Its Sale is Phenomenal Its Quality is Irreproachable TE A H259

Is the Purest and Most Cleanly Prepared Tea in the World

MIRACLES == By Sophie Kerr

PART I.

It was very quiet there in the sickroom, very quiet and very hot. A bare room, like many other farm bedrooms, with whitewashed walls and won't. I can't. You're everything." plain, ugly furniture, the green, wavery glass of the square of mirror over the chest of drawers reflecting the giare of sunlight beyond the shade of the swamp maples that spread above

heat let up a little, I know the fever'd across his forehead, and went quickly break. But it's like a sea of brass," downstairs. That was to prevent Jo-I'll sponge him off again like Doc at the foot of the stairs as she reached Pruitt said, and see-anyway I got the head of them, and she held up a to keep trying."

She turned back with resolution to "How's he now?" asked Joseph the bed, and dipped white linen cloths Bishop anxiously, but not lowering his swiftly and deftly into cold water. voice. Her hands, thin and worn, knotted at "Just the same's far's I can see. Did the joints, moved in an agony of you see Doc Pruitt in town?" tenderness over her patient. He was "Yes, I saw 'im." her only son, and as he lay there, Joseph Bishop wagged his heavy flushed and hot and vaguely mutter- head ominously. He was a big, thick, jaws. Whether they had Bobby's funing incoherent words, she felt the clumsy man, ruddy and blunt of feablood drip away from her heart in ture, loud-voiced, a man without they'd have to get Parson Wayne to tomb 1500 B.C. apprehension. Bobby Bishop was nerves or sensibility a reader of charsixteen, yet there was something acter might observe. babyish about his forehead, still clear "What did he say?" demanded and white in contrast with the deep Molly Bishop. 'What did he say, Joe? tan of the rest of his face, and more Tell me every word." babyish still his blond hair, which had She had got him out into the kitgrown out since his illness, curled in chen again, and shut the door at the pitiful ringlets about his whiteness. foot of the stairs. Molly Bishop, as she bathed him, "He said there wasn't no hope. found herself looking at these ring- Fever's lasted too long. He thought lets, and tears dropped slowly down 't'd surely break the seventh day, and her cheeks.

A Lifebuoy bath

Cool, fresh, rested skin

tingling with health and

Feeling cleaner than you

Because of the big, creamy

ever felt before-

lather of Lifebuoy.

comfort-

"Just like when he was a little fellow," she thought. "My little boy, my little boy! Never had a chancenever! But I won't give you up-I

She had almost finished her task when she heard Joseph Bishop, her if the noise had disturbed Bobby-she ture to exercise it. and around the house. Molly Bishop almost wished it would, it had been looked out anxiously into this glare. So long since he had noticed anything. So long since he had noticed anything. The house is almost wished it would, it had been looked out anxiously into this glare. So long since he had noticed anything. She drew the cool cloth once more repressed, hard-working childhood, a special trip. warning hand to stay him.

when it didn't he said he was certain it'd break on the ninth. And now it hasn't broke on the ninth, Bobby'll just lay there like that and in a and that'll be the end."

If the words had been blows from Joe Bishop's powerful hands, his wife could not have shrunk and winced under them more abjectly. Her thin face, already shadowed with the pallor of fatigue and misery, turned almost blue-white. She caught at the kitchen table to keep herself from

falling. "Oh, don't, Joe! Don't!" she cried out in an actual physical agony. "He couldn't have meant that, Doc Pruitt couldn't. He couldn't have meant that Bobby's got to die; that there ain't

any real hope for him." "That's what he said. It is hardright at harvest time, too. I dunno

where I'll be able to find an extra hand." "Oh, what's the harvest!" Molly

Bishop's voice rose in a cry of despair. "By cripes, Molly, you're wandering

in your mind!" said her husband severely. "Wheat's going to two dollars this fall!"

"Did Doc say there was no hope?" pleaded, disregarding his statement about the wheat. "Not a bit? Bobby's never been what you might call puny, though he never was so stout, neither. Looks 's if he could surely get out from under a little spell of fever." Her hollow eyes implored him.

"No, he said they wasn't no hope, and it'd be all over in two-three days A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY FROCK. now." He flung it at her squarely, impatient at her insistence.

Molly Bishop dropped into a chair pain of it. Her husband waited a little and his impatience increased. He gave a long, noisy sigh.

"We goin' to have dinner to-day?" he asked at last, for he was a man three times a day.

His wife dropped the apron and sat up in the chair, dry-eyed and resolute. and sleeve facings of contrasting ma-"You can go over to the Sanderses and get Lottle Sanders to come and cook," she said. "I ain't going to stir out of Bobby's room again till the end comes. I guess his mother can do that much for him,"

"If there's anything cooked up I could eat it cold before I go over to Sanderses," suggested Joe Bishop, for his stomach was elamoring for its accustomed load. "Maybe with a cup

of coffee." "If you want you can build the fire and make yourself some coffee," returned Molly. "And whatever there is is right there in the pantry." She left the room, and Joe Bishop heard her going upstairs. He was annoyed -there was no reason why she shouldn't have taken time to make him a cup of coffee; but he didn't insist, though usually he made it a point not to humor Molly's vagaries. When he married he let her know had sufficed. To-day, though, there Try it .- Mrs. H. N. P.

was something about her that got through even his customary sluggish arrogance, warning him not to force So tlny seemed the little house,

He rummaged in the pantry and brought out cold meat, bread, thick sugar cookies, half a custard pie. He decided that it was hardly worth while to build a fire, such a hot day and all; but he went out to the spring house and got a pitcher of milk, some And through the high and empty butter, and a dish of cottage cheese. Not a very good dinner, as Joseph Bishop's dinners usually went, but it would serve. Lottie Sanders could cook him a hot, filling meal to-night.

All of the food he put on the clean scoured kitchen table, and as he sat there and slowly and noisily devoured it, smacking his lips over the icy milk -that was a keen idea, cold milk instead of coffee on a day like this, he told himself-he thought about the May smiles again of happiness coming harvest and about the sick boy upstairs. Today was Monday. If Bobby lasted till Thursday they could have the funeral on Sunday. That would leave the next week clear for the harvest, and no workday lost. There was nothing consciously brutal in the mind of Joseph Bishop as he made these plans. He had always prided himself on his forehandedness, and laid his success as a farmer to looking ahead when most of the farmers about were, as he truthfully said, "looking behind and trying to catch ed from the shoulders and has a deep up with themselves." And he had pocket completely across the front. heard so much praise for his forehusband, come into the kitchen, let- handedness, and took such credit to ting the screen door slam to behind himself for it, that it had become a him. She shivered, and bent to see dear vanity with him, and second na-

rod, harsh to his children, thrifty to

His thought went on, slowly, thickly, to the time of his munching heavy eral on Sunday or any day next week, ments are copper knives found in a preach the funeral sermon, because his own pastor, Parson Higgins, had gone out to Arizona for his health union meetings.

He did not particularly want Par- plants in their nursery. son Wayne, for the little old man had always stood rather on his dignity Minard's Liniment for Coughs & Colds with Joseph Bishop, and the farmer semehow suspected the minister of not thinking as well of him as his standing in the community commanded. However, that could not be helped now. If Parson Wayne was the only preacher in the neighborhood, he couple days go into a deeper stupor, would have to preach Ecbby's funeral

(To be continued.)



4382. Dotted Swiss and organdy are here combined. The model is prac-

and flung her apron over her head. tical and suitable for all wash fabrics, She did not cry, she did not say a as well as for silk and cloth. The colword, only sat still, numb with the lar and panels may be omitted. In red and white dotted percale with trimming of white linene, this style will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, who liked to eat hearty, rich food 10, and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 31/4 yards of 40-inch material. To make sash, collar, cuffs, pocket terial requires 1 yard 32 inches wide.

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

WHEN THE FLIES COME.

Where there are children there are sure to be flies in the house no matter how carefully one may screen. My stand-by is a long-handled, home-made fly-snapper. A two-foot piece of lath, or other slender stick, carefully split one inch at the end, and a four and one-half by six-inch piece of wire screen inserted, fastened by one or two tacks, long enough to head down on the other side, makes a fly-snapper long enough to reach ceiling or walls, who was master, and a few lessons and the children will delight to use it.

The Little House.

Scarce room for bed and board; Yet here were love and happiness In heaping measure poured.

But now too large the little house, For one has gone away, rooms

The joyless echoes stray.

Still ever round the little house The sweetest memories cling Of laughing face and dancing feet, That made our hearts to sing.

Oh, Father, keep the little house; Bring balm and tender care; In Thy good time be there. -E. Lillian Morley

A HANDY APRON.

My helpful clothespin apron gave me an idea for an extremely useful apron to be worn while putting the house in order each day. The apron is made of stout cretonne, is suspend-

This generous-sized pocket saves so many steps. The abandoned magazine I find in the dining room is slipped into my pocket and placed on the

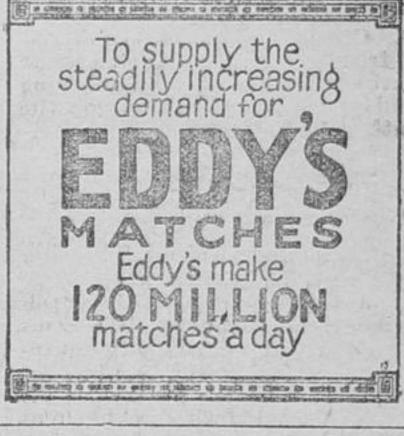
without one gleam of natural joy or Usually by the time I am ready to diversion. His father was an Old- go upstairs my big pocket is full to she murmured to herself. "Reckon seph from coming up. Indeed, he was Testament parent, sparing not the overflowing. And it is seldom that a the point of cold penury. His mother room is put in order that something is was a drudge, crushed under the not picked up that must be taken to heavy work of her household. Joseph some other part of the house. It saves Bishop had learned from his cradle so many steps to place all these things only to work and save. Joy, beauty, in my apron pocket and gradually affection, sympathy, he had never place them where they belong as I work from room to room .- A. M. A.

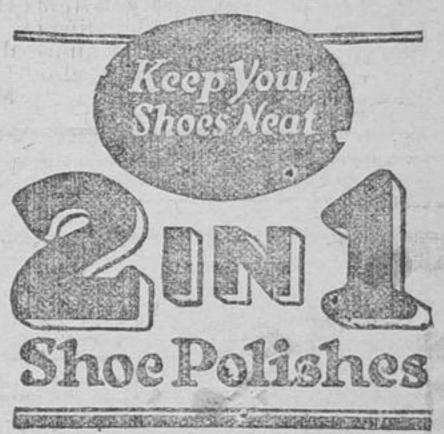
The earliest known surgical instru-

The Laurentide Co., Ltd., of Grand and the two churches were having Mere, P.Q., have about 20,000,000 white spruce seedlings and trans-

It's better to lose smilingly than to win whiningly.









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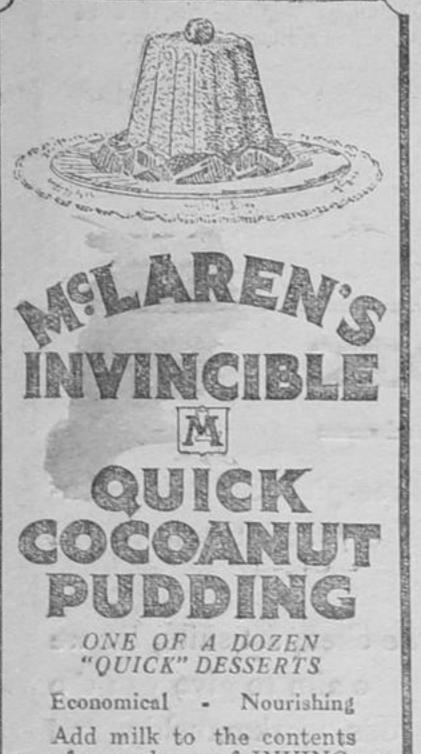
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of a package of INVINC-IBLE Cocoanut Pudding. Stir, boil for a few minutes and serve.

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