

DO YOU
A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

A SON OF COURAGE
BY ARCHIE P. MCKISHNIE
Copyrighted by Thomas Allen.

CHAPTER XXXVI—(Cont'd.)

"Ho, Bill!" cried Maurice. "Bringin' bay Thomas up to the stable for winter, eh? Gee! Jim, look at that horse; did you ever see such a change in anything in your life?"

"Thomas has sure fattened up," grinned Jim. "I guess it would puzzle old Johnston to know our horse now, eh, Bill?"

"You mean your horse, Jim," corrected Billy.

"No I don't either; he's only a third mine. One third's yours and the other third's Maurice's."

Maurice and Billy stared at him. Billy asserted.

"Well, what of it? Maurice found him a soft hiding place and good pasture on his Dad's farm, didn't he?"

"Sure, but then—"

"And it's your job to see that he gets cared for all winter, ain't it?"

"You bet it is," cried Billy.

"Well, then, I claim he's a company horse an' you an' me an' that horse, let me tell you what Maurice and me was talkin' about when you met us."

Billy unsnapped the tie-trap from the waxy grass without hindrance and sat down on a log opposite the one occupied by his friends.

Jim nudged Maurice but Maurice shook his head. "You tell him," he said.

"Bill," Jim cried angrily. "I got a bit of news for you that'll make you want to stand on your head and kick spindlers off the trees."

Billy grinned. "An' I got a piece of news for you, too," he returned.

"But go on, your news first, Jim."

"Teacher Stanhope has made over a deed of Lost Man's Swamp to you, Maurice, an' me an' that horse."

"Hinter all about it. Dad was there when Lawyer Madloc drew up the deed—Maurice, you crazy hyena, will you keep quiet?"

Maurice had rolled backward off the log, while he emitted cries that would have done a scarp-hunting Indian credit. "Three cheers for Bill!" he yelled. "He discovered Lost Man's Swamp off field. Trigger Finger Tim ain't got nuthin' on our Bill."

Billy was standing up now, his perplexed face turned questioning on his chin.

"That's right, Bill," cried Jim. "You really did discover it, you know. Hinter said he was the only one who knew the oil was there until you rafted out to the points and saw the oil-bubbles breaking on 'em. He says that a fortune likely lies there, so you see—"

"An' Teacher Stanhope has deeded the swamp to me," said Billy dazedly. He got up from the log and squared his shoulders. "Well," he spoke, "that waitin' that swamp."

"But, Bill," urged Jim, "the oil they've found there'll make you rich."

Billy shook his head. "I'm as rich as I ever want'd a right now, Jim."

"Look here, Bill," cried Maurice. "You don't want a hurt Teacher Stanhope's feetin', do you?"

Billy glanced at him quickly, a troubled look in his eyes. "No-no," he said. "You bet I don't."

"Then that's all there is to it; you keep Lost Man, that's what you do," Billy considered. "I ain't sayin' jest what I'll do," he spoke finally. "I got to ask another person's advice on this thing. But if I do take it you, Jim, an' you, Maurice, are gone to be my partners in Lost Man same's you are in Bay Thomas. Here, Maurice, you take Thomas to our stable an' give him a feed. I gotta go somewhere else."

And leaving Jim and Maurice sitting open-mouthed, Billy ducked into the timber.

Not until he had put some distance between himself and his friends did he remember that he had not told them the great and wonderful news that had been imparted to him by old Harry. Well, never mind, they would hear it soon. Harry would see to that. He turned into a path that strayed far up among clumps of red-gold maples and ochre-stained oaks. The whistle of quail sounded from a ridge of brown smudges. Up the hill, across the deep valley, where wintergreen berries gleamed like drops of blood and on to the beech-crowned ridge.

Here he paused and his searching eyes sought the lower sweep of wood-land. A clump of tall poplars gleamed silver-white against the dark green of the beeches; far down at the end of the sweep of yellow tops of hardy willows stood silhouetted against the fading green of cedars and pines. Billy gazed down upon it all and his heart swelled with the joy of life, his nerves tingled. Something deep, stirring, mysterious had come to him. He did not know what that something was—it was too vague and incomprehensible for definition just yet.

His arm about the trunk of a tree, he laughed softly, as his eyes, sweeping the checker-board of autumn's glories, rested at last on the soft and coniferous trees. So that was the haunted grove? That dark, silent, spiky bit of isolated loneliness far beyond the spot he had so feared? But he feared it no longer. She had cured him of that. She had said that fear of the supernatural was foolish; and of course she was right.

A fat red-squirrel frisked down a tree close beside him and halted, peering to gaze upon him. "I tell you, Billy," he addressed it gravely, "it takes a good woman to take care of a man." The statement was not of his own creation. He had heard it somewhere but he had never understood its meaning before and there was nobody to say it to except the squirrel.

A blue-jay and a yellow-hammer flashed by him, side by side, racing woods below, their blue and yellow bodies marking twin streaks against the hazy light. Blue and yellow, truly colorful world, thought Billy. The scene faded and in its place grew up a face with blue, laughing eyes and red, smiling lips, above which gleamed land picture swam back before him. The squirrel, which with the characteristic patience of its kind had waited to watch this boy who often chidedly as he dipped down into the valley.

Billy was still thinking of the only girl when he topped the farther ridge and descended into the valley where stood the haunted grove. He wondered what she would say when he told her the great news he had to tell her. He hand on his arm and said: "Billy, I'm glad." Well, he was on his way to hear her say it. As he entered a clump of cedars he saw her. She wore a cloak of crimson; her hat had slipped softly through the shadowy half lights. She stood beside old man Scroggie's grave, a great bunch of golden-rod in her arms.

Billy called and she turned to him with a smile.

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, Billy," she said. "You can help me decorate uncle's grave."

She dropped the yellow blossoms on the mound and they went into the sunshine together and gathered more. When they had finished the task they went across to the weedy plot in which stood the tumble-down hut. There, seated side by side beneath a gnarled wild-apple tree, Billy told her all he had to tell her, and heard her say, "I'm glad."

Then between them fell silence, filled with understanding and contentment and thoughts that ran parallel the same long track through future promise. Billy spoke, at length: "He's him an' me are goin' to build that sail-boat we've always wanted—a big, broad-beamed, single sticker that'll carry all of us—you, me, teacher, Erie an' anybody wants to come along. Gee! ain't it great?"

The girl nodded. "And what will you name her?" she asked. Into Billy's cheeks the blood sprang as into his heart joy ran riot.

"I aim to call her Lou," he said hesitatingly. "That is if you don't mind."

The golden head was bowed and when it was raised to him, he saw a deeper color in the cheeks, a softer glow in the eyes. "Come," she said softly, "we must be getting back."

They crossed the sunflecked grass, hand in hand. As they reached the pine grove the girl pointed away above Billy's gaze followed her. High above the trees a black speck sped quickly toward them, a speck which he knew, apparently, just where he was going.

"It's Croaker," Billy whispered. "Stand right still, Lou, an' we'll watch an' find out what his game is."

He drew her a little further among the pines and they peered out to see ridge pole of the log hut.

Here, with many low croaks, he proceeded to search his surroundings with quick, suspicious eyes, straining forward to peer closely at scrub or bush, then cunningly twisting about suddenly as though hoping to take some skulking watcher behind him un-awares.

Finally he seemed satisfied that he was alone. His harsh notes became soft guttural coos. He nodded his big head up and down in grave satisfaction, tip-toeing to the other end of the ridge-pole to himself. Then suddenly, he vanished from sight.

"Where has he gone?" whispered Lou.

"Hush," warned Billy. His heart was pounding.

The watchers stood with eyes glued to the ridge-pole. By and by they saw a black tail-feather protrude itself from a hole in the roof's gable. A black body followed and Croaker came tip-toeing back along the ridge.

The girl felt her companion's hand tighten spasmodically on hers. She glanced up to find him staring, wide-eyed at the bird.

"Billy!" she whispered, almost forgetting caution in her anxiety. "What is it?"

He pointed a shaking finger at Croaker. "See that shiny thing that old rogue has in his bill, Lou?" he asked. "What do you s'pose that is?"

"Why, what is it?"

"It's one of the gold pieces your uncle hid away. Come on, now we'll see that Croaker throw it in a fit."

They stepped out into plain view of the crowd, who were muttering to his eyes in one black claw. Croaker lowered his head and twisted it from side to side in sheer wonder. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Then as Billy stepped forward and called him by name his black neck-cuff arched and he dropped his prize in a low, he poured out such a torrent of abuse upon the boy and girl that Lou put her fingers in her ears to stop the sound.

"He's awful mad," grinned Billy. "He's been keepin' this find to himself for a long time." At sound of his master's voice Croaker paused in his tactics and promptly changed his shoulder and rubbed the top of his glossy head against the boy's cheek, whispering low and lying terms of endearment.

Billy laughed. "What's he up to now?"

"He's tryin' to coax me away from his treasure," Billy answered. "Now, jest watch him."

"What you want 'a do, Croaker?" he asked, stroking the bird's neck feathers smooth.

"Kawak!" said Croaker, and jumping to the ground he started away, head twisted backward toward the boy and girl, cooing sounds pouring from his half-open beak.

"No, sir," cried Billy. "You don't there an' see jest how much gold is hid in that hole under the gable."

Croaker watched him reach for a chink in the logs and raise himself to the treasure house. Then he became silent and sat huddled up, wings drooping disconsolately, his whole aspect one of utter despair.

Lou, bending to caress him, heard Billy give an exclamation, and ran forward. "It's here, Lou," he cried excitedly. "A tin box an' a shot-bag full of gold in a holled-out log. The bag has been ripped open by Croaker. I'll have to go inside to get the box out."

He dropped to the sward and stepped through an unglazed window into the hut. Nailed to one end was a crude ladder. Billy climbed the ladder and peered closely at the log which held the money. To all appearances it was exactly like its fellows, no door, soiled, there must be an opening of held it close to the log. Then he whistled. What he had mistaken for a pine knot was a small button fixed, as he saw now, in a tiny groove. He moved the button and a small section

A NEW Serial of unusual interest will begin in next week's issue. "Gates of Hope" is an exciting tale of love, intrigue and millions, by the brilliant English writer, Anthony Carlyle. The action revolves around a young heiress under sentence of death, and our readers will find it a thrilling story from start to finish. Watch for the opening chapter next week.

of the log fell, spraying him with musty dust.

Another moment and he was outside beside Lou, bag and box in his arms. Croaker was nowhere to be seen; neither was the gold piece which he had dropped in his amazement at sight of Billy and Lou.

"He went back and got it," said the girl, in answer to Billy's look of amazement. "And Billy, he flew away in an awful grouch."

"Oh, he'll soon get over it," laughed Billy. "We'll find him waitin' fer us farther on."

They crossed the lot and went through the pines to the sunny open. There, on a mossy knoll, Lou spread her cloak, and Billy poured the gold from bag and box upon it.

Billy sat back, counting the money. "Yes," he mused, "it certainly takes a good woman to steady a man." For ten glorious minutes he built airy castles and dreamed dreams.

"Two thousand, nine hundred and forty dollars," Lou announced, and Billy jumped up.

"Whew!" he whistled, "an' all gold, too. The three pieces that Croaker took make the even three thousand."

They placed the money back in the box and bag. Then Billy, picking up the treasure, spoke gently.

"It'll make 'em a grand weddin' gift, Lou."

"Yes," she answered, "a grand wedding gift, Billy."

In silence they passed on through the upland gowning in hazy, golden spray. At the height of land they paused to look down across the sweep of country below them. Then blue eyes sought grey and hand in hand, with a new glad vista of life opening before them, they went into the valley. (The End.)

Dye Skirt, Dress or Faded Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Each Package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything like new. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your dyerist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.

"Season to Taste."

The subject of seasoning is indeed a delicate one, in culinary matters, and for this reason I hesitate before the words, season to taste. Not only do tastes vary, but to-day we find the average housewife quite willing to be satisfied with just pepper and salt.

The European housewife is familiar with chervil, sweet basil, chives, sorrel, leek, parsley, tarragon, thyme, garlic, nasturtium, majoram, summer savory; sage, mint and dried parsley leaves, caraway, coriander and cumin seed, fennel dill, anise, cardamon, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, cloves and Indian curry powder. To this list might also add nutmeg, mustard, turmeric, mace, white and black pepper and onion.

Two New Sandwiches.

The first sandwich suggestion below comes to us guaranteed to be a favorite with men, no matter when or where served. The second we suggest as appropriate for a somewhat sophisticated tea table.

Have ready the required number of fresh baking powder biscuits, split and buttered lightly. Fry to a crisp light brown one slice of bacon for each sandwich. Drain and chop fine. Mix the bacon with equal parts of chopped celery and moisten with thick mayonnaise. Spread the mixture between the hot biscuit halves. These are delicious when served with coffee.

This is the sweet sandwich: Orange marmalade (the stiff kind), almonds chopped fine and cream cheese. Mix thoroughly and spread between thin slices of white bread lightly buttered. This is also delicious on brown bread.

Investors—Special!

The inventor of the Cash Register and the Computing Scale has now perfected a mechanical device for progressive business and proposed placing this product on the market. Co-operation in limited amount is desired, with prospective participation in large profits. Communicate direct with Jas. P. Cleal, Consulting Engineer, Suite 306, No. 9 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

ISSUE No. 6-21.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S NIPS



This new candy-coated gum delights young and old. It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:



Not So Bad. "Speaking of church weddings," writes J. M. C. "I once heard an old lady say that the organist played 'The Middlemarch March.'"

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

By means of an apparatus which can be built into factory chimneys, an American inventor claims he can cleanse the smoke passing through.

INVENTIONS

Send for list of inventions wanted by Manufacturers. Persons have been made from simple ideas. "Patent Protection" booklet on request.

HAROLD C. SHIPMAN & CO. PATENT ATTORNEYS 201 BANK STREET OTTAWA, CANADA

Build Your Home Prices are Down. FREE BOOK OF 80 HOME PLANS. WRITE FOR PRICES. PRICES ARE DOWN. THE HALLIDAY COMPANY LIMITED HAMILTON, DEPT. W, CANADA.

Vaseline CAMPHOR ICE

Going from the warm, steamy kitchen to the cold, windy yard is sure to chap your face and hands. "Vaseline" Camphor Ice keeps them smooth and soft. It's invaluable for housekeepers.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (Consolidated) Montreal 1890 Chabot Ave.

Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezons" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezons" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

The RITZ-CARLTON ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. THE NEWEST HOTEL AT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RESORT. European plan. Novel Ritz innovation; unique color scheme throughout; Restaurant overlooking Beach and Ocean. Dancing in Trellis Room and Ritz Grill. Single Rooms \$5.00 up. Double Rooms \$8.00 up. All rooms with Private Bath and full Ocean View. ALBERT KRILL, Managing Director. GUYVAE TOTT, Resident Manager.

DAME NATURE VERY WASTEFUL OF STORES

FORTUNATELY FOR THE WELFARE OF HUMAN BEINGS.

Despite Nature's Wastefulness There Are Living Things That Multiply Too Quickly.

Nature is usually held up to us as a model of thrift and industry. Industrious she certainly is. But thrifty? Even a Government department would not dare to be so extravagant.

Consider how Nature squanders eggs and seeds. There are roughly seven million eggs in the roe of a thirty-pound cod. If all the eggs in the roe of a cod now swimming about in the Grand Banks of Newfoundland were to hatch, and if all these little fishes were to grow up and breed on the same lavish scale, in three or four years the Grand Banks would be a solid mass of fish.

As a matter of fact, cod spawn is the staple diet of a number of sea creatures. Even father cod is partial to it. So the eggs which never hatch serve some useful purpose. Still, what a waste of life!

The case of the butterfly is even more remarkable. The butterfly's gay life is a very short one. None the less, the butterfly finds ample time to carry on its species. So prolific are butterflies that, if all came to maturity, the living descendants of a female white butterfly would have to be numbered, at the end of five years, in billions.

Yet white butterflies, though common enough, are not aggressively numerous. Their infant mortality rate must be prodigious.

Where Do Seeds Go?

So with seeds. We all know, from experience in our back gardens, how things like forget-me-nots and violets spread. No doubt each of us, who is a gardener, spent at least one Saturday afternoon last autumn pulling up seedlings in handfuls. Yet, for every seed that grows, many fail to mature.

In the case of some growing things it is to be regretted that the number which fail is so large. Mushrooms, for example. You may wander over three meadows, perhaps, in the dewy, early hours of morning, only to find two mushrooms. Yet, if all the spores in a single mushroom were to germinate, it would require a large field to hold the resulting crop.

Ferns propagate by means of spores on the ground. If circumstances are favorable, each of these spores will give rise to a new fern. Now, some ferns have on each of their fronds as many as five million spores. Enough to convert a whole county into a fern-bud.

But, despite Nature's wastefulness, there are living things which multiply too quickly; so quickly, in fact, as to be a menace to mankind. Every amateur gardener knows the difficulty of keeping pace with weeds. Often in the world's history plagues of locusts have been the cause of horrible famines. Locusts did an immense amount of damage in the Egypt of Biblical times; they do an immense amount of damage to crops in South America to-day.

Why That Rat!

Again, the astonishing fecundity of rats and rabbits is one of the serious facts of life. So fertile are rabbits that, at the end of three years, the Tube railways of London, England, would not provide a warren big enough for the progeny of a single pair; that is, of course, if all lived to grow up. And far too many rabbits do grow up. There is not a farmer, even in England, who cannot tell of cultivated fields ravaged by rabbits to such an extent as to make agriculture hopeless.

In Australia the situation concerning rabbits is really serious. Originally a few pairs were taken there from England. They have now become the curse of the continent. To appreciate the damage which they do, one must go to the island continent and actually see it.

War against rats is an urgent necessity. Apart from their destructiveness, these pests are carriers of disease. They are responsible for the carrying of plague. And rats are very prolific. A female rat will produce several litters a year, each of ten or twelve little rats; and these, in turn, breed very young.

The elephant, on the other hand, does not begin to breed till it is thirty. Between the ages of thirty and ninety a female elephant may have a family of six.

Clever Boy.

A little boy wanted to give his mother a birthday present, but did not know what to give her. At last he decided to give her a Bible. After he had bought it he was stumped again, as he could not think what to inscribe on the front page. After a good deal of thought he decided on the following, which he had seen in several books: "To dear mother, with the author's compliments."

Boring a tunnel, removing the earth displaced, and leaving the cavity so made lined with concrete blocks, a newly-designed American machine recently built a finished tunnel, 52 inches in diameter and 18 feet 8 inches long, in four hours.

Eases Kitchen Work

To Women Who Do Their Own Work: Suppose you could save six minutes every day in washing pots and pans—two minutes after every meal. In a month, this would amount to a saving of three hours of this disagreeable but necessary work. This saving can be made by using SMP enameled kitchen utensils, as their smooth sanitary surface will not absorb dirt or grease. No scraping, scouring or polishing is needed when you use Diamond or Pearl Ware. Soap, water and a dish towel is all you need. Ask for

SMP Diamond Ware

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of pearl grey enamel, inside and out.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER, CALGARY

At Every Hardware Store

Charlottetown industrial of Edward Island 586 between 15 to recent figures tistical. Indus creased from 8 and annual pro to \$6869,584.

Sydney, N.S. east at the for Iron and Steel drum, conical diameter, with 15-inch wide. The casting was stated to be ever made in C for use as a Dominion Coal.

Federicton, figures publish Bureau of Statis 1919, New Bruns latest progress in 1918 there were 1,400 invested increas \$29,568,822. Emp 19,888 to 24,210 salaries from \$3 023. Production 466; in 1918, \$68 \$100,065,665.

Quebec, Que. 433 for the find 30th, 1921, as to the provincial in mates laid before for an expendit Montreal, que conditions the pri in Canada in 1921 of only 8 per ce 1920, whereas dur crease of 12 per ce tion in Canada. tions as against the Shipments in Can ton.

Toronto, Ont. ducted last year 774,937, or 60 per total output, amou out Department of sals. Five more 905,212,000 tons rods, and 1920 Eighty-two mil in Ontario's wher within the provin Windsor, Man. wheat in the thro of Manitoba, Scroberta in 1921 is the Dominion Govt 600 bushels of stes, as comp bushels from 10



The News Paper Cardinal Bane who was elected from ballot of the Govern only created in 1891 by his 65th year.

Market for Gold

A deposit of Robert Storer of the House of Commons question, the quest's report of establishment of a lot for gold date at which readers may be strable.