

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



A PRETTY APRON FOR "MOTHER'S HELPER."



4472. Figured percale in white and blue is here portrayed. The style is easy to develop and easy to adjust. The straps may be fastened to the belt with buttons or snap fasteners. The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. A 12-year size requires 2 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. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

About the House

THE BORROWER.

Judith's door opened cautiously, and Sarah Fell stood apologetically in the doorway. How pretty she was with her golden hair and her arms full of jade crepe de Chine! "Oh, you're studying!" she exclaimed. "I won't interrupt you but a moment. I just wanted to ask you which you'd have this made up with if you were I, silver or black? Or would you use both?" "Prue said silver, Connie said black,

and Mary said both," observed Judith dryly. "Sarah, don't you ever get tired of borrowing?"

"Of borrowing! Why, Judy, I never borrowed a cent in my life!"

"I'm not talking about money. Why don't you decide something for yourself? Really it's heaps more fun. Oh, you're a wheedler, and it's awfully hard to resist you, but somebody's got to do it for your own good. So I decline to answer your question."

"Why, Judith!" Sarah exclaimed. "I mean it. We're all in a conspiracy to help you rob yourself, but I'm going to get out. Try standing on your own feet, Sarah, and see how good it feels!"

"But Professor Baker said one of the requisites of success is willingness to learn from others!" Sarah exclaimed triumphantly.

"I know he did. But that doesn't mean you should go round borrowing other people's brains to avoid using your own," Judith retorted.

"Nonsense!" Sarah replied lightly. "Go back to your old calculus. If my gown is spoiled, it will be your fault!"

A week later Sarah was summoned to the dean's office. "Miss Fell," the dean said, "I am afraid your report is going to be a shock to you this term,

so I called you in to talk it over with you."

She waited till Sarah, white of face, had read the card twice. Then, "Do you understand?" the dean asked.

The girl shook her head.

"It is because you are trying to live upon borrowed capital. We could not be sure of it at first, so we waited, giving you the benefit of every doubt. Think it over. How many papers have you written, how many problems have you solved, how many even unimportant things have you decided without help from others?"

"Why, I—I didn't suppose—I thought—" Suddenly as in a dream Sarah saw Judith's clear eyes challenging her and heard Judith's voice: "Try standing on your own feet, Sarah, and see how good it feels!"

A DRESSING STOOL.

"By the time I comb my hair in the afternoon I'm just too tired to primp before a mirror," admitted a busy country mother. "So I do it in the quickest possible way and trust to luck regarding the appearance of the back of my collar and hair."

Many times my tired and aching feet have tended to hasten my afternoon toilet and have reminded me of my hard-working friend. So it was with surprise and interest that I recently saw in front of her dressing-table a rejuvenated piano stool brought down from her attic, where it had remained in useless oblivion since superseded at the piano by a more ambitious bench.

"I cannot tell you what a comfort it is," she explained. "I'm only provoked to think that I did not get it down sooner. I sit here in comfort and arrange my hair as carefully as I choose. Then I swing round and scrutinize results from all angles."

"No more scolding-locks for mother! Daughter is so delighted with this one improvement that she donated the cretonne cover."

Even if vanity does not prompt a more careful toilet, every mother will appreciate the comfort this arrangement offers for tired feet. If the attic does not harbor one of these old swivel piano stools, one can be bought at second-hand very cheaply. And incidentally let me add that such a stool is exceedingly handy in the kitchen as well.

THIS DOUGH WON'T STICK.

The other day I saw my aunt kneading bread on a cloth-covered bread-board. I had never seen this done before, so asked her her reason for using the cloth. The answer was that the cloth prevents the soft dough from sticking and it can be worked up much softer than on a floured board in the ordinary way. She said it was also splendid when cutting doughnuts, as they stick so easily to a floured board, and to be good should be very soft.

The idea is not original, as she once saw the doughboards covered with cloth in a big doughnut factory. The cloth cover is best made from a large-size flour sack, which is sewn into a tube to fit the doughboard; or sew tapes to a square a little larger than the doughboard and tie these so that the cloth will be smooth and stay in place.—Louise E.

CLEANING OILCLOTH.

Oilcloth should never be scrubbed. If this is done the paint will quickly

be worn off. It should first be carefully washed with a soft brush, to remove all the dust and dirt, and then wiped with a large, soft cloth wrung out in tepid (not hot) water. If it is very dirty it may be necessary to use a little soft soap, but this should be done rarely, and on no account should soda be used. When it is dry wipe over with a cloth or sponge dipped in skim milk, which will brighten and preserve the colors and give it a polish. After sponging with the milk dry with a cloth.

Faint Praise.

A student in the art class worked out the face of a peasant woman illuminated by a candle. "How beautifully you have painted the candle!" observed the instructor suavely.

A barrel which will hold 625,000 gallons, the largest one in the world, was recently completed in Germany.

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Back to Work

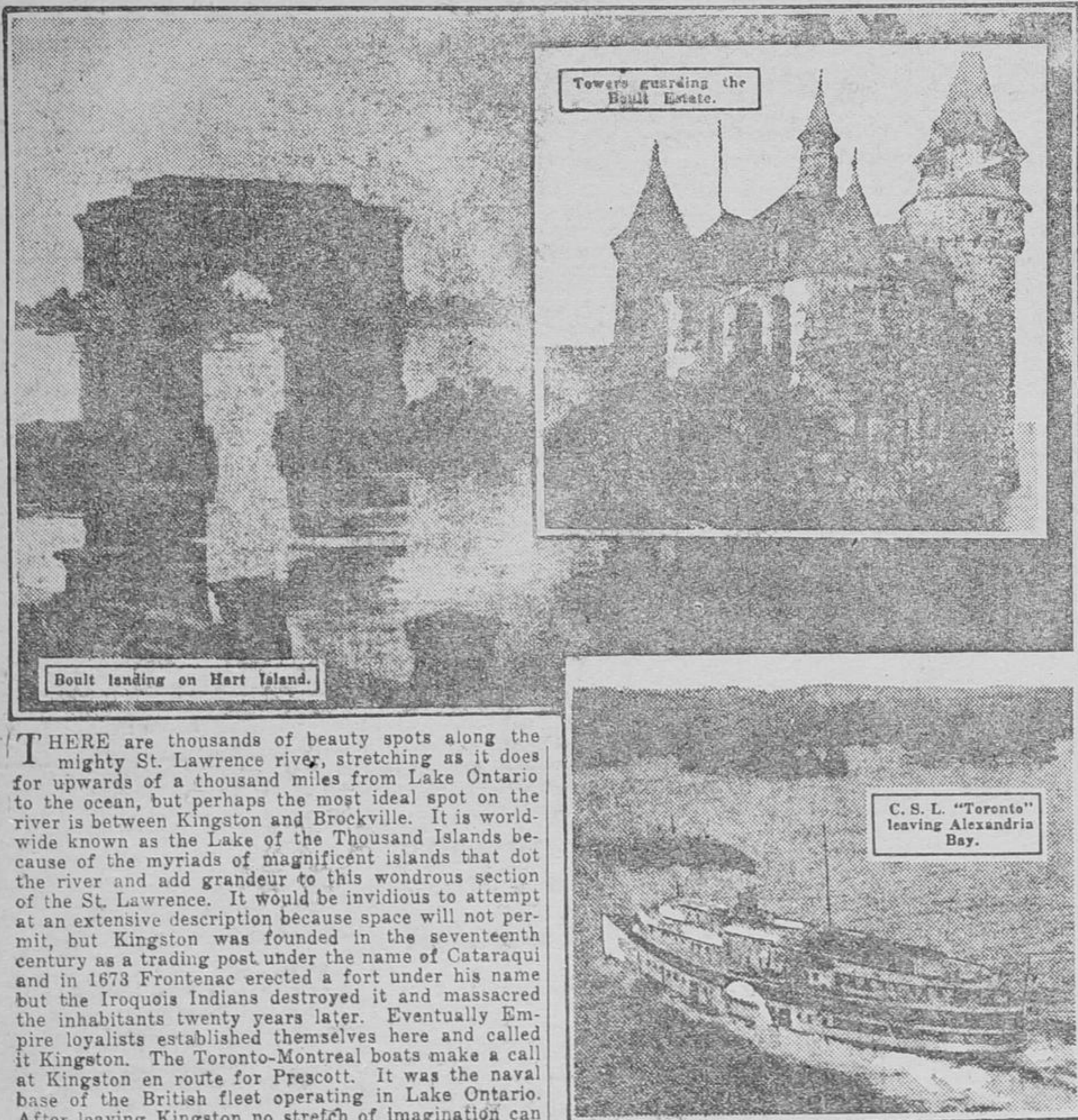
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Wonders of the Thousand Islands



THERE are thousands of beauty spots along the mighty St. Lawrence river, stretching as it does for upwards of a thousand miles from Lake Ontario to the ocean, but perhaps the most ideal spot on the river is between Kingston and Brockville. It is world-wide known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands because of the myriads of magnificent islands that dot the river and add grandeur to this wondrous section of the St. Lawrence. It would be invidious to attempt at an extensive description because space will not permit, but Kingston was founded in the seventeenth century as a trading post under the name of Catarqui and in 1673 Frontenac erected a fort under his name but the Iroquois Indians destroyed it and massacred the inhabitants twenty years later. Eventually Empire loyalists established themselves here and called it Kingston. The Toronto-Montreal boats make a call at Kingston en route for Prescott. It was the naval base of the British fleet operating in Lake Ontario. After leaving Kingston no stretch of imagination can describe the wonderful kaleidoscopic view that meets the eye of the Manatoana, the garden of the great spirit, as the Indians describe this part of the St. Lawrence. Here tradition has it that the mighty Hiawatha met two dusky Onondagas and counselled the alliance of the Six Nations. Here it is that our American neighbors chose to erect their summer mansions, which are pointed out as famous places of interest. The Lost Channel is among these islands, where in 1758 the British, under Lord Amherst, on their way from Oswego to Montreal, entered it by mistake and were ambushed by the French and their Huron allies. However, they emerged victorious although a small boat with coxswain and crew never found its way out, hence its name.

The Thousand Islands are famous for history. Carleton Island was the rendezvous of Thayendanegea, the terrible Six Nations chief who fomented massacres, and during the revolutionary war it was a famous refuge for the Tories of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Another island, named "Devil's Oven," was the home of "Bill" Johnson, the pirate of the

Thousand Islands. Another favorite is Lost Lover Island, where an Indian maid was drowned on a fruitless search for her lover.

Clayton, on our way down the river towards Prescott, where C.S.L. passengers for the metropolis and the lower St. Lawrence are transferred to the Rapids boat, is often called the Gateway of the Thousand Islands. It is a very popular resort, especially for Americans, and from here the journey across Alexandria Bay, numerous islands are passed with their magnificent homes. Hart Island stands out prominently, and future history will doubtless rehearse the story connected with the great mansion erected here by a wealthy American at a cost of over a million dollars and now showing signs of decay. According to the pathetic story, the huge house with its outstanding turrets, was built by a loving husband for his devoted wife, who, before its completion, died. He was so disappointed that he had neither the inclination to finish the work or live there, and it remains just as it was at the time of her death.