JUNE 1917



Say Egg-O



You'll Just Love This House Dress! You'll Just Love This House Dress! The very latest thing—a 2-piece Breakfast Set or House Dress—made of fine, dark blue cham-bray. The middy is coat style, with large collar, 2 pockets, and long belt, prettily piped with bias striped material. Buttons are of deep sea pearl. The skirt is cut very full and long, closed with 2 buttons at front, also tape that can be drawn to any size desired at the waist. To introduce this house dress, we are offering it at the very attractive price of \$1.85, and with each order we will send absolutely free, a neat, sensible dust cap to match the dress. This dress would cost far more than \$1.85 at any of the big city stores. We give you the entire 3-piece set for the price of one. We might not be able to make this offer again, so don't delay but write to-day. Remember our usual unreserved guarantee is be-hind this offer. If you are not entirely satisfied with the dress in every way, we will cheerfully refund your money with return charges added. All barges, 34 to 46 bust. One set \$1.85, Autors \$2.65. Autors All sizes, S4 to 46 bust. One set \$15.5, two sets \$3.66. All charges paid. Remit by P.O. Order, Postal Note, or Ex-press Order to-day. Specify size and style No. 14. KENNEDY MAIL ORDER HOUSE 171 St. James St., Montreal

was not so near me as I had dreamed. Mayhap, 'twas even nearer, "nearer than breathing, closer than hands or feet" but the ideas of closer than hands of leet but the ideas of childhood are, necessarily, very concrete; and when I once accepted the fact that the gates of pearl and streets of gold were not in the attic of Clifton Church, I felt as though they might as

of Chiton Church, I feit as though they might as well be beyond the farthest star. Many of those early memories are connected with visits to Grandfather Montgomery's farm at Park Corner. He and his family lived in the "old house" then, a most quaint and delight-ful old place as I remember it, full of cupboards and nock and little unexpected dights of stairs and nooks, and little, unexpected flights of stairs. It was there, when I was about five years old, that I had the only serious illness of my life— an attack of typhoid fever.

THE night before I took i'l I was out in the ThE night before I took II I was out in the kitchen with the servants, feeling as well as usual, "wide-awake and full of ginger," as the old cook used to declare. I was sitting before the stove, and cook was "riddling" the fire with a long, straight bar of iron used for that purpose. She laid it down on the hearth and I prometic courbe it up, intending to do some promptly caught it up, intending to do some "riddling" myself, an occupation I much liked, loving to see the glowing red embers fall down on the black ashes.

Alas, I picked the poker up by the wrong end! As a result, my hand was terribly burned. It was my first initiation into physical pain, at least, the first one of which I have any recollection

I suffered horribly and cried bitterly; yet I I suffered horribly and cried bitterly: yet I took considerable satisfaction out of the commo-tion I had caused. For the time being I was splendidly, satisfyingly important. Grand-father scolded the poor, distracted cook. Father entreated that something be done for me, fren-zied folk ran about suggesting and applying a score of different remedies. Finally I cried my-self to sleep, holding my hand and arm to the elbow in a pail of ice-cold water, the only thing that gave me any relief. I awoke next morning with a violent headache

elbow in a pail of ice-cold water, the only thing that gave me any relief. I awoke next morning with a violent headache that grew worse as the day advanced. In a few days the doctor pronounced my illness to be typhoid fever. I do not know how long I was ill, but several times I was very low and nobody thought I could possibly recover. Grandmother Macneill was sent for at the beginning of my illness. I was so delighted to see her that the excitement increased my fever to an alarming pitch, and after she had gone out, Father, thinking to calm me, told me that she had gone home. He meant well, but it was an unfortunate statement. I believed it im-plicitly—too implicitly. When Grandmother came in again I could not be convinced that it was she. No! She *had* gone home. Conse-quently, this woman must be Mrs. Murphy, a woman who worked at Grandfather's fre-quently, and who was tall and thin, like Grand-mother. mother.

I did not like Mrs. Murphy and I flatly refused to have her near me at all. Nothing could convince me that it was Grandmother. could convince me that it was Grandmother. This was put down to delirium, but I do not think it was. I was quite conscious at the time. It was rather the fixed impression made on my mind in its weak state by what Father had told me. Grandmother had gone home, I reasoned, hence, she could not be there. There-fore, the woman who looked like her must be come one else some one else.

It was not until I was able to sit up that I The was not until I was able to sit up that I got over this delusion. One evening it simply dawned on me that it really was Grandmother. I was so happy, and could not bear to be out of her arms. I kept stroking her face constantly and saying in amazement and delight, "Why, you're not Mrs. Murphy, after all; you are Grandma". Grandma.

Typhoid fever patients were not dieted so strictly during convalescence in those days as they are now. I remember one day, long before I was able to sit up, and only a short time after the fever had left me, that my dinner time after the fever had left me, that my dinner consisted of fried sausages—rich, pungent, savoury, home made sausages, such as are never found in these degenerate days. It was the first day that I had felt hungry, and I ate ravenously. Of course, by all the rules of the game, those sausages should have killed me, and so cut short that "career" of which I am writing. But they did not. These things are fated. I am sure that nothing short of pre-destination saved me from the consequences of those sausages. of those sausages

Two incidents of the following summer stand out in my memory, probably because they were so keenly and so understandably bitter. One day I heard Grandmother reading from a newsday I heard Grandmother reading from a news-paper an item to the effect that the end of the world was to come the following Sunday. At that time I had a most absolute and piteous belief in everything that was "printed." Whatever was in a newspaper must be true. I have lost this touching faith, I regret to say, and life is the poorer by the absence of many thrills of delight and horror.

FROM the time I heard that awesome prediction until Sunday was over I lived in an agony of terror and dread. The grown-up folk laughed at me, and refused to take my questions seriously. Now, I was almost as much afraid of being laughed at as of the Judgment Day. But all through the Saturday before that But all through the Saturday before that fateful Sunday I vexed Aunt Emily to distrac-tion by repeatedly asking her if we should go to Sunday-school the next afternoon. Her assursunday-school the next attended. If the assur-siderable comfort to me. If she really expected that there would be Sunday-school she could not believe that the next day would see the end of the world.

But then-it had been printed. That night was a time of intense wretchedness for me. Sleep was entirely out of the question. Might I not hear "the last trump" at any moment? I can laugh at it now—any one would laugh. But it was real torture (Continued on page 41)

