Dollars saved by Bovril

Bovril used in the Kitchen means dollars saved in the Bank.

It makes nourishing hot dishes out of cold food which would not otherwise be eaten. But see that you get the real thing. If it is not in the Bovril bottle it is not Bovril. And it *must* be Bovril.

G.H.B.

The Call of the Owl

By Charles N. Sinnett.

The spotted cow kicked so viciously that Mrs. Dunbar was nearly thrown from the milking stool. But without a word of reproof to the nervous animal, the woman called, "Hannah, stop your puckering up your face like an owl, and help me here!"

The girl put back the masses of golden hair from her smiling face and hurried to her mother's side with low, musical calls, "So, Bess! Good Bess!"

Before her hands patted the cow the animal became less restive. And when her fingers stroked the glossy hide, as she stood between the cow and fence around the yard Bess grew more quiet. Soon streams of milk were purring into the pail. Mrs. Dunbar kept time to its music with her complaints. "It's a sin and shame, Hannah, for you to spend the time that you do listening to the birds, and trying to mimic them. What if your face should grow into the shape of a blue jay's. I was telling your father only yesterday that you're getting to jerk about just like a cat bird or a brown thrasher. Not that you slight your work like some whose names I could speak—for a girl no older than you are you do the chores well. But it would be much better for you to be reading some good book than paying the heed that you do to every bird that hops on the place. Reading quiets the nerves. Living in the dangerous times that we do it is our duty to keep our nerves brave and strong, Hannah."

Once more the spotted cow moved quickly, but the girl's low words quieted her so that the well-filled milk pail was in no danger of being upset.

"That's just what I was telling you," said Mrs. Dunbar. "I heard the owl out there in the pines. And the minute you began to pucker up your mouth to answer it you forget that I had called you here to quiet Bess. You must take your mind off these birds."

"But how could you see my mouth, mother?" asked Hannah quietly. "The streams of milk were racing into the pail and not one drop hitting the rim of it."

"I don't need to stare at you all the time to know what you are doing. Cows are very sensitive. The minute that Bess heard that owl and heard your hand and mouth moving as though you meant to mimic it, it made her nervous—and I might have been all bruised up. Don't you let me hear you trying to make a noise like any kind of an owl from now on."

"But, mother, it might some time be of great help to be able to perfectly mimic one of them," urged Hannah, more anxiously than she had intended.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Dunbar, as she finished "stripping" the spotted cow.

"Ah, there is Goodman Drake coming for me," she said, as she rose with the milking stool in her hand. "I promised to go and sit up with his little sick girl to-night. The supper is nearly ready. You can finish it for your father and you. I will hurry right away with the Goodman as soon as I have strained the milk."

Had the mother glanced at Hannah she would surely have thought that she was striving to mimic several large owls. Her face grew pale; her lips moved restlessly; it seemed to take all of her strength not to utter some of the words which were swarming in her mind. But as soon as her mother had gone within the log cabin she sped to the side of her father as he talked with Goodman Drake of his deep gratitude for the present peaceful times in the settlement. Quickly, but firmly, she gave them a message which made their faces blanch at first, and then glow with a strong hope. And then Hannah began singing so merrily that her mother shook her head reprovingly as she rode away on the pillion behind her neighbor. When from the deep shadows of the pine the call of an owl was heard she sang still more gleefully as her face was lifted thankfully as the first star was peeping out of the twilight sky.

As soon as the darkness had fully settled over the forest, four of the sturdiest neighbors rode stealthily to the home of Hannah Dunbar. Guided by her and her father they set two large bear traps in the corner of the yard, near where Mrs. Dunbar had been milking the spotted cow. Then they slightly loosened a board in the strong fence. Going to the west end of the yard they there set two other traps.

"Put one just to the right of the other," whispered Hannah. "If they hear the fall of the first savage, one of his companions might try to see what happened to him; he will move a little to the left or the right—I think it will be to the right."

The men nodded as if to the words of a wise man. and all the work was done according to the girl's plan.

"Two of you will stand by the places where the savages have planned to steal in upon us," urged Hannah. "You have brought your sharpest axes with you. Hew down all of them that you can as they come crowding through the fence. Remember when you hear the call of the owl at the south side of the house that you must all be ready. I know you will be just as faithful as you are strong. Father and I will be where we can dispose of a few of them if they take the alarm and try to escape. Let us do our best to-night."

Each of the neighbors grasped Hannah's hand in a faithful pledge. They whispered brief words of admiration of her plans, as she and her father hastened to their places of waiting. They had worked hard on the farms that they were hewing out of the shaggy forests, but they manfully pushed aside every feeling of weariness that tugged at them, as the slow hours crept on. Two of these pioneer guards had been kept awake by illness in their homes the three past nights, but they shrugged their broad shoulders sturdily whenever a hint of drowsiness appealed to them. The heavy dew and the sharp, fitful wind chilled them, but they held their places without a movement that betrayed them to their skulking enemies. And when at last the low call of an owl sounded to the south of the log cabin of the Dunbars, each man felt a warning thrill of courage and hope send the blood pulsing through his veins. Straight as forest pines they stood by the openings in the rude fence when other owls seemed to awaken at various points near the clearing and give their answering calls. The axes were grasped firmly in strong hands as a slight rustling in the underbrush showed that several forms were moving swiftly onward as their stealth would allow them to.

Pushing aside the loose board in the fence at the west end of the yard, a burly Indian thrust himself into the edge of the clearing. He stepped quickly, in the certainty of the blows which he felt that he would soon strike with his tomahawk. Then there was the snarl of the closing teeth of the strong bear trap. With a cry of pain and rage the savage fell on his face, bruising it and nearly blinding himself as he fell on the heavy log to which the trap was attached. His comrade sprang through the opening to see what had happened. Stepping aside so as not to tread on his fallen brother, his feet were caught in the other bear trap, and he was flung to the earth. Two other Indians crowded through the fence. On the head of each descended crushing blows from the axes of the settlers. Then the two trapped braves, in spite of their cries for help from their comrades, were soon lying helplessly on the ground.

Blows from the east end of the yard showed that the surprise for the savages had been well planned and executed there. Then a shrill hoot of an owl rang waveringly from the south as if the bird were flying towards the shelter of the tallest pines. A low, tremulous answer was heard, and then outside the yard the thud of heavy bodies was heard, quickly followed by axe strokes, groans, gurgling sounds, and then the brave call of Hannah Dunbar, "All right here!"

"All right!" "All right!" came simultaneously from the east and west ends of the yard.

Then Hannah hastened to the neighbors by the aid of a torch of pitch-wood which she had lighted.

"Nobly done, good neighbors," she cried as she saw that nine savages had been captured.

"And you, outside there, what were you and your father doing? Were you not afraid that other Indians were in ambush and might come upon you unawares?"

And Goodman Drake looked wonderingly in the happy face of Hannah.

"I gave the alarm call of the owl to lure towards the forest any savages who might be lurking outside," she said. "I knew well what path they might take. I held one end of a long rope and father was at the other end of it. Somehow, some Indian tripped on it. When once they were down we followed the examples of you, good neighbors.

"But, Hannah, how did you know where the Indians would try to enter the yard?" cried Goodman Drake. "You only told us that they would come in just the way that they did. And we were right willing to do the bidding of one like you."

"When mother went out to milk last night I saw from the cabin that Bess knew that Indians were near. She never kicks the way she did then unless some of them are lurking about. I saw their signs from behind some logs. One hooting like an owl gave me another hint of the signal they would have when they came here to surprise us, and then kill everybody that they could in our settlement. When mother called me out to quiet Bess I was nearer to them and so made quite sure what their plans were—"

"But your mother told me how she scolded you for mimicking the birds," said Goodman Drake.

"Oh, but she is a good mother," cried Hannah. "I doubt not that, had she been in my place, she would have planned this matter much better than I have done. But mother has had a hard summer, and she is not well. Now she will be better; she will have no fear of the Indians. The news of your good night's work, faithful neighbor's, will keep the savages from our settlement for many a moon. Goodman, please hasten home, and tell mother and the rest all the good news."

"Indeed I will. And God bless the brave girl who knows the calls of the birds and trusts in Him who ever keeps the mind and soul clear."

Goodman Drake kissed Hannah on both her cheeks.

(The End.)

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W. CLARK, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Woman's Sphere

How To Do Things.

Sweet peppers should be skinned before using for seasoning. The skin peels off easily if the peppers are dropped for a moment into boiling water or heated in the oven.

Keep cider sweet by putting grated horseradish, a tablespoonful to a gallon of juice, into the cider while it is fresh; then bung it up tight. The horseradish gives a pleasant tang.

Frankfurter sausages are popular cooked thus: Pare large potatoes, and with an apple corer make a tunnel through each and draw a sausage through the tunnel. Put into a baking pan with a slice of fat salt pork or bacon over each potato, pepper lightly and bake until the potatoes are done, basting occasionally with the drippings and a little hot water.

Peanut cookies are nice for school luncheons. They require one-half cupful of sugar creamed with four tablespoonfuls of butter, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of milk, one cupful finely chopped peanuts, one heaping cupful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Drop from a teaspoon on buttered paper and place two half peanuts on each. Bake in a slow oven.

Corn which is too old to boil will make good chowder. Cut the corn from six ears and put it, along with six potatoes, an onion, and a sweet pepper, through a food chopper. Brown two tablespoonfuls of chopped meat in a little fat, add a tablespoonful of flour, then the minced vegetables, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Barely cover with boiling water, or stock in which meat has been boiled, and simmer gently for an hour; then add a cupful of milk and bring to a boil. Serve hot.

Mint apple jelly: Steep a cupful of mint leaves for one hour in a cupful of hot water (don't boil), then press through a cheese-cloth bag. Use green, unripe apples and cook them in enough water to keep them from sticking to the kettle. Add a teaspoonful of the extract of mint to one cupful of apple juice (strained), allowing a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice. Cook for about twenty minutes, then pour into molds or glasses. This makes a clear, delicately colored jelly, very pleasing to the eye and most appetizing with a roast of meat.

Tomato chowder makes a meal in itself: Dice salt pork to make four tablespoonfuls; put into a hot frying-pan; brown with it two chopped onions. Add a quart of boiling water, a quarter of a cupful of rice, a quart of canned or freshly stewed tomatoes, two teaspoonfuls of salt and a sprinkle of red pepper. Cover and let cook slowly for an hour, or until the rice is soft. If not quite thick enough add a tablespoonful of cornstarch, mixed with water, and stir until the cornstarch is cooked.

Macaroni with minced ham affords an opportunity to use left-overs. To one cupful of macaroni, use a cupful of minced cooked ham, a cupful of corn (canned, fresh or left-over cooked corn), half a cupful of bread-crumbs, one tablespoonful butter or butter substitute, salt and pepper. Cook the macaroni in a large amount of boiling salted water, drain and rinse in cold water. Arrange macaroni, ham and corn in alternate layers in baking dish, cover with the crumbs mixed with the butter, and bake in a hot oven until brown.

Serve cucumber loaf with hot or cold roast meats. The loaf is made thus: Into two cupfuls of boiling water turn six pepper corns, a blade of mace, one-half of a bay leaf, one-half teaspoonful of celery salt and a slice of onion; steep twenty minutes; drain and add to the liquid three-fourths of a box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold water; strain and add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cover the bottom of a mold to the depth of a half inch with the mixture, add a layer of sliced cucumbers and repeat the layers until the dish is full. Serve very cold on a bed of water-cress.

Heavenly jam is all that the name implies. It calls for five pounds of Concord grapes, four large oranges, one pound of seedless raisins, four pounds of sugar. Wash the grapes thoroughly. Remove the pulp from the skins, saving the skins. Heat the pulp and run through a sieve to remove the seeds. Wash the oranges. Pare the skin very thin and grind it in a meat-grinder. Take out the juice of the oranges. Chop the raisins fine or run them through a meat-grinder. Put the grape skins, the grape pulp, orange juice, ground orange skin, chopped raisins and sugar together in a granite pan, and let the mixture cook slowly until a syrup is formed. Be sure that the grape skins are well cooked. Chopped nuts may be added to the ingredients, if desired. Put in jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

The Home Dispensary.

A mother cannot hope to cope successfully with little ailments and mishaps unless she sets up a family medicine chest, which need not be either elaborate, expensive, nor a thing of beauty. If her husband is a handy man he might knock one together for her; if not, then she can make use of a small wooden or even a tin biscuit box.

Either will serve her purpose admirably, but if it contains poison, she would be well advised to place it on the topmost shelf, as far as possible out of the reach of the children.

One of the commonest troubles of child life, perhaps, is the cuts and bruises which they get in falling on hands, knees, legs and faces. The injured parts should be at once bathed in warm water to which a few drops only of carbolic acid has been added. The correct proportion is one in forty. If the skin is not broken, then arnica may be applied; if it is broken, boracic ointment, compounded of one ounce of vaseline and one drachm of boric acid, is excellent for healing and cleansing wounds.

In the case of burns the great thing is to exclude the air, and flour, starch, be used with good effect. Blisters soap, and the white of an egg may should be pricked with a needle, and lint well soaked in Carron oil, a mixture of equal parts of lime water and olive oil, put on.

Castor oil, in addition to its medicinal properties, is a splendid emollient, and even if the disease is to be found in the innermost layer of the skin, the effects of the oil penetrate to the root of the evil. A very little dropped into the eye rids it of an obstruction, and cools the eyeball at the same time.

A milder medicine than castor oil for delicate children is magnesia, either fluid or calcined, and ginger essence is useful in cases of flatulence.

Where children are liable to croup, ipecacuanha wine is indispensable. A teaspoonful should be administered on the first sign of a crow, and the dose should be repeated every five minutes until the cough is relieved.

Whooping cough is relieved by a large tablespoonful of glycerine in a glass of hot milk.

Linseed meal must be included in the list of contents for the medicine chest, as it is necessary for poultices. No less important is mustard for an emetic in case of poisoning, choking, or for a hot bath in case of convulsions.

Permanganate of potash, besides being one of the best disinfectants, is very good as a gargle for sore throats, or for a sufferer from diphtheria. It should be used in the proportion of four grains pure permanganate of potash to eight ounces of water.

The bite of a dog or the sting of an adder is rendered innocuous by the immediate application of lunar caustic, which should be well rubbed into the wound for about ten seconds.

Lime water, for use in cases of weak digestions or sickness or stomach troubles, is easily made at home. Put a piece of quicklime the size of both your hands in a basin, and cover with two quarts of cold water, stir well, and leave for six hours. Without disturbing the sediment, strain the liquid part through a double cheesecloth. Bottle, cork tightly, and keep in a cool place.

Before using this, pour a quantity off the top if it has been kept for any length of time. A teaspoonful to a tablespoonful is a dose, and should be given in a glass of milk.

Strips of bleached or unbleached cotton and linen, muslin or flannel, from half a yard to one and a half yards in length and four inches wide, should be reserved and kept rolled up for bandages, also a bundle of clean rags for binding up wounds and cuts, and for poultices, fomentations, etc. Adhesive and court plasters are also needful.

Here is a short list of necessary articles for the medicine chest:

Arnica, boracic ointment, boric acid, Carron oil, castor oil, cod liver oil, camphorated oil, court plaster, ginger essence, ipecacuanha wine, lime water, lunar caustic, linseed meal, magnesia (fluid and calcined), mustard, permanganate of potash, and vaseline.

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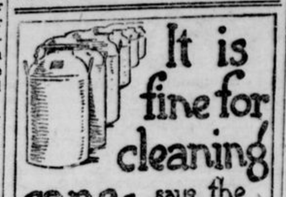

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THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. 241

Write for Cook Book.

CANADA LAGS IN ROAD BUILDING

EXPERIENCE OF ENGLAND SHOWS WHAT TO AVOID.

Overseas Men See Great Contrast to the Well Built and Well Maintained Highways of France.

Returned soldiers, who took part in the "big push" during the autumn of 1918, will recall the frequent signs "Dry weather track." They were very useful, these tracks; not being marked on the map, the Hun did not have them registered, and even if he did discover one, it was easy to abandon it for another. Thus, as the weather was good on the whole, these tracks were quite serviceable. But, if it had been rainy, that would have been another story.

Away from shell-fire, however, as every soldier knows, the French roads were serviceable in all weathers. They stood up admirably against the rough usage of the swarms of motor trucks and other abnormal traffic brought by the war.

What would have happened to our Canadian roads under the same conditions? Alas! they are nearly all only "dry weather tracks." A good road is a road which is good in bad weather. In road construction, we are a century behind France, although we pride ourselves on being a very progressive people.

Worst in Oldest Sections.

It is not sound argument to say that this condition is due to the fact that Canada is still a "new" country. The fact is that some of the oldest sections of Canada have the worst roads.

It is largely due to the continuance in force of an antiquated system of providing for public road-building and maintenance. The same system has been tried in England and found wanting and yet we refuse to profit by the Old Country's experience, which the Britannica describes as follows:

"The almost incredibly bad state of the roads in England towards the latter part of the 17th century appears from the accounts cited by Macaulay. It was due chiefly to the state of the law, which compelled each parish to maintain its own roads by statute labor, but the establishment of turnpike trusts and the maintenance of roads by tolls do not appear to have effected any great improvement."

Let us hope that the Canada Highways Act, passed at the late session, spells the end of statute labor and of 'turnpike trusts' in Canada. Toll-gates have been found unsatisfactory elsewhere—let us abolish them here. When governments themselves undertake the construction of roads, we may look for better days.

The Penniless Millionaire.

The recent death of Andrew Carnegie has removed one of the most romantic figures from our midst. Carnegie was probably the second richest man in the world—Rockefeller came first—and gave away more than any other millionaire. His gifts totalled about $350,000,000. A curious characteristic of his was his dislike of parting with small change. Libraries—by all means! Twenty-five cents? That worried him. He often went about with nothing in his pocket, in order that he might not be pestered, and this once led to an amusing incident.

Mr. Choate, then American Ambassador in London, was astonished to see Mr. Carnegie bursting in upon him. "Look here, Choate, lend me a shilling!" said Carnegie. Choate thought it was a joke. "But I might never see it again!" he protested. "Come, come, it's no laughing matter!" retorted Carnegie. "My cabman's waiting at the door, and I haven't a penny!"

Mr Carnegie was unfavorably disposed towards drink, smoking, and cards, whereby hangs another tale. It tells of an occasion when he was approached one evening by a card-player.

"Will you join us at poker?" he was asked.

"No," he replied. "Crib is my game."

And off he went to bed.

There is another story, however, which suggests that, when he wished to be courteous, Mr. Carnegie sat upon his dislikes and did not obtrude his personal opinions. He had sent for the auditor of the Carnegie Company, Mr. Moreland, who subsequently became secretary, and during the consultation offered him wine.

"No, thanks, I don't drink," said Moreland. He then refused to smoke, and later on to play cards.

"Tell me why you do none of these things?" asked Carnegie, interested.

"You've kept me working too hard all these years," replied Moreland bluntly.

Carnegie blinked at him, and suddenly exclaimed:

"I'm going to give you three months' vacation, and, for Heaven's sake, go off and do something beside work!"

His Forefathers.

Schoolmaster: "Now, Tommy, can you tell me who was Abraham's father?"

Tommy: "Please, sir, which one?"

Schoolmaster: "Why, he had only one father."

Tommy: "I thought, sir, you told us 'he slept with his four fathers.'"

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