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## Brothers Under the Skin

BY EUGENE JONES.

### PART IV.

Cameron was leaning forward, staring at O'Grady through the pipe smoke which floated in odoriferous strata about them. A light burned in his eyes; it was as if the red-shirted, whiskey-smelling foreman had opened a door to a new world.

"Go on, tell me more."  
"Well," continued O'Grady, "them guys down in Montreal don't know about tryin' ter blast a right av way through bedrock. 'Tis me belief they've forgotten the work this same gang's done before. They went back on Uncle Stan because th' idjits thought it was his fault, whin all th' toime it waz th' fault av this blessed country. And along you come whin we've been breakin' our backs ter make good fer th' best mon th' iver lived, and you up and says: 'Men, yer not puttin' out!' . . . Aw hile back ye asked me to put meself in your place. Now, Mister Cameron, put yourself in our place if it plazes ye."

Mike drew on his pipe furiously, his one visible eye blazing. "We ain't none av yer blanked Mexicans; we're white men buildin' a railroad fer th' iverlastin' fun av buildin' it. We'll work loike blazes with ye, but we won't slave under ye; and that, sor, is me honest opinion."

For a moment the tent was very silent. Cameron passed a hand across his eyes as if sight had been miraculously given them after years of darkness. Then he got up.

"Mike O'Grady," said he, "you're right; I'm wrong. Do you think with your help I could learn to work with you fellows? So we can all see the railroad go through?"

The foreman was on his feet like a flash. He grabbed the other's hand.

"'Tis sure av it Oi am, sor! Oi waz a drunken fool to-night, but there'll be no more boozin' in this camp because Oi kin lick iver mither's son av 'em—barrin' you, sor. And Oi ain't sure Oi can't do that whin Oi'm sober."

What particular brand of magic

Mike O'Grady worked before breakfast the following morning in strictly Mike's business. Suffice to say it was a totally changed construction gang that fell upon the cliff with a will. Cameron, watching them, could hardly believe his eyes.

No, O'Grady had been right; this was not a collection of drones, but a gathering of men—of brothers under the skin—giving their best wholeheartedly for a far smaller recompense than he—Cameron—received.

He looked up at the sky and thanked God for all the O'Grady's in the world; and asked God that, through the coming years, he might be blessed with a larger understanding.

Suddenly he saw the gang melt away from the cliff path. Somebody shouted "Blast!" A moment passed; then with a muffled roar a great section of rock tore itself from its bed and hurtled into the valley.

The engineer knew another blast would follow, as it had been found advisable to time the explosion of two charges, one after the other. He joined the group of waiting men, but nothing happened. A minute passed—two, three, five.

Something had gone wrong; the detonator had failed. Of course the loose rock might part at any time of its own weight, or it might remain where it was indefinitely, blocking the work.

O'Grady, in charge of operations at this particular point, swore. "Sure the damn thing's dead! 'Twill be best to go out there an take a look, Oi'm thinkin'."

The engineers practiced eye swept the cliff path, saw the mammoth crack in the rock upholding that path. The next blast would have established a new and firm bed; but there couldn't be any next—blast until somebody placed a fresh detonator on the charge and connected it with the firing wire.

Of course the overhanging ledge might be firm enough to withstand the weight of a locomotive, or it might crash downward under a few pounds

pressure. No way to test this except with human life.

The foreman picked up a rope preparatory to knotting it around his waist. Willing hands would hold the rope; thus, should he be precipitated into the gulf below, he could be pulled back to safety.

Safety? Something closed around Cameron's heart. After the man fetched up against the cliff, after the fragments had showered upon his body what use would there be in dragging what was left to safety?

"Hold on, Mike!" snapped the engineer. O'Grady grinned. "Twill be all right, sor. Jist a ticklish moment while Oi stick on another cap. Oi've done it before."

Cameron had seen others flirt with death. He had taken some long chances himself; but now the conviction came to him that the grinning, red-headed Irishman was worth more to the road, more to progress, than a mere engineer.

Plenty of engineers, but O'Grady's were scarce! Cameron jerked the rope from his foreman.

"I'll tend to that!" he snapped. A dozen men pushed forward. "Not on yer loife!" yelled Mike. "Tis me own job!" And he caught an end of the line.

One second Mike stood grinning, defiant, determined to face the rock shelf; the next he sprawled upon his broad back, catapulted there by Cameron's fist.

"I said," repeated Cameron, "I would tend to setting that cap. Anybody who interferes will wake up beside O'Grady!"

The men hesitated, fell away. Countless fingers gripped the rope the engineer tied about his waist. A hush fell upon the gathering as Cameron, detonator in hand, moved toward the cliff path. Then he stepped out from safety, on his right the sheer wall brushing his shoulder, on his left the abyss reaching for his toes.

He did not look below, but kept his eyes riveted on that portion of the

rock a hundred-feet distant in which was buried the dynamite charge. Every ear waited for the fatal crack which would mean probable death to the man on the path.

Pressing against the cliff, keeping his feet as far from the crumbling ledge as possible, Cameron continued to decrease the gap between him and his objective. Fifty feet—twenty—ten—five—a great sigh went up. He was leaning over the hole, adjusting the cap and making the connection with the firing wire.

Suddenly the dreaded sound cut the stillness—the sharp crack of parting rock. The men tightened their grip on the rope.

Then Cameron stood erect, waving his arm.

"I'll run for it!" he yelled. "Ready!" Well he knew that herein lay his best chance, that the shelf could support his weight but for a moment. Crouching, he shot forward at full speed, one shoulder brushing the cliff, the other extending beyond the path rim. Somewhere below him a rumble broke forth. He had covered the greater part of the distance and the men were helping him with a taut line. The rumble increased. He was near now.

"Jump!" somebody screamed. "Jump!" It was Mike, who had been watching the cliff through narrowed eyes.

Blindly Cameron obeyed; and at the same instant those dragging in the rope gave a mighty heave. As his feet left the ledge it parted from the cliff, spinning into the valley below. For a moment his body was whirling through space.

It was Mike O'Grady who darted him off and pressed his dirty rag of a handkerchief over a cut on Cameron's cheek where he had struck a projecting fragment of rock; and it was Mike O'Grady who kept screeching at the top of his lungs:

"Yer a fool, sor—a blanked fool! B'ys, he's a blanked fool, but we're with 'im—iver mither's son av us!"

(The End.)

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

## About the House

### DINNERS FOR THE THRESHERS.

Planning carefully in advance will eliminate many of the thrashing-time difficulties in the kitchen. To be successful, meals for threshers must taste good and be hearty enough for hard-working men—so that the crew will work cheerfully and come back eagerly for the following year.

And for the benefit of the housewife, they must be easy to prepare and cooked in large quantities, for second and third helpings.

Those who know in advance the exact day and hour of the arrival of the threshers have the choice of several menus, depending on what is most easily obtained and what is most easily cooked.

Last-minute cooking, like frying and broiling, is best avoided. The last minutes are busy enough with table setting and serving.

Top-of-the-stove cooking should be kept down to the minimum, for that space will be needed for coffee and tea making and last touches on gravies and sauces, unless, however, a steamer or pressure cooker takes its triple burden of the cooking on one round of the stove space. And both the steamer and pressure cooker are admirable for large-quantity cooking in small-quantity space.

The oven is to be depended on for the bulk of the cooking. A big pot or pan of beans may be baked the day before and warmed up as wanted. Roasts will give hot meat for dinner and cold slices for supper. Macaroni and cheese for supper is browned for an hour in the oven before serving. Even a meat stew will cook away merrily in an earthen dish in the oven and will be the better flavored for it.

The garden will supply potatoes, green vegetables and salad. The vegetables call for the top of the stove, but the cooking time is relatively short. Limit the vegetables to one variety unless a steamer is used. To save time and labor substitute packaged noodles for potatoes, which demand preparation.

The salad depends on the season—sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, radishes, onions or lettuce—and cabbage, especially the real slaw with sour-cream dressing; is a universal favorite.

For dessert nothing surpasses, to most men's mind, berry or fruit pies. Made the day before, they can be warmed up at the last moment. Fruit and cake make good alternatives for the last course. Fruit jelly—full of berries or fruit—with cream, is a day-before task and easily served, as are many other puddings. But they must be prepared a day ahead.

The woman who has an ice cream freezer with a right-sized son to turn it can serve this cooling but hearty dessert. There is nothing more delicious, and all but the freezing is done in advance.

A word as to cakes and cookies. Put all the good things into the cake proper and omit the laborious frostings. Nuts, lots of them, coconut, raisins, candied cherries make a frosting superfluous. Pour the batter in a loaf or a shallow square or oblong pan, sprinkle with coconut or granulated sugar to give a nice finish, and bake. Serve in slices or squares.

And instead of cookies make drop cakes and the work will go twice as fast. These, too, may be full of sugar and spice and everything nice.

When the machine pulls into the field unexpectedly, the meal must be based on supplies that are on hand. One clever housewife holds over in a safe place enough of her own canned goods—meats, vegetables and fruits—to serve two or three such unplanned-for meals.

She opens a few cans and starts their contents cooking, gathers what the garden will yield for salad and fresh vegetables, and soon a real 100 per cent. meal will be ready for serving.

A few cans of corned beef plus potatoes will give delicious hash; moisten it with milk and bake in the oven until brown and crisp. A baking dish or casserole is excellent.

Baked beans are emptied into a large dish and covered with strips of bacon before heating in the oven until the bacon is crisp. A scalloped dish of alternate layers of salmon, green peas and white sauce with bread crumbs, seasoned with onions, parsley and paprika and baked in the oven, makes a good meal.

Canned beef emptied into a big covered baking dish with new carrots, peas, diced potatoes, onions and some tomatoes, makes a corking good stew. With a couple of packages of macaroni, a can of tomatoes or tomato soup and some cheese, a hearty supper dish of macaroni, with tomato-cheese sauce, is possible. Dried beef, sausage or canned meat is also good with macaroni.

Kipperd herring or the large sardines put up in sauce offer possibilities for supper with some scalloped potatoes, salad and fruit with cake. The fresh vegetables will depend on the season. If time and help are lacking, open up some canned ones and heat with seasoning and butter. Noodles or rice may replace potatoes if drained well and buttered generously.

Something for a salad will surely be on hand, and a bottled dressing on the shelf will replace the homemade.

If bread is lacking, try cornbread—easily made and baked. Next in time of preparation come muffins and drop baking-powder biscuits.

But dessert must not be forgotten! The ingredients for gingerbread are always at hand and it is quickly mixed. Baking while the meat is being eaten, it comes out hot and spicy to go with canned fruit or fresh fruit or by itself with rich cream.

Others may prefer to make a rich biscuit dough, pat it into shape, bake it as a shortcake and cover with whatever berries or fruit are in season, or lacking either, with canned fruit and cream.

With ingenuity and foresight the emergency will be met successfully and the guests more than satisfied. And the thrashing is over for another year.

Here are some good combinations: Roast beef, browned potatoes, summer squash, radishes and lettuce, berry pie.

Corned beef and cabbage, browned mashed potatoes, sliced tomatoes, nut

cake and fruit. Boil the corned beef the day before and finish it in a covered roaster in the oven.

Baked ham, boiled noodles, succotash, cucumbers and pickled beets, green apple pie.

Baked beans with pork, brown bread, mixed vegetable salad, fruit jelly and cream.

Macaroni and cheese, buttered string beans, sliced tomatoes, fruit and drop spice cakes.

Canned red kidney beans, crisp bacon, corn on the cob, sliced tomatoes, fruit shortcake.

Creamed salmon and peas, rice, cabbage slaw, hot gingerbread and fruit.

Sliced ham baked in milk, boiled potatoes, carrots with butter, lettuce salad, fruit tapioca.

### PAIL FOR PICKING FRUIT.

A "hooked" pail will make the picking of cherries and other small fruit easier and safer. Any boy or girl in a few minutes can bend a strong wire into a small hook at one end and a large hook at the other. The small hook fastens to the handle of pail or basket. The larger hook slips over a branch of the tree. This leaves both the picker's hands free, and as it may hang where the fruit is thick the pail is soon filled without bruising the fruit.

### THE CURE.

Sometimes when things turn upside down and inside out and look dark brown I rush outdoors and gaze into the topless sky's eternal blue—so calm and cool—so still and deep—with soft contented clouds like sheep. I shade my eyes and stare and stare, then go back in the house, and there begin to wonder and to doubt what I was in a stew about.—Nancy Byrd Turner.

### A Philanthropist.

A lavish moon smiled down on every brook,  
And lent her loveliness to each lagoon;  
Glowing at midnight like a rose at noon  
In lustrous splendour, she forgot to look  
On no least hidden and enchanted nook  
Which beauty makes her own. She bent to peep  
Wherever fragrant gardens lay asleep,  
And shimm'ring silver on their petals shook.

Then, chatting with the clouds, she drifted down  
The sky, where stars, like blossoms, gay with bloom,  
Lighted her way into a weary town  
So dark with grime her rays scarce pierced the gloom.  
And here she dropped a dower of sparkling beams,  
That all the children might have happy dreams!

—Charlotte Becker.

### For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

His Answer.

A young man who was deeply in love with a girl who lived in another town decided to offer his hand and heart. So he went to the telegraph office and sent this message:

"Will you marry me? Twenty-word answer paid for."

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