

The Legacy on Wheels

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

PART VIII.

Already Pa had forgotten his fifty lean years of getting along without things. Julie glanced down at him now, had a sensation as though she were seeing Pa for the first time. "I never saw him take things easy before, that's why," she decided. "It's queer how different people look with their hands folded!"

A neighbor's wife had come in to care for the house, its invalid and its newcomer. Ma and Gran'ma were no longer needed. Julie went in with them to say good-bye to the palely radiant mother and carried away with her a vision of a tiny crumpled face like a rose leaf, lying in the hollow of the mother's arm.

She was very silent as she sat beside Geoffrey a little later watching the stir and sparkle of the morning world through which they passed. The bluebirds' wings flashed above the wheat fields; the grass blades were strung with diamonds of dew, and butterflies, like blossoms on wings, drifted over the dusty weeds by the wayside.

"There's a red and yellow and green field! See, Emmie!" Gran'ma's glee drifted from the back seat. "For all the world like the quilt I was making before we came, only not so handsome. You don't find the same colors in posies you do in calico."

Julie thought she heard Geoffrey Varriek chuckle softly under his breath, but she did not look up at him to make sure. For some reason she was oddly reluctant to meet his eyes.

"We'll be in Toronto to-morrow unless something happens to delay us," he told her presently. "I wonder how the city is going to strike you. It's not the fairy place you imagine. In Toronto even the fairies have to keep off the grass! But a good many people seem to like it."

"When I was twelve I nearly broke my neck climbing the apple tree on the cliff after an apple that looked bigger and redder than the others," Julie's tone was thoughtful. "And when I got it, it was worm-eaten. So perhaps—why, what are we stopping for?"

"Ask Uncle Henry," said Geoffrey briefly. "I don't know! It seems to be his own idea, unless—Great Scott, I believe we're out of gasoline!"

"Nary a drop!" reported Romey after an investigation. "We only got five gallons last time. Cash all fish-hooks! What we going to do?"

"Emmie!" Gran'ma discovered. "Look there on the porch of that house! Pink and blue calico! She's piecing a quilt, true as you're alive. I don't know what you're going to do but I'm going to sit on that porch and visit a spell while you're doing it. It's a real own-folksey looking place!"

The little old lady in the vast billows of quilt was all a-flutter with soft-voiced welcome.

"Bestest! Beesie!" she called. "We got company! Leave your apron on and come right out."

She nodded at them, like a gently withered rose bending under a little gust of excitement. "I can remember five years ago when it was a real treat for us to see a tin peddler go by the house," she explained. "I was raised in a big town and I used to get so lonesome seemed as if I'd be thankful for a tramp to talk to! But since automobiles got so common there's plenty of passing. My husband's sister's folks came clear from Windsor to see me this summer."

"Well, if this isn't nice!" Her daughter stood in the doorway, smiling cordially. "Come in, do, while the men tinker with the car. I see my John is with them, and Little John too. Men folks seem to kind of sense machinery like women. Now when there's a baby around, don't they?"

"You run along, Emmie," Gran'ma directed briskly. "Already she was examining the quilt with the eye of a connoisseur. "It's the Wild Geese pattern, isn't it? I got two of them laid away up in the attic, and three Rising Suns."

Julie's glance strayed to the stranded car, seeking unconsciously for broad khaki shoulders and a dark head lifted a little as she found them. She followed Ma into the house with a delightful sense of secrecy as though she had a new joy hidden from prying eyes in a locked drawer of her soul.

On the outside, the house had looked like other farmhouses but on the threshold, the Flemings gazed about them dazedly. Instead of the narrow central hall they had expected, wide arcades were cut into the partitions. Through the arches, the rooms on either side opened into the hall. There was something cordial and friendly in the way the rooms seemed to come running to meet one instead of waiting stiffly behind closed doors to be introduced formally as they did at home. Long casement windows

stretching across the south wall of the living room framed a sunny picture of orchard and meadow and ferny hills. Plain wall surfaces in the restful tint of brown and gray met their eyes instead of the figured wall paper to which they were accustomed. Cretonne curtains and cushions on the wicker chairs added a gray color note. "My land!" breathed Ma softly.

The mistress of the house beamed at their amazement.

"The inside of the house doesn't fit the outside, does it?" she laughed. "It was a real old-fashioned farmhouse when we bought it—narrow dark hall, little windows and all. John cut out the partitions and let in the long window, but Auntie and I did the rest ourselves with a little elbow grease and gumption and five-dollar bills! We tore off the old paper and painted the walls. The floors were the worst but we kept sending for samples of the different kinds of varnishes and finishes we saw in the magazines till we struck one that worked."

They passed through the pleasant rooms, making new discoveries at every turn; the tea wagon that saved so many steps between stove and dinner table, the shiny white enameled kitchen cabinet with its marvelous bins and cupboards.

"I call this my hired girl," its owner said. "My bees earned it for me!" She pointed through the window to four cone-shaped hives under the apple trees in the backyard. "They're working for a phonograph now so we can have music next winter when we're shut in."

So this was the way some people lived on farms, Julie thought, wondering. She had always accepted the ugliness and drabness of her home as matter-of-factly as she had accepted Ma's aches and Specifics and Pa's poor crops and Romey's lawlessness. It had never occurred to her that could be remedied; she had thought that the only means of escape from them was to run away!

(To be continued.)

Wonderful.

Two Irishmen who had tried in vain to learn French arrived at their first billet on French soil and began exploring the little town.

Their attention was attracted by a child who was jabbering as fast as her tongue would allow.

The two Irishmen gazed with admiration, their mouths wide open, then Terry said: "Pat, will yer listen to the flunty way that foreigner kid talks the damned language."

Washing a Corduroy Skirt.

Make a good suds out of pure white soap. Squeeze the skirt gently, rinse and hang the skirt by the belt when it is a breezy day. Do not iron or wring the skirt.



Rest Rooms for Farm Women.

What is the value of a rest room in the nearest town or village to the farm women in the neighboring communities? It would be difficult to estimate, but I have not the slightest doubt that women who already enjoy these privileges would not part with them for the world. All state they have many times been repaid for the time and money spent in their establishment. The country woman, especially the woman who has young children, knows what it is to get them nicely dressed, all looking spick and span, ready for a drive of anywhere from six to fifteen miles, to the nearest town to do her shopping. The day is hot, the roads are dusty, and when they arrive at their destination, the children are all mussed up, and the mother feels tired, blown about and untidy. How nice it is to know that they can go straight to their rest room, have a wash and tidy up generally, rest a little while, and perhaps make a cup of tea, before they start out to do their shopping and to meet their friends.

be put up, or two or three empty orange boxes might be put together draped with muslin and made to serve the purpose of holding a library. A nice linoleum or conglom on the floor will add greatly to the attractiveness of the room, and muslin curtains on windows should not be omitted.

There are women's organizations in every community willing to take care of the rest room, though some permanent organization must stand back of it to see that it is properly equipped, cared for, and of continual and dependable service to the community.

My Veranda.

The old-fashioned house in which I once lived had a long front veranda facing the north. But it was little comfort we derived from it, for continually we had to walk to keep the babies from rolling off of it.

When my third baby came I determined to alter that veranda, so that I would have a safe, cool place for the little folks to play and a comfortable place for all of us to sit when the day's work was done.

I had the veranda screened in, a flower box built at the east end and a Japanese screen hung at the west end. Clematis and honeysuckle climbed up the netting in front. With a hook high enough on the screen door to keep little fingers from unfastening it, I could put the three little tots out there to play with their toys and know that no harm could come to them. Later I added a long strip of matting, porch pillows, a hammock and a veranda table.

The summer that the veranda was screened in I noticed that our living room was nearly deserted. I took my sewing out on the front veranda, my husband read his paper while he rested in the hammock; the hired girl found the screened veranda the coolest place to shell peas and beans in the morning and to crochet in the afternoon; in the evening guests always said: "Let's sit on the veranda, it's so cool and pleasant here."

When it came my turn to entertain the missionary society they voted to have the meeting on the big front veranda. When I needed three rooms for entertaining a large crowd one summer evening the screened veranda made the third and was the most popular of the three. Banked with flowers and green branches at both ends, it certainly did look inviting.

My veranda became so popular that the next summer there was quite an epidemic of screened-in verandas in our neighborhood.

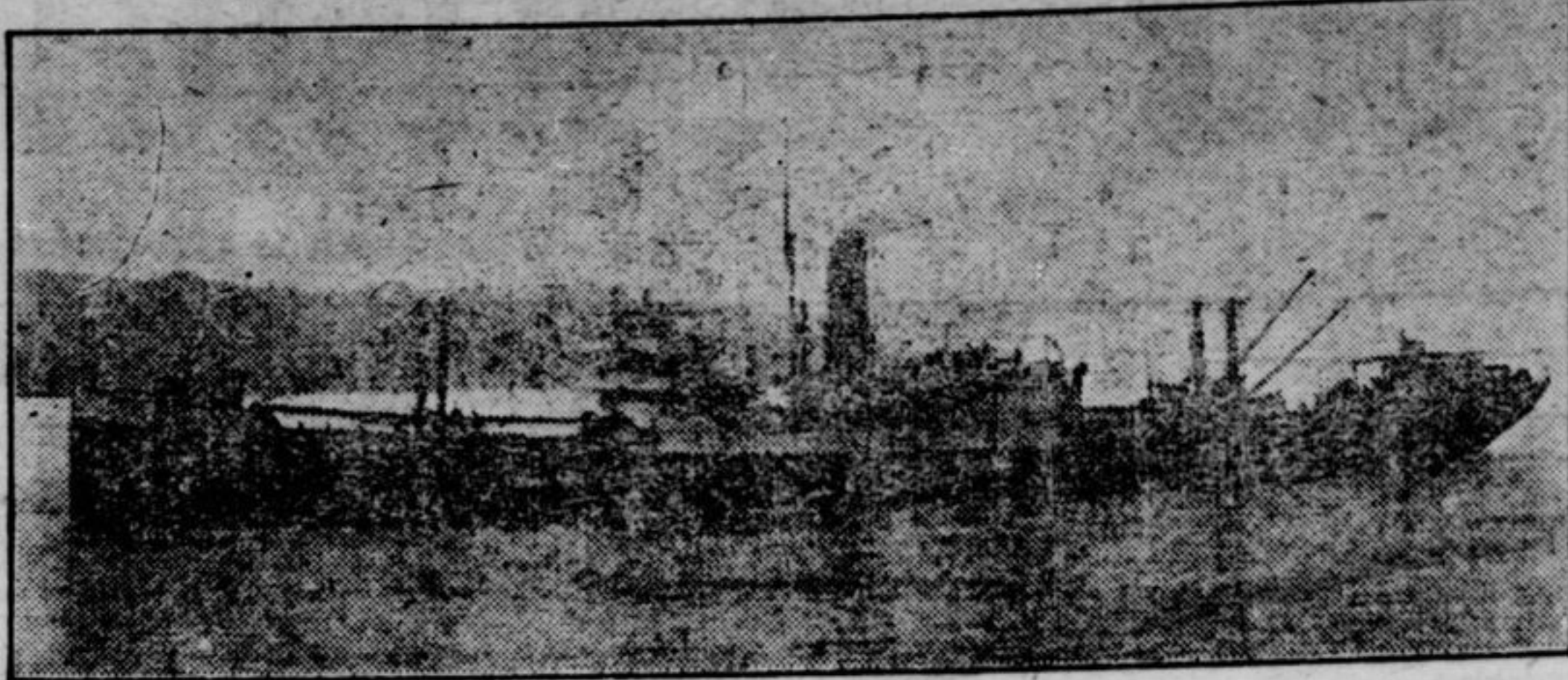
Sandwiches, Delicious and Dainty, From the Garden.

The most delicious of all the summer sandwiches can be made right from the garden. Nothing makes a more acceptable lunch for a summer day than a vegetable sandwich, with a crisp, cool filling and a bit of mayonnaise and a glass of iced tea. Cut smaller in fancy shapes this is an ideal menu for the porch tea also.

Lettuce sandwiches have for a long time been favorites. To make them, pick the lettuce the night before, wash thoroughly and put in a cheese-cloth bag on the ice. When ready to use it will be very crisp. Vegetable sandwiches are always better made just before using, as the dressing softens them. If this be out of the question, they may be opened and the mayonnaise or cooked dressing spread on them.

Another good sandwich is made from ripe tomatoes simply sprinkled with a bit of salt. The tomatoes are

EXPANDING CANADIAN TRADE



Canadian Voyageur under Direction of Canadian National Railways, clearing for the West Indies from Montreal, July 10th, with a cargo of general merchandise. She is scheduled to return with sugar.

SHIPS WHICH FAIL TO RETURN

POSTED AS "MISSING" AND "LOST" AT LLOYD'S.

"Chamber of Horrors" in London, of Which the World at Large Knows Nothing.

In the very heart of the city of London there is a "chamber of horrors" which none but the privileged may enter, and of which the world at large knows nothing, says a London magazine.

There is nothing at all gruesome in the aspect of this chamber, which is, in fact, a small, cheerful room leading from the walls of which is an array of timetables, yellow and brown.

It is in these innocent-looking pieces of paper that the latent tragedy lies, for they tell of ships missing and lost, and each telegram has quite a tragic importance to some of the 150 underwriters who haunt the room.

Whenever a ship leaves port she is insured by her owners at Lloyd's against loss or damage to her cargo, and this risk is divided among a number of underwriters, who insure her for certain sums ranging from £100 to thousands of pounds, in return for a premium.

Huge Gambles.

A slip is passed round from one underwriter to another, and on the information supplied as to the destination, cargo, and class of the ship, the names of her owners and captain, the insurance required and its rate, each underwriter puts down on the slip the sum for which he is prepared to make himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

The limit is entirely at the discretion of the underwriter, and there have been cases in which a man has ventured £50,000, and even £100,000 on the safe voyage of a vessel.

When a man thus risks hundreds or thousands on a stake so full of uncertainty as the safety of a ship, which naturally encounters so many dangers, her voyage is a matter of daily anxiety to him until she reaches her destination.

When she is overdue the anxiety of the underwriter increases, and each day that passes without the ship's arrival at her destination being reported adds to it. He begins to see the wisdom of reducing his risk by "hedging," and at this stage the "doctor," as he is called at Lloyd's, comes on the scene.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL Foster Oil Burners

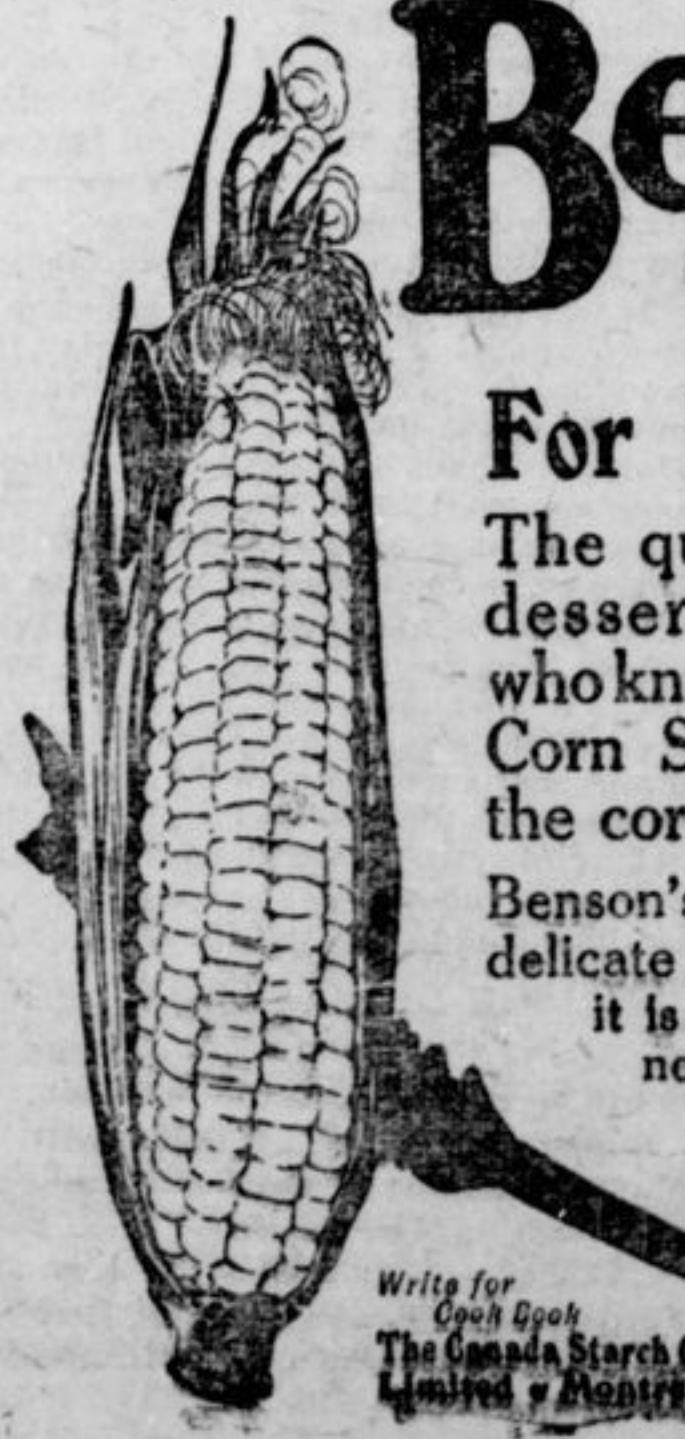
We want a live man in every district to demonstrate and sell a proved coal-oil burner. Fits any coal-burning range. Copes with gas or coal, and has no pressure tanks to block up. No dirt, no smoke, no odor. A real money-making proposition for a hustler. DOMINION MFG. CO. 118 Balmoral Ave., S. Hamilton, Ont.

Benson's CORN STARCH

For Tomorrow's Dessert
The question of variety in summer desserts never troubles the woman who knows the possibilities of Benson's Corn Starch, the choicest product of the corn.

Benson's Corn Starch is equally fine for crisp, delicate pastries as it is for simple puddings; it is good for cakes and for pie fillings to say nothing of Blanc Mange, Custards and Ice Cream.

Try one of these recipes for tomorrow's dessert--



OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE AFTER WAR

STUDENT WARRIORS RESUMING THEIR STUDIES.

Master of Balliol College, Oxford, Gives Interesting Facts Regarding War and Higher Education.

The great universities of England, whose student bodies and teaching staffs were greatly depleted by service in the army or in Government offices during the war, are again filling with students and resuming normal life.

According to an estimate made by the Master of Balliol College, Oxford sent approximately 12,000 of its men to the war or into the Government service. Of these 2,394 were killed and 100 are missing. More than 400 won honors in the war, including sixteen Victoria Crosses. The figures of Cambridge University would be about the same, the writer estimates.

Effect of War on Attendance.

Outlining the services rendered by men of the forty colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, the master writes that owing to the response for war service the student life " dwindled to a thread." He adds that "the importance of the response of these two older universities was that it filled up the gap between the destruction of the old Regular Army in the fighting of August and September of 1914 and the coming forward of the newly trained Territorials in the spring of 1915. This immediate response to the call of the country and the present courage and devotion of these young men were a complete and decisive answer to any 'class' jealousy or feeling that the workers were being made to bear the brunt."

"We doubted how many of the men would want to come back," continues the master. "We are finding that practically every man who possibly can is applying to be taken back, at any rate for shortened courses (lasting on an average of one and two-thirds years), and already the colleges are overfull."

The general tone and character of these men is described by Balliol's master as remarkably high. There is quite as much life and cheerful activity as before the war, and a great deal more seriousness of purpose. The master notes not only a marked improvement in the strength of character shown by the returning students, but that they even gained intellectually what they had lost in book knowledge, and have more than made up for this loss by the power of coming to the point and by a sense of reality about their work.

This he concludes, shows that their previous university education was far too boyish and abstract in type and "neglected too much the intellectual effect of beginning things at the practical and concrete end. These returned men are not only keener to work but they work with more swiftness and directness than before they went out; for, as one of them said, 'You had to do a lot of thinking in the trenches or else your number was soon up.'"

Important Modifications.

Oxford has made many concessions to these men, which the master regards as justified by the showing they now are making in their studies. Formerly nine terms residence was required to obtain an Oxford degree; now the men who served in the army are excused from half this requirement. These concessions will enable the majority of them to take their degree and go into the profession only a year or two later than would have been the case but for the war.

"In character and in general intellectual development they will be better men than they would have been under normal conditions, and in intellectual equipment of knowledge hardly if at all inferior," writes the Balliol master.

"Au Revolt, Tommee!"

Good-by Tommee Atkins, an revoir mon cher ami,
Pout-etre you comme encore a la belle France;
Ze 'Un 'e finish now—no more 'e goose-step a Paris.
No more ze kaiser mak' ze grande advance.

W'en France spik, "Angleterre, be queeck, le jour est arrivee,"
Tommee, le beau soldat, come wia 'is smile.
Il dit, "Elio, Froggy, wot's up?" mon Dieu 'e was si gai,
Il rit toujours, mais vaicues all ze w'ile.

Ze boche say 'e was meprisable—Tommee laugh an' say,
It ees a long, long way to Tipperary; An wen 'e was so 'urted what ze Francals say blosse
'E ask us for a "fog"—le pauvre cher!

An now 'e go to Blighty an 'e say, "Good-by, Francals,
It's been a lovely war," 'e mean la guerre
Il souffrit beaucoup—still 'e smile et tous les Froggies say,
"Remerciez-vous, Tommie! Vive l'Angleterre!"

A Forgetful Urchin.
"What is it, sonny?"
"I'm tryin' to remember what ma wated me to git in this Jug."
"What Jug?"
"Gee! I forgot the Jug."

PRAC

Home Grown
A neighbor of ours, calf, always depending picked up here and the mals as he may need. The reason for this, is that he can buy cows that he can raise them, this friend of ours, of a large class of farms of these mals, but there is a calf. This will not raise the time changing the one reason or another does not say so, I claim that this tender stock is due to the fact not get cows that when they buy them matter to buy cows.

one does not know the he buys. Nor is the former owner of a fact that the cow well for you may be ferent cow for me, ways of feeding and. In my opinion, the cows are the best at eat rathr to go through to maturity, then we know better than where we step strange cow. For edies of peculiarities are inherited, more. I have watched the sonal characteristics and always with it, puts the imprint of tion and eccentricities brings into the world long milkers, we may er the drops to his notions about standing milked, or being in order, are also true cases. In my own a long time of cow's mother to be short flow of milk. That is, verally have the far early, and not coming have had a long period in this kind of a tree of us can afford to does not hold out in.

Cows that grow have another advantage taken into account. I know what to expect who has handled them and they are easy and in the yard with. This shows itself in cow is transferred to ment. If a cow, for ways been treated, kept with other cows to be with, and then and put under the has little feeling for upon them as "mas them out into the with a lot of cross, she is almost sure to flow of her milk, what we say of it, undergirding this times she is human weather generally.

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