A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Billy Wilson, who lives with his father and stepmother and her son Anson, is the leader among the boys of Scotia, a pioneer settlement near Lake Erie. Cobin Keeler, one of the trustees, is telling the new teacher, Mr. Johnston, about his predecessor, Frank Stanhope, who was blinded while trying to save horses from a burning stable. A will made by a wealthy hermit, Scroggie, in Stanhope's favor could not be found. Billy and Maurice Keeler visit old Harry O'Dule to ask his aid in their search for the lost will. A storm frightens old Harry away.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Watch out!" warned Billy, grasping him by the arm and jerking him to one side, "that struck elm is goin' to fall." A rainbow of flame flashed close before the boys, as the stricken tree crashed across the path, hurling forth a shower of sparks as it came to earth. Then inky darkness followed and from the black canopy which a moment ago had seemed to touch the tree tops the rain fell in torrents.

"Bill, Oh Bill! where 'bouts are you?" Maurice's voice sounded muffled and far away to his chum's ears.

"I'm right here," he answered.

"Gollies! but ain't it dark? I can't see anythin' of you, Bill."

"Ner me, either. I guess we'll have to give up the hunt fer t'night, Maurice. Anyways, we don't know jest how to work ol' Harry's fairy arrer."

"No, we'll have to find out. Say, Bill, where 'bouts is the path?"

"Gee! how am I to know; it's right here somewheres, though."

"I guess I've found it, Bill. Come over close, so's I kin touch you, then we'll be movin' 'long. Hully gee! but I'm wet. Got both them charms safe?"

"Right here in my two fists, Maurice."

"Well, hang to 'em tight till we get away from this ha'nted grove. Ghosts don't mind rain none—an' he's liable t' be prowlin' out. Say, can't y' whistle a bit, so's it won't be so pesky lonesome?"

Billy puckered up his lips, but his effort was a failure. "You try, Maurice," he said, "I can't jest keep the hole in my mouth steady long enough t' whistle."

"Gosh! ain't I been tryin'," groaned Maurice. "My teeth won't keep still a'tall. Maybe I won't be one glad kid when we get out 'a here."

For half an hour they groped their way forward, no further words passing between them. The heavy roar of the rain on the tree tops made conversation next to impossible. The darkness was so dense they were forced to proceed slowly and pause for breath after bumping violently against a tree or sapling. They had been striving for what seemed to both to be a long, long time to find the clearing when Billy paused in his tracks and spoke: "It's no use, Maurice. We're lost."

Maurice sank weakly down against a tree trunk, and groaned.

"I guess we've struck into the big woods," Billy informed him. "Anyways, the trees are gettin' thicker the further we go."

"Gee! Bill, there might be wolves an' bears in this woods," said Maurice fearfully.

"Sure there might but I guess all we kin do is take our chance with 'em."

"Well, I'd rather take a chance with a bear than a ghost, wouldn't you, Bill?"

"Betcha, I would. Say, Maurice," he broke out excitedly, "there's a light comin' through the trees. See it? It's movin'. Must be somebody with a lantern."

"I see it," Maurice replied in guarded tones. "Bill, that light's comin' this way, sure as shootin'."

"Looks like it. Wonder who it kin be? Maybe somebody lookin' fer us."

The two boys crouched down beside a great beech. The light, which had not been a great distance from them when first sighted, was rapidly approaching. Billy grasped his chum's arm. "Look," he whispered, "there's two of 'em."

"I see 'em," his friend whispered back. "Gosh! looks as thought they're goin' to tramp right onto us."

However, the night-roamers of the forest did not walk into them. Instead they came very close to the boys and halted. The man who carried the lantern set it down on the ground and spoke in gruff tones to his companion, a short, heavy-set man with a fringe of black beard on his face.

"I tell you, Jack, we'll hide the stuff there. It'll be safe as a church."

"I say no, Tom," the other returned, surlily. "It won't be safe there. Somebody'll be sure to find it."

The other man turned on him angrily. "Who'll find it?" he retorted. "Don't be a fool, Jack. You couldn't pull anybody to that place with a loggin' chain. It's the safest spot in the world to hide the stuff, I tell ye. Besides, the boat orter be in in a few days, and we kin slip the stuff to Cap. Jacques without the boss ever knowin' how far we've exceeded his orders."

"All right," gruffly assented his companion, "if you're so cock sure, it suits me all right. Come on; let's get out of this cussed woods. Remember we've got some work before us to-night."

The man named Tom picked up the lantern and moved on, cursing the rain and the saplings that whipped his face at every step. His pal followed without a word.

The boys waited until the lantern's glow grew hazy through the slackening rain, then they sprang up and followed. Three-quarters of an hour later the trees began to thin. Unwittingly the strangers had guided them into the clearing.

As they reached the open the rain ceased altogether. High above a few pale stars were beginning to probe through the tattered clouds. The men with the lantern were rapidly moving across the stumpy fallow, towards the causeway.

"Will we foller 'em, Bill?" asked Maurice eagerly.

Billy shook his head. "I'd sort o' like to," he said, slowly, "jest to find out what game they're up to, but I guess if we know what's good fer us we'll go home an' take off these wet duds. Hard lookin' customers, wasn't they?"

"Hard, I should say so! I'll bet either one of 'em 'ud murder a hull family fer ten cents. Say, Bill, maybe they're pirates; you heard what they said about a boat, didn't you?"

"Yep, I heard, but they ain't pirates, 'cause they didn't have no tattoo marks on 'em, er rings in their ears; but whoever they are they're up to no good. They're aimin' to hide somethin' somewheres, but jest what it is an' where they intend hidin' it there's no way of tellin'; so come on, let's get movin'."

In silence they made their way across the clearing to the road. "Say, Bill," said Maurice, as they paused to rest on the top rail of the fence, "do you 'spose we best tell our dads about seein' them men?"

"Naw, can't you see if we told our dads that, they'd want 'a know what you an' me was doin' out in Scroggie's bush in the rain, at that hour of the night? No sirree, we won't say a word 'bout it."

"Then s'posin' we try an' find out something 'bout 'em fer ourselves, eh?"

"Say, you give me a pain," cried Billy. "Don't you 'spose we've got all we kin do ahead of us now?"

"Findin' Scroggie's money an' will, you mean?"

"Sure. Now shut up an' let's get home. I expect Ma'll be waitin' up to give me hail Columbia, an' I guess you won't be gettin' any pettin' from yourn, either."

"I know what I'll be gettin' from mine, all right," said Maurice, moodily. "Say, Bill," he coaxed, "you come along over by our place an' smooth things over fer me, will you? You kin do anythin' with Ma."

"No," said iBlly, "I got to be movin' on."

"But I'll get an awful hidin' if you don't. I don't mind an ordinary tannin' but a tannin' in these wet pants is goin' to hurt like fury. They're stickin' close to my legs. I might as well be naked an' Ma she certainly does lay it on."

Billy laughed. "All right, I'll come along, but I ain't believin' anythin' I kin say to your Ma'll keep you from gettin' it."

The boys slid from the fence, then leaped back as something long and white rose from behind a fallen tree and, with a startled snort, confronted them.

"Gollies!" ejaculated Billy. "It's a hog. I thought, first off, it was a bear."

Maurice peered out from behind a tree. "Well, I'll be jiggered!" he exclaimed. "It's our old sow. She's been lost fer nigh onto two weeks, an' Dad's been huntin' fer her everywhere."

"That so? Then we'll drive her home."

"Aw, say, Bill," protested Maurice, "I'm tired an' wet as a water-logged plank. Let her go. I'll tell Dad, an' he kin come after her to-morrow."

"No, we'll drive her home now. I guess I know what's best. Get on t'other side of her. Now then, don't let her turn back!"

Maurice grumblingly did his share of the driving. It was no easy task to pilot that big, rangy sow into the safe harbor of the Keeler barnyard but done it was at last.

"Ma's got the light burnin' an' the strap waitin' fer her little boy," chaffed Billy as they put up the barn-yard bars.

Maurice, who had climbed the fence so as to get a glimpse of the interior of his home through a window, whistled softly as his eyes took in the scene within.

"Say, Billy," he cried, "your Ma an' Pa's there."

"Gee whitticker!" exclaimed Billy. "I wish now I hadn't promised you I'd come in. All right, lead on. Let's get the funeral over with."

Without so much as another word the boys went up the path.

"If I don't see you ag'in alive, Bill, good-bye," whispered Maurice as he opened the door.

Mrs. Keeler, who was doing her best to catch what her neighbor was saying, lifted her head as the two wet and tired boys entered the room.

"There they be now," she said grimly. "The two worst boys in Scotia, Mrs. Wilson."

"I believe you, Mrs. Keeler," nodded her friend. "Now then, where have you two drowned rats been to-night, Willium?"

Cobin Keeler, who was playing a game of checkers with Billy's father, cleared his throat and leaned forward like a judge on the bench, waiting for the answer to his neighbor's question.

"We got——" commenced Maurice, but Billy pinched his leg for silence.

"I got track of your lost sow, Mr. Keeler, when I was comin' home from the store to-night," he said. "Leastwise I didn't know it was your sow but Maurice told me about yours bein' lost. So after Mrs. Keeler went to give Mr. Spencer a call down we hired Anse to look after the preservin' an' went out to try an' track her down."

Maurice, who had listened open mouthed to his chum's narration, sighed deeply. "We had an awful time," he put in, only to receive a harder pinch for his pains.

"But you didn't see her, did ye?" Cobin asked eagerly.

Disregarding the question, Billy continued: "The tracks led us a long ways, I kin tell you. We got up into the Scroggie bush at last an' then the rain come."

"But we kept right on trackin'—" put in Maurice, eagerly. "After the stars come out again, of course," explained Billy, managing to skin Maurice's shin with his boot-heel, "an' we found her—"

"You found her?" cried Cobin, leaping up.

"Jest half an hour ago," said Billy.

"Good lads!" cried Cobin heartily, "Ma, hear that? They found ol' Junefly. Wasn't that smart of 'em, an' in all that rain, too."

"Who'd you say was again' to soon die?" Mrs. Keeler put her hand to her ear and leaned forward.

"I say the boys found the old sow, Ma!" Cobin shouted.

"They did?" Mrs. Keeler turned towards Billy and Maurice, her face aglow. "An' was that what they was adoin'? Now I'm right sorry I spoke harsh. I am so. Ain't you, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Oh, I must say that Willium does do somethin' worth while, once in a long while," returned her neighbor, grudgingly. "But Anson, now—"

Mrs. Keeler broke in. "Anson, humph! Why, that boy had the nerve to say that I should give him ten cents fer watchin' the kettle while them two dear boys was out in the storm, huntin' fer Pa's sow. I give him a box on the ear instead an' sent him home on the jump. Maybe I was a bit hasty but I was mad after havin' to give that old Caleb Spencer a piece of my mind fer sendin' me sawdust instead of groceries. I guess he won't try that ag'in."

Billy moved towards the door. "I'd best be gettin' home," he said, "I'm awful wet."

"Stay all night with Maurice," invited Mrs. Keeler. "You an' him kin pile right into bed now and I'll bring you both a bowl of hot bread and milk."

Billy glanced at his mother.

"You kin stay if you want to, Willium," she said, "only see that you are home bright and early in the mornin'. Your Pa'll want you to help hill potaters."

She stood up. "Well, Tom, if you and Cobin are through with the game don't start another. It's late an' time all decent folks was home abed."

Snug in Maurice's corn-husk bed in the attic, the boys lay and listened for the door to open and close. Then Maurice chuckled.

"Gee! Bill, I could'a knocked your head off fer makin' me help drive ol' Junefly home but now I see you knowed what you was doin'. Holy smoke! I wish't I was as smart as you."

"Go to sleep," said Billy, drowsily.

Half an hour later when Mrs. Keeler carrying two bowls of steaming bread and milk ascended the stairs Billy alone sat up to reach for it.

"Is Maurice asleep?" whispered the woman.

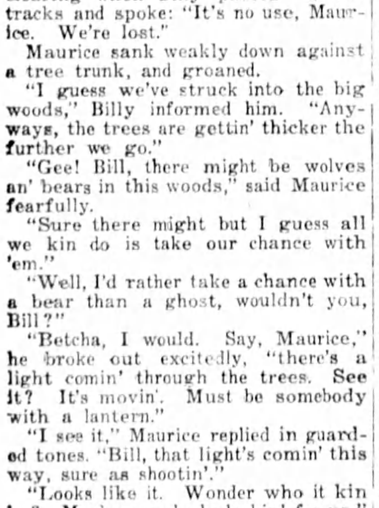
Billy nodded.

"Well, you might as well have both bowls then. I don't like to see good bread an' milk wasted."

She set the bowls down on the little table beside the bed, placed the lamp beside them, then leaning over tucked the blankets about the boys.

"No use tryin' to wake Maurice," she said as she turned to go. "As well try to wake the dead. Remember, you boys get up when I call you."

(To be continued.)



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NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

A Village of Chess Players.

If a visitor to the ancient village of Stroebeck near Halberstadt, in Saxony, should wander through the streets just after breakfast, he would meet little troops of boys and girls on their way to school carrying very strange school luggage. Every one of them would be burdened with a full set of chess-men.

According to a writer in Blanco y Negro, Stroebeck is a veritable rookery of chess players. From the children in primary grades to the doddering ancients in the chimney corners all the inhabitants devote the greater part of their leisure to acquiring proficiency in the fascinating game. During one of the frequent wars between the Poles and the Germans in the Middle Ages a Polish prince, the story goes, fell into the hands of the German army near Stroebeck, and for his own safety they shut him up in the castle that still dominates the village. To while away the tedious hours the prince, who like many of his countrymen was an accomplished chess player, taught the game to his jailers. They became infatuated with it, and the passion spread until every man, woman and child in the village was neglecting his affairs in order to checkmate his neighbor. The devotion to the game was transmitted from generation to generation; even to-day nothing seems to dampen the ardor with which the Stroebeckian pursues the intricate moves of his beloved game.

It is one of the prescribed subjects taught in what we should call the grammar schools. Nor do the pupils, as soon as they leave school, try to forget what they have learned. It is their lifelong pursuit. In offices, in stores, everywhere about the village, the traveller will encounter couples who have dropped their work to engage in a contest. Even the village blacksmith, placing his board on his anvil, plays with the neighbor who has brought his horse to be shod. No bets are made, no prizes offered; the sole ambition of the players is to win. If defeated they console themselves with the reflection that they have learned something that may help them to win the next game. Everywhere in the town are evidences of the cult. The mouldings of the schoolhouse door are ornamented with magnified figures of chessmen, in the public reading room are all the periodicals that treat of the game, and in the public buildings are portraits of many famous players.

Somewhere.

How can I cease to pray for thee?
Somewhere in God's great universe
thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee
I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou art done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb:
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear,
Poor, human words of blessing, will I pray,
Oh! true, brave heart, God bless thee, wheresoe'r
In His great universe thou art to-day.

Nancy Knew.

Little Nancy—"Mother, I know what drawing is."

Mother—"Well, my dear, what is it?"

"Drawing is thinking, and then drawing round the think."

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The World's Most Wonderful Gardens

For eighty years Kew Gardens, in London, have been the Mecca not only of the world's horticulturists but of millions of admiring visitors.

Kew Gardens do not exist solely or even primarily for the purpose of providing relaxation for jaded Londoners or wondering visitors from every land. Their chief object is the advancement of the study of plant life, combined with the introduction into Britain of new and rare foreign plants.

The Gardens, which cover 288 acres, contain 25,000 different varieties of plants arranged systematically in hothouses and in the open. The Palm House, which attracts more visitors than any other building, is 362 ft. long and 66 ft. high. It is warmed by huge ovens, the heat being conveyed through 17,500 ft. of pipes.

One of the treasures of the Gardens is the Victoria Regia, the queen of water-lilies and the biggest flower known. Its leaves are so broad that they are capable of supporting the weight of a child of five. This wonderful plant, which has a house to itself, was discovered in 1801 by a Spanish monk, who described in a report to his Government his astonishment at first seeing the glorious blooms.

Thirty years later an English botanist found the plant floating on the Berbice River in British Guinana, and his description created tremendous interest. Soon afterwards it made its appearance at Kew, where the wonder plant has received the homage of hundreds of thousands of visitors.

Another source of attraction are the pitcher plants. The Flytrap variety is almost uncanny. No sooner does an insect alight on the inside of its cup than the lid shuts down tightly, remaining closed until the prisoner has been completely digested by the plant.

But to catalogue the plant marvels of Kew would be to essay a gigantic task, just as to inspect the contents of the Gardens thoroughly would occupy many days. For the visitor who is interested in Nature and who has an eye for beauty, the possibilities of Kew are inexhaustible.

Woman's Sphere

Are You Keeping Up?

What would you think of a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher or a teacher who laid aside all his books when he quit school and announced to the world that he was through studying? You'd say right away, "Here's a party who is headed straight for failure. I'll give him two years to keep his first job, and in five years he'll be a day laborer. Why doesn't he know the world moves? These are stirring times, and if he isn't going to read and study, how does he expect to keep up with the times?"

Yet how many housekeepers adopt the attitude they condemn in other professional folks? How many housekeepers make it a business to study and keep in step with the progress that is being made in their profession? Did you even know that housework is now dignified by that name?

In no science have greater strides been made in the past decade than in the science of nutrition. Just the matter of eating vegetables alone. Ten years ago we thought vegetables and fruits were the cause of bowel disturbances in summer time. We were told not to give green vegetables to children under three years of age. Now we cut out animal foods in cases of "cholera morbus," and we calmly feed the three-months-old baby spinach and other vegetables. We'd have had a fit if anyone had suggested tomato juice for ten-year-old John when he was a baby, but we give it to his six-months-old sister if the oranges are not handy.

This is only one instance of the many changes which have taken place in our ideas about feeding the human family in the light of the experiments of the past ten years. Do you know about them? Don't you think you should? Certainly if you want to keep your family in trim the only way to do it is by feeding them right.

Don't say you have no time to read and study. Take it. Take fifteen minutes right after the folks get out in the morning. Or in the middle of the day when you are tired to the point of dropping, why just drop and spend a quarter of an hour studying up in your profession. It is the most important thing you can do; far more so than pulling threads out of a piece of muslin and sewing up the holes or crochetting miles of edging for the parlor curtains. It means health for your family.

Some Canning Suggestions.

Devotees of the cold pack method of canning are firmly convinced that this is the only successful method of preserving fruit and vegetables. But housekeepers who for years have canned by the open kettle method and had their fruit keep without spoilage are hard to convince. From my own experience, I must say I side with the housekeepers. During the war when we all did everything as suggested with the idea that we'd help win the fight that way, I tried the cold pack method, but with no better success with fruit, so far as keeping properties was concerned, than when I followed the old-fashioned method of canning. For vegetables, however, I am firmly convinced the cold pack method is the best and only reliable way.

The general directions for cold pack canning are simple. Cans, tops and rubbers must be sterilized, that is, boiled, at least five minutes. Put in cold water and bring to boil; keep in the hot water on back of range until used. Vegetables should be blanched—parboiled—then dipped in cold water, then packed in the sterilized cans, until they just touch the rubbers, and the can plunged into a boiler of water as hot as the product in the can, and deep enough to come over the top two inches. Water in the boiler must be kept boiling the length of time given for each vegetable or fruit. If vegetables are to be canned, hot water and salt are poured in to fill the can to within one-half inch of top; if fruit is used hot syrup is put in, though it can be canned with hot water, and sugar added when opened.

After boiling, the technical word is processing, the required time, remove from water and tighten tops, invert to see they do not leak, and when cool store in a dark place. For blanching vegetables a square of cheesecloth or a wire basket is a necessity. Place the vegetable in the cheesecloth, twist the four corners together, and lay over the side of the kettle in which you are to blanch. You then have them ready to pick the product out as soon as the blanching is finished.

Corn.—Corn should be canned as soon as it is picked. Government experts claim that corn loses half of its sugar if allowed to stand only over night. Select between milk and dough stage; remove husks and silk; blanch on cob five minutes; plunge in cold water ten seconds; cut from cob, pack into sterilized jars to within one inch of top; add one teaspoon of salt and one of sugar; screw on top, and process four hours. Cans must be put immediately into the boiler of water. If allowed to cool they are apt to crack when plunged into the hot water. Corn on the cob is done in the same way, packing the balanced ears in wide-mouthed cans instead of cutting from cob.

Peas should be blanched five minutes, plunged ten seconds, and processed two and one-half hours if fresh. If not strictly fresh picked, process three hours. The cans must be filled with hot water and a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt added.

Succotash.—Blanch and plunge the corn and cut from cob as if for canning separately. Mix with equal measure of shelled lima beans, which need not be blanched, and process for three hours.

Peppers are much prized for winter use by housewives looking for a change in diet. Sweet green, or bull-nose peppers are best. Cut in halves and remove seeds; pack in jars; cover with boiling water; add two teaspoons of salt and process two hours. They need not be blanched and dipped. A government bulletin advises baking in the oven until skin will come off easily, packing in jars and processing one and a half hours.

Removing Mildew.

Chloride of lime used intelligently will remove mildew. Do not use too much. A teaspoonful to a small tub or pail full of water is plenty. Be sure lime is thoroughly dissolved, or better still, tie it up in a stout piece of cloth and run water on to it, pressing cloth with a stick; then allow to float in tub. Immerse article to be cleansed and allow to stand several hours. Remove and rinse thoroughly in several waters. Repeat if necessary, but do not increase quantity of lime, as it will eat the material.

St. Swithin.

"Bury me," the bishop said,
"Close to my geranium bed;
Lay me near my gentle birch.
It is lonely in the church,
And its vaults are damp and chill!
Noble men sleep there, but still!
House me in the friendly grass!
Let the linnets sing my mass!
And for censors bid the breeze
Waft me its perfumeries!"

Dying within had his whim,
And the green sod covered him.

Then what holy celebrations
And what rapturous adorations,
Joy no worldly pen may paint——
Swithin had been made a saint!
Yet the monks forgot that he
Craved for blossom, bird and bee,
And, communing round his tomb,
Vowed its narrow earthen room
Was unworthy one whose star
Blazed in Peter's calendar.
"Who," they asked, "when we are gone
Will protect this sacred lawn?
What if time irreverent gust
Should disperse his holy dust?"
Troubled by a blackbird's whistle,
Vexed by an invading thistle,
They resolved to move his bones
To the chaste cathedral stones.

But the clouds grew black and thick
When they lifted spade and pick,
And they feared that they had blundered
By the way it poured and thundered.
Quoth the abbot: "Thus, I deem,
Swithin shows us we blaspheme!
He was fond of wind and rain;
Let him in their clasp remain!"

Forty days the heavens wept,
But St. Swithin smiled and slept.

—Daniel Henderson.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Airplanes in Forest Protection.

By a co-operative arrangement between the Air Board of Canada and the Dominion and provincial forest services, airplanes are being tested this season in five provinces in the work of forest surveying and forest protection. The provinces in which airplanes are operating are Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta, and British Columbia. The use of machines of different types, tested under different conditions, will by the end of this season give an immense amount of information in regard to the usefulness of airplanes for this work. The officers of the Air Board, the Dominion Forestry Branch, and the different provincial forestry departments are following the results of this season's operations with close interest, and will be guided by them in laying out future work.

Little Willie went with his mother to visit his sister who was teaching in a neighboring town. He sat for awhile quietly listening to his sister as she talked to the pupils, then in a high, shrill voice he called out: "Jennie, you talk too much."

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