

BY RIGHT OF PURCHASE

By ERNEST ELWOOD STANFORD.

III.

Meanwhile, closely attended by Babe, the "critter" plodded through the chores. Various methods of disposing of the intelligent animal fitted through the victim's mind. They ranged from shutting him in the cow stable to impaling him on the pitchfork; but, somehow, just as he had screwed up his courage to the sticking point Babe would open his mouth and yawn prodigiously, after which dental display Marcellus would devote himself earnestly to the business in hand.

"I ain't goin' to have no scandal about this business," announced Dorena, when the chores were finished. "So you'll sleep in that shed out there. Babe stays just outside, and he's sort of wakeful and apt to be cross o' nights, so if I was you I wouldn't disturb him. You needn't worry about your farm an' stock. I s'pose I might say I took over your property along with you. Anyhow, I'll see it don't suffer."

The shed, far from palatial, had been fitted for habitation rather hastily, but somehow Marcellus, as he fingered the snowy sheets and appreciatively tested the mattress, felt little longing for the tumbled cot at home.

"She's a cook, too," he ruminated. "A master fine cook. An' cute—mighty cute. A wonderful manager—as much as it's give a woman to be. But fer farmin'—he shook his head sadly—"she's let that wuthless Sam Loftus raise partic'lar Cain with one o' the best farms in town. 'S a shame."

If Marcellus had hoped for the morrow to moderate the rigors of his condition he was doomed to disappointment. When he demurred at being routed from his slumbers at an hour earlier than he had seen in years, Dorena promised to help his arising in five minutes by the clock. Marcellus dressed in two. She fed him bounteously on buckwheats and maple lasses and sent him, hoe in hand, to greet the rising sun in the cornfield. Noon, however, brought savory consolation, and supper—strawberry shortcake!

But neither that day nor the next did she allow him speech with his kind. Whatever could people be saying? Marcellus Bradley, the sharpest "trader" in town, caught in a hay deal and held in durance by a woman! And nobody would ever believe he hadn't meant to cheat her! To add a little bogus weight in trading with a man was nothing more than "cute," but Sledder's Corner—and Marcellus—had certain rudimentary notions of chivalry. But Babe was ever-present. Marcellus, despite himself, took a good husbandman's pride in correcting the misdeeds of the despicable Sam Loftus. Dorena, for her part, could but soften under the unspoken but manifest tribute to her cooking. They even got to conversing amicably—whole sentences at a time.

"I see you don't keep a cat," observed Marcellus one morning.

"Got enough worthless critters," snubbed Dorena with a shiver. "Shows you wa'n't never intended for an old maid—" Marcellus broke off in surprise and terror at the first spontaneous, truly gallant speech of his life.

"I cal'late you'd better get your milk pail," said Dorena after a noticeable pause. But Marcellus noted a rosy flush on her averted face, which looked strangely youthful just then, and a curiously warm and unfamiliar feeling played about his heart.

The next day he saw a chance for more active chivalry. Marcellus, as he returned for supper, saw through a window a sight that made his blood run cold. Dorena knelt before the range, removing a golden-brown chicken pie whose fragrance seemed to pierce the very window pane. Behind her, stolen in unseeing, a burly, tattered tramp with outstretched revolver.

"Hands up!" growled the tramp. Dorena whirled. Marcellus felt a blazing, valorous impulse to dash to the rescue—of that pie.

A hot chicken pie of proper size, however flaky, cannot support itself unaided in midair, nor can it even be held in one hand. And the canons of Sledder's Corner demand that woman's skirts be worn to the ground—and kept there. As this voracious chronicle truly shows, Dorena Kellogg was no woman to fly in the face of convention. Nevertheless it happened—just how may never be known—that the revolver hit the ceiling smartly even before the pie, to Marcellus' infinite relief, arrived safely at the table. From somewhere a frying-pan inverted itself over the intruder's head. As he freed himself, Dorena, investigating the workings of the captured firearm, creased his shin with a bullet. With a yell he demonstrated that the injured limb was essentially sound, the tardy Babe, a couple of jumps behind. The tramp, with but two legs, was built for speed, whereas Babe, though with four, was not. But it was a remarkably even thing.

"Bring in the mop when you come," called Dorena. "I'm sorry I spilled the potatoes. I'd fixed 'em up special. O-o-w! My gracious goodness me! O-o-o-o-ow!"

Marcellus turned, tripped over the mop, and tumbled headlong through the door. Dorena cannoned against him. Somehow in the mixup a protecting arm slipped round a waist which never before had sought protection, and a terrified feminine face sheltered itself on a sturdy shoulder.

"O-o-o-w! Take it away!" Marcellus' biceps swelled, and his fist bulged menacingly.

"What? Where?" Dorena pointed, then hid her face again. Somehow, probably when the tramp had opened the door, a tiny, half-starved white kitten had slipped into the room. In the tumult it had passed unnoticed, but now it had gain-

ed the table, and sniffed hungrily at the steaming pie.

"Babe! Babe!" screamed the stricken Dorena.

But the doughty Babe, his one-cylindrical mind fully occupied, was half a mile away and getting further every minute.

Slowly Marcellus grasped the situation. Dorena clung tight—er.

"Oh, 'Cellus," she moaned, "take it away! I was only foolin'. 'Cellus, I never meant nothin'. Take it away! And you can go too. Take it away."

Perhaps it was the unaccustomed sensation of shrinking, feminine weakness in his arms. Perhaps it was a vision of golden pies and juicy short-cakes, contrasted with a cheerless past of nauseous man-cooking in a time-scorched frying pan. Perhaps it was the suffering Kellogg farm lands. Marcellus spoke with brutal, masculine directness.

"Doreny, I'll put that cat out on just one condition: Will you cook—I mean—will you marry me?"

Dorena gasped, looked up again, and spied the cat. Dorena clung closer.

"Y-yes, Marcellus," she whispered. "I'll do anything—but put out that cat!"

"See the parson to-night?" demanded Marcellus inexorably.

"Y-yes!"

"Poison Babe?"

"Yes!"

"A woman needs somebody t' look after her," murmured Marcellus happily as he hitched up for the trip to the parson's.

Meanwhile, in the dusk of the woodshed, a fluttering bride-to-be placed a saucer of milk.

"Nice kitty!" said Dorena Kellogg. (The End.)

MULTIPLE THINKING.

It has been asserted that the brain can function directly upon only one thought at a time and that the apparent multitude of matters considered by the mind in a minimum of time is due to the rapidity with which thought moves from one to the other. For instance, two objects that form one mental picture, as two horses, may be visualized at once; yet distant things, as a city and a mountain, are entertained by the mental faculties, not at the same instant, but in rapid succession.

Take the example of a man seated at a piano and singing. Before him is the sheet of music, perhaps new to him. In the lines and spaces the notes have different meanings or places in the octave of the keyboard, according as they are in the bass or the treble clef. The player's two hands are busied with these two lines of music, which are thus of slightly different meaning and are altogether different in performance, having in common only harmony and time. There are also the composer's annotations, or directions for emphasis, to which the player gives regard or not, as he pleases. Then there are the printed words of the song to be read and to be sung. Also the player's foot must sometimes operate the pedal, which, in addition, it is the experience that unrelated thoughts enter his mind; the probable pleasure or dislike of the audience and even memories recent or far in the past. With all that the music must be executed in proper time.

Thus at the same instant the performer may be busied with four lines of text; two of the notes, one of the musical annotation, one of words; his foot operating the pedal, his two hands finding the notes on the keyboard to which he occasionally looks, while his voice is engaged in song, and his emotions enter into the singing and playing, together with thought of external, unrelated matters.

It seems too much to allow the argument here that the entire reading is done with infinite rapidity between the playing of the notes, and that the mind then directs the hands to press the keys and the voice to sing at the proper moment, and then releases itself from that part in order to sweep across the four lines of text for the next measure or part of a measure. It is true that the muscles have some automatic powers, yet there must be some mental supervision simultaneously directed over the complete performance.

Writer's Cramp.

Writer's cramp does not interfere with other manipulations of the affected hand. A prominent surgeon, now totally unable to write, uses the affected hand easily to perform all the delicate and varied manipulations incidental to abdominal surgery.

Complete rest of the hand, massage and electrical treatment may afford relief, but the trouble is likely to recur. Some victims learn to write with the left hand, but the disease is prone to extend into the newly-trained member.

The method of writing from the elbow or shoulder instead of from the knuckle prevents writer's cramp. Affected persons can use the type-writing machine perfectly.

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REFORESTATION NEEDED IN CANADA

BIG SCHEME BEING CARRIED OUT IN QUEBEC.

Replanting of Forests to Sustain the Pulp and Paper Industry is a Necessary Undertaking.

Perhaps the largest reforestation scheme ever undertaken in Canada is being carried out in Quebec this year. The Laurentide Company, of Grand-mere is planting over 1,000,000 seedlings, mostly Norway spruce, with some white, Scotch and jack pine and balsam. The Riordon Company, of St. Jovite, is also planting 750,000 seedlings. Much the greater number of the seedlings used are imported from forest nurseries in the United States, which, in turn, procured the seed some three or four years ago from Northern Europe.

These companies hope soon to plant every year at least one tree for every one removed by them. Naturally such a large scheme of reforestation demanded the building up of a large organization, as well as the carrying out of much experimental work, all of which involved a large outlay of capital. It goes without saying that such a task would not have been undertaken if the men who control the companies were not convinced that it was a good investment, and that only by such means could their deforested lands be made productive before their available supplies of timber were exhausted. Forest culture presupposes long-term investments and, consequently, the necessity of a minimum outlay in land and preliminary expenses. For this reason it is generally considered to be an undertaking which governments can handle to better advantage than can private corporations or individuals. The Quebec companies, however, have acquired considerable areas of cheap land in fee simple. They established their own nurseries and these will be gradually enlarged until they will furnish sufficient seedlings to keep pace with the planting. As practically no seed of Canadian trees is now obtainable, it is being imported from Europe, but in time it should be possible to obtain native seed. It is, for example, not yet definitely known how Norway spruce will grow under Canadian conditions. A vast amount of experimental work, requiring several years' time, will be necessary to decide this point. In order to avoid any delay, the companies are engaging in this experimental work in co-operation with the Commission of Conservation co-incidentally with their planting.

Europe Sets An Example.

It is to be regretted that the several provincial governments which have control of their forests should permit great areas of cut-over forest to remain idle until the time has been reached when private enterprise "must" undertake the task in order to prevent the decline of the timber and pulp industries. The provinces might well learn from the peoples of Europe, who have been practising state forestry for more than a century. It is long past the time for heeding the



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warnings of those who, for more than a generation, have been pointing out the menace of permitting a great national resource to become depleted. Anyone who now prates about Canadian forests being "vast beyond comprehension," "illimitable," or "inexhaustible," should be regarded as an enemy of the country.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

New Apple Pancakes.

One cup flour, one and a half cups milk, two eggs, half teaspoon salt. Sift the flour and salt into bowl, add the milk and well-beaten eggs; beat 5 minutes. Have an iron pan very hot, remove from fire, put in one teaspoon of fat; shake pan so the batter will reach around. Shake pan the same as you would when frying an omelet. When nice and brown on both sides, spread with apple sauce, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and roll same as an omelet.

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Eccentric Men and Their Queerness

That possession of much of the world's goods is frequently attended by the manifestation of the weirdest eccentricities on the part of the owners is amusingly illustrated by the following curious instances:—

In Vienna lived a wealthy man, a Pole of noble origin, occupying sumptuous apartments in the heart of the capital's fashionable quarter, who, when he wished to summon his servants, did so by means of bugle calls. A favorite pastime of this eccentric was to drive a stage, attired like any ordinary driver of such a vehicle, wherever he might find aristocratic fares to be most numerous.

The Viennese asserted that while he spent a fortune each year upon his raiment yet he was never clad in any save the discarded garments of his valet. On one occasion the Pole assailed the guests at a ball by appearing in a costume of pure white, with the notable exceptions of shirt and tie, which were entirely black. To complete the oddities, it may be added that when dining, which he invariably did alone at a table d'hote, he maintained his reputation for crankiness by reversing the usual order of things and beginning his meal with a lemitasse, working backward to the soup.

It was not long ago that there died in an Eastern town a wealthy eccentric who, though he had never for years been outside the grounds surrounding his residence, was accustomed to boast each day that he had walked to certain towns, generally at a great distance from his house. What he actually did was this:—Whenever he decided that it would be an excellent idea to visit a distant town, he ascertained its exact distance from his home and covered it on foot

on a carefully measured walking track maintained on his premises for this purpose. Should he desire to call on his friends near by he would do so by proxy, at the same time conducting a conversation with them by means of the servants, whom he sent in relays with certain questions, with strict injunctions to bring the answers as speedily as possible.

A well known Parisian, according to his own statement, for many years defied the weather by drinking a solution of camphor, which, in his opinion, was an excellent substitute for clothing. It was said that winter and summer alike found him sleeping without a particle of clothing, with the windows of his apartment thrown wide open. It was his custom also to stroll in the garden, even on bitterly cold nights, in a garment much resembling that ordinarily worn by normal people only at night.

Among the wealthy eccentrics of England was a man who lived near Hastings. His fad excited much attention and amusement among his neighbors. Punctually at noon each day he would appear in his front yard, with a crimson turban on his head, his feet covered with richly embroidered and jeweled sandals, and with a coolie cloth round his waist. Then, absolutely indifferent to the hoots of the people in the street, he would first pray aloud to the sun, "the father of light and good," and immediately afterward prostrate himself before a quaint miniature temple wherein was enshrined a grotesque idol with diamond eyes. What made his eccentricity remarkable was the fact that he was not of Eastern origin, nor had he ever been converted to any religious faith or cult of the East.

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