he seemed to sleep. Martha Jennie cautiously clambered up in the chair and laid her curly head on the "washed-off" spot but by this time the worn-out man was really asleep and did not move even when her tiny arm went around his neck. The train rolled smoothly and Martha Jennie too fell asleep, her head resting cozily on its novel pillow and her left hand clasping the precious n'egg. The drawing room door opened ever so little. Miss Vales saw the sleeping child, the sleeping man and the buttercup decorated feet. She softly closed the door. It was a pretty picture she had seen. Woman-like she made the most of it.

"He's good in lots of ways and I love him, but he is so greedy for money. Eggs or myself! I've got to stick to that—I've got to—" and then, being a woman, she broke down and wept.

A half hour passed. All was quiet in the car. Suddenly Jimmy awoke, moved the chair, dislodged Martha Jennie who threw up her left hand to save herself and the n'egg crashed on the "washed off place" while Martha Jennie reeled back over the arm of the chair and fell to the floor, striking her head dangerously.

In an instant all was confusion. Scream after scream rose from loyal loving Jimmy as he beat, kicked and tore at the unhappy n'egg baptized man, who, to his small mind, had done something terrible to Martha Jennie lying so still where she had fallen. The entire contingent of passengers pushed forward. The portly gentleman grasped Jimmy by the collar and ordered him to be quiet, "till we find out what's the matter and then we'll lick the hide off the fellow who's done it." Somewhat comforted, Jimmy subsided into quiet sobs. A man pushed through the crowd saying, "I am a physician," and deftly picked up the child. A quiet voice at his elbow asked to have the child taken to the drawing room. Martha Jennie's head was laid on a snowy pillow soon stained by a thin stream of blood. The physician made a hasty examination. "It is not serious, I think. No fracture. It will take a little time for her to get over the shock. I'll dress the wound while she is unconscious."

Meanwhile, limply leaning on the berth watching the little sufferer, stood a white-faced, perplexed man. What a fearful mess he was in! Everybody acted as if he had knocked a child down! He had been honestly asleep and his sudden jump was one of half-awake bewilderment. He was not to blame! Yet if the child died and the newspapers got the story at this time—this—along with the egg business—! It would ruin him and Gertrude would never forgive him. He

sent up a real prayer, for himself, for the innocent sufferer. He promised to give up cornering eggs. He begged the heavenly powers somehow to save the whole miserable situation! As he prayed, the anger died out of his face and a dull misery crept into his eyes. The little form on the narrow bed was white and still. Outside the door, people clustered. The physician forbade anyone in the room, except the lady who had given up the drawing room to the child, the man who caused the accident and himself. People clustered at that end of the car and talked in horrified whispers. A small lad sobbed wretchedly in a corner. Gertrude Vale, white and calm, assisted the physician. After an anxious half-hour he said, intently watching the child as he spoke, "She breathes easier. She will be all right soon."

Then Gertrude turned to look at the miserable third adult in the room. What a sight he was! And how he seemed to be suffering! Something tightened in her throat, and she looked away. What if this should soften him? "Oh, dear God!" she prayed silently. "You understand all hearts—save him—"

A sharp cry and Mrs. Henning rushed like a whirlwind into the room. "My baby!" she wailed, dropping beside the still form, "my lamb! Doctor, she's all right, isn't she? She's got to live! My baby! My baby!"

It was more than Le Ferver could stand. He laid his hand on the weeping woman's shoulder and choked out, "See here! This was an accident—an accident I tell you! She's going to get well. I—I—asked God—I've promised. I'm Le Ferver, the egg man. I've cornered eggs. This ends it. The 'fresh air' people shall have my hundred-acre farm for good and all—for kiddies like her!" indicating the silent little one on the bed. "I'll have it stocked with chickens. You'll have eggs to-morrow. God! Let me get to my office! To-morrow eggs will not be a dollar a dozen! I'll give them eggs—" His voice broke. The woman he loved leaned toward him with glowing eyes, her lips parted as if to speak. Le Ferver sobbed in his excitement, repeating his vow: "I'll give them eggs. I'll give—"

As if the word "egg" had magic potency in it, Martha Jennie opened her eyes, lifted herself up on her small right hand and held out her empty left one. "My n'egg!" she wailed. "It broke on your head, on the washed-off place. It was mine. The hen laid it himself—he gived it to me—he did! I want my n'egg."

Jimmy raced in, fell sprawling over his mother to get to Martha Jennie who still begged pitifully for her n'egg. Le Ferver dropped to his knees and gathered the little girl in his arms. "You darling kid! I'll adopt you and Jimmy and your mother and the whole 'fresh air society.' I've made money—off eggs."

"May I be adopted too?" whispered a soft voice in his ear as a hand slid into his.

"Do you mean it? Can you trust me?"

Martha Jennie grabbed Jimmy's hand. "They're kissin'," she said. "He's got my n'egg on him. Wish't if I had a n'egg!"

Yes. They had kissed each other there and no one cared, for the next day eggs sold in the big cities for less—much, much less—than one dollar a dozen. And it being not even a birthday, Martha Jennie had a n'egg—one—two—three n'eggs to do with as she pleased and—she did it!

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds

### Where Earth's Ways Are Laughter.

Oh, I am going back to bide where all earth's ways are laughter,  
 Laughter of sunlight on the hills, of valley and of stream,  
 Of cool green winds that fleet across the smiling meadows after  
 The pirouetting butterflies that dart and soar and gleam.

Oh, I am going back to stray where all earth's ways are gladness,  
 Gladness of little leaves that dance upon the maple bough,  
 Of feathered folk whose melodies are never touched with sadness,  
 Of ringing song that follows down the field behind the plow.

Oh, I am going back to be where all earth's ways are glowing  
 With happiness, where one keeps step with joy—the whole day through,  
 What wonder that my heart's a-thrill with a high hope in knowing  
 That I am going back to walk May's shining paths with you?  
 —Elizabeth Scollard.

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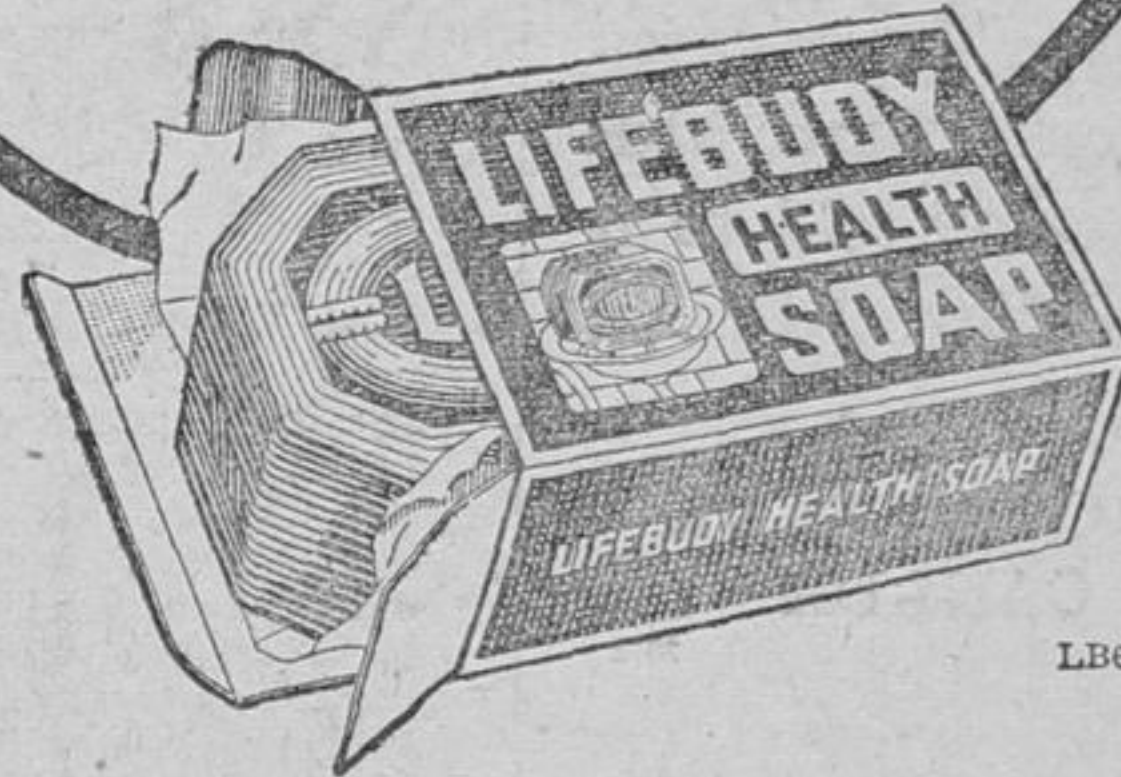
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### Transfer of the Seven Oaks Monument, Winnipeg.

The Lord Selkirk Association of Winnipeg has agreed to transfer the site and monument of the Seven Oaks memorial at Winnipeg to the Department of the Interior for historical memorial purposes. The site is about two miles from the city hall, Winnipeg, directly north, on Main street, and one mile south from Kildonan Park. The monument was erected in 1891 by the Manitoba Historical Society through the generosity of the Countess of Selkirk, on the site of the encounter at Seven Oaks in 1816 between the men of the Northwest Fur Company and the Selkirk settlers when Governor Robert Semple and twenty of his officers and men were killed. The Selkirk settlers came out from Scotland in 1812-14-15. They were not welcomed in the northwest by the Northwest Fur Company, who regarded that territory as belonging to the hunter and the fur trader. The fur company persuaded about two-thirds of the colony to return to Eastern Canada and in order to prevent their return destroyed their houses and property. In the same year Lord Selkirk sent out a third party in charge of Governor Semple, who took possession of Fort Douglas. The settlers expected to find friends and welcome but found only a few huts and tents on the ashes of the homes that had been built for their predecessors and in the face of winter suffered great distress. They located at Pembina and built huts for the winter, hoping to make a home on the Red River in the following spring. Trouble, however, arose with the Northwest Company which ended in the unfortunate battle of Seven Oaks. In 1817 Lord Selkirk, with a company of disbanded soldiers, recaptured Fort Douglas and established his settlers on the Red River. This celebrated encounter led to the fusion of the two great rival fur companies.

### Use Even for Musical Doc.

A certain organist was so proud of his degree that he wrote "Mus. Doc." after his name on every possible occasion. One day he was approached by a very small boy, who said: "Please, sir, aren't you a doctor of music?" "Yes, my boy." "Well, Billy 'ere has bent his trumpet. Can you put it straight, please?"



Ne Plus Ultra.

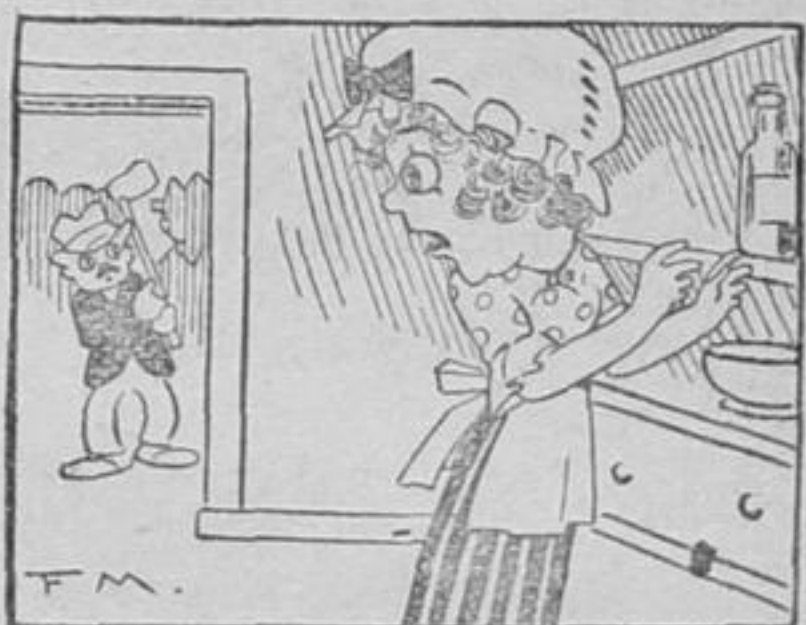
"It has been discovered that some members of the prohibition enforcement service have jail records."

"That's not the worst of it—several of them have served terms in the State Assembly."

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Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard  
 To take just the tiniest swig;  
 She heard a loud noise,  
 Thought it only some boys—  
 But found 'twas a raid by the League.

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts

Only a Thought!

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought,  
 Could never by pen or tongue be taught;  
 But it ran through a Life, like a thread of gold,  
 And the Life bore fruit one hundred-fold."  
 —Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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