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MONTREAL

**OWN SOAP**

that these are conspicuous by their absence, because there was a nice earnest-minded young man on board ship who fairly spouted facts and figures about almost everything under the blue canopy. But the sky and the water and my meals seemed so much more important at the time.

DAME DURDEN.

**A HARVEST LETTER.**

Dear Dame Durden:—I thought I would call again this afternoon for a little chat if your time is not occupied.

Harvest is now on, and I suppose everyone is busy. The grain is looking very good. A big hail storm passed through this township about three weeks ago. Nearly everybody was hailed a little; some were total, but fortunately ours was not very bad. I think the farmers have a lot to contend with,—the hail, frost and drought.

It was very kind of Dame Durden to plan our harvest and threshing meals, and I am sure it will help a great many who have a lot of work to do.

We have been feeding our hens three and four barley sheaves, (which are small ones) to a meal to about two hundred hens and chickens, letting them pick the grain from the straw; and lately we notice some of the hens are dying. They seem to lose the power of their legs and their heads turn dark. Can you or any of the Chatterers tell if it is the barley that caused it? We are feeding wheat now.

I was very interested in the description you gave of the Winnipeg Fair, and would like to have been with you.

Carnduff has a fair to-day too, and does well for a small town. The buildings in which the fancy work, and vegetables and grasses are, are just lined on shelves and walls. There are also lots of horses, cattle and poultry.

Well, I think I will have to run home, as I am afraid I am making this more than a chat, so will wish all good luck all through threshing. I remain,

A WESTERN MAIDEN.

P.S. Can you or any of the members give me a good recipe for an orange cake, and thanks in advance.

W. M.

(I am pleased that you liked us well enough to call again. A first visit may be one of convenience, but a second argues the success of the first.

Orange Cake.—Take 2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 4 eggs, (beating whites and yolks separate), juice of 1½ oranges, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup water, 2 cups flour (more if juice requires it).

Barley is a satisfactory grain food for fowls if fed in reasonable quantities and other grains fed with it. No grain should be fed all the time alone. It may be that the sheaves are a little green and the grain is affecting the birds injuriously on that account, or, if you are feeding the barley all the time in large quantities, the hulls are liable to affect the digestive organs. We should judge that your birds are affected with congestion of the liver, as indicated by the dark-colored head, and the lameness may either come from that or rheumatism. Change the diet. If they are confined closely turn them out. Feed less, and see that the birds are free from parasites. Give them

Epsom salts, about twenty grains per hen in mashed food and rub the joints if they are swollen with camphorated sweet oil. Above all, exercise them. D. D.)

**GETTING RID OF A PEST.**

Dear Dame Durden:—I wish to thank Roanoke, Irish Girl, Yankee Girl, Grandma, and the others who so kindly replied to my queries about bread mixers, etc. It is a great help when the housekeepers tell of their little labor-saving devices. I am always on the lookout for anything that will help me with my work.

Can any one tell me about fumigating

with sulphur for bugs? Would meat, flour, etc., need to be removed from the house? Would the sulphur fumes injure them? How would one do it? How much sulphur would be required, and how long would the house need to be shut up?

Some one wrote some time ago suggesting the giving of amateur lessons in botany. I should like very much to see this idea carried out especially if cuts of the flowers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta were given together with scientific and common names. Hoping to receive a reply soon,

EVELYN.

(Continued on next page)

**Power Lot == God Help Us**

By Sarah McLean Greene

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**CHAPTER XXV.**

**SCARECROW AS COMFORTER**

When a man starts out to take more interest in other folks than he does in himself, he's got business before him, and plenty of it; orders to fill by day and by night, and no dull times in his profession.

It's a profession for a particular kind of fool, that's built that way, and it's never overcrowded; the air is fresh all 'round ye, and nothing to obstruct the view—when ye take to running the universe for the sake of other folks.

Mary, on her part, was running the universe to try to save Bate, and she wondered and worried over his continued absence from home.

"But he has done better of late, Jim. Much of the time he has worked faithfully on the place. His crop of corn is the best anywhere about—so they say. Perhaps—he has gone so long without—this will be his last 'spree. If I could only get him home again. Don't you think that he has done better for a good while past?"

"Well, yes," I answered desperately, "I think he has done more."

"You won't give him up, Jim? I could not work still to redeem him—without your help."

Now, I had kissed Cuby as a gull in gay and chatty flight leans to his companion on the wing. But Mary—that adoration of her was a life-long habit—I should never kiss her; that I knew, though she lifted to me the soul in her dark eyes with a trust that riveted me, for the love I had for her, and had nurtured for her, against hope, this many a year. Verily, there are some seas a woman like that does not sail, or she would not have lifted to me a look like that, who must only suffer through my love for her.

"I'll never give up aught that I can do to help you. Did you need to ask me that?" I smiled at her.

Rob, with his able arm, was rigging up a scarecrow—over in the corn field where I went to work—to keep the crows away from Bate's corn. He arranged a decayed hat at a defiant angle on the head of the dreadful creation he was producing. "This is just fit business for me," he declared, "some one-handed fool job like this."

"It's not so bad, considering," said I "trying to keep the crows off the corn of a man that tried to—murder you."

"I've got the habit of working at something all the time, Jim," he went on seriously, "and it is all I'm fit for. I'd better be working than making an ass of myself on high lines, like trying to read Shakespeare and Browning aloud to a woman college president. Did you hear me trying to read aloud to Mary? I wish I had at least a little decent fear, but I'm such a fool I don't stick at anything."

"Rob," I suggested, to turn his thoughts, "you ought to put that hat that Caroline Treet gave you on that scarecrow. It would not be matched then for a success, of its kind, in any kingdom. The crows wouldn't so much as flutter anywheres near all summer."

Rob's shoulders shrugged with a laugh. I saw, though his back was turned, Then he faced me, and there was the

queer spirit that I liked so, and that always floored me, in his blue eyes. You couldn't controvert it or touch it anywhere, it was that steady and deep, though it was only over a little thing that it showed, now.

"Jim, I wouldn't put that hat on a scarecrow for any money, or anything on God's earth. I wouldn't make game of that hat though it was worn to shreds—and I know some 'round here do put Caroline's hats on their scarecrows. I wear it often—when she's looking—and I shall as long as I'm at Power Lot, God Help Us. It's a nice hat, and I like it. You keep quiet about that hat, old man, or you and I'll have a quarrel."

"You've got a good many girls on your string," I adjured him solemnly. The smile grew broad on his face. Then he sobered.

"Ah, Jim," he said, arranging some straw under the tattered vest of his dreadful piece of sculpture in order to give it the similitude of a mortal stomach and some proper pride of bearing; "ah, Jim, you ought to have been in my shoes—at birth, I mean—you would have plodded into the advantages that I tossed in air; you would have used them like an expert, and made a great man of yourself, and—married Mary Stingaree."

He became intensely interested in the processes of the art he was pursuing, and stood off to view his uncanny work. "Mary Stingaree is for neither you nor me," I said. "It would be a shame for her to marry either of us, after all. We both know she is spoken for from a high source, and where she will probably make up her mind to go in the end. We'd better put her out of our minds as far as that is concerned."

"Doctor Margate is too old for her," Rob replied, giving an English cant to the trousers set up on two old broom handles which constituted the legs of his masterpiece. "Too old for her. Perhaps you think she's sort of prim and schoolteachery, Jim, but she isn't. She's great! She's jolly and full of 'go'—didn't you know that? Why, Mary Stingaree is a society woman more than anything else, and a brilliant one, too. She has had a hard, uncongenial life of it, but the music and the dash are all there. She ought to marry a young man, and travel, and entertain at her own house, and all that sort of thing. How she would shine!"

"Doctor Margate is not too old to travel, and by all accounts his house is big enough for even her to shine in. You and I are poor devils with our own work cut out before us, and we've got to stand up to it without frittering our thoughts away in hopeless moonshine. We can be men she can respect, anyway."

"Yes," said Rob, his face settling again to severer lines, with a sharp pallor round the lips. "I can't hang 'round there so much with her, though. I—I wouldn't have dreamed, when I first came to Power Lot, God Help Us, that a man could ever love a woman as I love her now. When she does up my arm, I don't dare breathe, for fear she'd know how I wish that I could die when she touches me, and go off that way, happy, in the bliss of it; quit it all—that way—all this mess that I've got into, that I don't rightly know how to

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**EE A MOTHER'S EE**  
**HAPPY THOUGHT.**  
A lady writing from Ireland says:—"I went to see my sister's baby, who was very ill indeed. She had been up for nights with him without undressing; he was crying all the time as with some internal pain. The doctor told her he could do nothing except put him in a warm bath, which gave him a little ease for the time being."  
"I thought of STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS which I used for my own children; and next day I sent some to my sister, when she gave the child half a powder according to directions. For the first time for a fortnight she and the baby, and, in fact, all the household, had a good night's sleep, and the little fellow has continued to improve ever since."  
These powders do not contain poison, nor are they a narcotic; but they act gently on the bowels, thus relieving feverish heat and preventing fits, convulsions, etc.  
Please notice that the name STEEDMAN is always spelt with EE.

manage. I'm not afraid, old man. I could stand up to anything if I saw my way clear. Once or twice I've thought she—Mary—well, I could not believe it, of course—but I've thought—just for a moment, you know—I've thought—

"Don't think it any more—that's only just her way. You get to thinking that, too hard, and you fall on your head every time, and find you're badly cracked. Stand on your own feet, Rob. Good Lord! stand up independent, and steer."

"You couldn't talk just like that, if you cared for anybody as I care for her." "No?—but it's a safe rule to go by. It's the only way she'd ever care for you."

I pitied the lad's working face. But he climbed out of this quarry before my very eyes. You can tell by the look on a man's face when he has given up his own way and settled down again to sail as true to chart and compass as he knows.

I left him smoking his pipe beside his scarecrow, friendly, and human-close, as though the communion lay deep between him and that uncanny offspring of his genius. I stopped at the house on my way home for a word with Mary. There are lots of ends to pick up when you are running the universe for the sake of a lot of eccentric individuals such as I had to manage.

(Continued on page 257).