Let's Have a Bacon Bat.

The season is here for planning a day along the untravelled ways through the woods or down the streams. Oh, yes, we have much necessary tramping around the house and garden but there is nothing quite like that whole day of recreation with all the girls in the neighborhood.

A "bacon bat," you know, is just a term applied to the outdoor feast at which broiled bacon is the king of the occasion.

It may be necessary to have a meeting for arrangements. To make the hike really interesting, it is always a good idea to visit some point of interest, either historical or natural, and there must be water available. We will not forget the girl who is yet a tenderfoot in hiking. On the first trip, the distance must not be too great for her.

There will be a captain and lieutenants for the day, who will take charge and whose orders we must all agree to obey—of course, we hope they will not be too strict. The captain selected is preferably the mother of one of the girls; the lieutenants are girls who will act as leaders of squads, selected as recreation leaders, water carriers, wood gatherers, cooks and dish washers.

Comfortable clothing is a necessity. Walking shoes with low heels; a khaki suit if we have one; if not, a comfortable dress and sweater, a hat with a brim and one of Dad's big handkerchiefs tied around the neck in cowboy fashion.

And remember, girls! We are much like Napoleon's army. You remember Napoleon thought food was the first necessity for his men. So let's think about the provisions to carry. Can you imagine anything better than sizzling bacon or juicy frankfurters broiled over the camp fire, and eaten between some of Mother's home-made rolls? And if you have never roasted potatoes in the coals under the camp fire, you simply don't know what you have missed.

The long stick on which the bacon is to be broiled will do double duty if roastin' ears are ripe, as they too can be roasted over the fire. There must be something to drink, of course. Shall we decide upon cocoa?

To supply the necessary foods for this dinner, each girl may bring her own potato and roasting ear. For the other items, we will divide the girls into groups, all the girls of one group bringing extra rolls, others bring bacon, frankfurters, cocoa, milk for the cocoa and sugar to season it, butter for the potatoes, and so forth. Should the day be thundery, the milk will be sure to keep sweet until needed if scalded before starting.

The more knapsacks, the easier the load is to carry. It would be too bad to be bothered with baskets or bundles on the trip. You are lucky indeed if someone at home is the possessor of a thermos bottle in which to carry hot or cold drink right along.

There is something about these bacon bats that seems to melt away frowns and pouts and leave in their place broad smiles and a comradely spirit, and that is what we girls want, is it not?

A Contest for the Business Girl.

A typewriting contest is to be one of the outstanding features among the demonstrations of Women's Work in the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. A circular is already being issued from the Exhibition offices in the Dumsden Building, Toronto, and an application form which will enable prospective participants to register for the class, the day and the hour they wish to take part.

Provision is made in three classes, for the expert stenographer, the more recent graduate, and the girl just out of business college, so many a one is in training to try her skill against others of her own class. Each class will compete every afternoon and evening and there will also be a daily contest in the operation of adding machines, and a friendly contest between the winners and Mr. Fred Jarrett, champion typist of Canada, who will be the competition judge.

Bronze medals and certificates will be awarded daily and the winners of these will be eligible to take part in the final contest which will be held in the Dairy Theatre on the last afternoon of the Exhibition and when silver trophies will be awarded by the Canadian National Exhibition Association.

Tested Recipes.

When blueberries are at their best eat them fresh with sugar and cream and can them for winter use. A favorite recipe for using fresh berries or the canned product is:

Blueberry Pudding—Heat the contents of one jar of blueberries (or one quart cooked fresh berries) and pour into a buttered shallow baking dish. Lay over the top thin slices of buttered bread, cut in halves or quarters, buttered side up. Bake in a hot oven until the bread is a golden brown. Serve hot with or without sauce. If sauce is desired, a delicious one is made according to the following recipe:

Cream a quarter of a cup of butter, add one-half cup of powdered sugar and beat until smooth and light.

Devonshire Apple Tart—Core, pare and slice tart apples. Line the sides of a well-buttered, deep pie plate with thin pastry and fill with the sliced apples. Add two tablespoonfuls of cold water, one tablespoonful of butter cut into small pieces and about three-quarters of a cup of maple sugar sprinkled over the top. Cover with pastry strips and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are tender and the crust a delicate brown. Serve with cream.

When is a pancake not a pancake? Naturally, when it becomes a delicious, nutlike flavored doughnut made after the following recipe:

Dropped Pancakes—One egg, one-half cupful sugar, one-third teaspoonful salt, one-third teaspoonful grated nutmeg, one-half cupful milk, one-half lemon, grated rind, 1½ cupfuls flour and three teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift the flour and baking powder together and mix the ingredients in the order named. Drop by teaspoonfuls into hot fat. Fry like doughnuts until a rich brown in color.

The Blue Apron.

It tells a tale of beds to make,
And pies to bake, and mats to shake;
Of china rare to wash with care,
Her blue check apron hanging there.

In this brave armor, day by day,
She fights the fray and keeps at bay
Her hated foes of soot and dust
And smear and stain and moth and rust.

And all her fond housewifely cares,
Her thrills and fears this comrade shares,
Abets and aids each charming plan
To cheer a hungry homing man.

Ah, wife! although with dainty grace,
In silk and lace you take your place,
For me, the heart of home, my dear,
Is your blue apron hanging there.

—G. M. Fowell.

Silk and Cotton Clippings
Suitable for Patch-Work and Fancy-Work. Large Package sent for fifty cents or three for $1.00; stamps or money order.
M. J. TRELEASE & CO.
59 Wellington St. West, Toronto

Deceiving the Empress Dowager.

The famous Tsi An, Empress Dowager of China, displayed statesmanship worthy of the shrewdest masculine head in any country in the world. Yet, on the authority of the Princess Der Ling, author of Two Years in the Forbidden City, it sems to have been possible to deceive her.

Each year on her birthday she was in the habit of buying ten thousand birds from her own privy purse and setting them free, praying to the gods as she opened each cage that they might not be caught again.

"One year," writes the princess, "each court lady had presented to her a hundred birds; so there was a goodly bock. Among the number were a few parrots chained on stands, and when the eunuchs broke their chains the parrots would not move.

"'How funny!' said the empress. 'Each year a few parrots will not go away at all, and I have kept them until they died.'

"At this point the head eunuch arrived, and when Her Majesty told him what had happened he went down on his knees.

"'Your Majesty's great luck,' he said. 'These parrots understand Your Majesty's kindness and would rather stay here and serve Your Majesty.'"

This releasing of the birds is considered as a very meritorious action and will not fail of reward in heaven. It appears, but the situation was not precisely as the head eunuch had explained it.

The eunuchs at his orders had long ago bought those parrots and trained them. Every day during Her Majesty's nap the parrots had been brought to the top of the hill where the ceremony was to take place and were thus made accustomed to it. The object of the rehearsal, of course, was to please and fool the empress by making her feel happy and think she was so merciful that even such dumb things would rather stay with her than have their freedom.

"The huge joke is this," concludes the princess. "While Her Majesty is setting the birds free there are a few eunuchs waiting at the rear of the hill to capture them and sell them again, and so no matter how Her Majesty prays for their freedom, they will be caught at once."

Friends Needed.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy he is lucky, indeed, if he has not one too many.—Lord Lytton.

New Tea Kettle.

Water is boiled in one compartment of a new tea kettle and as desired admitted to another containing the tea.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Musson Book Co.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting.

CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

"You talk about your masters and your slaves, and your taxes and your marriages," the woman cried in a shrill voice that penetrated every corner of the building. "I can tell you something about masters and slaves. I'm hearing everywhere that what this country wants is population; that is the talk of the politician, and the learned men, that are supposed to know. Now, what is the country doing for those that bring the population—not from the slums of Europe, that is not what I'm asking—but for those that bring the native-born population—the only population that doesn't have to be naturalized? I'm the mother of six, and what has the country done for me, but leave me at the mercy of those who charge more for an hour's attendance than my old man can save from a month's drudgery? And then, with my health broken down—in the service of the State—I have to go to the hospital, and they tell me I must have an operation, and I wake up with a horrid pain and a bill for a hundred and fifty dollars. All done in an hour, or less, and that's the bill, or part of it, for the hospital dues, and the extras and etceteras are still to come. Masters and slaves! More than I can save in a year, or two years, and no one to say whether the work was needed or not, or whether it was well done or not. When my kitchen pipes are plugged a plumber fixes them and charges me a dollar, and if he doesn't do it right he has to do it over again, but when the human pipes go wrong the man-plumber charges a hundred and fifty dollars, and if he doesn't do it right he collects just the same, and the undertaker adds another hundred. Now I don't know whether this comes under the head of Capital or Labor or Single Tax, but I do know it is outrageous extortion—extortion of blood money, imposed by the wealthy and prosperous on the poor and the sick and the unfortunate, and while the State clamors for population it does not raise a finger to protect those who are bringing the native-born."

During this philippic Dave had turned toward the woman; her thin face still wore marks of refinement, and even his uncultured ear recognized a use of English that indicated a fair degree of education. But she was broken; crushed with the joint cares of motherhood and poverty, and desperate at the injustices of a system that capitalized her sacrifices. He had heard much talk of slaves, but here, he felt, he saw one; not in the healthy, well-fed men with their deep mutterings against employers, but in this haggard woman from whose life the lamp of joy had gone out in the bitterness of suffering and physical exhaustion.

He spent the rest of the day alone, thinking. He was not yet sure of any road, but he knew that his mind had been made to think, and that his life was bigger that night than it had been in the morning. He might not find the right road at once, but he could at least leave the old one. He felt a strange hunger to understand all that had been said. He felt, also, a tremendous sense of his own ignorance; tremendous, but not crushing; a realization that the world was full of things to be learned; problems to be faced; conclusions to be studied out, and underneath was a sense almost of exaltation that he should take some part in the studies and perhaps aid in the solutions. It was his first glimpse into the world of Reason, and it charmed and invited him. He would follow.

He went early to bed, thinking over all he had heard. His mind was full, but it was happy, and, in some strange way, fixed. Even the morning service came back with a sense of worthwhileness as he recalled it in the semi-consciousness of approaching sleep. . . . The music had been good. . . . It had made him think of spring and the deep woods . . . and water . . . and wood smoke. . . .

It was about a far-away land . . . and Reenie Hardy. She was very like Reenie Hardy.

CHAPTER VII.

Fortunate Fate, or whatever good angel it is that sometimes drops unexpected favors, designed that young Elden should the following day deliver coal at the home of Mr. Melvin Duncan. Mr. Duncan, tall, quiet, and forty-five, was at work in his garden as Dave turned the team in the lane and backed them up the long narrow drive connecting the family coal-chute. As the heavy wagon moved straight to its objective, Mr. Duncan looked on with approval that heightened into admiration. Dave shovelled his load without remark, but as he stood for a moment at the finish wiping the sweat from his coal-grimed face Mr. Duncan engaged him in conversation.

"You handle a team like you were born to it," he said. "Where did you get the knack?"

"Well, I came up on a ranch," said Dave. "I've lived with horses ever since I could remember."

"You're a rancher, eh?" queried the older man. "Well, there's nothing like the range and the open country. If I could handle horses like you there isn't anything would hold me in town."

"Oh, I don't know," Dave answered. "You get mighty sick of it."

"Did you get sick of it?"

Elden shot a keen glance at him. The conversation was becoming personal. Yet there was in Mr. Duncan's manner a certain kindliness, a certain appeal of sincere personality, that disarmed suspicion.

"Yes, I got sick of it," he said. "I lived on that ranch eighteen years, and never was inside school or church. Wouldn't that make you sick? . . . So I beat it for town."

"And I suppose you are attending church regularly now, and night school, too?"

Dave's quick temper fired up in resentment, but again the kindliness of the man's manner disarmed him. He was silent for a moment, and then he said, "No, I ain't. That's what makes me sick now. I came in here intendin' to get an education, an' I've never even got a start at it, excep' for some things perhaps wasn't worth the money. There always seems to be somethin' else in ahead."

"There always will be," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start."

"I suppose so," said Dave, wearily, and took up the reins.

But Mr. Duncan persisted. "You're not in such a hurry with that team," he said. "Even if you are late—even if you should lose your job over it—that's nothing to settling this matter of getting started with an education."

"But how's it to be done?" Dave questioned, with returning interest. "Schools an' books cost money, an' I never save a dollar."

"And never will," said Mr. Duncan, "until you start. But I think I see a plan that might help, and if it appeals to you it will also be a great convenience to me. My wife likes to go driving Sundays, and sometimes on week-day evenings, but I have so many things on hand I find it hard to get out with her. My daughter used to drive, but these new-fangled automobiles are turning the world upside-down—and many a buggy with it. They're just numerous enough to be dangerous. If there were more or less they would be all right, but just now every horse is suspicious of them. Well—as I saw you driving in here I said to myself, 'There's the man for that job of mine, if I can get him'; but I'm not rich, and I couldn't pay you regular wages. But if I could square the account by helping with your studies a couple of nights a week—I used to teach school, and haven't altogether forgotten—why that would be just what I want. What do you say?"

"I never saw anything on four feet I couldn't drive," said Dave, "an' if you're willing to take a chance, I am. When do we start?"

"First lesson to-night. Second lesson Thursday night. First drive Sunday." Mr. Duncan did not explain that he wanted to know the boy better before the drives commenced, and he felt that two nights together would satisfy him whether he had found the right man.

Dave hurried back to the coal-yard and completed the day's work in high spirits. It seemed he was at last started on a road that might lead somewhere. After supper he surprised his fellow-laborers by changing to his Sunday clothes and starting down a street leading into the residential part of the town. There were speculations that he had "seen a skirt."

Mr. Duncan met him at the door and showed him into the living-room. Mrs. Duncan, plump, motherly, lovable in the mature womanliness of forty, greeted him cordially. She was sorry Edith was out; Edith had a tennis engagement. She was apparently deeply interested in the young man who was to be her coachman. Dave had never been in a home like this, and his eyes, unaccustomed to comfortable furnishings, appraised them as luxury. There were a piano and a phonograph; leather chairs; a fireplace with polished bricks that shone with the glow of burning coal; thick carpets, springy to the foot; painted pictures looking down out of gilt frames. And Mr. Duncan had said he was not rich! And there was more than that; there was an air, a spirit, an atmosphere that Dave could feel although he could not define it; a sense that everything was all right. He soon found himself talking with Mrs. Duncan about horses, and then about his old life on the ranch, and then about coming to town. Almost, before he knew it, he had told her about Reenie Hardy, but he had checked himself in time. And Mrs. Duncan had noticed it, without comment, and realized that her guest was not a boy, but a man.

Then Mr. Duncan talked about gardening, and from that to Dave's skill in backing his team to the coal-chute, and from that to coal itself. Dave had shovelled coal all winter, but he had not thought about coal, except as something to be shovelled and shovelled. And as Mr. Duncan explained to him the wonderful provisions of Nature; how she had stored away in the undiscovered lands billions of tons of coal, holding them in reserve until the world's supply of timber for fuel should be nearing exhaustion, and as he told of the immeasurable wealth of this great new land in coal resources, and of how the wheels of the world—traffic, and industry, and science even—were dependent upon coal and the man who handled coal, Dave felt his breast rising with a sense of the dignity of his calling. It was no longer dirty and grimy; it was part of the world; it was essential to progress and happiness—more essential than gold, or diamonds, or all the beautiful things in the store windows. And he had had to do with this wonderful substance all winter, and not until to-night had it fired the divine spark of his imagination. The time ticked on, and although he was eager to be at work he almost dreaded the moment when Mr. Duncan should mention his lesson. But before that moment came there was a ripple of laughter at the door, and a girl in tennis costume, and a young man a little older than Dave, entered.

(To be continued.)

A Bit Cruel.

"Every time the baby looks into my face he laughs," declared the proud and boastful father.

"Well, he's too young to have learned good manners yet," replied his sarcastic friend, "but at least you must be gratified to see that the child has a real sense of humor."

Necessity's Mother.

Her arms crippled, an English girl has invented attachments with which she can operate a typewriter with her feet.

INLAND FISHERIES OF THE NORTH-WEST

WATERS TEEM WITH VARIETY OF FISH.

Vie With Sea Fish Catch of Both Coasts Not Only in Canada but in U.S.

The inland fisheries of the Canadian Prairie Provinces and the Yukon accounted in 1921 for a catch valued at $1,713,827. Of this total the province of Manitoba was responsible for $1,032,963; Alberta for $408,868; Saskatchewan $243,018; and the Yukon $28,978. Almost the entire catch was made up of whitefish, which alone had a market value of $1,011,829. The value of the inland fisheries of the Western Provinces shows a decrease of $394,430, or eighteen per cent, when compared with that of the previous year, which is, however, explained in the sharp decline in prices which the year witnessed. Uniformly the inland fisheries experienced a very prosperous year and substantial progress was made in many phases of what is largely a new Canadian commercial enterprise.

In Manitoba there are 19,894 square miles of inland lakes; in Saskatchewan 8,329 square miles; in Alberta 2,360 square miles; and in the Yukon and North-West Territories 629 square miles. The total of 31,232 square miles of water has, from the beginning of time, been a resource of tremendous potential value in its content of whitefish, pickerel, pike, salmon, trout, and other fish, which, though they have only of recent years come under commercial exploitation, have had a long and important local value. Whitefish has always figured in the records of the Canadian North-West as a reliable food supply in summer and winter and it has played its part in the fur trade. Whitefish was the food of the hunter, trader, and trapper in the Northern wilds, as well as that of their dog teams. When supplies have been wrecked in the hazardous methods of transport in those regions, existence would have been precarious save for the sustenance provided by the prolific waters.

Systematic Commercialization.

In recent years, however, a systematic commercialization of the great lakes has been undertaken with the most gratifying results. In a surprisingly short space of time fishing enterprises, on well organized bases, have been established on many of the northern lakes to take their toll of the waters. Collecting stations and chilling rooms are located at points on the expansive bodies and motor launches utilized to connect them and gather the daily catch in central points for further transport. Fishing is carried on summer and winter, though the great part of the annual catch is taken before the ice covers the waters. Transport to the nearest railway point is effected by wagons, and in the winter by means of sleighs over the ice.

Operations on many of these lakes are on no mean scale and considerable capital, amounting to nearly three-quarters of a million dollars, is invested in boats, gear, ice-houses, fish-sheds and wharves. At the last return of the fishing fleet of the Prairie Provinces, there were 11 steam tugs, 81 gasoline boats and 1,905 sail boats and skiffs engaged on the inland waters of the three provinces. The catch on Buffalo Lake alone, in Northern Alberta, for one winter, by about a hundred men, exceeds half a million pounds. That on Lake La Biche is about the same, whilst that of Lesser Slave Lake totals three times this amount. The catch of Lakes Manitoba, Winnipeg and Winnipegosis in Manitoba aggregates about two million pounds for the season.

Popular in U.S. Cities.

The great favor with which the product of the western lakes has been received and the rapidity with which markets have been developed over an extensive area has been truly remarkable. This is now vieing with the sea fish catch of both coasts not only in the Canadian interior and eastern areas but in the American markets. A voluminous demand for Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba fish has been created in New York and Chicago and finds its way into the households of a hundred other middle western and eastern cities. The traffic is growing in volume from season to season as the high quality of the product does its own advertising, and a valuable export business is being built up which promises to reach important proportions.

All the waters of the North-West teem with a wide variety of fish, and such explcitation as has been effected on these waters, even in the absence of the rigorous protective measures which are in force, would scarcely bring about any noticeable depletion, in view of the almost limitless resources. With the world's most expansive and prolific sea fisheries off her coasts, the annual toll of which is also merely a minute portion of what might be taken, Canada takes second place to no country in her fishery resources. They constitute one of her potentially richest assets which would go a long way towards feeding the world. Increase of population, further commercial exploitation and the development of markets, will steadily bring about a more adequate annual toll and production.

Steering the Boat.

It is not as easy as it looks to steer a rowing boat.

Most people make the mistake of pulling the rudder much too hard to one side or the other when the boat's head swings a little way out of the proper direction. The rudder acts as a brake, and if you keep on pulling it right over you are giving the rower a great deal of extra work to do.

Don't wait until the boat is right off its course before you apply the rudder. Watch carefully, and directly it begins to swing a little to one side pull the proper tiller line quite gently. If you do this, the boat will never get far out of the straight line which its course should make.

When you come to a bend, if you are on a river, do not wait until you are at the corner and then pull the line fiercely; apply gradual pressure just before you come to the turn, and bring the boat round quite gently.

Straighten the rudder before the turn is finished. If you do not do this you will find sudenly that you are swinging towards the bank.

Roll Butter.

The young housekeeper who told the fisherman that she wanted some eels and when he aswed her how much, replied, "About two yards and a half," has a rival in a Baltimore woman.

"I wish to get some butter, please," she said to the dealer

"Roll butter, ma'am?" he asked, politely.

"No; we wish to eat it on toast. We seldom have rolls."

Had Your Iron Today?

Work *Brains*—Not Digestion

HERE'S an ideal hot-weather luncheon!

Two packages luscious Little Sun-Maid Raisins — one cool glass of milk. Big men don't need more.

290 calories of energizing nutriment in the little raisins. Pure fruit sugar, practically *predigested* so it acts almost immediately, yet doesn't *tax* digestion and thus *heat the blood*.

There's fatigue-resisting food-iron also in this lunch.

Vital men eat like this and *resist* the weather. Don't work their digestion because they want to work their *brains*.

Try it for a few days and you'll feel better.

Little Sun-Maids
***Between-Meal* Raisins**
5c Everywhere

—in Little Red Packages

Head of Manitoba Government Ontario Man.

The new Premier-elect of Manitoba, John Bracken, B.S.A., is only 39 years old, and will be the youngest man ever to be a Provincial Premier, with the exception of the late Sir Richard McBride. He is a Canadian by birth and education, and comes of generations of farming stock. He was born and raised on a large dairy farm in the County of Leeds, Ontario, and while he was still in his teens became Warden of the county.

After four years of farm management Mr. Bracken took the B.S.A course at the Ontario Agricultural College, and graduated with honors, taking three scholarships and one proficiency medal.

Mr. Bracken was one of the first team on live stock judging at the International Live Stock Show, Chicago, that brought to Canada the coveted trophy which is to-day one of the proudest possessions of his alma mater at Guelph.

Very shortly after graduating Mr Bracken went to Manitoba as representative of the Dominion Seed Branch and did excellent work in stimulating interest in the production of better seed. On the formation of the Province of Saskatchewan in 1905 he was invited to take the superintendence of institutes and fairs, and, after two years, combined with that work the position of Live Stock Commissioner.

When the University of Saskatchewan was opened he accepted the Professorship of Field Husbandry, having supplemented his work at Guelph and his practical training with a year of post-graduate work in United States universities.

His work in field husbandry at Saskatoon made him known all over this continent as an authority on the production of field crops under dry conditions, and he is the author of two books which are regarded as standard works in their line, namely, "Dry Farming in Western Canada" and "Crop production in Western Canada" in addition he is the author of no less than 25 pamphlets on various subjects pertaining to field husbandry.

In 1920 Mr. Bracken was the unanimous choice of the Board of Directors of the Manitoba Agricultural College to fill the position of President.

Mr. Bracken married Alice Wyllie Bruce of Guelph, and has four sons.

Mammoth Pumping Plant.

A pumping plant has been installed deep in a South African gold mine that can lift 8,000,000 gallons of water a day 2,600 feet above its level.

Rippling Rhymes
by Walt Mason

THE CROAKERS

I'm weary of people complaining. I'm tired of the briny they shed; they come to my door when it's raining, and say that they wish they were dead. They come when the sun is dispensing the warmth that is vital and sweet, and say that the corn is commencing to shrivel and fire in the heat. They come when the winter is spreading its radiant mantle of snow, and say it's just what they've been dreading—it rounds out their burden of woe. They come when the gentle caressings of spring should make everyone gay, but they have forgotten their blessings, it's always a grouch they display. They come when kind Providence chooses to sprinkle some frost in the glens, and talk of their aches and their bruises, their corns and their bunions and wens. So more like a hermit I'm getting, I'd fain be alone in my lair, for visitors always ar fretting, and grumbling and wringing their hair. Sometimes there's a caller who chatters of happiness, sunshine and glee; his opulent language he splatters, as though from a hose, over me. I weep on his neck and embrace him, and tell him his presence is sweet, and hope that good fortune may chase him all over the world and repeat. Too many have heart breaking stories, too many shed tears in a flood; this world in their eyes has no glories, they can't see the roses for mud.

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Hear Toronto and Montreal Radio Concerts every night, just as though you were in one of these great cities, with our Marconi Radiophone (Model C). Write for full information and prices.
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