Camille Steps In

BY FLORENCE BINGHAM LIVINGSTON.

PART II.

"All-fired good meal," John Perley said heartily as he rose with the satisfied stretch of a gorged cat, and Camille knew that she had gained tremendously, not only with John Perley but with Ward. He had admired her as a wonderful being, but always with a consciousness of a distance between them. Now she had allied herself with his routine and it brought them nearer to each other.

When she had washed the supper dishes, the men were through with the milking, and she and Ward went out to the back verandah together. He was going to help her wash the milk pails at the outside sink. He knew she was tired. Besides, there is a stage in everybody's life when it is enchanting to wash milk pails together.

"You don't know how," he told her with a gay assurance that he had not dared before.

"Better than you," she retorted, snatching the pail away when he made as if to pour boiling water into it from the teakettle he had brought out from the stove. "Cold water first."

"By George, I didn't believe you'd know." He seemed to think this astonishing and admirable.

They discussed the best temperature and dabbled their fingers in the milky water, playfully dashing in hot water till it was too warm, and then cold till it was too cool. They made a game of it, laughing gleefully as if they had discovered something very funny.

They scalded the pails and turned them over on the rack that ran along the side of the house. Then they went through the kitchen and sat in the chairs on the front verandah. They watched the shadows darken the maple trees and absently heard the chugging croak of distant frogs and the chirping of crickets around the steps. They talked of anything and nothing, or fell into contented silence.

They had come a long way since the three o'clock train had left that afternoon. They had been living the same existence happily, so that it had borne them together into a little harbor of understanding.

Camille knew suddenly that Ward's thoughts were full of her in a more dynamic way, and she held herself breathless till he should speak. Which he didn't do, however, for no reason in the universe except that his father spoke first. John Perley had been scratching matches in the sitting room, and now he tramped heavily into the kitchen.

"Ward," he called, "did you get some kerosene to-day?"

Camille sighed.

Ward's chair rocked violently as he sprang to his feet. "Gee, no. I forgot it. I'll bring down my lamp. It's almost full."

And the tenor of the evening was changed. Also, this mere forgetting of kerosene was to bring a new and vital factor into Ward's life.

Camille, having borrowed an alarm clock, was wakened at half past five the following morning. The Perleys had breakfast at seven, somewhat later than the neighbors, for although the men were up at half past four, there were many cows to be milked and many barn chores to be done and they liked to finish before they ate. Incidentally, they were hungrier, but Camille had not thought about that. She merely knew that she was allowing ample time in which to get a meal.

She found a fire in the kitchen range. She went into the pantry and began picking out corned beef for hash. She cut out the gristle with a sharp knife and dropped the lean meat into the wood bowl. She chopped the meat fine before adding the cold potato.

Somehow it took longer than she had expected—four hungry men would eat a lot of hash—and when she came back to the kitchen and put the iron spider of hash on the stove she began to hurry a little. She salted the boiling water in the saucepan that John Perley had put on, and stirred in the mush. She started the coffee, noticed suddenly that the fire seemed to be low. She took off the griddle. A thin layer of coals covered the bottom of the firebox. She ought to have put in wood while she was making the hash, but she was not used to wood.

She half filled the firebox with criss-crossed kindlings and topped them with two sticks. Then she set the table. It looked bare and ordinary with only the necessities of eating. There should be flowers. She ran out to the front yard and picked some cinnamon roses. . . . . Her eyes widened suddenly. There was a hole by the conies. Hens!

Mrs. Perley had told her to close the henhouse door after the fowls had gone to roost, for John Perley always let them out after supper for a short run. She had forgotten to do it. They had been at large since sunrise. But perhaps the havoc wouldn't amount to much if she got them back at once.

She dashed into the house, stirred the hash and the mush, and dashed out again, across the road to the vegetable garden. Forty-nine hens and two roosters were there before her, feasting richly on worms and bugs. They were scattered unselfishly, each one digging a hollow with deftly gyrating feet; then sweeping back to the edge and cocking eager eyes to see what had been unearthed.

"Get out of here," Camille called. "Go back to your house. Shoo! Get out! Shoo!"

They shooed promptly enough, but in widely different directions. Camille closed in on three Plymouth Rocks and chased them hopefully. They fled in desperation, taking short low flights and then running close to the earth, stiff necked and with a curious wallowing motion, as if their legs grew shorter while their fear increased.

Without warning, one of them veered toward the apple orchard and another plunged into the peonies. Camille could almost touch the one that was left, so she stayed by the pursuit. But instead of going into her proper domicile, the frantic Plymouth Rock slithered into the open shed adjoining and took refuge among the broken wagon parts that cluttered one end of it.

Camille followed with set determination, clutching at the hen, always finding her gone somewhere else. She jammed her hand into openings too small; she bumped her head on the tongue of a lumber wagon; she pressed a pattern of axle grease on her fresh blue gown; but did she give up? No. Camille Grant was not to be conquered by a hen when her record of management was at stake, and finally she laid victorious hands on the Plymouth Rock.

But this was only one hen. There were forty-eight more and two roosters still at large.

She ran back to the garden patch and tried again, but with no success whatever. Camille had to give it up for the time being, because of breakfast. An acrid odor met her at the kitchen door, the by-product of burned hash. John Perley was standing at the stove.

"Fire was too flashy," he announced casually. "Burned the whole shooting match and then went out." His lean hand indicated the warming shelf, to which he had transferred the scorched hash and the mush, stick thickly to the saucepan.

"But never mind," he added kindly, "you aren't used to things, and it's a big job. Just bring on whatever you've got."

"But I—I haven't got anything else. You see, those hens were all over —"

"You just cut some bread," he interrupted, keeping the matter in hand, "and I'll fry up some eggs. Three or four apiece'll help fill up those men. Good for three eggs, Ward?" he called as his son came in.

"Sure. Good for any number."

John Perley opened a cupboard and brought out an agateware pan.

"How many'll you eat, Miss Grant?"

"Oh, none. Not any, thank you."

Ward looked from one to the other. "What's the matter?" His voice was anxious.

Camille shook her head. She gave the impression of choking back tears.

"She forgot to shut up the hens, and it's took her appetite," explained his father briefly. "Hunt up a pie or something, Ward. We've got to make out a meal and get to work."

Ward turned to Camille. "Don't you mind a bit," he said warmly. "It was my fault about the hens. I ought to have thought about 'em."

She smiled at him gratefully, but she felt depressed as they sat down to the makeshift meal. She scarcely ate anything. The fried eggs nauseated her.

After breakfast the men, by means of scattered corn, coaxed the hens into captivity with the exception of five or six, and Camille promised to keep an eye on the garden to see that these did no damage. She dragged wearily about the kitchen.

Although she would not have acknowledged it, she had not felt as fresh as usual after the heavy work of the day before. She was not inured to it, nor to the early rising. The dishes were terrible. The mush stuck as if it had been glued.

It was after ten when she had cleared the drain board of the last of the dishes. And then she saw John Perley.

"I forgot the lunch," he told her cheerfully as he came in.

"Lunch!" she echoed.

He moved toward the pantry. "Have to have a little snack in the middle of the morning when you're working so hard. Now don't bother. I'll find something."

She heard him opening pails and cans, rattling knives, clinking jelly glasses.

"Good Lord, will there be anything left?" she asked herself wildly. And she asked it again when John Perley came out of the pantry with a tin pail that showed sandwiches, thick and hastily made, and molasses cookies at the top.

On the verandah he paused with heartening encouragement. "Don't fuss yourself about dinner. We're not particular. All we want is something filling—having such a slim breakfast." He grinned, expecting her to recall some humor from the morning. "We got such a late start, we won't be back early. Call it half past twelve."

"It makes four meals a day," Camille thought as she went back to her work. She was not used to farm cooking, not used to replenishing the enormous ravages of the hardest muscular exertion.

But somehow, by eliminating every other household task, she managed to have a hot dinner ready at half past twelve. Not, however, without deep inroads upon the food which Mrs. Perley had left.

When the dishes were washed, Camille took stock. She lifted the lid of the bread can and could scarcely believe her eyes. Half a loaf! Those men had eaten stacks of it all day. Mrs. Perley would have made muffins or johnnycake in the morning.

"My heavens, I can't get bread made to-day," she thought disconsolately. "Well I'll have to bake a lot of other stuff."

She got out the cooking dishes and sifted flour. She found only one egg. So she started for the chicken house.

Gloomily she trailed down to the henhouse. It was a roomy place, with several windows and with tiers of roosts on one side. There were shadowy corners where an unhappy hen might find seclusion. But to Camille it all looked hopelessly sordid, shabby.

Like a flash a bright thought struck her. Here was something she could do that might make up for the destruction in the garden. It wouldn't take her long to clean up this place, make it look wholly different. It would please Mrs. Perley.

(To be concluded.)

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

Gen. John Graves Simcoe

First governor of Upper Canada, whose burial place in an old chapel at Wolford, England, has been purchased by Sir Leicester Harmsworth, to be preserved as a permanent memorial to Simcoe's honor.

The Gypsy.

"Where do I live when I'm at home?"
The gypsy laughed to me.
"My hearthstone's laid in the good red loam
And the sky was raised for my own rooftree.
As he carries his house on a shiny track
I carry the sky, like a snail, on my back,
Till it dabbles its eaves in the sea.

"And when dark drops down and the roof grows thin
I haven't a place to be lonesome in,
For I look through the moon like a clean-washed pane
And a candle set
In the house of a friend where I'll come again. . . .

"Where I wake, sun-up, with a fern-leaf curled
In my chumpled palm, as a child could come,
That's where I live when I'm at home—
Right in the world."

—Beatrice Ravenel, in "The Arrow of Lightning."

Minard's Liniment for chapped hands.

AERIAL SURVEYS IN CANADA

A VALUABLE AID TO DEVELOPMENT.

Activities Extended Over Various Parts of Dominion With Noted Success.

The value of aerial photography in its application to mapping has been demonstrated many times since the commencement of this work a few years ago. By its use it is possible to map with speed and economy lands which would require a tremendous expenditure of time and effort to cover by the ordinary ground methods. Thus it is possible to employ aerial photography in the mapping of our hitherto unmapped areas when to produce maps of the same order of accuracy and detail by other methods would, from a standpoint of economy, be out of the question.

This work has been carried on since its inception, five years ago, by the Topographical Survey, Department of the Interior, working in co-operation with the Royal Canadian Air Force, Department of National Defence. In the office of the Topographical Survey, all aerial photographs used in mapping are indexed and filed and may be referred to at any time for information relating to the development of the country. Such information is of the utmost value, and generally could not otherwise be obtained without the expenditure of a tremendous amount of time and money in personal investigation over the territory in question.

Maps Show Wealth Detail.

Operations during the 1926 season extended over various parts of Canada. One of the areas included was that of the new Rouyn mining district in the province of Quebec, the Shirley Bay station near Ottawa being used as a base and the necessary ground field work being performed by the Geological Survey of Canada. The photographs which covered an area of over 5,750 square miles in this locality were all taken in a systematic manner and show great wealth of detail which will be of service in revising the maps of the district and in rendering assistance to the geologist, the forester, and the prospector, and for the development which will follow theo pening up of this mineral area.

In northwestern Ontario aerial photography was carried on over the region lying in general to the east of that covered by the 1925 season, and extended from the Red Lake area into the Woman Lake and Lake Nipigon districts. Consequent upon the 1925 field work, the first aerial maps of the Red Lake district became available early in the spring of 1926, at a time when their need was greatly felt. They proved of great assistance to prospectors, geologists, mining recorders, and others engaged in the development of this mineralized area, the demand for them exhausting the initial issue in a few weeks. This aerial photographic mapping work was carried on in co-operation with the geological and survey divisions of the Ontario Government, a large extent of hitherto unmapped territory being successfully photographed. These photographs reveal thousands of lakes and in addition furnish accurate records of the character of the country, and give information which will make possible the preparation of base maps for the guidance of the prospectors as well as for those engaged in patrols for forest fire detection and suppression.

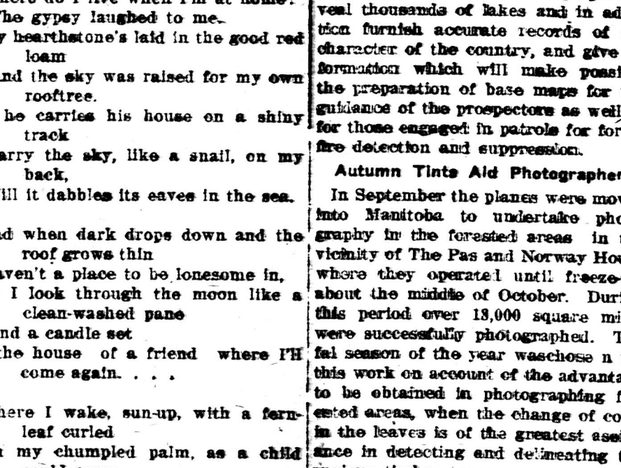
Autumn Tints Aid Photographer.

In September the planes were moved into Manitoba to undertake photography in the forested areas in the vicinity of The Pas and Norway House where they operated until freeze-up, about the middle of October. During this period over 18,000 square miles were successfully photographed. The fall season of the year was chosen for this work on account of the advantage to be obtained in photographing forested areas, when the change of color in the leaves is of the greatest assistance in detecting and delineating the various timber types.

From the High River base, Alberta, photographic work was carried on in the Calgary district. From this base also a plane was dispatched to the Battleford and Prince Albert districts. In these three localities some 2,000 square miles were photographed.

In addition to those enumerated above, many small scattered photographic operations were undertaken, all designed to assist in the development of the natural resources of the country. These operations were correlated with the major operations in such a way as to minimize the expenditure of time and money, and were usually required in connection with water-power projects, forestry, geological investigations, and other purposes. Until the late autumn, work was carried on in the vicinity of the Gatineau river in Quebec and on Vancouver Island in British Columbia.

The year was a very successful one and the resulting maps will greatly assist in the development of the resources in the areas covered.



Motorsleigh, invented by Mr. A. H. Waring, Uhthoff, Ontario. It has a Ford engine, and can travel twenty miles an hour on any road of ice or snow, and does not, like most motorsleighs, use excess gasoline.

Be Sure To Say "SALADA" GREEN TEA

It is by far the most delicious. Ask for it.

Dancing for a Wife.

Men are not the only creatures that learn to dance when they are in love.

The ugly scorpion indulges in elaborate dances before mating. The male crawls up to the female and goes through contortions not unlike those of a shy man on introduction. Then he seizes her claws with his own and sedately walks backwards with her, turning to right and left in a sort of waltz. This generally continues for over an hour, when they rush off to spend their honeymoon underground. Afterwards the female generally kills and eats the male!

Spiders make love by a sort of Charleston solo dance. They lift one side of the body and then the other most grotesquely, and afterwards make semi-circles round the chosen one, sometimes a hundred or more, until she is apparently bewildered into acceptance.

The crane wheels round in front of his future partner, makes a bow so low that his head almost touches the ground, and then leaps into the air. He then makes another pirouette and, facing her again, a deep one. If she accepts him, the female bird gives a bow and a hop, and then together they give a series of hops and jerks, bowing ceremoniously to right and left in a remarkable resemblance to the minuet.

Make Your Own Hockey Stick.

If you need an ice hockey stick there are two ways to make it. The first is to bend the wood into shape, the other is to select a piece of wood that is already correctly bent.

Making the sharp bend is not easy with the equipment of the average home workshop, but you can have this done at a local mill, where they have facilities for bending wood, and making it stay bent. The rest of the shaping and finishing will be no trick at all.

The other method: A tree branch is selected, elm preferred, that has the correct bend to it; this is first roughly hewed to shape with an axe, then finished to the form with spoke-shave or draw-knife, plane, file and sandpaper. After sanding smooth, a coat of shellac should then be applied.

Leap Over Broomstick is Romany Wedding.

Jumping over a broomstick is all that's necessary for a young couple to do to become man and wife under Romany Law. This was explained by Martha Smythe, an aged gypsy woman who applied at Fareham for a pension. When asked to produce her birth and marriage certificates she said she and her husband-to-be had merely jumped over a broomstick at a fair and, according to Romany custom, were legally married.

"And we have lived happily as man and wife for over fifty years," she added proudly. The old lady's application for pension was granted.

The Brook.

Here runs the brook beneath its snowy robe,
Here on the bank the pines
Stand straight against the saffron evening,
And leaning o'er the muffled music of the water
The withered red of barberries.

—Prudence W. Potter.

Rider Haggard's Mother.

Here I will try to give some description of this mother with whom we were blest. Twenty-two years have passed since she left us, but I can say honestly that every one of those years has brought to me a deeper appreciation of her beautiful character. . . .

My mother never was a beauty in the ordinary sense of the word, but in youth, to judge by the pictures which I have seen of her (photographs were not then known), she must have been very refined and charming in appearance. . . . Her abilities were great; taking her all in all she was perhaps the ablest woman I have known, though she had no iron background to her character; for that she was too gentle. Her bent no doubt was literary, and had circumstances permitted I am sure she would have a name in that branch of art to which in the intervals of her crowded life she gravitated by nature. Also he was a good musician, and drew well. Of her mental abilities I have however spoken in a brief memoir which I published as a preface to a new edition of my mother's poem. . . .

I think that the greatest of her gifts, however, was that of conversation. No more charming companion could be imagined. Also she had the art of drawing the best out of anyone with whom she might be talking, as the sympathetic sometimes can do. In a minute or two she would find which was his or her strongest point and to this turn the conversation. . . . She contrived to read a great deal, and to keep herself au courant with all thought movements and the political affairs of the day. Further, she did her very best to teach her numerous children the truths of religion, and to lead them into the ways of righteousness and peace. . . .

Her various duties, including that of housekeeping, of which she was a perfect mistress, left her scarcely an hour to follow her own literary and artistic tastes. All she could do was to give a little attention to gardening, to which she was devoted.—From "The Days of My Life," by Sir H. Rider Haggard.

A Conspiracy of Silence.

Oscar Wilde was not a person renowned for sharpness of tongue, but there is one remark tradition ascribes to him that Whistler himself could hardly have made more cutting.

A certain rather dull poet once complained bitterly to Wilde of the lack of critical attention that his poems received. "There seems to be a conspiracy of silence against me," he declared. "What would you advise me to do?"

"Join it," came the unconsoling reply.

What Man is Worth.

The chemical constituents that make up a man's body—iron, lime, carbon, salt, phosphorous etc.—can be bought at any drug store, we are told, for ninety-eight cents. That is what man is worth—materially. It is the intangible, invisible spirit that animates this almost valueless heap of mineral matter, the valiant spark amidst the dusk, that is the man.

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

Scotland's Oldest Castle.

Scotland's oldest inhabited castle is that of Dannegan, in the Isle of Skye. After being lit for nearly 1,000 years by tapers, torches candles and lamps, this venerable building has just been fitted up with electric light.

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