The Finest Green Tea
is undoubtedly
"SALADA"

It is pure fresh and wholesome and the flavor is that of the true green leaf.

H 349

A WEARY WILLIE PARTY.

A "Weary Willie" party, when the "eats" can be served from cans in true hobo fashion, spells much fun and little work. Each guest may very properly be asked to bring a "hand-out." The invitations, written on roughly torn scraps of brown wrapping paper, might read:

The Weary Willies and the Limping Janes,
Will hit the ties, unless it rains;
Saturday afternoon, while the sun is up,
Bring a can of beans and your own tin cup.

(Meeting place and hour.)

All will need to bring a cup, as the cups will answer for plates as well as a means of getting a drink. Only a few, however, will be asked to bring beans; others will bring bread, weiners, cookies, or fruit. A hobo feed is never an elaborate affair, but the hosts must see that a can opener, a bread knife, drinking water, and coffee appear at the proper time.

Have a red bandanna handkerchief at the meeting place for each person. Before giving them out divide them into two piles. In the folds of each bandanna going to the boys, slip a piece of paper upon which is written the name of some food. Upon the slips in the girls' handkerchiefs will me the names of foods usually associated with those given the boys. Such combinations might be used as: Hameggs, bread-butter, salt-pepper, porkbeans, crackers-cheese, and creamsugar. The boy whose slip bears the word "cream" will of course look for "sugar."

When the boys have found their slips and located their partners, they will find sticks to make "Weary Willie" packages for themselves and their partners.

The march should be under the leadership of some boy who has the gift of making the company want to do anything he suggests. A cowbell might be rung by the leader to gain attention. There is only one thing that is likely to tear the jolly good-fellowship of a tramp through the woods, and that is the wandering off of a few who are especially good friends. You can avoid this by having them march in couples and changing partners whenever the leader orders. When changing, each boy drops back with the girl just behind, the last boy moving up to the front of the line. Most of the time they will be allowed to set their own pace, but just as the conversation begins to lag they will be told to flap their arms and crow four times like a rooster, or to dog-trot, walk pigeon-toed, or backwards. The whole line must do this at the same time. If there are any strangers in the crowd, they will not seem like strangers long.

Upon reaching the camping place, seat the crowd in a circle, and give each girl some word suggestive of the art of hoboing, such as blind baggage, back-door spread, bull dog, hand-out, wood pile, straw pile, or tramp. Give the boys the same names, thus a boy and a girl will each have the words, "blind baggage," and so on.

The ring leader begins a story of hobo life; the wilder and more exciting the tale the better. Whenever he mentions one of the words given out, the boy and girl having that word must leave the circle and scout for a couple of pieces of firewood. The story is halted until their return, and the company amuse themselves by shouting directions and comments.

When the wood is gathered and the fire going nicely, cut a number of forked twigs on which to toast weiners when the fire has burned down and left a good bed of coals. The beans may be heated by setting the opened cans on stones laid under the fire before it is set burning. If you set the cans on the coals you probably would melt the bottoms out of the cans and "spill the beans." A small can of beans for each couple won't be too much. They may be given spoons or clean bits of wood cut from shingles. The red bandanna handkerchiefs will serve as napkins, tablecloths, and for finger protection when working about the fire.

I MADE MY CANNING OUTFIT.

Thinking perhaps my experience will be of help to someone else, I am writing to tell how I made my canning outfit. I hired a man to build a rock furnace for me. It took him a half day, and he charged 75 cents. This furnace was about five feet long, three feet wide, and four feet high. A small rock was left out of one side so as to place the irons in when heating. Heating the irons from the side prevents burning the handles. Two holes were left in the top of the furnace, irons from an old buggy were placed across these. A tin wash tub was placed over one and a wash kettle over the other. I put wire racks, which I made myself from telephone wire, in the bottom of the kettle and tub. The tub cost 75 cents, and we already had the kettle.

My capping steel cost $1.25, tipping iron 40 cents, flux 25 cents, and lead 25 cents. I had a pair of tongs made for lifting cans. These cost 25 cents. That made the total cost of the outfit $3.00.

Some object to the furnace because it takes more heat, therefore more wood, but when you live in the country, where there is plenty of wood, it is cheaper. When you get the furnace hot it doesn't take much wood for the rest of the day. I exhausted all my cans in the tub and I used the kettle for cooking only.

I bought 1,000 tins cans, which cost $30. We had 250 glass jars, so I canned 1,250 cans of fruit and vegetables.

I canned 600 cans of peaches from our orchard, 200 cans of tomatoes from my club patch, 300 cans of beans, 50 cans of blackberries, 50 cans of pickles and apples, and 50 cans of cabbage. The pickles and blackberries were canned in glass. The glass cans were cooked on the furnace, just like the tin, except the water and jars were heated together.—Ada Kirby.

PINEAPPLE PUNCH.

Prepare pineapple and crush or grate. Place in bowl and add.

2 cups of powdered sugar.

Stand aside for two hours. Place in saucepan, 2 cups of sugar, 2 cups of water.

Cook for ten minutes, cool and turn over the prepared pineapple, adding juice of 4 oranges, juice of 6 lemons, 3 pints of water, 1 quart of crushed ice. Stir and add 1 banana cut in dice.

SOFT-BALL GAMES.

HIT OR MISS—The players count out to see who shall be "it"; then all the others scatter and choose each a tree, shrub or stump for a base. If the game is held indoors, a corner of the room, a window or any other definite thing can be used. The players beckon to one another to exchange places, and as they change, "it" tries to hit them with the ball. A player who is hit has one chance to throw the ball and hit "it." If she fails, she takes the place of "it." When many players take part the game goes faster if there are two or three "its" and each has a ball.

CAPTAIN DASH—The players divide into two equal groups; each group chooses a captain and then, facing her, lines up about ten feet in front of her. Each captain toes a line and tosses her ball to the first player in her group, then to the second, and so on until the ball has passed along the entire line and has been returned to the captain by the last girl. The captains then run forward; each passes once round her group and runs back. The side wins whose captain first crosses her starting line.

An Airplane Newspaper.

It is reported that a newspaper is published aboard the London and Paris airplane that carries passengers between those two capitals. A complete printing plant is installed on the aircraft. Each day before the sailing hour the latest news of the world, political, financial and general, is rushed to the editor. During the flight news is sent out by wireless from London and Paris at regular intervals, so that the aerial editor is in instant touch with affairs. The news is prepared, set up, and the paper printed during the airplane's flight. The editions are delivered to the towns over which the airplane flies by means of parachutes. The aerial newspaper contains stock quotations, special features and news in general.

A Doorless Doorway.

A British publication describes an invention by which flies, rain, snow and cold air can be kept from entering an open doorway. A motor fan is installed under a grill in front of the door. The fan sucks the air downward from the upper part of the doorway and forces it through a duct to a hood at the top of the entrance, where it is discharged downward and completes the cycle. A quarter-horse-power motor driving a sixteen-inch fan provides a current of air that is unnoticed by persons standing in the doorway, but that is most effective in keeping out insects and cold air. A shop in which the invention was tried reports that the door's standing open all the time so attracted people that trade increased by one third.

Fixing the Limit.

The Chorus Lady—"Do your favor long engagements?"

The Screen Star—"It depends on circumstances. An engagement should last as long as the man's money holds out."

The Gift Of The Gods

BY PEARL FOLEY.

(Copyright.)

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

"I can't say the years have detracted from you, Chess. The English officer type is a little more pronounced, that's all," remarked Culver, glancing admiringly at the lean firmness of the face before him, tanned to a deep brown, and the eyes, which life had made a little keener, a little more penetrating, but with the philosopher's twinkle in their depths. "You've done some nice girl an injustice, Chess. No doubt the British Government needed you, but ye gods, man, why didn't you take a wife with you? You don't know what you've missed out of life." And Culvert's glance rested on Irma's smiling face.

Reynolds' lips lost their curve as his eyes followed his friend's but his tone was light as he made answer, "Your happiness was an incentive, old chap, but unfortunately Providence seldom duplicates women."

Irma laughed, while Culver replied good-humoredly: "That comes too glibly for one who claims he has had no practice."

Irma shook her head. I'm afraid Mr. Reynolds finds the path of bachelorhood too smooth and easy an one to turn off. He tells me he is going to leave us again almost immediately."

"You don't say? Where now, Chess?"

"I'm following in your footsteps this time, old man—China."

"What luck! Just where Irma and I are off to."

"Neil!" Irma rose to her feet.

"Yes, dear; I made up my mind today while in Tung Yung's. The old heathen cast the spell of the East over me."

"When are we to start?" Irma's voice trembled.

"That's for you to decide, dear. Say the word and we go to-morrow."

"Why that's jolly!" exclaimed Reynolds. "What's to hinder us making the trip together? I can arrange my time to suit yours. The only important business I have over there is to see the boy."

'David, you mean? Has he recovered from his wound yet?"

"Not altogether, I fancy. Not that the young jackanapes complains to me, but a letter came from his aunt, Mrs. Ashton—you remember her—and she says he is as restless as a seal in a desert."

"Poor boy!"

Irma's voice drew Reynold's gaze to her sharply. "By the way, Mrs. Culver, how's Paul, the little shaver I left absorbing American life like an eel thrown into a new pond?"

Reynolds listened interestedly, plainly delighted at the boy's achievements.

"Well, well! so I've lost my wager after a dozen years, let alone twenty, and I'm mighty glad. The human race has the same root after all. India opened my eyes in that respect. I look aghast at my old egotistical self. What a confounded, narrow-minded ass I was."

"Don't be too hard on yourself, Chess. It's a common failing."

"Yes, and a lot of people will have to expand mighty fast if they want to be in line with the boys when they come back from Europe."

Quietly Irma slipped away to superintend dinner. She stood for a moment at the open window in the hall. The sun was sinking in a bed of gold and crimson, and she smiled as her eyes followed one golden gleam into the far East.

CHAPTER VI.

For the tenth time in the past half hour Tu Hee had wandered to her window to see if the sun had succeeded in peeping out before going down for the day. But the big drops still pattered down. Dropping to the floor she rested her elbow on the cushioned window seat and contemplated the bushes and flowering trees drooping under their increasing burden. But the sight of the garden proved rather tantalizing, in view of the fact that its beauties were at present denied her. Her eyes, seeing restlessly for a diversion, incidentally lighted on one in the shape of an American magazine. Drawing the book to her she looked critically and a little wistfully at the foreign beauty smiling at her from the frontispiece.

"You are very pretty," confessed Tue Hee aloud. "No, that word is too insipid for you. You are beautiful, far more beautiful than I could ever be." A sigh accompanied the last words. "And yet my nose is straight like yours; my lips curve the same; and there are three dimples in my face when I laugh instead of two. My eyes are blue too, and yet there is a big, big difference, Miss American Beauty; yes, a great big difference. You're white and I am yellow. And some of you white-skins are as nice as you look. The young white-skinned officer for example, and yet Lun warns me to be careful. I wonder why? But Lun didn't see the little lights in his eyes that made them twenkly and soft. Chu Sing has lights in his too, but the more they shine the harder and more cruel they look. But what do men matter, except Uncle Weng? I'm a little idiot, as Miss American Beauty would say, for mooning in the rain." Tossing aside the magazine Tu Hee jumped to her feet, shook out her gown, which rippled in a silky mauve sheen to the tiny rose slippers, and darted from the room.

She paused at the head of the staircase, listening intently, but as only silence greeted her, she sped lightly to the ground floor, where she again paused. She proceeded a little more cautiously now, and upon reaching the door of her uncle's study stood alert for any sound. Reassured that the way was clear she turned the brass handle of the heavy door and warily looked in. Swinging it to noiselessly she crept across the big room, where Weng Toy sat in an armchair reading. Smiling gleefully, Tu Hee clasped her hands over his eyes, at the same time ruffling his hair with her chin.

"It's the water sprite. She has me this time. I surrender!" cried the mandarin, lifting his hands and letting the book he had been reading slide to the floor.

"Let me see, what penalty shall I exact? You're a naughty uncle. You don't deserve ever to see your poor Autumn Glad—no Sadness, any more, letting her mope all alone in the rain."

"Please, please, good sprite, I couldn't live without my Autumn Gladness. Isn't there some other penalty you might exact?"

"Um, um—let me see. You do sound penitent." Loosening one hand Tu Hee placed her gold nail shield against her lips contemplatively.

One eye released, the prisoner blinked up at her.

"Oh, you're peeping! Just for that you shan't read another line to-day." Tnd capturing the book from the floor Tu Hee climbed to her guardian's knee and rested her head contentedly against his shoulder.

Patting her hand, Weng Toy said regretfully: "My little girl grows lonely with only an old uncle around to play with."

"*Without* him around," corrected Tu Hee.

A sigh escaped Weng Toy.

Tu Hee sat bolt upright and peered anxiously into his face. "You sigh. You not happy. In one more second Tu Hee weep, Uncle Weng."

"No, no, child. I am unhappy only when I think of the time when the gods shall order me to join my ancestors."

Tu Hee threw an arm around his neck and pressed her face closer. "The gods couldn't be so cruel, for then Tu Hee would have to go too."

"No, no, that would make gods angry, little Autumn Gladness. Gods say you must marry."

"Marry?" Tu Hee lifted her head and drew back. "Whom?"

"Do you think your old uncle has picked your husband?" Weng Toy's eyes did not waver under the searching look from the blue ones.

Tu Hee smiled. "It's China's custom for brides to be to have no choice, but my Uncle Weng is not like that."

A shadow flitted over the mandarin's face. He avoided the look of perfect trust bent on him. "You love me too well, little Tu Hee."

Tu Hee looked puzzled. "Uncle Weng, I believe you have an eye on a husband and you are waiting for my eye to fix him. Confess now! No, you won't frighten me, for I know you wouldn't force me to do anything." Slipping from his knee she stood before him waiting.

Weng Toy picked up the magazine from the floor and began turning its pages carefully.

Tu Hee watched this proceeding a little indignantly. Her hurt pride bade her leave the room but her barrier of respect intercepted her. And then to her surprise her guardian held towards her the American Magazine.

"If the allotment of a husband, Autumn Gladness, rested alone with me, here would be my choice."

Tu Hee's astonished eyes fell on the likeness of a young man in the uniform of a British officer. But he was not an Englishman, or an American. Indeed, unless her eyes were playing her false, he was not a foreigner at all, but one of her own countrymen—as noble-looking as any mandarin or prince. Yes, decidedly the gods had placed special favor on him. The wide brown eyes looked out as fearlessly—Tu Hee bent closer. Where had she seen that same dauntless, candid look before? A flush crept to her cheeks. Yes, there was no doubt of it—there was the same unconquerable look in the young Englishman's eyes. But there was something about this face that even the foreigner lacked. This was more of a boy's face, trustful and appealing. The world had not yet left its scar on the curved mouth, that would have been almost effeminate if the chin had not been so firm, while the forehead—. Tu Hee sighed in delight. She had once seen a picture in the foreign school which she had been told was that of a saint. A saint, she thought, must be a foreign god. At the time she had wished her country's gods were nicer to look at. She would have liked very much to have put the foreign saint in a picture, but of course that would have been sacrilegious. But here was a brow as beautiful as that foreign saint's. All over its smooth surface were written the words, "I serve humanity." Tu Hee was spellbound.

Weng Toy watched well pleased the expression on his child's face. He had studied her too many years not to be able to read it like a printed page, and he knew Paul Culver had already touched a heart-string.

In a reverie Tu Hee held the book out to her guardian.

"He is a young mandarin, Uncle Weng? Or a prince, maybe?"

"He is my sister's child."

"But how comes he to be in English garb? And if he is my cousin, why have I never before heard of him?"

"It is a painful story, child; at least painful to me. That is why I have not before mentioned it to you. My nephew was adopted by an American doctor. His grandfather, who is now dead, permitted it through misplaced gratitude, as the foreigner had saved his life. I have not seen the child since he was a baby, but a friend of mine, Tung Yung, has kept a close watch, and through him I have learned that my sister's son has had all the culture America is capable of bestowing, and his Chinese blood has enabled him to capture the greatest honors of Europe."

"Honors, you say, Uncle?"

"Yes; did you not read?"

(To be continued.)

Make stepping-stones of your stumbling blocks.

Hymns Written on Horseback

There is often a strange incongruity between the place where some masterpieces of literature first came into being and the literary production itself.

Take "The Pilgrim's Progress," for instance. What a contrast between its Mount Zions, its Valley of Humiliation, its Delectable Mountains, and the Bedford prison cell in which it was mainly penned!

Burns composed "Scots Wha Hae" in a thunderstorm and on horseback. He was riding across a heath with a friend, who, noting his singular of preoccupation, refrained from talking. The silence was fruitful, and to the rolling thunder and the vivid lightning the poet composed the greatest war ode in any language.

"The Farmer's Boy" was composed on a shoemaker's stool in a garret, where Robert Bloomfield worked along with several other men. It was no uncommon thing for the cobbler-poet to carry several hundreds of lines in his head, lacking, as he did, any but infrequent opportunities to transcribe them.

Two of Browning's poems were written at sea, yet both are emphatically of the land and of landsmen. The poems are, "Oh, to be in England now that April's there!" and "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," one a lyric in praise of the lost hedgerows, the other a jingle with the clatter of harness, and marching in its rhythm not to the pitch and toss of a tramp wind-jammer, but to the beat, beat of pounding hoofs.

The poet had been very seasick, and instead of dreaming of the time when there should be "no more sea," he tried the effect of an antidote.

There is a similar incongruity of place and product in the story of how Cowper's "The Diverting History of John Gilpin," the most popular poem of its kind ever written, came into being. It was the product of a night. The story is told by Hayley:—

"It happened in those years when his accomplished friend, Lady Austen, made a part of his little evening circle, that she observed him sinking into increasing dejection. It was her custom on these occasions to try all the resources of her sprightly powers for his immediate relief.

She told him the story of John Gilpin to dissipate the gloom of the passing hour. Its effect on the fancy of Cowper had the air of enchantment. He informed her the next morning that convulsions of laughter, brought on by his recollection of her story, had kept him awake during the greater part of the night, and that he had turned the story into a ballad."

Mark Twain did much of his best work in bed. He had an idea to which he often gave utterance, that getting up, and shaving and bathing and dressing, dissipated all one's best and most spontaneous thoughts. So he had a bed-desk made in order that he might write when the spirit moved him. Imagine "Huckleberry Finn" — that story of the long reaches of the Mississippi and life in the open—written in bed!

It is by no means an isolated instance of an unrestful book composed between the restful sheets. "Ivanhoe" was dictated in bed and from Scott's couch during an illness. "East Lynne" also was written in bed, yet every novel reader knows how its authoress piles sensation on sensation.

Both John and Charles Wesley often composed on horseback. John was probably the only author on record who could write and ride at the same time. He rode thousands of miles every year, and was so much at home on a horse that he wrote whilst actually riding, not only fugitive pieces, tracts, and hymns, but many volumes.

His brother Charles composed a great many of his hymns whilst riding, but he never learned the are of timing his pen to the pacing of his palfrey!

The Web.

Slowly from point to point
Her web the spider weaves,
Hanging her flimsy net,
Trembling, between two leaves.

A delicate, swinging trap,
Work of minutest care,
Blown by the merest breath
To infinite air.

Thus music thread-like spins
From mind to mind her weft,
Using as simple aids
Thin strings and fingers deft.

Hangs it between two worlds,
A fragile, lovely snare,
To lure the ventures lone
Who trespass there.

—E. Hamilton-Fellows.

Royal Marriage Raises Question of Age to Wed.

The Duke of York's marriage has stirred up a discussion as to what is the proper age for marrying, says a London despatch. Most critics think that the Duke, who is 27 and the Duchess who is 22, hit the ideal age. Others point out that any age is the right one provided you have a sufficiently bulky bank account.

The Bishop of Welldon and Dean of Durham advises young people not to marry until they can bring up a family, but he adds: "Yet early marriages are often safeguards against temptation and also motives for industry."

Coulson Kernahan, a well known writer, says a man should wait until he knows a girl long enough to know her well, adding: "Remember Heine's saying about the frogs that would have liked some water well enough but they thought twice before jumping into a well because they knew that once they were in they could not get out. Heine, of course, had forgotten about the divorce court, but to future divorcees I decline to give advice. They will get that, if they can afford it, from the lawyers."

The Rev. Dimsdale Young, a popular preacher, favors youthful marriages because "the divorce courts see less of people who marry early than of those who are supposed to be more prudent. Too many people mistake selfishness in this matter for prudence. They want a large income and an easy time."

Joseph Hocking, novelist, believes 22 for the man and 19 for the girl to be the ideal ages, provided the man can support his wife decently. "Most of the troubles of married life result from financial difficulty," he says, "and this arises generally because there has been no consideration of the financial question."

It is only through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage, that we move on to better things.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Sprat and Wife.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
But both could take a cheering drop—
And drain the glasses clean.

Woodpile 369,000 Miles Long.

The people of Canada and the United States use enough forest materials in a year to make a pile of logs four feet high and three hundred and sixty thousand miles long, or fifteen times around the earth.

This enormous drain on the forest wealth has so alarmed the public authorities that protective policies unheard of a few years ago are now being brought into force. In Canada, the Quebec Government has closed all the forests against travellers except on written permit from a fire ranger or other official. A few years ago this would have been considered drastic but with an annual record of five thousand conflagrations set in this Dominion by campers, fishermen, settlers and other classes (who are the people who really lose most by what they destroy) the governments have no other option than to save what remains of the forests by stricter measures.

One camp fire in Ontario destroyed fifty-six years' supply of a mammoth Ottawa Valley lumber mill. A band of prospectors in another district burned twenty years' supply of one of Canada's largest paper mills. And none of the enormous areas thus destroyed can be reproduced under 150 years.

Camping Grounds for Motorists.

Preparations for the opening ceremony of the Banff-Windermere motor road over the Central Rockies are being rapidly advanced and it is expected that the new motor camping ground near Banff as well as the other camp grounds along the road will be ready by June 15 in good time for the opening on June 30. The Banff camp, situated near Mount Rundle, when completed will be one of the best equipped in the Dominion. It will be lighted by electricity and water from the Banff system will be piped to the grounds. Culinary, lavatory and telephone conveniences will be provided. A caretaker will be in charge throughout the season and the camp will be subject to inspection by the sanitary Officer. In all there will be about 250 lots for campers.

A Tsetse-Fly Barrier.

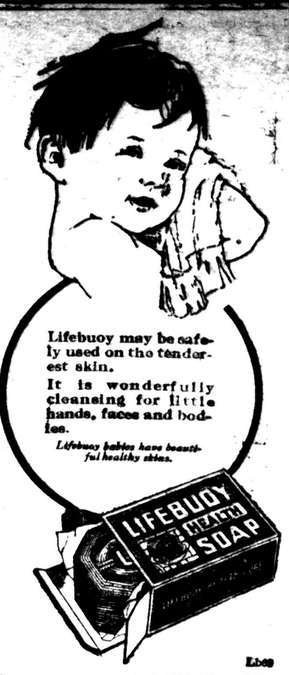
Plans to ward off tsetse flies, the scourge of vast regions in Africa, by growing a plant that is also valuable as forage, are well under way, according to the London Times. The new fodder plant, which was discovered in Angola in 1921, is an oil-secreting grass so distasteful to the tsetse fly that it acts as a natural barrier against it. From October to May it furnishes excellent pasture, and cattle seem to prefer it to other forage. It has the further advantages of being very prolific and of spreading rapidly by self-seeding. If the experiment is successful, vast areas in Africa now almost useless to man will become available for settlement.

Famous Bells of Notre Dame to be Electric-Tolled.

The successors of Quasimodo, Victor Hugo's fictitious bellringer of Notre Dame, will give way soon to the inroads of 20th-century mechanical efficiency. An electric motor is to be installed for tolling the first bell, which will be in the nature of a try-out before the other bells are similarly equipped.

BETSY AND I ARE GOING TO KILL ANOTHER BEAR.

—From the Detroit News



Lifebuoy may be safely used on the tenderest skin.

It is wonderfully cleansing for little hands, faces and bodies.

Lifebuoy babies have beautiful healthy skins.

Lbuo

Canada's Fur Catch Shows Big Increase

Furs constitute one of Canada's important resources and in the season of 1921-22 the value of furs marketed increased over the previous season by over $7,000,000. This information is given by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics in a statement just issued from which also the following facts are taken:

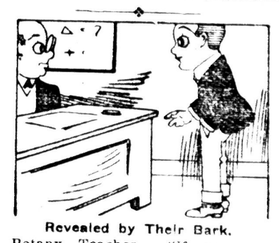
"The total value of pelts of fur-bearing animals taken in Canada during the season of 1921-22 was $17,377,834, an increase over the previous season of $7,226,240 or 71 per cent. The number of pelts of all kinds was 4,344,316, an increase of 47 per cent. over 1920-21. These figures comprise pelts of animals taken by trappers and pelts of ranch-bred animals. Muskrat pelts increased by over one million in number and by over two million dollars in value. Beaver pelts increased from 164,656 valued at $2,686,472 in 1920-21 to 231,645 valued at $4,258,579 in 1921-22. According to value the principal kinds of pelts in 1921-22 were: muskrat, $4,687,818; beaver, $4,258,579; mink, $1,839,785; marten, $1,212,603; silver fox, $732,674; white fox, $1,619,337; red fox $472,847; fisher, $424,063; Otter, $372,694; skunk, 311,040.

Average Prices Higher.

The average prices paid for pelts in the season 1921-22 were greater than those in the previous season. For example the average price of beaver was $18.38 as against $16.31; white fox, $39.70 as against $34.62; muskrat, $1.53 as against $1.24; otter, $27.26 as against $24.02; fisher, $74.65 as against $58.86; skunk, $2.34 as against $1.73; racoon, $3.68 as against $3.05; weiverine, $17.56 as against $13.96. One of the few decreases was silver fox, which brought $147.36 as against $151.99 the previous year.

The value of fur production by provinces in 1921-22 was as follows:

Prince Edward Island	$ 448,786
Nova Scotia	188,887
New Brunswick	162,421
Quebec	3,326,626
Ontario	4,949,787
Manitoba	1,679,646
Saskatchewan	1,673,679
Alberta	1,356,338
British Columbia	1,560,307
North West Territories	1,827,455
Yukon Territory	203,402
Canada	$17,377,834



Revealed by Their Bark.

Botany Teacher — "If you went among them, wouldn't the trees reveal themselves to you by their bark?"

Student—"No, sir; with one exception; only the dogwood."

Forest Protection.

The forests comprise one of Canada's greatest resources. They are exposed to several dangers, the chief of which is fire. Nearly all forest fires are caused by human agency, therefore they can be stopped by carefulness. Those whose business takes them into the forest need to remind themselves that their livelihood, in no small degree, depends upon their care with fire. Those who go into the woods for recreation and sport should consider themselves honorary fire-wardens, and even those who never enter the forest can do much by helping to strengthen the force of public opinion which is probably the most powerful single factor in preventing forest fires.

And Therefore—

Two young surveyors working in a Louisiana swamp spied what they at first thought was a hoop snake; but at second glance they saw that two snakes, each with the other's tail in its mouth, were strenuously trying to swallow each other.

On reaching camp that night they told their snake story to the cook, a gray-haired veteran of the swamps.

"That was a mighty curious sight, boys," said the old man. "a mighty curious sight. I reckon you wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't seen it, would you?"

"Probably not," agreed the boys.

"Well," said the old man, "I didn't see it."