

The Quality of "SALADA"

TEA

H562

is most appreciated in the rich, delicious flavor. Try it today.

Cut Roses Correctly.

By cutting your roses correctly with long stems the plant is improved in vigor and habit. When gathering blooms cut the stalk at a point about two inches from the branch which bears the flowering stem. This leaves two good eyes which will in about four weeks produce more flowers. Rose bushes seem to do best when they are severely trimmed, as the bloom is in proportion to the strength of the stem that carries it. Cutting back builds up a well-branched plant with flowers of finer quality than those borne on a tall, scraggly parent. In the months of July and August weak growth suffers from the heat and the blooms are inferior. Avoid letting the petals fall and then picking them off, as this is very hard on the plant. By attending to the cutting of the blooms, which is a form of summer pruning, very little trimming is required the following spring except the cutting out of the old canes.

There is a right time to cut blooms for the best-keeping qualities. Cut early in the morning when the wood is cool. After the sun has been shining on the flowers they are somewhat wilted and faded. Cut blooms will last longer if placed in the ice-box for a few hours before placing in the vase.



It is!

1st Fly—"There are a number of great inventions."
2nd Fly—"The fly-swatter ain't one of them."

Hoofs in the Heather.

Fetch the cattle through the heather,
Mary, blue-eyed lass of mine;
Yellow is the glow of sunset,
Long the shadow of the pine!
Far away the bells are tinkling
In some lush and watered dell;
Lonely are the paths of heather,
Lonely for the twilight bell!

Often you have brought the cattle,
O my pretty, slender lass;
You have found them in the valley
Knee-deep in the tender grass!
You have sent them through the star-
light
Single-trailed with plodding feet;
You have brought them through the
heather
Fringed with blossoms, purple-
sweet!

Draw the bars and set the stanchions!
Mary, bring the cattle home
For the whip-poor-wills are singing
And the blooms of heather gloam!
You may loiter with your lover
If you will, but not too long;
Fetch the white kine through the
heather;
Lo, their hoof-beats are my song!
—Leslie Clare Manchester.

A peace-time barrage is not a screen of bursting shells, but a low dam in a river, intended to raise and to keep water at such a level that some of it will run off through canals and irrigation ditches. The Indus River in India is to have such a barrage at Sukkur. It will be a mile long and will divert water enough to irrigate six million acres of land now barren.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

He who obeys with modesty, appears worthy of some day or other being allowed to command.

APPEARANCES

BY JAY GELZER.

PART I.

At sunset, when long rays of light fell slantingly across the smooth brown furrows he had so recently turned, Joel Beck began to unhitch his old gray mare from the rusty, antiquated plow.

"Reckon hit's quittin' time, Dolly," he observed.

The horse whinnied softly, nuzzling his shoulder with almost human gladness at the prospect of release from drudgery.

Letting the harness drop, Joel strode toward the cabin at the other end of the field, closely followed by the mare, her long gray neck drooping with fatigue.

In the unpainted, ramshackle barn he settled the horse for the night, tossing a bundle of hay into the feed trough with a grimace of pain as his lame leg began to throb after the day in the field. With a detached pity he reflected upon the weariness resting heavily upon man and beast alike.

"Life in the mountings hain't none too easy on folks or critters!" he brooded aloud, realizing that the words voiced his unending protest against the hardships of mountain life.

Perhaps, he told himself dubiously, continuing on his way to the cabin, Maw was right, and he was entirely a Beck.

Being entirely a Beck meant that he was utterly lazy and shiftless; being entirely a Beck meant also that he was an object of mingled scorn and aversion where Maw Beck was concerned, Maw having had bitter experience with Becks in the person of his handsome, incompetent father.

Maw had been a Keating, and the Keatings outranked the Valley from the standpoint of possessions and energy.

Outside the door of the cabin, through which the aroma of boiling coffee drifted appetizingly, his footsteps involuntarily slowed into a momentary pause of vivid expectancy. A trick dating back to earliest childhood, that instinctive pause in which he wistfully sought to ascertain Maw's mood before coming into her presence.

Always there had been the incredulous hope that Maw's bitter prejudice against himself might have miraculously melted during his absence, that there might even be a brightening of welcome for him upon her stern face. As usual, his hope was doomed to disappointment.

Maw threw him a sullen glance from the fireplace, where she bent over pots and pans.

"Set," she instructed briefly, "an' I'll bring the victuals."

There it was again—her dislike for him plainly revealed in even those few words.

Flaming with a resentment which he inwardly acknowledged to be both absurd and unexpected after all these years, Joel limped across the dirt floor to the rude table conveniently close to the fireplace. He had so long conceded Maw's dislike for himself, the elder son, and her preference for Cullen, his younger brother, that his momentary rebellion amazed him.

Maw moved back and forth, wordlessly depositing steaming dishes of food before him. Bitter enemies could scarcely have had less to say to each other.

Joel ate alone, forlornly wishing that Cullen were home again, willing to pass over Maw's plainly shown preference for Cullen in his overwhelming need of companionship.

Presently Maw seated herself at the fireplace. If Cullen had been there she would have stood behind his chair, gently moving a brush made of long strips of paper back and forth over his head to keep away the intrusive flies of early spring, granting to Cullen the attention belonging properly to Joel as male head of the house. Where Joel was concerned, she contemptuously omitted this duty altogether, merely waiting until he had gone to begin her own meal.

Again the flood of acute resentment boiled high in Joel Beck. It wasn't fair, this prejudice against him which had been a throbbing hurt since his earliest perception of it!

It wasn't his fault, he told himself stormily, that Maw had picked Homer Beck for his father and that Homer Beck had proved worthless. Nor was it his fault that he himself resembled the shiftless, wheedling scamp of a father as exactly as one pea resembles another.

Visioning the hostility which must have scourged his father equally in his lifetime, Joel smiled wryly.

"Reckon Pap must hev been plumb glad ter die!" he muttered.

Rising clumsily, his mild blue eyes

sought Maw again, wistfully eager for a softening of her grudge against him, but from the sight of her thin shoulders hunched into an attitude of aggressive disapproval he turned hastily away, limping to the outside porch.

Again he wished that Cullen were home. Cullen, however, was fortunate in this as in his resemblance to the Keatings. Cullen had escaped from the narrow bondage of the worked-out backwoods farm. Cullen was in St. Louis with Uncle Keating, Maw's brother.

Vainly Joel tried to imagine what life in the city would be like, eventually abandoning the attempt as futile. But a life different from this, at any rate, he decided.

Restlessly he pushed back his old felt hat, revealing above bronzed chin and cheeks a forehead sweat-bleached to a transparent white. Red brown curls bordered the whiteness of that high, intelligent forehead. His eyes, limpidly blue and tranquil, were fixed upon the wooded summit high above him.

A red sunset—to-morrow would be another fine day and he would have a chance to get the cotton seed in before rain came. And later on there would be, barring mishap, plenty of cotton for Maw to spin into the thread to be woven into stout jeans and shirts; and for a surplus to be sold or bartered for supplies at the settlement store.

The Beck land lay nearest the tiny crystal-clear stream purling its way through the Valley. From where he sat he could hear the ripple of eager water plainly.

Once, when the fields had drooped, discouraged and sick from lack of rain, he had cleverly contrived to divert a part of that hurrying water to the purpose of turning the fields green and healthy again. Sitting there intent upon the color changes slowly taking place around the western summit upon which his eyes were fixed, he recalled his own leaping pleasure at Maw's rare praise.

Far down the narrow dirt road curving through the Valley he descried a blur of white.

"Maw!" he called, lifting his voice into a warning shout. "Patty Jessup's comin' down the road."

Maw appeared instantly in the doorway, smoothing the prim parting of her hair with one hand.

"Hit's Patty," she agreed. "Likely she's heerd yore back from the settlement."

Three times a year, in favorable weather, he made the trip to the nearest settlement, thirty miles away, hauling surplus produce to sell and bringing back the few supplies not provided by their own land. On these occasions, not infrequently he brought back a letter from Cullen.

Cullen had not wanted to go away. Oddly enough, he had demurred, preferring to stay in the Valley with its brown pools filled with trout and its rabbits and squirrels for fall hunting.

"I like it hyar, Maw!" he had protested. "An' thar's Patty Jessup; we're tokened."

Maw had passed over his preference lightly, ignoring Joel's eager eyes.

"Ye kin come back fer Patty," she pointed out. "And hit's yore place to go, Cullen, as the Keating o' the family."

(To be continued.)

Don't Go In.

Don't go in on a soft spring night when the latticed trees are swaying!
Don't go in when the elfin light on the apple bloom is playing!

Don't go in when the mystic spell of stars in a sea of blue
Is working a change that you cannot tell in the heart and soul of you!

Don't go in and leave it here alone and lovely and sweet!

Don't go in on a soft spring night when the lilacs fall at your feet!

Don't go in when wisteria drifts like an attar of moon on the air!

Don't go in when the fairy dreams of the spiritual dusk are there!

Don't go in when wavering trees leave wonderful shadows to die!

Don't go in on a soft spring night when there's whispering low and high,
When the flowers and the birds and the insects know that something's about to pass!

Don't go in when the feet of spring are touching the dew-sweet grass!

—B.B.

The sun is the greatest physician in the world.—Sir Herbert Barker.

WRIGLEYS

After every meal

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When I've a quarrel in my mind
With one who's far away,
To scorching letters I'm inclined
In which I say my say.

And then I take those scorching screeds

So full of ink and ire,
In which I threaten awful deeds,
And mail them—in the fire.

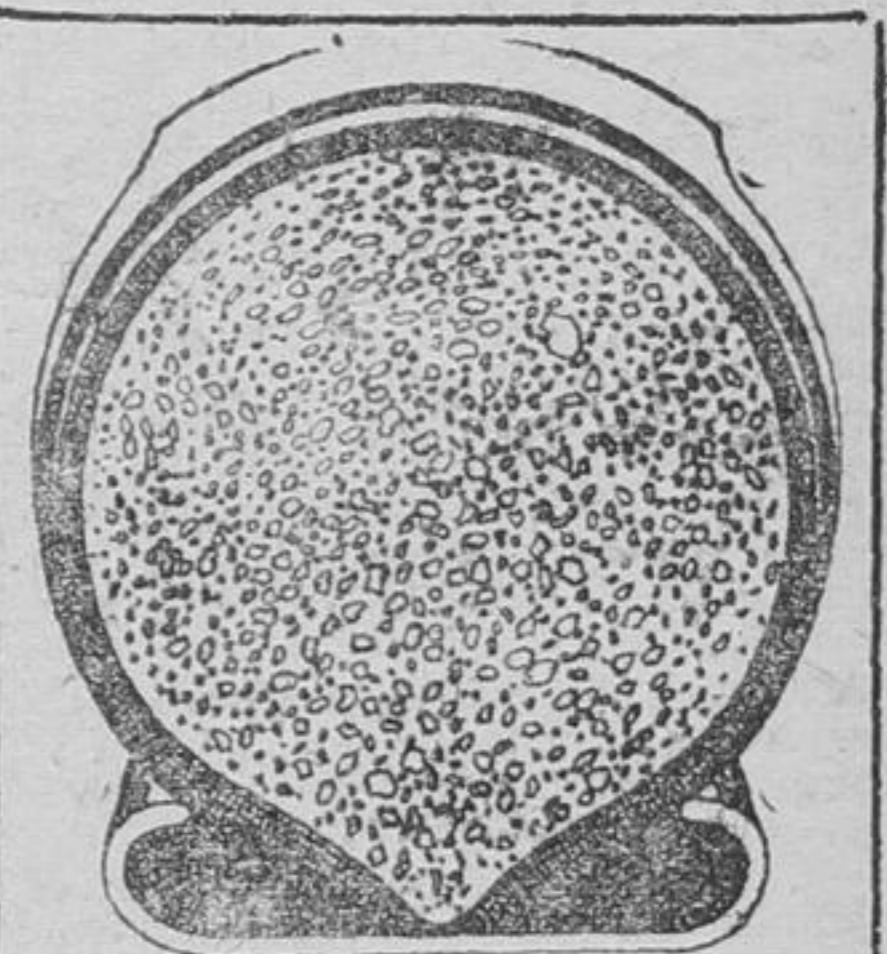
—John Kendrick Bangs.

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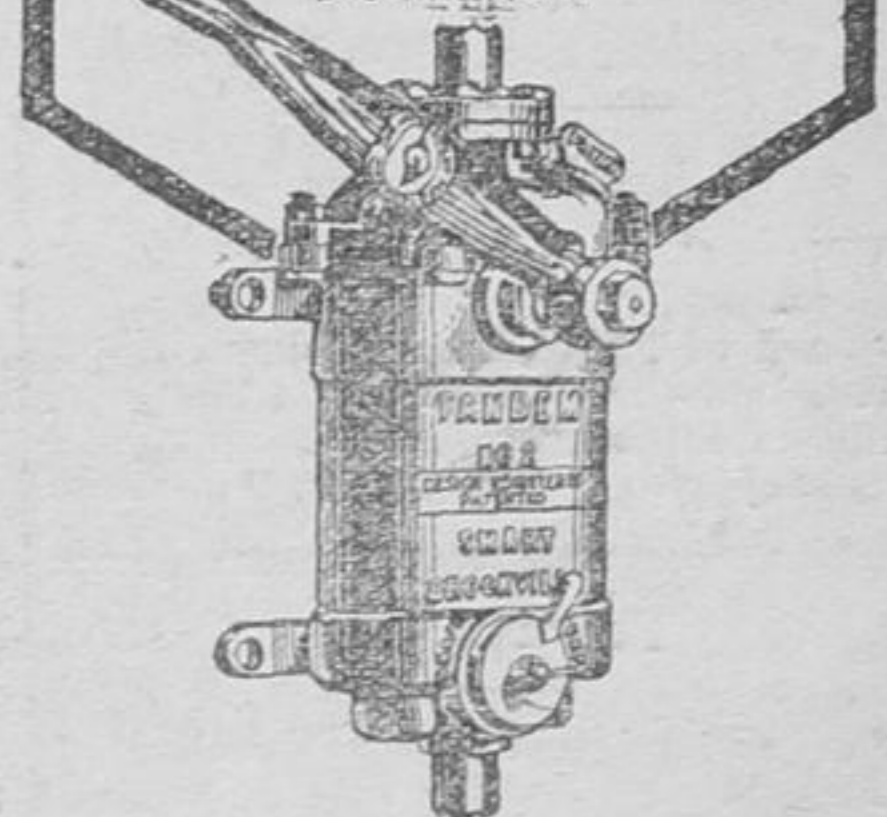
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