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SIR WILLIAM'S

CHAPTER IX. Jack rowed a little way out, and foilowed the coastline; and, of course, a scarcely veiled surprise; and Jack rowed in silence.

He had come to Withycombe on the sion, very much as a fisherman would impulse of the moment, and just be-cause it occurred to him that he would like to see it again. He was not in the mood for bendon, for his father's death had hit him hard, and the fact that he had died in enmity with him is just as likely to give you cold as had filled him with a regret, and caused a softening of the heart which made him long for quiet and repose. And Withycombe, he remembered, was quiet enough.

The fisherman's kit was adopted as much for convenience as disguise; he was fond of the sea, he had worked his passage out to Australia, and he plausibly accounted for his presence at Withycombe by telling the simple fisher folk that he was out of a lob, and fancied a spell of rest. No one had recognized him. Mrs. Bunce would have done so, of course, but Mrs. Bunce was dead, and her daughter did not recognize in the good-looking young fisherman the lad who had scampered about the place in the bygone years.

Jack, not having heard of Missess Bramley's arrival, had no ideaof the identity of the two girls who had engaged him as if he were an ordinary fisherman. He felt rather amused, and was not at all annoyed at their mistake; indeed, it was a tribute to the excellence of his disguise; and he considered it was rather a and Clytie put her white one into it. pleasant way of spending the morn- His strong fingers closed over hers, ing, grar pleasanter than rowing by and seemed to support, to steady, himself, or lounging on the beach her whole body. Mollie put her small brooding over the miserable past.

Every now and then he glanced at Clytie, who was leaning back, her eyes fixed on the small village of white cottages which climbed from the beach itself, and wound in broken line through the ravine until it was lost among the trees above. It was as beautiful a scene in its way as any part of England can show, Clytie, as she sat and gazed at surrendered to her. He listened in a kind of dream to the girls as they talked and laughed.

"Clytie, you're getting your feet fearfully wet!" said Mollie reproachfully; but Clytic laughed almost gaily; she seemed as young, as girlish, as Mollie at that momnet.

"Who cares?" she cried. "That's all very well," retorted Mol-

So, she was ill, delicate, thought Jack. as he watched her. "Wnat does it matter? Besides salt water never hurts one." replied Clytie carelessly.

That's a mistake, a popular fallaey." said Jack involuntarily. Both girls straightened themselves

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ly Slept. Cuticura Heals.

They had been bending in search of the shells-and looked at him with bit his lip and looked, in his confu-I scarcely alept at all.
"I had been bothered for nearly

look who had been guilty of an involuntary presumption.
"I beg your pardon," he said-it seemed to him that he was always suing for forgiveness-"but salt water fresh. Why, nearly all the old people in Withycombe have rheumatism-so

I'm told." "If that's the case—and he ought to know; he's a sailor—you'd better come home as soon as possible and get your feet dry," said Mollie. "I don't want to have you laid up with a feverish cold or rheumatism, or whatever it is cold feet give you."

"Nonsense!" said Clytie, resuming her hunt for the shells. "You talk as if I were an old woman."

"You're worse; you're young and giddy," retorted Mollie. "We've got quite enough; let us go now; besides, I'm hungry. What shall we do with the shells?"

"We're like the poor millionaires," said Clytie, with a laugh. "Embarrassed by our riches." "Put them in this basket," said Jack,

holding it out. Like children they poured in their treasures. Then Clytic went to step into the boat. Jack jammed it against the rock and held out his brown hand:

paw on his shoulder and jumped in, and he arranged the impromptu cushion and pulled out of the cave. His pea-jacket lay in the bottom of the boat, and gradually he managed, as if unconsciously, to drag and push it forward with his feet until it touched Clytie's; then he remarked, as if the thought had just struck him: "You might as well put this round you, miss."

"Oh, no, thanks!" said Clytie, with a laugh. "My feet are not at all cold; and I'm not at all likely to catch cold; I never do. My sister was only jok-

"Yes, put it round them!" said Mollie. And she bent forward to take the coat; but Jack, as if he had not noticed her intention, drew the thick lie. "But what would Doctor Morton | coat over Clytie's knees and dexter-

"That's first-rate-and very thoughtful of you, Douglas," said Moilie. "They say that Jack is always the handy-man."

"Yes, Jack's my name." he said. "Oh, it is? Yes, I'd forgotten: I meant a sailor, of course. Roy quickly, please; I don't want my sister to

sit too long." Clytic looked at her with faint surprise and reproach, but laughed amusedly as she said:

"Mollie, I decline to be treated as if I were an invalid, especially as there is nothing whatever the matter with me. Why, I'm stronger than

"You!" retorted Mollie scornfully. "I'll bet you I walk you, swim you, ride you, row you, for-for a dozen pairs of gloves-Pinet's!"

"Done!" responded Clytic, imitating the boyish challenge. You couldn't row from here to the

pier!" declared Mollie contemptueusly. "I don't believe you could get those frog's paws of yours round the oars!" Clytic rose promptly, but Mollie pulled her back again. "No, no! You look so comfy! But I think I'll have a turn, please," she

said to Jack. He glanced at her hand sideways, but Mollie had the quick eyes of a monkey, and caught him.

"Oh, yes, my hands are large enough. They're ever so much bigger than my sister's. Look!" she said

holding them out. "Yes, they'll go round," he said, with a smile. He gave up his place, and was going to the vacant seat beside Clytie; but, suddenly remembering himself, pretended to arrange the coat, and went into the bow.

"How heavy it is!" remarked Mollie, after a pull or two. "Why, no wonder! The boat's all down in front.

Go to the stern, please. Douglas." "The boat's all right? he returned, almost sullenly, and therefore more like a fisherman than any former

speech of his was. "Go and do as you're told," said Mollie, sharply. But she had met her match. He got up and reached for the oars. "Better let me take her in. miss." he said, in the tone which always obtained obedience for Jack Douglas, the tone before which Teddy's lofty spirit

had bent submissive. "There's a current setting off the shore, and you may not hit the channel." Mollie looked up at him for a moment, rebellious; then Clytic said: "Come back to your seat." Moilie's

eyes fell, and she obeyed. The tide had run out since they started, and he saw that if the girls tried to land without assistance they would have to wade. He leaved to shore with a painter in his hand, and pulled up the boat as far as it would go, but it was not far enough to permit them to step out dry-foot. Without a moment's hesitation, and in a matter-of-fact way, he went to the side of the boat and held out his arms.

Mollie went into them with a spring that would have knocked him over if he had been fess strong, and lau ly clung to him as he carried her to shore. Then he returned for Clytic. She had not been carried in a fisher-man's arms since she was a child, and she hesitated, standing with one foot on the gunwale of the boat, and eyeing

were large and always feetered, and they were scattered all over my face. They afterwards turned into scales and when they fell off they left big marks until my face was disfigured. They itched and burned so that they were scattered all over

two months before I started using Cuticura/and after I had used thr boxes of Cuticura Cintment with the Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss L. Burns, St. Basile, Que., June 6, 1918.

Use Cutieura Scap, Cintment and Talcum for all toilet purposes. For they gample copts of Cathon Supt. A. States, V. S. A. Salt of

the water doubtfully. "There used to be a landing-board, she said. Jack looked round. "There isn!

one here now," he answered. "Oh, well," she murmured, with an air of resignation, and he took her in his arms. She was very little heavier than Mollie, but for some reason or other, Jack's heart beat fast, and he felt a strange embarrassment and awkwardness, which did not, however. discover itself, for he bore her with apparent ease—and indifference — to the beach, and did not deposit her until he could do so on absolutely dry

land. "Thank you," she said, quite placidly, and without the trace of a blush why should she be confused? Jack touched his cap, and was turn-

ing way with an apologetic: "Oh, I forgot!" She felt in her pocket, consulted in whisper with Clytie, then said:

"I'm so sorry, but we haven't any money with us. We will pay you to-For the life of him Jack could not

prevent the rush of blood to his face, but he said, with feigned politeness: "It's of no consequence." Then he added, on a sudden impulse: you want me to-morrow?" "Shail we, Clytie?" asked Mollie.

'Oh. I don't know. But perhaps you had better keep about. We'll send word. Good morning. Come Clytie, I'm simply starving!"

Jack tugged the boat up the beach, and, lighting a pipe, sat down beside

The situation was a bit grotesque, he thought. Here was he, Sir Wilfred girl who might have been his wife. It was all very well for a day, was rather amusing then otherwise; but—but had he not better take himself off? Why should he remain in England, to be harassed and worried by his proximity to the hall, and-and what might have been? Out there in Parraluna a warm welcome awaited him: he had half the prospect in Silver Ridge, was not quite a beggar-in Australia; while

But he had asked if the girls would want him on the morrow, and had been bidden by Mollie to "keep about!" Yes, it was funny, very, he told himself; and he smfled, but rather ruefully. Then he thought of the two staters. He liked Mollie-a rippling little tomboy, and as quick as a needle He had seen that in the glance he had got of her in the churchyard. And. of course, that was Clytic, he should say-Miss Bramley-who was playing the organ. Though she had scarcely spoken twenty words to him, he left that he liked Clytic better even than he liked the younger girl. She had altered so much that it almost seemed to him as if he were making her acquainance for the first time. How gentle she was. And yet there was strength of character behind those gray eyes, indicated by the firm lips with their dainty curve of sadness, of wistfulness.

Now, supposing that he had not quarrelled with his father and left

WOMEN OF AIDDLE AGE

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gripps which lasted all winter and left me in a weakened condition. I felt at times that I would never be well again. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it did for women passing of Life, so I told my doctor I would try it. I soon began to

gain in strength and the annoying symptoms disred and your Vegetable Compound made me a well, strong woman so Lio all my own housework. I cannot recommend Lydis E. Pinkham's Vege compound too highly to women through the Change of Life." Traces Higheson, 1316 S. Orchade

Women who suffer from merconness.
"Beat finding," backsche, headaches and "the blues" should try this famous root and herb remedy, Lydis E. Pinksham's Vegetable Compound.

ing Clytic and he had grown other it was just possible that

He awoke from his dreams, and, with a rather angry gesture, mut-

What an idiot I am, to moon like this! What's the use of supposing this, that and the other? I've settled things once and forever, and the best thing I can do is to clear out, to go where there's work waiting for me. She'll make a splendid mistress of the Hall, will marry a decent chap, a nice eari or marquis she wouldn't make a bad duchess, by George and -well! - What is it, Mary Ma-Vourneen?"

The little girl of the cottage where he was lodging came unsteadily down the beach toward him.

"Muvver says your dinner's weady," she said; "an' gettin' cold!" "And I'm ready for the dinner, and I'm precious warm; been getting into hot water, Mary." He swung the child on his shoulder

and marched up to the cottage. hill which commanded a view of the sea and the road that wound through the valley; his landlady was the widow of an old fisherman, with one child, the Mary Mavourneen aforesaid: and both the mother and the child had taken a great fancy to their young lodger; and both, after the pleasing way of women, had begun thus early to domineer over him, and to regard him as one of those simple and helpless men who require careful looking after in the matter of meals and wet

clothing. "Do'ee put the chil down and come to your dinner." said Mrs. Westaway: 'it's been waitin' for ever so long and must be as cold as charity, tho' I've done my best to heat it up for you. You men, the best of you, 'ud worret a woman to a skeleton. Polly,

come off Mr. Douglas' knee." 'No, no; let her stop where she is, said Jack. "You stay and see that I don't eat too much, Mary. It's your mother's fault if I do; best steak pudding I ever tasted. If Eve had been half as good a cook as you, Mrs. Westaway, Adam wouldn't have got into trouble over his gardening. Didn't you say there was a cushion for that boat, and didn't I see a strubbing brush lying about somewhere? I should like to give her a good clean-

out." "Cushion? No, of course there isn't; and you didn't see any brush o' mine lyin' about, because I keep 'em in their place. But there's an old platinum. cushion somewhere, and you can have Hall?

"There's no concealing anything may explain its seemingly magical from you, Mrs. Westaway," said Jack. "I thought as much. Well, they're into private ownership. worth taking a little trouble over, for, bless their 'earts, they're like all the Bramleys, sweet and kind to the core. I like the old families myself, Mr. Dou-

"Hear, hear!" said Jack.

"They're both as sweet as they can man, boatman, and "waiting" on the always got a word for one. Miss closely. Mollie-Lor', what a handful she must be to Miss Clytic bless her! - must stop on her way up to Mrs. Fry's though she was late for lunch, to That's platinum. This other is \$20. a handful of chocolates. What have It is white gold." you done with them, miss?" "I've eat 'em, all but this one for

Jack," said Mory, proffering a moist and dilapidated chocolate cream. "Thank you, Mary Mavourneen, said Jack gravely, as he disengaged the sticky mess from the warm, pink little palm., "I'll eat it with the rest of the sweets. When I've finished, you can come down and clean the boat while I help by looking on. That's the way, isn't it, Mrs. West-

away?" 'Yes. that's the way with most men." she assented, with a sigh; "but you're one of the soft sort, I'm think-

When he had finished his pipe. Jack took Polly on his skoulder she was already so accustomed to her beast of burden that she could ride by holding on with one hand onlyand, with his brush sticking out of his pocket, went down toward the beach. As he crossed the road, Clytie and Mollie, on horseback, rode up. Clytie, with a smile at the child. rode on; but Mollie stopped, and, as she held the fidgeting horse well in hand, said:

"So you're going for a ride, too. Polly! I hope your horse is quieter and better tempered than mine." "He's the best horse as ever was," said Polly emphatically. "Say 'ass' and you'd be right," mut-

tered Jack. "I'm glad to hear it." remarked Mollie. "Ok, Douglas, we shall want you to-morrow, in the afternoon. Have everything ready, please."

"Certainly-thank you. miss." said

He turned as she went on, his eyes fixed on Clytic. How slight and graceful she looked in her habit; and how well she sat her horse. Suddenly he saw a horseman coming down the hill road. Jack's eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and he recognized the thin. pale-faced man with the dark hair he had met the night he had arrived. as he was going into Mr. Granger's. Mrs. Westaway had come out of the cottage with a pitcher, to draw water from the village well; he wait-

ed until she had come up to him, then he said: "Do you know who that gentleman is, Mrs. Westaway?" She shaded her eyes with her hands; her sight was not so good as Jack's.

"No yes; that's Mr. Hesketh Carton, of the Pit Work," she replied. (To Be Continued).

Grand Army Button.

The Grand Army of the Republic bronze button, worn by members on the lest lapel of the coat, was adopted as the result of a motion made at Minneapolis in 1884 by Chill W. Hazzard, of Pennsylvania, that the council of administration of the G. A. R. be directed to adopt a design for such a button. The design was formally adopted by the council and later ap-

proved by the national encampment. No wonder I felt uneasy," murmured the jokesmith, making a note on

APPENDIGITIS PREVENTED LIFE LENGTHENED HEALTH MAINTAINED

s Finding Wonderful fit in a Simple Home edy That Costs But a

Doctors says if people kept their bowels in proper order there would be no such disease on record as appendicitis. It is due solely to negect, and is therefore preventable. If you have constipation, bad breath or headache you need medicine

right away. The moment you suspect your bowels are clogged you should take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the smoothest regulator of them all. They move the bowels and cleanse the liver so smoothly you scarcely notice the effeet. But you can get the action just He was lodging in a little rock's the same. Taken at night you wake up nest of a place stuck half-way on the next morning, clear-headed, hungry, rested, energetic, feeling like a different man

Why don't you spend a quarter today and try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They work so easy, just as nature would order, never gripe or cause headache. Finest thing for folks that are out of sorts, depressed, lack-

ing in color and spirits. Folks that use Dr. Hamilton's Pills are never sick, never an ache or a pain—feel good all the time simply because their system is clean, regulated and healthy. This you can easily prove yourself.

WHITE GOLD

Latest Fad is Remarkably Like Platinum.

White gold has a funny way with it. In the jeweler's show case it is white gold nothing else. Worn by a

purchaser-presto!-it often becomes platinum. White gold is an alloy of gold and nickel with an admixture of several other metals, and it has the silvery gray color of platinum. When carved with elaborate ornamentation or wlen its dull gray lustre is left unpolished,

It is never intended to be an imitaa brush. I suppose you want to spruce tion of platinum, but it readily passes her up for the young ladies from the for that metal. The fact that it costs about one-sixth as much as platinum

it requires an expert to tell it from

A young woman went into a Chicago jewelry shop and asked to see some rings. The clerk set a tray before her.

"Are these platinum or white gold?" she asked. "Both," replied the clerk

"But which is which?" she said. can't tell the difference." "This one," said the clerk, "is \$175.

"Oh," said the young woman. "that's the way you tell the difference by the price." The incident illustrates the quality of white gold. It is an honest metal. but its wearers are sometimes not so

honest. If people insist on mistaking white gold jewelry for the very much more expensive platinum, it seems human nature to let the mistake go uncorrected.

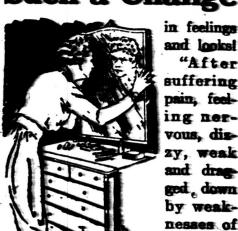
Soldier's Appreciation.

Recently a woman well known in America, who has devoted all her time to relief work since the war began, was visiting a hospital. The commanding officer had cent a military car for her. She entered the car just as an ambulance filled with wounded passed by. As she noticed the thin. pale faces, tears came into her eyes. The soldier-chauffeur asked if she

was ill. "No," she said, "these are tears of gratitude and pride." "Madame," replied the boy, simply,

If I though that my being a soldier was worthy of but one of your tears. should feel that I had not lived in vain."-Red Cross Magazine.

Such a Change



"After suffering

sunken. black circles and pale cheeks I was restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce." So write many women. Changed too in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the

eyes brighter, the cheeks plump. Druggists sell it in tablets or liquid. It's a woman's best tem-

perance tonic, made from wild roots. HAMILTON, ONTARIO. - "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription helped me greatly at the turn of life. I commenced to have heat flashes and dizzy spells and became nervous and run-down. These conditions very quickly left me after I commenced with the Exverite Prescription. I took everal bottles of it and truly believe that I owe my good health of to-day to the madicine I took and the care exer-cised at that trying time. —Mrs. Romen Street & Ray Street S.

Hunting the Average Man

Is there such a person as the man? Could we pick out any ual at home or abroad to-day and that he or sne represented the pr nating type of Britain? The ans obviously "No." You wight as well true to strike an average between a sparre

and a peacock. There cannot be a "comnon mean" of humanity, is the conclusion of J. D. Beresford in the Westiainster Gazette.

I was led to this conclusion by that the
rible crisis—of the war that flared into
a sudden threat of disaster on the 12th
of April. In such a time of peril there
must. I thought be some great there of April. In such a time of peril there must, I thought, be some great remeated and if I could judge by my own feelings that emotion was one of harassed and lety, combined with a passionate size to heip. Whether that were not you may judge by my experience. It was in the morning that I note to the farmer. He lived 30 miles from London, and at 10 o'clock 10 had not yet opened his morning paper. He also me the news over the cate, abook his head wisely at my slightly hysterical summary of the situation, and said it was a "bad job." After that he turned his attention to the weather and to contain complaints about the new methods of food control.

of food control. Was he representative of Rural England, I wondered? Unimaginative dis broadest detail of strategy, such as my amateur account of the threat to our amateur account of the threat to our communications, manifestly meant nothing to him. He had thought all his life in terms of weather, crops, livestock and the market; and he could not see the ownid movement in these terms.

But I had no chance to test the rural mind further on that day, for I came up to London at midday, and it was there that my further researches were carried on.

carried on.
At the club I got no satisfaction. I fell into the awful company of a man who seemed to think that the course of

who seemeds to think that the course of the war was less important than the fact that England was sinking into the lowest abyse of depravity which permitted the shooting or a fox. To him that was the ultimate crime. He was chessed by the thought of it. I left him as the club in disgust. He could not possibly be typical.

Going westward to call at friend house, I frowned in perplexity over the crowd of shopping women in Oxford street. They did not represent the average, I assured my self. I thought of all the women, in munition factories, in hospitals, in offices all over the country who were absorbed in war work; givwho were absorbed in war work; giving their best for the British Brown. This gay crowd about the miliners windows was only the scum. It told one nothing of the steady, clear stream that

Unhappily, i was engaged at my friend's house by another visitor, a woman I had not met before. "Oh! the war, I simply can't bear to think of it." war, I simply can't bear to think of it, she said, in answer to my nervous opening; and, indeed, it seemed that all she could bear to think of just then was the scandal case that was coming un again before the magistrate the next day. It classed her with the farmer and the for hunter. Her mind could only work on the certain very restricted lines. She had no interests, no power of grasping anything outside of her own immediate prooccupations.

occupations.

But I was slightly encouraged by the lucubrations of a just preceptibly inter-icated man, who addressed the inside passengers of the bus I took on my return. He was in mufti that was free turn. He was in mufti that was frankly the garments of a tramp, but he had his badge and his wooden leg to prove that he had once done his bit. He said he had once done his bit. He said he had been a qualified fool, and then repeated the statement with a richer adjective. He did not tell us why though I asked him for his major ambition was to terrify us with his own conviction that the enemy would be landing at Dover within a month. He offered to bet five shillings month. He offered to bet five shillings on that event, so certain was he of the truth of his prophecy. I could not deceive myself with the notion that he emplified the British attitude at that months. ment, but he at least took the cri

seriously.

It was half-past eight that evening that I found my solution. I was in tube train, and the man who sat next to me was a tired workman of 50 or

"Looks bad," he remarked with a

"Looks bad," he remarked with a glance at the heading of my evening paper. "Well, we've got to stick to it, whatever 'appens; I've been on since 7 o'clock this mornin'."

And, perhaps, in a way, that mechanic did represent, if not the average, at least the mass of the men and women working at home through the crisis. It thought of that steady stream of labor, of those who were sticking to their jobs through every anxiety, and meant to stick to them whatever happened. They were helping. They represented the spirit of endurance, and perseverance, the spirit of England. All those others that I had met were just exceptions.

FANNING-MILL

SELECTION

(Experimental Farms Note.)

The true function of the fanning-mill is to remove weed seeds, light grain and any coarse material that may be present. For this work it is indispensable; so seed should be sown which has not been thoroughly cleaned and graded. There are, however, certain limitations to this method of selection which are not always appreciated by the grain grower. All impurities cannot be removed by the use of the fanning-mill as is sometimes claimed. It s true that a large part of them will be removed, but there are always kernels of wheat, oats and

pain, feeling nervous, disvous, diszy, weak
and drag
by weakmy sexmy sexmy system and pale
are always kernels of wheat, oats and barley that cannot be separated. A short, plump, pin oat cannot be removed from wheat, nor can a long, plump kernel of wheat, n of variety may be altered if fanning-mill selection alone is practiced. However, this possibility can be avoided, and should not deter any person from the interest of the fanning-mill. Unless the grain is thoroughly selected by this method, seeds that are low in vitality will be sewn, the result being either a defective germination or else weak plants that are handicapped throughout the season by a possibility and yield of the general crop.

To grow pure grain of strong vitality, the fanning-mill must be used in conjunction with the seed plot. In this way fanning-mill selection reaches its higher point of efficiency. All plants that are hardifferent in type can be removed before harvesting and this leaves to the fanning-mill only the work of rejection of the weed seeds and inferior grain. This combination ensures pure grain and maximum production. C. E. Saunders, In minion Cerealist.

minion Cerealist.

HAD ENGUGH Lady Jane Have you given the fish fresh water Janet? Janet-No. mum. (They ain't fine ch water I give 'em t'other day

"Pa what's a monosyllable?" long term for a short word my son."