Lassie the Second

By ELEANOR HOLBROOK.

PART II.

Hugh turned then to Elizabeth, and she answered in her gentle voice, "I should be delighted, if I weren't leaving before then. But I have been here a long time now. Only, I'm coming back for the sale." And her smile made up for her refusal.

So Hugh had to go.

The rest had all gone to bed but June and she came to say good-night.

"Don't you think you're rather hard on Hugh?" I says, holding her at arm's length.

"I hard on him?" she answers, her eyes snapping. "Good night, Daddy!" And she flashed out of the room.

The day of the sale kept coming closer. Hugh wasn't over to see June again. Neither was the druggist fellow. Don't believe she wanted him. She never said anything about the sale, but she could see the advertisements in the paper growing bigger. One day I caught her peeking at the catalogue, and I thought she was crying over one of the pages. I looked afterwards and there was a picture of Lassie the Second.

The evening before the great event, Elizabeth came to our house. Mother was helping to arrange for the Ladies' Aid lunch the next day and the whole house was busy. But I just slipped over in the evening to the Mackenzie's.

When I got back I said to the folks, "There's a lot of people over there already. Mrs. Mackenzie, she's all in a stew because there's a millionaire woman from Alberta along with her farm manager, a-stopping there. I saw them, though, and they looked just like anybody else."

I could see the next morning that June wasn't anxious to go. She looked sort of pale, as if she hadn't slept well but she went along with the rest of us just the same.

There was a whole stream of automobiles along the road, and the yard was full of them. Land sakes! you could count them by the hundred, setting all over McKenzie's lawn. And there was a circus tent set up to hold the sale in. I tell you, we were beginning to find out a few things about this neighbor of ours.

The women folks went to the house for a while but I stepped right out to the barns. Talk about excitement! There were folks all over the place, walking around the cattle, stroking and punching them, and viewing them fore and aft. There was another crowd standing before a six-foot billboard, all covered with blue ribbons.

Old Angus Mackenzie saw me and came over. He seemed nervous.

"This sale will ruin us, John Pattison," he groaned. "Four thousand dollars it has cost us. Four thousand dollars! And we won't get it back. We'll have to sell the rest of the herd to pay it. See if we don't!"

I tried to cheer him up but it was hard. Then I went on to find Hugh. He was standing by a big, square-built roan cow, and those two Alberta women were there and some spruce-looking fellows.

"Thirty pounds at a milking," the big woman was saying excitedly. Her name was Gordon—Miss Gordon.

"That's her record," said Hugh proudly. His eyes were glowing and his blood was up. I haven't seen him so full of ginger in months. "Sixty pounds a day, you see."

"That's Lassie the First," said Angus to me, one side.

"Sixty pounds a day!" The Gordon woman looked her over again. Then she turned round with a challenge.

"I dare you set a price on her!" she cried.

Angus stepped forward. "Hugh, lad, we can't possibly sell Lassie the First," he said anxiously.

"Can't possibly," agreed Hugh, laughing. "But this is her daughter, Lassie the Second." He turned and pointed out a two-year-old roan heifer.

The Alberta ladies looked her over carefully. She was a little beauty and marked just right. The two women winked at each other knowingly. I was sure that animal wouldn't be without bidders.

At last we all got places in the tent, my women folks sticking close to me. Hugh saw them for the first time and came over, along with a tall, good-looking chap, who seemed to know Elizabeth.

"This is my old college friend, George Avery," said Hugh. "Believe some of you knew him before," and he smiled at my niece. June saw the smile, and her chin went up, but she didn't seem to notice the words.

"Nice crowd you've got, Hugh," I says.

"Yes, just great," he answers. "Even father is satisfied, I believe."

Then he was off again but the chap Avery stuck with us, sitting down between Elizabeth and me. June was sort of hanging on at my other side.

"See that close-lipped man in gray over there?" says Avery. "That's a banker from Toronto. Got a big farm in Ontario, and the red-faced man with the fat, checkered vest? That's the president of the E.D. and B.C. Railway. Came here all the way from Vancouver. Oh, McKenzie's got some of the big bugs here all right."

"Angus is chewing up his mustache for fear the cattle won't make expenses," I offered.

"Make expenses! They'll average four figures."

"Are you a farmer, mister?" I asked.

"No, not exactly. I'm a county representative."

I laughed. "Well, Mr. representative, we'll see."

He and Elizabeth exchanged looks. Seems to me she knew him pretty well.

"Now the fun starts," says I, for I see a man stepping into the ring. "Who's the gent?"

"That's Professor Jones of the University," answers Avery, a little excited.

June was more surprised, I think, than the rest of us. Of course, Hugh had gone to the University, but we didn't expect the University to come to him. The professor told what wonderful men the McKenzies were, spending an honest life-time breeding splendid cattle. Why, he sort of made out they were public benefactors.

Next they led out old White Chief, with hair curled and with roses around his neck. He was a fine-looking beast. Then Lassie the First followed in procession.

Another man in the ring mounted the box and threw off his coat.

"That's the auctioneer," I says, leaning across to mother.

Then I see three or four other fellows around the edge with their notebooks.

"Who's them?" I says.

Avery answers. "Those are more auctioneers."

Just then Angus came in leading old Snowball. His face was white and I could almost see him saying, "Four thousand—dollars!"

A farmer from up the next county started her at a real low figure, and she crept up a little and then a little more. And the auctioneer dropped her off.

Poor Angus! It wasn't going to pay, at that rate. He led the cow out slowly.

But pretty soon it got livelier. The serious bidders began to get their work in. And from that time on Angus didn't have any need to worry. Talk about women at a bargain counter! They can't beat men at an auction. Why, even I felt as if I ought to buy Mackenzie's cattle! I ought to have the whole herd but if I couldn't I should have five or six head. I must buy one, if we didn't repaint the barn, or have a new car, or anything! I had to grip hold of myself tight.

Crimson Beauty was the first to raise our hopes high. The banker and the roalroad president were bidding against each other. And she went up and up and up, until she reached four figures!

Even then, the Alberta women hadn't done much. I was sort of disappointed in them.

Finally out came Lassie the Second. The auctioneer praised her to the skies but he needn't have. The Gordon women stepped up lively. They were bound to have her. So was the banker. So was the railroad man. Why, I wanted her myself! I wanted her to establish a herd. I wanted her to win prizes. I wanted her at any cost! We were all the same way!

"Nine hundred!" I signals, early in the game. Mother tugged at my sleeve.

"Are you crazy, John Pattison? Don't you know we're going to have electric lights next?"

I calmed down then but the rest didn't. The Alberta women went right on. So did the banker. So did the president. One thousand! They didn't stop there. Fifteen hundred, eighteen—two thousand. I gaped round at the crowd. More! Old Angus had ceased looking astonished and was just looking shrewd.

The head auctioneer was shouting. Higher! It was the Gordon woman. The railroad man shook his head, looked beat and dropped out. Three thousand!

The noise was immense. The crowd cheered them on. Some of us backed the women, some the banker. We couldn't hear much. Now the banker had it. Now the women! The banker's man threw up his hands, thinking he was victorious. Then I saw that plucky Miss Gordon set her lips and bring down her fist, as much as to say, "Beat that, if you dare!"

At last the banker shook his head. The women's auctioneer let out a whoop and began to dance.

There was wild cheering then! And we all looked round at each other once more. Elizabeth was still clapping her hands, but I couldn't see June anywhere.

Hugh got away from the crowd finally and came over to us. We all shook hands with him, congratulated him, especially Elizabeth.

"Where's June?" he says, looking about.

"She slipped away," answers she.

He looed dreadfully disappointed.

"When did she go?"

"She went when you brought out Lassie the Second. She seemed sort of sick."

Hugh just looked at her, thoughtful-like.

"Can't you come over to-night, Hugh?" she went on. "Will you have time, with the crowd here?"

His jaws clicked together. "I'll find time," he said, and walked away with a smile.

Well, it was all over at last, and Angus McKenzie was treading on air. You would almost think he had done some of the business himself.

"Four thousand dollars wasted?" I says to him slyly.

He shook his head slow. "Man, that's a lot of money to spend on a newspaper!"

June wouldn't eat supper with the family that night and her eyes were red. She slipped off down to the brook somewheres, I guess. We let her be. But Elizabeth was there, and her county representative. Maybe that's how she knew so much about farming.

By and by, rather late, Hugh came over. We were sitting out on the porch, as usual.

"June here?" he asked quietly.

I took my good pipe out of my mouth. "June's got a mighty nice spot down by the willow tree. Have you ever seen it?"

He smiled and walked quickly away towards the brook. And we waited for them in the moonlight.

They came back at last and my little June was all dimples once more. And Hugh looked well satisfied.

She curled down by me, with one arm around my neck.

"What made you run away, my dear? It was a grand sight when Lassie the Second was sold."

There was a gulpy sound down in my collar. "Hugh said—he was going to give her to me as—a—wedding present. Then he thought I didn't want her—or him. Anyway, she has given us a good start on our house and he says I may have Lassie the Third!"

(The End.)

A Faithful Dog.

On a lonely logging road that wound among the mountains lived Uncle Ben with his dog, Billy. I often met him in the woods, says a writer, but never without seeing Billy close behind. Nearly always the dog carried a pail containing game for their supper. Uncle Ben had also taught the dog to accompany him to the spring with the pail and to carry it home filled with water.

A fireplace in the cabin served them both for cooking and for heating, and Billy was taught to bring in small sticks for fuel. Uncle Ben's rude bed was near the outside door, so that he could pull the latchstring without rising; and on the foot of the primitive couch the dog always slept.

After a long trip one day Uncle Ben returned feeling very tired and ill; toward morning he awoke and found that his right side was paralyzed. He was barely able to sit up; and since there was little food, their condition seemed critical.

Their drink gave out first. Uncle Ben's thirst became almost unbearable. After several attempts he got Billy to take the little tin pail to the spring. There in some unknown way the dog succeeded in partly filling the pail with water to carry to the sick man.

Several days passed; both dog and man were suffering with hunger, and starvation seemed inevitable. After examining the empty dishes many times Billy whined for his master to pull the latchstring and let him out. He was gone nearly half a day. But when he returned he laid a rabbit by the side of Uncle Ben's bed.

With much difficulty Uncle Ben prepared the rabbit for cooking. Billy brought in small sticks, Uncle Ben started a fire, and soon they were able to appease their hunger.

It was nearly a month before a group of hunters discovered their condition. Meanwhile the dog had furnished food and drink sufficient to sustain life.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians

Very Mean.

Two small boys were discussing the various attributes of their respected parents, and the conversation had reached the highly critical stage, and threatened to get even warmer still.

"Well," remarked Tommy Stubbs, "you can say what you like, but I reckon your father's about the meanest man that ever lived."

"My father is not mean!" screamed Bobby Roberts.

"Yes, he is mean!" repeated Tommy, "or else why does he let you go about in such shabby boots when he is a bootmaker by trade?"

"All right,' 'answered Bobby; "but, at any rate, he is not so mean as your father. Why, fancy, he's a dentist, and yet your baby brother has only got one tooth!"

In New Brunswick, during 1920, there were 312 forest fires from all causes, burning over 94,787 acres, and representing a monetary loss of $690,306.

ISSUE No. 23—'21.

AUTO USED PARTS

We carry a full line of used parts for all makes of cars, cleaned and free from grease and dirt. Magnetos, gears, springs, complete engines, tires, etc. Highest prices paid for old cars. Write, wire or phone

AUTOMOBILE USED PARTS CO.,
1630 Dundas St. West, - Toronto

Woman's Sphere

A Saturday Social.

Because Saturday's child must work for a living, the following invitations went out for a Saturday Social:

Saturday's child must work for a living,
And that's the sort of social we're giving—
Wear the garments of toil and labor,
And see if you can't look worse than your neighbor!

Naturally everybody made a joke of it, and came ready for fun. The girls and women had on such things as frivolous pink bungalow aprons, gingham dresses, hair tied up in bandannas or sweeping caps. The men's costumes ran to overalls, dish-washing aprons over everyday suits, and flannel shirts.

The first thing, everybody was ticketed as either a snickerdoodle or a hermit—two well-known kinds of cookies. Cookies, as anyone knows, are a product of Saturday morning's baking. Red ribbons were snickerdoodles; and blue ones, hermits. Snickerdoodles tried to beat hermits in several exciting contests.

First, the two sides stood in opposing rows, and the members passed a whole egg-shell from hand to hand down the line, each side vying with the other in speed. There was much squealing lest the frail eggshell drop on the floor in its hasty transit.

The next stunt was similar, only that this time it was a handful of beans. What a scramble there was when a bean dropped, for that delayed the progress mightily! If you have never tried it, pass a handful of beans quickly to another person and see how difficult it is to transfer them safely.

A third stunt was a spelling bee, using Saturday words—the words of baking day. People get surprisingly mixed on such simple ones as chocolate, saleratus, molasses, banana, cinnamon, and the like.

Presently it was suggested that snickerdoodles and hermits give a Saturday matinee of cake charades. Each side received the names of cakes as for instance: Angels' food, devil cake, White Mountain cake, lady fingers, and so on.

A game for everybody was called "Stir the Pudding." The players stood in a ring around a blindfolded leader, the "cook," holding a spoon, and they circled till the leader said, "Stop!" At the same time the leader pointed his spoon at someone in the circle, and asked a question—any sort that came into his head, the crazier the better. The one pointed at was supposed, by disguising her voice, to conceal her identity. If she failed to do so, she had to take her place in the centre and become the "cook." After three attempts on any one person, the spoon usually stirred the pudding again for a new victim.

Saturday's child was there—forlorn in long-sleeved gingham and pigtails. She had big pockets in her apron, full of fortunes about future jobs and destinies, and soon the dimes began to jingle together gayly in those pockets as the fortunes began to be demanded.

The refreshments were real Saturday night ones, and consisted of baked beans, steamed brown bread, and coffee. Everyone in paying a quarter for supper felt as if he or she paid cheaply, for all the fun was thrown in.

The social was combined with a Saturday sale. For instance, there was the Saturday morning baking booth, which held home-made cakes and pies; there was the Saturday afternoon matinee booth, full of frivolities, such as little bags, camisoles, beads, or the like. And there was the famous Saturday-night booth. Saturday night has long been "tub night," and the booth held wash cloths, embroidered or crochet-edge towels, oilcloth-lined bags, and traveling cases.

The sale part may be omitted.

The Home-Turning.

Oh, the twilight sets me yearning
On warm summer nights;
For the wooded road's home-turning
And the gleaming lights;

All the long, deep valley sleeping,
Misty, cool and still,
And the moonlight glory creeping
Over flowering hill.

Sweet the honeysuckle clinging
To the locust tree;
Wide the little gate a-swinging,
Beckoning to me.

Wee the cottage, silvered, glistening
In the moon's white sway,
And a mother listening, listening
At the close of day.

Choosing Canning Equipment.

The woman who is just beginning to can and does not wish to put up a large amount may easily get along with utensils she has in the house for her first canning outfit. A wash boiler, a lard pail, or a large galvanized pail fitted with a tight cover will serve for a vat. For the false bottom, nail strips of lath to two crosspieces, and make a rack to fit the boiler or pail. Wire handles will help in placing the rack or removing it from the vat.

If a good deal of canning must be done, the housewife will do well to purchase a commercial canner. There are four types in general use at present, all of which economize on time and labor over the home-made outfit. Hot-water bath outfits, which operate on the same principle as the home-made canners, are the least expensive. While simple in construction, they are manufactured especially for canning and are adapted to hold cans economically. They are excellent for canning fruit for which a high temperature is not necessary and the processing is short.

Water-seal outfits, steam canners, and high-pressure aluminum cookers all sterilize at a higher temperature than the hot-water bath outfits. The water-seal canner is made with a double jacket with an air space between, and sterilizes by means of live steam generated in the bottom of the outfit.

The steam-pressure canner is useful if meats are to be canned. It is more rapid than either of the above types and, because of the high pressure, meats and vegetables may be sterilized in much less time than with a hot-water bath outfit. In canning fruits there is little to be gained by using a high-pressure outfit, since they require but little processing.

A type which is popular in high altitudes is the aluminum pressure cooker which admits of intense heat and high pressure. Since this canner is small, it is adapted especially to the household in which only a few cans are put up at a time. Of course it cans rapidly, so that a good many jars may be filled in a day.

Among the smaller items which help in canning are the hot-jar lifter or tongs and the hot-pan lifter. Peelers, apple corer, cherry stoner, and peach seeder are very useful, and indispensable if a large amount of any one product is canned. To aid in packing, it is necessary also to have a flexible paddle of bamboo, hickory, or some other pliable wood. A thermometer is a great aid in successful canning.

Modern Manna.

Manna is found now in the regions of Upper Mesopotamia and Kurdistan and along the Persian frontier.

It falls in the form of dew during September, October, and November, and lodges upon the leaves of oak trees. It hardens immediately and assumes the form of a grain.

Early in the morning it is gathered by spreading sheets beneath the trees, which are shaken, and the manna is then collected and stored for winter, to be used as a food or shipped to Bagdad for sale in the bazaar.

The manna falls on other vegetation, including grass, but all of it is lost except that gathered from the oak leaves. It is sweet and is eaten by the natives as a substitute for sugar or honey.

Holland's new salt mines already are meeting about one-eighth of that country's demands.

By the use of by-product ovens, the coking plants at Sydney, N.S., Hamilton and Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and at Anyox, B.C., in 1920, produced 14,026,172 gallons of tar and 19,142 tons of ammonium sulphate. In 1919 the production was 12,394,249 gallons of tar and 11,765 tons of ammonium sulphate.

Used Autos

BREAKEY SELLS THEM; USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or test run of same distance if you wish, in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

BRING mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Breakey's Used Car Market
402 Yonge Street, - Toronto

A Little Wisdom.

The truth most required is the truth liked least.

A little commendation goes a long, long way.

The greatest wretchedness is to be guilty without repentance.

An honest man does not lose his character because a dog barks at him.

When you obey your superior you instruct your inferior in obedience.

Those who gather nothing when young will have no more when they are old.

The greatest wisdom is to have unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

He who knows himself best esteems himself least, for all are the better for knowing the worst of themselves.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

What Worried Him.

The young married couple were dining out. In the middle of their meal a tall and beautiful woman, passing near the table, gave the young man a look of recognition and a dangerous smile. So dangerous, in fact, was the smile that the young wife said: "John, who was that woman?" John held up his hand. "Now, for goodness sake," said he, "don't go bothering me about who she is. I shall have trouble enough explaining to her who you are."

The Soul of the Advertisement

Granted an arresting headline, the art of writing a retail advertisement is just the ability to say one's say intelligently, in logical order, and, above all, naturally.

No "literary gift"—no flowery language—is necessary. The best copy is the earnest, over-the-counter talk you would give to a customer.

In other words, put yourself—your soul—into your writing.

Grammar is useful, but not indispensable. It doesn't make or break the advertisement. It is your own earnestness and conviction that makes people believe and respond to what you say.

You will find, as you devote more attention to your advertising, that it will return you dividends of pleasure as well as of profit. As time passes, customers will notice an omission and speak to you about it. This experience is not imaginary. It is a fact—as many merchants and publishers will testify.

* * *

One of the most enjoyable things you can do is to spend an hour or so a few evenings a week thinking out a well-balanced weekly newspaper advertising campaign for your store and your merchandise. And, having thought it out, carry it through regardless of other people's opinions or whims.

You have three of the best trading months ahead. Do, then, as we suggest, and watch results.

COARSE SALT
LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
G. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

Merchants

PHONE YOUR RUSH ORDERS

For anything in Fancy Goods, Cut Glass, Toys, Smallwares, Sporting Goods, Wire Goods, Druggists' Sundries, Hardware Specialties, etc., to MAIN 6700 on a Reversed charge.

Torcan Fancy Goods Co., Ltd.
TORONTO
Major Harry Cameron, Man. Dir.

Purity-Quality-Economy

The combination of purity-quality and economy has made Magic Baking Powder the standard baking powder of Canada. Positively contains no alum or other injurious substitutes. Its use insures perfect satisfaction.

"Costs no more than the ordinary kinds"

Made in Canada
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CAN. MONTREAL

No Cake Wasted

In 2, 5, and 10-lb. tins

Gives a wonderfully fresh flavor to every kind of cake, pie and pudding—the last morsel is as moist and digestible as the first. It *does* lower the cost of baking.

By far the most popular table syrup, for cooking, baking and candy-making.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Crown Brand Syrup

"The Great Sweetener"

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