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LUNGS
SORE FEET

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Zam Buk

Druggists and Stores everywhere

ODD MR. TODD.
(By Angelina Tuttle, in the
"Congregational and Chris-
tian World.")

Lucy Steven had set a basket to receive her peck of potatoes and a tin basin for her half-dozen of eggs, and the young farmer who brought her weekly supplies stood counting out her change.

"Have you found the rent you were looking for?" he asked. The week before they had spoken of the tearing down of the old corner building in which was her little shop and home; to make way for the new public library. Lucy shook her head. "There's not one to be had. And since the Strong Brothers' big new store has cut my trade in half I am thinking I may have to give up."

"You've never thought of turning housekeeper, I suppose. You wouldn't consider a position at five dollars a week, if you had a stout woman under you to do the heavy work?"

"Indeed I would!" cried Lucy with alacrity born of sleepless nights of anxiety. "But I should have to keep my aunt with me. Her pension just pays for her food and few necessities. Where is there such an opening. Mr. Todd?"

Odessus Todd shifted his weight from one foot to the other. He had always thought Lucy's sky-blue eyes the prettiest in the world, and now in its appealing effort to be brave her face gave him a twinge of pity hard to master.

"That's the worst of it," he stammered. "It's in the country, three miles out. But you could

have a safe horse and the phaeton. You see, Miss Steven, I'm not having half the comforts I can afford. I can get only Slavs or Polocks for kitchen help, and I have to use tin spoons because they scour silver ones with bath-brick. This morning I found one of mother's china cups in the meal-sack, minus a handle. I haven't tasted a New England pie for months, and my lamp-wicks always burn crooked."

Lucy had involuntarily retreated a few steps and stood looking out of the window.

The farmer collected his belongings. "Talk it over with your aunt and I'll stop for an answer on my way back," he urged hastily and departed.

"If only I could tell him of Donald Bright," sighed the girl alone. Her thoughts flew to the packet of tenderly cherished letters hidden in her trunk under the eaves of the old rockery in whose corner she had built her home. Those letters had for two years been the joy and solace of her toil-crammed existence, but none of the happy promises they seemed to breathe had yet crystallized into certainty.

Three hours later Mr. Todd found Lucy smiling and collected behind the counter over which she sold things scarcely more important than pins and thread.

"I have decided to accept," she announced with gladness born of relief from fear of penury. "Aunt Mary has promised not to be lonely or homesick, and the Strong's have agreed to buy out my stock and the business goodwill, so we shall be ready whenever you can come for us."

"He looked too absurdly pleased," she told herself as he went away. "And I can see the village nodding and speculating. But I hate starving and my love for Donald will teach me how to keep this man at a distance. Not for my own safety, though, for I never, never could care for that gosling."

Now Nature had freakishly shaped the face of "odd Mr. Todd," she had given him

curiously projection and flattened nose, small eyes high up, and downy yellow hair. People were apt to smile at meeting him and strangers to turn for a second look.

But Lucy found the wide, comfortable farmhouse with overflowing larder and fruit, vegetable and poultry in abundance, of greater moment in the way of cheerful living than could have been a nose of classic shape.

"I could never ask Donald to visit me in those old barracks," she planned in her heart, "but now on this thrifty farm he will be in his right element. I can see that he and Mr. Todd would soon be sworn friends, unless— Well, perhaps the sooner Mr. Todd knows of Donald the better."

Lucy wrote her invitation that evening after a little talk with her employer.

"I have a friend, a farmer in Wisconsin," she had said, blushing and looking down. "He has intimated that he might some day come East and I would like to ask him here, if you are willing."

She had been astonished at both the calmness with which Mr. Todd met the request and the warmth with which he seconded the proposal. But, somehow, favoring circumstances failed to bring Lucy her happiness. Donald wrote that farm cares would keep him till fall.

Mr. Todd came from the post office, one rainy afternoon, and Lucy met him in the hall, reaching an eager hand for the mail.

"There's only the weekly periodicals," he said, cheerfully.

"No letter for me," Lucy's voice suggested tears.

"Do those Wisconsin letters matter so deeply to you, Miss Steven?"

"Do you suppose my friend will like me when he sees me?" she began timidly. "You know I am not exactly—well, not a raging beauty."

"What! Has he never seen you?" Mr. Todd spoke in so loud and explosive a manner that

Lucy laid an entreating hand upon his arm.

"Please don't shout it from the housetop. No, we have never met, but we both feel that our long correspondence has made us better acquainted than two seasons of balls and parties could have done. He has wonderful facility in putting his thoughts on paper. It began when his cousin, who was my room-mate at school, used to send me parts of his letters to her because she felt that I would so enjoy them. Gradually we came to write directly to each other. And now I know how much I care for his good opinion, but of late I have been tormented with fears lest when he comes he should not fancy my looks. Men care so much for pretty faces."

"How about women?" demanded Mr. Todd in the same explosive manner, and he pushed past her into the sitting-room.

But as if to atone for his brusqueness he displayed at the tea table a suavity of which Lucy had not suspected him master.

"He certainly is the oddest one," mused Lucy that night on her pillow. "I thought such a confession as mine might mean something painful to him, but it seemed actually to exhilarate him."

After that Lucy talked freely of Donald Bright, when alone with Mr. Todd. Indeed, her employer seemed to take a curious satisfaction in hearing her descant upon the gifts of intellect and temperament discoverable in the Wisconsin lover.

Summer waned and autumn was painting the landscape.

"I think he may be here almost any day now," confided Lucy, looking up from a freshly opened letter, her happy eyes scarce noticing the sober young man absorbed in his newspaper by the window.

"Have you ever thought that you might be disappointed when your eyes actually beheld this wonderful Donald Bright of Lone Star Farm?"

Mr. Todd's voice had a ring of sharpness unusual to it, but Lucy paid only the heed of one absorbed in her own happy anticipations.

"Why, I suppose if he were little and red-headed I might take an hour or so to get used to it, but do I not know his heart's nobility and worth?"

A day or two later she was, one morning, dusting and putting Mr. Todd's little writing-room in order. Some oat-chaff littered the doorway and rug before the desk, though he was usually very tidy in his ways. Upon the open desk lay a block of stationery and written upon its top leaf was the beginning of a letter whose strangely familiar look held Lucy in astonishment. There was the open, manly penmanship she had so often admired, the handsomely printed head line, "Lone Star Farm," all belonging to Donald

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Bright's letters to her! As it began "My Dear Lucy Steven," she was free to read what Mr. Todd had evidently written the night before. He had asked, at bedtime, that a lunch be set for him in the dining-room as he wished to have a long day in the city and should leave home before sunrise, Lucy therefore read without fear of interruption.

"If I have done you a wrong," the letter ran, "you will in time come to see that it was wholly unpremeditated, my only purpose when we drifted into the correspondence being the enjoyments of intellectual companionship."

When I first had these letter-heads printed and proposed to Cousin Charlotte that she receive and mail our letters, her prompt refusal came by return post, but when I had made it clear to her that to confess my identity as odd Mr. Todd would be to forego all hopes of your friendship, she encouraged the masquerade as Donald Bright knowing how lonely my life was and how great my need of womanly comradeship. Loving you as I do with my whole heart, I can, for the present, only entreat that your kindness of heart may plead for my forgiveness and pray that your loss of Donald Bright may be in time consoled through the co-operation of "Your devoted

"ODESSUS TODD."

With flaming cheeks and stormy protests Lucy threw the pad upon the floor and stamped upon it. She could tear the sheet from the block and rend it into a thousand fragments. She could fly to her room and bringing all Donald's precious letters cram them into the kitchen fire. But after that, feeling herself tricked, and the sport of fate, she could only plead a headache and retreat to her room to sob in wordless misery over the loss of her ideal.

Awakening after a long sleep of exhaustion, she found the October sunset flooding her chamber, a belated robin calling in the maple outside and all the fair pleasantness of her life in the peaceful hour obtruding itself upon her notice. "It has been the happiest half year of my life since father died," she confessed, "and Mr. Todd's thoughtful care has made it so."

Springing up she glanced in the mirror and crying, "Lucy Steven, what a fright you look!" suddenly remembered her torturing fear lest Donald should not be pleased with her. Instantly the case shifted itself about and with tender remorse she realized what Mr. Todd must have been all his life bearing with such sturdy patience.

An hour later she saw him coming wearily up the road. First she was for meeting him in the shadowy hall to say that she must leave his home the next morning. Then she noted the hopeless drag of his usually springing walk and would have gone to the kitchen to cook his favorite supper. But in the end she ran away into the chill parlor and stood, crowded behind a chair and lace curtain, looking out at the farthest window.

Gloves with extremely long uppers are worn. They are pushed up into manifold creases about the arm.

Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says, "A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidney and just as done out in the morning as on retiring."

I was languid and would have to let my housework stand. Nothing I had tried would benefit me. I learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and concluded I would try them, which I did, and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my walks without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."

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