The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER VII.

In ten years, Cameron's had become the biggest clearing in the hills, as it was the oldest. Many others had been made and were scattered throughout the lower ranges overlooking the Wirree plains, though at great distances—ten, twelve and sometimes twenty miles lying between neighboring homesteads.

The hut that had been Donald and Mary Cameron's first home had been transformed by the addition of several new rooms. Floors had been put down and a wide verandah spread out from them. Every room had a window with four small glass panes. The window-sills, verandah posts and doors had been painted green, and the whole of the house whitewashed. Its bark roof had given place to a covering of plum-colored slates; there was even a coin or two of grey and golden lichen on them, and the autumn and spring rains drummed merrily on the iron roof of the verandah. Creepers climbed around the stone chimney and the verandah; clematis showered starry white blossom over the roof and about the verandah posts.

A little garden, marked off from the long green fields of spring wheat by a fence of sharp-toothed palings, was filled with bright flowers—English marigolds, scarlet geraniums, pink, yellow and blue larkspurs—and all manner of sweet-smelling herbs—sage, mint, marjoram and lemon thyme. The narrow, beaten paths that ran from the verandah to the gate and round the house were bordered with rosemary. And in the summer a long line of hollyhocks, pink, white and red, and red and white, waved tall and straight, at one side of the house. The edge of the forest had been distanced so far on every side of the clearing, except one, that the trunks of the trees showed in dim outlines against it, the misty, drifting leafage swaying over and across them. Only on the side on which the track climbed uphill from the road, the trees still pressed against the paddock railings. A long white gate in the fence where the road stopped bore the name Donald Cameron had given his place—"Ayrmuir." It was the name of the estate he had worked on in Scotland when he was a lad. It gave him no end of satisfaction to realize that he was the master of "Ayrmuir," and that his acres were broader than those of the "Ayrmuir" in the old country; not only broader, but his to do what he liked with—his property, unencumbered by mortgage or entail.

On the cleared hillsides about the house, crops of wheat, barley and rye had been sown. An orchard climbed the slope on the left. Behind the old barn and the stables were a row of haystacks. The cowsheds and milking yards were a little further away. Round the haystacks and about the barn a score of the buff and butter-milk-colored progeny of Mother Ranch, a few speckled chickens, black and white pullets, and miscellaneous breeds of red-feathered, and long-legged, yellow fowls, scratched and pecked industriously.

Donald Cameron farmed his land in the careful fashion of the Lowland Scots. There was perhaps here and there a crooked line in his fields and a rick awry behind the barns. But all was neatness and order, from the bee-hives which stood with their pointed straw bonnets beneath the apple trees, to the cowsheds, where newly-cut bracken was laid every day or two for the cows to stand in when they were milked. There was no filth or squelching morass in his cow-yards. The pigs wandered over the hills rooting under the tender grass. Scarcely a straw was allowed to stray between the back of the house and barns. In the feed-room, the harness-room, in every shed and yard, the meticulous precision and passion for order which characterized all that Donald Cameron did, was maintained.

There were changes indoors as well as out. A long straight kitchen, with a bricked floor and small window looking out on to the yard, had been added to the original home. On the east side, two rooms had been built, and a small limewashed shed behind the kitchen served for a dairy. In it, on broad, low shelves against the wall, the rows of milk pans, with milk setting in them, were ranged; a small window in the back wall framed a square of blue sky. When Mrs. Cameron was making butter, the sound of the milk in the churn, the rumble and splash of the curded cream, could be heard in the yard. The sweet smell of the new butter and buttermilk hung about the kitchen door.

Ten years of indefatigable energy, of clearing land, breaking soil, raising crops and rearing cattle, doing battle with the wilderness, overcoming all the hardships and odds that a pioneer has to struggle against, had left their mark on Donald Cameron. Every line in his face was ploved deep.

His expression, gloomy and taciturn as of old, masked an internal concentration, the bending of all faculties to the one end that occupied him. Always a man of few words, as the farm grew and its operations increased, he became more and more silent, talking only when it was necessary and seldom for the sake of companionship or mere social intercourse. His mind was always busy with the movements of cattle, branding, mustering, breeding, buying and selling prices, possibilities of the market. He worked insatiably.

He was reminded of the flight of time only by the growth of his son—a gawky, long-limbed boy.

As soon as he could walk Davey had taken his share in the work of the homestead, rounding up cows in the early morning, feeding fowls, hunting for eggs in the ripening crops, scaring birds from the plowed land when seed was in, and cutting ferns for the cow-sheds and stables. His father was little more than a dour taskmaster to the boy. Davey had no memory of hearing him sing the gathering song of the Clan of Donald the Black.

His mother had taught him to read and count as she sat with her spinning wheel in the little garden in front of the house, or stitching by the fire indoors on winter evenings. Davey had to sit near her and spell out the words slowly from the Bible or the only other book she had, a shabby little red history. Sometimes when he was tired of reading, or the click and purr of her wheel set her mind wandering, she told him stories of the country over the sea where she was born. Davey knew that the song she sang sometimes when she was spinning was a song a fairy had taught a Welsh-woman long ago so that her spinning would go well and quickly. She told him stories of the tylwyth teg—the little brown Welsh fairies. There was one he was never tired of hearing.

"Tell me about the farmer's boy who married the fairy, mother," he would say eagerly.

And she would tell him the story she had heard when she was a child.

"Once upon a time," she would say, "ever so long ago, there was a farmer's boy who minded his father's sheep on a wild, lonely mountain side. Not a mountain side like any we see in this country, Davey dear, but bare and dark, with great rocks on it. And one day, when he was all alone up there, he saw a girl looking at him from round a rock. Her hair was so dark that it seemed part of the rock, and her face was like one of the little flowers that grow on the mountain side. But he knew that it was not a flower's face, because there were eyes in it, bright, dark eyes—and a mouth on it . . . a little, red mouth, with tiny, white teeth behind it. They played on the mountain together for a long time and sometimes she helped him to drive his sheep. After a while they got so fond of each other that the boy asked her to go home with him to his father's house, and he told his father that he wanted to marry her.

"That night a lot of little men, riding on grey horses, came down from the mountain on a path of moonlight and clattered into the farmyard of the farmer of Ystrad. The smallest and fattest of the men, in a red coat . . . they all wore red coats, and rode grey horses. Did I say that they all rode grey horses, Davey?"

"Yes, mother," Davey breathed.

She had this irritating little way of going back a word or two on her story if a thread caught on her wheel.

"Well——" she began again, and, as likely as not, her mind taken up with the tangled thread, would add: "Where was I, Davey?"

And Davey, all impatience for her to go on with the story, though he could have almost told it himself, would say, "And the smallest and fattest of the men, in a red coat——"

"Oh, yes!" Mary started again: "Strode into the kitchen and pinched the farmer's ear, and said that he was Penelop's father . . . the girl's name was Penelop . . . and that he would let her marry the farmer's son, and give her a dowry of health, wealth and happiness, on condition that nobody ever touched her with a piece of iron. If anybody put a piece of iron on her, Penelop's father said, she would fly back to the mountain and her own people, and never more sit by her husband's hearth and churn or spin for him. So the farmer's boy married Penelop and very happily they lived together. Everything on the farm prospered because of the fairy wife, though she wore a red petticoat and was like any other woman to look at, only more beautiful, and always busy and merry. She made fine soup and cheese, and her spinning was always good, and everybody was very fond of her. Then one day when her husband wanted to go to a fair, she ran into the fields to help him to catch his pony. And while he was throwing the bridle, the iron struck her arm—and that minute she vanished into the air before his eyes."

She paused for Davey's exclamation of wonderment and then continued:

"Though he wandered all over the mountain calling her, Penelop never came back to her husband or the two little children she had left with him. But one very cold night in the winter, he wakened out of his sleep to hear her saying outside in the wind and rain:

"Lest my son should find it cold,
Place on him his father's coat.
Lest the fair one find it cold,
Place on her my petticoat."

Mary sang the words to a quaint little air of her own making, while Davey listened, big-eyed and awe-stricken.

"When the children grew up they had dark hair and bright, sparkling eyes like their mother," she would conclude, smiling at him. "And when they had children they were like them, too, so that people who came from the valley where the farmer's boy had married the fairy were always known by their looks, and they were called Pellings, or the children of Penelop, because it was said they had fairy blood in their veins."

Davey had always a thousand questions to ask. He liked to brood over the story; but he learnt more than fairy tales from his mother's memories of the old land. Her mind was beginning to be occupied with thoughts of his future. She and her husband were simple folk. Cameron could barely read and write, and what little knowledge Mary possessed she had already passed on to Davey. She knew what Donald Cameron's ambitions were, and after ten years of life with him had little doubt as to their achievement. The position that it would put Davey in had begun to be a matter of concern to her.

Mary was turning over in her mind her plans for Davey getting a good education, as she sat spinning beside the fireplace in the kitchen one evening, when her husband said suddenly:

"I wish to goodness you'd put that clacking thing away—have done with it now!"

"My wheel?" she asked, mild surprise in her eyes.

"Aye," he said impatiently. He was sitting in his chair on the other side of the hearth. "Don't you realize, woman, it's not the thing for Mrs. Cameron of Ayrmuir to be doing. Don't you realize y're a person of importance now. The lady of the countryside, if it comes to that, and for you to sit there, tapping and clacking that thing, is as good as telling everybody y' were a wench had to twist up wool for a living a few years ago."

She stared at him. He shifted his seat uneasily.

"I've been thinking," he continued, "it's no good having made the name and the money unless we live up to it. You must get a girl to help y' with the work of the house, and we'll not sit in here any more in the evening, but in the front room, and have our meals there."

"But the new carpet that's laid down . . . and the new furniture, Donald," she exclaimed.

"They're not there to be looked at, are they?" he asked. "Last spring sales they were calling me 'Laird of Ayrmuir.' I cleared near on a thousand pounds.

"I'm not wanting to be flash and throw away money," he added hastily. "But that's to show you, we can, and are going to live, something the way they did at Ayrmuir in the old country."

She rose and lifted the spinning wheel from its place by the fire. It was like putting an old and tried friend from her. But when she sat down on her chair opposite Donald Cameron again there was new steady light in her eyes.

"You'll be a rich man indeed, Donald, if you go on as you are doing," she said.

"Aye." He gazed before him, smoking thoughtfully.

"And your son will be a rich man after you?"

"Aye."

"Well, you must have him properly educated for the position he is going to have." She came steadily to her point. "All your money won't be any use to him, it will only make him ashamed to go where the money could take him unless he has got the education to hold his own."

Her eyes drew his from their contemplation of the fireplace and the falling embers.

"You've the book learning; why can't you give it to him?" he said.

"I have given him as much as I can," she sighed, "but it's little enough. I'm not such a fine scholar as you think, Donald. There are things in those books that you brought from the Port—in the sale lot with the armchair and the fire-irons—that I cannot make head nor tail of, though the forebits I've read say that: 'A knowledge of the contents is essential to a liberal education.'"

She pronounced the words slowly and carefully; Donald Cameron frowned. He did not exactly know what she was driving at, but those words sounded important.

"I've been thinking," Mary went on quickly, "there's a good many people about here now, and they ought to be getting their children educated too. There's the Morrisons, Mackays, Rosses and O'Brians. And there's a child at the new shanty on the top of the track, Mrs. Ross was telling me, last time she was here. Between the lot of us we ought to be able to put up a school and get a teacher. A barn on the road would do for a school. In other parts of the country the people are getting up schools. The newspaper you brought from Port Southern last sales said that. Why should not we?"

"And where will you get y'r teacher," Cameron asked grimly.

Her color rose.

"I know what you mean," she said. "The only sort of men who could and would think it worth while giving school to children are the convicts and ticket-of-leave men; but there are decent men among them. They seem to be doing very well in other places. I see that mothers are going to the school-room and sitting there, doing their sewing, so that they can be sure the children are learning no harm with their lessons. We could not do that every day here, but now and then one of us mothers could go to see that the school was going on well. Anyway, the children must be taught and we've got to make the best bargain we can."

"I'll think of what you say," her husband replied.

"You'll be going to the Clearwater River to-morrow and be away a day or two, won't you?" she asked. "I might take the cart and Lass and go and see what Mrs. Ross and Martha Morrison and Mrs. Mackay think of getting a school."

"If people about are willing," Donald Cameron said, brooding over his pipe, "it'd be a good thing for all of us—a school. The difficulty I can see will be the teacher. Can we get one? There's high wages for stockmen and drovers. But maybe there'll be just some stranded young fool glad of the job and the chance of makin' a little money without soiling his hands. You could pick them up by the score in Melbourne, but here——"

He shook his head.

"You might ask a few questions in the Port when you're there, if there is any likely young man," she said.

"Aye, I might," he replied. There was an amused gleam in his eyes as he looked up at her. "You seem to have thought a good deal on this matter before using y're tongue."

"Is it not a good way?" she asked, the smile in her eyes, too.

"Aye," he admitted grudgingly, "a very good way. And you do not mean the grass to grow under y're feet, Mary?"

"No, indeed!"

She put her work-basket away, took the lighted candle from the table and went to her room. The loose star of the candle flickered a moment in the gloom and then was extinguished. But Donald Cameron, left alone before the fire, realized that the subject of Davey's schopling had been disposed of.

CHAPTER VIII.

It took Mrs. Cameron some time to make her round of visits. But she was very pleased with the result of them. On the afternoon of the third day, she drove in a high spring-cart, up the steep hillside, on the top of which a shanty had been built only a few months before.

It was a stopping place for stockmen and travellers on the overland track, the only one between the scattered settlements on the other side of the ranges and the Wirree River. From the head of the ranges it looked down on the falling slopes of lesser hillsides and on the wide sweep of the inland plains. It was not more than five or six miles from Ayrmuir, but she had made it the last place to visit, thinking that she might not have time to get to it before her husband was due to return from the Clearwater. She had settled in her own mind to make a separate journey some afternoon if she could not include it in this one. But her plans had gone well and briskly.

All the women she had seen thought the school a good idea and were anxious to have it; the men had promised to help in the building, and to pay the share that she had mentioned as likely to be asked of them for the schoolmaster's services.

Davey had enjoyed the first part of the journey as much as she had. He had romped and run wild with boys and girls on the homesteads they had been to. It was only when they were leaving Ross's that morning he had been disturbed. After his mother and Mrs. Ross had kissed good-bye, Mrs. Cameron had shaken hands with Ted and Mick Ross and kissed little Jessie, and he had shaken hands with Mrs. Ross and grinned at the boys, Mrs. Ross exclaimed:

"Why Davey hasn't said good-bye to Jess!"

She had lifted the child up to his face. Jess's soft skin against his and her wet baby mouth overwhelmed him with confusion. He brushed his coat sleeve across his cheek.

"Oh Davey!" his mother laughed.

Mrs. Ross laughed too, and Ted and Mick giggled hilariously.

Davey had climbed into the cart and taken his seat by his mother, angry and offended. He had no idea why they were laughing at him; and he sat stolid and sullen, brooding over it all the morning.

When they came to the ramshackle house of grey palings, with a roof of corrugated iron, on the top of the hill, two or three dogs flew out, barking furiously. A half-wagon was drawn up on the side of the road, and a lean stock horse, hitched to a post, stood twitching his tail to keep the flies away. Half a dozen scraggy fowls scratched and pecked about the water-butt.

A bare-legged little girl with wind-tossed dark hair ran out and stood staring at them. She had a little white, freckled face, and eyes as shy and bright as a startled wild creature.

Mrs. Cameron got down from the cart, leaving Davey in it holding the reins.

"Good-day," she said to the child. "I want to see Mr. Stevens."

The child stared at her.

Then a man came to the dark doorway of the house, a lean, lithe man, with bearded chin and quick restless eyes.

She went towards him and explained in a few eager words why she had come.

"Will you come in and take a seat, ma'am," he asked, his voice vibrating strangely.

She went into the house; its very shadow exhaled a stale smell of crude spirits and tobacco.

"You'd better give Lass a drink, Davey," she called. "I'll be back presently."

The room she stepped into was kept with an attempt at orderliness. It was bare and cleanly. The dull afternoon sunshine garnished its bare walls, the rough chairs and the bunks against the wall. The man had followed her in to the room and now faced her. There was a suspension of the breath in his nostrils as this quiet, grey-clad woman lifted her eyes to his.

Neither of them spoke for a few minutes.

People passed and repassed the room, feet dragged, curious glances strayed into it.

"If you recognize us—give us away—the game's up," he muttered.

"I understand," Mrs. Cameron said.

"Steve made some money on the fields," he said. "He bought this place and Deirdre and I came with him to see him settled. Deirdre—the child you saw outside—belongs to me."

"It's about her I came," Mrs. Cameron explained hurriedly, glad to leave the ground of troubled memory.

She described the scheme for getting a school in the district, building a room somewhere on the roadside, at a point where it could be reached by children of the scattered clearings.

"Who's to be the teacher?" he asked.

Sitting on a low form, he leaned across the table and gazed at her.

Through the open window she could see Davey sitting up very stiff and straight in the spring-cart. He had taken his red history book from his pocket and was pretending to read. The child whom the man before her had called Deirdre was standing staring at him. A smile flitted across Mrs. Cameron's face. She thought that Davey had not forgiven her sex for the discomfiture it had put upon him that morning, and was determined to have nothing to do with little girls.

(To be continued.)

Forestry in Great Britain.

Great Britain has awakened to the necessity of reforestation, and regards any restriction of tree planting as false economy. The forest authorities have agreed to a great extension of enterprise in forestry. Hundreds of thousands of acres of uncultivated land are available for the purpose, and they are to be used for the growth of new forest, planted largely with trees grown from Canadian tree seed collected by the Dominion Forestry Branch.

It is estimated that 146,000,000,000 fragments fro mcomets bombard the earth annually.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Constructive Child Welfare Law

BY DR. J. G. SHEARER

The welfare of children is the concern of all. Humanity, patriotism and religion combine in their appeal in behalf of the little ones. The majority of children are safely left to the care of their own parents. Unhappily, however, not a few are bereft of parents, or would be better if they were. And many others have need that the help parents can render be supplemented by the Province.

Manitoba has just enacted the most modern Child Welfare Act in Canada or on the continent, in behalf of specially needy classes of children. It is comprehensive and constructive in high degree. Its preparation was the work of a committee of experienced and expert friends of children, gotten together by the Social Service Council. That committee labored for four years before recommending the law to the Government. But the law justifies the time and labor spent upon its framing.

It establishes a new Department of Public Welfare with a Minister of Public Welfare in charge. The law also provides for the appointment by the Government of:

(a) A Child Welfare Director, responsible to the Government and people for the administration of the Act, and so far the welfare of all the classes of children provided for.

(b) A Medical Officer who is a trained Phychiatrist, whose duty is to examine and report upon the physical and mental condition of all children who are or should be wards of the Province.

(c) A Board of Selection of five or seven members. The Child Welfare Director and the Psychiatrist are members ex-officio. The others are public-spirited citizens specially interested in Child Welfare, and serve without salary. The duty of this Board is to determine what special care, treatment and training each child needs and where this can best be obtained, whether in an institution or a private foster home, if not in its own home.

The following classes of children are provided for in separate section of the law:

(1) Neglected, dependent and delinquent children previously cared for and (2) other classes not previously cared for, such as:

Mentally defective children, idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded and retarded. These are provided for in public schools, in special classes under specially trained teachers or in special schools for mental defectives. Under this section provision is made for the examination of all accused persons, who, though adults, if adjudged mentally defective, become wards of the Government as being children in mind and self-control.

Physically defective children, such as blind, deaf, dumb, crippled, etc.

The children of Unmarried parentage, who, though wholly innocent, are usually sadly handicapped by ostracism, neglect and non-support.

Immigrant children such as those brought in by Barnardo or other similar organizations.

If any defectives or delinquints are brought into the Province they may be deported. If any become public charges, the societies are compelled to care for them until sixteen years of age. If any are unkindly treated in foster homes, the Province, through its Child Welfare Director, becomes their champion and protector.

All machinery necessary is provided also for the Adoption and Guardianship of children.

Juvenile Courts, their establishment and governance are fully covered, as also all Child Welfare Societies allowed to work in the Province.

The closing section provides for all precedure, penalties, forms, etc.

This is the barest skeleton outline of this progressive measure.

It is typical of Western Canada that this remarkable constructive measure has been prepared and enacted by a Western province. It seems highly probable that other provinces in the West, and in the East, will in the near future follow Manitoba's illustrous example. Now that the trail is blazed it will not be to their credit if they do not do so.

KEEN'S DSF MUSTARD gives food a delicious appetizing savor—

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About the House

Jelly Stock for Winter.

In preparing for the winter's supply of jelly, what could be simpler than merely to extract the fruit juices during the busy fruit season and store them in jars? This juice is called jelly stock. Each jar of stock is neatly labeled, giving such information as the kind of fruit, date prepared and any facts that may assist in later making the best jelly. Jars of jelly stock are stored with other canned fruits and used as the demand arises.

Perhaps first among the advantages of thus supplying the table with freshly made jellies, of that rich, fruity flavor so desired, is that it immeasurably lessens the labor in the hot kitchen during the fruit season. Those who have tried this method have also been delighted with the quality of their product. With much pride, one jelly maker exhibits a product so clear that, as she laughingly said, one may read the morning news through a glass of her jelly. This is due to the fact that as the stocks stands on the shelves awaiting its turn to be used, all sediment settles and only the clear juice is used. In grape stock this sediment contains crystals of cream of tartar, always most undesirable in the finished jelly.

The method of preparing jelly stock is quite simple. The fruit is cooked with the addition of the necessary water. It is strained first through a cheesecloth, then through a jelly bag made from flannel, is poured into jars that have been sterilized in boiling water. It is processed twenty minutes, following the usual method of processing canned fruits and vegetables by the cold-pack method. It is then sealed.

Grapes, plums, apples, crab apples and blackberries are among the fruits best suited to jelly-making since they contain the essential properties—pectin and acid. The fruit should be firm and in good condition, with one-half ripe to give characteristic flavor and color, and one-half slightly green to supply acid.

There are other fruits of delicious flavor which cannot well be spared from the list of jellies, yet are lacking in the jelly-making substance. Strawberries, peaches and cherries are among these but experiments have discovered ways of making them jelly by combining with such fruits as apple or by the addition of home-made or commercial pectin. This pectin is of value because it makes it possible for us to make a perfect jelly out of fruits that until recently we thought could not be satisfactorily used except for jams, sauces and conserves.

Two methods of adding sugar to the strained juice for the final process of jelly making are recognized by successful cooks. The first is to bring the juice to a boil, boil rapidly for ten minutes, add sugar and boil, after boiling point is reached, ten minutes, when, if other conditions are right, the jelly stage should be reached. Some heat the sugar and some do not.

The second method is to add the sugar as soon as the juice begins to boil and cook rapidly until jelly stage is reached which, other conditions being right, will be in about twenty minutes.

A good thermometer is a great help in jelly-making. To test the jelly without a thermometer, take a little of the boiling juice on a spoon and cool it. If cooked sufficiently, the juice will form a sheet and break from the sides of the spoon when poured.

Apple jelly stock—Wash apples, cut in small pieces and cover with water. After boiling point is reached, cook from 35 to 45 minutes. Strain and pour juice at once into not sterilized jars and process 20 minutes. Store in a cool place until ready to make jelly.

Apple jelly (made from stock)—1 pt. apple jelly stock, 1½ c. sugar. Cook to 222 degrees F., or 105½ deg. C. Skim and pour into sterilized glasses.

Crab apple jelly—Cut apples in small pieces, cover with water and when the boiling point is reached, cook for 35 minutes. Strain through cheesecloth. Filter by pouring juice through a heavy flannel bag and for each cup of juice use a cup of sugar. Crab apples contain a great deal of pectin and are also very acid. The jelly stage will be reached at from 220 deg. F. to 221 degrees F. This jelly is very firm and is excellent in flavor.

Grape jelly stock—8 lbs. grapes (one-half under-ripe), 2 lbs. water (one quart). Crush grapes and boil with water 20 minutes; strain through cheesecloth and pour juice into flannel bag. Pour into sterilized jars and process 20 minutes. Store in a cool place until ready to make jelly.

In grape-jelly stock, the cream of tartar crystals slowly settle to the bottom and by this method of crystallization in the jelly is reduced to a minimum. Orange pectin is frequently used with grape-jelly stock to prevent the formation of crystals.

Grape jelly made from stock—Add the required amount of stock. Cook to 223 degrees F., or 106 deg. C. Sometimes a higher temperature than this is required for grapes. Pour into hot sterilized glasses.

Strawberry jelly—Crush berries; add only enough water to keep them from burning until soft and strain into flannel jelly bag. To 1 pt. of juice add 1 pt. orange pectin, 1 lb. sugar. As soon as boiling add sugar and cook to 223 or 106 degrees C. Skim and pour into hot sterilized glasses.

Blackberry jelly stock—Crush berries, 1 pt. water. Place over heat and after boiling is reached, cook for 15 minutes, through double cheesecloth, process in pint jars for 20 minutes. This will yield 3 pints of jelly stock in cool place.

Minard's Liniment for Cancer.

Insects as Doctors.

In spite of the marvellous progress that medical science has made, there are still using a cure that was used hundreds of years ago.

A little insect, the leech, is still the most modern surgical instrument for oculists have realized its value in reducing inflammation in certain cases of the eye, says a London paper. The useful creatures are imported from Bavaria, and can be bought at most chemists for sixpence each.

During the war, of course, it was impossible to obtain supplies, and at one time there was only one leech in London. It belonged to the famous oculist at one of our big hospitals, and there has never been a creature that had to work so hard. It was sent to all parts of London for the use of doctors who were unable to obtain leech of their own. The little creature became one of the best-known actors" in Harley Street.

Let thy child's first lesson be obedience, the second will be what thou wilt.

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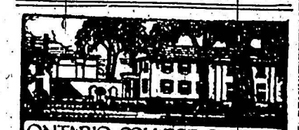

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