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The Legacy on Wheels

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

CHAPTER I.—(Cont'd.)

"Julie! Julie!" Ma wailed from the next room. "You broken all Ten Commandments or once or what? I never heard such a-to-do in my born days!"

Julie's dazed eyes lifted from her fell handwork, widened with a new and revolutionary idea. In a single minute she had freed herself from the symbol of the meagreness and poverty of her existence. What if there should be a way to free herself from the rest! Cheers flushed, blue eyes mischievous, she stood in the doorway pulling Pa's old straw hat over her auburn curls.

"I've broken the big platter!" The words had the jilt of a song. "And I'm going to pick some flowers to celebrate! Don't touch the kitchen—I'll finish when I get back!"

She was gone in a whirl of faded pink gingham skirts. The screen door banged behind her flying feet.

"I declare I don't know what to make of Julie sometimes!" Ma sighed. "She's so flighty! I'll be thankful when she marries John Massey and settles down."

"Don't you be in a fret to hurry the clock ahead," Gran'ma advised. "Let Julie have her fling first! John's a steady boy but they's something he hasn't got and that's the gift of wanting. Julie inherits her wanting from ma. All my life I been hankering for something I couldn't have. When I was a little tot it was a ruffled white muslin to wear to the church picnic at Souiro's Pond; then when I was keeping company with your father I wanted a pink silk parasol and a string of gold beads and then I took to wearing to go shopping and see a big city and shop windows and maybe one of those theatres you hear about. I expect now the only traveling I'll ever do will be to the New Jerusalem but I'm kind of hoping, Emmie, that the angels'll wear ruffles and gold beads and carry pink silk parasols!"

At this moment Julie was clambering over the stone wall at the foot of the mowing field. A ground black-berry caught at her skirt with tiny tendrils fingers as she hurried up the hillside pasture. Sweet fern stored fragrance like the breath of the September day. Low droning of insect wings thronged in the air. Julie stopped short and flung her arms wide.

"Sometimes the world's so beautiful it makes me ache!" she cried passionately. "Oh, I want to live! I want to see things and feel all the feelings there are!"

She scrambled upward until she reached the great rock that crowned the hill. Her feet found familiar niches in the sides and she sank down on the sun-warmed boulder with a sigh of content. Far below stretched her little world of field and orchard and white farmhouse, touched to beauty with the tender golden bloom of the late sun. The sky seemed as near as the earth, up here on the Edge of Things.

Ever since Julie could remember, this rock had been her "Waiting Place" as she called it whimsically, where she had carried her childish griefs, her girl-dreams and the vague restlessness of spirit that sometimes as now, beset her. Chin on cupped palms she sat forward, gazing down where a blue-jeans speck toiled across one of the fields between John Massey in his potato field.

"I wish I could figure out what's wrong with things in Farmington," she mused. "It looks pretty enough up here."

She sighed rebelliously. "But the bare spots don't show from here. You can't see the Gerry's barn needs painting nor the mortgage on Jethro Leggett's farm. You can't see the orchards that aren't bearing nor Ma's Specific nor Romney and the other boys sitting on the bench in front of C. Reley's. If folks could live up here above their worries—they've got to stay right down among them, that's the trouble. It isn't so much having to work hard as it's not having anything to work for!"

The blue speck was moving across the field out into the road. John was coming for the cows. At this time of the year, he always came for them exactly at sundown. With a flash of exasperation Julie realized that at seventy he would still be plodding over the same stretch of road after the cows at just this time in the evening; he would still be planting

potatoes in the same field; going to prayer meeting every Wednesday, reading the weekly paper and the almanac in the evening.

Unexpectedly the impulse that freed her from the thrall of the stone-ware platter, swept Julie now, went down the steep pasture to the corner of the stone wall that bordered the highroad. Her heart hammered at her throat as she hurried over the spongy turf, but the gallant blood of United Empire Loyalist ancestors flowed in her veins and she did not turn back. She was going to be loyal to herself now; she would waste no time in shilly-shallying and discontent; she would find some way to get free and claim youth's rightful heritage of joy and opportunity.

John Massey, plodding along the road on his nightly errand was suddenly confronted with a little figure all crimson cheeks, glowing hair and eyes like blue flames. He stopped short in bewilderment.

"Why, Julie!" Alarm lurked in his voice. "You sort of startled me. I hope there's nothing wrong—"

"Yes, there is!" Julie spoke militantly. She took a step toward him. "John Massey, what you got planted in your south hill field?"

Even John's slow-working mind grasped the accusation in the question.

"Why, potatoes!" he said almost apologetically. "I always figure on sowing some on the south field, had good potatoes."

"I suppose it wouldn't ever occur to you to plant onions there just for a change!" Julie's glance was unmistakably scornful then it softened to pity. "John, some things come over me, all in a minute, like exorcising religion. When I saw you can't ever marry you."

"You can't ever—marry me?" The bewilderment on his honest face was drowned in a dull tide of red. "But Julie—why can't you ever?"

"Potatoes," said Julie crisply. "That's why!"

(To be continued.)

U. S. Owes Great Britain.

England's bill for transporting a million American soldiers across the Atlantic amounts approximately to \$82,000,000, or at the rate of \$82 per soldier, which, in the opinion of the U. S. Director of Transportation, is less than it would have cost to transport them in American ships.

There are three good methods of communicating news and gossip. Telephone, telegraph, and tell a woman.

Quick and accurate vision, a most valuable asset in any person's life, is remarkably developed by the rapid note-reading of the piano student, who through long practice acquires a well-trained eye and an efficient coordination of eye and hand.

Lady—Gracious, Mary, how can you regulate baby's bath if you don't use a thermometer? Mary—Lor' bless you, mum! If the darling turns blue, it's too cold—if red, it's too hot!

The Prince of Wales will visit Canada in August of this year, and will open the new Parliament Buildings at Ottawa. It is understood that he will open the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto the same month. He will spend two months in the Dominion.

Friend (teasingly)—"What makes that new baby at your house cry so much, Tommy?" "It doesn't cry so very much; and, anyway, if all your teeth were out and your hair off, and your legs so weak you couldn't even stand on them, I fancy you'd feel like crying yourself."

An American soldier and a Tommy thrown together in France were vying with each other in telling tall stories. "I saw 500 Germans drowned in the Champagne," said the American. "That's nothing," Tommy answered. "At Zebruggé there were three German submarines sunk in port."

Keep Minard's Lintment in the house.



About the House

Helping Daughter Dress Correctly.

When a new dress is to be made for daughter it is so much easier to go ahead and buy the cloth and select the pattern one's self than to co-operate daughter regarding it, that more often than not the dress is made regardless of the wearer's wishes in the matter. Many farm girls become so used to wearing whatever mother makes or buys, relying so absolutely on mother's taste to be correct, that when on their own and are thrown on their own responsibility, they find that they know nothing about cost of materials, suitability of colors or correctness of style. Too many times they spend their money on cheap, gaudy things, or else wear dowdy, unbecoming clothes.

Refrigerators Preserve Food.

The principle of scientific food preservation involved in a modern household refrigerator is not always understood by housewives. All that is necessary to preserve food is to keep it at a dry temperature low enough to protect it from micro-organisms or bacteria, which want to consume it as food just as we do, but which it is allowed to work quickly render it unfit for human consumption.

That Wicked Printer.

Some of the Ludicrous Blunders He Has Made the World Laugh At.

Printers often pervert the power of the pen and turn letters into smilies by the change of a letter.

"Drunkness is jolly," said a dean in a temperance sermon duly reported in the local paper. What the dean meant was that drunkenness was folly. But the printer was in playful mood, he omitted a comma, and the eminent divine stood again a self-confessed drunkard.

"Only last Sunday," he said, "a young man died suddenly, while I was endeavoring to preach the Word in a state of beastly intoxication."

Here is another "clerical error," culled from a parish magazine:

"There will be a collection in aid of the Arch Fiend."

The fend of a printer should have put Arch Fend. Doubtless he prevented many old ladies of limited intelligence from putting their hands in their pockets.

The "war-scarred" veteran was the printer's improvement on the "war-scarred" variety which the writer had in mind. The young man who wrote that love-letters were a never-fading ink was really informing his fiancée that such epistles would form a never-fading link between them throughout their lives.

Imagine the dismay of the schoolmaster whose prospectus read thus: "The distinctive feature of the school is the roughness—" He was only referring to the thoroughness of his methods.

"Our impending fate, eclipse of empire, is bound up with the League of Nations," said a politician in a local paper recently.

Yet he was an ardent advocate of the League of Nations, and what he really said was that our impending fate, eclipse of empire, was bound up with it. In this mistake the printer was not to blame, but the reporter, who lost his job through the politician's fury. The latter's own poor elocution was probably to blame.

Punctuation, or the want of it, is prolific in humorous howlers. Here is one from an agricultural journal:

"Wanted, a woman to feed pigs with washing-board lodging over stables."

At first reading one is apt to wonder whether the pigs liked their washing-board, and whether they were all lodging over the stables together.

Incredibly large openings for our Dominion farm products are available in Great Britain, according to the Canadian Trade Commission.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

British, Well Done! Giving Due Recognition To Others Who Helped.

WELL DONE, US!

IT IS HEREBY agreed that no one nation would have beaten Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. IT IS FURTHER agreed that it was the gallant resistance of Belgium, the magnificent fighting qualities of the French, the devotion of the Russians, the valor of the Serbians, the resolute and whole-hearted co-operation of the Americans, and the superb struggles of the Rumanians which enabled us to secure a victory over the enemy.

HAVING SAID THIS

The British have done it. The navy choked Fritz by the throat, and the army walloped the life out of him. We have fought the Turk and secured a complete military decision. We have fought four African wars and have been victorious. We have raised, equipped and maintained an army of 7,000,000, and have equipped a Russian army of 2,000,000. We have fought the Prussian, Bavarian, Saxon, Austrian, Turk, Bulgarian, Askari, Togoman and Bolsheviki. We have established the Arab in Arabia and the Jew in Palestine.

BUT

IT IS HEREBY agreed that no one nation would have beaten Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey.

IT IS FURTHER agreed that it was the gallant resistance of Belgium, the magnificent fighting qualities of the French, the devotion of the Russians, the valor of the Serbians, the resolute and whole-hearted co-operation of the Americans, and the superb struggles of the Rumanians which enabled us to secure a victory over the enemy.—From Town Topics, London, England

careful not to criticize any dish herself, and did not allow it done by the others. She was watchful, however, that every thing was well cooked, and the habit of fault-finding at the table in that family has entirely ceased.

Oil Lamps.

Our house is lighted by oil lamps and the work I hate most is cleaning the lamps. I have made it as easy as possible in the following way:

Turn the wick low before blowing out the light so it won't smoke so much.

Trim wicks and wipe burners every day, so they won't smoke and black the burners.

Set all the lamps in a row, open, before beginning to fill. Use a light can with a well-placed spout to pour oil from.

Wipe lamps with paper. Wet a sheet of newspaper and rapidly wash all the chimneys, setting them on the stove. Take off before too hot and wipe with newspaper.

Everything can be done rapidly in this way and lamps and chimneys will shine.

CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER A FULL SATISFYING MEAL MEAT-VEGETABLES-COMPOSITE JUST HEAT AND SERVE

THIS LEGEND ON THE TIN IS A GOVERNMENT GUARANTEE OF PURITY.

W. CLARK LIMITED MONTREAL

For Table Use and All Cooking Purposes

Everybody's happy when there is Corn Syrup on the table. Do you know that there is a White Syrup as well as the delicious, golden

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

Crown Brand is unequalled as a Syrup for Pancakes, Muffins, as a spread for bread, for making candy, sauces, and in cooking, generally.

LILY WHITE CORN SYRUP

Best for Preserving and Marmalade making. It is a clear white color and "jells" excellently!

Sold in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins
The Canada Starch Co., Limited
Montreal 209

SALT

All grades. Write for prices. TORONTO SALT WORKS G. J. CLIFF TORONTO

How to Dispose of Bores.

A municipal government official who had an easy-going doorkeeper was for a long time pestered by a bore. Finally he hit upon a plan to get rid of him for good.

"Dick, do you know why Collins continues to come here so regularly?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"Well, Dick, I don't mind telling you in confidence, he's after your job."

From that day on the official was never troubled by the bore.

The ability to sing a simple passage of music at sight without an accompaniment is something that every choir member should strive to acquire.

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ADAPT THEMSELVES TO SURROUNDINGS

HOW ANIMALS CHANGE WITH THEIR MODE OF LIFE.

Hoofed Beasts, Such as Sheep and Pigs, Have Lost Power of Tree Climbing Through Disuse.

Every one of the higher animals is in some way mechanically adapted to its mode of life and surroundings, a horse or antelope being from one point of view a living galloping or trotting machine. Putting such examples aside, there are innumerable cases of more peculiar adaptations to which attention may be confined.

For example, the climbing creatures. It may be noted that a number of species, such as Old World monkeys and squirrels, present special modifications for a life in the trees, the essential being that they should have the power of rotating the forearm on the upper portion of the humerus and that their teeth should be furnished with claws or nails.

There is one group of African rodents, designated scaly tailed squirrels, the members of which seem to have felt the necessity of additional aid for the purpose of tree climbing. They have accordingly developed on the under surface of the tail certain structures which may be compared to the climbing irons used by workmen.

These take the form of a few transverse rows of large, triangular, horny scales, with their points directed backward. These scales, when pressed against the bark of a tree, must afford material aid in climbing.

The Anteaters' Climbing Scales.

Another group of animals in which "climbing irons" have been developed is that of the scaly anteaters or pangolins, of India and Asia—creatures which look more like living fir cones than mammals.

The scales—much larger than those of the scaly tailed squirrels—cover both surfaces of the body, as well as the head and limbs, so that it can scarcely be supposed that they have been developed for climbing. Indeed, only a few species climb; but these have found the assistance afforded by the scales on the under side of value in an ascent, and habitually make use of them as climbing irons.

Quite a different type of climbing, or rather hanging, apparatus, has been developed in the sloths of tropical America, which spend their time in the tree-tops, where they remain suspended back downward by their hook like claws.

These claws, which may be three or two, have been modified from ordinary claws and afford a striking instance of adaptation to an abnormal mode of life. The thumb of bats is likewise modified into a hook-like claw—also used for suspending purposes when the creatures hang head upward. Generally, however, bats suspend themselves head downward by the hind claws, grasping power being retained by the toes, so that the modification has not been carried to the same extent as in sloths, in which the claws set in a mechanical manner.

Suction Plates on Bats.

Certain bats appear to have found their hook like thumbs and hind feet insufficient for the suction and have made use of the suction principle for this purpose. This mode of suspension has been developed independently in two distinct bats, one a native of Brazil and the other of Madagascar. In the Brazilian species the suckers take the form of stalked discs attached to the palms of the thumbs and the soles of the feet. The suckers of the Madagascar species are horseshoe like.

By means of the suckers these bats are able to ascend vertical surfaces. Very curious it is to note the similarity between the suckers of these bats and those on the arms of the cuttlefishes.

The geckos which run up the walls and over the ceilings of houses in warm countries accord another instance of the sucker principle. Bats are not the only mammals which have availed themselves of the sucker principle in the Malay Islands and the Philippines dwell large eyed and slender limbed little lemure-like creatures known as tarsiers, whose habits are nocturnal. In these weird little animals the tips of the toes are expanded into cushion-like discs, capable of acting as suckers, by means of which they ascend such smooth surfaces as the stems of bamboo.

Hoofed or ungulate animals, such as sheep, pigs, camels and elephants, have given up using their fore limbs in a handlike manner, and employ them solely for progression. Consequently tree climbing is out of their line. In Africa and Syria occur, however, certain representatives of the order known as rock rabbits, or hyraxes, the Syrian species being the one referred to in the Bible as the coney (the old name of the rabbit). Certain African hyraxes have, however, taken to tree climbing, and the way they manage it is this: In each foot the sole is somewhat cup shaped, and by the aid of muscular action the centre can be more elevated, so that when the edges are applied to the bark the foot acts like a sucker.

Summer—1919.

After months of aching pain—Spring again!

Flowering fields and birds a-wing; Budding trees and summer rain, And my heart that sings and sings—Lad is home again.



As with everything a right way and a wrong way do not, I think what is doing wrong work, the soil, and second weeds that may grow. Neither of these things accomplished unless they are checked, so that it both ways.

The makers of all vaders very wisely justable, so that the nature of the case do not get the tenton they should, a lever adjusting the teeth. They set the place, usually much to there they leave it, that while they make down through the middle of the hills of corn, meth move the weeds and close up to the hills is by no means well done.

Now, the crop we are a great measure upon cultivating is done, a vated field will not, it does as much corn as taken care of properly.

We go for us to do the outside roots of the close up to the plants do not root up the plants, far from the stalks, do any particular damage will unless they injure the cultivator over as if the row in the same way, but little grass weeds will have stirred the soil near the corn plants.

Sore Necks and Sore Work horses often break from sore necks or sore at the most part of the trouble.

Have the collar fit the color and have the harness-maker should, whether the fit is correct, he should mend it as possible. Often it will be to buy a new, smooth, pro collar, for the old mended one rarely has a perfect bearing surface; and it is likely to be too big or too small.

A new collar or shoulder, some socks, then hot water to make it hot and leave it in place for hours after fitting to the Such a plan seldom is used the harness-maker is allow the fitting. The next important step is to have the strap buckled tightly at to have the collar fit the hemes as to bring the line on to the collar in such a way the collar will not wobble shoulders or "ride" on the neck.

The next important pointer keep the collar clean, dry and The collar should be removed wiped dry with a soft cloth, then set in the sun to dry, mistake to leave the collar in harness on the body during the hour. We know this will cost a busy man to protest; but taken to remove and replace it as well paid for by the conditions of the skin of the neck and throat. The driver should in the fall, so that the air may between the collar and skin.

Bathing neck and shoulders three times a day with soft water containing a heaping teaspoonful of salt to the quart will do to prevent sore shoulders, and first sign of irritation one should terminate and remove the cause of it. Often it will be found a too slim pole that springs side to side and keeps the collar after fitting is wrong adjustment of the collar and skin, and so that the one horse does not half the draft on his collar, so often the cause is dirt, skin, hot sweat dried on the face of the collar. This not only irritates the rub skin but infects the sore with germs after it has formed.

When a sore is seen to be starting and the collar has been properly justed, bathe the part, if the morning for half an hour, if the can be spared, with hot water, taining all the hortic acid will solve; then apply benzozated oxid zinc ointment. If a lump forms neck or shoulder rub in veterinarian night and morning; but if lump increases in size or remains and sore, there is pus deep down the tissues and it will have to be liberated. After that the best treatment is to pack the cavity once