

ACROSS THE TIEBEAM

It happened on Uncle Dave's farm, writes a Companion contributor. I was visiting my cousin Al. He was three months older than I, and we used to have high times together. There was a good natured rivalry between us, but never any hint of jealousy about your competitions, and the honors were fairly even.

One afternoon in the middle of the haying season we were in the loft of the big red barn. We had just finished stowing a load that had been hoisted to us from the hayrack. Uncle Dave and the hired men had gone back to the field. Al and I stuck our pitch-forks into the hay, mopped our faces and lay down to cool off. Above us sloped the rafters, dim and draped with dusty cobwebs. Under them, stretched the long, horizontal tiebeams. Suddenly Al spoke.

"Say, L. S.," he said, "I'll stump you to walk across that beam." He pointed at the tiebeam directly above us.

I considered a moment. The beam was about fifteen feet above the loft, but the studs were so arranged that we could easily climb the wall and clamber on the beam. At the other end we could jump off into the hay-mow. But in the middle of the barn there was a drop of thirty feet to the floor, and the beam was not over a foot wide.

"Go ahead," I said at last. "You stumped me, and you've got to go first."

Al went to the edge of the loft, and looked up at the beam, and then down at the board floor of the barn, covered only with scatterings of hay.

"Quite a fall, Al," I said. To tell the truth, I hoped to discourage him so that he would withdraw his challenge.

"Lost your nerve already, have you?" he asked, with a grin. "Watch your country cousin."

With that he crossed the loft, scaled the wall, and stood upright on the beam. I watched him as he began to walk, carefully placing one foot before the other, and balancing himself with outstretched arms. A few steps brought him beyond the edge of the loft, and out over the open space. Suddenly he stopped.

"I wish I had on my sneaks!" he called. "The hay has made the soles of my shoes slippery."

Then he took another cautious step, and stopped again. "It's allowable to creep on hands and knees over this hole," he said.

"All right," I agreed. "But you had better turn back, and we'll call the stunt off."

Without answering he began slowly to bend forward and lower one knee. Suddenly his foot slipped, he toppled over, and the next thing I knew he was hanging to the beam by his hands, and his body swung in mid-air. He uttered no cry, but his eyes were big with a look of astonishment rather than fear. I believe that I was more frightened than he. I could feel the calves of my legs quiver as I watched him try to draw himself up. He pulled himself up to his chin, and kicked out sideways in the attempt to throw one leg over the beam. I saw that he was wasting his strength, and called to him to stop. I tried to climb the wall and reach the beam, but I was so excited that I tumbled back into the hay. That gave me my idea, shouting to Al to "hang on." I slid down the ladder, and started at top speed for the hayfield.

I will warrant that I covered that quarter-mile in record time. Uncle Dave was on top of the load, receiving and treading the hay that the two hired men pitched up to him. He saw me coming, leaped on his fork and shouted, "What's the matter? Bear after ye?"

"Quick!" I panted, grasping one of the hired men by the arm. "Lift me up!"

He gave me a "boost", and I scrambled on top of the load, seized the reins, and yelled at the horses. They started with a jerk, and Uncle Dave lost his balance. He slid off the back of the load, and a great armful of hay went with him.

Never shall I forget that ride. The horses excited at my yells, broke into a gallop. The rack swayed and bumped over the rough field, and parts of the load scattered all along the way. It was hard work, but I managed to stick on. Behind me I could hear the shouts of the hired men and the angry commands of Uncle Dave to "stop those horses!" They could not understand what I was up to.

We went into the barn with a rush, and I dodged just in time to escape breaking my head against the doorway. Al

was still hanging to the beam, and with a feeling of relief and thankfulness, I pulled back on the reins. As the horses came to a standstill, I heard a thud in the hay behind me, and turned round to see Al sitting up and gazing at me, with the same wide-open eyes that I had noticed when he first swung off the beam.

He was so exhausted that I had to help him down off the top of the load. By that time Uncle Dave and the men had arrived, and we explained the affair to them. Uncle Dave looked pretty solemn for a moment. But he didn't scold us very hard. He could see that we had learned something about folly of recklessness—something neither of us has ever forgotten.

CHOICE RECIPES

- ROUND STEAK BRAISED WITH VEGETABLES**
One pound round steak, 2 cups tomatoes (canned), 5 potatoes, 3 onions, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon pepper. Pound steak well to break tough fibres. Dredge with flour and lay in baking pan. Over it place a thick layer of thinly sliced raw potatoes, then a layer of thinly sliced onions. Season. Add tomatoes, cover closely and cook slowly in oven about 2 1-2 hours. Add water if necessary. In serving, place it whole on a platter and cut down as though a loaf.
- SQUASH BISCUIT**
One-half cup of squash (cooked and sifted), 1-4 cup of sugar, 1-2 teaspoon of salt, 1-4 cup of butter dissolved in 1-2 cup of scalded milk, 1-2 yeast cake dissolved in 1-4 cup of lukewarm water, 1 1-2 cups of flour. Mix thoroughly, cover and let rise. When light make into biscuit. Rise again and bake.
- FRIED OYSTERS**
Dip the well-dried oysters into the yolk of an egg, to which seasoning has been added, then roll in yellow corn meal to which a pinch of baking powder has been added. Fry in deep fat. Serve hot.
- DEVILED OYSTERS**
Wipe oysters dry, as for frying. Lay in a flat dish, and cover with a mixture of melted butter, pepper, lemon juice and salt. Let them lie for ten minutes, turning several times. Remove from mixture, roll in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep fat.
- OYSTER FRITTERS**
Drain off liquor from the oysters, boil a few minutes, skin and add to it a cup of milk, 2 eggs, salt and pepper, and flour to make a batter. Have a frying kettle ready and drop the mixture by spoonfuls into the hot fat, taking up one oyster with each spoonful of batter.
- WALNUT CATSUP**
Gather the walnuts when green and soft. Pound up well, put to soak in a gallon of vinegar. Add 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon of horse radish, 1 teaspoon of mustard seed, 2 ounces allspice, 2 ounces cloves, 2 ounces nutmeg, 1 ounce black pepper, and some celery seed. Boil half an hour. Strain and bottle.
- CABBAGE CATSUP**
Chop 1 gallon of winter cabbage, 1 quart of onions and 6 pods of green pepper together. Boil 1-2 gallon vinegar, 1 ounce mustard, ginger and allspice, 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and horse radish and 1 pound of brown sugar. Pour this over the cabbage.
- RED PEPPER CATSUP**
Put 4 dozen red peppers on the fire in a quart each of vinegar and water with 2 roots of horse radish, grated, and 6 onions, sliced. Season with salt, pepper, mustard seed and spices. Boil 10 minutes, and strain. Add a teaspoon of brown sugar, 2 ounces of celery seed, 1 ounce of mace, and a pint of strong vinegar. Boil 1 hour and bottle.
- CRANBERRY PUDDING**
One and one-half cups sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda, 3-4 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt, 8 cups flour. Stir well together, and add 2 cups

raw cranberries. Pour into buttered tin and steam 1 1-2 hours. Serve with sauce.

VELVET LUNCH CAKE

1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in milk, 1-2 cup shortening, 1 tablespoon molasses, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1-4 teaspoon cloves, 1-4 teaspoon nutmeg.

TREKKING NORTH

Canadians Returning Home From California—Boom Ended There

WINNIPEG, Nov. 29.—The "Northward Ho" movement of the part of Canadians resident in California is growing stronger every day, and hundreds who left the Dominion last year are on their way back, declared W. J. Hammond, a former Winnipeg business man, who recently returned to this city. Many Canadian workers and their families were attracted by the high wages prevailing last year, but the boom is about over and they are again on the homeward trek.

Prominent Los Angeles men have told Mr. Hammond that the financial and building boom in that section of the country has reached its peak and that the reaction in sight will be terrible. Things are so far past their value that it cannot last much longer. The real estate boom has already extended to a point eighteen miles from the centre of the city; and the hundreds

who have bought small lots, thinking that they could raise fruit and vegetables with profit are just now discovering their mistake.

Those who will return last will be the mechanics, who are still able to get work at good wages. But even the mechanics will soon be forced to yield to the call of the northland.

"Southern California has a wonderful climate—it is an excellent place in which to live—but after 13 years in the country I have been forced to the conclusion, with the hundreds of other Canadians who are now returning north, that there is no place like Canada," said Mr. Hammond.

GOSSIPY NOTES OF THE SCREEN PEOPLE

Few people know that Charlie Chaplin is as graceful and beautiful a dancer as Rudolph Valentino.

The most popular, sincere, and wholesome man movie star in Hollywood is Harold Lloyd. "Everybody in Hollywood calls him 'Speed Lloyd'." Harold Lloyd has made a million dollars in 1923. Five years ago his chief ambition was to get enough money to buy himself a silk shirt.

Samuel Goldwyn once had the chance of making a long-term contract with Norma Talmadge, which would give him 25 per cent. of the receipts from her pictures. Had he been wise enough to sign a contract, it would have meant millions for him.

Mabel Normand was Charlie Chaplin's great pal in the early days. Once she and Charlie went off on a motorcycle ride together. The machine ran away and nearly killed both of them.

Of all the stars, the most generous and humane is Mabel Normand. She is forever doing something for people. Anyone in the movies who is ill or in hard luck can always be sure of help from her. She gives away practically her salary.

Pauline Frederick is intellectually the

best equipped of the movie stars, is an extensive reader, and works hard to improve her knowledge.

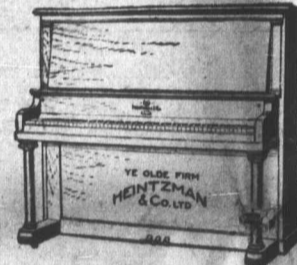
WORLD SERIOUS

"Batter Up!" The words rang clear upon the Autumn air— The waffle cook had used up all The batter he had there.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Pain

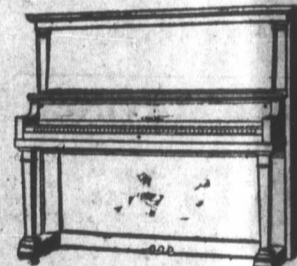
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have no superior either in appearance, tone or lasting qualities. "Ionic" model shown above. price \$625.00.

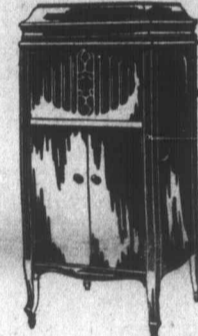


You will also find on our floors such very well known Canadian Pianos as the Sherlock Manning—Doherty—Everson, etc.

A Home, to be a real home, must radiate that elusive thing which we call charm, and there is nothing that will give such an atmosphere of charm to the Home as will good music. Then why not this year make your Christmas gift a musical instrument—something every member of the family may enjoy. A musical instrument, as a gift, is useful, permanent and artistic. Such a gift will lend cheer to Christmas day and bring joy and happiness every other day of the year.

MAKE YOUR SELECTION EARLY

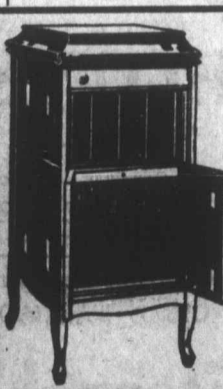
In order to avoid any possible disappointment, we would suggest that you make your selection early and, if you prefer, the instrument of your choice will be set aside and delivered on Christmas Eve. We have provided, for this Christmas season, an exceptionally fine stock of pianos and phonographs, a few of which you will see illustrated here. It will be a pleasure to have you visit our show room and inspect them.



BRUNSWICK PHONOGRAPHS in beautiful cabinet and console models. The type "205" shown above is excellent value at \$150.00.



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