JUNE 1917
Bother that lionmould
was not so near me as I had dreamed. Mayhap, was not sonear neas "thad dereamed. Mayhap,
thoser than hands or feet" but the ideas of of
close the childhood, are, necessarily, very concrete;
and when I once accepted the fact that the gates and when 1 once accepted the fact that the gates
of pearl and streets of gold were not in the attic of pearl and streets of gold were not in the attic
of C Cifton Church, T felt as though they might as well be beyond the fart thest star. Many of those early memories are connected
with visits to Grandiather Montgomery's farm at Park Corner. He and his family lived in
the old house then, a most quaint and delightthe "old house" then, a most tuaint and delight-
ful old place as $I$ remember it full of cupboards ful old place as 1 remember it, fill of tupboards
and nooks, and little, Ind waots, her, when I was about five years old,
Ithat $I$ had the only serious illness of my life that thad the onyly serious
an attack of typhoid fever.
$\mathrm{T}_{\mathrm{HE}}^{\mathrm{HE} \text { night before } \mathrm{I} \text { took } \text { til } I \text { was out in the }}$ Usual, "wide-awake and full of finger,", as the the usual, "wide-awake and full or giner, as hio old cook used to declare. I was sititi, before
 with a long, straight bar on iron usea for that promptly caught it up, intending to do some
(ridding") myself, an ocupan
occupation
I much (ridding", myself, an occupation I much
liked, loving to see the glowing red embers fall Alas, I picked the poker up by the wrong end! Alas, I picked the poker up by the wrong end!
As a result, my hand was terribly burned. It was my first initititio into physical pain, at
least, the first one of which 1 have any recollection. sfifered harribly and cried bitterly; yet 1
took considerable astisfactioction out of the commotook considerable satisfaction out of the commo-
tion I had caused. For the time being I was splendidly, satisfyingly important.
father scolded the poor, distracted cook. Father entreated that something be done for me, frenzied folk ran about suggesting and applying a
score of different remedies. Finally I cried myscore of different remedies. Finally 1 cried my-
self to sleep, holding my hand and arm to elbow in a pail of ice-cold water, the only thing
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
iill, but several times I was very low and nobody thought I could possibly recover. Grandmother Macneill was sent for at the 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 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 quently, this woman must be Mrs. Murphy, a woman who worked at Grandfather's frequently, and who was tall and thin, like Grandmother
I did not like Mrs. Murphy and I flatly refused to have her near me at all. Nothing 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 some one else. 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 dere all; you are 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 shor time after the fever had left me, that my dinner 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 1 am frited. I am sure that nothing short of pre destination saved me from the consequences of those sausages.
Two incidents of the following summer stand out in my memory, probably because they were so keenly and sondmer reading from. One 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. have lost this touching aith, 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 predicterror and dread. The grown-up folk laughed at me, and refused to take my questions seriously. Now, 1 was almost as much afraic of being laughed at as of the Judgment Day But all through the Saturday before that tion by repeatedly asking her if we should go to Sunday-school the next afternoon. Her assurance that of course we should go was a con siderable comfort to me. If she really expected hat there would be Sunday-school she could not believe that the next day would see the end o he world.
was a time of intense wretchedness for me Sleep was entirely out of the question. Might 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 4I)


## ofercary

 Hosierymen and women, and underwe
for men, women and children

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