

## Virginia's Different Dominion Day

BY MABEL MARTIN

"Don't waste any more breath! I'm going to stay home. I'll have a different Dominion Day this year, if I have to sleep all day. Every year since I can remember we have gone to Mayfield. You couldn't drag me there this year." And Virginia Bolton looked obstinate, daring her family to oppose her.

"But Virginia," remonstrated her younger sister Myrtle, "there'll be young folks there from all over the county. Maybe you'd meet someone new you'd like."

"At this Walter laughed. When he wished to exasperate Virginia he told her she was unmarried at twenty-eight, not because she liked her teaching and valued her independence, but because she seldom met men other than those with whom she had grown up.

"Just think, Virgie," he admonished, "you might meet your fate. You ought to go as a matter of principle."

"And you ought to stop teasing your sister as a matter of principle," placidly retorted Mrs. Bolton. "Of course, Virginia, stay home if you really want to. But won't you be lone-some with just Uncle Jerry? There's to be a fine parade this year, speeches in the grove. And special speakers coming from the city. You'd like to hear them."

"Not I, mother dear," replied Virginia. "I can't think of anything I'd hate worse. So we'll call it settled. And Uncle Jerry and I will keep house and tend the chickens."

Tending the chickens was a stock joke with the Boltons, since it was Uncle Jerry's invariable excuse for staying home from festivities and dozing on the south porch with his pipe and favorite farm paper.

So it happened that on the morning of a cloudless Dominion Day the Boltons packed themselves into the surrey with their lunch baskets. Virginia waved a gay farewell from the steps of the porch. She had planned a lazy day with a new book and a pantry stocked with left-over goodies.

"It'll rain," commented Uncle Jerry. "Nonsense, not a cloud in the sky," said Virginia.

"Can't help it. Allus does rain on Dominion Day an' allus will," and Uncle Jerry settled himself and his pipe in the old cushioned rocker. There was an imposing pile of magazines and books dealing with the care of chickens on the table at his elbow. But whether Uncle Jerry read a great deal and dozed a little, or dozed a great deal and read a little, was a mooted question in the family.

Presently Virginia took her book and a two-pound box of chocolate to the hammock under the maple tree and near the clump of lilacs that had made spring a glory in the Bolton front yard.

Virginia's thin dress was cool and comfortable. The hammock swung lazily. The chocolates were all that could be desired and so was her book. Virginia sighed contentedly. Soon her eyes were shut and she was dreaming of floating along on one of the puffy clouds that were piled wily near the western horizon.

Suddenly Virginia dreamed that she fell from the cloud into the chicken yard, and awoke, ready to hear a fearful squawk by a real hen. An automobile was coming rapidly along the road and the hen had decided that her only safety lay in getting home. There was a grinding of brakes, a series of explosions and with a snort of defiance, the machine came to a stop in the grassy gully a foot or so from the fence.

The man who had been driving leaped from the car and walked around it, looking it over. He made a number of remarks, half under his breath. Virginia could not hear all of them, which she thought was perhaps fortunate but, after serious investigation he began to look wildly about the landscape. He did not see Virginia but he did see that the house door was open and he started up the path with that air of determination and fine carelessness of convention which characterizes motorists in trouble.

Virginia saw that he was young. His brown hair clung damply to his heated forehead. His face was streaked with black. His hands were grimed unspeakably. His linen duster was torn at the pockets. Altogether, he had a ferocious aspect. But Virginia was used to such visitors since she lived on a main road. She knew them for a mad but harmless tribe. Her glance struggled between a proper demureness and definite amusement. His face took on a deeper shade of red.

"If you heard me—um—talking, I hasten to apologize. It's serious. I'm due to make a speech at Mayfield at one o'clock and it's nearly one now."

"Can't you fix it?" Her glance sought the disabled roadster.

"Not without repair parts I haven't with me. Maybe your father has them. What kind of a car does he drive?"

"Horses. He thinks them more trustworthy in the long run," said Virginia coolly. She felt cool and very implish.

"How about a train?"

"Three miles, and no train to Mayfield until five," Virginia responded, adding in a tone that she hoped would penetrate his armor: "You see we are entirely out of the world. You'd better telephone to Mayfield and tell them you can't get there."

"A telephone!" he cried, surprised

and somewhat cheered. "Sure enough. Judge Curran went over from the city this morning on the train. They can get him to speak. Lead me to the telephone!"

Virginia was still more piqued by the stranger's extravagant welcome of the telephone. Convinced that she did not like having her quiet day disturbed by a wild-looking young man who demanded cars and repair parts and trains and telephones, and who looked with scorn upon country people, she grudgingly indicated the open front door of the house and said in a tone of edged politeness:

"Walk in and make yourself at home. The screen's not latched. The telephone's right there, in the hall."

Her manner at last made an impression. The young man said stiffly: "Awfully sorry to inconvenience you. I must telephone but after that I won't trouble you. My name is Atwater. Donald Atwater. I was to speak at Mayfield. After all, you have some responsibility. 'Why didn't you call your chicken off?'"

"It may have been our chicken," retorted Virginia, "but why didn't you stop before you got to it? It made noise enough."

He turned toward the house without answering. He had been driving mechanically, with his thoughts far from autos and farther from chickens. He looked so ludicrous with the black streaks decorating that expression of wounded dignity.

Virginia relented and called softly: "Mr. Atwater, you can get Mayfield by calling Mayfield 226 and the operator there will find a way to put your message through. It is altogether too bad!"

He made no sign that he had heard and disappeared into the house. After an interval he came out and without a glance in Virginia's direction he reached the roadster.

In the hammock Virginia swung idly; in the road Donald Atwater appeared to work energetically on his car. In the west there was a low rumbling of distant thunder. Virginia looked up as the hurrying clouds obscured the sun. Uncle Jerry, who had comfortably dozed the morning through, appeared at the corner of the porch and gazed in some surprise at the roadster by the fence.

"Goin' to rain, Virgie," he called. "I said it to rain. Better bring your young man to eat. 'Nofful storm comin'." Then he hobbled to the house.

Virginia glanced toward the roadster. The "bumpious creature" was putting down the hood of his engine and wrapping up his tool kit. He looked rather forlorn and somewhat like a sulky boy. Virginia gathered up her chocolates and her book and went swiftly across the grass to the gate.

"Mr. Atwater, I really beg your pardon. Won't you come into the house. It's going to pour. Er—my Uncle invites you to have lunch. Surely you are hungry enough by this time to forgive me for my rudeness."

The combination of a promised lunch, the rain and Virginia's really disarming penitence were too much for Donald Atwater. Like two friendly children they ran up the path and reached the house as the storm broke in a furious onslaught.

An hour later the storm was over. They were making a hearty luncheon of which the main ingredients were a huge platter of cold chicken, a crisp apple pie and a three-storey layer chocolate cake.

In the cool of the evening the service station at Mayfield responded to a telephone call for help and the roadster started, ignominiously towed, to finish its journey. Its owner, after slightly fervent good-byes, went with it, intending to catch a night train for Gorton from Mayfield.

Virginia was left sitting in the hammock in the summer night. Walter came toward her from the gate, having seen their guest disappear over the hill.

"Some Dominion Day for you, all right!" he remarked inelegantly. "If capturing the main speaker of the day and keeping him to yourself while the crowd went without, isn't different? I don't know what is."

"You know he couldn't help it!" retorted Virginia warmly.

"Sure he couldn't help it!" responded Walter. "Who can stand against a hen—or even a chicken? Didn't act much as if he wanted to help it. I'd give a cookie to know, though, just what the matter with his car."

"Maybe you'll have a chance to ask him Sunday," said Virginia kindly.

"He's coming out. He asked to call properly."

**Canadian Cattle in England.** Dominion Live Stock Branch cables dated the last day of May report that 445 Canadian cattle sold at Birkenhead mostly at 23c per pound and that a few of the choicest commanded 24c, in sink. Shipments through Canadian Eastern ports during the week amounted to 2,446 cattle.

Canada's wheat production increased by 70 per cent. in 10 years.

Canada continues to maintain a high enviable reputation for the healthiest live stock. —Veterinary Director-General.



Their Majesties King Geo. V. and Queen Mary

## Community Picnic for July First

By Pearl Bailey

Community picnics are becoming more popular every year as the best means of gathering families, friends and neighbors together to celebrate the First of July.

The picnic place should be an attractive outdoor spot where everyone may share in games and fun, and be central or easy of access so it can be reached without too much effort on the part of those responsible for getting the dinner there and served.

The men usually take charge of the entertainment part of the picnic and have a committee appointed to assign duties and look after the games and prizes. Girls should be on this committee too. It is most important to have a committee of the women folk and girls to take charge of the dinner arrangements and serving; the men folk can help on this committee.

This committee should consist of three or five or more, if it is a great, big picnic. The committee assigns duties to the different families, plans the menu several days beforehand and knows definitely what each one may be depended upon to bring. In this way there will be no danger of food shortage or excess.

A dinner to be served to large numbers in the open is best prepared at home and carried to the picnic grounds ready to serve. Coffee should be made on the grounds, and plenty of it, piping hot, should be provided.

Where distances are not too great, almost any good hot dish may be prepared at home and carried in some way that it will be hot at serving time.

Hot foods are best cooked in large granite pans which retain the heat and are safer than other pans. Be careful about using tin pans as serious poisoning may result from a careless use of tin.

Cold salads are put into glass jars and these, if heavily wrapped in damp cloths, carry very nicely and remain quite cold until serving time.

Remember to cut sandwiches thin and make them neat and attractive. Keep them moist by wrapping them in a damp cloth or paraffin paper. Wrap two or three together for individual serving.

In planning the amount of food, count the approximate number to be served, and allow two good servings for each one.

Ask each family to bring enough silver, cups, plates and napkins and a table cloth for their own needs; and be responsible for their own belongings and dishes after the dinner is over.

Two coffee pots for the coffee are much better than one large pot—for one may be kept hot while serving from the other. The coffee may be served from the end of the table and in this way very little waitress work will be required.

After the dinner is over each picnicker clears up his own dishes, scraps and crumbs and one appointed member of each family puts away all the things belonging to that family.

I am offering a few simple hot and cold dish suggestions which may be useful to the committee in planning the community dinner menu.

**Hot Dishes**—Creamed potatoes, scalloped corn, baked beans, coffee, chicken pie, baked rice with cheese, baked rice with tomatoes, fried chicken, chocolate.

**Cold Dishes**—Veal loaf, beef loaf, cold tongue, boiled ham, pressed chicken, sandwiches—olive, nut, cheese, lettuce. Cake, cookies, berry pies, strawberry tarts, lemonade, egg salad, potato salad, salmon salad, fruit jelly, cabbage salad with pimento, pickles, conserve and jelly, ice cream and candy.

**PICNIC COFFEE.** Allow one tablespoon rounded measure of coffee for each guest to be served. Measure coffee into a bowl. Add the white of one egg for every seven persons to be served. Stir all together thoroughly until the coffee is wet evenly. Put in clean glass jars, cover tightly and it is ready to carry to the picnic.

To make the coffee, add to this mixture, in the pot, one large coffee cup of freshly drawn clean water, for each guest; stir grounds and water until well mixed and put on to boil. Let boil hard for three to five minutes and *do not let it boil over.* Remove from fire and let stand a few minutes to settle.

**VEAL LOAF.** 2½ lbs. veal, ½ lb. salt pork, 4 eggs, juice of small lemon, 1-3 cup catsup, 1 cup cracker crumbs, cayenne, salt, pepper, bit of butter.

Mix ingredients thoroughly and shape into a loaf, placing butter on top. Bake two hours in covered pan.

**JELLIED CHICKEN.** Remove the skin and bones from a cooked chicken. Pick the meat apart and mix the light and dark meat. Remove the fat from the chicken liquor; season the liquor highly with salt and pepper and a little lemon juice. Cook down to about one cupful. Butter a mold and decorate the bottom and sides with slices of hard-boiled eggs. Pack the meat in solid, pour the liquor over and set away to cool for several hours. When ready to serve, dip the mold in warm water, turn out carefully. Garnish with celery tips and lemon.

**The Union Jack.** Prophetic flag—Flag of the free! Of right's eternal victory The proven emblem. Thrice crossed with His insignia who we serve, Laid and overlaid On blue as colorful as the sea.

**Triumphant flag!** Surely thy crosses red Of Britain, speak the martyr's deed, Who through the centuries long By word and song Carried on the glorious faith Of Israel's prophetic race, Which on thy wind-flung breadth we trace In triple glory.

O, gallant flag! Where thy unfurled folds have waved, Freedom and righteousness have followed. No enemy as yet hath stayed thy wide Dominion; For with thee, the race was dedicated To carry on Until the world be consecrate To Him, who holds the winds Upon which flow thy folds Across the seven seas.

Dear flag! Beloved in every land Whose heritage is ours— And by sister nations Who name the name of love and freedom— Surely at Heaven's command Thou wert create To fling abroad thy crosses three Upon the sea.

So that we, who call thee ours, Victoriously give thanks, Give thanks to Him who called thee forth, His word that saves to shield.

Brave flag! Sustained by righteous power; Under thy protecting life The inspired words of life Goes forth upon the wave Triumphant! Unto the ends of all the earth Making all peoples free.

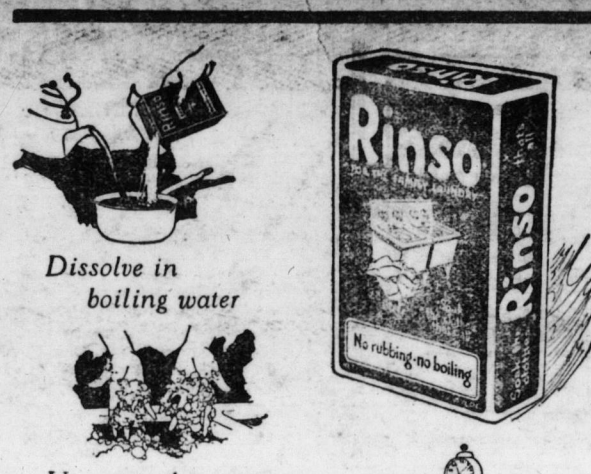
—Mary Diamond Blomfield, Toronto.

Canada is bounded by three oceans; its 13,000 miles of coast line is nearly equal to half the circumference of the earth.

Perhaps if we farmers could get those who play golf to take their exercise in agricultural labor, the farm labor shortage would not be nearly so great.

Canada is the largest unit in the British Empire, with more than one-third of its area, being twice as large as the Roman Empire at its greatest extent.

Every section of Canada engaged in fruit production was successful in securing awards at the Imperial Fruit Show, London, England, in October, 1922, securing 46 prizes. Ontario led with 21, British Columbia 8, Nova Scotia 13, Quebec 2.



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## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Our Feathered Friends—Golden-Winged Woodpecker.

BY LERKINE BALLANTYNE.

This is the season of the year many folks go househunting. When we see a house which suits them, they usually look at the outside and then go inside to look around. This is not the case with Mr. and Mrs. Woodpecker. When they see what might be a good home, they stand outside and hammer at the walls till everyone in the locality wonders what all the racket is about. You see, they hammer the walls to make sure they are strong and durable. Some times they beat the tattoo from sheer exuberance of joy, however, just as the robin sings his spring song for us.

The Golden-winged Woodpecker, or Flicker, as he is sometimes called, is a very beautiful bird, wearing a coat of golden brown striped with black, and across the top of his head is a bit of brilliant red. They make their nest in holes which they dig in dead poles or trees, and it is a well known fact that tree swallows, fly-catchers, and other species use their old nests, which they find very comfortable, since they are unable to bore one out for themselves, not having a bill like the flicker's, constructed for the purpose. The feet of the woodpecker fit in a remarkable way when he is tapping at trees. He has three toes in front, and a hind toe so well developed and as long as the middle front toe, and tipped with an unusually long claw by which he balances himself and can stand against a vertical surface with ease.

Unlike other woodpeckers, the flicker feeds upon ground insects, his particular delicacy being ants. They may take a little fruit in some localities, but if driven away or destroyed, the insects they feed upon would do far more damage than these beautiful feathered friends.

**Getting in Harmony.** In the good old days of pioneer farming the scythe was a very important piece of farm equipment. Even now we can hark back and see the haymaker as he completed the swath at the end of the field, bring the heel of the scythe to his breast, pull from the hip pocket a worn whetstone, and fit the keen blade for another round.

At first the stone clangs against the side of the blade. Shortly one can detect a slight musical note creeping into the grinding noise. Then in a moment the iron and the stone lose their clamor entirely and the tone of the one becomes exactly harmonized to the tone of the other. There is music and then the haymaker knows that it is ready to lay another swath with the least muscular effort.

It would appear, in a general way, that this is what we should seek in life, to get ourselves working harmoniously with those about us. Let the clang knock off the superstitions and suspicions, and then, keep on in faith and hope till our life has been adjusted to that of our neighbor, and our community is adjusted to other communities. It is simply another way of repeating in concert the old, but much broken, golden rule.

Canada has 600 historic sites.

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Ask your druggist for a bottle to-day

**KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT** ISSUE No. 25—23.

**A NEW SUMMER FROCK.** A novel use for bordered material is shown in this smart frock designed on the simple straight lines which prevail again this summer.



## The Maple.

I am a tree, a great tall tree, Sturdy and steadfast, fearless and free, Golden-tipped arrows, that all the day long, Swift from the Sun, Frolic and fun, Dance with my leaves in their mad Summer song; Till the great sun, in a rose and gold nest, Carries them off to the world in the west, Then, when my shadow lies black at my side, All through the night, Silver and white Moonbeams creep down from the heavens and glide Swift through the darkened earth, Shunning the shade, —Swift to the darkened west—tremble and fade.

Mad merry Summer in mad merry flight; Bright, happy morning, to still shadowed night. On to the chilly winds, shortening days, Clear sunny distances, shrouded in haze, Clouds swelling up with the promise of snow— After it all, Late in the Fall, Paint I my leaves in their gaudiest glow, Flaunt them all proudly in one last fling, Scatter them gaily and slumber till Spring. —Dora Sanders, Norwich, Ont.

## Two Mammoth Mistakes.

The almanac, that volume solemn Which never says "Perhaps," "We guess," Or "Maybe," but in every column Is positive as great Queen Bess, Makes two mistakes so large and glaring

It's really very strange and queer That editors, to faults unsparring, Should let them pass from year to year.

Why, 'tis enough quite to dishearten Some folks to read this statement, through Which any child in kindergarten Would know at once must be untrue. I mean, there where it says (you've seen it)

In June the longest days are here. Vacation days! No one could mean it; Why, they're the shortest of the year!

Then blunder number two: Remember When Christmas Day is most in sight, About the middle of December, And you are counting day and night,

When shopping's thrilling and mysterious, And folks have queer deceptive ways, That almanac (it can't be serious!) Declares those are the shortest days!

—Minnie Leona Upton, in Youth's Companion.

## Fruit Crops in Canada.

Last year, according to the Fruit and Vegetable Crop Report of the Dominion Fruit Branch, a bumper crop was harvested of practically all varieties of cherries, plums, peaches, and pears. The plum crop was particularly heavy, averaging almost 300 per cent. over that of 1921, and the peach crop in the Niagara district of Ontario was not only one of the heaviest on record, but also of excellent quality. The production of apples was less in every province; in 1922 than in 1921, excepting only in Quebec, where there was an increase of over 75,000 barrels, as an offset against a total deficiency in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Ontario of 227,778 barrels. British Columbia was shy 172,449 boxes, the numbers being 3,000,000 boxes in 1922 compared with 3,172,449 in 1921. Ontario produced a large crop of all small fruits, with the exception of raspberries, which suffered from winter injury and later on from disease. In British Columbia the small fruit crop was rather less in 1922 than in 1921, strawberries and raspberries both suffering winter injury. The Report states that on the Canadian markets the wholesale prices throughout last year were low, mainly due to the large shipments of inferior quality low-grade stock. All the provinces report a backward season this year, but trees and plants are generally stated to have wintered well.

Canada has constructed 18,000 miles of good main roads.

Canada's average farm is 150 acres. Based on this estimate the Dominion can provide for an agricultural population of nearly 15,000,000.

Canada's grain wizard, Dr. Charles E. Saunders, late Dominion Cerealist, discovered Marquis, Prelude, Ruby and Early Red Fife wheat, and Liberty (hull-less) oats, thus adding millions to the wealth of Canada.