

The Rosary of Mr. Nimrod Briggs

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY.

PART II.

The boy went out, was shown where to hang his hat and coat, duly presented to Mr. Briggs, and loaned one of Nimrod's black aprons. He climbed on to a stool and started setting the "classified" from the case of nonpareil—the daily job that every compositor in the office avoided if he could. It was only a little four-line advertisement saying that Fred Babcock had lost a key ring that forenoon which contained two keys and a metal tag marked L. C. Stevens. But he was all the rest of the afternoon till press time setting it and a couple of others. That afternoon, while the last forms were being locked and we were standing around as per custom, watching the paper go to press, he said to Mr. Briggs:

"About that first ad I set—the lost keys. How does it happen, I wonder, that a man named Babcock is advertising for keys marked Stevens?"

"They probably belong to the old Stevens property out on the North Foxboro road," replied Nimrod. "Fred is caretaker for the property, winters. The Stevenses go to Toronto during snow time."

"And leave it furnished?"

"Yes," said Nimrod Briggs. He said it rather impatiently. His attention was focused on lifting an old clothing store ad that refused to lift. If he had not been so occupied he might have thought it queer that the new boy should make such an inquiry.

That night, as we were washing up around the sink, the pressman asked him:

"Where you living?"

"Nowhere—yet!" replied the boy.

"Come with me over to Mrs. Mathers—she'll take you in," said Nimrod Briggs. "The papers got an arrangement with her to board its help the first week they're in town, anyhow. If they don't have the price, the widow takes it," he said. "Didn't Sam Hed tell you?"

It was Friday morning that "Blink" Robbins—as the boys called him because of the way he blinked his eyelids in a pitiful attempt to see his way—started his try-out. Keeping an eye on Robbins' work, we finally had to admit that, while it was cruel, all the same he was impossible. It was cruel because he was trying so desperately to make good. He was impossible, because, despite his endeavor and the low wages, he was more of a hindrance in the ad alley than he was a help. He could not see to do his work. He had to hunt the copy and his type case over with his good eye, and that took time, time all out of proportion to the amount of advertising he set.

While we were making up our minds what course to pursue, in justice to him as well as to ourselves, the Robbins boy's face deepened in its tragedy. His fear of losing his job was so vital that it made him do things that were just the opposite of what he should have done to hold our

confidence. If we told him to hurry with an ad near press time, he was almost sure to pi it, or else the thing wouldn't lift after it was set.

So the second Saturday afternoon, as kindly as we could, we called him to one side, gave him his six dollars, and said:

"Suppose, sonny, you sort of take your time and look around. See if you can't connect up with something else to do—"

"You mean, now, that I'm fired?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly fired—yet. You can stay around here and work for a time until you find something else, if you won't be too long about getting it."

He worked the next week, blindly, spiritlessly, stupidly. He was such a nuisance around the office that we contemplated giving him twelve or fifteen dollars and telling him to pull his freight—anywhere—so long as he got from underfoot. Meeting Mrs. Mathers on the street, Sam told her he did not intend to be responsible for the boy's board after Saturday.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Mathers, "he only stayed that first week with me. He seemed to think four dollars was too much for board. I don't know where he went or where he's living."

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, dragged away. Saturday came. The office girl figured in his six dollars into the pay roll, drew a cheque for the ninety-odd dollars to cover the whole, cashed it at the Dominion Bank, and left the money in the green box safe while she went to dinner.

When she came back the money drawer was blank empty—empty to the last bent cent. The lock on it had always been faulty. It was an office joke that our old box safe could be opened with a jackknife or a hatpin.

The Robbins boy did not come back after dinner.

Chief Hogan was notified. He promptly telephoned a description of the lad to all surrounding towns. We ran an account of the theft on the front page of the paper that afternoon, asking our subscribers to help apprehend the miscreant.

He was not heard from that night, nor all day Sunday.

The following Monday, about half-past twelve, old Nimrod Briggs came back early from his dinner. He went into the back room, hung up his coat and hat on the hook that had held it for two decades, and sat down on his stool to read the Toronto morning paper spread out before him on a type case.

He was attracted by the printer's apron he had lent the Robbins boy, hanging by the window. He was attracted by it because out of the front pocket protruded what looked like a bunch of old envelopes.

Puzzled, Nimrod went across and took them out. There were a dozen of them, frayed and soiled—common

stamped post office envelopes—which appeared to have been carried around in the lad's pocket for a year and a day. On all of them was a Montreal postmark, and the different addresses on succeeding dates indicated the boy's search for work about the country.

Curiosity mingled with compassion for the lad's predicament, and a wonder if there was anything he could do to assist a bad situation, at last prompted Nimrod to put the letters in chronological order according to the postmarks. Then he adjusted his spectacles and drew forth the first enclosure.

The letter was written on cheap note paper in pencil. The mail had been carried in the boy's pocket so long that some words were almost indistinguishable. Nevertheless, Mr. Briggs made them out, letter after letter. And when he reached the last one, Mr. Briggs laid it aside with a slightly shaky hand upon the type case before him. He drew off his spectacles and stared straight ahead, seeing nothing.

"Poor son-of-a-gun!" he whispered. "Poor son-of-a-gun!"

Putting his spectacles on, he drew out again the second to the last letter he had read. And he went over again these words:

"I don't believe a word you say about living in any old empty country house to save expenses. I might have believed it once, perhaps. But not after you've had such a long time as this in which to get settled. You simply don't want me with you—"

"Empty country house!" echoed Nimrod Briggs. "What empty old country house is there that he could have searched out and took to live in?" Then his jaw dropped as a recollection returned. "Could it be possible, now—could it?—that the young one found Fred Babcock's keys?"

The help came back to work at one o'clock; but, strange to record, Mr. Nimrod Briggs said nothing to anyone about the letters he had found, or the clue to the lad's possible hiding place, till the hue and cry of the felony was over. But Mr. Nimrod Briggs did his work listlessly and half-heartedly that afternoon. Many times his mind wandered away from his work; there was unutterable sadness on his face; he was given to many moments of gazing out of the window beside his type cases.

(Continued in next issue.)

Asthma.

Asthma is a disease characterized chiefly by paroxysms of shortness of breath. Sometimes the paroxysms are so severe as to threaten life itself, yet they always come just this side of such a termination. It is of course not the only disease marked by shortness of breath. Various affections of the lungs, of the air passages, of the heart and of the kidneys present this symptom; but there are always other signs by which the physician can be guided, so that he will avoid the mistake of treating the disease as asthma.

Children sometimes have attacks of shortness of breath, owing to spasmodic closure of the larynx; these attacks resemble asthma somewhat, but their true nature is usually easy to recognize; and, moreover, asthma is rarely seen in children.

In asthma, as distinguished from most other similar affections, it is expiration that is difficult; you can take a full breath, but the trouble is to get rid of it in order to take the next. The condition is thought by some doctors to be a spasmodic narrowing of the smaller bronchial tubes; others think the trouble is a spasm of the diaphragm, which interferes with the natural movements.

Until recently asthma was one of the great enigmas of medicine, for often the exciting cause of the attacks was inexplicable. Sometimes they occur with absolute regularity; at other times they are very irregular. In some cases they recur frequently in one place, while the sufferer is absolutely free in another place; they may come on daily or for long periods they may not come at all. All this is now explained largely by the theory of anaphylaxis, or what used to be called protein idiosyncrasy.

It explains most satisfactorily not only the asthma of hay fever—which is owing to susceptibility to the action of certain ragweed or grass pollens—but also the asthma that sometimes follows the eating of eggs, shellfish, strawberries and many other kinds of food, and the asthma that is excited by the presence of cats or other household pets.

In all these cases there is some protein or albuminoid substance to which the asthmatic has an inherited or acquired susceptibility, and the minutest quantity of which, either inhaled or taken into the stomach, will cause a violent systemic reaction, manifested by the paroxysm of asthma. The cure is effected by giving the offending protein in such manner and in such doses as to convert the sufferer's susceptibility into immunity—the modus operandi being the same as that upon which the efficacy of the various bacterial vaccines depends.

Houses Without Nails.

In Alberta, there exists a village where no nails have been used in the construction of the houses. These were built by Huthenian immigrants, and are of the typical Rutherfordian style—long, pitched-roofed, thatched, and wide in the eaves. Even the door, an affair of slender twigs, woven and laced together, swings on home-made hinges, and is latched with a wooden hump. The floor is of hewn logs unnailed. The roof is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross-woven wheat straw inches thick, packed tightly and solidly, and laid with such care that it will endure any weather for twenty years.

NEW DIRECTORS OF THE BANK OF MONTREAL



SIR LOMER GOUIN

GENERAL SIR ARTHUR CURRIE

The enlargement of the directorate of the Bank of Montreal, which was decided upon at the recent annual meeting as a result of the extending scope of the institution, has resulted in two gentlemen of national reputation being added to the board, namely, the Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, K.C.M.G., and General Sir Arthur Currie, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., LL.D.



Children and Fire.

Every mother should see to it that her children are taught to guard against fire. This can be done by beginning early to instill a wholesome fear of fire, and by explaining its dangerous nature. Children naturally like to play with matches, but the danger attending this practice should be pointed out and if necessary examples brought up to show why they should be left alone. It is better to actually frighten a persistent child by enlarging upon the results rather than fail to impress it with the grave danger which lies in the apparently harmless little piece of wood. Matches, the kitchen range and the open fire in the hearth should be shown as sources of great harm to little folks and never to be tampered with.

Children dearly love to play about a bonfire, but many little lives are annually sacrificed in the eager desire to watch the flames dance and leap in the air. A hard and fast rule in every home where there are little folks should demand that a bonfire is never to be lighted save in the presence of some older person. When playing about a bonfire, children should wear woolen clothing, which ignites less readily than cotton.

Fleecy garments, such as outing flannel and eiderdown, which are frequently worn indoors in cold weather, are both highly dangerous when brought near a flame. A spark from an open fire or a flying match head is sufficient to set such a garment instantly ablaze, owing to the nap which covers the surface of these materials.

Not only should children be taught to be careful about fire at every time and place, but they should be taught what to do in case their clothing should be accidentally set on fire. Have them go through a little fire drill, and have them practice rolling over and over on the floor, which would be the very best thing to do should such an accident occur.

Older boys should be taught to carefully extinguish the flame from their fires when out camping, even to the tiniest spark, before leaving it. Many destructive fires have started by failure to observe this simple precaution.

It is not enough in the case of a self-willed or an inquisitive-minded child merely to forbid playing with fire or with matches. A careful explanation of cause and effect may clinch the matter by pointing out the danger and the results which are liable to follow disobedience.

The Useful Tin Steamer.

Not all housewives appreciate the usefulness, both in cooking and canning, of the old-fashioned round tin steamer. It saves labor, money and fuel, and for that reason is superior to the expensive modern steam-pressure canners and cookers. Moreover, it is a timesaver. Many foods that are usually boiled can be cooked in one-third of the time in a steamer set over a pan of boiling water.

Any good tinsmith will make—for a moderate charge—a tin steamer modeled on the common round ones, but somewhat larger and deep enough to hold six jars of quart size. Steamers that are made to order are usually of heavier and better tin than the ready-made ones and so are more durable.

You can cook various cereals—such as cracked wheat, oats and cornmeal mush—in larger quantities in a steamer than in a double boiler; that is a distinct advantage in cool weather or when there is a large family to be served. Cracked wheat, especially, is an excellent cold-weather breakfast dish. A gallon pan of it can be cooked in the steamer at one time, and it need not be watched; a close cover and then to make sure that the water does not boil away is sufficient.

Squash, pumpkins, potatoes, carrots and beets can be cooked in the steamer—set directly over the water—and will lose far less in substance than they would lose if they were boiled. Spinach and other greens should be steamed in a pan that has been set, without water, in the steamer. The

practice of boiling greens in water and then throwing away the water means a sheer waste, for nearly all of the mineral salts that the greens contain is thrown out with the water. Asparagus, too, tastes better if it has been steamed; not only does it retain a fuller flavor, but it does not break up, as it does when boiled. Fruit dumplings and rolls, placed in the steamer in the same way as the vegetables, batter pudding and fruit cakes, set in greased pans placed in the steamer, all benefit by being steamed. Ham, too, is delicious when steamed, for the steaming preserves the full flavor of the meat. The usual steamer will accommodate one half of a small ham.

As for canning, although the old-fashioned outfit does not work so rapidly as the more modern outfits do, it is much cheaper, and it answers the needs of a small family. Especially is it useful when there are greens to be canned, for you can set a large panful inside the canner. The only other expense of the steamer is for a cheap enamel pan—one that will hold about a gallon—to fit the bottom of it.

The Farmer's Girls.

The farmer with a large family of boys is generally supposed to have the advantage over the neighbor who has only girls in his family; but in these days, when brains count so much in successful farming, it should make little difference financially whether the children on the farm are boys or girls.

The ideal family has both boys and girls; but where the boys are all girls the work can be planned in such a way as to give each member a healthful occupation and an income; and the father of the family need not be overworked even if hired help is scarce.

One farmer who rejoiced to call four pretty, healthy young girls his "boys" is prosperous and not overworked, because he planned so wisely to meet the necessities of the case. Hired help is almost out of the question in his neighborhood, and so he put his farm to grass and reserved only enough acreage to raise the necessary grain crops. From a large herd of Jersey cows the girls made excellent butter, and they received a fair share of the proceeds. They kept the butter up to a certain standard and always received more than the market price from their customers.

Every farmer knows that there is no surer way to build up run-down land or to keep up the fertility of a farm than by dairying. Moreover, making butter is as fascinating as fancywork when it is done in a clean kitchen or dairy; and when the maker is well paid for the work it becomes still more fascinating.

On the same farm are a large number of chickens, the income from which also is divided fairly, and the work shared by the girls.

On another farm the girls are interested in poultry and small fruits—an ideal combination. They pay their father a fair price for the feed for the chickens, and earn enough to pay for their clothing, books, music and amusements. In corn or wheat that farm would have overworked its owner sadly; but used as it is it is profitable, and the owner can dispense with outside help.

In another family one of the girls earns a respectable sum every year from county fairs. She is always on the lookout for fine farm products to exhibit, from wheat to garden vegetables, and from canned goods to fancywork. The small farm might not keep the family in comfort—to say nothing of providing luxuries—if that girl and her sisters were not capable and energetic; as it is they are able, out of their earnings, to provide for themselves and to hire a man to help their father; yet they use only a small part of the farm land. One sister raises flowers and plants on a small garden plot; another sells canned vegetables, fruits and preserves; and the third harvests her crop of premiums once a year.

Canadian Song Writers

To protect you from fraudulent SONG-WRITING STUDIOS, submit your song poems to me, and I will advise you as to musical settings, international copyrights and publication of your song. Residents of Canada communicate only.

JULES BRAZIL

Professional Song Arranger.
41 GORMLEY AVE. - TORONTO

Where things are rightly managed girl farmers are quite as successful and as prosperous as their brothers. Give them their own kind of work and the problem is solved. To boys and to men, raising chickens, looking after flowers, raising pet lambs, working for premiums at fairs and such work would be too pottering. A young man wants something that will occupy all of his energy—hands, body and brain; but girls are peculiarly successful in the lighter, more tedious tasks.

Wherever the work is so planned as to give to each one his or her share of the labor and the income, and a chance to build up a specialty, life is easy and happy, and the family is sure to enjoy all the comforts of the farm and many of its luxuries.

A Scientific Experiment.

There was excitement in Francesca's eyes. She was going to take a master's degree in psychology, and she pursued her game with all the ardor of the born sportsman.

"If you don't stop this sort of thing," Louise told her indignantly, "I'm going home this minute!"

"Stop pigeonholing my mind. It's mine, and I don't want it ticketed and labeled and put away in file B. There's Eddie Burke coming up the path. Try him."

Francesca was willing. All were fish that came to her net. She went down the steps to interview Eddie Burke. Eddie had freckles and a lisp, and he carried an empty basket.

"Your appleth," he said, indicating a splendid golden Grimes, beneath whose branches the ground was covered with golden spheres. "Could I have ten thenth worth?"

Francesca looked at him consideringly.

"Yes," she responded, "you could. You can have as many as you think it is right to take for ten cents."

Eddie promptly proceeded to the golden Grimes. Back on the veranda Louise faced Francesca indignantly.

"Francesca Shaller! You don't mean that you are going to let that child pay for windfalls when you have more than you can possibly use!"

Francesca met the storm serenely.

"It's such a feminine characteristic," she mused, "jumping at conclusions. I suppose you'd have told him that he could have all he wanted for nothing?"

"I certainly should," Louise replied emphatically.

"And lost a valuable opportunity to teach responsibility, honesty, a sense of values—a dozen things. Suppose, Lou, dear, you wait till the experiment is concluded."

The experiment reached its second stage in a very few minutes. Eddie, with traces of apple round his mouth, but with his basket only honorably full, presented himself at the foot of the steps.

"Theth all right?" he asked.

Francesca was genuinely delighted. The experiment was an unexpectedly complete success.

"Yes," she replied. "I think that is very fair; and I think that, after all, you can have your ten cents. Here it is."

Eddie eyed the ten-cent piece with a curious expression of mingled doubt and eagerness.

"You mean you ain't going to charge me nothing for the appleth?" he inquired carefully.

"Nothing at all."

When he was fully assured upon this point, the doubt gave way to a wide, spreading smile.

"Then," he replied with deep satisfaction, "I'll go and pick up thome more."

There was a shout of laughter from the veranda. Francesca ignored it patiently. Louise had nothing of the scientific passion.

Polite Auto Horns.

Motor announces the arrival of the courteous motor horn.

It is a worthwhile novelty. Up to now the motor horn has been decidedly cacophonous. It squawks unpleasantly; it bellows alarmingly; it utters noises disagreeably suggestive of sea.

But the new horn, which is appearing on the market, has a tone that is at once polite and powerful. It warns, yet does not offend the sensitive ear. The tone-adjusting mechanism is so contrived and arranged that the horn is easily regulated for any degree of vociferousness, but it yet carries a warning to the pedestrian.

New Use for Taps.

Have you tried using adhesive tape to mend the lining in the heels of shoes? Draw the lining as smooth as possible and cut the tape to fit the hole. It saves stockings and warning.

COARSE SALT LAND SALT

Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
C. J. CLIFF - TORONTO

CAN REDUCE UNEMPLOYMENT BY CLEARING NORTH LANDS

By ALFRED FITZPATRICK, Principal Frontier College.

One means of solving the problem of unemployment is for the Government of Canada to begin the long-heralded task of preparing its bush lands for settlement in the clay belts of the North. Owing to the fact that the farming of northern clay lands has largely been a waste of time and money. Only by clearing whole areas will this barrier to settlement ever be overcome. Farming under present conditions, whereby each settler clears a small patch, is putting the cart before the horse, and is wholly unwarranted. At least 65 per cent. of each lot in carefully selected townships should be cleared by means of large gangs living in community camps. Herein lies one solution of unemployment, now stalking before us daily in the breadlines of the cities. Work could thus be provided, particularly in the fall and winter months, as well as during special periods of unemployment. This policy of extended land-clearing should not be simply an emergency measure, but should engage the attention of the Federal and local Governments the whole year round. Should any of the workers at these community camps wish to remain on some of the cleared lots they could be sold to them on easy terms. For the next 20, 30, yes, and for 60 years, land-clearing in preparation for future settlement should be an urgent and essential department of every Government in the Dominion.

The big industrial plants of the Dominion, as well as the Governments, can assist in this great undertaking. Every large industry should apply for a whole township or more in the bush lands. Land-clearing might be made a business department of many Canadian enterprises employing great numbers of workers. Instead of "laying-off" men when a pinch comes, they could establish large land-clearing camps and homestead by proxy. In this way an outlet would be provided for a considerable percentage of the able-bodied employees now turned into the streets. If as ably handled as other departments of the business, the land-clearing department would undoubtedly prove remunerative. Lumber and pulp will always find a market in Canada as well as in the United States.

real part in this permanent policy for relieving unemployment. Let thousands of individual farmers apply for bush lots of 160 acres each in the clay lands. All applications should be localized in townships most suitable for future settlement. At convenient centres in such townships the Governments should provide comfortable and attractive community camps. Farm hands should be hired by the year. Instead of being turned adrift when the busy season is over, they could go north for a short period to help in clearing the bush lots of their employers. They would not, of course, be asked to live in shacks on the individual lots. They would reside at the nearest community camp, and share in all its social activities.

There need be no elaborate preparation for this work. Men in charge of a practical bush foreman could be sent north at once with warm clothing, tents and small portable sawmills. A suitable site for a community camp could be selected in the centre of each township opened, and the necessary buildings erected. The work of felling trees, cutting ties, pulpwood and other lumber could be started immediately.

Because of existing conditions of settlement many men, even among the unemployed, are naturally loath to face the hardships involved. The writer is of the opinion that this prejudice can largely be overcome when the men are well clothed and housed in fully equipped community camps. Why spend so much on able-bodied men in the cities, when an equal expenditure in well-organized efforts would provide stimulating employment to many thousands in the healthier environment of the north. Well-fed men in comfortable community camps, not the bread lines of the cities, is the solution.

Let Canada for all time abandon the foolish policy of homesteading her bush clay lands by individuals, working separately against unequal barriers. Rather let her undertake now a great permanent land clearing policy by using large gangs of unemployed men, living in community camps, supplied with every facility for education and entertainment—the movies not excepted.