

A SON OF COURAGE

BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Billy Wilson, who lives with his father and stepmother and her son Anson, is the leader among the boys of Scotia, a pioneer settlement near Lake Erie. Cobin Keeler, one of the trustees, is telling the new teacher, Mr. Johnston, about his predecessor, Frank Stanhope, who was blinded while trying to save horses from a burning stable. A will made by a wealthy hermit, Seroggie, in Stanhope's favor, could not be found. Billy and Maurice Keeler visit old Harry O'Dule to ask his aid in their search for the lost will. A storm delays the expedition.

CHAPTER IX.
Moving the Menagerie.
Billy and Maurice, taking the short cut to the Wilson farm across the rain-drenched fields next morning, were planning to do a mighty deed. "Now that we've got the rabbit-foot charm along with my rabbit-foot," Billy was saying, "we ought to be able to snoop round in the haunted grove and even hunt the ghost in the house any time we take the notion. Maybe we'll get a chance to do it to-day."

"But, darn it all, Bill," Maurice objected, "there won't be no ghost to lead the way to the stuff in the day-time. Well, if we take a look over the place in the daylight we'll know the layout better at night, won't we? Trigger-Finger Tom did that most times, an' he always got away clean. Supposin' a ghost is close at your heels, ain't it a good idea to have one or two good runways picked out to skip on? We're goin' through that haunted house in daylight, so you might as well make up your mind to that."

Maurice was about to protest further when the rattle of loose spokes and the beat of a horse's hoofs on the road fell on their ears. "That's Deacon Ringold's buckboard," Billy informed his chum, drawing him behind an alder-scrubbed stump. "Say, ain't he drivin'?" Somebody must be sick at his place. Then as the complaining vehicle swept into sight from around the curve, "By cracky, Maurice, your Pa's ridin' with him."

Maurice scratched his head in perplexity. "Wonder where he's takin' an' too early for hog-killing; an' that's 'bout all Dad's good at doin'." "Leadin' the sizzin' at prayer-meetin'." "Wonder what's up? Gee! the deacon is sure puttin' his old mare over the road."

"Keep quiet till they get past," cautioned Billy. "Say! we've been here been so blamed careful about makin' our sneak if we'd knowed your Pa was away from home."

"Oh, look, Bill," said Maurice, "they're stoppin' at your place." The deacon had pulled up at the Wilson's gate. "He's shoutin' fer Pa." Billy whispered as a resounding "Hello, Tom!" awoke the forest echoes. "Way down, Maurice, let's work our way down the strip of bushes 'til we hear what's goin' on."

The boys wriggled their way through the thicket of sumach, and reached a clump of golden-rod inside the road fence just as Wilson came out of the lane. "Mornin', neighbors," he greeted the men in the buckboard, "won't you pull in?"

"No," said the deacon, "we're on our way to Twin Oaks, Thomas. Thieves broke into Spencer's store last night. We're goin' up to see if we can be of any use to Caleb. We'd like you to come along."

kill the robbers an' you get the church collection an' lots of other money besides. Then you're rich an' don't ever have to do any work; jest fish an' hunt Lake Erie. Cobin Keeler, one of the trustees, is telling the new teacher, Mr. Johnston, about his predecessor, Frank Stanhope, who was blinded while trying to save horses from a burning stable. A will made by a wealthy hermit, Seroggie, in Stanhope's favor, could not be found. Billy and Maurice Keeler visit old Harry O'Dule to ask his aid in their search for the lost will. A storm delays the expedition.

"Oh, hokey! ain't that great. How'd you come to know all that, Bill?" "Why I read it in Anson's book, 'Trigger-Finger Tim er Dead er Alive.' Oh, it's all hunky, I tell you. 'But, Bill, how we goin' to kill the robbers?" "Ain't goin' to kill 'em," his friend replied. "Trigger-Finger Tim never killed his; he took 'em all alive. All he did was crease their skulls with bullets, an' scrape their spines with am, an' when they come to they'd find themselves tied hand an' foot, an' Trigger-Finger smokin' his cigarette an' smilin' down on 'em."

"Gollies!" exclaimed Maurice. Then uncertainty in his tones. "A feller 'ud have to be a mighty good shot to do that though, Bill." "Oh shucks! What's the use of thinkin' 'bout that now? We've gotta catch them robbers first, ain't we?" "Yep, that's so. But how?" Billy wriggled free of the golden-rod. "Come on over an' help me move my menagerie an' we'll plan out a way."

They climbed the fence and crossed the road to the lane-gate. "Now, then," said Billy, "you scoot through the trees to the root-house, while I go up to the kitchen an' sneak some doughnuts. Don't let Ma catch a glimpse of you or she'll come lookin' fer me an' set me to chargin' er somethin' right under her eyes. An' see here," he warned, as Maurice made keep out of Ringold's reach, "cause he's a bad ol' man, an' you jest his tip-toe softly out again."

As he rounded the kitchen, preparatory to a leap across the open space between it and the big wood-pile, Wilson's voice came to him, high-pitched and freighted with anger. "You black, thievin' passel of impudence, you!" Billy entered, filled with a stick long enough to reach you, you'd never dirty any more of my new-washed clothes."

On the top-most branch of a tall, dead pine, close beside the wood-pile, sat the tame crow, Croaker, his beak cocked demurely on one side, as he listened to the woman's righteous abuse. Croaker could no more help filling his claws with chips and dirt while watching the full length of a line filled with newly-washed clothes than he could help upsetting the pan of water in the chicken-pen when he saw the opportunity. He hated anything white with all his sinewy little heart and he hated the game rooster in the same way. He was always in trouble with Ma Wilson, and ways in trouble with the rooster. Only when safe in the highest branch of the pine was he secure, and in a position to talk back to his persecutors.

He said something now, low and guttural, to the woman shaking her fist at him in impotent anger. His voice was almost human in tone, his attitude so sinister that she shuddered. "That's right, swear at me, too," she cried, "and in to injury, you black shootin' myself I'd get the gun an' shoot you, I would!"

Suddenly Croaker stretched himself erect. A soft whistle, so low as to be inaudible to the indignant woman but clear to his acute ears, had sounded from the far side of the wood pile. Pausing only long enough to locate the sound, Croaker spread his wings and volplaned down, emitting a hoarse croak of triumph almost in Mrs. Wilson's face, as he swept close above her. "Come here, you," spoke a low voice as Croaker settled on the other side of the wood pile, and the crow promptly perched himself on Billy's shoulder with a succession of throaty notes that sounded like crazy laughter, but which were really expression of unadulterated joy. For this boy who had taken him from the nest in the swaying elm when he was nothing but a half-feathered, wide-mouthed fledgling, and had fed him, cared for him, defended him against cat, dog, rooster and human beings—for this boy alone Croaker felt all the love his selfish heart was capable of giving.

And now as Billy carried him towards the root-house he recited the various adventures which had been his since they had parted, recited them, it is true, in hoarse unintelligible crow-language, but which Billy was careful to indicate he understood right well. "So you did all that, did you?" he laughed. "Oh, but you're a smart bird. But see here, if you go on the way you're doin', dirtyin' Ma's clean clothes an' abusin' her like I heard you goin', your lights goin' out sudden on 'em, an' your head gettin' so hot to shoot the ol' gun herself, but show me to do it. I guess I better shut you up on wash-mornin's after this."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers three courses for training in nursing to young women, having the requisite education, and desirous of becoming nurses. The hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School of Nurses, and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

and peered in after his master. Then, catching sight of a doughnut which had spilled from Billy's pocket, he snatched it down to the ground, and with many caring croaks proceeded to make a meal of it. (To be continued.)

Canada Takes Her Sixth Decennial Census.

On June 1, 1921, the Dominion of Canada began taking her sixth decennial census since the confederation. Officially the entire population is supposed to be counted between sunrise and sunset of that day. In reality the census in the cities and suburban communities was completed in from three to four weeks. In the far wilderness, the work took from five to eight weeks, and some returns from within the Arctic circle will require about four months to reach the capital, Ottawa. The general estimate in advance of the compiling of the figures is that these will show Canada to have 9,000,000 population. On this basis, the Dominion, with an area of 3,729,665 square miles, has a little more than two inhabitants to the square mile.

No other country in the world's census taking nearly approaches that of the Dominion in magnitude, as the few cities lie along a fringe 3,800 miles long. The total cost of the sixth census was a little over \$2,000,000. The work required 240 commissioners and 11,500 enumerators. In the far-north-eastern regions the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Hudson Bay factors, and the missionaries acted as enumerators and every Eskimo that could be located was put down. The Indians were enumerated by the Indian agents. Among the chief questions asked each individual population, were name, place of abode, personal description, nativity of parents, birthplace, citizenship, number of languages spoken, occupation, employment, earnings, last year, time sick, time idle, if immigrant year of coming to Canada, date of taking out naturalization papers, whether owner of house or lodger, if latter rent paid, material in house, number of rooms, married or single, whether can read or write. The farmer had to state 220 questions, some of which were: amount of improved land, waste land, cost of labor, number of fruit trees, domestic animals, tractors, automobiles, etc., amount of all products sold during year. The census sheet covering manufacturing, trading, and business merely called for firm name, address, and nature of operations. Canada can claim the distinction of being the first country in modern times to inaugurate a census taking. This took place in the year 1666, in New France, as Canada was at that time known. The result showed a white population of 3,215.

Ozone a Sleepmaker.

People who spend their vacations at the seashore at this time of the year usually find that their nights are dreamless and restful. They say that the sea air makes them sleepy. Wheeled along in a beach chair, one is likely to feel drowsy, or even to sleep. It is the ozone in the air that does it. The air at the seashore is full of ozone, which might be called a concentrated oxygen. Ozone is a powerful and healthful stimulant. Hence, by the way, comes the nursery idea of the Sand Man, herald of sleep. The answer is that the approach of sleep checks the flow from the ear ducts which keeps the eyes moist. These results a dryness and slight discomfort of the lids, causing one to rub his eyes. The Sand Man has come, and it is time to go to bed.

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The Boy's Point of View.

Henry, twelve years old, had been accused of sending in three false alarms of fire. He sat facing the judge of the juvenile court. Near by sat his father, ill at ease, and scowling at his son. Henry's head was bent, but now and then he cast sullen, furtive glances at the judge, at his father, and at some of the witnesses. The judge had been sharply watching both the boy and the boy's father. He did not like the way they looked at each other.

The charges were made, and the witnesses substantiated them. Then the judge casually said to the father, "I suppose you have often talked to your boy about good citizenship?" "I've not bothered much with the young 'rascal," replied the father. "When I have caught him in the wrong I have thrashed him; but it doesn't seem to have done much good."

"Yes, I do," he replied, still sulkily. "Do you like to see horses hitched to a shining red wagon?" "Yes, I do," the boy's head came up higher. "And do you like to see the horses and the red wagon going like everything with the driver hanging on to the lines?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir, I do!" exclaimed Henry, and his eyes were looking straight into those of the judge. "Would you like to be a fireman and drive such horses through the streets?" "Yes, sir!"

"Some day, if you show that you can be trusted, you may be a fireman," said the judge, and Henry's eyes gleamed with delight. "But," continued the judge slowly, "suppose you were a fireman and had to drive often to fires; suppose that just as you reached the fire hall with your tired horses a kid away from the outskirts of the town turned in a false alarm. What would you do to that kid?"

"I'd skin him!" The judge smiled in an odd way. Henry dropped back into his seat, and his head sank to his breast, but his face wore a different look. "You see the point," said the judge kindly. "You see now that you have abused the fine fire horses—your fire horses. Now you will think more about those horses after this. Some day, if you prove worthy, your fellow citizens will trust you with just such a fine team."

"It'll be good to them, sir." Then the judge turned sharply upon the father. "You have a bright boy there, capable of appreciating his rights and his duties as a citizen, and you have neglected him. It is such fathers as you that get their sons into trouble. Do your duty by your boy. If we expect our boys to appreciate our point of view, we must learn to appreciate theirs."

The Threshers' Dinner. The recipes given here may be of assistance to someone who is tired of "the same old things" for the hungry, once-a-year gang of men who come to thresh.

Steamed brown bread—1 1/2 cups Graham flour, 2 cups cornmeal, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 1/2 teaspoons salt, 1-3 cup currants, 1-3 cup raisins.

Time was, not so very long ago, when thousands of men were crippled or killed while coupling freight cars, or when circular saws, planers, and other machinery took their annual toll in lives and limbs. It, too, was "unavoidable." With the perfection of motor vehicles came high-powered, quickly responsive engines, and the natural impulse of most people, especially the younger, to travel faster and faster. To one who reduces his auto speed from 35 or 40 miles an hour to 20 it seems as if he were barely moving; yet his car is travelling 29 feet a second. Even an active, alert person does not go very far in five seconds, goes 150 feet. With the demand for speed ability in a car, manufacturers increased performance, until now even a moderate-priced car guaranteed to do its 60 or 80 miles an hour, and some, 90 or 100 miles. With improved roads also came the temptation to "step on it." However, rate of speed is a relative thing, for at times and places 40 miles an hour is safer to the public than 20 miles a few hours later. The earlier restriction?

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CANADA'S FUR FARMING INDUSTRY

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Conditions Especially Favorable for Domestic Rearing of Fur-bearing Animals.

Fur farming is one of the most recent of Canadian industries but one which has developed national importance in a short space of time. An investigation conducted in 1912 revealed numerous animals were being held in captivity for their fur. Foxes of two species and of all color varieties, skunk, mink, raccoon, fisher, beaver, muskrat, marten and otter were found upon farms domesticated for their pelts. Since this time the activities have developed into a staple industry. Originating and spreading widely in the Maritime Provinces it has quickly come to embrace in its scope all of the provinces of the Dominion.

In 1919 the status of the industry was considered by the government department which was accordingly carried out by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. It was discovered that fur farming was worth to the Dominion a total of \$5,968,591 that year, there being altogether 414 fox farms in operation, including 249 in Prince Edward Island, 48 in Nova Scotia, 21 in New Brunswick, 52 in Quebec, 10 in Ontario, 1 in Manitoba, 1 in Saskatchewan, 11 in Alberta, 8 in British Columbia, and 12 in the Yukon, as well as 3 mink farms in Nova Scotia and 2 raccoon farms in Quebec. There were 6,432 acres on these farms worth \$2,012,115, and during the year under review 2,028,000 fox pelts to the value of \$482,354 were sold.

The high prices for furs which have prevailed during recent years explain why fur farming has made such rapid progress in such a short span. An analysis of the reasons of this rising cost will explain why encouragement is given to extending domestic farming establishments at the present time and why it will remain a profitable industry to the farmer with prices maintaining a high level beyond temporary market fluctuations.

Many Factors Encourage Industry.

In general terms furs have been high because they were scarce; they have become scarce because they are produced and more is used than ever before. In a growing population with the wealthy classes increasing, commerce and efficient transportation have introduced them to all parts of the globe, whilst the ubiquitous automobile has encouraged the outdoor life, and has been a pronounced factor in the increased consumption of furs. On the other hand the wilds are disappearing. The continental trend of settlement northward penetrating the woods and tundra has driven the wild creatures into their last retreat. The use of modern guns, smokeless powder, improved traps and bait have all been factors in exterminating certain animals and seriously depleting the numbers of others. For years they have been diminishing in numbers and this process will continue indefinitely.

The only measure to cope with the problem of decreasing supply and increasing demand is the encouragement of the domestication of fur-bearing animals. Not only can sufficient be raised to furnish the large market previously supplied by the wild product but a much higher grade of fur can be developed and marketed. Under the care of skilled husbandmen the animals raised on fox farms can be brought up to the highest point of condition and the farmer has the advantage of the trapper in as much as he can sell the animal at that stage when he is the richest and most pliant, thus being sure of the highest price.

Canada undoubtedly offers the widest and most profitable field at the present day for rearing in the domestic rearing of fur-bearing animals. The last resort on the continent of the wild furbearers, it offers the finest conditions for following the call to physically and economically bettering them in what is almost approaching their natural habitat. Not only can Canada raise the best of wild fur-bearing climate, food, environment, general conditions bring to a high standard and glossiness unequalled elsewhere, the pelts produced domestically are of

The War Incubus.

It has recently been computed that the money loss due directly and indirectly to the war, and making no allowance whatever for the loss of human life, is \$350,000,000,000. Like the amount is so staggering as to cause a sort of mental insensibility, because even great financiers are wonted to thinking in large numbers, can but feebly sense this vast amount. It is good for us to reflect on the price we are all paying for Germany's war. But for that war the three hundred and fifty thousand millions would have been spent for churches, houses, roads, schools, presents for little children, savings against old age, comfortable clothes for the old, and pretty dresses for the young. Millions of

col.orts the world would have had during the seven years' deal. But it is all gone, and billions of it yet unpaid, which will tax the world for at least two generations.

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