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The Light On The Lake

By CHARLES H. SMITH.

The sun had gone down and darkness had fallen when Sam Weston opened the big gate which led to his father's barnyard. Sam had been over to Clear Lake setting traps for muskrat and mink, for the season was early autumn and every fall he had a trap line over which he went each morning before school. In addition to the sport of trapping this netted him quite a tidy sum of money when he disposed of his pelts at the end of the trapping season. On this trip from which he was just returning he had not succeeded in finding "sets," with him and so he was bringing a part of them back until the following afternoon, when he would look for more "sets."

As he turned to shut the lane gate he saw something in the sky just above the lake that caused him to pause and look up. Perhaps a minute he watched. Just above the wooded shore line of the lake was the flickering reflection of a light. Very slowly it seemed to be moving from one point to another. Hurriedly closing the gate, Sam ran to the wooded back of his home, flung down his traps, and sped towards the house where his chum, Bill Simpson, lived.

Bill's home was only a short half-mile away and in less than ten minutes Sam reached his destination. Giving a peculiar whistle—a signal between him and Bill—as he neared the house, Sam stopped at the front gate and waited. In a minute Bill came out of the house and down to the gate.

"Hello, Sam. What's doing?" "Something is going on over to the lake. Bill. I just saw a big light over there. We can't see it from here. I'd just like to know what's up. What do you say? Let's go over and see."

"Maybe it's a party of campers. Or maybe someone catching bullheads and they've built a camp-fire," suggested Bill.

"No, I don't think so. It can't be a camp-fire because it moves from one place to another. Besides, it's late in the year for campers or fishermen," objected Sam.

"Well, then, let's find out for sure what it is," replied Bill.

"Come on."

Breaking into a trot, the boys started down the road to Sam's home. From here they went down the lane to the big woods bordering the shores of Clear Lake. They ran all the way until they came to the boat. Here they had to go slower because of following the old logging road through the trees. It had grown up to brush and the two boys had to pick their way as best they could in the darkness.

In less than a quarter of an hour, however, they stood on the beach of the lake and looking toward the other side they saw the cause of the reflection in the sky. Usually a fish would show a boat with a huge torch on its prow which flamed and flickered as the boat moved. It lighted up the whole lake, for the night was very dark and still. As the boat continued to follow the shore line of the lake where the water was not very deep it began drawing nearer to the boys watching it on the shore.

"Let's get out of sight," suggested Sam. "Then we can watch 'em and see just what they're doing."

Not far from them, close to the edge of the water, rose a big oak tree and going over to it the boys crept slowly and nearer. The boat drew nearer and nearer. Finally it was directly opposite them, only a few rods from their hiding place. The boys could see very plainly now and they noticed that there were two men in the boat. One stood up in the front end just behind the big torch, holding a long-handled instrument which every now and then he plunged into the water. Usually a fish would be wiggling on the end of it when he drew it back out of the water. Sometimes, though, he got nothing. After he had taken the flopping fish off he would throw him in the boat and watch intently ahead to catch sight of another one. The second man kept the boat moving slowly forward by rowing gently.

"How am I keeping the boat? Is it deep enough to see 'em good?" asked the man rowing, as the boat passed by Sam and Bill.

"Just right—I can see 'em fine," answered the man in the front of the boat.

When the boat had gone on for some distance the boys left their place behind the big oak.

"They're spearing fish, Bill," said Sam in a whisper.

"Yes, and that's why the fishing isn't any better than it is for us fellows who fish with a pole and line," replied Bill angrily.

"Of course, it's against the law to spear fish, Bill. Those fellows are law-breakers and if the fish wardens knew it they would arrest them quickly, you bet."

"I know it. But he is in Greenfield, seven miles away, and before he could get here they'd be gone with the fish," replied Sam.

"Can't we do something to make those fellows have some respect for the law?" asked Bill earnestly.

For a moment Sam was silent as he thought of what could be done.

"I'll tell you what we can do," he said finally. "We can scare those fellows so that they'll keep off the lake for awhile, anyway. I was setting my traps out this afternoon and I happen to have the key to our boat with me. Now let's get the boat and go out on the lake after those men. They'll think that we're the officers after them sure. They have probably got a guilty conscience already and are listening and watching for someone to come after them. What do you say?"

"Fine! Let's do it. Your boat is down on the Pointe isn't it?"

"Yes. Now go still. Be careful of the dry branches—don't step on any if you can help it. They crack like a gun."

Very cautiously the boys made their way from the big oak to the Pointe upon which Sam's father kept his boat. By the time they arrived there the two spearguns were approaching again, so they waited until the boat passed by. Then very carefully they slipped the chain, link by link, to the boat and oars from the post on the beach.

Placing the oars in the oarlocks they shoved the boat out into the water and jumped in it. As quietly as possible Sam rowed the boat towards the big torch nearly a quarter of a mile ahead of them. But Sam did not propose getting too close, for he knew that the men would run from two boys. So he stopped his boat and making his voice as gruff as he could he shouted at the men.

"Don't try to get away! We've got you fellows this time!"

Almost instantly the big torch rose into the air and then plunged into the waters of the lake. The men, frightened, had thrown it away. Everything was now in darkness again and Sam and Bill could hear the rapid click of the other boat's oars as it sped away from the boat. The boys from the supposed fish warden and his officer. Following as closely as possible, the boys raced after the speargunners' boat.

"It's no use trying to get away. We have you fellows this time!" shouted Sam. "Row to the west, Bill; we've got 'em all right."

But secretly Bill and Sam could hardly keep from laughing aloud. It was so funny to think the men were making such haste from two boys. Sam and Bill could hear them rowing and splashing the water furiously in their hurry to avoid arrest. The boys could not tell which direction the law-breakers were taking but they followed in the general direction from which the noise came. Soon the other boat grated on the gravel shore and the two men as they ran over the hill and away from the lake. In the pocket of one of the men was a tin box evidently filled with fish-hooks and as he ran the boys heard the "jingle, jingle, jingle" of the hooks in it against the sides of the box. The men were badly frightened.

When they were sure that the speargunners had fled, Bill and Sam broke into loud laughter. The headlong haste of the men had been ridiculous—and two boys had caused them to flee. It had been great sport. Rowing slowly close to shore they finally found the boat abandoned by the law-breakers, and drawing their own boat alongside of it they lighted a match and looked over into it. On the floor of the boat were about thirty fine fish, two cloth bags and a spear.

"What shall we do with this stuff, Bill?" asked Sam.

"Let's take the fish home with us. All of them are either injured badly or dead and will only go to waste if we leave them here," answered Bill.

"The spear we ought to throw in the lake."

Picking up the two bags the boys divided the fish bluegills, speckled bass and black bass. There were plenty for two fine messes of them, and putting the two bags filled with fish into their boat they shoved the boat to the Pointe and picked the fish to their homes. But all the way home they could not help from bursting into laughter whenever they thought of the headlong flight of the two law-breakers from the lake and over the hills.

(The End.)

Her Army.

"There's one thing I've always wanted to ask you about your life in France," she said.

"Yes?" prompted the ex-buck tremulously.

"What did you and the colonel usually talk about at meal time?"

Buy Thrift Stamps.

Keep Minkard's Lintment in the house.



The Boon of Curiosity

Nature has filled the child with curiosity for a purpose. It is just as essential to the growing mind as is hunger to the sturdiness of the body. Parents who would not think of refusing food to the hungry youngsters often thoughtlessly deny to the developing intellect the very element upon which it thrives.

The young mind demands its right to grow into a knowledge and training that will make life worth while. This ever-present demand is in the form of curiosity; and because of its persistence, parents, burdened with other cares, are many times harassed into denying it.

It is the parents whose child lacks this natural tendency, who should worry. If their child possesses not that eager, questioning voice, trembling forever on the brink of some great unknown mystery, as thrilling to him as are some of the big unsolved questions that perplex and lure us grown-ups; if this be true, then these parents have cause for real alarm. A child without curiosity is mentally sick; and should he grow up without gaining this gift to pry, he is doomed to a life of inferiority.

Happily most children are supplied with an abundance of this quality. Scarcely two months of their life has passed before this trait is reflected in the gleam of intelligence that possesses the baby eye. From then on till maturity it assumes a multitude of shifting, tantalizing forms that have hidden beneath a system which, puzzling as it may seem, will if encouraged, work marvelous results when the child reaches adulthood.

Nor need parents have a knowledge of the by-ways of child psychology in order to bestow the greatest benefits on their children. They have only to follow the course that nature has vividly marked out. Whatever the child's whimsies, tantalizing forms that have hidden beneath a system which, puzzling as it may seem, will if encouraged, work marvelous results when the child reaches adulthood.

True, this requires an expenditure of patience; but parents will be rapidly knowing that they are rapidly building a foundation which is stable because of sound training and correct information.

Nature has not intended that a child shall always exercise curiosity solely on the knowledge of the moment. No matter how trivial and useless the information sought may seem, the parent has but to remember that the youngster is keeping bright for future use that tool—curiosity—which is the only instrument that will open an avenue to his brain. It is through this trait alone that he learns of the world; consequently the effort he puts forth is worth far more in training for later life than in the small amount of knowledge he might gain.

There comes a time in every child's life, about the age of three or four, when nothing but question marks fall from the lips. All their sentences seem to be equipped with an initial "why." Many of them are unanswerable and appear to be asked just for the pleasure of asking. Parents are often puzzled as to just what attitude parents to become humiliated at the inquisitiveness of their child. Instead they should have been proud. These questions were but the sign of a brilliant mind in the making. They had behind them the driving power of mental growth, and they were utterly unable to restrain them.

This probing trait is found in the youngster at every turn. The child that begs to help at grown-up work, even for a moment, is longing to satisfy that subtle power. They have a curiosity to know how it goes to peel potatoes, pick cherries, or cook a cake. It is work of nature storing up for them rich experiences.

The child that has the fortitude to peer into silent recesses, explore a cave, or climb the highest tree is so urged by nature that he might develop a courage to do the big things of later life.

Because of the varying succession of outlets that curiosity employs, parents are apt to slight this important trait and think it but a passing whim. It is natural that the activity of yesterday should be discarded for the one of to-day; for the small mind has absorbed all that is new and moves on to some fresh object. In time, however, after it has grown by further experience, it will return to the old and will then comprehend features it could not grasp before.

Concerning Domestic Affairs.

Boil celery stalks with your cabbage. Two or three will be sufficient for a head of cabbage. The celery in proper flavor of the cabbage and lessens its odor.

Maple sugar sauce is timely. It requires one-third of a cupful of butter and one cupful of maple sugar. Cream the butter and gradually add the maple sugar. Form into balls and chill thoroughly. Serve over steamed rice for dessert.

A whole meal in one dish: Fry slightly a thick slice of ham, cover thickly with raw potatoes, sliced thin; season with a little salt and pepper.



A man may feel that he is merely joggling along day after day in the shafts, held up by the harness—yet to be a faithful tractor, alone or as a keffellow, is meritorious, and the adjective "tractable" is not the worst that can be bestowed. The tractor pulls, and the tractable is passive and non-resistant; but whether one leads or is led, if the going is in the right direction, all is well.

The world is not so usefully served by the suddenly eccentric persons as by the safe and sane majority. Inspirations and surprising inventions are not to be derided, though commonly those who have thought out new things have been pilloried and mocked. We need those who possess and express their souls, who speak out with neither fear nor favor when the crucial hour strikes.

But those who do the extravagant and spectacular sort of thing merit to advertise themselves by "the noble noise they make" are a different breed. The great, humane works of relief performed in war-time have by no means lessened the enchantment, and the employment and employers seem congenial because you do not view them at close range.

But before you fling yourself out of your post in a springtime spirit of insurance it is well to be calm and consider. Not every change is for the best. The development of our abilities to their highest and finest estate comes by steady toil in a poised tranquility and not by restlessness.

A Ribbon So Gay

It was only a bright gay ribbon the new teacher revealed when she took off her coat that rainy morning in the dingy little schoolroom, but it seemed to scatter gathered rays of sunshine among the assembly of count-y children clad in typical rainy-day garments. Because of the rain, it would seem that each mother had dressed her child in his oldest, darkest, least becoming clothes, with the result that a gloom seemed cast on the schoolroom from within as well as from without.

But the new teacher was pleasant to look upon. Her black skirt and white waist were relieved by the bright red ribbon tied at her throat, and the children, noting the addition, smiled and forgot the rain. Perhaps the teacher, too, felt the effect of the color; at any rate, her cheery air was even more pleasant that morning.

Now, rainy days must come occasionally everywhere, but they need not be days of gloom. Why send your children to school in their drabdest "duds"? If ever cheerful habits of thought when you awake. Think of the raindrops on your roof. Dress a bit more carefully yourself that morning, think up some especially well-liked dessert for dinner, don't clutter the house with disagreeable odd jobs, but endeavor to make the least cheery day out of doors the cheeriest of them all within. And help the district teacher keep the little minds under her alert by dressing your children in sunny colors, to make up for the absence of the sun's rays.

ANY WOMAN CAN DYE AND KEEP IN STYLE

"Diamond Dyes" Turn Faded, Shabby Apparel into New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers, draperies, coverings—everything!

The Direction Book with each package tells how to diamond dye over any color.

To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.

April in Canada.

April in Canada! silver streams are flowing, Limpid lakes are gleaming, from icy fetters free, And in the shower and shadow, or in sunshine glowing, Hear the robin singing of the Summer yet to be.

April in Canada! See the crows are drifting, Casting awkward shadows from tops of lofty trees, And the sun is gleaming as the clouds are rifling, And the grass is greening, touched by the April breeze.

April in Canada! willows now are gleaming, In the misty meadows of the fresh-et stream, And from distant hilltops, fair with promise teeming, Comes the laughing Springtime, fresh from Winter's dream.

April in Canada! what new hopes are springing? What new roads are winding throughout the coming years! Month of mist and music sets the heart to singing, And the sweetest music is what the spirit hears.

Kicking Over the Traces.

A man may feel that he is merely joggling along day after day in the shafts, held up by the harness—yet to be a faithful tractor, alone or as a keffellow, is meritorious, and the adjective "tractable" is not the worst that can be bestowed. The tractor pulls, and the tractable is passive and non-resistant; but whether one leads or is led, if the going is in the right direction, all is well.

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"But don't jump to conclusions. The Chinese is no coward. He has proved again and again in his long history that he can fight, and he will so prove again. Even the professional soldiers are not to be derided, though commonly those who have thought out new things have been pilloried and mocked. We need those who possess and express their souls, who speak out with neither fear nor favor when the crucial hour strikes."

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EXTERMINATE THE DANGEROUS RAT

VARIOUS METHODS OF KILLING.

Very Effective in Conjunction When Concerted Campaign is Launched.

The rat is a great nuisance, but not a necessary one. He can be got rid of by concerted action and can be fought and kept within limits even by individual action. If means for the control of the pest are not taken, the rat's fecundity, combined with an increase of his food supply and hiding places as population becomes denser, will most certainly result in his becoming nothing less than a national menace. Indeed, he is that already and rats do an incalculable amount of damage wherever food is produced, stored or transported.

The various means at man's disposal for combatting this cunning and prolific rodent are:

A. The encouragement of the rat's natural enemies.

(1) Domestic animals, e.g., cats, terriers and ferrets.

(2) Wild animals, e.g., owls, hawks, snakes, weasels, etc.

As to cats, the ordinary pampered house pet is useless as a rat catcher, while a semi-wild cat is liable to be dangerous to game, poultry and small insectivorous birds. Nevertheless, the fact that the cat has been associated with man since the days of ancient Egypt shows that, on the whole, it has been found more beneficial than harmful. Terriers are commonly used by professional rat catchers and can be trained to be exceedingly expert. Female ferrets are used—the males being too large—to enter the holes of rats and either drive them forth or destroy them there.

Farmers' Friends.

It is strange that, though man harbors the cat, he should generally show such an antipathy to small wild carnivora. Few creatures are more beneficial to man than the owl. He preys chiefly on rats, mice, gophers, squirrels and other noxious rodents. The damage he does to poultry is negligible. Even the hawk, though he does take a chicken occasionally, does infinitely more good than harm. Only the Sharp-shinned and Cooper's hawks and the Goshawk are exceptions to this rule. The weasel and his congeners may indeed work sad havoc in a poultry house, if proper precautions are taken, yet, if proper precautions are taken, they can be excluded against vermin. As to snakes, the common species found in Canada are all non-poisonous. They certainly destroy many field mice and, if given a chance, there is no reason why they should not be valuable allies against rats.

B. Traps.

Rats are exceedingly cunning creatures and no trap has yet been devised which has been more than temporarily successful in any one locality. No doubt many rats can be caught with them by a skilful man, but, as a means of extermination, they are not to be seriously depended on.

C. Poisons, e.g., arsenic, strychnine, squills, etc.

Mr. E. G. Boulenger, Curator of Reptiles, Zoological Gardens, London, states that, to kill rats, he has obtained the most satisfactory results with squill poison, which, in the small quantities necessary for rat extermination, is harmless to domestic animals. It is best used by soaking bread in a solution of the poison mixed with milk. Barium carbonate, of which 1½ to 2 grains kill a rat, though 10 to 15 grains are harmless to a chicken and 100 grains to a dog, is next best. It should be mixed with tallow and smeared on bread as it makes the rats thirsty. It can be used effectively with squills. After it has been put down, bowls with squills and milk should be placed where the rat will go to drink.

Other Means of Extermination.

Strychnine is too dangerous for general use. Phosphorus and arsenic are also very dangerous, and are less successful than squills and barium carbonate.

Since the war, the suggestion has been made that poison gas should be employed against rats. No doubt this would prove very effective in confined spaces, such as cellars and the holds of ships.

D. Bacterial cultures.

In Denmark, where a vigorous, national campaign has been waged against rats, a virus discovered by Dr. Neumann, of Aalborg, has been found very efficacious. Cultures of Neumann's bacillus are put up in this under the name of "Ratin." It is simple to use and has been found to be an attractive bait. Its harmlessness to domestic animals has been demonstrated. Among rats, however, except in isolated instances, it produces a virulent epidemic, with a very high mortality. Experiments with this culture in Scotland, Germany, and India are also reported to have proved satisfactory.

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Parcels from the country sent by mail or express receive the same careful attention as work delivered personally.

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For years, the name of "Parker's" has signified perfection in this work of making old things look like new, whether personal garments or even household curtains, draperies, rugs, etc.

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Eats Many Bugs

A cliff swallow will eat a flea, mosquito, wheat beetle that injure fruit trees, and, therefore, is to be encouraged. This bird is also known as swallow because it plasters the outside of a barn or other up under the eaves. Of several thousand will be nests together on the side. These nests, shaped like gourd or water-bottle, are bits of clay rolled into a lined with straw or feather bird winters in the tropics.

Britain exports about two million pounds worth of furs each year.

A single female potato beetle is capable of producing between 1,800 and 1,900 eggs during its life. During midsummer it takes a little over a month for these to develop into adult beetles. Hence if they are un molested they increase in numbers enormously.

Parker's Dye Works Limited Cleaners & Dyers

791 Yonge St. Toronto

Mischievous Lamb

The goat is well known to be a creature of diabolic ingenuity in its nature and no respecter of dignity. It is reported, once eluded the net outside Napoleon's tent, the imperial precincts, and completely devoured the conqueror, all but the which it was still champing its own awnake with a satisfied did not share. A goat once British general while he was a camp kitchen, and having monoe into a kettle of irreverent kid (not human) American warship chef's admiral's pyjamas. But his behavior to be expected, and the white and purple dress occasions so far forgotten tions of angelic innocences these performances come as a surprise.

Mr. W. H. Hudson, in his a Naturalist, revivie the doct sheep nature. He knew a was addicted to thieving and also to literature, which was not have been of an improving but certainly never improve morals.

"I remember a tame sheep had at my home on the point Hudson records, who in could give points to many dogs, not excepting the police self, the most accomplished the entire canine gang. Tobacco books were the object and when one could not find tobacco she was hard to come to when she had a good long look for it before some one the scene to send her about her ness with a good whack or a kid books were often left lying about tables and chairs and were got at.

"She knew very well that wrong, and that if detected she have to suffer, but she was easily cunning, and from a good eye would keep an eye on the house when she saw, or cunningly eye that no person was in the sitting room, or any other room the door standing open, she steal quietly in and, finding a would catch it hastily up and off with it. Carrying it off to the tation, she would set it down, a hoof on it, and start tearing leaves and devouring them as tionally as possible. Once she hold of a book she would not up; not all the shouting and after her would make her. Always she would rush, until she or more ahead of her hunter's she would stop, set it down, a gin hurriedly tearing out the then, when the hand drew a loud halloo, she would rush and rush on with it flapping her face and leave us all for it.

Shocking! And there is some money to the fact that lambs always exhibit an amiable position. A lamb once known to the little George Sand and on her, and Henry Irving, a very little boy, he fondly on a pretty white lamb and kissed promptly requited with a bite enough to make us retrosp afraid that Mary's little lamb hardly a proper companion to cent little Mary!

Red-Tape Humor.

One of the most curious and instances of the fastness tape came from an English office was sent on a special mission to pool. In his account of st which he returned to the st on the official form, one of the was "Porter, Ed." The form car with the official instructions, Blank should have returned as "Porterage." Major Blunk the alteration, and then, a through the remaining items "Cal. 25 64," which he thou transformed to "Cabbage and

A busy officer sent out for 25-worth of pins and a file, which cost him half a crown, received an imposing envelope pointing out that, inasmuch, were provided at the public- he should have sent in form 22, and for the file should be in form YNP8769.

A certain posthouse in the England had been turned into a hospital. The mantrou some chimney sweep, and the sweep offered to do them for shillings; but the War Office ceiling notes of the need, army sweep from an adjacent He climbed bodily into the of a wide chimney, and stud The local sweep offered to the army sweep for fifteen. An urgent wire was dispatched War Office for permission this further sum, and the back:

"You are authorized to sweep at all costs."

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A single female potato beetle is capable of producing between 1,800 and 1,900 eggs during its life. During midsummer it takes a little over a month for these to develop into adult beetles. Hence if they are un molested they increase in numbers enormously.

Eats Many Bugs

A cliff swallow will eat a flea, mosquito, wheat beetle that injure fruit trees, and, therefore, is to be encouraged. This bird is also known as swallow because it plasters the outside of a barn or other up under the eaves. Of several thousand will be nests together on the side. These nests, shaped like gourd or water-bottle, are bits of clay rolled into a lined with straw or feather bird winters in the tropics.

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