

# A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

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**CHAPTER I—Cont'd.**  
He completed his chores and went thoughtfully back up the flower-edged path to the house. "There's one good thing about Mary's crossness," he reflected, "it don't last long. She'll be her old cheerful self ag'in by now."  
But Mrs. Wilson was not her old cheerful self. Far from it. Wilson realized this fact as soon as he opened the door. She raised stern eyes to her husband as he entered.  
"You see them?" she asked with sinister calmness, pointing to a patched and clay-stained pair of trousers on the floor beside her chair. "Them's William's. He's jest gone to bed an' I ordered him to throw 'em down to be patched."  
Wilson nodded, "Yes, Mary?"  
"And do you see this here object?" He pointed up afore your dotin' father's eyes."  
He came forward and took the object from her hand.  
"It also belongs to your dear, gentle son," she grated, "leastwise I found it in one of his pants pockets." Wilson whistled softly. "You don't say?" he managed to articulate. "Why, Mary, it's a pipe!"  
"Is it?"  
"Yes, a corn-cob pipe" he repeated weakly.  
"Is it really?" she returned with sarcasm. "I want a sure. A short maybe it was a fish-line, or a jack-knife. Now what do you think of your precious son?" she demanded.  
Wilson shook his head. "It's a new pipe," he ventured to say, "an' I'm sniffing the bowl. 'Tis ain't had nuthin' more deadly than dried mullein leaves in it so far. Ain't a great deal of harm in a boy smokin' mullein leaves, shorley, Mary."  
"Oh, is that so? Haven't I heered you an' Cobin Keeler say, time an' ag'in, that that's how both got old chimeleys now? the pipe's never out'a your mouths."  
"I'll talk things over with Billy in the mornin'," promised Wilson as he took the hook-jack from his peg.  
"A pile of good you talkin' 'n do," she cried, "I'm goin' to talk things over with that boy with a hickory ramrod-jest as soon as I feel he's eraser aser; jest as what I'm goin' to do. Who's trainin' that boy, you er?" she demanded.  
"You of course, Mary."  
"Well then, you best let me be. What I feel he should get, he's goin' to get, an' get right. You keep out'a this, Tom Wilson, if you want me to keep 'n that's all."  
"It don't seem right to wake boys up just to give 'em a whalin'." Mary, he protested, "My Ma used to wake me up sometimes, but never to whale me. I'd-rather remember."  
"Shut up! I tell you, I'm goin' to give him a hickory stick this night or I'm goin' to know the reason why. I'll break that boy of his bad habit, er I'll break my arm tryin'. You let me be!"  
"I'm not findin' fault with your mother's of trainin' boys, Mary," her husband hastened to say. "You're doin' your best by Billy. I know that right well. An' Billy is rather a tough stick of first-growth timber to white smooth and straight, I know that, too. But the gnariest hickory makes the best axe-handle, so maybe he'll make a good man some day, with you," she said.  
"Humph! well that bein' so, I'm goin' to help him see the error of his ways this night if ever I did," she promised grimly.  
Something in a muffled chuckle came from behind the doorway, but the good woman, intent on her grievance, did not hear it. Wilson heard, however, and let the boot-jack fall to the floor with a clatter. He picked it up and carried it over to its accustomed peg on the wall whistling softly the tune which he had whistled to Billy in the old romping, astride-neck days:  
Oh, you'd better be up, and away, lad,  
You had better be up, and away, lad,  
There is danger here in the glade, lad,  
It's a heap of trouble you've made,  
lad—  
So you'd better be up and away!

Over beside the table, Mrs. Wilson watched him from a sombre eye.  
"That's right," she sighed, "Whistle! It shows all you care. That boy could do anythin' he wanted to do an' you wouldn't say a word; no, not a word."  
Wilson did not answer. He was listening for the stairs to creak, telling him that Billy had left his eyes drooping for the security of the loft.  
When his dad sent him one of those "up and away" signals he never questioned its significance. He didn't

like listening in secret, but surely, he reasoned, a boy has a right to know just what was coming to him. And he knew what was coming to him, all right—a caning from the supple hickory ramrod—maybe!  
Up in the roomy loft which he and his step-brother, Anson, shared together, he lit the lamp. Anson was sleeping, and Billy wondered just what he would say when he woke up in the morning and found his pants gone. Their mother had demanded that a pair of pants be thrown down to her. Billy needed his own so he had thrown down Anson's.  
But how in the world was he ever going to get out of that window with Anson sleeping in the bed? Anson would be sure to hear the ladder when Walter Watland and Maurice Keeler raised it against the wall. He must get Anson up and out of that bed!  
Billy placed the lamp on a chair and reaching over shook Anson's long, regular snore into fragments of little gasps. He shook harder and Anson sat up, sandy hair rumpled and pale blue eyes blinking in the light.  
"What's amatter?" he asked sleepily.  
"Hush," cautioned Billy. "Ma's downstairs wide awake and she's awful cross. What you been doin' to rile her, Anse?"  
Anson frowned and scratched his head. "Did you tell her 'bout my lettin' the pigs get in the garden when I was leadin' gap this afternoon?" he asked suspiciously.  
"No, it ain't that. I guess maybe she's worried more'n cross, an' she's scared two-seared stiff. Well, who wouldn't be with that awful thing prowlin' around ready to claw the insides out'a people in their sleep?"  
Anson sat up suddenly.  
"What you talkin' 'bout, Billy? What thing? Who's it been clawin'?"  
"I'll tell you, tell me." Billy glanced at the window, poorly protected by a cotton mosquito screen, and shivered.  
"Nobody knows what it is," he whispered. "Some say it's a gorilla an' others say it's a big lynx. Or Harry's the only one who saw it, an' he's so clawed and bit he can't describe it to nobody."  
"Great Scott! Bill, you mean to say it got at Harry?"  
"Billy nodded. "Yep, last night. He was asleep when that thing climbed in his window an' tried to suck his blood away."  
"Ugh!" Anson shuddered and pulled the bedclothes up about his ears.  
"How did it get in, Bill? Does any body know?"  
"Well, there was a tree standin' just outside his window same as that tree stands outside this one. The thing climbed that tree and jumped through the mosquito nettin' plumb onto of Harry. He was able to tell the doctor that much afore he caved under."  
Anson's blue eyes were staring at the moon swam lazily above the forest; shadows like huge, misshapen monsters prowled on the sward; weird sounds floated up and died on the still air.  
"Bill," Anson's voice was shaking, "I don't feel like sleepin' longside this winter. That awful thing might come shinin' up that tree an' gulp me up. I'm goin' down and ask Ma if I can't sleep out in the shed with Moll an' the pups."  
"Billy promptly scented a new danger to his plans. "If I was you I wouldn't do that, Anse," he advised.  
"Well, I'm goin' to do it." Anson sat up in bed and peered onto the floor. "Where the dickens are my pants?" he whispered. "See anythin' of 'em, Bill?"  
"Anse," Billy's voice was sympathetic. "I see I have to tell you everythin'." Ma, she's goin' to give you the canin' of your young life, jest as soon as she thinks we're proper asleep."  
"Can't? Me? What for?"  
"Why, seems she was up here lookin' fer somethin' a little while ago. She saw your pants layin' there an' she thought maybe they needed patchin', so she took 'em down with her."  
"Well, what of it?"  
"Oh, nuthin', only she happened to find a pipe in one of the pockets, that's all."  
"Jerusalem!" Anson's teeth chattered. "Well, I'm goin' down anyway. I don't mind a hickory, but I'm durned if I'm goin' to lay here and get clawed up by no gorilla."  
"Anse, listen," Billy put a detaining hand on his brother's shoulder. "You don't need to do that, an' you needn't sleep in this bed neither. I'll sleep in it, an' you kin sleep in mine. That gorilla, er whatever it is, can't hurt me, cause I've got that rabbit-foot charm that Tom Dodge gave me. I'll tie it round my neck."  
Anson reflected, shuddering as a long low wall came from the forest.  
"That's the boys," Billy told himself. "I've gotta move fast."  
Aloud he urged: "Come on, Anse. Get out an' pile into my bed. I ain't scared to sleep in yours, not a bit. Besides," he added, "it'll save you a canin' from Ma."  
"How will it, I'd like to know?"  
"Why this way. Ma'll come creepin' up here in the dark, when she thinks we're asleep an' she'll come straight to this—your bed. She'll turn down the clothes an' give me a slash or two, thinkin' it's you. I'll let her baste me some—then I'll speak to her. She'll be so surprised she'll forget all about whalin' you. She's that way, you know. Like as not she'll laugh to think she basted me—an' she'll be good-natured. You needn't worry any about a lickin', Anse."  
"Well, I'll take a chance, Bill."

As she leaves the telephone, Mrs. Kirby enters the Kitchen.  
"How do you do, Mrs. Kirby? You brought in half a peck of peas to do some canning yourself? Well, just that stove over there. You may use this eighteen quart aluminum kettle and this wash-boiler. How much do we charge for gas? Five cents an hour for each burner used. Any time you want me to help you about the canning let me know, and I shall be glad to spare a few minutes."  
Mrs. Burlingame goes to the telephone: "318W. Hello, Mrs. Carpenter. My assistant, Mrs. Dow, won't be here until afternoon to-day and Mrs. Smith and Farmer Kendrick are bringing in a lot more stuff. I wish you would come over to help me. The Kitchen can give you forty cents an hour. Do come and bring your lunch with you. I will expect you at one o'clock."  
Just as the jelly is being poured into tumblers, in comes Mrs. Blank: "Good-morning, Mrs. Burlingame. I want to place my order with you for my fall canning. You see, I am going away for the summer and will not be able to do a single bit myself."  
"Very well, here's our price-list by the single jar and by the dozen. Let me show you some of the work we are doing this morning, just that you may get an idea as to the kind and quality you may expect. All the fruit is carefully hand-picked and sorted, then washed thoroughly. We use only the best quality of fruit."  
Thus it goes all day long—visitors coming in, telephone calls asking how to do certain processes in canning, persons coming in to order goods or to sell their surplus produce to the Kitchen, and three or four different canning operations all going at the same time. About two or three times each day, the manager comes in to see if Mrs. Burlingame needs any more help, to see if the supply of vegetables and fruits is sufficient, and to help in any way he can. About five or six o'clock, or if the work is especially rushed, about eight or nine o'clock, Mrs. Burlingame gives him an

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**Womans Sphere**  
A Community Canning Kitchen.  
Here is the story of a successful neighborhood canning kitchen. Possibly there is need for one in your community this summer.  
It is eight a.m. Mrs. Burlingame has just received ten bushels of peas, a bushel of currants and some raspberries. Part of these were purchased by the Kitchen, others were brought in by farmers and housewives to be canned by the Kitchen. By ten o'clock, with the help of three or four school children who have come in early in order to earn credits for their domestic science class, the raspberries have been placed in the jars and are cooking, the currants have been sorted and cleaned, and the peas are being shelled.  
The telephone bell rings: "Mrs. Burlingame? This is Mrs. Smith. I am sending you two dozen pints of raspberries to-day to be made into a jam."  
"Very well," replies Mrs. Burlingame, "but you should bring them before eleven o'clock, for Mr. Kendrick is bringing in a few more bushels of peas for me to do this afternoon. Excuse me, Mrs. Smith, I must start." Currants to drip right away. Good-bye.  
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"Ah hunky," Billy whispered back. "Then come on."  
But Billy, plucked at the speaker's sleeve. "Wait a minute, Paddy," he urged. "Anson's up there asleep, an' he's goin' to have a wakin' nightmare in about four seconds. I jest heard Ma goin' up."  
Silence, deep and brooding, fell. Then suddenly from the left came a long wail, followed by a succession of shorter gasps and gulps, and above the swish of a hickory ramrod a woman's voice exclaiming angrily, "I'll teach you to smoke on the sly, you young outlaw, you!"  
"Now, let's get while the gettin's good," whispered Billy, and the three crept off into the shadows.  
Down through the night-enshrined woods the boys made their way noiselessly, Billy leading, Walter Watland, nicknamed Paddy on account of his size, close behind him, and Maurice Keeler, Billy's chum and confidant, bringing up the rear. Occasionally a soft-winged owl fluttered up from its kill, with a muffled "who-who." Once a heavy object plunged from the trail with a snort, and the boys felt the flesh along their spines creeping. They kept on with-out so much as a word, crossing a swift creek on a fallen tree, holding to its bank and making a detour into the woods to avoid passing close to a dilapidated log cabin which in the fallen into evidence of having been the heavy picket of pines, which were in the summer night's stillness sighed low and mournfully, the leader halted suddenly and a low exclamation fell from his lips.  
(To be continued.)

Keep Minsard's Liniment in the house.

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## MERCHANTS BANK OFFICIALS EXPRESS TEMPERED OPTIMISM REGARDING BUSINESS SITUATION

**President and General Manager Review the Canadian Business Situation With Much Hope—Financial Position of the Bank an Exceptionally Strong One—Crop Outlook Encouraging.**

At the annual meeting of the Merchants Bank of Canada the various reports which were presented showed that this institution occupies a commanding position in Canadian financial affairs. The addresses of the President, Sir Montagu Allan, and the General Manager, Mr. D. C. Macarow, were concise statements of present day conditions and contained an optimistic survey of the future.

**The President's Address.**  
Sir Montagu Allan in part said: "The general depression in business, felt to a greater or lesser degree in every country in the world, has affected the business of the bank to some extent, but we hope the low point of depression has been passed, and that there will soon be a change for the better. The coal strike in England which will no doubt result in the loss of a great deal of trade, and the unrest and discontent which seems to prevail in nearly all the countries of Europe, give rise to serious financial problems to be reckoned with, but no man in this country who is strong and healthy can afford to be a pessimist for any length of time. The known and undeveloped resources are sufficient to ensure future prosperity."  
New Issue of Stock.  
As mentioned in last year's report a further issue of \$2,000,000 of new stock was made, making the paid-up capital of the bank \$10,500,000, and by the transfer of the premium on the new stock to the reserve account, the total new stands at \$9,450,000.  
The shareholders of the bank now number 2,987, as against 2,622 in 1920, being an increase of 375 during the year.  
Current loans and discounts stand at \$109,183,000, as against \$113,195,000 last year. It will be seen, therefore, that this bank continues to extend its ample share of assistance to the industries of the country.  
**General Manager is Optimistic.**  
Following the president's concise yet comprehensive review of the situation, as reflected in the year's statements, said Mr. Macarow, there is little left for me to add beyond, perhaps, a word or two by way of amplification.  
It will be observed that in comparison with last year's figures our total

assets show a shrinkage of about \$7,000,000, or, roughly, 5 1/2 per cent., which, in view of all the surrounding circumstances, must be regarded as a satisfactory showing, the liquid position being well maintained the while.  
The trend of our interest-bearing deposits for the same period has been steadily upward, an increment, this department of about \$7,000,000 being shown, but this gain has been more than offset by the decline in the total ordinary deposits. A year ago, however, under the heading of demand deposits, a sum of about \$8,000,000 stood to the credit of the Government in connection with Victory Loan payments. This amount, which, of course, was of a purely temporary nature, was withdrawn during the year so that, after making allowance for it, the total deposits and total assets about held their own, a satisfactory achievement we have no doubt you will agree.  
**Crop Reports Are Promising.**  
Crop conditions throughout the country are at the present moment exceptionally promising. If I may say a word as to general conditions it will be one of tempered optimism, having a due comprehension of the many difficulties which require to be met but having, at the same time, a proper appreciation of the actual and potential riches of this country.  
There are indications that the monetary position, broadly speaking, is less stringent and that the general liquidity of credit now in evidence is continuing to develop further.  
Altogether, and in a word, it is not difficult to be an optimist as to the future of Canada Unlimited, to borrow the apt expression recently used by an eminent Canadian.  
The Board of Directors was re-elected, with Sir H. Montagu Allan as President and F. Howard Wilson as Vice-President.

**Man Who Sank Dover Castle Set Free.**  
Entente officials who expected the German submarine policy in the war to be passed upon in its broader aspects by the High Court in session here for the trial of persons charged with war crimes were bitterly disappointed when it dealt with the case of Lieut. Karl Neumann, charged with the sinking of the hospital ship Dover Castle by the German submarine he commanded, says a despatch, dated June 4, from Leipzig, Germany.  
Lieut. Neumann was acquitted after a hearing of his case before the court, and through the manner in which his issue was handled by the judicial body the only point at issue was whether he carried out his orders.  
Proof was brought to the court's satisfaction that the Lieutenant had acted clearly within the instructions given him by his superiors and he was speedily exonerated from criminality under this construction of the case. Whether Emperor William, Admiral von Tirpitz or other German officials who had a hand in inaugurating the ruthless submarine policy were criminally responsible was not touched upon.  
As the submarine commanders who sank the Lusitania and hundreds of other Entente ships, can probably shield themselves as Neumann did behind their orders, it was commented in Entente quarters here to-day there is apparently slight chance of securing the infliction of punishment upon these submarine officers.  
To-day's trial closed the British cases so far as they are ready for presentation. These cases proved disappointing to most of the Entente observers, whose criticism has been that the cases were poorly selected and badly supported by evidence. Entente citizens who attended the trials have generally expressed themselves as regarding the German court as a dignified and reasonable body.

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**Shipping Business at Low Ebb.**  
The war-time shipping programme have given the world for most tonnage that it had in 1914, but the freight to be moved is only about two-thirds as much as it was before the war. The cost of operation has increased, rates have recently decreased, and a great many ships are out of commission. The depression of ocean shipping is so great that any change must be for the better.  
**Strawberry Preserves**  
Strawberries will retain their luscious flavor and will not "candy" if you use 1/2 Lily White Syrup and 1/2 Sugar in preserving them. Even the richest jams and preserves will not "candy" in the jar.  
**LILY WHITE SYRUP**  
The Canada Syrup Co., Limited, Montreal

## THREE INTERESTING NATURE STORIES

Trouesart, of the Paris Museum of Natural History, has pointed out that the dog, whose respirations in repose number only twenty-five or thirty a minute, may in running acquire a rate of respiration as high as 350 a minute. The effect of this acceleration favors the dissipation of animal heat by evaporation from the pulmonary vesicles.

The dog perspires very little or not at all by the skin, pulmonary taking the place of cutaneous transpiration. It is this fact that enables the dog to pursue its game so long and persistently. Animals of the cat family, on the other hand, do not possess this peculiarity, and for that reason tigers, panthers and lions lie in wait for their prey, but do not pursue it over long distances. The bird possesses pulmonary transpiration in a very high degree.

The camphor output of Formosa, combined with that of Japan, constitutes the bulk of the world's supply of this valuable gum. The most valuable of the camphor forests, it appears, are within savanna territory. An American consul officer who visited a Formosa camphor forest had made an interesting report on the subject.

After climbing a steep and slippery hillside he came upon a large camphor tree lying felled across the path. It was about four feet in diameter and had been sawed longitudinally in two portions. Two men were engaged in paring off with a kind of gouge shaped adz chips measuring some six inches in length and about the thickness of one's little finger. The whole air was pervaded by a strong odor of camphor. A little further up the hill he found the stilt themselves, situated by the side of a mountain stream, amid the most luxuriant vegetation.

The process by which the camphor is extracted from the wood is simple and inexpensive. The chips are placed in an iron retort and heated by a slow fire. The camphor vapor given off from the chips passes along a bamboo tube into a cooling box, where it condenses in the form of snowlike crystals. The cooling box is partially submerged in a stream of running water. The chips are renewed every twenty-four hours and every eighth day or so the fire is extinguished and the crystals scraped off from the sides and bottom of the crystallization box.

No white pigments have been found in feathers, and the whiteness of white feathers is ascribed to total reflection of light from their exposed surfaces. Some have supposed the reflection to be from air spaces, or bubbles in the feather structure, but one authority contends that the white effect is mainly dependent, as in the case of snow or powdered glass, upon the small size of the structural elements. These have a large number of surfaces exposed to a large position of the eye that there is a maximum reflection to the eye, and almost no absorption by the unpigmented feather substance.

Not Born at All.  
In a suburban school recently a little Swede presented himself for instruction.  
"What is your name?" the teacher asked.  
"Young Olson," he said.  
"How old are you?"  
"Ay not know how old Aybane."  
"Well, when were you born?"  
"Ay bans not born at all; Ay got a stepmother."

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