WHEN IT'S HOT AND STICKY

"SALADA"

Iced Tea is most refreshing. It cools and invigorates **without** harmful results.

Sealed Lead Packets Only.

Allow the tea to steep for five minutes and then pour off into another vessel to cool gradually. Never use artificial means of cooling until ready to serve; then add sugar, ice and lemon.

HOME

Choice Recipes.

German Potato Salad. — Boil small potatoes with their skins on. Cut one-quarter pound of bacon into small pieces and fry brown. Now skin your potatoes, cut into dice and mix with the bacon—fat and all. Add a little minced onion and parsley. Dress with French dressing. After it has become thoroughly chilled and marinated, serve on a bed of lettuce leaves.

Tapioca Cream Soup.—Soak two tablespoons of pearl tapioca over night. Add one quart of white stock and cook until transparent, then add one cupful of water, one tablespoon of butter, one onion and a stalk of celery cut fine, pepper, salt and mace. Simmer one hour. When ready to serve, stir in one cupful of rich cream and add a little minced parsley.

Ginger Ale Salad.—Follow the usual recipe for coffee jelly, substituting ginger ale for the coffee and adding a little lemon juice. When hardened cut into cubes. Sprinkle with crushed nuts and serve on lettuce leaves with a mayonnaise dressing.

Cookie Tartlets.—Make a plain cookie dough, roll it out rather thin and line muffin tins with the dough. Bake, and when cold fill each cup with stewed rhubarb or strawberries and put a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

Pea Timbales.—Cook sufficient peas to make two cupfuls. When tender, put through a vegetable press. Add a little minced onion, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoons melted butter and sufficient pepper, salt and paprika to season. Turn into buttered timbale molds and set them in a pan of hot water to bake. Serve with a white sauce to which has been added some nicely cooked peas.

Chicken Rolls.—Take the bits of cold chicken left from Sunday's dinner, chop and season with paprika, salt and minced pickles. Add the yolk of an egg to mashed potatoes, working it to a paste. Sprinkle with flour, making it flat and round. Put the seasoned meat on one-half and turn the other half over like an omelet. Pour over it some melted butter and fry or bake a light brown.

Boiled New Onions.—Cut the roots and tops from young onions, leaving the onion stalks about six inches long. Tie in bunches of eight and boil carefully until tender. Remove with a strainer and place each bundle upon a piece of toast. Cut away the strings and pour over the onions a thin white sauce. Serve as you would asparagus.

Italian Puffs.—Cream one-half ounce of butter, add beaten yolks of four eggs, a pinch of salt and one-half teaspoon sugar. Add alternately, beating well, two cups flour (sifted) and two cups of milk. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of four eggs. Bake in pop-over cups for twenty minutes.

Cream Pie. Heat one cupful milk and one cupful sugar in a double boiler. Add gradually two tablespoonfuls of flour which has been moistened with a little cold milk, the beaten yolks of two eggs and a pinch of salt. Cook until quite thick, then flavor with orange and set aside to cool. Fill a pie crust which has been previously baked. Cover with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and two tablespoons of sugar. Brown in the oven or with a hot salamander.

German Cinnamon Cake.—Dissolve one cake of yeast and one tablespoon sugar; then take three cups flour, one cup lukewarm milk, one teaspoon salt; add two tablespoons butter, one tablespoonful sugar and two eggs. Knead dough and let rise in a warm place. Then cut into pieces one-half inch thick and place in well greased pan and let rise till light. Cut across with a sharp knife, brush with egg, and then sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon. Bake 20 minutes in a moderately heated oven.

Nut Pudding.—One and one quarter cups sugar, one-half cup water, one-half cup butter, two well beaten eggs, one-quarter teaspoon salt, three teaspoons baking powder, one cup nuts, one three quarter cups flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the water and well beaten egg, mix, and add the flour and baking powder. Beat thoroughly, stir in the nuts, bake in a dripping pan 30 to 35 minutes. Cut into squares and serve with orange sauce made with three-quarters cup of sugar, one cup butter, one cup hot water, four tablespoons orange juice, one-half tablespoon lemon. Mix the flour and sugar thoroughly, stir in the hot water and cook until it thickens; remove from the heat, add the butter and fruit juice and serve hot.

Baking Powder Biscuits.—Two cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon salt, one cup milk and water (half each), one baking powder together twice. Cream butter and lard together and add to the dry ingredients, using the tips of the fingers. Then add the liquid, mixing with a fork until a soft dough. Place on mixing board and roll out lightly and cut with glass or biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Ever Useful Salt.

Salt on the fingers when cleaning fowls, meat or fish will prevent slipping.

As a gargle, is good for sore throat.

Salt in the water will clean willow ware and matting.

In the oven under the baking tins it will prevent their scorching on the bottom.

Salt and vinegar will remove stains from discolored teacups.

Salt and soda are excellent for bee stings and spider bites.

Salt put on ink when freshly spilled on a carpet will help in removing a spot.

Used in sweeping carpets will keep out moths.

Hints for the Home.

Celery is a good nerve tonic and it is said to ward off rheumatism.

Grass stains can be removed if rubbed with molasses and washed carefully.

When frying apples or bananas, try using olive oil; it is much better than butter fat.

The health of the family depends to a considerable extent on keeping the cellar dry.

Marvels can be done with the old portieres, couch and table covers, by dyeing them a new shade.

If the contents of the garbage can are drenched with kerosene daily, it will discourage the flies.

If a few drops of paraffine are applied to a cut, it will give instant relief and also assist it to heal.

Don't forget that if you leave non-safety matches about, mice may nibble them and start a fire.

One yard of sheeting will make a pair of pillow cases, and will cost much less than pillow tubing.

To beat the white of eggs quickly a pinch of salt should be added. Salt cools and causes them to froth rapidly.

A piece bag made of mosquito netting enables one by a look to find the particular roll of goods desired.

Spirits of turpentine will remove most spots from silk, but care must be taken to be sure that the dye is fast.

A long box, stood on end on casters, fitted with shelves and a screen door, is a convenience in the kitchen or cellar.

It is a good idea to put the freshly laundered sheets at the bottom of the pile in the linen closet. This makes it possible to give the sheets equal wear.

When making an iron holder place a couple of folds of brown paper between the two pieces of material. This will prevent the heat from penetrating to the hands.

To clean cane-bottomed chairs turn chair bottom upwards, and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane; work well, so that it is well soaked; should it be dirty, use soap; let it dry well in the air, and it will be as tight and firm as new, provided none of the canes are broken.

A good whitewash is made as follows:—Stir six pounds of whiting into cold water, avoiding all lumps. Steep three ounces of glue in cold water for twelve hours, then heat it until it is dissolved, and pour it into the whiting, which must be hot. The wash should be of a consistency to be applied with a whitewash brush.

Encouraging.

"Have you seen papa's new dog, Rover?" she asked, as they sat in the parlor. "Yes," he replied unasily. "I have had the pleasure of meeting the dog." "Isn't he splendid? He is so affectionate." "I noticed he was very demonstrative," returned he, as he moved uneasily in his chair. "He is very playful, too. I never saw a more playful animal in all my life." "I am so glad to hear you say that." "Why?" "Because I was a little afraid that when he bit that piece out of me the other evening he was in earnest. But if it was only in play of course it's all right. I can take fun as well as anybody."

Here's a bit of wisdom Solomon forgot to mention: You must be in business with a man, or in love with a woman in order to know that you don't know them.

FLEET FOOT

Outing Shoes

For Everybody

THE PERFECT SHOE FOR SUMMER SPORTS

ASK YOUR DEALER.

Her Great Love;

Or, A Struggle For a Heart

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd).

As the two went quickly down the steps, he stood at the open door and looked after them. Then, when they had disappeared in the avenue, he turned back into the hall and stood gazing round him absently, a strange look on his face. All the brightness which had now and again flashed over it disappeared, and his eyes and brows were gloomy.

Mr. Bright stood a little apart and watched him with the intentness of devoted affection.

"This is a happy day for Leafmore, Lord Gaunt," he began presently.

Gaunt started slightly, raised his head, and looked at him as if he had forgotten his presence.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Bright!" he said. "Come into the library."

Decima and Bobby hurried on.

"We shall be late," he said; "and that will give cook an excuse for freezing our internal economy with cold viands. I'll get my rod; and you hurry on and dig the governor out of his den. I say, what an afternoon of surprises! Fancy that being Lord Gaunt himself! What a splendid fellow he is! Not a bit like what I pictured him. I don't wonder at Bright's enthusiasm. What did you think of him?"

"I—I don't know," said Decima.

She could not bring herself, at that moment, to tell Bobby of her previous meeting with Lord Gaunt.

Bobby sniffed contemptuously.

"That's so like a girl. You don't know. I suppose you'd think any amount of kiss if he were a pretty young man with curly hair and the rest of it. Now, I call him a splendid specimen, a man! Do you understand? And awfully kind, too. Made us free of the house, by George! It's a rare piece of luck for us, his deciding to settle down here. It won't be my fault if we don't see a good deal of him. Here's my rod, now, you cut off as fast as you can pelt, while I pack up; you know your way."

Decima hurried on. The meeting with Lord Gaunt and its dramatic incidents confused and bewildered her. She could scarcely ask herself if she had acted rightly in being so friendly with him. Why had she gone so far as to consent to help him? What would Aunt Pauline say if she knew of it? But she had tried to cut him, had actually cut him, and then he had pleaded his cause so cleverly—was it so artfully—and she put her hand to her brow, and pushed the soft brown hair from it with a gesture of perplexity and helplessness, and resolved to think no more of him until she could do so quietly in her own room at bedtime.

She reached The Woodbines, and pushed open the door of the laboratory. As she did so, she was surprised to hear her father's voice. He was talking rapidly, and in the excited tones which she had already learned to know.

She shaded her eyes for the sunlight poured in after her, and dazzled her, and the first thing she saw was Mr. Theodore Mershon. He was seated on the carpenter's bench, his small, dapper form bent rather grotesquely, his feet resting on a stool, one hand nursing his chin, the other holding a big cigar, the fumes of which filled the room, and made her choke.

His attitude, and not only his attitude, but the expression of his small eyes as they rested on her father, reminded her, in the flash of a moment, of one of the monkeys at the Zoo.

Her father was pacing up and down the room, a model in his hand, his hair all in a tangle, and the man itself quite beyond the dreams of avarice in this invention of mine. Who is this?"

"Father," said Decima, as he stared at her vacantly, "it is I, Decima!"

Mr. Mershon got off the bench and removed his hat, which he had worn tilted at the back of his head.

"How do you do, Miss Deane?" he said, and a faint blush stained his face. "I have taken the pleasure of calling on Mr. Deane, and he has been explaining."

"Yes—yes!" broke in Mr. Deane. "Very kind of Mr. Mr.—" he hesitated for a moment. "Mr. Curzon."

"Mershon," suggested the owner of the name.

"Pardon, Mershon. A gentleman of great intelligence, my dear Decima. I have been telling him of my new invention—concentrated electricity."

"A great invention, Miss Deane," said Mershon. "I think very highly of it. In my humble opinion, there's money in it—a lot of money."

Mr. Deane wagged his head with proud satisfaction.

"A gentleman of great experience and intelligence, my dear Decima."

"I am glad," said Decima, looking from one to the other with slightly drawn brows.

Mr. Theodore Mershon's eyes dwelt on her face.

"Of course I haven't heard the whole of it," he said. "But your father is going to explain when you come and bring the drawings to dine with me on Tuesday, Miss Deane."

The troubled look grew more distinct on Decima's face.

"Are we are we going, father?" she said.

"Yes, yes! Why not?" said Mr. Deane, testily. "Mr. Mershon is much interested in the idea are you not, Mr. Curzon?"

"Very much," said that gentleman; and his small eyes devoured the girl's face. "Awfully. I'll count on now, sir. I shall expect you on Tuesday, Miss Deane."

He held out his hand, and it closed over Decima's with a pressure which made something within her rise with resentment.

She said nothing, not even "good bye," but, after he had gone, stood with downcast eyes as her father, pushing his hand through his tangled hair, and pacing to and fro, muttered:

"A very sensible, intelligent young man. He understands me. And he is rich. He can help me in all of us! With his money and my brains—Eh? What did you say, Decima? Dinner? Already?"

And, with a relieved sigh, he suffered Decima to lead him out of the room.

CHAPTER X.

Decima slept soundly that night. Why should she not? for as yet love had not come to trouble her.

But she dreamed, and in her dreams Lord Gaunt and Theodore Mershon were their voices, the one deep and musical, the other sharp and metallic, clashed together, and once she started uneasily, as if she felt Mr. Mershon's thin, claw-like fingers imprisoning hers.

At breakfast Bobby was full of Lord Gaunt's sudden appearance and no less sudden decision to live amongst them, and Decima listened almost in silence, Mr. Deane displayed little or no interest, as he absently ate what was put before him, and shuffled off to his laboratory.

"I'm going down to the village, Bobby," said Decima, "to make my first essay in housekeeping. What shop do I go to?"

Bobby grinned.

"What shop, you naughty infant? There is only one shop, Mrs. Topper's. It sells everything, excepting what you want; but she will promise to get it for you, say, in a month. There is nothing she will not promise to get you, from a needle to a needle-gun. Go and make her acquaintance. She'll be glad to see you, for you'll be something fresh to talk to. 'Conservation' Topper, we call her, for she's got a jaw that would fit a medium-sized crocodile. She never leaves off when she once begins, and you'll find you'll have to make a bolt for it. I always edge toward the door and shoot off in the middle of one of her sentences, and she follows me and scouts down the street. You'll like Mrs. Topper. But, I say, what's this about dining with that fellow Mershon? The governor tells me he has accepted for Tuesday."

"Yes," said Decima reluctantly, as she put on her hat. "We shall have to go, Bobby, I am afraid."

Bobby shrugged his shoulders.

"Any one can get over the governor. He'd dine with the devil—"

"Bobby!"

"Just you wait till I've finished! The deacon of the Wesleyan chapel, if he promised to listen to his account of a new invention. Well, I'm off. Give my love to Lord Gaunt, if you see him, and tell him that, notwithstanding his being such a bad lot, I rather like him, and will consent to fish his river as usual."

He went off with a cigarette in his lips, and Decima, having interviewed the cook, went down to the village.

It was a pretty, rambling cluster of houses, with the one shop Bobby had so graphically described standing a little way back from the green. Decima looked about her with interest, and noticed that the cottages, though picturesque, were in anything but good repair. Most of the roofs were of thatch and wanted renewing. The windows were small, and, she fancied, were not made to open. The doors, some of them, were below the surface of the street or lane, and she knew that the houses must be damp, for the walls were streaked with green. The sign of the inn—the Gaunt Arms—swung by one hinge and the inn itself clamored loudly for new shutters and a coat of paint.

In a word, she felt that the place had been neglected, just as the Hall had been. Some children were playing at the doors of the cottages and on the green, and they stopped and stared at her, and one ran into a cottage and brought out its mother to stare also. The woman bobbed a courtesy, and Decima went up and spoke to her and patted the head of the child, who hid its face shyly in its mother's apron. She wanted to make friends with the people among whom she was going to live.

Then she went into the shop. There were two steps down, and the smell of all the "smelly" things on this earth seemed to rise and embrace her.

A stoutish, middle-aged woman came out from the parlor as the door-bell tinkled. She had a round, ruddy face with saucer eyes, and wore a sun-bonnet perched on the back of her head. She wiped her face on her apron as she waddled behind the counter, and stared at Decima with a curiosity which found vent in an eager—

"Lor', now, you're the young lady what's come to The Woodbines, I'll be bound, miss?"

"I am Mr. Deane's daughter, yes," said Decima.

"And I'm glad to see you, miss," said Mrs. Topper, genially. "I should a-known you in the twinkling of an eye; you're so like your brother. Ah, what a handsome young gentleman he is! and nice, too, though he is so full of his fun. Call's me 'Mother Topper' as often as not; but, there! I don't mind that. And so you've come to live among us? Well, I hope you'll like it. There's worse places than Stretton Wold, and worse people, though I shouldn't say it, for I was born and bred here. And where did you come from, miss, if I may make so bold?"

"From London," said Decima. "I want some bacon, and some sugar."

"To be sure!" said Mrs. Topper, cheerfully. "From London. Ah, I've never been to London. Stretton's where I was born, and Stretton's good enough for me."

"And some tea," said Decima, suppressing a smile; "and—oh, a great many things; but here's a list I've written out."

Mrs. Topper took it, but laid it on the counter without glancing at it.

"And so you've come to keep house for your good father, miss? Ah, wonderfully clever man he be! A bit in the clouds, as they says; but what can you expect from a jennyuss! Clever people ain't like ordinary folks. The list, miss? Oh, yes, I'll see as the things are sent up all right."

"Thank you," said Decima. "And may I have the bill every week, please? I'm afraid it has not been sent very regularly. Let me have an account book every Saturday, and I will see that it is paid each Monday."

Mrs. Topper smiled indulgently.

"Lor', miss, what's the need?" she remarked. "The book will come in every half year or so, and it don't make no odds whether it's paid."

"But I want—"

"Don't you bother about that, miss," broke in Mrs. Topper, pleasantly. "It'd only worry you, and me too, for that matter, a-making up the account every week. You see, since my gal got married and left me, I've done all the bills myself, and I ain't much of a hand at figures."

Decima sighed with a kind of comic despair.

"Well, let us say every fortnight—"

"Ah, well," assented Mrs. Topper, but not very assuringly. "I'll do my best, miss, and no one can do more, can they?"

Decima was obliged to admit this, and Mrs. Topper, leaning over the counter as comfortably as she could, ran on:

"And I suppose you've heard the news, miss? All the place is in a state of excitement this morning. They was in here last night in perfect droves, so as I couldn't get to move about, and all with the same story. It did sound at first too good to be true, but Mrs. Murphy—she keeps the inn, you know, miss—ran in last thing last night to tell me as it was true, and that she'd had it from Mr. Bright himself; and all I can say is, that it's the best news we've had in Stretton Wold for many a year."

"What is the news?" asked Decima, though she could guess.

"Lor', now didn't I tell you?" said Mrs. Topper, smiling and tossing the sun-bonnet a little further on her head. "It's that his lordship's going to take up his residence at the Hall. Of course, you being a stranger you won't mind me, miss; it don't seem so important to you as it does to us as has lived here all our lives, and gets our living out of the place, but of course it makes all the difference to trade, having one of the gentry—and the only gentry, excepting yourselves at The Woodbines, of course, miss—a-wanderin' about the face of the earth instead of settling down in his own house and among his own people. I can recollect when the Hall was as full as a hive with visitors, and as a-taking pounds and pounds a week for groceries—that was in the old lord's time—and it has seemed dreadful like to see the big house all empty, and not a pound of sugar or a loaf of bread a-goin' up to it from year's end to year's end."

"I think I must go now, Mrs. Topper," said Decima.

"Yes, miss; I'm a-detainin' of you! But as I was saying, all that's come to a finish now; and we're going to begin fresh. Mrs. Murphy, she says that Mr. Bright was a-inquiring for maids—my gel's married, worse luck, or she'd be one—and menservants; and I hear that Mr. Cobb, the builder, is a-going up to the Hall to see about repairs and alterations."

As Decima edged toward the door she thought of Bobby, and smiled.

"And there's to be three gardeners, took on at once. Lor', it is a change, as you may say, miss, ain't it? It most takes my breath away; but I'm mortal glad, not only for the sake of trade, but for his lordship's own. Ah, miss, you've no idea of the stories as we've heard about him! Dreadful, poor gentleman! They do say as all London was a-ringing with his wildness. But, there! most of the nobility run wild some time or the other, don't they? It's excusable, I suppose, and don't count against them, as it does against common folks."

Decima got her hand upon the door, and Mrs. Topper sailed round the counter after her.

"But that's all come to an end now, and I'm hoping, miss," she panted breathlessly "that his lordship will settle down like an ordinary Christian, not to say country gentleman. You haven't seen him, miss, I suppose? A fine figure of a man and a handsome—like all the family. I can recollect him as a boy—such a fine strong young fellow—I may make so bold as to call him such—but dreadful wild and reckless. Afraid of nothing, miss—nothing at all. I've seen him with these own eyes pop over that wall on his pony as if—as if 'twere a kitchen fender. And fight! Why, he fought William Saunders' Tommy, as was drawing a cat, until Tommy was like a jelly; and his lordship, though he'd got two black eyes, rode off whistling. Just like a Gaunt! It's in their blood, as you may say. And your father's well, miss, I hope and trust? There ain't no need to ask after Master Robert. It's a pleasure to see him a-going by with his handsome face and laughing eyes. He always calls out to me if he sees me at the door, 'Mother Topper' he calls me. But, Lor', I don't mind. And he's a-going to be a young officer, miss! Lor', what a fine figure of a soldier he'll make; and I hope I'll live to see him marchin' through the village with a band a-playin'."

As Decima, almost as breathless as Mrs. Topper, opened the door and fled, Mrs. Topper called after her:

"You'll give my best respects to the good gentleman, your father, miss, and to Mr. Robert, and I'll send the things."

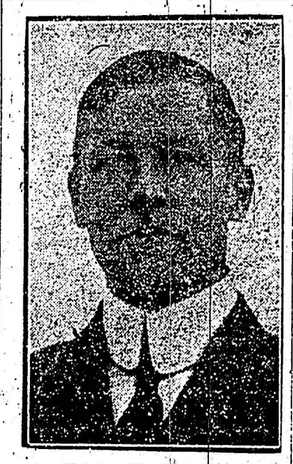
Decima went down the street—if street it could be called—laughing, and almost ran into the arm of Mr. Bright, who was coming out of one of the cottages.

There was a smile of satisfaction on his good-natured countenance, which deepened as his good-tempered eyes rested on the lovely face and slim figure in its plain morning-dress.

(To be continued.)

Biggest in the World.

The extremes in age and size always awaken interest. England is well to the fore in this respect, the largest dock in the world being at Cardiff, Wales; the greatest bank, the Bank of England. University College, Oxford, is the most ancient college existing; it was founded in the year 1249. The largest bronze statue extant is that of Peter the Great, which stands in St. Petersburg, Russia, 1,100 tons comprising its weight. Cape Henry, Virginia, has the distinction of possessing the largest lighthouse, and the mammoth monolith—106 feet—is to be found in Egypt. Paris lays claim to the largest theatre in the world, the Opera House there covering three acres of ground. Historians adjudge the far-away city of Damascus to be the oldest in the world. The tallest chimney is to be found in Glasgow, and is 474 feet high; whilst Washington possesses the highest monument, the height being 555 feet.



Robert W. Service,
the Yukon poet, who is to marry a Parisienne.

THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

Scouting for boys started in January, 1908, just over five years ago, with a few boys in the first Troop organized in the Motherland. What is the result? The Movement has been successfully organized and is doing good work amongst boys in Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Spain, United States, China, Switzerland, and in every part of our Empire, and every Scout carrying out the 4th Scout Law, "A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout, no matter to what social class the other belongs," in other words, a boys' Freemasonry helping and aiding one another. The Movement has proved to have done a good work by bringing the boys of different nationalities together, which is bound to produce good results, and as our Scouts grow into manhood we believe this friendship will be maintained. Interchanges of visits are being carried out, not only within the Empire, but with other nations and with the greatest spirit of good comradeship.

The Movement is not aiming to supplant any existing organization, but to supplement and help as far as lay within its power, as an aid to the Sunday School whereby the teacher can get close to his scholars by camping and hikeing together and getting close to nature. Public and High School principals have stated they can note a difference in boys who are Scouts. They want to "play the game fair" and show they are ready to do their very best at play and at studies to uphold the honor of the Movement they are enrolled in.

Even though we have not the means to offer training to our Scoutmasters yet the nature of the training as laid down in "The Canadian Boy Scout" has appealed to the boy's sense of honor so keenly that splendid results have been achieved during the past three years, and now we have a large number of senior lads who are willing to undertake the work of training the younger lads. There is no grander work for a young man than to interest himself in the Boy Scout Movement. Will you join the ranks? Will you step out and enlist under the banner with the motto "Be Prepared." Will you promise to do your best to carry out the Scout oath "To do your duty to God and the King. To help other people at all times. To obey the Scout Law."

Business men are asking for Scouts to fill positions and the experience of the past three years has shown clearly that boys are benefited and better fitted through their connection with the Boy Scout Movement.

Business men, if you want to help the boy organize a Troop in your factory. Ministers, make the Movement a supplement to the work in your church. School teachers, let the spirit of the Scout law spread amongst the members of your class. To help the other fellow.

Let every citizen understand the true principles of a Movement that has now enrolled under its banner about 2,000,000 boys world-wide, within reach of the poorest boy and has proved to the world its usefulness in training boys through their play.

Any information will be gladly forwarded upon application to H. G. Hammond, Provincial Secretary, Dominion Bank Chambers, Sherbourne and Bloor streets, Toronto.

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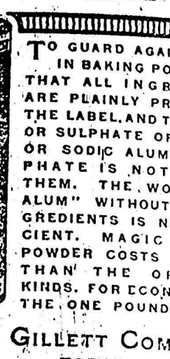

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

PAYING FOR PROMPTNESS.

This Man Thought He Knew the Ways of Carpenters.

Bruce Lingo thought he knew carpenters, anyway, he knew the preliminaries that some of them are accustomed to observe before they get finally to work. But his knowledge was not quite so complete as he thought it was.

Early one morning Lingo went to Len Hicks, who did odd jobs round town.

"I've got a little piece of work down at the house I want you to do this morning," he said.

Len finished chewing a bite of his breakfast that he had brought to the door with him, and looked speculatively past Lingo at nothing in particular. But after mature deliberation, he replied:

"I reckon I can do it, Mr. Lingo."

"You have a saw, I suppose," Lingo asked him.

"Why, yes, of course I have," replied the carpenter.

"And a hammer?"

"Sure." He looked with some astonishment at Lingo.

"I suppose you own a square."

"Well, I should think so!" Len was growing indignant.

"That is all you will need," said Lingo. "I have the lumber already there."

Then putting his hand into his pocket, he took out a half-dollar, and offered it to the carpenter.

"What is that for?" asked Hicks.

"That is to pay you for bringing your tools the first trip. I am in a hurry this morning."

"All right," said Hicks, and put the half dollar into his pocket.

Promptly at eight o'clock Hicks arrived with his tools.

"I see it worked," remarked Lingo to his wife, with satisfaction. "I knew I should have to pay him for that wasted hour anyway, and I had rather pay it and get the work done. It always takes a carpenter a hour to come, squint his eye at a board, rub his hands on his overalls, and then go back and get his tools."

But a half hour, even forty-five minutes passed and there was no sound of hammering.

Lingo went out to investigate. The barn and saw and square were just where they had been dropped, but there was no carpenter in sight.

He was fast getting angry when Hicks came leisurely across the corner of the lawn from the street, with a three cornered paper package in his hand.

"I had to go down-town, and get some nails," he explained, without a smile.

QUEER SIGHTS IN CHINA.

Blacksmith Shops Rank First Forges Cook Stove.

When traveling in the interior of China one meets many strange things, strange because one is not used to them. Among the sights of the land, I think that the blacksmith shops are perhaps the most amusing. As in America, each village has its village blacksmith, but what a difference in the way he has of doing his work. We are accustomed to see, for instance, a horse to be shod taken out in the yard, where strong posts stand firmly set in the ground with a windlass attached to two. A large piece of leather suspended from the posts completes the equipment by which the horse is drawn up until it is clear of the ground, when, by a simple pulley, the oxen are made to lift the foot to be attended to. Then the shop is fastened up for that purpose, so that the horse can't move it. Then the shop, consisting of a very narrow strip of ground, is fastened on with hinges, so that the blacksmith can make at odd times, all four sides of the shop, and not make one of the sides an American horse. It costs about eight cents to put on all four sides of the old one, if new, and less if second fitted.

The shop is roughly made, but is similar in every forge except for the attachments that go with it. The fire is built in a covering with an opening in the top, through which the iron is fed. The bellows, fitted to a large copper kettle, and fan, are used by the blacksmith to blow the fire of the rice or one quarter of a pound. When finished, it is put aside until the owner calls for it. As it takes several families to fill the kettle, which is large enough to hold 12 or 15 pounds at a time, to give each patron his share sometimes causes trouble for the blacksmith. He must judge the quantity brought to him by each family, and when it is cooked divide the rice in the same proportion, after setting aside his share. He has less trouble than he does in the boiling and delivering, for there is sure to be a

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