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STAMMERING or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE, BERLIN, CANADA

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Prevents chapped hands, cracked lips, chilblains. Makes your skin soft, white, clear and smooth.

All druggists sell it

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificate being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (ewe) pig) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Merely protecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a make-shift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst at work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name and ten cents, coin or stamps, to-day, to PLAPAO CO., 765 Stuart Bldg., St. Louis, Mo., for trial Plapao and the information necessary.

Not All He Expected.

A youth who had accomplished a good deal in football but little in his studies, was dropped from one preparatory school and immediately invited to enter another. He had been there but a few days when he met a member of the faculty.

"Well," said the professor, "how do you find it here?"

"Pretty fair," said the boy.

"That's good. I find it smooth going, eh?"

The boy reflected. "Well, I shouldn't like to say that exactly," he remarked. "The field's sort of rough yet in places, sir."

Making Ends Meet in Music Education.

The problem of making "ends meet" while continuing their education in music is often the most pressing question which confronts the students of to-day. Yet many times the very people who need it most pass by an opportunity at their doors and going farther afield to make money fail dismally.

As one instance: In the city of Ottawa there is a good conservatory with efficient teachers. Just twenty miles or so away on the line of the railroads is a little village that is the centre of a flourishing farming community, and in this village a class of twenty-four pupils waits in vain for a teacher to take the place of the one whom they have lost. Each of these pupils is willing to pay fifty cents for a half-hour lesson, while one family in the village offers free board and lodging for a day and a night each week to any teacher willing to go from the city to give lessons to the children. The railway fare to and from this village amounts to one dollar and fifteen cents. This leaves a profit of ten dollars and eighty-five cents for approximately one day's work. Almost the same story with the same inducement for a teacher holds good of another village in a different direction up among the Gatineau Hills, but it would not be quite so convenient for a student to go there as to the first place. It might, however, be well worth while.

Fifty cents a lesson may not be much to some teachers, but then what about the opportunity for rendering real service to those children who are still looking for their music teacher? There must be many other little villages in Canada in need of help from the music teachers.

What about it? Are we going to neglect our little friends in the rural districts of this great Dominion?

Dye Faded Sweater Skirt, Draperies in Diamond Dyes

Every "Diamond Dyes" package tells how to dye or tint any worn, faded garment or drapery a new rich color that will not streak, spot, fade, or run. Perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. For fifty-one years millions of women have been using "Diamond Dyes" to add years of wear to their old, shabby waists, skirts, dresses, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything!

Workers' Biggest Club.

Probably the largest single organization of workers in Great Britain is the Workingmen's Club and Institute Union, which has just celebrated its diamond jubilee. It has a membership of 2,300 clubs, containing 1,500,000 members.

Someone has said there are only two kinds of salesmen. The first and most numerous kind are those who call on you to get something. The second are those who bring you something.

SUGGESTION TO THE POWERS

"Why not let go the anchor of the League of Nations?"

Sunday Chronicle, Manchester

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Musson Book Co.)

CHAPTER XVI.

The summer wore on and autumn followed on its heels. The processes which had been discerned by Conward and other astute operators were now apparent to the mob which for ever follows in the wake of the successful, but usually at such a distance as to be overwhelmed in the receding flood. The forces which had built up fabulous fortunes were now in reverse gear, and the same mechanism that had built up was now tearing down. As the boom had fed upon itself, carrying prices to heights justifiable only to the most insane optimism, so did the subsequent depression bear down upon values until they reached depths justifiable only to the most abandoned despondency. Building operations came to a standstill. Carpenters, masons, bricklayers, painters, plumbers, laborers found themselves out of employment. As, in most instances, they had lived to the extent of their income in the prosperous period, or had invested their surpluses in the all-alluring real estate, they were promptly confronted with the necessity of finding work; if not at home, elsewhere. Their exodus left vacant houses; the reduced volume of trade necessary for a smaller and more frugal population was speedily reflected in empty shops and office buildings. With houses, shops, and office buildings empty or rented at prices which did not pay interest on the investment there was no inducement to build more houses, shops, or office buildings. With no inducement to build houses, shops, or office buildings there was no demand for vacant lots. With no demand for vacant lots, no value attached to them. The rosy bubble, inflated with the vapors of irresponsible speculation, had dissolved in thin air.

It could not be called a collapse. There was no panic, no crash. There was no wild rush to sell. One cannot sell without buyers, and there were no buyers. A certain latent optimism, justified in part by the undeniable natural advantages of the city, kept the flame of hope alive in the hearts of investors, or, perhaps, suffered it to be gradually diminished rather than extinguished by one icy blast of despair.

Mrs. Hardy was among the last to admit that she had bought on an ebbing tide. She contended that her house was well worth the price she had paid; what if speculation had come to a stop? So much the better; her house was still worth its price. She would stand firm. It was not until the Metfords, whose ostentation had brought them before her notice, attempted to sell their home at a tremendous sacrifice, and had found it impossible to get an offer, that Mrs. Hardy began seriously to consider her predicament. Mrs. Metford had sold the car and discharged the "chiffonier," and Mr. Metford had returned to his ancient and honorable calling of coal freighter.

Mrs. Hardy consulted Conward. It had grown to be her habit to consult Conward on all matters in which she found an interest. Conward had gone out of his way to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Hardy and her daughter, with, in the case of the former, considerable success. His status with Irene was not so well defined, but the frequency of his visits to the Hardy home afforded the opportunity for an attachment to be developed by insensible degrees, and the day was nearing when Conward would wish to trade upon that attachment.

"How is it, Mr. Conward," Mrs. Hardy said to him one evening over her fancy-work, for she practiced an indefatigable industry in matters of no importance—"how is it that there is no demand for property? You are a real estate expert; you should be able to answer that."

"It is simple enough," Conward. "It is all a matter of confidence. So long as confidence was maintained, prices continued to advance. When confidence began to be shaken, prices hesitated. If confidence should disappear, values would follow suit."

"But why should confidence disappear? Isn't this city as good to-day as it was a year ago? Doesn't it occupy the same site? Are not the farms still producing?"

"That's just it, dear Mrs. Hardy. Why, indeed? Simply because the booster has given way to the calamity howler. Its psychological explanation is simple enough. The world lives by faith. Without faith there would be neither seed-time nor harvest. That is true of raising cities, as well as raising crops. But there are always those who ridicule faith; always were, always will be. And as soon as faith disappears, things begin to sink. Just like John, or whoever it was, on the water——"

"Peter, I think," corrected Mrs. Hardy. "Yes, yes, I begin to understand."

"Well, it's just like that. I may be a little off color on my scripture, but I have the principle of it, and that's the main thing. And as soon as a city loses faith it begins to sink, just like Peter in the Red Sea."

"I don't think it was the Red Sea," said Mrs. Hardy, gently. "But that is a matter of detail. As you say, the principle is the main thing. So we owe all this—these empty houses and shops, unsaleable property, and everything, to those who have lost faith—or never had it. To men like Mr. Elden, for instance. You remember how he tried to discourage me from the very first—tried to break down my faith—that was it, Mr. Conward—I see it all very plainly now—and he and others like him have brought things to their present pass. Well, they have a great respnsibility."

Conward, practiced though he was in the arts of simulation, found difficulty in maintaining a serious appearance. It had not occurred to him that when a woman conceives a dislike for a man, her mind may lend itself to processes of deductions that will ultimately saddle the unfortunate offender with the responsibility for circumstances with which he is not in the most remote manner connected. It was the most natural thing in the world for a mind like Mrs. Hardy's, quite without premeditated injustice, to find in Dave Elden the cause of effects as far removed as was the collapse of the boom from the good advice he had given her that day in Conward's office. Conward found the experience an illuminating one. It was rich with hints of the possibilities that might arise from apparently innocent sentences dropped at opportune moments. It was proof that the danger of consequences lies, not in wronging your neighbor, but in allowing your neighbor to suspect that you wrong him.

As a result of this discussion, Dave found himself rather less popular with Mrs. Hardy than before. She treated him with distant civility, showing such courtesies as convention demanded as an honor, not to Elden, but to herself. Dave accepted her displeasure with a light-heartedness that was extremely trying to the good woman's temper. Had it not been for his desire to spare Irene any unhappiness, he would have treated it with open flippancy. He was engaged in a much more serious business than the cajolery of an old woman's whims. He was engaged in the serious business of capturing the heart of Irene Hardy—a task made none the easier by the self-imposed condition that he must conduct no offensive but must await with such patience as he could command the voluntary capitulation of the besieged. On the whole, he told himself he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress of events. He and Irene often motored together, frequently accompanied by Mrs. Hardy, sometimes by Conward as well, but occasionally alone. And Irene made no secret of the fact that she preferred the trips in which only she and Dave participated. On such occasions the warm summer afternoons found them wandering far over the prairies, without thought of the homeward trail until the setting sun poured its ribbon of gold along the crest of the Rockies. The country, with its long, rolling sweeps of prairie, its clusters of dark green poplars, its rugged foothills from which grey roots of rock protruded, and the blue background of the mountains, afforded a scene to charm her artist soul, and daring and more daring were the splashes of color which she committed to canvas in her attempt to catch the moods of light and shade that played over such a landscape. And if she did not speak of love with her lips, she had eyes.

The gradual shrinkage of values to the vanishing point imposed upon Dave many business duties which he would very gladly have evaded. The office of Conward & Elden, which had once been besieged by customers eager to buy, was now a centre of groups no less eager to sell; and when they could not sell they contrived to lay the blame upon the firm which had originally sold to them. Although, for the most part, there were men and women who had bought purely from the gambler's motive, they behaved toward the real estate dealer as though he had done them an injustice when the finger of fortune turned up a loss instead of a profit. For such people Dave had little sympathy, and if they persisted in their murmurings he told them so with becoming frankness.

But there were cases that could not be turned away with a sharp answer. Bert Morrison, for instance. Bert had never mentioned her "investment" since the occasion already recorded; she greeted Dave with the sociability due to their long-standing friendship; and her calm avoidance of the subject hurt him more than the abuse of all his irate patrons. Then there was Merton, the widower with the sick lungs and the motherless boy, who had brought his little savings to the West in the hope of husbanding out his life in the dry, clear atmosphere, and saving his son from the white death that had already invaded their little family. With a cruelty almost unbelievable, Conward had talked this man into the purchase of property so far removed from the city as to possess no value except as farm land; and the little savings, which were to ward off sickness and death, or, if that could not be, minister modest comfort in the declining hours of life, had been exchanged for property which, even at the time of the transaction, was valueless and unsaleable.

Merton had called on Dave with respect to his investment. Dave had at first been disposed to tell him frankly that the property, for which he had paid twenty dollars a foot, was barely worth that much an acre. But a second look at the man changed his purpose.

"I know you were stung, Merton," he said, "shamelessly stung. You are one of those unsuspecting fellows who think everybody is going to play fair with them. You belong to the class who keep all kinds of rogues and scoundrels in easy circumstances. You might almost be charged with being accessories. Now, just to show how I feel about it—how much did you pay for these lots?"

"Three thousand dollars. It was all I had."

"Of course it was. If you had had more you would have paid more. I suppose Conward justified himself with the argument that if he didn't take your easy money someone else would, which is doubtless true. But just to show how I feel about it—I'll buy those lots from you, for three thousand dollars."

"I can't do it, Mr. Elden; I can't do it," said Merton, and there was moisture on his cheeks. "That would be charity—and I can't take it. But I'm much obliged. It shows you're square, Mr. Elden, and I hold no ill will to you."

(To be continued.)

SMOKE

in ½lb tins and 15¢ pkts.

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

Woman's Interests

More Pumpkin Pie.

And now comes another question on home canning. Is it practical and worth while to can pumpkin and squash?

Yes, most emphatically. Neither pumpkins nor squash can be kept very long in the average home cellar or storage space without rotting. Fortunately, pumpkins and squash are a most splendid, economic and delicious food product when canned, either in glass jars or tin cans. By following the cold pack method of canning the product is ever ready for use as a vegetable dish throughout the winter, spring and summer months, and always ready for pie filling. Here is the way to can them.

Canning pumpkin.—Select firm, ripe pumpkins and cut into halves. Scrape out the seeds and spongy pulp. Cut each half into strips one and one-half to two inches in width, and with a sharp knife cut off the outer rind. Cut the strips into convenient sections and blanch in steam ten to fifteen minutes, or until tender. Mash with a potato masher or put through a sieve. Pack immediately into hot jars or enamel-lined cans; add salt and other seasonings, or spices if desired. Sterilize in hot water canner, for two to three hours, according to size of can, and for fifty minutes have the steam pressure canner under ten pounds of steam. Remove jars and complete seals at once. Tin cans should be plunged immediately into cold water, thus being cooled quickly.

Canning squash—Cut squash open; remove seeds and core. Cut into sections and place in oven to bake until pulp becomes soft and easily removed with a large spoon. Pack contents into hot jars or cans directly upon removing from rind and follow the same process as in canning of pumpkin. Some folks prefer to steam the squash in removing from rind.

Following are some tried recipes by which these two vegetables may be made tasty.

Scalloped pumpkin—Cut the pumpkin in slices, peel and boil in boiling salted water for twenty minutes. Drain and put into a buttered pudding dish in layers, seasoning each layer with sugar, powdered cinnamon, grated nutmeg and small pieces of butter, pour over all one-half cupful of milk and bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve in the baking dish.

Squash pie—One cupful of squash, made very fine, one-half cupful of sugar, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of milk, one-half cupful of cream, one cupful of chopped dates. Add fruit and salt to cooked squash. Beat eggs light, add sugar, milk and cream, and mix all together. If no cream is used stir into the squash a lump of butter, while squash is still warm.

Pumpkin fritters—Beat up one egg until light, add one-half cupful milk, one teaspoonful salt, a few grains of red pepper, sift in one cupful of flour, add one teaspoonful of olive oil, and one cupful of stewed pumpkin. Mix until smooth and glossy, and drop by spoonfuls into smoking hot fat. Fry a golden brown, drain on white paper.

Hot Lunch for Schools.

What about the school hot lunch at this time of the year? Does your school serve it? If not, are you not missing a good chance to give valuable help to your children and to your community?

I used the word "community" advisedly. The boys and girls who are going to your school to-day will be the men and women of your community in another decade or so. The physique and mentality they are now building will count tremendously then.

What difference does a hot lunch make? Try it for yourselves. It has passed the stage of fad or experiment. Wherever it has been inaugurated it has become a fixture. Try it in your school.

The hot lunch at school does not mean that the teacher prepares a pot roast with various seductive extras. Nothing of the kind. Its chief value does not consist in the additional food that it gives to the children, so much as in the added palatability and digestion given to the lunches that they bring from home.

In most rural schools one hot dish each day is all this is attempted. This dish may be nothing but hot cocoa, it may be a milk soup, it may be a vegetable soup. The fact that stands prominently forth is that the children who get this addition to their fare become brighter students, stronger in frame and better nourished.

No doubt very much of the improvement is due to the fact that instead of gobbling their cold, dry lunch as hastily as possible, the addition of the extra dish gives somewhat of the ceremony of a meal, thus encouraging them to eat and digest the food brought from home to a very much better effect.

We need not bother about the explanation. The absolute and verified facts are that the hot lunch, even in its simplest form, is a good thing for your children, and a practical thing for any school to give; and this is just the season to begin.

The expense need not be very great. One cooking vessel of large size helped out by serving dishes brought from the homes of the children has been the start of the hot lunch experiment in many schools. But to do it properly it should be handled as an experiment in teaching domestic science and sufficient money should be appropriated to purchase a modest outfit of cooking and table utensils.

Experience.

Deborah danced when she was two,
As buttercups and daffodils do;
Spirited, frail, naively bold,
Her hair a ruffled crest of gold,
And whenever she spoke her voice went singing
Like water up from a fountain springing.

But now her step is quiet and slow;
She walks the way primroses go.
Her hair is yellow instead of gilt,
Her voice is losing its lovely lilt,
And in place of her wild, delightful ways
A quaint precision rules her days.

For—Deborah now is three and oh,
She knows so much that she did not know.
—Aline Kilmer.

Twice Nothing.

Thomas was not the brightest specimen on earth, and, try as he might, he could not succeed in obtaining a situation.

At last a bright idea occurred to him. He would offer his services free for a fortnight.

On these terms Mr. Ikey Fingelstein engaged him.

The fortnight having expired, Thomas asked for a "rise."

"Vat is your present salary?" asked Fingelstein.

"Nothing, sir," said Thomas.

Mr. Fingelstein contemplated the lad.

"Vell, my poy, your vages is doubled!"

And Thomas was quite satisfied—until he had had time to think over the generous offer.

Poisons You Eat Every Day.

How many people who were startled by the recent epidemic of food poisoning realize that daily most of us consume poison with our meals?

Bacon, for example, which figures on most breakfast tables, contains a small amount of saltpetre; it gives the rind its coloring. Take a dose of an ounce or so of saltpetre, and even if you do not die you will have a decidedly uncomfortable time.

An ounce of saltpetre has been known to kill a person in two hours while medical records contain numerous instances of people having been made very ill by mistaking this substance for some other form of salt.

Mention of salt brings to mind the little known fact that a favorite Chinese method of committing suicide is by taking a cupful of the common table variety. In any more than small quantities salt is a violent gastric irritant, one of the effects of which is the setting up of fatal inflammation of the stomach.

Another salt of which most of us partake fairly freely at some time or other is oxalic acid, a distressingly powerful irritant and poison when taken in sufficient quantities. It is found in rhubarb and sorrel, and gives both their pleasant thirst-quenching flavor.

Bloaters and kippers are not infrequently preserved in a preparation containing formaldehyde, which is liable to bring about stomach trouble and sometimes worse effects. The amount used in curing fish, however, is so small as to be almost negligible.

Even your iced Christmas cake cannot be absolved from the charge of being poisonous in a slight degree. That delightful almond flavor, appreciated by most people, is a sign of the presence in the icing of prussic acid, less than one ounce of which is sufficient to kill two or three people in a very short time.

Many of the cheapest kinds of jam contain arsenic as do inferior brands of sweets and confectionery.

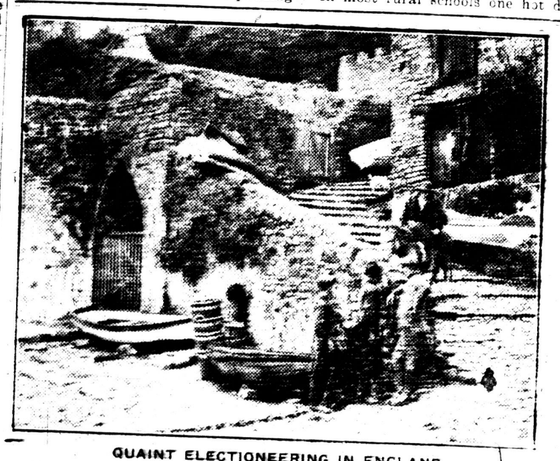
Then, again, such familiar items as cloves, nutmegs, horse-radish and certain herbs are poisonous if taken in large quantities.

Black pepper contains an alkaloid poison known as piperine, while the cayenne variety, better known, perhaps, as red pepper, is even more potent as a poison.

A case was reported in which a man swallowed half an ounce of cayenne pepper and died in agony a few hours afterwards.

All doctors agree that over-indulgence in tea or coffee, owing to the caffein these drinks contain, is decidedly injurious to health.

Tobacco takes its name from the Island of Tobago in the Caribbean Sea, where it was discovered, but "nicotine" was the name first given to tobacco in France through the introduction of the herb to Catherine de Medicis by the Ambassador to Lisbon, Jean Nicot.



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Mrs. J. Tudor Rees overcame the difficulties of electioneering in the unique fishing town of Clovelly by climbing its steep streets on a donkey. The picture shows how the streets are built.

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