

# The Legacy on Wheels

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

## PART XI.

"We'll fix up the house this winter, Pa," planned Ma happily. "You and Komey can put a long window in the south room and open up the old fireplace and Julie and I'll tackle the trimmings. If we do real well with the bees and the quilts, maybe next year we can get a phonograph and a kitchen cabinet too. Do you know, Pa, I guess that's what we went to Toronto for—so's to find out how to be contented and happy at home!"

Already Ma had forgotten the pilgrimage she had meant to make to the professional laboratories of the renowned Doctor Hope, Benefactor of Mankind.

On the last lap of the journey, familiar landmarks began to appear and familiar faces to nod as Uncle Henry passed. The cramped little fields seemed broader, greener; the weather-beaten faces of the neighbors kinder than they had been when Uncle Henry carried them away. Home fields, home faces—oh, the dearest of home!

"Cyrus Gilly's been painting his barn," noted Pa with satisfaction. "Looks to me like a real good job." "Mrs. Gilly must be doing her fall house-cleaning." Gran'ma peered interestedly at the line of blankets flapping in the wind. "Emmie, there's a pine-tree quilt she inherited on her mother's side—maybe you recollect?" One of those Grandma Hillacre was married in. "I'd like to lay my hands on it. If it wasn't so far I'd run over to-morrow and ask her to let me see it."

"It isn't far by motor car," chanted Julie gaily. "Uncle Henry said I'll take you anywhere you want to go."

"Land!" breathed Gran'ma, awed at the prospect. "I never thought about that. Maybe I can get down to prayer meetings once in a while, now, Emmie, you and me'll go shopping over to Centreville! I didn't see a single window of calicoes in Toronto!"

The twilight was falling over the world when they turned the corner by the brook and came in sight of home. In the gentle light the little house looked very serene and peaceful under the misty spray of elm branches. A whippoorwill was calling in the dusky meadow, the patch of tansy by the gate gave out a keen sweet smell. On the pasture-side a cowbell clanked hollowly and a man's shout answered. John Massey was driving home the cows.

"Well, Emmie, the old place hasn't run off while we were gone!" Pa Fleming said, a little break of tenderness in his voice. "Everything's just the same."

Everything, thought Julie with a rush of thankfulness, except the Flemings! Of the days that followed the home-coming she marveled at the blessed change in them. Over her peering Gran'ma sang the doxology in a cracked sweet soprano. May, deep in bee catalogues, forgot her shooting pains, and Pa and Romy were wont to the farm, yardstick in hand, jotting down intricate measurements and making ambitious plans for rejuvenating the old place.

Only the winds that blew about the great rock on the hillside pasture knew the unrest that lay behind Julie's brave smile. She alone had not changed. She was still the Julie who wanted what she could not have but now the want was different. It was not the kingdoms of the earth she coveted.

On one autumn afternoon of gold and scarlet she sat in her Wailing Place watching the will geese trail across the sky. Quite suddenly she began to speak aloud.

"It was like a fair, story told but human everyday folks would be homesick in fairyland. I know that now." She shook her head. There was perplexity in the vague gaze she bent on the glowing autumn fields below. "Juliet Fleming, whatever is the matter with you. You want something so bad it seems as if you'd die wanting it and you don't know what it is! You went clear to Toronto to find out it wasn't what you thought, money nor clothes nor good times nor even

fairly princes that live in wonderful Ivanhoe castles on the edge of the sunset!"

Honestly she faced her own soul. She must be sure of that, sure she would never regret the decision she had made there in the great studio window above the city's clamor and unrest. Far below in one of the fields a big, patient, plodding figure in blue jeans, moved along the potato rows. Vaguely Julie's eyes watched it as she mused.

Suddenly all doubt and hesitation slipped away. No, it was not Geoffrey Varrick she wanted.

"You can't imagine darning a fairy prince's socks nor getting dinners nor washing platters in a story-book castle," Julie smiled whimsically. "Seems as if falling in love and being married would mean just that to a woman, doing little common everyday things for him, seeing he had what he liked to eat and sort of mothering him."

The figure in the field below straightened up and leaned on its hoe for a moment's rest. Julie's eyes, watching, grew anxious.

"He ought to be wearing his broad-brimmed straw," she thought, "hot as it is to-day! Indian summer's as hot as August for sunstrokes. John's like all men folk—they have to be looked out for just like little boys."

A sudden breathless wave of color swept her cheeks at the sound of her own words. With a little laugh that was the cousin of a sob, she sprang to her feet.

"Juliet Fleming, you stop this foolishness this minute," she scolded. "Go

and get Uncle Henry and go mission-arying—take the Four Farm old folks to prayer meeting or Mrs. Leggett to the movies in Centreville! Stop wondering what you want and wonder what other folks want for a while. You won't have to look very far to find a worse-off person than you are to take a ride!"

Singing determinedly, she scrambled down the hillside. Powdery goldenrod brushed her skirts, the crimson flames of autumn leaped and flared among the dwarf oak and sumach growth, and falling leaves drifted down like glowing embers on the surface of the cool gray-brown pool under the willows.

Romey was in the side yard washing Uncle Henry, every freckle ached tight with anxiety, hissing absently through his teeth as if he were grooming old Peleg.

"Lo, Julie! How's he look?" he inquired with careful concern.

"Fine!" Julie answered with enthusiasm. "Takes you, Romey! When you've finished, I'll give you a lesson driving."

"Can't now," Romey lifted the cushion from the back seat in search for a needed tool in the tool box underneath. "I got a date with Jimmy Gilespie and the Haslaw boys. But I'm going to learn all right."

"Oh!" Julie's heart sank. Was Romey going back to the old lunging ways, the old lawless companions? His next words re-assured her.

"Yep!" he said laconically. "You remember those Boy Scouts we saw on the way to Toronto? Well, us fellows got together and decided it would be bully to pull off a Scout Company here. The high school principal from Centreville has organized us. He said to be a Scout Master. Say, Julie—he's a regular fellow too even if he is a teacher. I wouldn't mind going to school to him, maybe next fall—"

(To be concluded.)

# Woman's Sphere

## Plan To Save Steps.

How to make work easier if we are to go without help, that is the great problem which confronts housekeepers, city and country. Electricity and labor-saving machinery go a long way towards solving the problem in town, but doesn't do much to help out the farm woman except in a small number of cases. But there are a great many ways in which the far-seeing country woman can make her work easier if she keep an open mind and is willing to adopt new methods in the kitchen as her husband is in the fields.

Fireless cookers—home-made or store-bought—make it possible to go without a fire during the heat of the day. Gasoline or charcoal irons, mangle, which will do the unstarched pieces, a home-made kitchen wagon for wheeling the dishes to and from the table, water in the house before there is a car for pleasure riding in the barn, these are only a few of the things which the country woman can have and should insist upon if she wishes to retain a vestige of youth and health.

There is one thing, though, which can be gotten more easily than any of these in many country houses and that is the elimination of miles of needless walking. The thing which impresses the city visitor most when she takes stock of her country sister's work-a-day problems is the countless number of steps which the farm woman takes during the day. Used to compact houses, the city woman wonders that the country woman has lived to her present age whatever it be, when she sees the steps which the arrangement of the house makes necessary.

A large number of farm homes, it is all too evident, were built in the days when lumber was cheap and large families with daughters who stayed home and helped mother were the fashion. Those days are now numbered with other good things of the forgotten past and only the houses are left as a legacy to the twentieth century housekeeper with her "no help prob-

lem." Mammoth rooms are fine if you have help, but the kitchen in only one poor woman has to keep in order. And, O, the tired, aching feet after a day of trotting from stove to table, table to sink, sink to pantry and pantry to woodshed, all at the greatest possible distance from each other.

Small kitchens, with every inch of space utilized, is always my slogan. My present kitchen is just 11x8, but the size of many a farm home pantry. There is no pantry, only a small refrigerator room. Table, sink and stove are all near enough together so that only a couple of steps are necessary in moving from one to the other. This has been large enough to do the work for several people.

Immediately I hear a cry arise, "No milk to take care of, and no washing done in the kitchen." All very true, but had it been necessary to do the laundry work it could have been done in as small a kitchen by installing laundry tubs instead of the table, and building a cover for the tubs which could be utilized as a table when washing was not being done. This is worked out in many city flats and has proven satisfactory. As to the milk, careful planning and a little alteration of the average farm cellar would make it possible to care for the milk there, if we weren't so wedded to custard and large kitchen better for their particular needs. With small children who always must be where mother is, an 11x8 kitchen is not just the coziest place in the world. If your kitchen is large and you want it so, then the next thing to do is to plan to make it convenient. The sink must remain where it is, unless you wish to engage a plumber, which perhaps at his present rates you do not care to do. But even that would pay you in the long run, if moving the sink would save you many steps. You can move the table, however, and the cupboards if they are not built in. And by buying a few lengths of stove pipe and an elbow or two you may have the stove where you will. Sit down and study your own kitchen. Figure out how you can re-arrange things to make it possible to take the fewest number of steps in getting a meal and washing dishes, and then proceed to have a general shake-up.

Don't run up and down cellar more than is necessary. If possible make an iceless refrigerator. And don't run down three or four steps and a half dozen rods out to the milk house for all your butter, milk and eggs, as so many women persist in doing. Keep what you will need for a day's supply in the house. You can keep the milk cool by sitting it in cold water. And the eggs you will use in a day aren't going to spoil if you do keep them in the house.

Plan to save steps. This is a thing we can all do. Get all the kitchen helps you can, everything that makes work easier in a necessity these days. But while you are buying labor-saving devices don't continue to work overtime walking several miles unnecessarily.

Dishes the Threshers Like.

Did the drouth catch your early potatoes and are you worrying about

how you will cook the old ones, so that the threshers will relish them? Well, then, why not scallop them and make some potato salad? The threshers who come here surely relish these two dishes, or seem to.

"Scalloped potatoes!" you gasp; "with butter sixty cents a pound and salad dressing takes too much time to make." Wrong again. You need little butter and can make a large bowl of salad dressing in three minutes. Instead of butter alone, use small cubes of salt pork and salt, pepper and butter, cover with milk and bake in the usual way. If you have some cold milk gravy left, add it in the place of part of the milk. This saves the gravy and makes the potatoes better.

For the salad I use cold boiled potatoes, onions and cucumber pickles salted and peppered, and chopped together. For the dressing I use one tablespoonful of prepared mustard to two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, one teaspoon sugar and vinegar to taste. Line the dishes with crisp lettuce leaves, garnish with a couple of sliced hard-boiled eggs, salted and peppered, and then watch the men.

I found that the men preferred cold tea, and as we had no ice I steeped the tea in a granite dish, with as little water as possible, letting it cool, and at the last minute pumped in the coldest water to be had. From three to six glasses to the man tells what they thought about that.

Another thing, perhaps not so economical as the before mentioned, but in the rapid disappearance of the year was brown bread. Our recipe is as follows: One cup of sour cream, two cups of buttermilk, one scant cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of cooking molasses stirred together well. Sift in Graham flour, to which has been added two teaspoonfuls of soda and one heaping full of baking powder, also one teaspoon of salt. Stir rather thick and bake in two loaves. It is better to bake a sample the first time, for unless the batter is thick enough the bread will fall and it is rather too expensive to waste. For gems you will find this recipe hard to improve upon.

I also put a mirror, soap, comb, towels and dishes to wash in at the well, under a big shade tree, setting the table on the verandah, and fancied I got along earlier this year than ever before. I find that simplicity combined with plain substantial food, suits the men better than all the fancy dishes I used to make before the old H. C. of L. put his foot on my neck.

## For the Pickle Shelf.

Cucumber Catsup—1 dozen large cucumbers, 1 quart vinegar, 1 tablespoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon cayenne pepper. Gather cucumbers before the sun strikes them and keep in a cool place until used. Peel and grate the cucumbers and drain off the water. Heat the vinegar and spices to boiling point; pour at once over the grated cucumber, bottle and seal. Cucumbers bottled in this way retain their freshness and make a particularly good sauce for steak.

Curry Pickles—Boil together for five or ten minutes, two quarts of vinegar, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoon of black pepper; take one tablespoon of curry powder, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of corn starch, four tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one tablespoon of sugar, or more if desired. Mix these thoroughly with a little cold vinegar, then put into hot vinegar mixture and stir all until it thickens. Take about three hundred small cucumbers and wash thoroughly. If medium-sized ones are used, cut in small pieces. Pour the boiling sauce over the cold cucumbers, bottle and seal.

Apple Catsup—1 quart apple sauce, 1 teaspoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 pint vinegar. Simmer slowly until thick, bottle and seal. A similar catsup can be made from plums or grapes, and spiced to taste. Sorghum or molasses may be added if a sweet sauce is liked.

## Corrected Proverbs.

"The clothes do not make the man," remarked the ready-made philosopher. "No," answered the friend who was studying a tailor's bill. "They don't make him. They break him."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows

## UNIQUE TAXES OF OLD DAYS.

Great Britain's Exchequer was Enriched by Many Original Methods.

One of Parliament's hardest tasks in the preparation of the Budget. Taxes must be imposed, but, as no one likes paying them, they must be framed so as not to place too great a burden upon any particular class.

For originality of schemes to replenish the Exchequer few have rivalled William Pitt. It was he who devised the dog tax, an institution which still thrives. He also originated the income tax, which, during his administration, was fixed at 10 cents in the dollar on all incomes exceeding \$1,000.

It was the fashion of his time to wear the hair in a powdered queue, and hair powdered appealed to Pitt as a vanity for which every man would be willing to pay five dollars a year. He expected the Treasury to benefit to the extent of over \$1,000,000 annually, but everyone had his queue cut off.

A tax on shopkeepers, though only a small impost arranged on a sliding scale based on the amount of rental paid, was stoutly resisted and eventually defeated. A tax on female servants, amounting to 50 cents for one, \$1.25 for two, and \$2.50 for three or more, was more successful. Births, marriages and deaths were all made to contribute to the national purse. A duke's bride cost him a trifle over \$250; the arrival of an heir meant a contribution of \$150, and subsequent male additions to the family each called for \$125. The death of the wife necessitated the payment to the Government of \$250, and smaller sums were payable on the death of other members of the family.

These life and death taxes were assessed on every subject in the kingdom who had anything to pay, the smallest sum collected being for marriage, some 60 cents, paid by the man whose income was less than \$250 a year. This man paid 50 cents each approximately upon the death of his wife or son.

Bachelors of every rank were taxed from 1695 to 1706, the payments varying with the rank of the individual, and ranging from \$1.25 to \$60 a year. A man over twenty-five and unmarried was a bachelor under the law.

Two of the most short-sighted taxes ever levied were those on paper and on windows. William III. originated the paper tax, which at one time was as high as \$140 a ton. On the paper used by Charles Knight to print his Penny Cyclopaedia the tax amounted to \$100,000. Later there was imposed a tax of eight cents a sheet on newspapers, with an additional tax of 85 cents on every advertisement.

## Our Boys in France.

Over the way, our children brave Have gone at humanity's call; Ready to give that the right may live, Ready to give their all.

In La Belle France where the foe's advance Had blighted the joys of life, They tilted their guns on the cruel Hun, And joined in the awful strife.

Land of the West, your Gallant brave, Has nourished a race of men, Whose eager feet will scorn retreat, And dash to the fray again.

Rod by rod, o'er the bloody sod, The invader's heel recedes, While the shell-torn earth attests the worth Of desperate valor's deeds.

By the trenches deep, shall widows weep, Or mothers kneel to pray, For the distant ones, whose dauntless sons Have helped to save the day.



# CLARK'S

## PORK AND BEANS

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### MEN'S MILLINERY IN INDIA.

Oriental Turban is Composed of Ninety Square Feet of Cloth.

Modern men haven't a thing on a man from India, when it comes to wearing expensive hats. And they'll have to get busy to crowd as much on their heads as do the men from Bombay, Calcutta and Puna, for those red, yellow and blue turbans are as long as three tablecloths put end to end.

Each turban is made up of ninety square feet of cloth, thirty feet long by three feet wide.

The average person wonders why men in these burning countries wear a hat which covers the head as completely as the hood of an Eskimo. Both do it for the same reason. One seeks protection from heat and the other from cold. The heat of one's own body is far more endurable than the burning rays of India's sun.

A man wears a turban thirty feet long, while a small boy wears one from ten to fifteen feet long. But Indian youngsters have found that the cap of the Canadian boy takes far less time to put on than his turban, and they are generally discarding the headgear of their fathers for that worn in America.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria. To understand all is to forgive all.

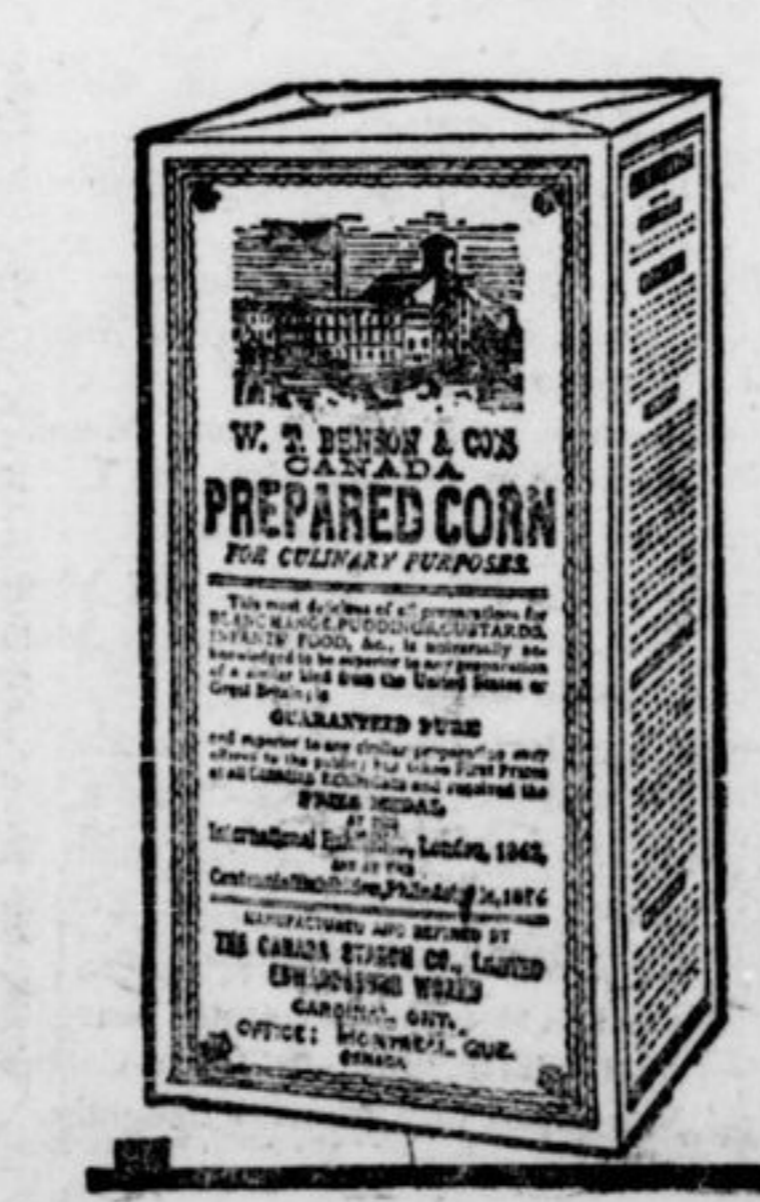
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BENSON'S is pure prepared corn starch, delicate and nourishing, unexcelled for all cooking purposes.

It improves the texture of bread, biscuits and rolls if one-third of the flour is substituted with Benson's Corn Starch. It makes pie crusts light and flakey.

There is a recipe for the most delicious Blanc Manger on the package, together with a dozen other uses. Benson's is the best corn starch for making sauces and gravies smooth and creamy.

Write for booklet of recipes

# THE GRANDEUR OF GIBRALTAR

ROCK HAS APPEARANCE OF INDESCRIBABLE MIGHT AND POWER

From Height of the Fort a Wonderful Vista Stretches 1,000 Feet Below, a Panorama of Incomparable Beauty.

Viewed from the deck of an ocean liner surging through the waves of the Mediterranean one can never forget the thrill he experiences at first sight of Gibraltar. Spanish girls of rare beauty come out in small boats to greet you, and when by the aid of a rope they hold grapes up along the side of the ship it is seldom that baskets are lowered without a goodly amount of money in exchange for the fruit. Sounds of drums and bugles add to the exciting din, and amidst screeching whistles you descend to one of the tenders which wait below to take you ashore.

The little Spanish stuccoed houses are to be seen everywhere, and the women and girls with shawls of brilliant hues and mantillas upon their heads laugh and dance to the twang of a guitar.

Driving through the narrow cobbled streets, visitors are constantly stopped by the natives, who attempt to sell them all sorts of trinkets, for jewelry shops appear at almost every corner. Eating places of every variety, with food at reaching distance from the curb, occupy the tiny sidewalks, and little children crawl in front of the phaeton-like cabs with the hope of collecting a few pennies.

The Pride of Gibraltar

Finally the Alameda is reached, and this park, with its palm and cactus plants, is the pride of Gibraltar. Geanlans in abundance crown the entrance and tropical trees and bowers help to create a scene well to be remembered. Fountains play about on the east and west sides, while several small boulevards twine in and out through the park. Attractive pony carts carrying little rosy faced English children accompanied by their Spanish servants, occupy the roseate driveways in the Alameda, and the liquid songs of the birds give a touch of softness and pathos to the spot.

And now we come to the scorpion rock of Gibraltar which cannot be appreciated from the water front, for the town stretches along the western side for over a mile, and only when directly in the interior of the colony can the gigantic size of the rock be fully estimated. It stands as if against the sky with a prepossessing dignity of indescribable mightiness and power. Tarik, the one-eyed Moor, landed at the foot of the rock of Calpe (now known as Gibraltar) in the year 711 to reconquer Gothic Spain, and therefore from Cibel Tarik (which means the hill of Tarik) the name of Gibraltar originated.

Low wheeled, two seated, so-called vans accompanied and drawn by ponies take the visitor to the base of the fort, and a steep climb must then be made on foot. It is an extremely tedious trip, for the ascent is rocky and uneven.

Vista of Snow-Capped Mountains. Perhaps the most striking view, from a small opening in one of the caves built in the fortress, is the white wall of Algeciras and San Roque, both parallel with the snow-capped mountains of Andalusia.

El Hacho, the signal tower, is not always open to visitors and many of the heavy guns are also kept under secrecy. In the tunnelled portions of the fort old batteries and cannon are pointed out by sentries, and secluded spots had been set aside for punishing purposes in bygone years. In one of the dark passageways the stone is set out in peculiar points which stand straight upward, representing icicles because of the shiny, silvery gloss on the ends of the highest needles of the rock, and one can readily imagine fireplaces to have been inserted in the walls.

Having attained the height of the fort and emerged suddenly into open sky, a wonderful vista stretches out 1,000 feet below. Ships anchored at bay seem but dwarfs, and the polo grounds, once famous for bull fighting, can also be observed. Far below the barrack yards look up at you and the smoky houses with their sloping roofs keep cover over the lounging soldiers.

As the sun takes refuge behind the fleecy lining of clouds, the mountains, hills and ocean form a panorama of wide scope and incomparable beauty.

Thrust and Parry.

Pangs of jealousy were in Miss Goldfoot's heart when she heard that her late admirer had been accepted by Miss Lovebird, and when she happened to run across her in the bargain rush could not resist giving her a thrust.

"I hear you've accepted Jack," she gushed. "I suppose he never told you he once proposed to me."

"No," answered Jack's fiancée. "He once told me that there were a lot of things in his life he was ashamed of, but I didn't ask him what they were."

Pepper cost \$175 an ounce in England in Henry VII's reign. The world's skating record is 10 miles in 31 minutes 7 1/2 seconds, made by a Swedish skater.

# EFFICIENT

Flowing For Profit.

A tractor built strong enough to withstand the heavy stresses strains consequent upon field hitching it to several ordinary gangs. These, however, do not good satisfaction as the tractor is not so compact in construction, are handled, and are not under the control of the operator.

Personally, I have in these two types of tractors, used these 45 horsepower, the size of the past two seasons.

This engine is designed for field work on small or large farms. I have been in the habit of from three to six 14-inch tractor handles these very fully to a depth of eight inches kinds of soil. I find from that this engine will use two and one-half gallons to the acre, making the cost of the acre quite low.

I find that one man with tractor and the regular operator is able to average from ten to fifteen acres a day. Two men will average to 25 acres a day, and one man will average to 35 acres a day. I have found that this engine will plow when the ground is in condition to be worked at all.

There are many advantages by using such an outfit. The tractor is able to turn off several times work by itself with a team, and the regular operator is able to average from ten to fifteen acres a day. Two men will average to 25 acres a day, and one man will average to 35 acres a day. I have found that this engine will plow when the ground is in condition to be worked at all.

These same general facts when one is using an engine for plowing, harvesting, or harvesting all these things with the tractor. Let's spring, after the rain, the miles away seed work, 65 acres of soil which he would have to plow so he could corn. He offered me \$150 and furnished the fuel and a help.

Before this job was done a boy of his said he had 90 or 100 stables land that he had been could not get it plowed, and he was really dry now, and he was all busy, he would like to me plow it. The day we were, the work looked so well, that he decided to have a 20-acre of soil plowed for the same job.

The result was that from jobs I netted enough to go a way toward paying the wages of the engine man. Since the road has been made, so much of the road and other spoken for considerable plowing.

Feeding Breeding Swine. "Economic production" is the watchword of every farmer. With milk feeds at the present falling-to-day and the present increase in price of some of the essential feeds it behooves the farmer to study very carefully feeding problems and adopt methods that will tend to give the cheapest production.

All too often has the breeder on the average farm seen his third to one-half more than he had to summer them, and cause, lessens the profit to be realized from such a herd. It is shown that a herd of 100 pigs can be carried through the winter on good, strong conditions, and road litter on pasture, and over half as much as thought to be housed all summer and well feeds. Moreover, the sows more healthy and farrowed that were more robust. And the quality was much lower than those sows kept inside all winter.

For "economic production" the broad view should be taken. In the winter in the open or unshaded soil, greater and developing pasture, there is a saving in the age grasses do not supply the satisfactory pasture for sows they are better than keeping the house. Among the most are rape or a legume such as alfalfa, if it can be grown. Peas, oats and vetch make excellent pasture for small fields of any of these can be sown. Allow the sows in just for a short time at the time they become accustomed to them, a little longer each time until they remain all the time eat any more than is sufficient their needs.

While a pig can barely get grass alone the legumes or more than sustain life and for producing increase all feed supplied. Therefore, to the succulent food that fed a small allowance of vetch, clover, bran, linseed oil, and