

Ask For "SALADA"

GREEN TEA
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FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

About the House

LIVELY PICNIC GAMES.

The games and contests at a picnic should include not only the old regulars, but a lot of mind and body relaxing bits of fun. Arrange the program so that everyone is interested, not only the young people, but also the settled middle-aged fathers and mothers and the grandmothers too.

Start with some sort of scramble that will liven things up—a peanut rush is as clean and good as anything. Buy these by the bushel and they will not be so terribly expensive. If the picnic is large—for church or school—have several people in different places throw the peanuts while the children run. This makes the scramble a little more difficult and therefore more interesting.

Then try these games and contests?
Cookie Chase—String lines between the trees and hang round, hard cookies from them by short pieces of string.

Then, with hands behind them and blindfolded, watch the contestants "chase" their cookies. The string being pliable certainly makes the cookie jump, and once lost from the teeth it is mighty hard to find again. The one who first succeeds in eating his cookie wins the prize.

Picnic Hopscotch—This should be played in pairs—a man and woman, or girl and boy, taking the hops into the different squares together, arm in arm, one hopping on the right foot, the other on the left. If it is a beach picnic, mark out the squares on the sand; if in the woods, outline them with small stones on a smooth piece of grass.

Play it like the old-fashioned game, throwing the flat pebble first into number one and hopping after it and out of the square again. The first couple to go through all nine without falling or pulling each other down wins, of course.

Bubble Race—Don't forget the kiddies. Give them all the laughter they want in a soap-bubble race, encouraging them to blow as large ones as possible and giving a prize for the one which blows highest in the air before bursting.

Blind and Halt Race—This race must be in pairs also. One is blindfolded, the other must lean upon the blind, walking only on one foot, dragging the other or hopping.

Line the couples up, give the word and see which couple reaches the goal first. The poor blind one naturally goes slowly in caution and they do not make any great headway—unless recklessly—with such dragging weight. However, it is their privilege to take any chances they wish and they usually do, making the race extremely funny.

Water Battle—Most picnics are held near some place where bathing is possible, so there should be some sort of water contests. Choose sides and line up in the water, knee deep, facing each other. Then give the word and watch the battle. With the hands only, each side splashes the other, try-

ing to make it so terrific that the contestants must turn away from its force. If a player falls or turns about, the judge blows a whistle and he is out of the contest. It will dwindle down to two, and as these take their last stand it is bound to be hilarious.

After some tub races for the children, a game of prisoner's base and a lollipop hunt—the candy being wrapped securely in waxed paper and hidden in trees for the children to find—gather your picnic crowd around a fire in the evening and while marshmallows toast, hold a whopper contest, a prize going to the one who can tell the biggest story of wild life on something which has happened on the farm.

USING THE WILD FRUITS.

Wild Plum Conserve—5 lbs. pitted plums, 2 lbs. seeded raisins, 5 lbs. sugar, 3 oranges, juice of 2 lemons.

Slice the oranges in thin slices, crosswise, removing seeds. Grind raisins in meat chopper. Put fruit, sugar and lemon juice in kettle with just enough water to keep fruit from sticking, bring to boiling point and simmer gently until the fruit is clear and thick and of the consistency of marmalade. Put in hot, sterilized glasses or jars, cool and seal.

Wild Plum Catsup—5 qts. wild plums, 4 lbs. sugar, 1 pt. vinegar, 1 qt. boiled water, 1½ tsp. cinnamon, 1 tsp. allspice, 1 tsp. cloves.

Prepare the plums as for sauce, first boiling up with soda and then pitting. Boil vinegar, sugar, water and spices, then add pitted plums, bring to boiling point and simmer gently for about thirty minutes. Put in hot, sterilized jars or bottles and seal.

High Bush Cranberries—In September the high-bush cranberries begin to ripen. These should be picked under-ripe as they then make better jelly. Carefully wash and pick over the berries and put in a kettle with just enough water to cover. Cook gently until the fruit is tender. Strain through jelly bag. Add an equal amount of sugar to the strained juice, bring to the boiling point and simmer gently until it jellies. Pour in hot, sterilized glasses and cool and seal.

PREVENT SUMMER COMPLAINT.

Young mothers must remember that milk must continue to be the staple article of diet for a child in his second year; in fact, it remains so for long afterward. No child over a year old should be given the bottle. He should be taught to drink from a cup. But it is just as important to have the milk clean and sweet as when he took it by the nipple route. The possibilities for damage by impure milk are not all put away when the bottle is abolished.

It is neither necessary nor advisable to maintain an exclusive milk diet in the second year. The baby may have well-cooked cereals; oatmeal, cornmeal, rice, prepared wheat. He may have some bread after it is twenty hours stale, and graham crackers are allowed in reasonable amount. Gravies that are not too rich are allowed on bread; and chicken, mutton, or beef broth with well cooked rice may be served.

As he reaches the later months of the year, he may be allowed an egg, poached or soft boiled, and a small portion of baked potato. To add to the joy of living, you may give him puddings of cornstarch, custard, rice, tapioca, and he may also eat stewed prunes, apple sauce and sweet oranges. No, I said nothing about candy.

In spite of all these precautions your baby may develop symptoms of the dreaded summer complaint. Give him enough castor oil to clear the bowels thoroughly. Depending somewhat upon conditions this may be from one to two tablespoonfuls; don't overdo it. Stop all food, and give barley water for twenty-four hours. Now and then, I find a very sick baby who frets himself into a worse state because not allowed to eat. In such cases, I compromise on unflavored gelatin, which is usually relished. If the baby is better at the end of one day, you may begin giving a mixture of barley water and milk. If he is not markedly better you have waited long enough. Get the best doctor within reach.

HANDKERCHIEFS I MADE.
I had in my possession several

white voile and linen blouses whose style had become obsolete many seasons ago. Some were worn around the armholes, some had frayed edges, others had mended collars.

However, the fronts, backs, and parts of the sleeves were good. Beginning by pulling a thread to get a straight edge, I cut a ten-inch square from each of the fronts. In some cases these had bits of drawn work and in others small fragments of embroidery.

I bought a spool of No. 80 white thread and six yards each of two patterns of the tiniest lace edging I could buy. I rolled the edges of the squares I cut from the old-fashioned blouses and whipped in the narrow edges, and found myself the possessor of several dainty handkerchiefs of which I am quite proud.
—J. A. H.

SAVE YOUR HANDS.

Cheap white crepe paper napkins cut into squares a quarter the size of a napkin and hung on a hook near the stove will save your hands if used to grease pans. They can be burned after using.

MY ENAMELED VASE.

I had in my possession an old brown-and-white vase with very good lines, but it had an absolutely impossible red rose painted on one side.

I knew nothing of china painting, nor was the vase valuable enough to justify spending even a small amount of money. However, I had some blue enamel, bought at the ten-cent store for my oil stove.

I mixed a little black paint with it to soften it into a pretty gray, and "flowed it onto the surface of the vase. It dried quickly, covered all the inartistic properties of the vase and left an object not unlike the new high-lustre vases sold in art shops.

Rare Variety of Game Fish Being Introduced into New Brunswick.

At the request of a number of public bodies of St. John, New Brunswick, the Department of Marine and Fisheries undertook to establish the European brown trout in Loch Lomond near St. John. The first eggs for this purpose were obtained in January, 1921, from the United States Bureau of Fisheries. A small number of the fry from these eggs have been retained in the ponds at the hatchery, and in the autumn of 1923, when the fish were a little over two years old, a few of the larger and better developed were sent to the Loch Lomond hatchery, where some 5,000 eggs, which are undergoing incubation. The eggs of the brown trout are not easily obtained in Canada, and in continuing the supply of Loch Lomond trout, a variety of Loch Leven trout eggs, a variety related to the brown trout, were introduced through the United States Bureau of Fisheries in exchange for Atlantic salmon eggs. The Loch Leven trout eggs were secured from wild trout captured in the streams of Montana and are the result of small distributions of such fry made some years ago. An equal number of Loch Leven trout eggs are undergoing incubation in the Banff hatchery, and the resultant fry will be distributed in selected waters of the Prairie Provinces.



Against a Mellon Tax.
"Yo' ain't goin' t' vote Republican no more?"
"No—ain't yo' read nuffin' yit 'bout dat Mellon tax?"
The greatest calling for a woman is to be a homemaker.—Mrs. Wintingham, M.P.
For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Brothers Under the Skin

BY EUGENE JONES.

PART III.

Oblivious of odds, bent solely upon reaching the bunk house and dancer, Cameron grabbed by the collar and sent him reeling among his comrades.

There was a mad moment of confusion, of swirling figures, during which the music continued and also O'Grady's dance. Then those nearest the bunk house fell back as Cameron emerged from the melee, his pajama top in shreds. He turned, facing them.

"Shut up!" he commanded.
They obeyed out of curiosity. With the cessation of the music only the dull thump of feet from the roof broke the silence.

Cameron's face was set, his voice metallic. For the first time the men felt his presence. They had ignored his orders and his threats, his statements and his promises; but now, standing there in his ripped jacket with the blood dripping from his knuckles where they had come into violent contact with somebody's teeth, he spoke a language they understood.

"Since I've been up here," he began, "you men have lain down on your job. You've done a little work as possible. You've acted like a lot of kids kept in after school. And always you've managed to put me in the wrong, to make me wonder what was the matter with me. But this time you've gone too far. Up there on the roof is a drunken fool. I'll tend to him later.

"I've tried being decent to you; I've tried bribing you, and now if it's necessary I'm going to try my fists. I shall dock every man on the pay roll for this. Anyone deciding they want satisfaction can step forward. There's plenty of you husky enough to think you can take it out of my hide. All right, come on!"

Nobody stirred. It was the old truth—mob strength, individual weakness.

"Very well," went on Cameron, "that's settled. Now one more thing: I did not discharge Mr. Robertson; I didn't ask for his position. I admire him. And above all, I wish he had his job back—this particular job. Why the railroad saw fit to retire him and send me up here in his place is the railroad's affair. But I can assure you, now that I'm here I'm going to build this right way if I have to send all the way to Mexico for a bunch of greasers to help me."

Cameron motioned toward the bunk houses. "Beat it! Turn in! The rest of the party's private."

The crowd hesitated, still more curious than angry. They wanted very much to see what was going to happen to Mike O'Grady, solemnly continuing his back-and-wing dance.

The engineer took a forward step. The nearest man, one in direct range of Cameron's fists, moved hastily back among his companions. Others, finding themselves at the front, followed suit, until the entire gang had developed a backward impetus little better than retreat. In a surprisingly short time each man was slouching off toward his bunk. Why had they obeyed? Nobody knew, least of all Cameron.

The coast clear, the engineer fixed his eyes on O'Grady.
"Come down!" he ordered.
"Won't!" said Mike. "O'i'm—danchin'!"

Very grim about the jaw, the engineer followed in O'Grady's footsteps over the eaves via a packing case and on to the roof. Crossing to the solitary dancer, Cameron halted in front of him.

"Stop that, O'Grady."
Mike did a double shuffle.
"Tis a foine, large avenin', sor," he grinned.
The engineer waited for no more.

Catching O'Grady by the shoulders, he shoved him toward the improvised ladder. As he found himself propelled from his position of prominence, Mike made a sketchy attempt to continue the dance; then he surrendered to certain pugilistic desires always clamoring for expression.

The pair stumbled across the roof, locked in each other's anything but friendly embrace. They hurtled to the ground, a distance of possibly seven feet. Providence had arranged the remains of a sand pile where they landed, else neither would have been in a condition to continue the battle. Cameron got to his feet and jerked the befuddled foreman upright.

"Put up your hands!" he warned.
"Ooo!" gurgled Mike around a mouthful of sand; but he put up his hands with a dramatic flourish.

The engineer's fist caught the other on the point of his chin, sending him spinning backward. But the blow, delivered with sufficient force and accuracy to knock out the average man, merely sobered O'Grady.

He gathered himself, then came in with a rush. Had he penetrated Cameron's guard, had he managed to find a satisfactory target for his flaying arms, the engineer would have suffered; but Cameron knew how to box—thanks to lessons at college and practice in Mexico. He was actually sorry for the charging windmill which was O'Grady. He side-stepped, sent home a stunning blow with his left. Mike folded neatly in the middle and once more sought the sand.

But he was not done. Oh, no, such strength as his, goaded by whiskey and the thought that a man of lighter weight was whipping him, drove him on. Eventually Mike did not get up.

"Begorra, 'tis done O' am! C'm on, b'ys, bury th' corpse!"
Cameron stood above him. "Sure you've had enough?"

In spite of the terrible punishment he had received O'Grady's eyes twinkled. "Tis th' most painful drunk O' was iver on, sor; h'ist the flag, Molke O'Grady's yours!"

"All right," agreed the engineer. "If that's the case, go down to the cook shanty and get some coffee. When you can count up to a hundred without missing, come over to my tent."

After a while—quite a while—Mike arrived at the tent, the lower portion of his red flannels concealed by trousers. His face was swollen, his right eyes closed.

The engineer, directing him to one of the chairs, lit his pipe.
"Go on," he encouraged, "you can smoke if you want to."

O'Grady produced a cornucopia of obvious age. "Tis a wicked pair av fists ye swing, Mister Cameron," he observed. "But if O' had been sober enough ter know O' waz drunk, no fightin' would O' ave done!"

The engineer smiled. "Well, perhaps I had a slight advantage. Anyway, it's not your scrapping ability or your clog dancing I wish to discuss. I want to explain some things to you, Mike." He paused, looked the other between the eyes. "And I want you to explain some things to me."

"Yis, sor," agreed the foreman.
"First," continued Cameron, "understand this: You are working for your wages; I am working for the satisfaction of building a railroad. When I see trains coming over the divide, then I shall be paid. Mike O'Grady, the day you and the other men learn to look farther ahead than your wages, that day work on the C. & W. will boom. The company hands out my salary—that is the direct result of my efforts; but I am after something else—something I am afraid you will never appreciate."

"Now, feeling this way, how do you suppose the attitude of the men impresses me? I want to put this thing through, but I can't do it without you; nor apparently can I find a way to make you turn to and help. Put yourself in my position. How would you feel?"

O'Grady did not answer for a moment.
"Mister Cameron, if it's me fair an' honest opinion ye want, no harm intended, O'i'll tell ye the b'ys are worth a dozen of ye!"

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Good for teeth, breath and digestion.

Makes the next cigar taste better.



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THE PERFECT GUM LASTS MINT FLAVOR

The engineer nodded, controlling his sudden flare of anger. "Go on."

"Because the b'ys 'ave been sweatin' an' workin' their whole damned loives. Because, sor, the C. & W. can hire a hundred such as the loikes av ye that's studied th' books, easier than they can find the men ter do th' dooty work. Look here, sor, yer talkin' about bein' rewarded. Are ye av a mind that the wages we draw pays us fer riskin' our necks iver day, year in an' year out? Who walks on them shelves in a cliff after a blast, not knowin' whin th' path's goin' ter drop from under 'em? Who sets the fuses, lights 'em, rides th' tie beams whin a derrick swings 'em across a river? Beggin' yer pardon, sor, not you but us—ivery mither's son av us! And why do we do it? Sure O'i'll be after tellin' ye; because, bedad, we want ter see the blanked trains as much as you!"

Mike brought his fist down on his knee. "You and th' other gentlemen av th' profession is pullin' enough salary a month to keep my old woman for a year. But you ain't chancin' nothin'!" He paused, suddenly embarrassed.

(To be concluded.)



"George used to kiss my hand, but that was when he first knew me. He kisses me right now."

"A case of 'hand to mouth,' eh?"

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

When soured by disappointment, we must endeavor to pursue some fixed and pleasing course of study, that there be no blank leaf in our book of life. Painful and disagreeable ideas vanish from the mind that can fix its attention upon any subject.—Zimmermann.

Self-complacency means that a man is either too proud of his merits or unaware of his defects.

KELSEY Healthy HEAT

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A Warm house and a cool cellar day and night the winter through. And a saving in your coal bills of from 25 to 50%.

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The party of Scotch editors, who are making a coast-to-coast tour of Canada to investigate the opportunities here for immigrants, are shown during their stay in Toronto on their way to the western provinces.

Use Boveril in the Kitchen!