

# When You Try

# "SALADA"

you will realize the difference between "Salada" and "just 'ea."

## THE PERIL OF BAD COMPANY

Jim is not a sheep-killing dog. In fact so scrupulous is he, owing no doubt to his training and to his coming from a long line of sheep-herding ancestors, that he will not eat mutton even though his master offers it to him. Yet for several days Jim has been limping on a bandaged foot—shot as a sheep killer.

It was a stray half-breed hound that started the trouble, Jim was under a tree asleep on the lawn when the stranger appeared. A few minutes later the two were crossing the meadow together; then they were in the woods, parking. Before long they had treed an opossum. Jim was enjoying himself; you could tell that from the way he barked.

Later a neighbor saw the two dogs in a stretch of woodland two miles from home; three other dogs had joined them. Before long two more joined the band, which was led by the irresponsible hound.

Five miles from home the leader led his pack into an open field where sheep were grazing. Straight for the innocent creatures he rushed. Jim stopped, and the other dogs swept by him. It was wrong for him to kill sheep. It was wrong for any dog to kill sheep!

In a flash the strange dog had a lamb down. Then Jim ran straight at the cur and, springing, seized him by the throat. At that instant a rifle cracked near by, and the mongrel went limp in the sheep dog's jaws. The rest of the pack scattered, and Jim started for the woods. He had almost reached cover when the rifle cracked again, and he lurched sidewise. Fortunately, the undergrowth was thick, and he managed to escape.

It was a dejected and humiliated dog that returned home late the same day. But it was not the pain in Jim's foot that caused his head and his tail to droop—no, it was the way in which he had received the injury; shot at as a sheep killer! There is no doubt that the faithful dog had learned his lesson: to "shun evil companions."

## A Scared Heron.

Lon Holey and Alvin Plummer were hunting ducks on the Scarborough marshes. They had walked several miles without seeing a single bird when they discovered at some distance a big flock of ducks feeding on a shallow salt pond. They approached cautiously and for the last four or five hundred yards crawled on their stomachs through the tall grass and bayberry bushes. At last they reached a bird cover, where they hastily concealed themselves. The little shack was completely covered with bushes and seaweed; the back was open, and inside were a seat and places to rest guns.

The hunters had just got comfortably settled in front of the peepholes when a gigantic heron that had been feeding on the edge of the pond strolled toward the shack and prepared to take a nap in the lee of it where the sun shone warmly. After looking carefully round, he tucked his head under his wing and, drawing up one foot, went to sleep.

When he was settled Alvin leaned forward and said in a low voice, "You are too near!"

The heron looked up quickly but, seeing nothing, went to sleep again. Again Alvin spoke, this time more loudly. "You're too near!" And again the big bird awoke and looked about and then went to sleep again.

First one hunter and then the other repeated the words until they had the old fellow fairly dancing on his long legs; but he would not leave the place, because he could see nothing to be afraid of! Just then something startled the ducks, and with a great flutter and whirring of wings the whole flock took to the air. Both shotguns spoke at once, and the second barrels blazed forth later.

The guns were pointed directly over the heron's head, and the shock was too much for him. Closing his eyes, he sank down on the sand, apparently lifeless; his wings drooped and his long legs stretched out.

The hunters rushed forth to secure their game, and presently, talking and

laughing, they started back, carrying four or five fine ducks apiece.

When the heron heard them he slowly opened one eye and then got reluctantly on his feet as if he were astonished at finding himself still alive. He shook himself, and as the hunters came nearer he slowly spread his great wings and sailed away. He had had a narrow escape!

## Stopping the Mouth of Gossip.

The new boarder had just been introduced to a group of boarders on the front porch after dinner and immediately began to chat. "I am a widow," she divulged in the course of the conversation, "my husband has been dead two years and I do not intend to marry again. I have two children. The girl is with me and the boy is staying with his grandmother this summer because his lungs are weak and the doctor said he ought to live on a farm all summer."

"I broke up housekeeping last year and I am going to board for a year or two. I make all my own clothes and trim my own hats. My husband left us independent; but with two children have to be careful of expenses. The reason I came here was because a friend who lived here last summer recommended the place to me. We have two rooms and I'd like to get hold of a good washwoman who will do your waists recently and not hold you up for it."

"What on earth did that woman tell us her family affairs for like that?" said one of the boarders, when the newcomer had left the group.

"Because she's wise," said her husband. "She has evidently boarded before and she knows that her best plan is to explain herself to everybody the first day. Any woman who comes in to a boarding house and doesn't seem to be willing to talk about her affairs immediately becomes an object of mystery and of gossip. You women who don't have anything to do but to sit around the house all day and comment on the newcomers wonder who she is and how much money she has and if she has no husband you wonder what she does for a living. Now you know all about that woman. She's given it to you straight."

"I wish she hadn't," sighed his wife. "Now we haven't got a thing to talk about until the next new boarder comes."

## Diseases Registered by Your Finger Nails.

All serious diseases and accidents are recorded on your finger-tips.

If you have a dangerous illness a plain straight ridge will show itself across all your nails. Some weeks elapse before it is visible, because the growth of the nail is affected at the root, which is invisible. But when it does show it takes many months before it grows to the top. These marks may remain for years, and the more acute the illness the more prominent are the ridges.

Break your wrist to-day and it will probably be 1925 before the resultant ridges have vanished from your nails. In this case, however, only the nails of the broken arm are affected. The other hand remains normal.

Sudden diseases stop all nail growth in the same way as they often affect the hair, and the fingers then look as if the nails had been cut straight across with scissors.

Nervous afflictions cause deep grooves across the nails. They also assume a patchy appearance and will be very brittle for some time.

After the attack the new growth will be very thin and finger-tips will be exceedingly painful. The thin new growth gives the impression of a deep dent over the "moon" of the nail.

## To Test the Oven.

Try your oven by means of a piece of white paper. When the paper becomes the color of meat pie crust, the oven is suitable for small pastry. When the paper turns light brown, the oven is ready for pies, etc. When dark yellow, you can bake bread or large pound cakes. If the paper is just tinged the oven is suitable for meringues and sponge cake.

I would rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself than be crowded on a velvet cushion.—Thoreau.

## The Lone Baby of the Loneliest Island.

"Britain's loneliest island" is what the Rev. H. M. Rogers, in the London Times, recently called Tristan da Cunha, that little island midway between South Africa and South America, which possesses neither trade nor manufactures, and which is rarely visited by vessels. The inhabitants used to be certain of a visit once a year from an official gunboat with stores, mail and a doctor and a minister on board; but the tiny colony did not warrant the expense, and after due warning and after the people had been given an opportunity to leave the place, the boat was withdrawn. Despite certain hardships and the chance of famine most of the people elected to remain on the island, for they are simple folk who dearly love their homes.

"An opportunity for a gala day came to them in October," records Mr. Rogers, "for there was a unique christening; the first and only English baby ever born on Tristan was baptized in the tiny island's church room. At day-break all the union jacks on the island some five of them, were hoisted at various flag poles and on the roof of the tinest parsonage in the world—the missionary resides in a small two-roomed wooden hut. The day was fine and the people had put on their smartest clothes, which, having been procured from passing ships years ago, were curious and wonderful. Soldiers' and sailors' uniforms, dress suits, corduroys, dungaree and early Victorian ladies' garments gave the impression that a fancy-dress ball was going on. The people like bright colors, and most of them wore a rosette of colored ribbon or carried a bouquet."

"The little school room at St. Mary's Church was decorated with flowers, and at three o'clock every one who could squeeze in to it entered to watch the missionary baptize his own baby. Leading Tristanites stood as sponsors. The whole population was eager to act in that capacity, but it was decided to limit the number to six—four for Tristan and two for England. As soon as the service was over there was tea drinking, and about a hundred people shook hands and gave the health in tea. A cake had been made, but, owing to the shortage of flour and raisins and the difficulty of getting milk, it was so small that it sufficed only for the sponsors and the parsonage folk. Every one else was promised a piece of cake when the next ship comes."

"Those who could find anything to give made us presents for the baby, and he was soon the possessor of almost half the money on the island—namely, an English half-crown and a sixpence. He received also several pairs of Tristan socks, some colored 'picture' handkerchiefs and several strange articles of headgear known as Tristan 'cappies,' worn by the children there. A metal teaspoon and an egg cup of elaborate pattern completed the collection."

The baby was named Edward, after the Prince of Wales, who is extremely popular on that forgotten dot of British soil.

## Cutting It Short.

A butler always annoyed his mistress by announcing her visitors separately. For instance, instead of saying, "Mr. and Mrs. Kilkelly and the Misses Kilkelly," he would call out, "Mr. Kilkelly, Mrs. Kilkelly, Miss Nora Kilkelly, and Miss Kate Kilkelly," mentioning each member of the family by name.

His mistress told him on her next "At Home" day to make the announcement shorter.

As it happened, a Mr. and Mrs. Penny, with their grown-up son and a little daughter, were the first to arrive, whereupon the butler electrified his mistress by throwing open the door and shouting, "Three-pence-halfpenny."



## Couldn't Fool Him.

Dealer—"This coal, sir, is first class!"

Customer—"Don't believe it—you can't fool me!"

China's new President is 60 years of age. Thirty-eight years ago he was a common soldier.

The sun, it is estimated, can go on supplying heat at the present rate for 1,000,000,000 years.

Some of the tongues of fire which dart out from the surface of the sun reach amazing heights. One instance is recorded at Mount Wilson Observatory, California, where a flame reached the height of 352,000 miles.

## The Same Boat.

One who crosses the Atlantic on a great modern steamship can hardly fail to be impressed by the community of interest among the passengers, whether they admit it or not. There are social distinctions observed by the separate classes to which the varying rates of fare have established a title. There is supposed to be luxury on high and Spartan simplicity, if not actual discomfort, in the steerage. In the floating city or palatial marine hotel there is a reproduction on a small scale of the communal existence on the land. It is recognized that in certain hands authority is placed, and there are laws by which the entire ship's company must abide.

When it is plain sailing in fair weather, existence is simple enough and contentment is general. In time of storm many are the victims of a malady which is no respecter of persons and does not ask how much the passenger has paid for his accommodations. When actual disaster occurs and the voyagers must take to the boats or wait precariously while the wireless summons aid, the distinctions between shipboard neighbors vanish like the crests of the waves. Then it is no longer asked who is rich or poor, who is proud and who is humble.

On the sea of human life we are fellow-passengers, faring from the same port to the same haven. We are "all in the same boat" for a little time together, and bound to show each other the kindness, the generosity, the mutual respect and tolerance that make life bearable for the feeble, the timorous, the less fortunate.

There are two monuments in the world erected to birds, one in Italy and the other in Salt Lake City.

## NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the six-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the hospital, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

## His Busy Season.

A man with all the earmarks of a laborer was smoking thoughtfully and watching a large building in process of construction. A foreman approached and asked:

"Hey, want a job?"  
"Yes," was the reply, "but I can only work mornings."  
"Why can't you work all day?"  
"Every afternoon I gotta carry a banner in the unemployment parade."

## Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The giraffe does not thrive in captivity in America.



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