BOVRIL FLAVORS STEWS AND HASHES

BOVRIL

ALL THAT IS GOOD IN BEEF

A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. McKISHNIE

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CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd.)

Landon felt in his vest pocket and fished out a ten-dollar note, which he handed to Billy. "Maddoc and a party of other men were cruisin' in a yacht. They docked here last night," he explained. "Left at sunup for Cleveland."

"I saw the yacht leave the pier," said Billy. "She sure was a dandy, wasn't she?"

"Never saw finer lines than hers," agreed Landon. "You're sure you don't mind gettin' that word to Swanson now, Billy?"

"Not a bit. I'll run in to his dock to-night, an' tell him."

"Good. There, thank goodness this job of pluckin's done at last." Landon rose, rubbed his cramped legs and gathered the stripped ducks up by the necks. "We'll leave the rest to Erie," he chuckled. "This is about as far as she ever lets me go. Comin' in,"

Billy shook his head. "I've got a skiff to paint 'fore three o'clock this afternoon," he said, "so I best get busy. Tell Erie not to ferget to blow the fog-horn when the ducks are done."

Landon went on slowly to the kitchen. With his hand on the door-latch he paused and a smile lit his seamed face. Above the clatter of dishes came a girl's sweet soprano:

"Her voice was low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee."

"I knowed it," whispered the man, softly. 'I knowed the old songs would come back ag'in. Billy must have had somethin' to do with it; I'll bet a cookie he had!" He opened the door gently and entered. He placed the ducks on the table and softly withdrew again.

It was late afternoon when Billy stepped into his punt and with swift, strong strokes sent it skimming toward the duck-ponds. At the point where the shore curved abruptly he lifted his hat and waved to the man and girl watching him from the pier.

Moll looked up into his face and whined. "Don't worry, girlie," Billy told her, "we're goin' on, but we're comin' back ag'in soon an' have another o' Erie's duck dinners, an' Teacher Stanhope's goin' to be with us, don't you ferget that."

As he spoke, he saw another boat round the distant grass-point and put into Jerunda cut, the entrance to the main pond. The smile left his face. "Beat us to it, Moll," he sighed to the spaniel whose brown eyes had also glimpsed the skiff. 'They'll be set by the time we get in an' they've got the pick of the ponds, no use denyin' that. We'll have to portage 'cross to a back slough an' all the ducks we'll get a chance at are them they miss. Well, cheer up," as the dog, sensing the disgust in his voice, growled deep in her throat.

Reaching the cut, Billy found the other shooters having some difficulty in getting their heavy skiff through the shallow and deceptive water, a feat which only one who was used to navigating could hope to accomplish successfully. At the same time he noted with a start, that the men in the skiff were the mysterious drillers, Tom and Jack.

"Hello, you!" he shouted. "You'll have to back up an' take the run to your left."

The larger of the two men grunted a surly response and with much pushing and swearing they began to laboriously back out of the blind channel. Billy and Moll watched them, the dog growling her antagonism of the interlopers. As the skiff passed his bow Billy noted that the guns lying across the seat were both of the new breech-loading pattern.

The occupants of the skiff cast a contemptuous look at his old muzzle-loader, as they passed, and one of them laughed and said something in an aside to his companion.

"Do you expect to kill any ducks with that old iron," he sneered, looking hard at Billy.

Billy felt his cheeks turn hot. "I might," he returned, "an' ag'in, I mightn't."

"That's one on you, Tom," laughed the man named Jack. "Quit roasting the kid. We'd have been mired yet if it hadn't been for him."

Tom allowed a shade of amiability to creep into his tones as he said: "First time we ever shot these grounds, and we're kinder green on the ins and outs of 'em. We're drillin' fer water down in the Settlement. Lost our drill this mornin' and had to send across the lake fer a fishin' outfit, so thought we'd put in the time shootin' a bit."

Billy made no reply.

"Neeborly, ain't he?" growled Tom to his companion. "Nice, friendly sorter youngsters they raise on this God forsaken spot, I say."

"He thinks you're guyin' him," said the other man. "How's he to know what you mean by 'fishin'-outfit'? He likely thinks you mean a rod and reel. Better push along and mind your own business. Next thing you're goin' to say is somethin' about 'shootin' a well,' and if Jacobs gets to hear of that kinder talk—"

They were moving off, and Billy did not hear the rest of the sentence. As they entered the main run, the smaller man called: "Hey, sonny, whereabouts is the best point in yonder?"

Billy gritted his teeth. He resented these strangers coming into his shooting grounds and acting as though they owned them. For them to expect him to show them just where the best point was to be found seemed to him to be going a whole lot too far. He disliked and distrusted them. From what he had seen and heard of them he believed they were the men who robbed the Twin Oak store. He wanted to tell them so now, but something told him to curb his temper and act the part of a sport who could afford to make certain allowances.

"The best point's straight ahead of you," he answered. "You'll find a rush blind already built on it."

He picked up his paddle and followed in the wake of the other boat. The men were putting out their decoys as Billy passed the point.

"Say, you" called Tom, "if this is such an all-fired good spot it's a wonder you didn't take it yourself; you had lots of time to beat us to it, didn't you?"

"You was in the run first, wasn't you?" said Billy coldly.

"Why, sure we was, but we were stuck tight. You might have passed us, easy enough."

"Well, we don't play the game that way in these parts," said Billy and passed on, unheedful of the uncomplimentary names the chagrined driller threw after him.

Half way down the long pond he drew into shore and, pulling the punt after him through the tall rushes, made the portage across to the inner slough. It was a long, hard pull, but the track he laid would make the return portage much easier.

"Looks like a good feedin' place, Moll" he addressed the spaniel as he paddled slowly across to the far shore of the slough. "Good grass here fer hidin', too; but not much chance of landin' a down bird without a good dog, an' I've got her—eh, girlie?"

Moll wagged her short tail gleefully.

"Now, then, girlie, it's comin' on to flight-time, so we'll jest set out decoys right here." Billy picked up the wooden ducks and placed them as naturally as he knew how some twenty yards out from shore. As he drew the punt well up among the tall rushes he saw the first line of ducks drift in from the bay.

"Down, Moll!" he whispered, as he cocked the old muzzle-loader. "They're headin' straight in. Them driller fellers are goin' to get a chance to make a clean-up on that bunch, sure!"

Straight across the mash, following the cut, the ducks came on, half a dozen big "blacks," with long necks outstretched and quick eyes seeking for feeding ones of their own kind. Then, suddenly, the leader gave a soft quack and Billy saw the flock swoop low.

"Oh, gollies! Right into their decoys," he groaned. "Now they'll give it to 'em, jest as they're settlin'."

A long, harrowing moment passed. Then quickly and close together four shots rang out. Moll whined dolefully and Billy, peering through the rushes, gave a low whistle of surprise. "Didn't down a single bird," he muttered, "an' by gollies, they've sent 'em right across to us."

Almost simultaneously with his words the whistle of strong wings grew up and the six big blacks swept in, low over his decoys.

It was a sure hand that raised the old gun, a sure eye that glanced along its brown barrels. At the first loud report of the black powder the leader of the flock crumpled up and the second in command drifted sidewise from the flock. The left barrel spoke and a third duck twisted from the remainder of the flock, to fall with a splash into the water.

Moll, whose eyes had never left the second bird down, had slipped quietly away through the rushes. Billy, having launched the punt and retrieved the two birds on the water, found her waiting for him on shore, the dead duck in her mouth. He patted her brown side and spoke a word of commendation to her; then quickly he reloaded.

The sun was almost on the western horizon now and the ducks were beginning to come in fast, most of them from off the bay; consequently the shooters in the front pond had always first chance. But Billy knew they were having little or no success. Every duck that offered itself as a target to them he saw almost as soon as they did and although the report of their guns sounded at quick intervals the ducks seemed to keep on, straight across to where he crouched with the excited dog by his side.

By the time the sun had fallen behind the far rim of forest he was quite content with his evening's bag, which consisted of five blacks, a pair of greys, two blue winged teal, a pintail and a pair of green headed mallards.

Quickly he made the portage and crossed the pond into Jerunda. He could hear the other shooters ahead of him, speaking in profane tones of disgust at their luck. He found them waiting for him on the edge of the bay, but he kept right on paddling.

"What, luck, sonny?" called the man, Tom, as he passed.

Billy told him of his bag.

The man swore and said something to his companion.

"Hey, hold up! Want to sell part of them ducks?" he asked.

"Nope." Billy shipped his paddle and picked up his oars. Somehow he felt safer them. He believed that men like those behind were capable of almost any crime. What if they should make up their minds to have his ducks anyway? Well, they couldn't catch him now. There were two of them in a heavy skiff and he was alone in his light punt, so let them try it if they wanted to. But whatever might have been their thought, it was clear they knew better than pursue that swiftly moving boat. Quickly they fell behind him and were swallowed up in the deepening shadows.

CHAPTER XXII.

Teacher Johnston Resigns.

September passed laden with summer perfumes and song and, beneath a blanket of hoar frost, October awoke to send her hazy heralds far across wooded upland and open. Slowly those wreathing mists kissed leaf and fern, as though whispering: "Rest sweetly, until spring brings you back once again."

So it seemed to the boy, as from the brow of a hill he watched the dawn-haze drift toward the newly-open sungates of the eastern sky; for autumn always brought a feeling of sadness to Billy. He missed the twitter of the birds the thousand and one notes of the wild things he loved and which always passed out and away from his world with the summer. The first hoar frost had come; soon the leaves would turn golden and crimson, the fern-clumps crumple and wither into sere, dead, scentless things. Then with shortening days and darkening skies those leaves and plants would sag to earth and the gaunt arms of the bare trees would lift empty nests toward snow-spitting skies.

No more would the fire-flies weave a gauze of golden stars above the marshlands at the foot of the Causeway. The season of green and blue had lived and died and in its place had been born a season of drab and brown. Summer was gone. The song-birds had migrated. Soon the green rush fields would sway, grey and dead and the bronze woodcocks would whistle away from the bog-lands, for seldom did they tarry after the first frost. Along the creek the red-winged blackbirds would be sounding their up-and-away notes. No happy carol to welcome the first glow of dawn! No wonder Billy sighed. Then he lifted his head quickly as high above him, sounded the whistle of wings. Up from the north a wedge-shaped flock of wild ducks came speeding, white backs flashing as they pitched downward in unbroken formation towards the calling bay-waters.

(To be continued.)

If you want friends you must be friendly.

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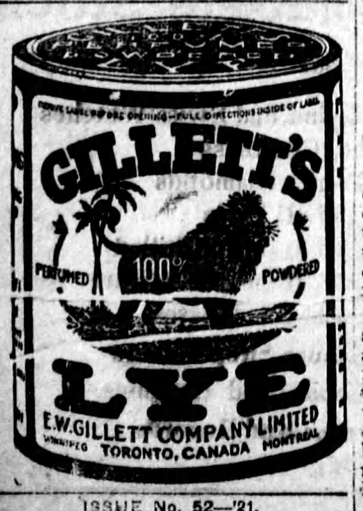

CANADA'S PROBLEMS REVIEWED BY OFFICIALS OF BANK OF MONTREAL

The addresses of the President and General Manager of the Bank of Montreal, at the annual meeting of shareholders of that institution, were the authoritative pronouncements of men of international standing in matters of finance, and as such they will undoubtedly be followed with much interest both in this country and abroad. Every year the addresses at this annual meeting are looked forward to with keen anticipation by merchants and manufacturers because of the comprehensive analysis that they provide of financial conditions in Canada, and because they afford guidance in the general business policy to be followed during the coming year.

Must Deal With Railway Situation

In the view of Sir Vincent Meredith, the way to sustained improvement in trade is not yet clear, but that improvement will be hastened when labor realizes that war inflated wages cannot continue, and that more efficiency and greater production are absolutely necessary in order to bring prices down to a level that will stimulate consumption and thus provide increased employment. His warning as to the evil effects of heavy taxation in stifling industry and enterprise is one that will be cordially endorsed by all thinking men, and one which those who direct our public affairs surely will not dare to ignore. And Sir Vincent merits public thanks for the courageous way in which he dealt with the railway problem; in particular for his uncompromising declaration that no marked improvement can be expected in the present burdensome conditions so long as the roads continued under public—which, as he said, means political — ownership and operation. Both Great Britain and the United States have realized the financial chaos inseparable from such ownership and operation, and have adopted the only remedy.

Retail Forces Out of Line.

Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor undoubtedly placed his finger on one of the weak spots in our present trade conditions when he said that while on the one hand the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources was at the lowest level reached for several years past, in other directions we still had high prices, and retail prices were conspicuously out of line. It is on the purchasing power of the products of our natural resources that we must place our main dependence for a revival in trade and it is obvious that there can be no sustained improvement until the price of other commodities are commensurate with that purchasing power.

Summed up, the most obvious needs of Canada at the present time, in the opinion of these two eminent financiers, are drastic economy in the conduct of public affairs, a solution of the railway problem on the basis of private as against political ownership and operation, a vigorous immigration policy for the peopling of our waste spaces by diverting to Canada the stream of immigrants that formerly flowed elsewhere, and deflation in the cost of labor.

Woman's Sphere

For the Low-Ceilinged Room.

Most farm houses are low-ceilinged, and this low room means that the furniture must not be massive or clumsy, else some delightful possibilities will be lost. For this best room then—call it living-room, parlor or whatever you wish—we want chairs that shall be comfortably shaped and large enough but graceful. For an unupholstered chair the Windsor type in all its varieties is good. Sometimes the seats are just wood, shaped for comfort, sometimes of rush, making them slightly easier.

In unholstered chairs and couches there should be nothing heavy. There has been a wave of such things in huge lines suitable only for mammoth hotel lobbies or clubs, and of questionable beauty, even in that capacity. They ruin the small home. Neither is the type called "Mission" suited to the small house. Mission has the merit of being all-American and was a sincere attempt to create something independently of the Old World. In that it has succeeded, but not as beautifully as we could wish. Too heavy and square in line, too monotonously brown in color, we must forego this type if we would have our room beautiful.

There are simple line sofas, not too large; gate-leg tables with great merit for just this kind of room, drop-leaf tables, and small stands to use beside the sofa and on which a lamp can be placed to advantage; there are stools made to the height of a chair seat which, when used with a small comfortable chair, give the tired member of the family a chance to recline. And this small comfortable chair can be well-upholstered and still have shapely, delicate lines. There are tip-top tables or if you prefer "Pie-crust," which are large enough to hold a few books and a lamp, but not too large for a small room. There are simple table desks and spinet desks, all of which lend an air of permanent beauty to the low-ceilinged farm living-room.

Comrades.

Laurie was quick. When she heard Sue's voice at the top of the stairs she thrust the photograph under a pile of letters on her desk. But Sue was quick too. She saw both the act and Laurie's confusion.

"Caught!" she cried gayly. "Caught in the act! I don't know what the act is, but you'd better tell me at once."

After a second of hesitation Laurie drew out the photograph. It was a portrait of a man with a quiet face and steady eyes.

"Well, Laurie Fair! I didn't know you were a hero worshipper! Who is he, anyhow? Some new literary star?"

Laurie looked at the photograph silently for a moment. "Not a writer," she said at last; "only a hero. He was one of the doctors who gave his life twenty years ago in the experiment that ended yellow fever."

"But—" For once in her life Sue was puzzled.

"Why do I keep it?" Laurie suggested. "Well, you see—" she blushed, but she met Sue's curious eyes bravely. "You'll laugh, Sue, but sometimes I get rebellious over things —wanting to travel and have good times like lots of girls. Of course I'm ashamed of myself underneath, but in spite of that I somehow can't keep from giving way now and then."

"I'm sure I don't blame you," said Sue.

"Well, then I go to my hero box. I've got a boxful of clippings about all kinds of people who played the game —who were so busy living bravely that they didn't have time to think about what they did not have. There is the little French girl who ran her father's bakery when he was called to the colors, and there is Captain Scott and scores in between. Whenever I'm hard pressed I go to them for help. I suppose you think it's funny—"

But Sue's voice was quite free from mockery. "Yes, it's funny and Laurie-ish—and dear. And it explains something, never mind what. Isn't there a saying about a man's being known by the company he keeps? It applies to girls too, my dear!"

The Consolation of Good Clothes.

Who was it said that being well and becomingly dressed gives to one a peace which even the consolation of religion can not impart? He may have stretched the truth somewhat, but he had the idea. Really, how can you, if you are a woman, feel real sweet in your soul if you know your dress is an unbecoming color, or the waist hitches up in the back, or the sleeves aren't right or, worst offense of all, the skirt is too long. Being well dressed certainly is the first step towards being self-possessed and contented.

Further, it is the first step towards success nowadays. Other thngs being equal, the employer looking for help is going to pick the prospect who is the best groomed. Possibly not the ones whose shoes are most sharply pointed, but the one who has given the most attention to the little niceties of dressing. The one whose shoes are polished, clothes cleaned and pressed, all buttons on and no bastings or loose threads flying, is the one who is going to look after the little things about the business. So the employer argues. And in the same spirit the housewife about to engage help chooses the girls who look neat.

Knowing these things, isn't it queer that so many of the employers themselves are careless? Isn't it queer that so many people who know better are slovenly in dress? There is the school teacher who doesn't know why she can't keep a school. She is a perfect disciplinarian, and no one can teach arithmetic as she can. Her talks on hygiene and health are gems. But, she seldom cleans her own teeth, her nails always need attention, her hair is always untidy, and she boasts that she wears a white waist a whole week. When the school board visited the school there was a litter of books and papers and bits of lunch on her desk which caused that august body to get their heads together and wonder if it wouldn't be better to hire a girl who while she might not know so much out of books, knew a bit more about keeping slicked up.

Being well dressed certainly pays well in satisfaction and in dollars and cents.

Candy Made From Apples.

Immense quantities of apples are fed to hogs, or even allowed to rot, because they are "culls"—that is, defective, or too small to be worth sending to market. Uses for them ought to b found.

The Utah Agricultural Experiment Station has been trying to turn them to account for candymaking.

During the war an attempt was made to produce a concentrated form of apples for soldiers in the trenches, and a novelty evolved was "apple flakes." To make them, apples (after removing the skins) were pared clear down to the cores, being thus reduced to the shape of long thin strips. Packed in airtight cans, they would keep good indefinitely and they were pronounced delicious.

Unfortunately, the method could not be economically applied for large-scale market purposes. It was too expensive in labor.

As a result of many experiments, the Utah experts have managed to work out a process for manufacturing apple candy cheaply.

They ground peeled apples in an ordinary household meat-grinder, added sugar in the proportion of fifteen pounds to 100 pounds of the fruit, spread the mixture half an inch deep in pans, and evaporated it for forty-eight hours. They called the product "apple leather," because, while it tasted good, it was very hard to chew.

This difficulty was overcome by grinding the apple leather, mixing it with a syrup of three pounds of sugar to one pound of water, and drying the paste thus formed. The result was a highly satisfactory chewable candy, which, if desired, might contain nuts.

They found that a delightful variety of candies could be home-made by taking apple pulp, or any other fruit pulp, minus skins and seeds, putting it in a pan with plenty of sugar or corn syrup, cooking slowly till stiff, pouring out on greased porcelain or marble, and allowing the stuff to cool and dry for several days. When nearly dry, it should be cut in shapes, rolled in granulated or powdered sugar and dried some more. Store in airtight tins,

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Canadian Fur Farms.

It is beginning to be realized that before long the main reliance of the fur markets of the world for supplies must be the breeding of fur-bearing animals under conditions of domestication or semi-domestication. Even the muskrat-producing swamps will be managed as fur-growing farms.

In that direction Canada is now far in the lead, the total value of fur-bearing animals on farms in the dominion being $4,632,600.

There are 306 fox-fur farms on Prince Edward Island—more than half of Canada's total number. Nova Scotia has fifty-two fox farms, New Brunswick fifty-seven, Quebec seventy-six, Ontario forty, the Prairie Provinces eighteen and British Columbia and the Yukon twenty-four.

Nova Scotia has three mink farms, Quebec one, Ontario one and British Columbia one.

Quebec has two raccoon farms, and the Prairie Provinces have one farm devoted to the rearing of caracul sheep for the fur (derived from the new-born animal), which is known in the market as "Persian lamb."

The total number of fur farms in Canada is 582. On the fox-fur farms there are 13,405 'silver" foxes, valued at $4,446,117. During the last year 9,219 silver foxes were born in captivity on the farms.

A first-class silver fox, alive, is worth $1,000 for breeding purposes. Its pelt will fetch to the farmer $750.

Manganese From India.

Revolutionary conditions in Russia have cut off the rest of the world from one of the principal sources of an indispensable metal, manganese. In the Caucasus there is one deposit of 100,000,000 tons of ore that is nearly 50 per cent. manganese oxide.

The metal is related to iron, slightly lighter in weight and with a silvery sheen. It is very widely distributed in rocks both igneous and sedimentary, but high-grade ores are scarce. Now that Russia is shut off we depend for our supplies mainly upon India and Brazil.

Manganese has a greater affinity for oxygen than iron has. Hence in the smelting of iron ores it is used to get rid of excess oxygen so that when the melt is complete there shall be no iron oxide left in the molten metal.

It is indispensable in the making of virtually all steels, taking up the oxygen that has to be eliminated, after which it is "slagged out" in the form of a complex manganese oxide.

Small quantities of manganese are added to steel to produce "manganese steel," which has great hardness and toughness.

New Uses for Waste.

It has been customary hitherto to burn the hulls of rice discarded in the process of preparing the cereal for market, no use for them being known. Now, however, means have been found for turning this waste material to valuable account. One hundred tons of rice hulls, by the application of high heat after washing and boiling, can be made to yield seventy-five tons of cellulose for the manufacture of paper, linoleum and other products, including paraffin, acetic acid and hydrogen gas. The importance of this discovery may be judged from the fact that nearly one-third of the total rice crop, by weight, consists of hulls.

Luminous Star Aids Amateur Astronomers.

The fascinating study of the stars is the oldest of the sciences, and one which has interested human beings for ages. The average person, who has not the time to take up this extensive study, but whom the stars interest as he gazes up at them on a clear night, is usually bewildered if he tries to distinguish one from the other. As an aid to the amateur astronomer, a star map has been drawn which shows the stars of the first five mgnitudes, and the different constellation groundings. The stars of the first four magnitudes, and the lines showing the constellation groupings, are marked with radium salt, thus making them shine at night.

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