

—and here
is another
economical
hot weather
delicacy
by Mrs.
Knox



Knox Butter Scotch Rice

Wash one-third cup rice and cook until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups of milk, scalded, and one fourth teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter until it gets very dark brown, but not burnt. Add to this the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water until it is softened and then dissolve it in one cup of hot milk. Strain into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

MRS. KNOX'S Book on "Food Economy" contains many more delicious and inexpensive recipes for cool, summer dishes like the one above—most of them made from little odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit that are ordinarily thrown away. She has prepared this book to help the patriotic housewife keep her pledge to Mr. Hoover and at the same time to serve low-cost foods that are appetizing and nutritious. Every recipe approved by the Food Administration. Send for a copy. Free for your dealer's name and address.

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Our Neighbors at The Tansy Patch

(Continued from page 18.)

It was war to the hilt between Granny and Salome from the start. Granny attacked first, without the slightest provocation. Salome had gone through the spruce wood to call the children home to dinner. Perhaps Granny found Salome's expression rather trying. Salome always did look very well satisfied with herself. At least, something about her seemed to grate on Granny's nerves.

"Yah!" she shrieked vindictively, "your grandfather hanged himself in his horsestable. Go home, jail-bird, go home."

Outraged Salome was too much overcome to attempt a reply. She came home almost in tears.

"Ma'am, my grandfathers both died most respectable deaths."

"You mustn't mind what Granny says, Salome," I said soothingly.

"Indeed, ma'am, nobody should mind what a lunatic says. But it is hard for a decent woman to have her grandfathers insulted. I do not mind the name she called me, ma'am, but she might respect the dead."

Granny respected nothing on earth. T. B. who, although he hated her, had a certain pride in her, told tales of her repartee. On one occasion a new minister had stopped on the road and accosted Granny over the fence. He was young and callow, and perhaps Granny's eyes disconcerted him, for he certainly worded his question rather inanely.

"Can you tell me, madam, where I am going?" he asked politely.

"How should I know where you are going, gosling?" retorted Granny. Then she had burst into a series of chuckles which had completed his discomfiture. The poor young man drove hastily away, crimson of face—"looking like thirty cents," declared T. B. with a relish.

On another occasion Granny routed an automobile. One, filled with gay hotel guests, had stopped at the gate. Its driver had intended to ask for some water, but Granny did not allow him to utter a word.

"Get out of this with your demon machine," she yelled. She caught up the nearest missile, which happened to be her dinner plate, and hurled it at him. It missed his face by a hair's breadth and landed squarely, grease and all, in a fashionable lady's silken lap. Granny followed this up by a series of fearsome yells and maledictions, of which the mildest were "May ye never have a night without a bad dream," and "May ye always be looking for something and never finding it," and—finally—"May ye all die to-night. I'll pray for it, that I will."

The dismayed driver got his car away as quickly as possible and Granny laughed loud and long.

"My old Granny's the limit," declared T. B.

If Joseph was Granny's favorite, poor Charity was her pet detestation. Charity was the oldest of the family; she was eighteen and a good-hearted, hard-working creature. Almost all the work that was done in that house was done by Charity. Consequently, she had little time for visiting, and her calls on us were few. She was a dark, rather stocky girl, but had her share of the family's good looks. She had dusky red cheeks and a very pretty red mouth. Granny vowed that Charity was "a born fool"; Charity was very far from being that, but she certainly did not possess very much "gumption," as Salome said. She had no taste in dress and went about one summer wearing an old rose gown with a bright scarlet hat.

"Oh, if only something would happen to one of them, ma'am, before they dislocate my eyes," groaned Salome.

One day something did happen. A glad Salome told us of it.

"Charity Conway won't wear that dress again, ma'am. Yesterday when she was going to church she found a nest of five eggs in the field. So she put them in the pocket of her petticoat and when she got to church she forgot all about them and sat down on them and the dress is ruined, ma'am. It is a good thing, but I am sorry for poor Charity, too, for Granny is mad at her and says she won't buy her another dress this summer."

PART II.

If Charity came to see us but seldom, Dorinda made up for it. Dorinda was a constant guest. Dorinda was sixteen and Dorinda wrote poetry—"bushels of it," so said T. B.

The first time Dorinda came she

wanted to borrow some mutton tallow.

"I have chapped hands and I find it difficult to write poetry with chapped hands."

"I should think you would, miss," said Salome; but she got out the mutton tallow.

Dorinda bored us to death with her poetry. It really was the most awful trash. One line, however, in a poem which Dorinda addressed to the returned soldiers of the Boer War, always shone like a star in our family memory.

"Canada, like a maiden, welcomes back her sons."

But Salome thought it indecent!

"If there was only a herd," sighed Dorinda, my brother by a word."

Salome said Dorinda, with dignity, "only inspires me by a wood pool."

I cannot remember the names of all Dorinda's poems. Some of them were, "Lines on a Birch Tree," "Lines to My Northern Birds," "A Romantic Tail," and "Lines Written on a Friend's Tansy Patch."

Dorinda was stout but very good-looking. She had magnificent hair—great masses of silky brown curls. She always dressed it beautifully, too. But, like all mortals, Dorinda was not satisfied.

"I wish I was sylph-like, Mrs. Bruce," she sighed. "A poetess should be sylph-like."

The relations between Dorinda and Aunt Lily were not as cordial as their common addiction to literary pursuits might pre-suppose. There was some antagonism between them, the cause of which we never knew. But it resulted in T. B. hating Dorinda with an unbrotherly hatred and deriding her poems unmercifully.

One little white blossom of pure affection bloomed in the arid desert of T. B.'s emotional life. He loved his Aunt. She sympathized with his pursuits and, in spite of her lackadaisical ways, was not afraid of his sniping. T. B. would not allow Granny to abuse Aunt Lily.

"How did you stop it?" queried Salome, anxiously.

"The first time she turned her tongue loose on Aunt Lily I went up to her and bit her," said T. B., coolly.

"You ought to bite her oftener," said Salome, vindictively.

"There ain't none of the rest of us worth standing up to," said T. B. "Granny's tough biting."

T. B. figured conspicuously in Aunt Lily's diary. She seemed to centre her maternal affection in him.

"I wish I could educate T. B.," she wrote, "but alas, I am poor. How bitter a thing is grinding poverty! My poor brother is a genius, but he makes no money. And I fear he will never find the treasure he seeketh. Like myself, he is misunderstood and unappreciated. My beloved T. B. lacks many things which should pertain to youth. I patched his best trousers to-day."

Many of T. B.'s speeches and exploits figured in the diary.

"For, perhaps, in spite of all, he may be famous some day," wrote Aunt Lily, "and then this neglected diary, written by a woman whose hopes in life have been blighted, will be of inestimable value to a biographer in search of material. I have noticed that the boyish pranks of great men are of surpassing interest. I could wish that T. B. used less slang. But English undefiled is seldom heard to-day. Alas, for it! I feel that T. B.'s association with the refined family who are now sojourning at the Tansy Patch may be of great help to him."

I don't know that we "helped" T. B. very much, but Salome tried to do him good in a spiritual way. She was much horrified to find that T. B. was a skeptic and prided himself on it. Accordingly, Salome took to lending him books and tracts and bribing him to read them, with doughnuts. One of them was the "Memoir of Susanna B. Morton"—an account of the life and early death of a child of extraordinary piety. Salome used to read it and weep over it Sunday afternoons. T. B. enjoyed the book, but scarcely, I fear, in the way Salome desired.

"Ain't Susanna a holy terror?" he would say to me with a grin. T. B. had a sense of humor and that book tickled it.

Una, too, told him sweetly that she meant to pray for him; but this roused T. B.'s dander instantly.

"You ain't! Don't you dast! I won't be prayed for," he shouted.

"Oh, T. B., aren't you afraid of going to the bad place?" whispered poor Una, quite aghast.

"Nix on that!"—contemptuously. "don't believe there's any hell or heav either. When you die that's the end you."

"Wouldn't you like to go on livin' asked Dick, who enjoyed drawing T. out."

"Nope. There's no fun in it," said the youthful misanthrope. "Heaven's a dull place from all the accounts I've heard of it. I'd like a heaven full of flies and ants and things, though. There'd be some sense in that kind."

How are your ants coming on?" I queried.

T. B. was transformed in a moment. He sat up, eager, alert, bright-eyed.

"They're durned int'resting," he claimed. "I sat all day yesterday watching their doings in that nest belk the garden. Say, but they're quite some little cusses—some of 'em like to start a fight 'bout any reason, fat's I can see. And some of 'em are cowards. They gits so scared they just double themselves up into a ball and let the other fellow bang 'em round. They won't put up no fight. Some of 'em are lazy and won't work. I've watched 'em shirking. And there was one ant died o' grief 'cause another ant got killed—wouldn't eat—wouldn't work—just died. Tell you, I wish humans was as interesting as ants. Well, so long. I must be gitting home to dinner."

Always in the winter, which we spent in our town home, the children kept up a correspondence with T. B. He wrote very interesting letters, too, allowing for eccentricities of grammar and spelling. Aunt Lily wrote me wondrous underlined epistles, full of sentiment, and Dorinda sent us a poem every week—on "Memories of Other Days" or some kindred subject. We often wondered what life must be in the house beyond the spruces in winter, when Granny must perforce be cooped up indoors. Salome shuddered over the thought of it.

It was not until our fourth and last summer at the Tansy Patch that we were ever asked to partake of a meal in the Conway establishment. One day, not long before our final departure, T. B. came over and gravely handed us a formal invitation, in Aunt Lily's handwriting, on a soiled, gilt-edged correspondence card. We were asked to supper the next evening at seven o'clock. Salome got one, too.

"Surely, ma'am, you'll never try to eat a meal in that house!" she exclaimed. "Why, I have heard that they've been known to mix up cakes in the wash-pan, ma'am. And remember the dog and the soup, ma'am."

"But they threw the soup out," said Una.

"I think Mr. Bruce and I must go," I said. "I do not want to hurt Aunt Lily's feelings. But you can please yourself about going, Salome."

Salome drew a deep breath.

"I'd rather go to supper with the king of the Cannibal islands, ma'am," she said. "But if you are determined to go, I'll go too, and we'll all be poisoned together."

I really believe Salome was curious. She wanted to see what sort of meal "them lunatics" would put up.

We all got a surprise. The Conway supper table was as pretty a one as I have ever sat down to. The linen was spotless. The china and silver old and good—evidently relics of Granny's palmy days. The decorations of ferns and wild flowers were charming, and the awful lamp, with its hideous red globe, which stood on a corner table, cast a very becoming rose-light over everything.

"You see, we can put on style when we want to," said T. B., slyly.

All the family were dressed up for the occasion. "Paw" in a dark suit and white shirt, was handsome and presentable. Aunt Lily for once had her hair done nicely and she and the girls, in their pretty muslins, looked quite charming. Even Granny had on a new black silk and a fresh cap; and, if she could only have held her tongue, might have passed for a decidedly handsome and aristocratic old dame. But that Granny could not do.

"I hope you've got more in your head than you carry on your face," she said when Dick was introduced.

Having said that, however, she behaved herself quite well during supper.

(Continued on following page.)