



# HIS BIG TRICK

AN ENGLISH SEASIDE STORY.

II.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, a little wearily, "if you will allow me a few moments to prepare, I will set before you my most successful feat, as performed by me at the principal London music halls."

The audience smilingly accepted this statement as mere pardonable exaggeration, watched the professor pass behind the insufficient screen afforded by his tiny banner. Here he took something from a basket and furtively concealed it about his person. The sharper-eyed of the throng perceived that Professor Busco's next feat would inevitably have something to do with a live black-and-white rabbit.

"For this feat, ladies and gentlemen, I shall require the loan of a handkerchief. I shall then present to you my famous feat, entitled 'The Magician's Dinner!' announced the old fellow, with the customary pompousness of his profession.

A handkerchief was handed to the professor, and he waved it gracefully aloft with one hand for all to see.

"A handkerchief!" declared the professor, a little unnecessarily. "As you may see, a handkerchief! I turn it on this side, and it is still a handkerchief. An empty handkerchief, as you see. A handkerchief with nothing in it. You are quite sure of that, sir? You are sure of that, madam? Thank you! Will you kindly tell the other ladies and gentlemen of the audience that the handkerchief is quite empty? Thank you!"

This preliminary over, the professor impressively took his stand upon the square of oiletho.

"I am now, as you see," he continued, "standing on my magic carpet. When I am standing on this carpet I have only to wish for anything, and it immediately comes to me—brought by magic power. Standing on this carpet, anyone can wish for anything and secure it immediately. The carpet has been in my family for generations, and is not for sale."

A flicker of mirth greeted this quip. The professor's left hand hovered over his breast pocket.

"To demonstrate this feat, ladies and gentlemen, I will pretend that I am just going to have dinner, and require something to put in the sauceman. Now, I invite you to suggest what I shall wish for."

"A rabbit!" cried a dozen voices helpfully.

"A rabbit it shall be!" promised the magician with alacrity, and began to wave the handkerchief to and fro.

Already the consummation of the big trick seemed at hand, when suddenly the professor's hands abruptly ceased to move. As one petrified, he stared down at his magic carpet.

Two grubby little hands had hold

of it, and were endeavoring to tear a corner off it. The little girl who owned the hands was too engrossed in her task to realize that she had been detected, and for some seconds the professor, agitated at this act of spoliation, gazed down at her in silence.

The thin fingers tugged and wrenched at the corner of the magic carpet, but in vain. Then the professor, recovering his voice, dashed forward and seized the juvenile deprecator. The child, startled, looked up in a very agony, and burst into tears.

"Spoiling my carpet!" exclaimed the old man, as though pained by such wantonness. "Trying to tear my carpet! Child, whatever were you doing it for?"

"Oh, I—I—" sobbed the child.

The old man bent the little head up and gazed at the face.

"Come, come!" he said reassuringly. "I shan't hurt you. Yours isn't a naughty little face. But tell me—why were you trying to tear my carpet?"

"Why, I—I wanted just one little corner."

"You wanted one little corner? But what for?"

"To—to stand on and wish."

"Oh, you believed it really was a magic carpet?" cried the old fellow involuntarily. "I mean—"

"Oh, sir, I did so want to stand on just a little bit of it and wish!" said the child. "You see, mother's, oh, so ill in bed, and I haven't got a daddy, and we've no money. And the baby's hungry, and—oh, I did so want to wish!"

"You wanted to wish for money and for food?" asked the professor, his eyes shining strangely. "Well, so you shall. And you shall stand in the very centre of my magic carpet and ask for them!"

He dragged the abashed child forward gently, and stood her ceremoniously in the middle of the cracked old square of oiletho. The spectators, thrilled and compassionate, applauded her encouragingly.

"Wish!" commanded the old professor imperatively. And the child, closing her eyes tightly, whispered a few inaudible words.

"Now, wait and see what happens!" directed the professor. "Ladies and gentlemen," he continued, addressing the audience, "I now propose to take up a small collection among you, and I hope that those who have been entertained by me will patronize me. And I hope you will be generous, ladies and gentlemen."

The drift of his words was caught at once. Coppers and small silver tumbled freely into his hat.

"Hold open your pinafore!" ordered the professor, returning to the magic carpet with the collection. And the little girl opened her pinafore.

The professor emptied the jingling contents of his hat into it, and patted her on the shoulder.

"There you are, little woman!" he said kindly. "Take that and run home and don't forget to thank the magic carpet for it. And good luck to you! Oh, and the food you wished for! Take this!"

And the professor, with a flourish, produced the black-and-white rabbit and thrust it into the child's keeping.

Awkwardly, stumbly, she thanked him, and then, turning, ran off. The professor, with a beaming, gentle face, watched her till she was out of sight.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said at last, "my performance is now concluded. I thank you one and all for your patronage, and wish you good-day!"

"But what about a collection for yourself?" asked a plump, benevolent man with a bevy of children around him.

"I've taken up my collection, thank you, sir."

"Stuff and nonsense!" declared the large holiday-maker heartily. "Why, you gave that away! And all credit to you! Now, then, whip off your hat again and send it round! One good turn deserves another!"

The second collection was, if anything, larger than the first.

In the middle of the next morning the professor, now having passed on to Chadcliffe, was again, with a beaming, gentle face, watching the same small child out of sight. And again she carried the black-and-white rabbit in the crook of her arm, and again her pinafore was screwed round a quantity of coins.

And again there was a kind-hearted holiday-maker—a lady this time—who felt impelled to suggest a second collection for the professor's own benefit.

And beyond Chadcliffe stretches that chain of seaside towns, small and large, where a harvest may be gathered by the industrious performer.

(The End.)

Canada's net debt is now over 1,600 million dollars.



## DIET FOR CHILDREN FROM TWO TO SEVEN.

The following directions for meals for children are not intended to take the place of the family physician. Always consult your doctor in regard to the feeding of your child.

**From 12 to 18 Months.**  
Breakfast, 6 or 7 a.m.—Fruit, as the juice of half an orange; pulp of 4 to 6 stewed prunes; pineapple juice, two tablespoons. Omit if bowels are loose. Cereal gruel from oatmeal, wheat, farina, cornmeal, fine hominy barley with milk. No sugar. Toasted bread or zwieback. Milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, alone, or with zwieback or toast.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth of chicken, beef or mutton, with rice in it; or beef juice; or soft cooked egg, mixed with bread crumbs; potato baked till mealy; rice or macaroni; bread, 24 hours old, or toast; glass of milk.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Bread, 24 hours old, toast or zwieback and milk; or cereal and milk, or junket and bread stuffs.

**From 18 Months to Two Years.**  
Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as juice of one orange; pulp of 6 or 8 stewed prunes, pineapple juice, 2 or 3 tablespoons; cereal, 2 or 3 tablespoons, with milk; bread, 24 hours old, toast or zwieback, with butter; milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, with bread, 24 hours old, toast or zwieback and butter.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth, thickened with peas, sago, rice or barley; or vegetable soup and milk; or beef juice, with bread crumbs, or soft-cooked egg, or poached egg, with toast; vegetables, selected from baked or mashed potato, squash, cooked celery, mashed turnips or carrots; bread, 24 hours old, white or whole wheat, or graham, with butter; apple sauce or prune pulp, 1 tablespoonful.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Macaroni, boiled rice, custard, or junket, 1 tablespoonful; bread, 24 hours old, or toast, with butter; 2 slices milk; baked apple, apple sauce, or stewed prunes.

**From Two to Three Years.**  
Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as half an orange, 6 or 8 stewed prunes, pear or peach pulp; cereal, 3 or 4 tablespoons with milk; or egg, soft-cooked or poached; bread, white, or whole wheat, or graham or toast with butter; milk, 1 cup, warm or cold.

Lunch, 11 a.m.—Glass of milk, with bread and butter, or graham, or oatmeal crackers.

Dinner, 2 p.m.—Broth or soup; meat, as fine cut beef, lamb, or chicken, or boiled fish; vegetables, selected from potatoes, fresh peas, fresh beans, spinach, asparagus tips, cooked celery, squash, mashed turnips, or carrots; bread and butter; junket, or custard, or blanc mange.

Supper, 6 p.m.—A cereal or egg (if not taken for breakfast), or custard or milk toast, or macaroni; bread and butter; stewed fruit; milk, warm or cold, or cocoa.

**From Three to Six Years.**  
Breakfast, 7 a.m.—Fruit, as oranges, apples, pears, or peaches; cereal; egg, soft-cooked, poached or scrambled; bread or toast and butter; milk or cocoa.

Dinner, 12 noon.—Broth or soup; meat, as beef, lamb, mutton, or chicken, or fish, boiled; vegetables, except corn, cabbage, cucumbers, or egg plant; bread and butter; simple puddings or custard.

Supper, 6 p.m.—Rice, or macaroni, or soup, or cereal, or milk toast or thick soup; or corn bread; fruit, or custard, or junket; milk, warm or cold, or cocoa.

**From Six to Ten Years.**  
Meals at 7 a.m., 12.30 p.m. and 6 p.m.—Give all adult food, except candy, cake, pie, doughnuts, pickles, cucumbers, fried food, spices, tea, coffee, soda water, wine, beer, or ice cream.

All children should be discouraged eating candy, cake, biscuits, jams, jellies, ice cream, or box cereals, i.e., the uncooked cereals. Remember, all cereals must be cooked at least two hours and better four.

**Tomato Recipes.**  
In the home where tomatoes are a popular product of the garden, they will be found on the table twice a day, but if you become tired of the plain sliced or stewed article, try the following, some of which will make tasty supper dishes:

**Escalloped Tomato.**—Put cold meat of any kind—or of several kinds if you have them—through a meat chopper. In a buttered baking dish put a layer of sliced cold boiled potatoes, then a layer of the meat, over this a layer of sliced ripe tomatoes and a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Repeat until the dish is filled. Over the top put a scanty layer of bread crumbs dotted with butter. Pour in a cupful of rich sweet milk and bake for forty minutes.

**Tomatoes and Macaroni.**—Boil one cupful of macaroni in salted water until tender. Cut six pieces of bacon in inch pieces and put in a pan over a slow fire until part of the fat is tried out; add one medium-sized onion chopped and the macaroni which has

**The Price.**  
I used to love all nature so—  
The river's sweep, the sunset's glow,  
The fields and woods, the pure, fresh air—  
The golden hours so free from care.  
I wandered where'er fancy bade—  
A gay and careless happy lad—  
But Time Ambition's seed instilled;  
I was with strong desire filled  
To win great rank and wealth and power;  
I filled with toil each fleeting hour;  
And then at last, I reached my goal,  
But oh, alas, at what a toll!

Gone is my old and keen delight  
In sunny day and star-lit night,  
Alas, one impulse rules my brain—  
The wish for greater power and gain.  
And I am old, and gray and sad;  
I sigh for that gay, careless lad,  
Would gladly give my hoarded pelf  
For golden youth—my better self.

Friends plead, "You're wealthy, honor-  
ed, great—  
Life lies before you—pleasures wait."  
I only shake my head and say:  
"I have forgotten how to play!"

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## COST OF LIVING FAVORS GERMANY

ONLY COUNTRY WHERE PRICES HAVE FALLEN.

Tendency in Allied Countries is to Maintain High Level Reached During the War.

The Germans may have perfectly good reasons for not being over-enthusiastic about the peace treaty, nevertheless the end of the war has left them in one respect at least better off than any of the Allied and associated nations. Germany is the only country to-day where prices have gone down considerably in the last few months. There was no reduction in the cost of living in England after the armistice; no reduction to speak of in the United States—in many instances, indeed, prices have advanced; in France everything is as expensive to-day as it was a year ago, if not more so, and in Italy it took a near-Hochevistic revolt of the population to effect a fall in the price of necessities. In Holland and Switzerland, as well as in the Scandinavian countries, the effect of the cessation of the restrictions on imports was counteracted by the increase in exports to the Central powers. Alone in Germany was the signing of peace followed by a general decrease in prices; the decrease is noticeable in almost all instances, considerable in some.

The "Vossische Zeitung," of Berlin, has, in the course of July, published a survey of the cost of necessities in Germany as compared with prices prevailing in other countries.

**Prices in Other Lands.**

A summary of the rise of living costs in Allied countries, as compiled by the Statistical Society of Berne, was printed, showing that the general level of prices has advanced since July, 1914:—

In Italy, 481 per cent.  
In France, 368 per cent.  
In Canada, 215 per cent.  
In the United States, 209 per cent.

The report adds that in the first two years of the war the rise was comparatively small (in France 183 per cent., in Italy 210 per cent.). But the submarine warfare soon caused a skyward move of all prices. In England the rise of prices advanced from 160 per cent. in June, 1916, to 220 per cent. in June, 1917.

Turning to the after-war tendency of price movement in neutral countries, the Berlin newspaper publishes the accounts of its correspondents in Rotterdam and Copenhagen. According to the testimony of the Rotterdam report, not only did the signing of peace fail to produce a general fall of prices in Holland, but in many instances it actually caused a rise. This was especially so in the case of vegetables and fruits, owing to the increased export to Germany. In regard to other articles the trend was generally downward and the illicit traffic in foodstuffs, which in Holland had flourished no less than in the belligerent countries and supplied a considerable portion of the needs of the more well-to-do classes, had disappeared from the scene. The only article still sold surreptitiously in Holland is sugar.

In Denmark, the Copenhagen correspondent of the Berlin newspaper says, prices are still high above peace level, but they are constantly going back, as far, at least, as foodstuffs are concerned. Thus non-rationed butter cost in Copenhagen about July 10 something like 10.40 marks (\$2.60) per pound, whereas in Berlin smugled butter was bought at the rate of 20 marks a pound (\$5 per weight exchange). The prices of textiles, clothing and shoes are still high above the pre-war level in Denmark.

**Remarkable Reductions.**

In Germany the fall of prices in the last few months has been, in some instances, remarkable. In May linen goods in colored patterns cost in Berlin about \$3 a yard; in July it was about \$1.20. On July 2 a pound of coffee was \$5; the same on July 9 cost only \$3.25.

In Eisenach the price of American lard fell in a few days from \$6.25 to \$3.25 a pound; of ham and bacon, from \$7.50 to \$4.50 and \$3.75.

As late as May it was almost impossible to buy leather shoes at any price, even though one possessed shoe tickets issued by the government. In the beginning of July the "Vossische Zeitung" says shoes were displayed in abundance in the store windows.

In Frankfurt-on-Main soap (English and French), which sold the first week of July for about \$5 a pound, was only \$3.75 on July 10 and abundant quantities were offered. English covert coat cloth, which in June cost about \$20 a yard, was on July 10 reduced to \$7.

**Friendship.**

There's a sunset somewhere, gold and red,  
If I go on climbing, just ahead,  
Past that boulder maybe, round the bend,  
I may find the sunset. What's a friend  
But a sunset seeker by your side?  
Just a happy comrade, true and tried.  
Finding sunsets isn't fun  
When you do it one by one;  
But it's joy and sunny weather  
When you set out two together.

—Matty Carolyn Davies.