

ning's Trading Post. Four of these animals had been purchased in Silver Falls, and were of varying quality. From the way that Chookie—the leader dog—scowled at them when he got the chance, it was evident he did not think much of them.

Jake's leg now revealed no signs of the damage done to it by Prater, although he had to be careful not to ill-use it. This he had no intention of doing, for he found the return journey incomparably pleasant. As if to make amends, the weather remained brilliant the whole time—clear cold skies, with a complete absence of wind. The full team of dogs rendered progress easy, and the hours seemed to pass on swift wings.

"We'll camp here," said Jake, indicating a small horseshoe clearing above the river. "How does that suit you?"

"Splendidly."

By this time Virginia was adept with the gear. She erected her own tent while Jake did his. It was a kind of unannounced competition which Jake won by very little margin.

"You're sure getting on," he said.

"Is there any reason why I shouldn't?" she retorted.

"I expected you to add 'for a woman.'"

He laughed and seized the keen hatchet, with which to cut wood for a fire. In a very short time the flames were leaping and the pleasantest feature of winter travel was in progress.

"Are we far from Fenning's?" she asked.

"We should make it to-morrow night."

"As soon as that?"

"Long enough, isn't it?"

"I don't know. It doesn't seem very long—somehow. I wonder if the Padre is still there?"

"That's more than likely. The only chance of his getting back home was to meet someone going that way, and this is not the busy part of the year."

"I hope he is. He'll be interested to know what happened. I can't help feeling sorry for Prater."

Jake pursed his lips and shrugged his shoulders.

"That means you are not sorry for him?"

"Nope," he said emphatically. "He had a chance of getting a straight deal—winning his freedom. He preferred to shoot me instead. That sort of guy is better in jail."

"I'm not sure that prison does any good to anyone," she said.

"You're right—up to a point. A fellow gets vicious. Before he comes out he regards every man as his enemy, and he makes up his mind not to be caught again. But he doesn't make a resolution not to break the law again. Still, it's mighty hard to find an alternative. You can't let a fellow run around breaking the law indefinitely."

"You talk as if you had been in prison," she said lightly.

"I have."

She gasped at this totally unexpected response, and gazed at him to see if he were joking, but his face was very serious.

"I'm—I'm sorry," she murmured.

"That's all right. I deserved it, though it didn't do me any good. I went straight back to the thing which sent me there."

"What was that?"

"Booze—drink."

"Jake!"

"Guess I was a mutton-headed fool. But that's all over now. When a fellow can't take a thing in moderation he's better without it at all."

She looked at him curiously.

"Yet you said prison didn't do you any good. It did if it brought you to that excellent conclusion."

"It didn't. It was something else."

"What—?"

She stopped as she saw his eyes focused on her face. Intuitively she knew what was in his mind, and she felt unusually embarrassed.

"No, it wasn't jail that did that," he said. "It was finding that life could be a better thing than I had imagined. It was finding something to live for—someone to think about. I wish I could explain, but I can't."

This small confession, dragged from him by an accident, impressed her deeply. She had noted subtle changes in him during the return journey, which was now rapidly drawing to a close. He was still the case-hardened, dependable fellow who had come to her aid weeks before, but another side of him had become evident—a gentleness and humility that were all the more pronounced because their growth was so slow. She had the feeling that he worshipped her, but considered her absolutely beyond his reach. The consciousness of this disturbed her sleep—but not uncomfortably. There were worse things than to lie there and recall the many incidents in which he figured.

"What are you going to do—afterwards, Jake?" she asked.

"Do? Maybe I'll get into the lumber country. A fellow can nearly always get a job there."

"And if not?"

"There's a whole lot of work going if you're not particular what sort of work it is—I mean honest labour."

"And that reminds me I owe you money."

"No," he said sharply.

"Oh yes—it was a bargain."

"I don't want it."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe it sounds silly, but I'd like to think I helped you a bit without any money consideration. Will you leave it at that?"

"But, Jake, you'll need—"

"Nope. It would burn me up. It's the last favour I'll ask of you. Guess you won't try to force it on me?"

She turned her head away that he might not observe her emotion. He took it that his strange request was granted.

"That's fine," he said. "My, I'll miss your coffee when you've gone. I never could brew it like this."

It was quite late when she went to bed, yet she could not recall what all the talk had been about. One thing was so abundantly clear that it pushed all other considerations into oblivion. She loved Jake. It was useless trying to deny it—to ascribe her feelings to any other cause. She knew that to say good-bye to Jake would be the most painful thing she had ever experienced. He seemed now to be the pivot of her whole existence. With him she was completely at her ease. With him by her side she believed there could never be a moment's real unhappiness, and here he was talking about "logging"!

The last stage of their journey was commenced.

Morning broke like a jewel, and over hill and dale the sled bells tinkled. All through the short and marvellous day the sun shone down. Her whole being seemed to leap and merge into the infinite. At times she sang, to herself she thought, but Jake heard it and looked at her.

"Sorry!" she said. "I didn't know."

Fenning's was reached just before the early sunset. Jake put up a cry within a hundred yards of the place, and very soon two male forms were seen.

"The Padre!" said Virginia. "He's there with Fenning."

"Sure—and walking too!"

There followed a violent shaking of hands, inquiries after health, and laughter. The Padre averred he was absolutely fit again, and was ready to take Virginia back.

"And so you beat those robbers?" he said. "Car-rick, you have been splendid!"

The whole story was told that evening during, and after, supper. Jake was curiously silent, after he had related his part of the adventure. Then, finally, he remembered his personal belongings and decided to remove them from the sled and thus save time in the morning.

"What is he going to do now?" asked the Padre.

"Going lumbering—so he says," replied Virginia.

"You found him reliable? But of course you did."

"Reliable!" She felt she was choking, and then pleaded that she was tired.

"Of course," said the Padre. "We ought not to have kept you up—talking. See you in the morning, then. Good night, Virginia!"

But instead of retiring she slipped on a coat and went out to the shed where the dogs were kennelled. Jake was inside playing with Chookie, with whom he was on the best possible terms.

"To-morrow you and I part, old boy," he crooned. "You've been a good fellow and I am—"

He heard Virginia's boots crunching the snow, and turned his head.

"I just came to say good night, Jake," she said.

"You startled me," he said with a smile. "Guess my nerves ain't what they were."

"What has upset them?"

"I dunno."

"Are you sure you don't know, Jake?"

She came close to him and looked into his eyes.

"Are you really going logging, Jake?"

"You know I—" He stopped and suddenly clasped her in his arms. "Yep, I know what's the matter with me, Virginia, I've got to tell you, even if I have to leave in the morning. I love you. I can't help it. No fellow could have you as a trail-mate for weeks on end and not love you. But you're a moderately rich

girl now, and I've nothing. But you've made life worth while. Give me a year. I'll make good—work for you—for our future—"

"A year, Jake?"

"I could do a lot in a year—five men's work. I'm like that when the prize is worth having—"

"But I don't want to wait a year, Jake. I love you, and I want you now. One part of my dream has come true—that farm in England, where I used to live. But the bigger part is you—the man who is going to manage it for me. Must you stay in Canada?"

He gave a wild whoop and kissed her tenderly.

"You—you mean that?" he gasped.

"Of course."

"Then I don't have to pack?"

"Yes—pack everything—in the sled. You are coming with us to-morrow. You and I and the Padre. Rather useful having a Padre with us, don't you think, Jake?"

He caught her meaning and lifted her high in his arms.

"Let's go and tell him," he said. "I'm sure dying to explode a bombshell."

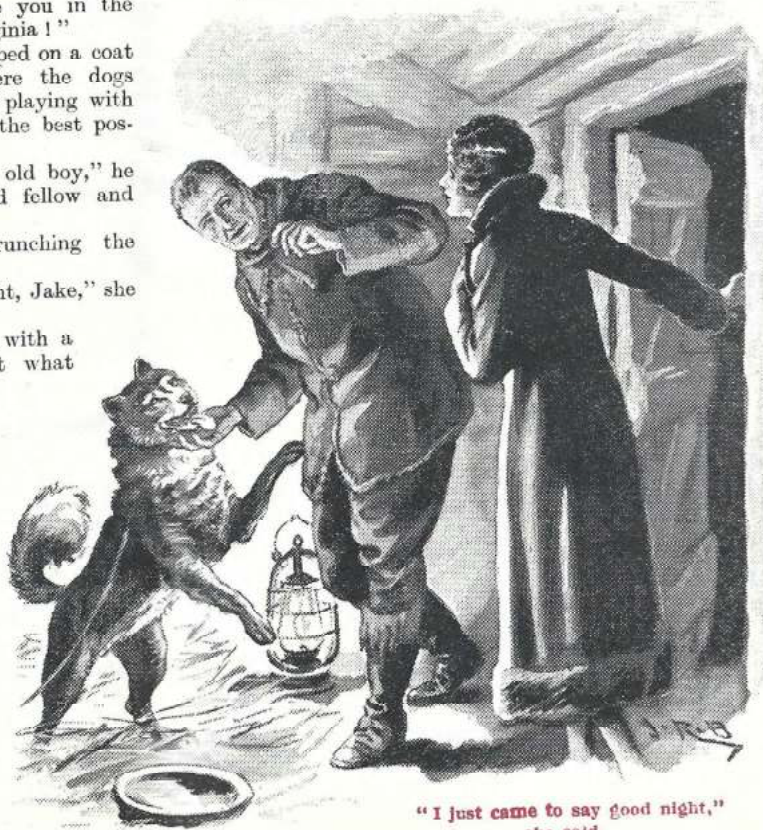
Laughing, they raced into the house, hand in hand.

THE END.



OUR NEW SERIAL.

WE are glad to be able to announce that Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson, Author of "Bess of Hardendale" and "Champion North," has written another delightful story for us, and the opening chapters will appear in our July Number.



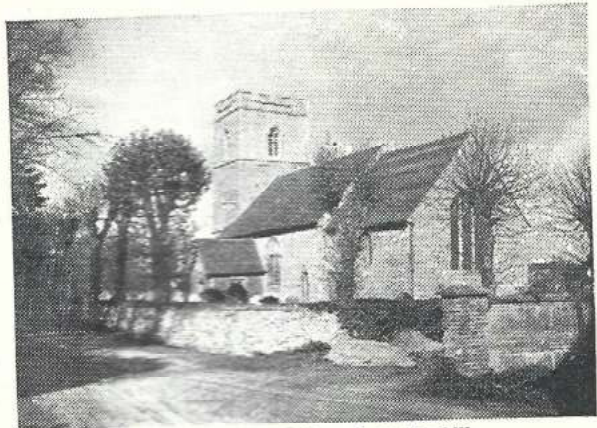
"I just came to say good night," she said.

How we Fought the Death-Watch Beetle.

By the Rev. F. W. COBB, Vicar of Elsenham, Essex.

“ONE of the gems of the diocese.” So Mr. F. Wykeham Chancellor, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., diocesan architect of Chelmsford, in presenting his report on its condition to our Parochial Church Council, described the little House of God of far-back Norman days where we meet to worship. That was high praise for our church, and it is small wonder that once its defects and dangers were revealed there was a widespread desire to get the defects made good.

What was the cause of the trouble? It had been discovered that the oak timbers of the roof and tower, going back to A.D. 1480, were in the grip of that wood-destroying pest, the death-watch beetle. The insect's activities had been favoured in various ways, chief among which was the fact that the five great tie-beams running across the roof, and weighing over half a ton each, had been put up in an unseasoned state and just consisted of young oak-trees with the branches lopped off and probably brought into the church straight from the forest. This meant that the beams were full of sap and as a consequence highly favourable to the beetle's attacks. Then, too, about a hundred years ago, all the higher part of the roof had been plastered over, leaving the timbers above in conditions of warmth and darkness such as the beetles love. Added to this, great accumulations of dirt and débris had been allowed to remain on the wide tops of the old Norman walls. Darkness and dirt, therefore, besides other contributing causes, had all played their parts



The little Norman Church on the hill.

in making the roof of Elsenham Church a very attractive lair for the enemy.



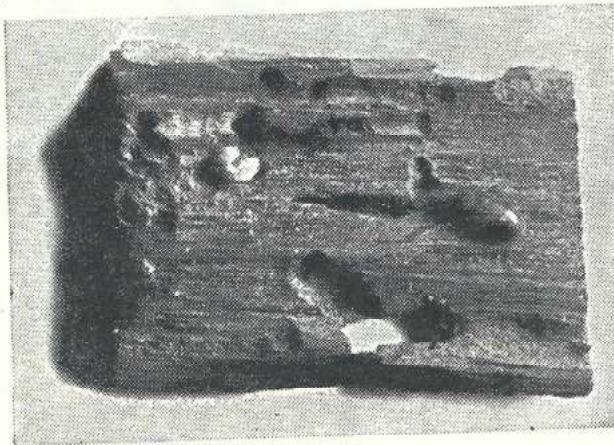
Spraying a king-post with insecticide.

We soon found that as the beetle grubs of generation after generation (for it is while in the pupa state that the death-watch beetle does all the mischief) had fed on the oak of tie-beam, king-post, rafter, and wall-plate by forming countless tiny tunnels in all directions, they had, in many places, reduced the wood to a condition of mere powdery dust. In the case of one of the principal beams the little white grubs had done their work so thoroughly that of the solid tissue of a timber measuring thirty feet in length by a foot square so little wood of any substance remained that the entire great beam had to be replaced.

What our little church suffered was, however, a small matter compared to the enormous damage such buildings as Westminster Hall, St. Paul's Cathedral, Hampton Court, Gray's Inn,

and Bath Abbey have had to face in recent years. In the first-named hall some of the huge beams contained holes big enough to receive a grown man.

The death-watch beetle owes its peculiar name to the tapping noise it makes during the pairing season in the spring, and this, in certain parts of the country, is still believed to foretell a death in the home. The method by which the sound is made has often been observed and consists in the beetle's body being jerked forward seven or eight times in rapid succession, and striking with the lower part of the head against the wood surface. Almost before it stops another of the beetles, if within hearing, will respond by a similar tapping. A day or two later the female beetle will be seen searching for suitable crack or crevice in which to lay her eggs, 30 to 60 in number. Three or four weeks after the laying of the eggs the larvæ hatch out, and very soon begin their destructive work by burrowing into the wood. The grubs are provided with rows of peculiar little brown spinules



The Grub-Beetle.

Our Church News

If you know of any Church News which you think would interest our readers, send it to the Art Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4, during June. Six prizes of five shillings each are awarded monthly. Photographs are especially welcome.

St. Martin's-in-the-Field.

AN unusual photograph of St. Martin's-in-the-Field has been sent to us by Colonel G. Walton. As he says, it is strangely suggestive of a Burmese pagoda. We hope it is symbolic of a complete restoration to health of "Dick Sheppard," who, at the time of writing, is expected to be in charge of his old church during part of the summer months.

Study in Church Roof.

IN the little church at Sledmere village, North Yorkshire, is a tiny room built up in the roof, approached by narrow, winding stone stairs. In this miniature study, which is hung with beautiful tapestry, there is a wooden table and four plain wooden chairs grouped round it. On the table is to be found the Holy Bible, a copy of Rudyard Kipling's *If*, a copy of Thomas à Kempis' *Imitation of Christ*, and a poem written by a villager, hand printed and bound, and dedicated to the simple waggoners on Sir Mark Sykes' estate who laid down their lives in the Great War. On the table is also a notice to the effect that the tiny room is to be for ever set aside for private meditation and study. Provided the books and poems named are always kept on the table, this room in the roof is free to anyone who will find comfort and peace therein. The church was built by the Sykes family in their own grounds, but is accessible to worshippers who pass through a little wicket gate leading into the private grounds from the high road. It is visited by thousands of people every year.

W. L. TOWNSEND.

Three Generations.

MR. ALFRED COLLINS of Swindon, with his grandson, Norman Collins, and his son, Mr. R. A. Collins, are all members of Swindon (Wilts.) Parish Church Choir. Mr. Alfred Collins was born in Wells, but later came to Swindon. He has been a life-long singer. At Wells he was a boy chorister in the choir of St. Cuthbert's and has assisted at Wells Cathedral. He has been bass soloist in the Swindon Parish Church choir for many years.

J. P. EVANS.

Butterflies in a Vicarage.

IT is not commonly known that one of the largest collections of butterflies, moths, etc., was made by the Vicar of a little obscure country place, called Guestling, in Sussex. The very large rooms of the Vicarage, including the bedrooms, were stacked from floor to ceiling with hundreds of glass-covered trays containing each butterfly, named and indexed, and many were the only specimens



Like a Burmese pagoda.

known. I had a standing invitation to stay at the Vicarage as often as I liked, and personally I mounted thousands of them. They used to come from naturalists all over the world. They were a life-hobby of the Vicar, Mr. Bloomfield, who lived to a ripe old age. The collection was, I believe, bequeathed to the South Kensington Museum.

W. UPJOHN.

Billie's Mite.

ONE Sunday, which was our gift day, the members of our Church Sunday School attended a special afternoon service in church and presented their humble offerings, the gifts afterwards being sent to the County Hospital. I went into church after the service, and found neatly arranged piles of fruit, eggs, bags of

sugar, sweets and the like; many books, and, rather to my surprise, a bundle of somewhat tattered comic papers. To my eyes they looked almost pathetic, and my imagination pictured them as the offering of some poor youngster who had nothing else to give. I saw the Vicar in the evening as he was leaving the church by the vestry door, and asked him if he knew the donor of the comic papers.

"Oh, that's Billie Green's offering," he said. "Poor Billie! He came to see me yesterday, and rather shamefacedly told me he had nothing to bring to the gift service. 'I ain't got nuthin', Mr.," he said, 'only some "comics" and they're jolly good 'uns. I haven't read 'em yet, but I will give 'em if they'll do.'" I assured him that the little patients in the hospital would no doubt be delighted with the papers. His face brightened. "Well, what I thought," he said, 'is that God might be angry because they were only "comics".'" I left the Vicar shortly after, stole again into the dimly lighted church, laid the contents of my purse upon that bundle of comics. That, too, was Billie's gift.

JAMES WINGER.

Eighteen Months' Hard!

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DARWEN, last year completed their War Memorial, which is in the form of a Recreation Ground, made entirely by the young men of the parish. It includes a bowling green, and two tennis courts, with a membership of over a hundred. It was the outcome of eighteen months' hard work and served to band together both old and young members of the church in delightful comradeship. It is said to be the best Recreation Ground in the diocese.

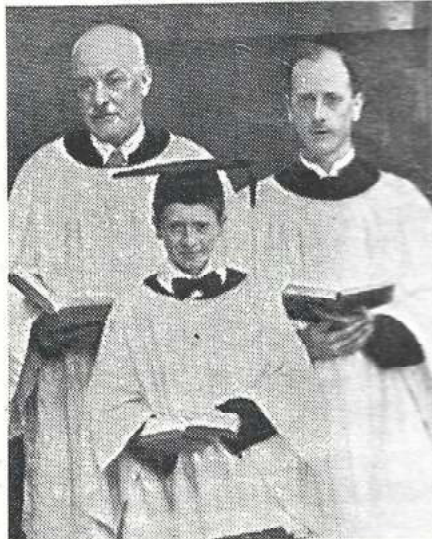
J. N. W.

A Model with Matches.

MORE than once we have illustrated models of churches made with matches. The latest we have heard of was constructed in ten months by Norman Shaw, of Mold Green. He used 2,900 matches and nine tubes of glue in its construction. He is a shop assistant, and has done all the work in his spare time. With the exception of the windows the model is built entirely of match-sticks, which have been cleverly cut to resemble bricks. It is a foot long, six inches wide, and seven inches high. Some idea of the work that it entailed may be gained from the fact that it took half an hour to stick one layer of match-sticks round the tiny spire, which Norman says was the hardest part of the model to build.

Mind your own Business.

I REMEMBER as a small child hearing the following story: In a small village in the county of Rutland, Lady Carbery offered a field to the first farmer who could attend church regularly every Sunday and also mind his own business for twelve months. A farmer was found with the above



Three Generations.

qualifications and taken by her Ladyship's Agent to view the field on the last day of the said year. "Who is the good friend who is giving me the field?" asked the farmer. "Sorry," replied the Agent. "You have lost it!"

SISTER HOLFORD.

"Our Most Religious King."

THE origin of the words "Our most religious King" dates back to before the Reformation when England was a Catholic country. The Vatican had a different term for every Catholic sovereign in Europe. The King of France was spoken of as "most Christian King"; the King of Austria was the "most apostolic King"; the King of Spain, the "most catholic King"; the King of Portugal, the "most faithful King"; and the King of England, the "most religious King." Although England has been free from Roman rule for four centuries, we still keep the expression "most religious King" which was bestowed by the Pope.

B. M. G.

Unique Alms Dish.

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, Haddington, East Lothian, possesses an Alms Dish which is probably unique. It is made of pewter and was presented to the Church in 1748, but it is thought to be considerably older. The unique feature is a cup in the centre. The purpose of this cup is uncertain, but it is conjectured that it was used for the "big" money, such as gold and silver, while the copper was placed on the plate itself. It was not customary to hand the plate round. It was placed at the door and the congregation placed their alms therein as they entered the Church.

The Rev. J. B. REED.

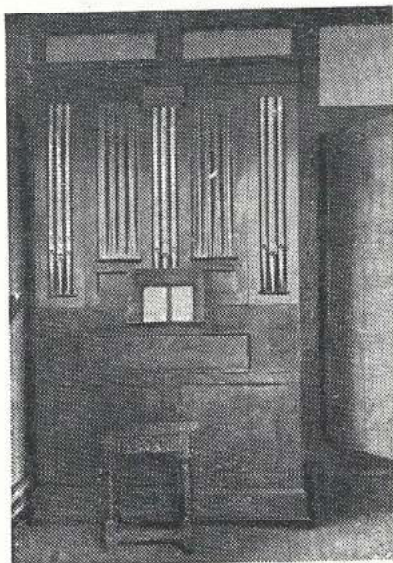


Photo by

Crompton's Organ.

[G. SMITH.]

The Bishop's Blessing.

ONE of the most delightful modern features of Worcester Cathedral is the life-like statue of Bishop Philpott, by Sir Thomas Brock, a Worcester sculptor. Although he was consecrated in 1861, there are still living old people who remember the Bishop who was greatly beloved throughout his vast diocese, which then included the present dioceses of Birmingham and Coventry as well as Worcester. The statue stands in the south transept, in front of the great organ and with a very beautiful Norman arch of St. John's Chapel for a background. It is passed by the processions from the chapter-house to service every day.

M. W.



The Bishop's Blessing.

Samuel Crompton as Musician.

SAMUEL CROMPTON (1753-1827), the spinning-mule inventor, was also a musician. The chamber organ which he built about 1798, and on which at his home in Bolton he practised the choir, is preserved as a relic in the museum, "Hall i' th' Wood," Bolton, along with books of music



Unique Alms Dish.

"pricked" by Crompton. He composed several hymn tunes, one ("Jubilee") on the occasion of the Jubilee of King George III in 1810. Well-known examples of Crompton's composition were called after favourite treble singers in the choir.

G. SOUTH.

Is this a Record?

THE following epitaph can be seen on a mural tablet in the romantic little church of Salcombe Regis, situated on the lovely cliffs overlooking the blue sea of Devon:

"To the Glory of God and in loving memory of Miriam Sparks Voysey Banister who was born in this parish on 19th March 1817 and baptized in this Church on 13th April 1817, and died at St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A., on 9th April 1928 at the age of 111 years."
Miss LAURIE I. PARTRIDGE.

Long Service.

SURELY as remarkable an instance of the above as any given in your pages is that of the

Robertsons, ministers of the parish of Eddleston, Peebleshire, four generations in direct unbroken succession from father to son for the period of 159 years, 1697-1856, namely, Rev. James Robertson, great-grandfather, 1697-1747; Rev. Alexander Robertson, grandfather, 1747-1772; Dr. Patrick Robertson, father, 1772-1822; Rev. Patrick Robertson, son, 1822-1856.

The Rev. A. CAMPBELL FRASER.

A "Bird" Wedding.

SOME years ago a marriage took place at Monkstown Parish Church, Diocese of Dublin, at which the bridegroom's name, as well as the bride's maiden name, was Crowe, the officiating clergyman was Archbishop Peacocke, the organist was Mr. Rooke, and there was a singer called Sparrow in the choir. Can your readers give any other examples?

L. E. O'HANLON OF ORIDE.

Birthday Months.

LAST year at a Fishermen's Missionary Meeting, twelve girls dressed as fishwives, with baskets representing the months of the year, appeared on the platform. A good sum was realized as nearly all the audience put a contribution into the basket bearing the name of the month in which the giver was born.

F. MARSDEN.

February Award.—The following were sent prizes in March: Mrs. Ayling, the Rev. W. C. Hall, C. G. Gent, J. Robinson, Capt. E. A. H. Fenn, and Harold Grainger. Extra prizes were awarded to Miss Wight and Mrs. Jackson. We are grateful to many correspondents for their letters and commendation.

Our Weekday Pages for Women with Homes

Monday's Washing.

CRÉPE-DE-CHINE.—Do not use soap, but put borax in both the washing and rinsing water. This removes dirt and preserves the gloss of the material. (Miss W. FRANCIS.)

STAINS ON MATERIAL.—These are often difficult to see when washing articles which go a darker shade in water, such as crépe-de-Chine. It is a good plan to mark the stain with a long white thread of cotton, which tie loosely and remove whilst still wet. (Mrs. M. RIDE.)

MACHINE-OIL STAINS.—Wash with kitchen soap and cold soft water; use borax to soften when water is hard. If hot water is used it will "set" the stain. Another method is to rub stain with lard, leave for several hours, then wash with cold water and soap. (C. BARBOHM.)

TO WASH "SWEATERS."—Soak for half an hour in lukewarm water in which Castille, or any good toilet soap, has been dissolved. Do not rub, but squeeze garment *without lifting* until thoroughly saturated with the soapy water. Rinse through several warm waters, avoiding lifting, and hang while wet over line, having squeezed as much water out as possible or put through wringer. (C. BARBOHM.)

AN IRONING TIP.—Iron puff sleeves of thin frocks on a padded earthenware jam-jar. For tiny frocks, use a padded rolling-pin. (Mrs. PEARCE.)

To-day's Thought: The lark rises as it sings—that's worth remembering!

Tuesday's Sewing.

WHEN FOOTING STOCKINGS.—Use fine needles for the heel and underfoot and thicker needles for the top part of foot. Change each round, leaving sufficient stitches on thick needle. When the heel is knitted, for top part use two thick needles and three fine. Use all fine ones for narrowing off the toe; the stockings will wear better, especially when wool is not very thick. (M. ROSE.)

TO REPAIR A PYJAMA COAT.—When coat gets worn at shoulders, buy some cheap winceyette to match colour of ground of pyjama. Fold coat down centre back and shape material by this, cutting just below armholes. Turn in once and machine neatly on seams inside coat. At first sign of a hole, darn down to under material. If a thin lining of matching material is put in when coat is *new*, the pyjamas will give double the amount of wear as it is always at shoulders that they wear first. (Mrs. A. M. COOKE.)

MAKING UP VELVET.—Use needles



A SUMMER PRAYER.

O God, give us grace to rejoice in the sunshine of Thy love, to recognize the work of Thy Hands in every flower that beautifies the world, and never to be blind to the good deeds Thou dost inspire through the example of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord. Amen.

RJW

for fixing patterns and seams, as pins mark the material and spoil the bloom. For the same reason, use silk instead of cotton for tacking. When machining the seams, keep foot of machine raised to avoid pressure on the velvet. (No name attached.)

TO PATCH WORKING TROUSERS OR OVERALLS.—Open down leg seam and lay out flat, then machine on a neat patch. Elbows and any other awkward place may be treated in the same way. The patching will be done in half the usual time and be neater and firmer. The seam can be easily stitched up again. (Mrs. J. PHILLIPS.)

APPLIQUÉ EMBROIDERY.—This will be found neater and easier to work if parts of the design are "painted" with

warm starch, and the pieces pressed into place with a warm iron. (Mrs. F. JOHNSON.)

To-day's Thought: If all the seeds of troubles we anticipate came up, what a terrible crop there would be, but they don't!

Wednesday's Nursing.

"PREPARING" A TOOTH FOR STOPPING.—Drop a little tincture of myrrh on a small piece of cotton-wool and place it in the tooth each day before the visit to the dentist, or rub the tincture round the tooth. This will help to prevent pain even when a sensitive tooth is being drilled. (Sussex.)

TO PREVENT CONSTIPATION.—Place 2 medium-sized apples in a pie-dish with a little water, sprinkle over with brown moist sugar, add a little butter, cover with buttered paper and cook till soft. Eat at breakfast, with wholemeal bread. Drink $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot water half an hour before breakfast and also before bedtime. (D. JACKSON.)

FOR SORE THROAT OR QUINSY.—Pour boiling water on a small quantity of sage sticks, let stand for about 10 minutes, then pour off water and, while warm, use as a gargle. It is a good plan to save the sticks of sage when rubbing up for storing. (Mrs. BOARDMAN.)

FOR A TROUBLESOME COUGH.—Add to strained juice of 5 lemons, 2 oz. of cod-liver oil and 2 oz. of honey. Beat well with a fork to mix and bottle for use. Take a teaspoonful when cough is troublesome. Shake bottle before measuring dose. (Mrs. W. EVANS.)

AN INVALID'S BACK-REST.—This may quickly be arranged by placing a chair, reversed, on bed with front legs against head-rail. Arrange a pillow over chair-back and the back-rest will be quite comfortable. (Mrs. B. PETERIDGE.)

To-day's Thought: Some people think they have nothing to be thankful for: that's why they don't go to Church!

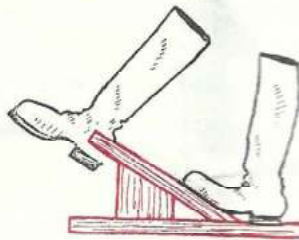


Fig. 1.

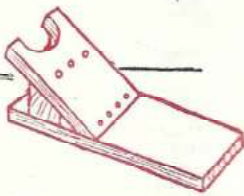


Fig. 1.

Thursday's Cooking.

BANANA SPONGE.—Rub 4 or 5 ripe bananas through a sieve, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of lemon jelly which is just beginning to set, and whip both together until white and frothy. Pile on a glass dish to serve. (W. FRANCIS.)

FRUIT PIES.—If a piece of macaroni $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long is placed at the sides and ends between crust and dish, the steam will escape and prevent pastry getting sodden. (B. M. LAURENCE.)

TO PREPARE CAKE-TINS.—Well grease and sprinkle with flour or ground rice. This saves time papering the tin, and cake will be a golden brown. (Mrs. TIMPSON.)

EGG-WHISKING.—Before whisking, rinse the bowl with cold water and leave a drop or two at the bottom. The eggs will then come out cleanly and save waste. (Mrs. HAMMOND.)

TO SKIN SAUSAGES.—Place the sausages in cold water before skinning and the skins will come away without waste or making the hands sticky. (E. JEFFREY.)

JELLY-MAKING.—The process will be simplified and equally successful if the fruit pulp is strained through a hair sieve instead of a jelly-bag. Stand the sieve over a bowl which it fits exactly and allow the juice to drip gently through. (Mrs. DAVIES.)

TO SALT BEEF QUICKLY.—Place the meat on two sticks over a mug of cold water. Rub well with salt and saltpetre; the salt will be drawn through so that meat may be boiled next day. (Mrs. PATTERSON.)

WHEN CAKES ARE BURNT.—Scrape the cake carefully, brush with the well-beaten white of an egg and dust with caster sugar. Bake for 5 minutes and you will be pleased with the attractive look of your cake! (Miss G. SLIPPER.)

To-day's Thought: If we don't give a little of our self with our gift we don't give all we might.

Friday's Household.

A USEFUL "GADGET."—"Wellingtons" are often difficult to remove, but this simple and easily made device renders the process easy. To secure correct fit of jaws, place heel of "Wellington" on board and pencil outline, sawing through the pencil-mark—rasp to correct fit. (G. E. SMITH.) (Fig. 1.)

TO PUT SLIP OVER MATTRESS OR BED.—To do this easily single-handed, turn slip inside out and pin the two bottom corners of slip to the two corners of mattress or bed. (Use a couple of strong medium-sized safety-pins for the purpose.) Then turn slip back and draw up underneath and over the bed. (Mrs. N. BOWEN.) (Fig. 2.)

A DRAUGHT PREVENTIVE.—Obtain 2 plasterers' laths, long enough to fit behind door, and an old bicycle inner tube. Cut off required length of tube and nail between laths, allowing $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of tube to protrude below edges of laths. When fixing to door,

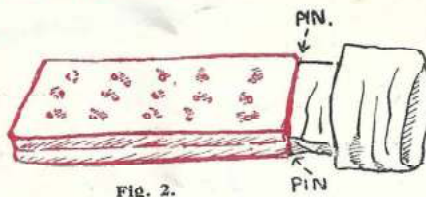


Fig. 2.

allow the protector to rest on floor and screw to door. (E. BIRCHALL.) (Fig. 3.)

RESTORING COLOUR TO SILK.—When the colour has been taken from silk by acids, it may be restored by applying to the spot a little hartshorn or sal-volatile. (Mrs. A. MARCHE.)

TO PREVENT GLASS STEAMING.—Rub a piece of damp soap over glass of any kind and polish with a duster; it will then remain quite clear. (Mrs. GOFFE.)

BREAKING COAL.—To prevent chips from flying in the eye, cover lump with a piece of paper and hammer through this. (Miss COOMBER.)

STORING WOOLLEN BATHING COSTUMES.—When washing before putting away, add a little paraffin oil to the last rinsing water. This makes the woollen moth-proof and improves the colour and texture. (Mrs. A. F. MIRANDE.)

To-day's Thought: Christ can make the humblest home a heaven on earth.

Saturday's Children.

DELICIOUS SOUP.—When boiling a fowl a delicious dinner can be made for the children from feet and head, which are usually cut off. Blanch in boiling water, skin, remove beak and eyes, and break legs into pieces. Stew for 6 hours with the giblets. Strain, season and thicken with a tablespoonful of chestnut flour (obtainable from any good grocer), boil up for a few minutes and serve. (No name attached.)

A CRAWLER FOR BABY.—Take an old washing frock, sew up the opening at back and neck, slip baby's feet through the sleeves, then cut two holes about 5 inches from the bottom hem and sew round to make arm-holes. Run a piece of tape in the bottom hem to pull up round neck, and baby can crawl about all day without getting his clothes dirty. (J. M. CLARK.)

TO KEEP CHILDREN'S HAIR CLEAN.—Mix equal amounts of vinegar and methylated spirits and rub lightly into hair about once a week. The acid destroys any nits which may have been picked up during the week and leaves head quite clean. (Mrs. A. GEORGE.)

FEEDING SMALL INVALIDS.—If on a liquid diet, a child may often be tempted to take and enjoy it if given in a cone-shaped minim glass obtainable from the chemist. The novelty of drinking out of this quaint little glass can scarcely fail to please. (Mrs. A. DENLEY.)

To-day's Thought: He who thinks best for himself thinks most of others.

February Award.—The following were sent 5s. prizes in March: Miss Barnes, Mr. Green, Mrs. Crabb, Mrs. Waddilow, Miss Lyle, Mrs. Graves, Miss E. Walsh and Mrs. Eggle divided the last two prizes.

Monthly Prize Competition.

If you know of a good hint for our household pages, send it to the Editor, 11 Ludgate Square, E.C.4, during June. Each month we offer a prize of 5s. for the best hint in each section. The prizes will be sent in July to the respective winners.

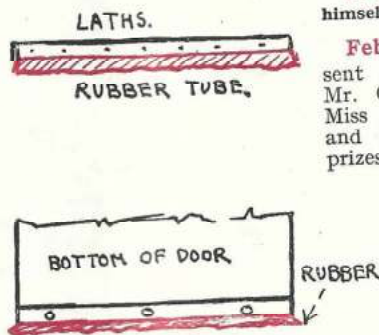


Fig. 3.

YOU and your CHURCH

The Children's Page.

V. THE CHOIR.

By THE WAYFARER.

HAVE you ever thought that the most joyous place in Church—the choir—is closest to the place of remembrance of Our Lord's last command?

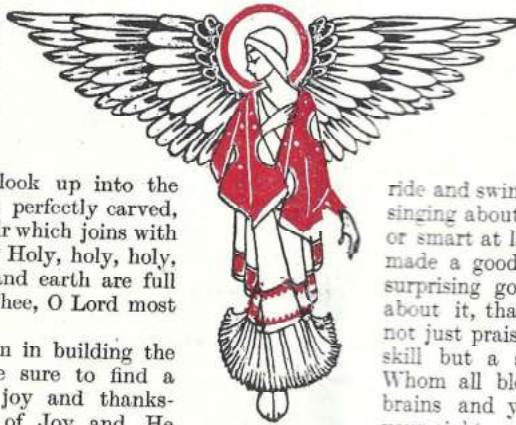
In some churches, if you look up into the roof you will see angels, most perfectly carved, to represent the heavenly choir which joins with us in praising God, saying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts, heaven and earth are full of Thy glory: Glory be to Thee, O Lord most High."

So let us make it our aim in building the Church of our character to be sure to find a place of special honour for joy and thanksgiving. Christ is the Lord of Joy and He loves His children to rejoice all their days. He would have every child sing for joy so that all the world may know He has made them glad with His Friendship. He would have us be His choir, telling all the world that religion should be a thing of joy and singing and that those who follow the Lord Jesus should be glad. So many people have never learned that or, if they have learned it, they have forgotten it. They think that religion and gloom must always go together; that goodness and glumness are exactly the same thing. They suggest that if you serve God you must dwell in the vaults and the tombs: we say that to serve God you must sing in the choir. So in planning your church provide for the choir.

In the old story of the dedication of the Temple by King Solomon there is a record that when the sacrifice began then the song of the Lord began also. That is one of the things which is always true. The people who have given most to God have been the happiest people, the sweetest singers in the choir. In the story of the Early Church it is said that those who had given themselves to the Lord Jesus, who had given up everything for Him, "eat their meat with gladness." They sang over breakfast.

That is a great deal better than being grumpy over breakfast. And they speak to each other "in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." And that is a great deal better than speaking to each other in criticizing and complaining and nastiness. They lived in the choir. Rather, wherever they were they made the place a choir. When Paul and Silas had been flogged and their backs were torn and bleeding and they were pushed into a dark, damp, underground dungeon with their feet fast in the stocks, they remembered that they belonged to the choir. "And at midnight Paul and Silas sang praises unto God." Because they had given themselves to Jesus they could sing.

And why should not you also make the choir in the Church of Character as beautiful a place as the



Choir in the Cathedral? People say to you sometimes, "You need not make a song about it." But that is the very thing we should do, the very thing we want to do. If you can run and

ride and swim, is not that something worth singing about? If you are good at maths, or smart at languages, or even if you have made a good catch at cricket or scored a surprising goal at football, make a song about it, that is, as long as your song is not just praise of your own strength and skill but a song of praise to God from Whom all blessings flow; Who gave you brains and your muscle, your mind and your sight.

Ragged schools were founded in England by a crippled cobbler of Portsmouth, John Pounds. He only had a two-roomed shed for home, school and workshop. He was badly crippled. He was very poor. He taught his boys to read from pieces of posters torn off the walls because he had no books. But he would take his boys out on long nature rambles on the Portsdown Hills and carried the smallest ones on his humped back when they were tired, and sang at his work and rejoiced because God had given him these boys to help and said: "I have not got a wish on earth unfulfilled." His life was one long sacrifice in the service of boys and girls whom nobody else cared for, and his life was one grand song.

But it is not always easy to sing. Things do not always go right: they often go wrong. We are not always glad. We do not always feel like singing. But not all our songs are songs of gladness. Many of the psalms we sing in Church are stories of sadness and difficulty. "Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." Yet we still sing them. We make songs of praise even out of the sadness and disappointment.

And, somehow, then we find that we need the choir not only for the glad days but for the dark days also. Perhaps you have been to Evensong in the Cathedral when the service was held in the choir. All the rest of the Cathedral was gloomy and dark and full of shadows, but all the lights were on in the choir and the whole Cathedral was full of the praises of God. That is how it should be. Learn to praise God not only in sunny mornings and bright afternoons, but even in winter evenings turn on the lights in the choir and sing, and somehow even the shadows and the darkness will flee away. For we can make music even of our sorrows and our sacrifices.

Life is a song: God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure:
And the music grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

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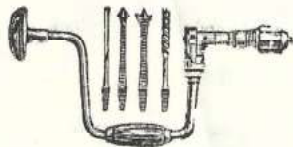
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June 22nd, when I shall return from my holiday spent at Oberammergau and in the Bavarian highlands. I hope that as many as possible will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing him. I feel quite certain that no one will regret it, and I shall leave you all with great confidence in his excellent care. Come in good numbers, and if possible fill our little Church.

Services on Sundays at 10-30 and 6-30 as usual: on June 24th Holy Communion at the Evening Service.

On June 8th the **children's treat** will take place. Their tickets will all be taken by Mrs. Burrows. Parents will kindly pay the full fare, and Mrs. Burrows will send to them the half of the amount paid. She will provide the parents with 4/- each for the children's expenses at Morecambe.

On Friday, May 18th, a **Whist Drive** and dance were held in the School-room. The prizes were presented by Mr. Bargh, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Kilburn and the Vicar. The proceeds were devoted to the expenses of the choir.

Burton-in-Lonsdale.

Parochial Church Council: Quarterly Meeting on Tuesday, June 12th, at 7 p.m. Corporate Communion, Sunday, June 10th, at 8 a.m.

Diocesan Quota. The Churchwardens have forwarded £8 to the Diocesan Board of Finance towards the budget figure for 1934.

Church of England Temperance Society. The annual sermon will be preached by the Rev. H. D. Pearson, Vicar of Bilton, on Sunday, July 1st, at 6-30 p.m. Collection for the Society.

Jumble Sale. The result (£13) towards the Sunday School Funds was under the circumstances most encouraging, and the Sunday School teachers would wish to thank all who so willingly and effectively contributed to its success.

The **Garden Fete** at Lowfields has been postponed till later in the summer, so that it will not clash with the similar event at Bentham Rectory.

Burials: April 13th, Emma Amatt, aged 75; May 7th, William James Blacow, aged 25.

Universal sympathy has been felt by the parish with the members of the Blacow family in their double trial. May God comfort them, and strengthen and guide them, one and all, in the future that lies before them!

The **Church Cleaning** will take place after the Harvest Thanksgiving.

The **Senior School.** The Trustees are desirous of putting up a wooden shed to supplement the accommodation of the School, and to provide more room for the woodwork and, it is hoped, metal work in the near future. The necessity for more room is caused by the reported access of an unexpectedly large number of new scholars after the summer holidays.

Senior School. **Weather Records** for April. *Thermometer:* highest, 70° (17th); lowest 23° (4th); average daily maximum, 57.3°; average daily minimum, 36°. *Barometer:* highest, 30.05" (2nd & 29th); lowest, 29.04" (24th); average 29.27". *Rainfall:* total for month, 3.6"; average, .12"; greatest day's fall, .53" (24th); rain fell on 18 days.

Clapham, Keasden & Newby.

Holy Communion this month on the 10th and 24th at 8 a.m.; on the 3rd and 17th after Morning Prayer; and at Keasden on the 17th.

Church Missionary Society for year ending March 31st, 1934. Collections at Clapham and Keasden, £4 14-0. Subscriptions, £6-9-3; Clapham Sunday School, 10/-; Keasden Sunday School, 6/4. Total, £11-19-7. Donation to S.P.G., £5.

Thanks to Bradford Church House Concert Party for giving us such an enjoyable Concert on April 27th, the proceeds of which amounted to just over £6-0-0 (gross). Also to an anonymous donor for sending £1 to the debt on Keasden Church Expenses Account for last year.

The Mothers' Union. 15 of our members attended the Service at Kirkby Malham Church on the occasion of the Settle Deanery Mothers' Union Festival. It was very inspiring to see the beautiful old Church filled with mothers and associates. The sermon was preached by our Bishop. After Tea the members went to Hanlith Hall Gardens by kind permission of Mrs. Dudley Illingworth. The next Quarterly Service will be held at Clapham. The date will be announced later.

Baptism: April 22nd, Bernard, son of George and Florrie Allinson, of Newby.

Sidesmen's Rota. June 3rd (M) R. Clarke, (E) J. Towler; 10th (M) A. Hodgson, (E) D. Hargreaves; 17th (M) W. Coultherd, (E) R. Clarke; 24th (M) L. Ramwell, (E) D. Hargreaves.

An American Sale will be held at Ingleborough on Saturday, June 9th, 2-30-7 p.m., by the kind permission of Mrs. Farrer. The object of the Sale is to clear off a debt on the Church Expenses Account for last year, and to have a balance in hand to meet any repairs that may be needed to the building. Here is an opportunity for all parishioners to help their Parish Church, and we feel sure the response will be readily and generously given. There will be a "Bring & Buy" Stall, Sweet Stall, Produce Stall, Various Side Shows, Teas and Ices, Bran Tub &c. Entrance, 6d each; Children 3d each. Motor Cars 1/-. Parishioners are kindly asked to supply the refreshments for the Teas and to let Mrs. Farrer of Ingleborough know not later than June 2nd what they will send.

Summary of **Clapham Churchwardens' Account, 1933.** Received: General Offerings, £48-7-0;

Special Offertories & Donations, £54-2-5; Socials, £20-11-0; Vicar's Stipend and Easter Offering, £40-18-0; Balance due to Bank, £21-7-11, Total, £185-6-4. *Expenditure*: Balance to Bank, £18-12-1; Church Expenses, £77-5-10; Special Offertories & Donations, £48-0-2; Expenses of Social, 10/3; Stipend Fund & Easter Offering, £40-18-0. Total, £185-6-4.

Austwick.

Holy Baptism: 13th May, Ada Mary Taylor.

Holy Matrimony: 9th May, Joseph Robinson and Mary Dobson.

The wedding of Mr. Joe Robinson and Miss Molly Dobson was intentionally quiet and full of spiritual significance. Two hymns were sung, "Lead us, Heavenly Father" and "O Perfect Love," and Miss Chapman played the Wedding March. After the Service relatives and friends were entertained in the Parish Hall, and wished the bride and bridegroom every happiness.

Altar Flowers. June 3rd, Miss I. Lambert; 10th, Miss M. Paley; 17th, Mrs. A. Hird; 24th, Miss M. Harrison.

Eldroth Services: June 10th and 24th. Evensong at 2.

Girl Guides. When our Company attended Church on Sunday, 6th May, they were accompanied by a large contingent of Guides from the Settle and Ingleton Districts, including both District Commissioners. At the close of the Service the Flag recently acquired by the 1st Austwick Company was brought to the Altar to be dedicated by the Vicar. It was carried by the Patol Leader, who was supported by two other Guides. The ceremonial, suggested by Headquarters, proved most fitting and ended with "God save the King," sung with special intention by the whole congregation, the day being the 24th anniversary of King George's Accession.

The Concert on the 10th May realised £3-2-0, and was promoted by a few friends for the benefit of the Lancaster Infirmary, in recognition of its services rendered during the past year to our village.

The Reading Room needs further support, and the whole village will give it on Saturday, 16th June, the date of the Fête. The Parade will start at 1-30.

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