

# RN WASTE

AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE  
A PROFITABLE

While in thousands of  
sure no doubt loses  
percent of its fertilizing  
it is returned to the soil  
these originally came.  
ding of manure, the  
method is to return it  
The daily distribution  
is also a labor-saving  
when manure is de-  
in the fields as fast as  
the rehandling in-  
is eliminated. The  
however, involves  
of system not only  
work about the place.  
The plans for the distri-  
portion of the farm,  
for winter, is available  
This last is easily  
tally if pastures and  
included in the early  
be clover or other  
bring such periods that  
cannot be given at-  
manure is distribut-  
layer upon the sur-  
result no loss to the  
teaching of heating,  
the soluble elements  
a soil where they be-  
light will eliminate  
the fact that bacterial  
this is due, will be  
manure distributed  
in plowing if neces-  
the opportune time  
manure itself is con-

tribution of manure,  
in theory, is not al-  
ry on for months at  
ess. Shortage of help  
weather are apt to  
plans in this regard  
ring. Consequently,  
for the storage of  
porary periods is al-  
on farms where any  
number of animals are  
various means have  
meet this need. Chief-  
classified in three  
ts, houses and sheds  
m aim to accomplish  
namely to prevent  
ting, which are two  
in fertility elements  
escape from any sort

by to Build.  
of, of course, relies  
concrete to withstand  
which the ordinary  
pile is subject. It  
with and with-  
The first pits were  
and reliance was  
and precipitation be-  
keep the water moist  
heating. Two ob-  
raised against the  
both of which are  
first place predica-  
irregular and the  
r part of the pit  
ed." Secondly, an  
f rain falling into a  
difficult task to re-  
This last can be  
installation of a cir-  
distributed by a  
power, this neces-  
of considerable  
which adds no for-  
The best pit is  
a roof shelter and  
waste can then be  
aping from the dis-  
tion is at all times

is virtually a  
in the sides have  
It possesses no ad-  
former save that  
easily screened, to  
If this is desired,  
is a simple roof  
with or without a  
For storage of  
manure the are  
not much loss of  
for the reason that  
ted and the shade  
pile of waste can  
is held any con-  
in this way air is  
bacteria which  
denied the oxygen  
pend in order to  
k.  
a small pit, con-  
floor and a re-  
alk at the point  
rings are thrown  
This is more apt  
are horses, rather  
led. Such a re-  
neatness and con-  
s it is under the  
a gutter to usually  
the wash of the  
quite shallow it is  
which sways the  
prender standing  
to consider that  
of the shed.

### Some goods pay more profit than others. Usually, the poorer the quality the greater the profit.

### The grocer pays more for Red Rose than for other teas—and he sells it at a less profit.

### When you buy Red Rose you buy the best.



Meznie went away with his bundle of documents to have them typed, indexed and put in order so that he could lay his hand on any one needed at a moment's notice. He was in for a busy day.

Two advertisements he drafted in the sanctuary of his own office. One was to check Hallett's own account of the evening before, and to identify, if possible, the street in which the checks had been forced on him.

**£1 REWARD.**—The taxicab driver who on the evening of \_\_\_\_\_ drove a fare from the West East to 34, Linton Terrace Garden, Kensington, will receive the above reward on communicating with the Public Carriage Office, New Scotland Yard, S. W.

The other ran differently, and seemed to give him more trouble. Several sheets of note paper he wasted and disconcertedly surveyed his final effort.

If Richard Errol, last heard of at Columbia, Ohio, U. S. A., will communicate—

He erased the sheet up, flung it in the waste paper basket, and lifted a speaking tube. "Any newspaper men here, George? Right. Tell 'em I'm here in half an hour. Send me up a typist."

The newspaper press, if deftly handled, may be a potent factor in the detection of crime. Moreover, the ubiquitous reporter is not to be evaded for long by the cleverest detective living. The wisest course is to meet him with fair words—to guide his pen where there is a danger of his writing too much, and put him on his honor on occasion. Many a promising case has been spoiled by tactless treatment of a reporter at a wrong moment.

Meznie dictated an account of the murder in which he said just as much as he wanted to say and not a word more. The conclusion ran—

"The stepson of the deceased gentleman, a Mr. Richard Errol, left England for the United States some years ago, and his present whereabouts are unknown. The people are in order that certain points in connection with his father's career should be cleared up."

The chief detective inspector knew that the simple paragraph would throw into the search for Errol the energies and organization of every great newspaper—and he did not despise it. It was not intended as an official statement. The criminal investigation department does not issue bulletins officially. It was an act of courtesy, and incidentally a stroke of policy to maintain the interest of the press.

The reporters might paraphrase it as they would. He received the newspaper men pleasantly, parried their chaff and too adroit questions with unruffled good humor, and told them little anecdotes which had not the slightest bearing on the murder of Grey-Stratton.

They read the typewritten sheets he handed them greedily, and cross-examined him a mercilessly as ever he had been cross-examined at the Old Bailey. A clerk brought a card to him and he read it without a change of countenance.

"In a minute," he said to the waiting clerk, and put the card in his waistcoat pocket. "Well, gentlemen, you know as much as I do now. If there's anything else you want to know, just drop in and see me when you like. Good morning."

They accepted his dismissal, and he took another glance at the card. It read:

MISS LUCY OLNEY.  
And underneath written in pencil:  
Peggy Grey-Stratton.

CHAPTER V.  
"Mr. William Smith.

The early evening papers were on the streets before Jimmie Hallett rose, and the inevitable reporters had established a blockade at his hotel. He cursed that while he shaved. It seemed that the notoriety which he had left New York to escape had followed him to England.

As an old newspaper hand himself, he had little taste to be served up again all hot and spiced for the delatation of a morbidly hungry public. He surveyed a salver of cards that had been brought up to him with a scowl. Vivid recollections came to him of the way in which he had himself dealt in "personal skeletons" and "personal statements" on big stories, and he began to conceive a certain fellow feeling for his long forgotten victims. But his chin grew dogged.

"I'll see 'em starve before I'll talk. Go away and tell 'em I'm dead."

The livered functionary who had brought the cards gave as near an approach to a grin as his dignity permitted. "Yes, sir," he said quietly; "They'll swing his eyes sideways to the man, and his hand slipped to his trouser pocket. It was no use getting angry."

"Say, what are you getting out of

"It's all right. It's all right. You needn't answer." "A bankrupt cracked between his fingers. "If you can clear out the gang below this is yours. It's more than they'll give you."

"Very good, sir. There'll be no harm in telling them you're in a very critical condition, sir, I suppose."

"Not in the least. If they've any bowels of compassion they won't worry a dying man. It will save 'em off for a while, perhaps."

As a matter of fact, beyond a mild headache and some stiffness he felt scarcely a trace of the attentions of his overnight assailant. He was uncertain whether that was a tribute to the skill of the divisional surgeon or to the hardness of his skull. He inwardly congratulated himself that the injury was not a particularly noticeable disfigurement. Indeed, a skilful brushing of the hair almost hid it.

He descended to breakfast with an appetite that of itself was proof that his general health remained unaffected, and, discovering that there was a back entrance to the hotel, decided to make use of it at least some pertinacious reporter might still be lingering in the reception hall.

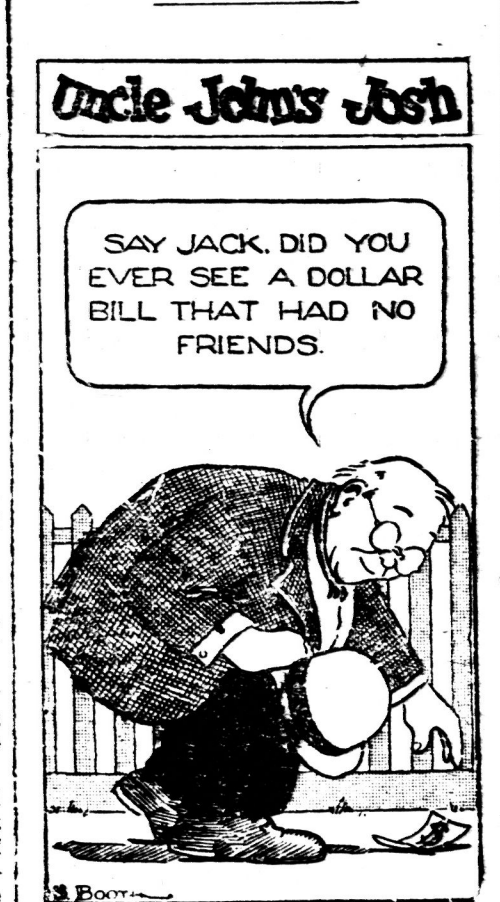
He wanted to know something of what the police were doing, and a visit to Scotland Yard seemed the best way of finding out. In the background of his thoughts there was perhaps less concern that a murderer shall be brought to justice than curiosity in regard to the kind of the fog.

There is a way mostly used by tradesmen at the Pall Mall Hotel which leads through a narrow alley for fifty yards on to the Embankment. Through this Hallett sawntered. He was half way through when a tap on the shoulder caused him to wheel. He confronted a slim built, sawtooth faced man, of lank moustache and burning black eyes.

don't propose to answer your questions, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it. Now get." He clenched his fists.

The foreigner's hand dropped to his pocket. He did not remove it, but pressed something hard through the cloth against the young man's ribs. "You are hasty, Mr. Hallett," he remonstrated. "You don't know what it is you say—what you're up against. This is a pistol you can feel—he pressed it close—and unless you listen quietly I shall feel you dead. Understand?"

(To be continued.)



### URÆMIA FOLLOWS KIDNEY DISEASE

Dreadful peril lurks in kidney weakness. Insidiously it develops into Bright's Disease and Uræmic poisoning. Through the system it sweeps with fatal effect, causing dropsy, gout, gravel and jaundice.

Many remedies contain alcohol. In consequence they inflame the disease to further fury.

A proper remedy will soothe and heal the kidneys, give them strength, and nourish them back to health.

Such a remedy is Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are composed of simple vegetable extracts and juices that are absorbed at once by the kidneys.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills heal and cure the diseased tissues, restore healthy action, and allay congestion and inflammation.

Free of all poisons, and here is quoted the experience of Mr. Patrick McDonald of 286 Kent Street, Ottawa.

"My back ached from morning till night. Every bit of work I did made me weak and worn. I couldn't sleep or sit without getting dizzy. My tongue was furred and my appetite poor. My head ached constantly, and I had severe urinary disorders. My kidneys were in the worst possible state. I heard of the wonderful Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and proved them just the medicine I needed. Why, I felt better in a week, and after using these pills for a month or two at regular intervals I was completely restored."

Dr. Hamilton's Pills give complete relief because they act directly on the diseased tissues of the kidneys. Get the genuine in yellow boxes, 25c per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers. Refuse a substitute.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Remover, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in the action.

## ADVICE TO GIRLS

BY MISS ROSALIND  
Registered According to the Copyright Act.

Miss Rosalind welcomes letters from young women asking for advice on any subject. All you have to do is to address your letter to

MISS ROSALIND,  
34 King William St. Hamilton, Ont.

Dear folks:  
Please don't scold if your answers are not in print as soon as you would like to see them. I'm simply swamped with letters; and I am answering them strictly in turn. Every letter will appear as soon as I can come to it, so don't give up hoping just because it is not in this week.

Our column is growing at an amazing rate, and most of the letters are splendid. I am more than delighted at the helpful response you have given this department and sincerely hope every reader may be benefited and inspired to carry on.

Dear Rosalind:  
I am a girl twenty years of age, and thought I would ask your advice. I have a boy friend I think a great deal of, we have been friends for five months. Sometimes he is awfully friendly. Then again he doesn't come to see me at all and I get some other friend. Then he comes right back again and I should drop him altogether or what is best to do.

Is it any harm when your friend brings you home to stop at your own gate and talk for awhile?  
What age should a girl marry?  
FAN.

Dear Fan:  
Don't bother with the fickle fellow. That is don't take him seriously. Treat all your friends the same, don't single one out for special attention. It is quite all right to talk for a few minutes before saying good-night.

It depends on circumstances. I think twenty-four about right.  
ROSALIND.

Dear Miss Rosalind:  
Hoping you would advise a poor lonely boy in losing his only friend. I have kept company with a nice young girl and love her dearly, of late she has been keeping company with other boys. What shall I do, try to forget her or again seek her company? Also after taking a girl to a dance is it right for her to come home with some one else; also is it right to kiss a girl good-night. Is it right to kiss a girl before engaged. Hoping this misses the waste basket.

THE LONELY WOLF.  
Dear Lonely Wolf:  
There are good fish in the sea yet and by the same token there are other girls on the prairie besides the one who has gone back on you. Look around.

I'd like to see myself taking that girl to another dance, that's all. It is not right to kiss a girl good-night. Nor is it right to hug her. Write again, Wolf. I know you are lonely and I know you are very, very young.

Dear Rosalind:  
I have read your letters every week and find them interesting and helpful. I live in the country about twelve miles from the city and find it lonesome during the winter months as there are few young people living near.

I would like to get some girl friend.

Dear Rosalind:  
I have been reading the Advice to Girls, I thought perhaps you could help me out of some of my trouble.

I have a black fur collar on my coat and it is very warm, but the black comes off on my face. Could you please tell me something I could do with it. I have not had the collar on long. Do you think it will come off in time? Yours truly,

IRENE.  
Dear Irene:  
That is one of the penalties we must suffer for wanting nice furs. Black comes off them all. A furrier told me the other day that ermine is the dirtiest of them all. However, it is not all dirt, more likely dye. The only thing to do is always wear a white scarf or large silk handkerchief between your skin and the fur.

Dear Rosalind:  
I think that your Advice to Girls is very, very interesting and I would like very much to have you answer a few questions from me (I am 19 years old).

I have well mostly always a drowsy feeling. My back feels tired, and I don't sleep well at night, but I do in the day time. When I don't want to go. Do you think this is kidney trouble?

My complexion is rather muddied. What would be good to bleach my complexion and make it clear?  
Do you think it proper for a girl to kiss a boy? Supposing she likes him; and do you think it makes him think more or less of her? I thank you kindly.

HENRIETTA.  
Dear Henrietta:  
I'm sorry the letter could not be published on the date you expected. It just had to wait its turn for there were about a hundred ahead of you.

I am inclined to think your trouble is constipation and liver trouble. Your liver is overworked trying to absorb impurities that the body is discarding. Try drinking two glasses of water between each meal, one before breakfast and one before going to bed. That may seem a lot, but your system is demanding quarts of water. Walk briskly as often and as far as you can every day, and take at least three good hot scrubby baths a week.

I'm not a doctor, my dear, but hope I may do you a little bit of good. Write me again, so that I will know if there is any improvement.

ROSALIND.  
My Dear Miss Rosalind:  
Seeing your letters of Advice to Girls in the paper I thought I would take advantage of it and ask a very great favor:

I am not a girl but would be very glad to hear from any lonely girl of about my own age (23) as I am pretty lonely myself sometimes. I will answer any letters received with pleasure.

ERN.  
Dear Ern:  
Your name shall be forwarded to every good correspondent, boy or girl, who sends me a stamped, self-addressed envelope. I hope heaps of readers avail themselves of this way of helping some one and increasing their own store of knowledge by the art of letter writing.

ROSALIND.  
Dear Rosalind:  
We are four girl friends, who are at present, away from the care and protection of our parents. We are perplexed by a number of puzzling questions. Would you so oblige us as to answer them?

1. At what age should a girl be before she marries?  
2. Is frequent kissing an evil habit?  
3. Should a school girl keep company with a school boy or any boy?  
4. If a boy invites a girl to attend a festival with him, some length of time before the event takes place and suggests you to consider, should the girl wait till the boy mentions it a second time before she gives him her decision?  
5. If a boy accompanies a girl to her home and they chat at the gate or

door, which should be the first to mention departing?  
Sincerely hoping that this will be published, we remain,

CHUMS.

Dear Chums:  
Letters must be short this week, or will answer your queries as numbered:

1. The age varies, not before twenty-four if she values her health and happiness.  
2. Most decidedly if general.  
3. No.  
4. Any invitation should be answered one way or the other as soon as possible after it has been given. As soon as the girl knows her answer she should give it without further discussion.  
5. The girl. She talks a minute and then says good-night.

Dear Miss Rosalind:  
It is with pleasure that I have kept in close contact with your Advice to Girls. I think you a real sensible motherly woman. While in my perplexity I want to ask you a favor: I am 20 years old and a very nice gentleman of my own age insists on our being engaged, and he insists on being a policeman, still as he cares now for no other job, while I hate the very name of police. But think a lot of the same man. Please advise me what to do. Should we part? I understand it means a serious subject to both of us. Also he inclines somewhat jealous toward me at times. Also I have a dear lady friend, who is young and is admired greatly by all the young fellows. But does not care for any of them and does not care to offend them. In what way could she tell them that she does not and offend. Hoping and trusting that few lines won't rob any one else more worthy of advice than I, and hoping to see this letter in print.

BROWN EYED BEAUTY.  
My Dear Girl:  
If you love the man well enough to marry him, you surely can love his job. Help him make the best of it and rise to be the biggest man in his profession.

By being very friendly and nice to them all, but showing no preference and accepting no invitations except general ones, possibly where you are included also.

I am always delighted to hear from the prairie. Thanks for your appreciation.

ROSALIND.  
Dear Rosalind:  
As others are asking advice, I also have taken the advantage. Should a young girl thank her boy friend when he takes her home at night after a concert or the rink, etc., when saying good-night?

Is it right to speak to boys you do not know when they yell at you first on the street?  
I am acquainted with a young man whom I admire very much. He does not seem to know this or at least does not pay any more attention to a than is necessary. What is the best thing to do?

Thanking you in advance for your advice,  
GOLDEN LOCKS.  
Dear Golden Locks:  
You cannot force friendship and admiration. It will come if you are worthy—and old enough.

By all means thank your friends for such kindness. You will know you enjoyed their effort to give you pleasure?

I wouldn't bother about the kind of boy who forgets everything he ever learned about common decency and politeness when he "yells" at a strange girl in the street.

ROSALIND.  
ADVISE FOR BACK-ACHE.  
When stooping hurts, when sitting and bending causes distress that's the time to rub in lots of "Nerveine". Usually a couple of applications brings grateful relief. No liniment more soothing, more certain to kill muscular, rheumatic, or sciatic pains. Thousands of homes rely on good Old Nerveine for cramps, colic, dysentery, and external muscular pains. Large 35-cent bottles for sale everywhere.

Send It In.  
If you have a bit of news, send it in. Or a joke that will amuse, send it in. A story that is true, an incident that's new.

"We want to hear from you," send it in.  
Never mind about your style. If it's only worth the while, send it in. Will it make a paragraph? Send it in. If some good words can teach, if some distant reader reach, if you have a glowing speech, send it in—The Beaver.

Cause of Asthma. No one can say with certainty exactly what causes the establishing of asthmatic conditions. Dust from the street, from flowers, from grain and various other irritants may set up a trouble impossible to be relieved except through a sure preparation such as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Uncertainty may exist as to cause, but there can be no uncertainty regarding a remedy which has given relief to a generation of asthmatic victims of this scourge of the bronchial tubes. It is sold everywhere.

Cambridge University, in London has refused to admit women to full membership in the university on equal terms with the men. Most of the other English universities, including Oxford, already have granted full membership to women.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electrolyte Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will stay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quincy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

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From barn floor to fence posts, from well cover to silo, Concrete has proven its right to be called "the ideal building material." It is weather-proof, water-tight, vermin-proof, rust-proof, permanent and sanitary.

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