Worth Every Cent of its Cost—

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Black, Green or Mixed....

Sealed Packets Only. Never Sold in Bulk.

Health-Giving Rhubarb.

Nature knew just what our jaded spring appetites needed when she started the first rhubarb plant, and every home garden should have a few of the roots. The leaves are ornamental enough for a place among the flowers and shrubbery.

Besides the usual pie and sauce there are other delicious ways of serving rhubarb. At canning time we pot it, half-and-half, with raspberries, thus spreading the raspberry flavor and making the more expensive fruit go twice as far. We cook the rhubarb with a little water until the little half-inch slices break down into a mushy sauce, and use it instead of water for canning the berries. The following recipes are favorites in our family:

Rhubarb and Ginger—Wash and cut the stalks into inch pieces. To each cup of fruit add one-half cup of sugar. Boil five minutes and add one tablespoonful of candied ginger. Boil three minutes longer. Use as pudding sauce or filling for cake.

Baked Rhubarb—Peel the stalks unless the skin is very tender and easily cut. Cut them into inch lengths. Put into a deep crock or pudding dish with one part of sugar, two parts of fruit, or a little more sugar if the sauce is liked quite sweet. Do not add water. Stand the crock or dish in a pan of boiling water to keep the rhubarb from burning, and set it in the oven. Bake until the stalks are clear, but whole. This makes a pretty pink sauce and takes less sugar than when it is stewed. A little lemon juice, or the yellow peel of a lemon may be added as a flavor.

Rhubarb Meringue—Stew one pint of rhubarb stalks or bake it as above. While very hot remove it from the fire and add one tablespoonful of butter and a few drops of vanilla, or lemon juice. Beat the yolks of three eggs very light and whip them into the rhubarb. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold them into the mixture. Turn the whole into a pudding dish, set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven for fifteen minutes. Serve with cream.

Rhubarb Brown Betty — Wash enough rhubarb to make three cups when cut into small pieces. Stir into the stalks one and one-third cupfuls of sugar. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and stir it into one and one-half cupfuls of bread crumbs. Put a layer of buttered crumbs on the bottom of a shallow pudding dish, cover with a layer of rhubarb, then more crumbs, and alternate the rhubarb and crumbs till all is used. Have the top layer of crumbs. Cover and bake in a slow oven for half an hour. Serve warm with sugar and cream.

One-Crust Pieplant Pie—Stew the pieplant until soft. To two cups of the sauce beat in one tablespoonful of flour, yolks of two eggs, and sugar to taste. Line a pie pan with crust, pour in the mixture, dot the top with bits of butter, and bake until firm like custard. Beat whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread over the pie, return to the oven, and allow it to remain until it is a delicate brown. Serve cold.

Fighting the Fly.

The following resolves, if rigidly carried out this summer, will help to eradicate man's most deadly enemy, the house fly: To kill all early flies; to spread manure weekly; to be sure that no food scraps are thrown out and allowed to decompose; to empty waste water some distance from the house; to have fly-proof toilets. The killing of early flies is fairly simple, especially if there are children in the family. The frequent spreading of manure is being done more and more by progressive farmers, because it is of greater value as fertilizer when it is spread fresh. If this can be done weekly, the larvae are exposed to the air and sunlight and die before reaching the fly stage. The chief trouble here is that during the busy season the men find this one of the easiest things to neglect. Still, if they realize that a greatly increased number of flies is the penalty for their neglect, they may be able to find the time. As for the garbage, anything which will not be eaten at once by hogs or chickens should be either buried or burned. Dishwater and wash water thrown repeatedly from the back door has enough organic matter in it to attract flies. Where it is impossible to provide any other means of caring for it, the following makeshift drain has proved very satisfactory. An ordinary board is cut as long as the kitchen window is wide, so that the window can be closed on it for the purpose of holding it in place. A pipe, bent up on the kitchen side with a large funnel at the top, and bent down on the outside so that it will enter a hole in the top of a covered barrel, runs through the board that is set in the window. The dishwater can be poured into the funnel with fewer steps and less opening of the screen door, and in the evening one of the men can empty the barrel, far enough away so that the ground can dry out. An arrangement of this sort is a great help in fighting flies during the warm months.

The most disgusting and dangerous breeding place is the out-door toilet. There especially are found the disease germs, which flies carry, such as typhoid, diarrhoea, dysentery and so forth. If some sort of sewer system can be installed in the house, that is, of course, the best remedy, and surely anything so essential to the health and comfort of the family is of as much importance as improved farm machinery. Where an indoor toilet is impossible, the outhouse should be built so that it is fly proof and can be frequently cleaned. A chemical toilet, which is comparatively inexpensive and thoroughly satisfactory, can be installed in the house. In the summer, it can be moved out of doors if desirable.

Do You Know

That water in which a bit of cream of tartar has been dissolved makes a good bleach for handkerchiefs? Wash them first, then try this.

That the best way to sew buttons on very sheer fabrics is to baste lawn or a bit of tape to the under side? In sewing the button, take the stitches through both the material and the lawn, cutting the lawn away close to the button after it has been sewed in place.

That a red rubber sponge that you can buy at any five-and-ten-cent store is a wonderful wall paper cleaner? It also does fine work in cleaning picture frames, painted walls, and woodwork.

That if you sew much, two thimbles are better than one? You know how the index finger of the left hand soon becomes rough by the needle pricking through. Well, you can prevent this by using one thimble on this finger, and the other, in the usual way, on the second finger of the right hand.

Sunset.

The little, yellow, fluttering rays of light
Are running home to rest,
Where the sun broods like a great mother bird,
Red in the low, red West.

Broad bands of rose and gold flare up and out
Across a cloud-filled sky.
And stretch with feathery edge against the grey,
Like great wings lifted high.

And then are folded close the little lights,
Then fall the wide, bright wings
On a grey nest of couds, where shadows hide
Their mystic flutterings.

Convenient Store.

"I want some shoe-strings, some hair pins, a pair of gloves and a tooth brush," the woman said. "I have to catch a train, and have but a few minutes."

"Yes, madam!" the floor-walker responded briskly. "That's the beauty of a department store—get anything you want, right under the one roof! Take elevator to eleventh floor, shoe department, eight aisles to the right from the main passageway, for shoe-strings; hairpins in notions department, east side of basement, three aisles beyond hardware; gloves in women's wear, fifth floor of annex, reached by passageway over street; toothbrush in drugs and toilet articles department, on balcony, reached by moving stairway, which you will find on your right as you pass the fountain in the florist shop in the centre of the main floor."

By building two canals, one 45 and the other 30 miles long and utilizing a river, the Italian Government is planning to connect Milan with the Adriatic Sea.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

THE LIE

By Rene Bizet

Here is a Little Story Fragrant With Youthful Sentiment. Its Author is One of the Most Distinguished Frenchmen of Letters of the Present.

I owe to music the happiest of my childhood memories. That far-off past, when I recall it, finds its most natural setting in our little provincial dining room, with windows opening on the village main street. There I see again my father, half smiling, half grave, seated on a high stool and playing the harmonium. The peaceful room was filled with the droning melodies of church hymns.

I sat on a cushion at his feet. I followed the movements of his legs and arms. I never stirred and never spoke a word. I listened, my breath trembling under the thunderous sounds as it would have trembled under the roar of a tempest. My father paid no attention to my emotions. He played for his own pleasure, confiding the hidden feelings of his soul to the instrument only, which repeated them in its own language, comprehended by no one except himself—and me.

For I understood the harmonium. I regarded it as a living creature, loved it with an exclusive, juvenile passion and now and then caressed its keys as if I were caressing my mother's hands. My tenth year remains in my memory as one long religious chant sung to heaven. That is the age of innocent mysticism. That little organ took on in my mind a sort of sanctity. I approached it with devotion and nothing in the world could have induced me to play it myself, so strong was the sense of my unworthiness to do so.

I grew up, became more reasonable and had fewer unreflecting impulses or spontaneous enthusiasms. But my heart kept its old love, which confounded in its tenderness my father, the music and the harmonium. You can imagine what a drama it was in my existence (I was then twelve years old) when my parents sold the instrument. Why did they part with it? I don't know to this day. I always avoided speaking about this event for fear of appearing ridiculous in their eyes, and also in order to leave them under the illusion that they had never done anything to make me suffer. I suppose that some immediate need of money had constrained them to sacrifice the superfluous to the necessary, and to accept the offer made them by M. Leger, the notary of the region, who lived in a beautiful house on the edge of the little town.

The day when they came to take the harmonium away I fled the house. I wandered along the roads, like a dog which has lost its owner. I talked aloud. I threw myself on my knees and prayed. I kept away from passers-by lest in my fury I should insult them. When I returned home at nightfall and, seating myself at the table, saw only the empty place, and then on the wall the marks of a vanished form, my wrath against men was appeased. Miserable, exhausted, I put my head in my hands and sobbed.

No consolation ever turned my thoughts from the departed instrument. In the night I awoke with a start, as if I heard its mysterious voices vibrating about me. I jumped out of bed and went downstairs in my bare feet. I believed with all my soul that a miracle had brought it back to its accustomed place. I tiptoed into the dining room, touching the chairs and the mantelpiece. It must be there. But no, the space it had formerly occupied was still vacant. I mounted again to my bedroom and wept until morning.

On Thursdays and Sundays, the two days I didn't go to school, I prowled about M. Leger's house. I climbed up on the stone wall in the vain hope of catching a glimpse of our old harmonium. In what room was it? What did they do with it? Sometimes the notary's young daughter, Mlle. Blanche, very blond and very dreamy-looking, passed up and down the garden walks, and I longed to jump down and tell her about my distress and misery. But I didn't dare to do so. For me she was a person of a higher social class, whom one oughtn't to speak to unless he belonged to her world.

One Sunday evening an extraordinary thing happened. While I was prowling, as usual, outside the garden walls I heard music. I listened. I ran to the gate. They were playing the harmonium. I was sure of it. My heart couldn't be deceived.

A familiar air floated toward me from behind the tufted trees, thick with the shadows of the starless night. Was it the harmonium? Was it my childhood? They spoke to me. They had heard the sound of my footsteps. They knew that I was there. The sounds grew softer and more appealing. They seemed to entreat me to enter. I guessed that. I felt it. I heard nothing any longer but that appeal.

I clambered over the bars of the gate. Without knowing how, I found myself on a broad pathway. I walked straight ahead, without hesitation. The gravel crunched. A dog barked furiously. A door of the house opened. A shadow appeared in the doorway. I continued to advance. Someone cried, "Who goes there?"

I stopped for a moment and then advanced further. The voice repeated: "Who goes there? Answer, or I'll fire!"

I said nothing. There was a sharp report. A bullet whistled by me. In spite of myself I gave a loud cry. Then I lost consciousness.

I came to myself in a large, blue room. I was stretched on a lounge. It was warm. A bright light cast its golden rays over me. Three faces were close to mine. I recognized Mlle. Blanche. I was in M. Leger's house. He looked at me and said:

"What did you come here for, my boy?"

I didn't dare to tell the truth. It was my most intimate secret. They would have laughed at my story. I stammered:

"Nothing. I don't know."

But Mme. Leger insisted.

"Come, tell us. We won't harm you. We shan't tell your parents on you."

So I lied. Looking at her, I murmured:

"It was—it was—because of Mlle. Blanche."

The notary and his wife smiled. Mlle. Blanche blushed a little.

"Rascal!" said M. Leger, jokingly, tapping me on the cheek.

And as the father and mother withdrew silently, accepting my explanation, the young girl bent over my forehead and gave me a kiss, so sweet and so tender that I thought I should faint with joy.

"Thank you, thank you," I sighed, because I hadn't then learned to say, "I love you."

(The End.)

Facts and Figures.

There are 550,000 more men than women in Canada.

More than five million people applied for work at the Employment Exchanges of England last year, and 1,137,875 were placed in suitable positions.

The raising of stags for their horns is a curious Chinese industry, the horns being cut while soft each year and used in the manufacture of medicine.

When a man walks a mile he takes on an average 2,263 steps, but when he rides a bicycle with an average gear he covers a mile with an equivalent of only 627 steps.

In 1919, 7,625 new books and 969 new editions were published in the United States, in all 8,594. Britain's output amounted to 7,327 new books and 1,295 new editions, in all 8,622, or twenty-eight more than the States.

China exports tea in solid lumps, like bricks, for consumption in Tibet and Siberia. The tea-leaves are pulverized, mixed with water, and moulded into hard cakes. The bricks weigh about 5lb. each. In this form tea can be carried overland more easily, as it occupies much less space.

The cost of the Prince of Wales' Canadian tour—$25,000—is modest compared with the expenditure involved in some previous Royal journeys. King George's visit to India cost nearly $1,250,000; whilst the Ophir trip cost $800,000. King Edward's visit, as Prince of Wales, to India, in 1875, cost $1,500,000.

Tattooing in some countries is a useful art. In Samoa, when a woman is married several tattoo marks are placed on her, and both in Fiji and Samoa the birth of each child is registered in this way on the mother's hand. At Tahiti serious crimes are punished by tattooing a mark upon the forehead of the delinquent.

Never allow silver to stand overnight without washing.

Many a man will "inderse" a candidate's character who would not indorse his note.

A Real "Cheerio."

A man was talking to another enthusiastically about a friend.

"Smiler is a true optimist," he said. "If he failed in business, he'd thank Providence he had his health; if he failed in health, he'd thank Providence he had his business; and if he failed in both, he'd give a cheery laugh and say, 'Oh, well, what use is the one without the other?'"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Bob Long Says:—

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Guarding Orchards From Frost.

One of the oddest methods adopted for the protection of fruit trees against frost is to distribute through the orchard paper bags filled with shavings that have been soaked in fuel oil. This can be done in a hurry in case of emergency, the stuff being ready in advance.

The bags are set on fire—just touched off with a match—and clouds of smoke spread through the orchard, serving as a blanket.

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There are styles and sizes for men, women and children—for week-day and Sunday—for work and holiday time.

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42

Make a real job of it.

PAINTING becomes necessary as your property increases in value, and as property was never so valuable as today there is a greater need than ever for that kind of paint which actually preserves the surface and thus saves the entire house.

This spring, to make a real job of it, use

B-H "ENGLISH" PAINT — 70% Pure White Lead (Brandram's Genuine B.B.) 30% Pure White Zinc 100% Pure Paint

because it combines permanence, covering capacity and economy.

If B-H "English Paint" was dearer than it is, it would still be the most economical—the shorter life of other cheaper brands makes them more expensive in the end.

It contains the famous Brandram's Genuine B.B. finely-ground white lead—70%—to which is put 30% of pure zinc—a guaranteed formula that no other paint can boast. To this mixture is added fine turpentine and linseed oil from the B-H mills, which is of a quality in keeping with the other ingredients.

When you use B-H Paint you will notice its "body" and brilliance—you will compare the extreme covering capacity with other brands—the permanence you will be able to prove by other exteriors painted with B-H paint years ago.

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A PARTY DRESS IN FRANCE

As we returned from evening mess at the chateau, writes a woman war worker who was with the "Y" in France, the captain paused at the door of my billet to inspect my quarters. He desired to know whether I was comfortably housed.

"You see I have a good fireplace and even a dressing case," I said proudly.

The captain sniffed. "Yes, but where does this equine odor come from, Miss C——?"

I led him into the hall and opened the next door to mine.

"Cows, swine, horses and sheep!" he exclaimed. "By Jove, Miss C——, you can't stand this!"

"Oh, I don't mind them! They're all pretty good sleepers except the pigs."

"But this frightful smell!" he said as we stepped back into the room. "You can't stand it!"

"But, Capt. H——, really, I don't mind it nearly so much as some people might. I took care of my own pony when I was a little girl."

"Well, you don't have to take care of these domestic animals," he said decidedly.

After two days I began to think the captain had forgotten, but the kindness of madame and the smiles of her engaging son, aged four years, made the atmosphere more bearable. On the third day, however, while I was tossing a medicine ball with some of my boys, the captain appeared suddenly and announced that I was to move.

Of course, I could only thank him and obey orders, so I climbed into the waiting camionette and, escorted by a detail of four men, drove to my billet. Two of the men took down the electric lights and wires, which they had put in for me, and the other two, as they said, mobilized my equipment. They looked at my family photographs, glanced into my few books and tried on my Boche helmets. When the youngest was helping me force my things into a small wardrobe trunk, he exclaimed: "O sis, let's see that!"

"See what, Harry?"

"Why, that fluffy-ruffles gown."

I took out my one bit of finery, a dinner frock that I had been lib-advised enough to bring to France. His sharp young eyes had discovered it in the very back of my trunk. I shook it out and held it up, and even the men who were working on the electric wires stopped long enough to look at it.

"O boy, but doesn't that little dress remind me of home and my best girl!" exclaimed Harry.

"I'll say it's some rag," said Bill. "Say, sister, won't you wear it for us? We'd love to see you all dolled up in it."

"It's against the rule for me to wear civies, but maybe I can dress up just for fun sometime," I answered as I replaced the gown and went on with my hasty packing.

An hour and five minutes after I received the captain's orders, my belongings were settled in my new billet, and I was back in the recreation room at camp. But that evening, when my guard of honor took me to my new billet, for I was never permitted to return from my nightly duty alone, one of the men said a little shyly, "Bill Jenks told me you had an awfully pretty dress. Would it be too much trouble to show it to Shorty and me?"

"No, indeed, Red," I replied. "Come in and take a look at my gorgeosity."

They accepted my invitation, and I laughingly took the dinner frock from my trunk; but they examined it with serious admiration, and Red brought sudden tears to my eyes when he touched the fabric gently and said his mother used to wear soft, silky things. I knew that Red's mother had died since he left home.

They were the first of many who asked to see my "party dress." Evening after evening I displayed it to the boys who brought me home, but I never had the courage to exchange even for a few minutes my warm stout uniform for Georgette crape, and so I did not keep my half-promise to masquerade in it sometime.

It has never been worn. The waist is too wide for the present fashion, and the bodice needs altering. I look at it reproachfully, thinking that it must be made over before it has seen service. Then with gratitude I remember how many dear lads enjoyed seeing it, and how many precious memories of gay times at home in "real life" were invoked by its frivolous folds, and how many happy anticipations of good times to come spires in gauze were builded on the airy structure of its lace and chiffon, and I feel that it has served nobly after all and deserves an honorable discharge.

Jean's Ailment.

Jean was playing in a room where her mother was busy and grew very inquisitive. So troublesome did her questions become that finally her mother said:

"Run away and play, Jean. I'm busy as I can be and sick in the bargain."

Jean went away for a few minutes. Then she entered the room again, looking very woebegone and holding her head in both hands.

"Why, what is the matter, Jean?" asked her mother.

"I'm sick," replied the tot.

"Where do you you feel sick?" asked the mother in alarm.

"Why, I guess I'm sick in the bargain," answered Jean.

A mosquito has twenty-two teeth, all of which may be seen through a microscope.

EFFICIENT

Loss of Power in Tractor.

After the tractor has completed a spring work, you are likely to note a considerable loss of power; or the engine seems to start harder, or when operating runs rather sluggishly.

There are three common places to look for the trouble—leaky valves, worn, broken or sticking piston rings or a leaking cylinder head gasket.

To find the trouble, turn the engine over slowly, paying close attention to the strength required on the compression stroke for each cylinder. When operating correctly there should be very little if any difference. Note the one that seems to turn the easiest and then examine it more closely to see what is causing the trouble. If the cylinders are cast together there is no need to pay much attention to leaky gaskets, unless all of the cylinders seem to have lost their compression. In that case, however, the trouble may be a leaky gasket.

More often the trouble lies in leaky valves or badly worn piston rings. The exhaust-valve always causes most trouble and should be examined at the first. The hot gases that are forced past it on the exhaust stroke heat it to an extremely high temperature. A small piece of hard carbon or grit lodging under the valve may cause it to leaking. Even though the carbon or grit may not be found there to be investigated, if it should remain long enough for the hot gases to pass through several times, a rough spot will be formed on the valve or valve seat, making it impossible for the valve spring to draw the valve back to a tight seat.

It pays to keep the valves in good condition. To grind a valve, remove the valve spring, taking care not to bend or spring the stem, and clean both the valve and the seat in kerosene. When the valve is free, scrape off all accumulation of carbon.

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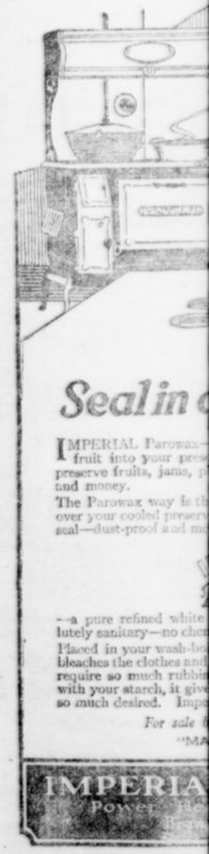

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