

Into a Crockery Teapot

Put a teaspoonful of the genuine

"SALADA"

for every TWO cups. Pour on freshly BOILING water and let it stand for five minutes. THE RESULT will be the most perfect flavoured tea you ever tasted.

The Rattletrap Gun

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX.

III.

She darted out on the back porch, the moon shone on her with bald brightness, revealing her flight. The cotton was up to her waist, and the open boils scraped her free hand like fuzzy worms. She hugged the gun to her body; it stood no more ready to her father's hand. As for the rattletrap gun, probably he wouldn't see that. It lay in the shade, and her father didn't see very plain when he was as he was to-night.

She ran into the shadow cast by the pines, then stopped and looked back toward the house. She could see the end of the front porch. Along the straight edge where it joined the house she made out a protuberance. Her father had risen and was standing there against the wall.

She started to scream, but that would bring Ben running. She could only wait panting here. A stick cracked in the woods and her father jumped off the porch. She could see his burly body above the hip-high cotton, his white shirt, his hair in the moonlight, white like an old man's hair. He broke into a crouching run toward the match that had cracked. He looked like a white ape, bent forward, running.

It would not stop him to scream. He would understand, he would rush on at Ben. She pointed the gun at the moon, shut her eyes, and pulled convulsively. Both barrels went off. In her excitement she had pulled both triggers. The kick staggered her, the echoes rolled from the amphitheatre of woods like an army firing. When she opened her eyes her father had stopped. He could not see her in the shadow of the woods. He turned and ran toward the house. She heard him stomp up on the porch, down the hall, into his room; she heard his muffled, maddened voice calling her up-stairs. She looked at the gun in her hand and smiled.

Somebody was running along the edge of the woods toward her. She could see him brushing through the cotton, see his white shirt, then his white face, then hear him panting. He caught her hard by both shoulders, his eyes burning down into hers.

"Ben?" she whispered.

"Are you all right, Tess?"

She nodded and smiled.

He straightened up with a profound breath, brushed his hat off his head, ran his hand over his hair.

"I thought you had shot yourself!"

"I stole the gun," she said.

He was looking toward the house, his head and shoulders rising above the shadow into the moonlight. He seemed to swallow something hard down his throat.

"Here," he said quickly. "Give me the gun." He unbreached it. "It's dead," he gasped, and drew out the empty shells. "Stand aside, Tess—there, toward the woods."

She backed away, her eyes on his face.

"Here, Ben?"

"Yes."

He stepped boldly out into the moonlight. He was looking toward the barn, as if he were trying hard to see something.

"It'll be all right, Tess," he said. "Sure it'll be all right. Just don't move."

His gun flashed an arc through the air as he waved it toward the barn.

"Stop, Bill Simpson! Stop, man!"

Out of the shadow of the barn her father had burst and was hurrying toward them, as she had seen him toward cotton pickers when they were loafing. There was something in his hands, thrust forward at her.

The moonlight flashed on it.

She had put in

cottage that he wanted to paint white—and the girl had darted out of the shadow ahead of him and was running toward her father.

"Get out o' the way!" he yelled. "You fool!"

He went on filling the night with his yells. He raised the gun, she was in front of it, and he lowered it with a choking oath. For all his bulk, he jumped aside like an athlete and raised it again.

She sprang suddenly forward and caught the barrel with both hands. Clinging to it, she was jerked powerfully back through the cotton. He was twisting and turning the barrel viciously through her hands, his face horrible with its effort. The muzzle was pressed against her body below her breast.

"I ain't goin' to turn loose!" she panted. "Never—never!"

She closed her eyes—she heard steps running up behind her. Again she was jerked back; again the barrel twisted this way and that. Then he had stopped still, and she opened her eyes. He stood panting above her, his protruding eyes on her hands, clenching the barrel, on the muzzle pressed into her breast.

"Hit's the rattletrap!" he gasped. He choked and swallowed.

"Hit'll go off!" he roared. "Hit'll shoot you!"

"I don't care, Pa."

He was shaking all over; his soaked shirt was clinging to his arms and shoulders.

"Look, gal—into yo' pa's face! You remember—the ol' gun! Won't you turn loose? Turn loose for your pa, like a good gal?"

He was looking above her now helplessly.

"Hit's a old gun, Ben," he was panting. "Hit's cocked. I'm all shakin'—I'm afeerd to let the hammers down. They're wore out. Ben, you want to see her blowed all to hell? Don't touch her, man!" he screamed. "She might jerk! Here, gal—see? I turn loose. Easy, gal, easy! Throw it away from you. Thataway! God A'mighty!"

The stock had come heavily to the ground. With a convulsive shudder she threw the muzzle away from her. A moment it pointed uncertainly at the sky, and Ben sprang forward. Just in front of his grasping hand it tottered and fell; a flame shot along the cotton rows, the cotton mowed down tumbling in after its passage; the roar shook the ground under them.

Off there her father stood, chest heaving, face flabby with sobered horror.

"Ben," he choked, "I might-a killed my little gal. Ben—I ain't a soak no more."

He turned and stumbled through the cotton toward the house, wiping his face on his shirt sleeve.

"Pa!" cried the girl, and started to run after him.

But Ben caught her by the shoulders and turned her round, his face stern, his eyes blazing.

"Not yet," he said. "Let him study about it. It won't do him any harm!"

They stood side by side, looking in the direction of the house. When at last Ben spoke the anger had gone out of his voice, the terrible look out of his eyes.

"We'll go now, Tess."

They did not find him on the porch; there was his empty chair, and beside it on the floor his pipe and his shoes. Alone the girl went softly down the hall to his room door and looked in. When she came back to the porch where Ben waited, her eyes were swimming.

"Ben," she whispered, "he's sittin' by the window in the moonlight—'an' Ben—he's cryin'!"

Then she too began to cry softly. But out in the border of the woods, where a match had been struck, a mocking bird, perched lightly on the topmost twig of the loftiest pine, was filling the brilliant night with song.

(The End.)

An Embryo Politician.

"Mother," said little Ray in an agitated tone, "you have no constitutional right to send me to bed without my supper."

"What do you mean, Raymond?"

"You are exercising rule without the consent of the governed."



Woman's Interests

Sonny's Bath.

"Come in!" cheerfully called out the young neighbor, in answer to the old-fashioned mother's knock. "You're just in time to see Sonny have his bath."

"Perhaps I better not," the caller answered, at the same time closing the door behind her; "won't he make an awful fuss?"

"Not Sonny," the little mother replied. "He just loves his bath. Why, it's our frolic-time. Eh, little man?"

In answer the baby waved his chubby arms, kicked, smiled, and emitted a series of sweet, cooing sounds. The visitor was astounded.

"He'll cry before you are through with him, I bet. You're the first mother I ever heard of who spoke of a baby's bath as frolic-time! My babies always screamed from the moment I took them up to bathe them until I had finished. It was my day's hardest task, and I was always thankful when it was over."

"I don't think he'll cry," was the mother's only answer. "See how good he is while I wash his eyes, nose and mouth."

The older woman watched in amazement. While they were talking, the young mother had put a teaspoonful of boric acid into a cupful of warm water. Now she pulled tiny bits from a roll of absorbent cotton. One of these she dipped in the water, and carefully squeezed a single drop from it into each eye, quickly wiping the eye with a dry bit of the cotton. The baby gurgled and laughed. Keeping the baby's attention all the time, with deft fingers she squeezed a bit of white vaseline on two more swabs of cotton, twisted them firmly, then carefully cleaned each nostril, using a separate "twist" for each. Again he laughed.

It took but a moment to wash the rosy mouth. Baby's mother wound a piece of the cotton around the end of her little finger, dipped it in the boric acid solution, and while baby bit at her soft finger, washed tongue, gums and lining of the mouth.

"Well, I never!" the caller said. "I never went through all that for my babies. It's lots of work, isn't it?"

"Yes, it does take extra time, but it's worth it. Baby has never had sore eyes or mouth, and his little nose is so clear he can always breathe through it."

"I wish I'd known that when I had babies to take care of. They always had sore mouths, and sometimes red, inflamed eyes. But we thought that was as common with the babies as cutting teeth. As for the nose, when I saw it was dirty, I cleaned it with a small hairpin. The youngsters always fought against it. I suppose it did hurt." The young mother shuddered at the very thought. "Ah, now he'll cry!" the caller exclaimed, "when he gets the soap in his eyes!" But no soap was used on his face. It was carefully washed with clear water and patted dry.

Until then the baby had been fully dressed. Now his mother removed his clothes—kimono, flannel petticoat, shirt, binder and diapers. "I always take off his nightgown, which is apt to be damp, the first thing in the morning, and put on a warm flannel kimono. He is never fully dressed until after his bath—always at half-past nine."

The old-fashioned mother thought of her babies, who had lain and fussed in their nightclothes until she was ready to bathe them. Perhaps, she wondered, that may have been one reason why they were so cross during the bath. She wondered, too, if she had ever been as quick with her fingers as this little mother, herself scarcely more than a girl. Every movement counted with her.

Soaping a wet cloth with castile soap, she washed first the back and then the front of the baby, and while the caller stared with wide-open eyes, lifted him gently into a tub of water. With the fingers of the left hand spread to support the tiny head and shoulders, she rapidly rinsed off all the soap with a wet sponge, and in the twinkling of an eye had the baby again in her lap, face downward in the large soft towel she had pinned to her left side, and almost enveloped by the free end of the towel which the mother had thrown over his wet body.

The visitor gasped. It had all been done so quickly, yet so thoroughly, without a murmur of dissent. Instead peeping out turtle-fashion from the towel were two bright eyes, gazing at the visitor's red shawl, while their owner contentedly sucked a moist pink arm. A gentle patting with the bath towel, a careful drying of all the creases, a brisk rubbing of the scalp, and then a slight dusting of powder in chafeable spots—and Sonny was ready to be dressed.

Once more the older woman exclaimed, "Here's where he'll cry!" But the visitor smiled.

Let the cards be arranged according to the months when the plants flower. Under June we find all the plants that blossom in June. If the blossoming continues into or through July, a duplicate card should be filed under July. By that plan you can see at a glance what flowers blossom in any particular month, and by referring to the chart on the other side of the card you can learn what color the plant is, how high it grows and where it should be planted.

By studying the bloom of the preceding and of the following month you can plan a full garden for the entire season. You can work out beautiful compositions, either in harmony or contrast of color, and the garden will become almost a reality, even while winter winds whistle down the chimney and snow drifts over the garden plot.

Old paintings which have been "faked" are now tested by X-rays.

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MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT
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again she was wrong. There seemed to be no bungling, hard-to-put-on clothes. Instead of the tight belly-band which she had always dreaded to sew on, this mother slipped over the youngster's feet a knit band with shoulder straps. The shirt was double-breasted and fastened with one small safety-pin. The petticoats were slipped into the simple little dress, and as one garment were drawn over the feet, Baby was turned face downward, and the three garments were buttoned without further disturbing the wearer. He actually enjoyed it.

When at last the little mother brushed back his silky down of hair, and, after wiping her nipple with a piece of cotton saturated with the boric acid solution, placed him at her breast, she turned to the visitor with a happy smile. "Do you wonder I enjoy this hour?" she asked. "Sonny is always like this at bath-time. He is never tired or hungry at half-past nine; I have everything ready so I don't have to make him wait, half-dressed, while I place him in the tub; and most of all, he feels how much I enjoy it, and so has confidence in me. Now he'll nurse and go to sleep."

"It's well-nigh wonderful," the old-fashioned mother replied. "I'd never have believed it could be done if I hadn't seen you do it. Bathed a baby—put it in a tub of water even—and it laughed and cooed and kicked its legs and waved its arms in glee all the time!"

The caller glanced at the clock. Quarter of ten! Still more wonderful! She had only been in the house fifteen minutes.

Gardening in Winter.

Just as soon as the spring seed catalogues begin to appear, we think about our garden for the following summer, so it is lots of interest to begin planning early.

In making the planting plans there are three things to be kept in mind. First, when each plant blooms; second, what the color of the blossoms is; third, how tall the plants grow.

Careful consideration of the first matter will enable you to avoid bare spots and make possible a desirable amount of bloom throughout the garden during the whole season.

It is important to study color in order to avoid bringing inharmonious shades too close together.

The importance of the height of the bloom is obvious. Small plants must not be hidden by larger ones. The tallest should be used as a background for the lower ones, and the lowest should be placed in front.

Though each of the three subjects admits of extended study, the first is of the greatest importance to the amateur gardener. Unless due consideration is given to continuity of bloom, it may happen, in fact, it is more likely to happen that when one side of the garden is in its glory the other side will have so few plants in bloom that it will be bare and dull.

Here is a fascinating and practical aid for the gardener who wishes to go on planning and planting even after the last flowers have faded and the garden is buried in snow. You can spend the winter studying and arranging plants.

Have printed cards, and have a card for each plant. On one side record the common and the scientific name, and whether the plant is perennial, a biennial, or an annual. Also leave space for the botanical classification of the flowers for telling what color it is, how tall it grows and when it blooms.

Next record whether it prefers sun or shade and where it came from. This last item is of particular interest when the plant has come from some friend or from a special garden. When the seed should be planted or the plant set out may also be of much interest. Also a liberal space should be provided upon that side of the card for notes about the plant; what particular care it needs, what its enemies are and how and when to combat them.

On the reverse side of the card should be printed a small diagram of the garden plot, showing the beds, walks, and so forth; on the diagram the exact location of the plant or variety of plants recorded on the face of the card may be indicated by little drosses or dots.

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Lights of Home.

The lights of home, the lights of home,
That glimmer through the orchard trees,
Of all the lights of all the world,
There are no other lights like these.

The sparkling lights of city streets,
How they bewitch, enchant, enthrall,
Yet, measured for their true worth,
What very shallow lights withal!

The sunlight dancing on the waves,
The moonbeams' mellow, mystic light,
The beacon light upon the shore,
The camp fire glowing in the night.

I love them all, and yet to me
There is a fairer light than these;
It is the golden, welcoming stream
That glimmers through the orchard trees.

For everything I hold most dear
Is there behind that streaming light;
Home and the folks you love the best,
This is the greeting through the night.

The lights of home, dear lights of home,
That glimmer through the orchard trees,
Of all the lights of all the world,
There are no other lights like these.

The Will and the Way.

There's something I'll have you remember, boys,
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife;

Whenever there's something that should be done,
Don't be faint-hearted and say,
'What's the use to try?' Remember, then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those that win;
But though at first they fail,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure at last to prevail.

Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your mind to reach the top;
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat.
Their failures only made them strong
For the work they had to meet.

The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For where here's a will there's a way.

Colored Eggs for Safety.

Nature equips all living things with protection of some kind against their enemies.

The larger animals are able, by reason of their strength, to give a good account of themselves in combat. Birds and many of the smaller animals depend upon the rapidity of their movements. But there is another effective means of self-preservation known as "protective coloration."

Snakes and many varieties of fish form an excellent illustration. Their scales are so colored that they blend with the surrounding rocks or the shadows of the water, making them almost invisible to the eye. In fact, it is only when one of these protectively-colored animals moves that its presence is apparent.

The same principle is responsible for the different colors of birds' eggs. The mother bird is unable to fight aggressively, so she has to seek refuge in flight. During the time she is away from the nest, either seeking safety from her enemies or looking for food, the eggs must be protected in some manner. It is for this reason that they are colored to blend with the surroundings in which they are laid—some of them spotted because they are laid in the sand or among pebbles, others buff-colored or green to match the material of the nest.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The influence of the moon upon weather has recently been denied by scientists.

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NEW ALBINO TOMATO—Pure white in color, containing no acid whatever, very handsome, smooth fruit, a good cropper, and medium early. Pkt. 25 seeds 30c., 4 for \$1.00. Postpaid.

EARLIEST OF ALL CUCUMBER—The best extra early, white spin type, fruit uniform, tapering slightly and abruptly at both ends, color good deep green, and an excellent shipper. Pkt. 10c., oz. 30c., 2 oz. 50c., 4 oz. 90c. Postpaid.

BRUCE'S GOLDEN JUSTICE SWEET CORN. It is unequalled in flavor, sweetness and tenderness, and of fine table appearance, a rich creamy yellow—it is a medium early, a good cropper, and harder than most varieties. Pkt. 10c., 1/4 lb. 20c., 1/2 lb. 35c., 1 lb. 60c. Postpaid.

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Shaming Death for Years.

Remarkable stories are told about the fasting powers of the fakirs of India.

These strange men have a peculiar faculty for throwing themselves into a trance, suspending all the activities of life, and remaining for many weeks not only without food but also without water and with a very scanty supply of air.

They begin their performance by taking a dose of bhanga, a powerfully stupefying drug. Then they are lowered into a tomb, where they remain in a profound trance for from six to eight weeks. When resurrected they are wan, haggard, weak, and wasted.

A German physician gives an account of a fakir who was buried in a vault for such a long time that grain sown above it sprouted into leaf before he was released.

One fakir was buried in a deep grave for six weeks. When exhumed he had the appearance of a dead man. His heart had apparently ceased to beat, but under treatment the man recovered.

Another of these abnormal men was known to have been buried in a grave in the mountains for four months, after which he recovered and lived for many years.

No explanation of his extraordinary power is forthcoming. Investigations prove that the pulses cannot be felt and there is no evidence that the heart continues to beat. The performer of the apparent miracle does not appear to breathe, and makes no movement whatever.

The power resembles that of hibernating animals. A marmot can live six months without food or water, and the story is told of a wonderful Egyptian snail which was brought from Egypt apparently dead, in 1845, and placed in the British Museum. Five years later a growth was noticed on its mouth, and on being taken from the card to which it was gummed and placed in water it soon became active and ate cabbage leaves.

A Versatile Animal.

"For sale," read the advertisement in the local paper, "a cow that gives ten quarts of milk a day besides two grindstones, a lot of farm tools and a set of harness."

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Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies, Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dye-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.

Obedient Orders.

"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith, Tommy?" asked the manager of the new office-boy.

"No, sir," replied Tommy. "He was out, and his office was locked up."

"Why didn't you wait for him as I told you to do?"

"There was a notice on the door, sir, saying, 'Return immediately,' so I came back here as quickly as I could, sir."

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