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The Legacy on Wheels

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

CHAPTER II.

Suddenly Julie began to laugh aloud. "I know you think I'm out of my head but I can't stand the sameness of things any longer! If I should get married, her voice tripped over the words, "in a year, John, you'd be taking me for granted same as you do everything else. I'd just be a part of the farm like the potatoes and the plowing, that's all I'd be."

She pointed to the Fleming roof showing through the trees. "There's Gran'ma Bradley and Ma and Mrs. John Leggett—what have they got to look forward to and count on? Oh, yes, I know they're happy in a way but I don't want to be dead-and-alive happy! I'd rather be regularly unhappy than that!"

She paused for breath then swept on. "I'm going to get free of the loneliness and drudgery and wishing for things I can't have! I don't know how yet but I'm going. That's what's the matter with Romey, too. He isn't bad. He's just young and there doesn't seem to be much chance for youngness in Farmington!"

"It isn't because you're a farmer, John, that I'm not going to marry you, not even because you're not a good farmer. Its because you're so contented. You're willing to take hard work and poor crops and sameness for granted. I'm not. I want to do new things and find new ways of doing old things—I want to plant my potatoes in a different field every year!"

Before John Massey could find a word of argument or pleading, she had whirled about and was gone. A moment later her bright face peered mischievously at him through a tangle of sumach.

"Don't pretend your heart is broken!" Julie laughed. "You can thank your lucky stars you don't have to marry me. I'd be sure to fill all the milk pithers with bouquets of black-eyed Susans, and do the spring house-cleaning in November. And I'd break all your platters. I'm very hard on platters, John!"

In spite of her gayety Julie's heart was heavy as she crossed the fields and turned into the familiar yard under the elms. She and John Massey had been "going together" so long, that, lacking him, life stretched ahead oddly barren and purposeless. The brave projects of the afternoon seemed suddenly to have lost their gliding possibility.

"I'm a silly fool," she thought hopelessly. "Everything's the same. Nothing's changed. I'll live here all my life and die an old maid."

"Peleg, the ancient horse, lifted a hoary, hopeful nose and sniffed her for apples as she flooned by the hitching ring. Julie paid no heed. She was thinking vaguely that Pa must have come home with the mail, probably a yellow patent medicine circular for Ma, or Gran'ma's Zion's Herald. But as soon as she opened the door into the sitting room she saw that something unusual had happened.

Pa had just finished reading a letter; Ma's rocking had ceased, and the patchwork had slid from Gran'ma's tremulous old hands. Romey alone was able to respond to the question in his sister's gaze. He turned a somersault, uttered a war whoop and flung his long arms about Julie in an infrequent caress.

"Guess what's happened!" he shouted. "Give you my golden alley if you hit it right first time!" Julie's knees grew suddenly wobbly under her.

"Uncle Henry—" she faltered. "Not—the—the Legacy?" Romey delved into the grimy depths of his pocket and handed it to her with a low bow. In total violation of all rules of etiquette, Romey's face to the last freckle expressed almost indecent resignation at the passing away of his relative. Julie crept across to Pa and read the letter over his shoulder.

"Painful duty inform—mm—death of Mr. Henry Bradley—mm—" Julie's lips made soft hissing sounds as her eyes traveled down the page. "As next of kin—mm—money and personal effects left by his death—mm—sent within few days as soon as all debts paid and formalities concluded—Yours respectfully, J. Tobin."

"J. Tobin," Julie repeated dazedly. It was a beautiful name. Still none of the others spoke; they seemed to be waiting for something. At last

Gran'ma Bradley broke the silence with a gentle sigh. "Poor Henry!" she said. "He might have been a little near and set in his ways but he was a master hand at making willow whistles. He used to make two dozen for the Sunday school Christmas tree and I recollect once he gave Annie Summers a bundle of 'em to put in the mission-ary barrel. He was a genius at whittling, Henry was."

The duty of Uncle Henry's obituary thus performed, everyone spoke at once. "I'll put my share into the farm," Pa looked out of the window with eyes that saw visions of golden rocky fields. "Do you know, Emmie, I always had a kind of a notion I could make a first-rate place out of this if I had the money. The land's there but it's pindling and sickly. It needs feeding up and coaxing same as folks—"

Ma was not listening. A flush touched her sallow cheeks, her eyes were bright. "I'm going to see Dr. Hope," she said as a devotee might speak of visiting a shrine. "I'm going to get him to make up a medicine special for me. Land! Seems as if I feel better already!"

"You going to Toronto, Emmie?" Gran'ma leaned from her sea of red and green calico squares. "Maybe I could go along!"

"When the money comes, bet your life. I'm not going to stay in this dead town!" Romey declared. "I'm going to Alberta and own a big ranch. I'm going to buy a six-shooter and a gold watch and a aeroplane. I'll take you flying, Julie!"

"We'd better not count our legacies—gill they're hatched," laughed Julie nervously. But already she was flying!

In the week that followed, the Flemings kept one eye on the clock as they went about the prosaic business of living. Pa's sagging shoulders straightened a little and to the mild amazement of the cows, he took to whistling Rule Britannia over his milking. Gran'ma's quilt bloomed forth in cheery hues of pink and lavender; and Julie, visiting the spare room and John Massey, Ma making over her black silk for the trip to Toronto. The days slipped into a fortnight and at last the eagerly-awaited-for Legacy arrived.

It was John Leggett who brought it, fastened behind the load of feed he was hauling from the station. Steering the Legacy was son Hen, Romey's confederate in cigarettes and Cross-Roads loafing. As they drove into the yard, Romey, chopping kindling in the woodshed, raised a yell that brought the whole family to the stoop. In dazed silence they viewed what Leggett had brought, glossy with green paint and varnish, bright with nickel, smelling faintly of leather and gasoline, a brand new, five-passenger automobile!

(To be continued.)

The Little Path. Once, strolling slowly down a sun swept way, I spied, half hidden 'neath an alder tree, A little woody path that beckoned me; I thought I should come back another day And through its lure of leaf and blossom stray, And so I sauntered merrily along, Humming a stave of some old hitting song

That ran, "Seize joy and beauty while you may." But when fate gave me leisure to return I searched the hedge rows hour by hour in vain Where summer's growth veiled all with vines and fern; And, though life's gifts have brought me treasured gain, Each June I mourn when dreams drift down the mind, The little path that I could never find.

1,229 British prisoners in German hands are still unaccounted for. Put salt in the first water the spinach is washed in—then the other waters need not be so many. Horseshoes were formerly regarded as luckbringers for ships; Nelson had one on board the Victory. The Isle of Sheppey has lost over 80 acres during the last 40 years owing to the action of the sea.

About the House

Canning Time. Summer came so quickly to us in Ontario this year that canning time was upon us almost before the furnace fires were out. But, of course, we must can. Our war lessons showed us the desirability of taking care of surplus fruit and vegetables, and if we lived in a section fortunate enough to have a home agent or a visit from a specialist we have had demonstrated to us the superiority of home-canned stuff to that put up by commercial canneries.

Of course, you canned your rhubarb by the cold water method. That is, you peeled and cut the rhubarb, packed it into sterilized jars, filled the jars to overflowing with cold water, using new rubbers, and sealed tight. Do not forget that gooseberries may be canned in the same way, saving both time and sugar. And next fall if you want to experiment with cranberries they, too, may be done by cold water method.

When you open these fruits pour off the water and cook down to half the original quantity. Then add the fruit and cook until of the desired consistency, sweetening just before removing from the fire. A pinch of soda added while the fruit is cooking will neutralize some of the acid and lessen the amount of sugar needed. Now as to cold pack. Since the armistice has been signed and we feel we can speak our mind freely, I have heard a number of housekeepers say they were not thoroughly convinced of the superiority of this method for everything. These were women who have been canning for years with good luck. The girls of the canning clubs and the younger women are, of course, strongly in favor of the new method. The others, while admitting it is best for vegetables, yet maintain that many fruits are just as well done the old open-kettle way. And many maintain that the old way is much less work.

Berries, however, keep their shape better and look better if done the cold pack way. To make the syrup for berries allow two quarts of water for every three pounds of sugar and boil five minutes. This makes a medium thin syrup. Wash and hull berries, pack in jar, of course, jars and tops and rubbers must be boiled up in water, adjust rubbers and put on tops, turning down until the edge just touches the rubber. Then set in water which is boiling and boil ten minutes. Remove jars, tighten tops, invert to see if they do not leak, and store in a dark place. A good way is to save all your paper bags and slip each can in a bag. This helps to keep the color. Raspberries are apt to settle them stand fifteen minutes after the syrup has been added, when you will find they have settled enough so that you may add more berries.

The favorite method of canning strawberries in our household is the following: Use only fresh, firm, ripe and sound berries. Prepare berries. Add eight ounces of sugar and two tablespoons of water for every quart of berries. Boil slowly for fifteen minutes in an enameled or acid-proof kettle, covered with a well-fitted cover or while boiling. Allow berries to cool and remain over night in covered kettle. Put rubber and cap in position, not tight. Sterilize for five minutes in hot water bath outfit; if using a water-seal outfit or a five-pound steam-pressure outfit, sterilize six minutes; or if using an aluminum pressure-cooker outfit sterilize for four minutes. Remove jars. Tighten covers. Invert and cool to test the

storehouse of aphorism and familiar reflections. All men cannot fairly be judged by their best known phrases. From Keats a thousand people have echoed the phrase about a "joy forever" as against one that ever cited appositely those lines, infinitely more characteristic, that tell of "Magic casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

It was Shakespeare's way magnificently to encroach upon the common domain and say, "This is mine, though millions have used it." Keats wandered in lonely places; he does not come to us, we have to go to him. It is only from the lettered that he or those of whom he is the chief tribute the tribute that quotation conveys. A phrase remembered for its mere strangeness, not for its familiarity, is produced at the opposite occasion only by men who have a real sense of literature. Lamb is himself one of the prose writers who is most quotable. of the great men, Scott is the least quotable. Dickens the most, while George Eliot is perhaps more quotable than either. But it is a fair way of estimating greatness to say that he is greatest who has had most influence on humanity, and the authors who have had most influence are on the whole those whose words have been most frequent on the lips of men.

Contributed Recipes. Strawberry Meringue Pie.—Have ready a baked crust, then wash and sweeten thoroughly one quart of fresh ripe berries. Fill in crust and cover with the beaten whites of two eggs, to which has been added one-half cup of sugar and one-half teaspoon of vanilla. Place in oven and brown quickly. This is excellent.—H. E. M. Fruit Sandwich.—A pleasing sandwich is made by mashing berries, adding sugar and placing between thin slices of hot buttered toast. After the sandwiches are made, place between hot plates until the bread is a little softened and some of the juice absorbed.—Mrs. L. M. T. Fruit Eggnog.—For each person beat one raw egg quite stiff, add one-half cup of fruit juice and beat again, then add one-half cup of whipped cream. Beat together thoroughly, chill and serve.—Mrs. J. J. O'C. Strawberry Shortcake.—To serve six, use two cups of pastry flour in which is sifted three teaspoons of baking powder. Mix in two-thirds of

cup of lard, or one large half-cup of sweet cream. Moisten with sweet milk, add a pinch of salt. Roll out the dough until it is creamy and smooth. Bake in two pie tins of equal size. Remove from the oven when it is a golden brown. For the fruit filling, take a pint of fresh hulled strawberries; crush them and add one cup of sugar. Mix them with a cup of whipped sweet cream. Spread a cup piece of the cake with butter and place the fruit between the layers. Serve while it is warm. In the absence of strawberries any fruit may be used, even canned fruit.—Miss Z. I. D.

NEW FACES FOR OLD. Wonderful Work of London Surgeon Briefly Described. A studio in a hospital! It sounds incongruous, but after one has spent an hour in Captain Derwent Wood's studio at the 3rd London General Hospital, all sense of incongruity disappears, says London Answers.

Here it is that Captain Derwent Wood, A.R.A., R.A.M.C. (T), takes up the task which has been left by the surgeon, and if he does not heal as the surgeon has done before him, at least he ameliorates the lot of those who have suffered facial disfigurements through wounds, and makes life again possible.

In the picture gallery you may see photos of these sufferers, before and after—the former often terrible; the latter, at the worst, odd—no more. Then there are the rows of plaster casts showing the nature of the injuries even more vividly.

The task is to hide these injuries artificially and the modus operandi is somewhat as follows: The patient on coming to the artist-surgeon, is already healed of his wounds. First, a plaster cast is taken, upon which the artist works with plasticine, moulding the damaged features anew. From this cast a mask is made of copper-plate; this is fitted and then slivered. After this comes the enamelling of the mask, and this is where the art comes in. Several coats are applied to the metal surface, and finally it is carefully and skillfully colored to resemble the complexion of the wearer.

At a little distance the features appear perfectly natural, and the deception is complete at ten yards or so. Most of these masks are held in position by means of spectacles, which incidentally further aid in the deception, and add to the comfort of the wearer.

In this way new noses, eyes, foreheads, cheeks and jaws are fashioned, and the patient is able to go once more among his fellows without the fear in his heart that he will be either an object of horror or of compassion. It is a great work.

Callahan's Call. There had been a slight accident in a coal mine, with the result that Casey was partly buried by a small quantity of earth. Callahan, the leader of the rescuing party, called down to Casey: "Kape alive, Casey. We're rescuin' ye." Whereupon there came from the earth a muffled voice: "Is that big McIntyre up there wid ye?" "Shure he is." "Think ask him please to step off the rooins. I've enough on top o' me wid-out him."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Most Quoted Author

Ideal standards of literary excellence are not easy things to devise, but it is curious to observe what fair results can be obtained by the most empirical and vulgar methods. Take, for instance, the test of sales. Entirely misleading as applied to a limited period, it gives a very fair gauge of extended over a sufficient lapse of time. The plays of Shakespeare, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, have probably been sold in far larger numbers than any other volume of poetry or prose fiction. And Shakespeare's predominance is, as it should be, by far more marked than Scott's. In the same way one would incline to assert that the most quoted poet is also the best. A writer like Spenser would be put too low, while Pope would be value to the literature and to the nation would not be altogether inadequately expressed. Of all literatures Latin has been incomparably the most cited, partly because Latin is still familiar to every educated man, but largely also because of the practical bent of Latin genius. Horace is more quoted not only than Vergil, but than any poet in the world, yet no one assigns to him a rank corresponding to this fact. The weakness of Horace lies just in the universal applicability of his sentiments; his counsels are so far-reaching in wisdom that they approach to platitudes. And it is curious to observe how in our own literature "Hamlet," the most subtle and elusive of dramas, is, nevertheless, a perfect

cup of lard, or one large half-cup of sweet cream. Moisten with sweet milk, add a pinch of salt. Roll out the dough until it is creamy and smooth. Bake in two pie tins of equal size. Remove from the oven when it is a golden brown. For the fruit filling, take a pint of fresh hulled strawberries; crush them and add one cup of sugar. Mix them with a cup of whipped sweet cream. Spread a cup piece of the cake with butter and place the fruit between the layers. Serve while it is warm. In the absence of strawberries any fruit may be used, even canned fruit.—Miss Z. I. D.

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The wetter clothes are ironed, the more glossy and starchier they will look, and this is the way sheer collars and lingerie blouses should look. Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. War pensions in New Zealand are expected to cost \$10,000,000 annually.

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CHANGE CLIMATE OF EASTERN CANADA PROJECT TO DAM THE STRAITS OF BELLE ISLE.

Thereby Close Off the Arctic Current From Gulf of St. Lawrence and Heat Maritime Provinces.

Modern ingenuity has discovered a most efficient mode of heating houses in winter—that of hot water. Furnace and caldron are sometimes, in the case of hospitals or other large buildings, placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed. In such cases pipes conduct heated water into the radiators and back again when cooled. Thus, cold water is continually entering the bottom of the caldron while heated water flows from the top. It is now proposed to apply the warm waters of the Gulf Stream to the eastern portions of Canada and the United States, that such regions might enjoy a more even temperature throughout the year and permit a more luxurious vegetation.

The closing of the Straits of Belle Isle, which are about 11 miles wide at the narrowest point, thereby shutting out the Labrador current, the harbinger of Arctic blasts and the reason why St. Lawrence ports are closed during the winter months, would divert the "Cold Wall" to the Atlantic and allow the warm waters of the Tropic Zone to circulate freely around eastern shores. Such a change, it is thought, would increase the value of lands and natural resources by billions of dollars; would greatly improve living and public health conditions; would release vast quantities of fuel, now necessary for heating purposes, to be used in industry; would be the means of augmenting the population, commerce and revenues of Canada.

Advantage Would Outweigh Cost. The project has been pronounced possible by engineers. The cost would be great, but nothing in comparison to the results to be gained. The saving in fuel alone to the benefited areas, it is thought, would repay the entire expenditure.

The Labrador current sends a large volume of water through the Straits of Belle Isle; thence south-westerly along the coast of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the United States, creating a cold current, technically known as the "Cold Wall" between the Gulf Stream and the North American coast.

The climatic effect of this Labrador current on Canada covers a wide extent of territory. It delays winter setting in; makes spring later, and materially lowers the winter temperature.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island, having an area of 2,184 square miles, and a population of about 100,000, the only disadvantage this fertile island labors under is its long winter, owing to the piling up of ice in the Gulf of St. Lawrence under the low temperatures caused by the Labrador current.

The portions of the Province of Quebec having water frontage on the estuary of the River St. Lawrence, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle Isle, including the Laurentian Highland region, a substantial portion of the valley of the St. Lawrence and the Island of Anticosti, the Bird Islands and the Magdalen Islands. Throughout all these areas the winters are long and cold and the summers short and hot.

Benefit of the Gulf Streams. The Province of New Brunswick has an area of about 28,000 square miles and a population of about 400,000. The winter conditions throughout the entire province are rendered more difficult by the influence of the Labrador current.

The Province of Nova Scotia has an area of about 22,000 square miles and a population of about 500,000. In explanation of the certainty which is stated of benefits resulting from the bringing inshore of the Gulf Stream current, one may, as a particular instance, refer to the case of Atlantic City, New Jersey, which owes its world-wide fame as a winter resort entirely to the there local effect of the Gulf Stream.

The stream may, by way of average, be stated to pass 20 miles offshore at Cape Hatteras; 60 miles off Nantucket Shoals, and 120 miles southward of Nova Scotia; the warm waters of the Gulf Stream being there shut off from the Canadian coast by the "Cold Wall" of the Labrador current, through which no heat can pass.

One More Thing. Pat and Bridget were being married, and the whole village was astr. Pat was resident in a tall coat (bored tight for him), a white vest, and a bright green tie; Bridget shone glorious in most of the colors of the rainbow.

The fateful words were spoken, and the happy pair walked down the aisle and out into the street, where a great crowd greeted them with loud cheers. At last they were safely ensconced in their cab, and Bridget sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Sure, Patrick," she said sadly, "there's only one thing I regret. If we cud have stood on the pavement and watched ourselves pass, wouldn't it have been livin'ly?"

It is not always the fast farmer that gets there.

PRA... Costs—the G... A city bus farm and turn spare hours. deal about stock ing, and the m... everything in... crops, rotatin... fine breed... buildings, w... with thousand... spent money... labor, seed, fe... Being a bus... Monte cost re... When the time... ducts these res... losses every... taught him th... all the little li... from an acre... in thousands... of a \$5 or \$10 bill... methods do n... operations do r... for heavy extr... production... The farm ne... place was run... city man want... vice. His mo... man's money... wored prosper... pared notes th... that the farme... Yes, he paid th... mouth and his... know what it... plow and seed... got so much f... fall, but did n... him to raise... remembered... harvest, and... it, but knew n... chinery per ac... When the ac... home he knew... and how his kn... every item of v... trest, and esp... been faithfully... agriculturist's... er had only es... actually paid o... "What did it... apples?" he a... practically noth... out and did th... Which was th... the family pick... And that is t... joke on many... work of himse... through into f... and that if some... kept, and res... Mother and the... paid like the hi... ducts would sh... light of cost fig... be turned to rais... pay. One day a m... come along a... olme engine and... farmer. The lat... \$50 for the outli... pumped water... that it cost tho... cost figures the... strated that his... pumping water... an hour, for m... gasoline engine... amount. "Are you willin... cents an hour?" "I should say a... farmer. "I want... pump rig." Cost figures are... less when used... erations, farmi... tory or store. T... people working... European peasa... and often worki... show where cro... raise sold fore... raise them. They... can be invest... ings, and comfort... ing to produce... fewer hours' work... Every business... accounting depart... should have one... accountant is given... and suitable worki... accountant should... same essentials. T... little office in... with a desk, account... ing materials—poth... for farm correspond... separate places for... around the farm... one in the milki... the grain bins or... sures can be jotted d... and later taken to... Then a cost-accou... needed. Such syste... complicated when... various forms for... and the different... posted and balanced... and part of the job... who assumes that... superfluous drudgery... tems are really sim... one begins to do... for not more than five... utes' writing and figu... to the Publications... Department of Agric... for the necessary equ... Burning Up th... One morning last...