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is the original—has been the standard for thirty-five years.

There are thousands of so-called "just as good" Emulsions, but they are not—they are simply imitations which are never as good as the original. They are like thin milk—SCOTT'S is thick like a heavy cream.

If you want it thin, do it yourself—with water—but don't buy it thin.

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SCOTT & BOWNE  
225 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont.

(continued from last week.)

### WHEN THE MINISTER CAME TO TEA.

By Harriett Paulin Fenton  
In CJE World

'Have the minister come to tea, and see a speck of dust, or a hole or a darn or a tear or a worn spot in my house—never! Mary Ellen! but you are changed. I can remember the time you nearly cried your eyes out when Elder Pierce first came here, because you had specked your new gingham dress, and you were afraid he would see it. As for you, Amos, I can't say as I expected much different from you; but, howsoever it may be, you must make up your mind to wear that new stand-up collar I bought you, your stiff-bosomed shirt, and your meeting suit. If you get scratched, there's plenty of cold-cream in the house. They say the young parson has been a city fellow all his life, an accustomed to evening dress day and night both, I guess.'

Ellen choked behind her napkin. Pa Saunderson glanced up mischievously.

What are you planning to have, ma? Mr Saunderson inquired mildly:

Sliced ham and chicken, began Mrs Saunderson; perhaps a little tongue, too; it looks so well mixed in. Then of course I shall make some rhubarb and blackberry pies, fruit-cake, sponge and lemon cake, hot biscuits and muffins. Then there'll be pickles, sliced tomatoes, radishes, lettuce, and currants, not speaking of apples, pears, and plums and strawberry shortcake.

Hope he'll have enough, commented Pa Saunderson.

Ma let us sit up! begged Johnny, and Henry in a chorus.

Provided you don't ask for a second helping of things, responded their mother, quick to seize this opportunity to lay down the law in preparation for the coming event. If there's any more for you, pa'll ask you to have some.

That very morning, preparation for the minister began at the Saunderson home. Mrs Saunderson first opened up and aired out the parlor, grown rusty from disuse, took down the curtains and started to work with pail and water. Ellen, who had not forgotten the knack of housekeeping, to which she had been inured at an early age, accepted on equal portion of the cleaning, although she did not appreciate the necessity of so much preparation just because the person invited happened to be of the cloth of a minister.

Well just about get this room cleaned today, remarked Mrs Saunderson about three o'clock that afternoon, as

she leaned against the step-ladder, to rest for a moment. We won't stop to get much for supper.

There's some cold things in the pantry. Amos won't mind a pick-up tea for once.

Ma, said Johnny from the doorway, where he stood rubbing one bare foot over the other, I met the minister, and he said he was coming up to tea to-night.

Mrs Saunderson started so that the cake of sapolio she held in her hand splashed into the bucket. She crossed the room, and grasped the boy by the shoulder.

What did he say? she demanded nervously, giving him a little shake.

He said that he believed he had the pleasure of dining with me to-night, and he said to-night as plain as could be, Johnny hastened to explain.

He's made a mistake in the day and I said as plain as could be a week from Wednesday, and not Wednesday. What shall we do? exclaimed Mrs Saunderson. I haven't a thing in the house! She sank down on the bottom step of the ladder.

Send word for him not to come, advised Mary Ellen, calmly as she kept on wiping the paints.

That would be dreadful, her mother almost awailed. We couldn't do that. What would Sue Brown and Maria Simpson say? What shall I do? she reiterated. He'll be here in an hour, for I asked him at four, and there's not a mite of pie or cake made, nor anything. And I wanted everything to be particularly nice!

Don't worry, said Mary Ellen soothingly. If we've got to have him, let's make the best of it. We can slice the cold chicken in the pantry. We've plenty of lettuce, and I'll make an egg salad. The strawberries are ripe in the garden, and I'll whip some cream for them. Perhaps we can borrow a cake from one of the neighbors.

Mrs Saunderson bounded up suddenly with determined lines around her mouth.

Never! she said grimly. I'll bake a sponge this minute. Johnny, she called sharply as she hurried down the hall, go out and pick some strawberries; and you, Henry, go out to the orchard and polish up the best dish of fruit you can find there; then both you come and get into your best clothes mighty quick!

For the next few minutes she fairly flew around the sitting-room, for using the parlor was out of the question now. The chairs were put into their proper places, a tidy was carelessly thrown over a thin spot on the arm of the big rocker, and a pile of sofa pillows completely hid the darn on the couch-cover. The setting of the dining-room table was a more complicated matter. There was some consolation for her disappointment in the knowledge that neither Sue Brown nor Maria Simpson could boast of so fine china and silver as she possessed. As the clock struck the half-hour, she rushed to the kitchen where Mary Ellen was hastily preparing dishes for the table.

Well have to go up and get dressed now, she began excitedly. Hell be here any minute now—with the house as dirty as it is I should die of mortification if he should get a glimpse of this floor from the dining-room.

I'll wash it, mother, announced Mary Ellen. Run along and make yourself sweet.

You! exclaimed her mother, staring. You'll have hardly time to dress yourself as it is.

In what? laughed Ellen. You know father was to go for my trunk to-night. This waist I wore home yesterday is soiled, and there's nothing up in my closet but my old gymnasium blouse; and you wouldn't have me wear that.

## Do not use Soap, Naphtha, Borax, Soda, Ammonia or Kerosene with GOLD DUST

GOLD DUST has all desirable cleansing qualities in perfectly harmless and lasting form.

The GOLD DUST 'washes' need no outside help. No matter what you wish to clean—dishes, clothes, pots and pans, floors and woodwork, refrigerator, bath room or what not, GOLD DUST alone will do all the work—and do it better than anything else.

More than that, GOLD DUST will do all the hard part of the work without your help, saving your strength and temper.

GOLD DUST is a good, honest, vegetable oil soap in powdered form—scientifically combined with purifying ingredients of magic power.



"Let the GOLD DUST 'washes' do your work!"

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

No! Mrs Saunderson dropped in to the nearest chair, and put her hands over her face. But I wanted you to meet him, she said faintly, making no effort to conceal her disappointment.

Oh I'll see him again, Ellen, assured her her carelessly. Now, hurry, mother

(Continued next week)

### USE OF ASHES ON THE FARM.

Ever since my first farming days I have had a lively appreciation of the value of ashes on the farm, says a correspondent. Having once realized their value as a fertilizer, it has become my habit to see that none of it goes to waste. There are really very few farmers who are not aware that ashes are a valuable fertilizer, that they contain a large amount of potash, one of the chief ingredients of a complete fertilizer, and that they have a most beneficial effect on every kind of tree, shrub, plant or vegetable. The effect of potash on trees is to harden the fibre of the wood and to give the fruit a better flavor and a higher color. There is nearly always nitrogen enough in the soil to allow the tree sufficient growth and often too much, but the supply of potash is often deficient.

The same general effects are apparent on small fruits of every description, including strawberries. Especially should ashes be applied as the principal fertilizer to those varieties which are inclined to make foliage at the expense of fruit, as the Gandy and most of the rapid growing early sorts.

Old tin buckets make good receptacles for ashes, for of course they should never be put into wooden ones. I often find it convenient to accumulate several bushels before distributing them, and old lard cans or any kind of metal vessels will serve the purpose, or the ashes may be poured into a heap, provided they are protected from the rain. It is a very good plan, however, just as in the case of stable manure, to carry the ashes away as fast as made, and scatter them wherever wanted. Put them around rose bushes and flowering shrubs and under shade and fruit trees. Scatter them over the lawn for they are a fine stimulant to the grass, and unlike stable manure, they do not mar the appearance of the yard, as they leach away with the first rain.

On many farms the ashes receive no attention whatever, but are carelessly dumped about in piles in the back yard, in fence corners, or even in gullies, the only object being to get them out of the way with the least trouble. Do not throw ashes on the manure pile, for the mixture of the two results in chemical action which sets free the nitrogen in the manure and it passes off in the air and is lost. Care must also be taken in applying ashes around trees and plants, to see that they are not hot. Often they are taken out of the stove along with many coals, and these carelessly poured around a tree or vine would kill it. A neighbor's son set fire to a valuable outbuilding by throwing a bucket of hot ashes against its side. It is a safe plan never to let the ashes come in contact with the stem of a tree or plant.—Montreal Witness.

**Shiloh's Cure**  
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

### NO "WONDER" LEFT IN THE WORLD

Speaking of the March of the Motor Truck in April MacLean's J T Stirrett says, if a Red Indian could be spirited to Toronto from his native wilderness without coming in contact with civilization, and set down to that he could obtain a clear and unimpeded view of an approaching five-ton motor truck, he would probably depart at high speed for the Happy Hunting Grounds to spread the report that the devil was abroad in the form of an enchanted cabin which shrieked as it and along the white man's trails. For that matter it is doubtful if the Ontario pioneer of fifty years ago, accustomed as he was to carry gram on his back to the nearest mill (perhaps twenty miles away) would regard the newest modern carrier with equanimity. An inspired mass of cogs and wheels, rolling along with a five ton load, weaving in and out of the traffic of a great city impelled by no visible motive power stopping or starting at the touch of a lever, would be regarded as a phenomenon in an age less crowded with marvellous inventions than this. But the wonder stated progeny of the twentieth century merely glances at the laboring giant and curses him for not doing more and doing it faster.

### RHEUMATISM.

Cured by Booth's Kidney Pills.

T. E. Foster, of St. John St. Frederick, N. B., says: I have found more actual relief from Booth's Kidney Pills than in all else I have ever tried for rheumatism. The pains in my limbs have lessened

greatly and I am better and stronger than in years previous. My appetite has built up and I eat and sleep better than I have in over three years. My general health is

greatly improved and I can credit this only to Booth's Kidney Pills.

This is the Booth Kidney Pill way. These wonderful Pills are sold under a guarantee to refund your money if they fail to relieve any sufferer from Rheumatism or any trouble having its origin in the Kidneys. They cure Backache, dull shooting pains, thick and cloudy urine, gravel and stone, rheumatism and all diseases of the kidneys and Bladder.

Booth's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and dealers, 50c box, or post paid from The R T Booth, Co, Ltd, Fort Erie, Ont Sold and guaranteed by E W Mair

### MY LUCKY MOMENT.

(Sir Ernest Shackleton, in the 'View, London.)

I am inclined to consider my most lucky moment that moment which showed that afterwards its effects would be far reaching and satisfactory; rather than one of those moments which on its consummation shows no results. I do not include, naturally, an escape from death by some fortuitous circumstance.

From the foregoing point of view my most lucky moment was 1 p.m. on December 4, 1908, during the Southern journey of the 'Nimrod' Expedition.

We had slowly toiled South in a straight line from our winter quarters, and for some days were uneasily aware of the fact that instead of a smooth plane to the South Pole the distantly seen mountains would block our way. On December 3 we were camped at the foot of a giant range never seen by human eye before. Great peaks rose into the clear sky to a height of over 10,000 feet defying our onward progress. We held a council of war that night and decided to climb an accessible peak about 3,000 feet high and from it obtain a better view. On the morning of the 1st at 8 o'clock we started—Adams, Wild, Marshall, and myself, leaving our ponies tethered to the sledges and a supply of fodder for the day.

Before we had gone a mile we came to the edge of an enormous chasm 200 feet deep. This meant a detour. After a couple of hours of bad crevasses and the usual narrow escapes, we reached the foot of our mountain had a scanty lunch of an ounce of enolate and one biscuit each, and started the climb. The ascent appeared easy in the distance, but on our starting we saw that we were to optimistic. The mountain was mainly composed of granite, and this was split by the action of frost with alternate thaws. Huge boulders, ten to fifty tons in weight, lay poised on one another; it seemed as though the slightest touch would send them crashing down.

We each took a line apart in case of dislodging a boulder, and this precaution was amply justified. Slowly and painfully we worked our way up, praying that the weather might hold. After the first 1,000 feet we worked more easily along a sharp ridge then tackled a slippery slope, half ice, half snow, our faces ever set to the summit. It seemed so near and yet so hard to reach. Our muscles, accustomed to the plain, ached greatly, but we knew we would get to the top. Wild was ahead; he was on the last ridge and I heard a shout of joy.

I was last, and I hurried at the sound, and in a moment more we four stood silently gazing on the Golden Pathway; far below us slowly rising in the distance, was a great white glacier, a road to the South; running between two giant mountain chains was the Road to the Pole.

As for the climb:

Gone was pain; gone was the ache of it, Lost to the limbo of the things forgot.

We stood there in the clear bright sunshine, feasting our eyes on the Vision Splendid; feeling as that man of old when first the Pacific swam into his ken.

Silent upon a peak in Darien.

Our Mountain was named Mount Hope; we sat down, had another biscuit, and then turned our faces toward the Camp, reaching it after sundry adventures.

Thus came my lucky moment. Why was that so lucky? you may ask. I will tell you. There was no road inland except hundreds of miles farther North; there might be no road inland except hundreds of miles farther South, for from the summit of Mount Hope we saw the great chain of snowy mountains stretching more and more to the Eastward. This was one mountain we would climb, and from it we saw the road that eventually led us to within nine-seven geographical miles of the South Pole, and it is up that same road that the men that reach the Pole will go.

### SOAP JELLY FOR THE HAIR.

It is easier and more effective to shampoo the hair with soap in a jelly like state than in the cake. The soap itself should not be rubbed on the head because it clings around the hair at the scalp, and it is difficult to get it all rinsed out.

To make a soap jelly take a cake of pure white castile or whatever is your favorite shampoo soap. Shave it into a porcelain lined or granite ware cup, add about half a pint of water, bring to the boil and continue for a few minutes. While it is boiling add a level teaspoon of powdered borax. Have ready a glass jar with mouth wide enough to put in the jar just a bit of attar of rose, essence of rose geranium, or other essence preferred so that there will be just a suggestion of perfume. When the soap has boiled to almost the consistency of jelly—but not quite for it will thicken as it cools, pour it into the jar and screw on the cover.

To use the soap jelly, make a lather with a handful of it in very warm soft water. Wet the head in the clear water, then rub the scalp with the lather, wash the hair and rinse through several waters to carry off every trace of soap.