

Honest tea is the best policy LIPTON'S TEA

OVER 2 MILLION PACKAGES SOLD WEEKLY

HUNTING THE QUAY BIRD

HUNTER HAD ONLY TO HIDE
AND REMAIN QUIET.

Spent With the N. C. Heron No
Longer Permit in North
Carolina.

"It is against the law to hunt the quays now," said a native of the "dismals" district of the North Carolina peninsula, "and of course it ought to be, but we used to think we had a heap of fun gathering in the long-legged, wary, keen-eyed critters. I don't know just why we found sport in it, though, for they weren't any good for the table.

"It was the swamps that gave the bird the name of quays bird, applying it from the cry the bird utters at certain times, a cry that sounds like 'quay, quay, quay.' You will perhaps know it better by its proper name of night heron. It is by no means nearly as common in the quays as it is in the swamps of that part of North Carolina as it used to be, but it still lingers in the old time haunts, and continues to be one of the most interesting of all the creatures that inhabit the 'dismals,' as we term them locally, although to the nature lover they are not dismal at all.

To me the only thing that has made them dismal is the invasion of the lumberman, who is spoiling them by chopping away their venerable trees. It is to the undisturbed portions of these dismal that the night heron still resorts in the spring, takes possession of its old haunts and rears its young, usually rebuilding the nest that has been the domicile of its ancestors for time out of mind.

"In three weeks the young herons are hatched and they are so vigorous that they do not

TARRY A MOMENT

in the nest, but climb out and clamber to the topmost branches of the parent tree, where they cling and chatter. There are four young ones in each nest and as every particular nestling leaves the egg with an appetite demanding instant and continuous attention the squawking they keep up would make the untutored visitor to the swamp at once ask for the nearest way out.

"Added to the babel of sound proceeding from the young herons is the shrill cry of the old bird—as if sharply ordering the youngsters to shut up or let their victuals stop their mouths. But although the throats of the parent herons, young and old, might be filling the swamp with a deafening and discordant chorus, the sight of a hunter creeping and crawling through the tangled underbrush and bogs would instantly hush every voice, and the swamp in that immediate vicinity would become as silent as it was noisy before.

"It was at such times that the swamper hunting for his bag of young quays would get his opportunity. They are expert hid-ers and can conceal themselves among the branches of the tree, so as to defy the keenest eyes seeking to discover them. Sometimes when frightened by the presence of foes they will throw themselves into the water beneath them, and although they are not webfooted and as yet very scant of feathers, they can swim and dive like ducks, and they seek safety in the soft mud of the shores or in any hole or hiding place they can find.

"Knowing these traits of the young birds the hunter had only to hide himself and remain quiet. In a few minutes the fears of the quays were abate. They call one another with that peculiar cry of theirs, and as the cries are answered they peep out of their hiding places and begin to set up their squawk again for

SOMETHING TO EAT.

the old birds in the meantime having risen high in the air and circled about as if reconnoitering.

"The old herons are extremely wary. Their sense of hearing is so acute that it was a difficult matter for a person hunting them to get near enough to one for a shot. That was why I found sport in trying conclusions with the full grown night heron, I guess.

"They seemed to know the exact distance at which a shot could reach them and watched every

movement of the hunter. Timing him and measuring his proximity with almost unerring accuracy, they would take wing with an aggravating shriek, as if voicing their satisfaction over their smartness and their enjoyment of his disappointment.

"Even when a hunter succeeded in getting a shot at a night heron, if he did not kill it, or wound it so it was helpless, he was sure to have trouble before he bagged his game. If simply crippled, the bird would seek a hiding place in the bushes or thick reeds. If the shelter was insufficient or the hiding place was uncovered by the hunter, the wounded heron would instantly put itself in fierce battle array, and with its triple feathered crest erect, its long bill snapping, its eyes blazing with fury, prepare to defend itself to the end.

"Brought thus to bay, the wounded heron would fight savagely with bill and claws, and its claws are so sharp and strong that many a time they have proved a weapon so effective that the hunter was compelled to retreat from close combat with the desperate bird. A wounded heron will likewise deliver telling blows with its wings, and more than one over-confident heron hunter has been knocked senseless.

"All the while a heron wounded in its life with a hunter it utters loud and harsh cries, doubtless a signal of distress, for it frequently happened that the hunter would suddenly and himself confronted by other angry but uncorrupted herons, which had come to the assistance of their companion in his difficulty. In such cases the hunter not abundantly supplied with ammunition always found prudence the better part of valor and left the field to the wounded heron and its brethren.

GARDEN DAY BY DAY.

Each Day Brings Its Own Special Work.

Monday.—During a spell of hot weather the lawn should not be mown too closely, and if the clippings are allowed to lie they will protect the sward from the direct heat of the sun.

Tuesday.—If you are troubled with weeds in a gravel path, the following plan will prove effective: First procure a few cents' worth of rough salt, scatter it evenly over the path, and then apply water at as near boiling point as possible. Rake over, and then roll the path.

Wednesday.—Choose showery weather, if possible, for setting out cabbage, cauliflower, and Brussels sprouts plants. Bed them in firmly, but not too deeply.

Thursday.—It is an excellent plan to place bowls of water near the strawberry bed. Many experts declare that birds only peck at the fruit for the moisture it contains.

Friday.—Thin beetroot to eight or nine inches apart in the row.

Saturday.—Vines are often found growing out of doors. The bunches of fruit should now be thinned, each superfluous berry being cut away with a pair of old scissors. If the thinning is not drastic there is little hope of the fruit coming to a useful size.

HOLIDAY ACCIDENTS.

What to do and What not to do When They Occur.

"No time like holidays for accidents," said the ambulance man, "and it's a pity more people don't understand something about first aid. But next to knowing just exactly what to do, the best thing is to know what to avoid.

"Don't, for instance, try to give a person who has fainted any liquid of any kind whatever. The only thing to do is to loosen all clothing about the neck, and give them as much fresh air as possible.

"That's the chief point to bear in mind in most cases of accident—plenty of fresh air. If a man has been nearly drowned the same advice applies.

"Where serious bleeding results from an accident, don't rush to tie up the wound with a handkerchief. The safest plan is to press your finger or hand upon the wound, and hold it there till skilled help arrives.

"Except in very exceptional circumstances, don't move the patient; keep him quiet on the spot where the accident happened until the doctor arrives. Don't forget to send for the medical man at once, and until he comes don't give your patient any brandy or similar stimulant."

SPECKLED TROUT EAT THEM

SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS A
BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

They Will Jump After These in
Preference to Other
Bait.

"In spite of a prevailing belief to the contrary, the seventeen year locust is a blessing in disguise," said a Staten Island member of the angling fraternity. "I'm going to tell you about it.

"Last week I ran up to Greenwood Lake, and while I was there I fished some of the little streams near by for trout. They are not wonderful trout streams, but I have never failed to get enough for breakfast. This time I found them so low from the lack of rain that only in the pools was it possible to fish at all. And the trout in the pools were so easy that it was necessary to stalk them with as great care as one would stalk a deer.

"The first day I climbed over the Bellevue Mountain to Black Creek, where there is a stretch of stream about half a mile long tumbling down through a rocky gorge called Buttermilk Falls. There is a series of about half a dozen cascades with intermediate pools and in these the trout were gathered.

"Crossing the mountain, I noticed that on every bush and shrub were dozens of seventeen year locusts that had just made their appearance. They kept up a buzzing, droning chorus sounding unlike the whir of distant machinery. I picked several of the bushes and examined them closely and found them to be very attractive in their coloring, much more so than the

ORDINARY LOCUST.

we see every summer.

"Well, when I reached the creek I fished down through the gorge with flies, using some I considered especially attractive to rainbows, for this stream was stocked with the Western trout about five years ago. All my best efforts were in vain, so I turned and fished up with angle worms, catching a few native brook trout, only two of which were large enough to keep. All this time the droning of the locusts had been sounding in my ears, and suddenly the thought occurred to me that perhaps the trout might like them as a change of diet.

"I soon had five or six in my bait box, and selecting a likely pool I cast Mr. Locust directly in the shadow of an overhanging rock where there was an eddy of white foam from the waterfall above. He hit the water rather heavily, but that made no difference. His legs began to twitch and his beautifully colored wings gave a slight flutter when bang! the trout had him, and down again into the pool.

"When I beached the fish after a good struggle, for I was fishing with a five ounce rod and had

NO LANDING NET.

I was delighted to find he was a rainbow and measured exactly 12 inches. And I got one in every pool where I had previously fished with both fly and worm, all on locusts and all measuring about the same size.

"On two successive days I tried two other brooks with the same bait and had almost as good luck. These streams have no rainbow in them, but the native trout I got were all worth keeping and the beauty of it was that I wasn't bothered by the little fellows. A locust is a pretty good mouthful, I admit, but you must remember that a full grown trout has a pretty big mouth.

"And another thing. There's a pond near where I live on Staten Island that affords good black bass fishing. After I got back from Greenwood Lake I strolled over there to see how things looked, in anticipation of the opening of the bass season on the 16th of this month. With my trouting experience still fresh in my mind, I caught several locusts and threw them into the pond. And the way those bass gobbled them up almost made me disregard a rule I have followed all my life, never to take game out of season."

THE MAN WHO KNEW.

The disgusted diner hacked away at the toughest of tough steaks that ornamented his plate. After trying in vain to make any impression upon it, he called the waiter to him.

"Waiter!" he cried. "Fetch the proprietor to me at once!"

"Please, sir, you can't—"

"Don't argue with me! I want to see the proprietor!"

"You can't see him now," replied the waiter; "he's gone out to lunch!"

"My doctor told me I would have to stop eating much meat." "Did you laugh him to scorn?" "I did at first. But when he sent in his bill I found he was right."

THE HUDSON BAY RAILWAY

EXPLORED IN 1910 BY DEPART-
MENT OF INTERIOR.

Report as to Timber Along Pro-
posed Route not very
Optimistic.

"There is probably enough timber available to build the rough construction work of the Hudson Bay Railway."

During the summer of 1910 the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior had a party exploring along a portion of the proposed route of the Hudson Bay Railway and in the words just quoted the head of the party (Mr. J. R. Dickson, B.S.E., Assistant Inspector of Forest Reserves) in his report, just published, gives his impression of the timber of that part of the country.

THE COUNTRY TRAVERSED.

The party started at The Pas and covered some eight thousand square miles of territory. Their explorations included the country around Mitishto lake, the Mitishto river, the Grass river system, with its numerous lake expansions (including Wukusko lake), Pakwa (or Pakwahigan) lake, Setting and Split lakes and the Nelson river system, including Cross and Sipi-week lakes, Wintaring and Landing lakes, return being made by way of the Minago (or Pine) river. The district inspected covered some 235 miles of the line of the proposed railway.

METHOD OF SURVEY.

The method followed was to run inspection lines at three to six mile intervals. The men worked singly, running the lines by compass, and were able to travel from four to six miles per day and return to the line. In this way a rapid reconnaissance was made, which was extended by the use of field glasses.

TIMBER OF THE REGION.

Through the country covered by the exploration, no timber was found at any distance back from the water. "Only a mere fraction of one per cent of the area surveyed now carries merchantable timber," he reports.

"Spruce is, for the most part, the only timber there which is large enough for saw-timber or railway ties. The poplar, birch and jack pine are too short, spindly, limby and crooked for anything but fuel and pulpwood. Practically all the tamarack has been killed by insects. "We did not find two hundred green tamarack above ten inches in diameter all summer," writes Mr. Dickson.

The total number of ties available in the district traversed is estimated at some 300,000; the saw-timber totals about nine and a half million feet. For pile timber dead tamaracks and the largest of the close-grained black spruce could be used. The possible supply of fuel-wood is enormous, and there will also be a large supply of pulpwood, but much of the timber is as yet too small even for pulping.

RATE OF GROWTH OF TREES.

The rate of growth, as far as observed, is generally decidedly slow. Black spruce takes, on the average, one hundred years to attain a diameter of four to five inches, and in the same period white spruce grows to a diameter of eight to twelve inches, and poplar to eight to ten inches. "I saw no jackpine stand where the trees averaged even six inches in diameter, the author says. The slow rates of growth are largely due to the cold wet soil of the undrained muskegs which cover so much of the district.

DANGER FROM FIRE AND INSECTS.

"The fire loss and danger is appalling," to use Mr. Dickson's words. Two great fires have occurred, approximately forty and eighty years ago, respectively, and practically every corner of the region has been burned over by these. Instances were frequently noted where these fires had leaped lakes over a mile in width. Fires frequently live in the dry moss all winter and break out again in spring.

The work of the fires is supplemented by that of the bark beetles. Not only have these insects killed practically all the tamarack, but they are now at work destroying the scattered patches of mature spruce. When the beetles finish their work and killed the trees, a strong wind overthrusts these. Finally lightning sets fire to the tangle of debris resulting and the fire, thus started, may run over a mile after mile of the country.

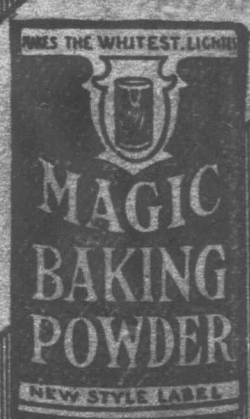
The report makes a number of suggestions for the better protection of the region from fire, but the district is so extensive and practically uninhabited that, if a fire starts, the chances of controlling it, even with a good ranger system, are not all certain. An interesting point noted is that the Indians of

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES
PERFECT
BAKING
RESULTS

CONTAINS
NO ALUM

MADE IN
CANADA



B.W. GILBERT
COMPANY
LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

the region are much more careful with fire than the white men.

Brief remarks of much interest are made with regard to the topography, soil, vegetation and climate of the region, its agricultural possibilities, mineral resources, fish, game and fur animals and other topics.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

What the sages have said of man: Man has been defined by Aristotle as "a reasoning animal"; by Plato as "a political animal"; by Dante as "a ridiculous animal"; by Varchi and John Fiske as "an improvable animal"; and Beethoven calls him "mad worked up by the hand of God."

Man is the animal capable of political wisdom.—Plato.

Certainly man is no other than the dream of a cloud.—Pindar.

Why I see all of us to be no more than vain worms and shadows.—Sophocles.

Man is a bundle of habits.—Aristotle.

A man is what he is used to.—Hippocrates.

Philip father of Alexander, had a servant whose sole business it was to remind him that he was human. It is said, accordingly, that he never went from the house, and having returned never gave audience to any one without first this servant would say to him three times in a loud voice: "Philip, thou art a man!"

Man is a compendium of the universe; in reason he is an image of God; in his nutritive and reproductive functions he belongs to the animal order; he grows like a vegetable; besides he has much of the inert substance of minerals.—Pythagoras.

Epicurus said: Thou art an animal carrying a corpse.—Marcus Aurelius.

To men, man is a wolf, not a man.—Plautus.

Man, thou canst only be compared to the dirt from which thou wast made.—Guertazzi.

The nature of a people is first rude, then severe, then kind, then delicate, then dissolute.—Vico.

I have read, I know not where, that man is a beast, humanity divine. It is not true. As for me, I have always had to fix my eye upon the isolated, individual man, to reconcile myself to men in the mass.—Tarchetti.

It was the tragedian, Crebillon, who, when asked why he kept so many dogs about him, said: "Since I have come to know men, I prefer dogs."

"Is well said that man has no greater enemy than himself.—Fierzenzola.

Every man is a poet and an artist in the first years of his life; an arid desert in his last years.—Tarchetti.

The immediate end of humanity is the harmonious development of all its faculties and forces.—Mazzini.

Behold the life of man: At 20 a peacock; at 30, a lion; at 40, a camel (burden bearer); at 50, a serpent (wise); at 60, a dog; at 70, a monkey; at 80, nothing.—Gracian.

Men could not live long in society unless they were dupes of one another.—La Rochefoucauld.

The honest man, deceived in his illusions, but still honest, is a man par excellence.—Chamfort.

KEEP HAIR BRUSHES CLEAN.

One of the secrets of keeping the hair in a healthy condition is to make a point of perfect cleanliness with regard to the hair brush. This should be washed at least once a week, and never with hot water or soap, or the bristles will become very soft and yellow. The proper method of cleaning hair brushes is as follows: Have ready two shallow pans of tepid water—pie-dishes will answer the purpose. To one of these add about a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia. After freeing the brush from hair, dip the bristles up and down in the ammonia solution, taking care not to immerse the back of the brush in the process, and continue until the bristles look perfectly clean and white. Then proceed in the same way with the brush in the pan of clear water, so that the ammonia is rinsed away. Shake the brush well and set it on a rack to dry.

"Why are you crying, my little man?" "Cos Jimmy kicked me." "Why don't you kick 'm 'at?" "Cos it would only be 'is turn again."

HOW YOUR BRAIN WORKS.

New Theory is That Brain is Like
Departmental Store.

Have you ever thought of how your brain works? Most people imagine that their brains work as a whole, but modern science says this is not so. The newest theory is that the brain is like a big department store. When ribbons are wanted it is only the ribbon department that is concerned. Similarly your brain has innumerable tiny niches, corresponding to your various accomplishments and branches of knowledge, from billiard playing to reading French. When you start to study a foreign language, or a musical instrument, you are literally carving a new niche in your brain.

The brain is like a big department store in another way—a store supplied with water-pipes running to each department. In the brain these are represented by a maze of tiny arteries carrying blood. Just as the water-pipes on one particular day might burst and ruin the goods in that department alone, so if the walls of an artery in the brain are weakened by poisoned blood, the blood may burst through and ruin that particular niche. Many a man has risen in the morning to find that he has, say, forgotten how to read. Or if the damage is less wide, he may have forgotten how to read his own language, and still be able to read any other language he knows. This might also happen as the result of an accident. You might lose the use of a small part of your brain, and yet have the rest of your faculties intact.

Even in the niches there are fine sub-divisions. The various parts of speech, for instance, are arranged in a language niche like books on a shelf. And just as the books on a shelf may be squeezed so tight that none of them will come out, so a tumor on a language shelf may jam all the grammatical parts of speech so that the patient is dumb. It is known that on that shelf the verbs are placed first, the pronouns next, the prepositions and adverbs next, and the nouns last.

The reason is that our verbs are the things we learn first, long before nouns. A baby sees long before it knows what is seen. The nouns that we learn last, and so forget soonest, are people's names. That is why old people have such bad memories for names.

Everybody, it is now known, has two brains. They sit side by side, and are exactly alike, but while the nicks in one are crammed with various sorts of knowledge, those at the other side are blank and empty. A right-handed man thinks with the left side of his brain, a left-handed man with the right. The only use each of us makes of our dummy brain is to control the movements of the opposite side of the body—the weaker side. It knows nothing. It learns nothing. You could have it cut away without lessening your mental power. Many a man has had this done.

Only a child can teach it. A man with his utterance niche ruined struggles in vain to use the reserve one. It is too old to be taught. But many a child has been struck dumb and taught its other brain. It has, however, to start all over again with "Mama" and "Dada," even at the age of nine or ten.

MONEY IN POCKET.

In Lanarkshire there lived a laird named Hamilton, who was noted for his peculiarities. On a certain occasion a neighbor waited upon him, asking the favor as a neighbor of a loan of \$100. It was only a bill of accommodation for three months, which led to the following reply:—

"Na, na; I canna do that."

"What for no, laird? Ye have dune the same thing for ither."

"Aye, aye, Tammas; but there's wheels within ye ken naething about! I canna do it."

"It's a sma' affair to refuse me, laird."

"Weel, ye see, Tammas, if I was to pit my name tell't ye wad get the siller frae the bank, and when 't' time cam' round ye wadna be ready, and I wad hae to pay't, sae you and me wad quarrel. We may as weel quarrel the noo; as lang as the siller is in my pooch."