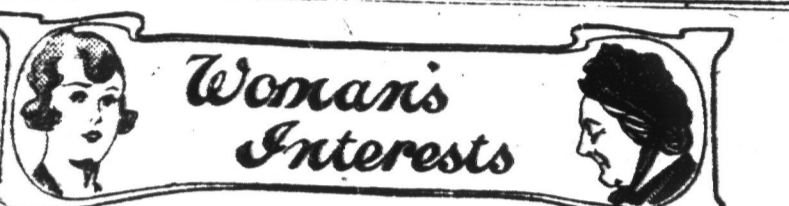


SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality
1/2 LB. TINS
and in packages



Woman's Interests

Don't Overlook Attractive Annuals.

For natural beauty and pleasing color effects it is hard to beat some of the old-fashioned flower gardens made up of annual plants.

The most permanent and satisfying results are obtained with an open lawn as a foundation, with trees making a graceful shade, accompanied by shrubs and permanent flowers to round off the corners. When permanent planting, especially shrubby beds, are newly set they often look thin and ragged, and interplantings of annuals will fill in the otherwise bare spaces with attractive foliage and brightly colored flowers.

Most annual plants are valuable for supplying cut flowers for indoor decoration. When grown for this purpose they should be given ample space for the development of quantity and quality blossoms. The tall-growing, full-leafed plants, like the tall clematis buds and sunflowers, when massed against buildings, fences, or in front of other obstructive objects, serve as attractive and efficient screens. Lower growing plants, when massed against a background of taller growing annuals or shrubs, either against buildings or on borders, are more effective than when used in beds on the lawn or when planted in formal designs.

Because annual plants make a quick growth they must be provided with good growing conditions. The soil should be well supplied with available plant food, and should be reasonably retentive of moisture, though well drained. Though many kinds of annual flowering plants, particularly those of the more hardy classes, can be grown successfully in a variety of soils, a rich loam soil is necessary in order that they produce the maximum number of blossoms of the richest colors. If the soil is thin and poor, a bed two feet deep can be excavated and filled with soil especially prepared for the plants. The ideal soil for this purpose can be made from blue-grass sod from a rather heavy clay loam rotted for a year, mixed with equal parts of well-rotted manure, leaf mold and sand.

The young seedlings which are started in plant beds and which are to be grown for their bloom, should be transplanted as soon as the first true leaves are formed. For small, rather slow-growing plants, such as pansies, one inch apart in the transplanted bed will afford ample room. With most plants two inches each way will be the best, but with robust growing plants, like the castor bean, four inches will not be too much. With many plants, particularly vigorous-growing varieties, it is best to plant the seeds directly in pots or cans so that they can be transplanted in the open without disturbing the roots of the young seedlings. Transplanting has a tendency to make the plants stocky and provides opportunities for the development of an extensive root system.

Among the tallest-growing plants which are used for backgrounds and screens are castor beans, cosmos and sunflowers. The castor bean is valuable because it is one of the few annuals which can be used to produce a semi-tropical effect. It grows rapidly, reaching a large size, and has a rich, burning foliage ranging in color from green to deep bronze. The cosmos is a vigorous, tall-growing plant, which appears in the fall. There are a large number of annual plants of intermediate type. Some of the tallest of these that grow three or more feet high are the basket flower, feather cockscomb, cabila, larkspur, prince's feather, and summer cypress. Low-growing annuals are phlox, nasturtium, sweet alyssum, petunias and verbena.

Canning.

Business men demand efficiency. They do not allow themselves to be employed to be run down physically or mentally by performing burdensome tasks that can more efficiently be done by mechanical appliances. The up-to-date farmer has machinery and equipment that will save him time and energy.

How about you home-canners? One cannot afford the most expensive canning equipment always, but many can afford better. Each of us can get together a good workable canning equipment.

I once saw a woman who, each time she canned, placed a few boards in the bottom of her boiler. She wasted much more time hunting up the boards each time than it would have taken her to make a good substantial false bottom. So it is with many things used in canning.

Before starting the work all equipment should be brought together and a list made of whatever is needed. Here is a full list:

- One processing kettle with a false bottom (wash boiler, lard can, steamer or pressure cooker). No false bottom needed for tin cans.
- Two large kettles or pans, one for blanching should have a good cover, the other for cold dipping.
- One small kettle for making syrup.
- One wire basket or several squares of cheesecloth.
- Two pie pans to set dripping baskets in.
- Two measuring cups.
- Two sharp knives.
- One teaspoon.
- One tablespoon.
- Two wooden spoons.
- One pair tongs.
- Good supply tin cans, or Glass jars with good new rubbers.

The Country Dinner Bell.

Cows are in the stable with their noses in the hay.
Sunshine creeping 'neath the door introduces day;
Men are milking, such a hurry, wonder what that's for;
Breakfast ready, how do they know, hear a tap or moe
On the dinner bell that's hanging by the kitchen door.

Ploughing in the stalk field, must be nearly done,
Sun will shine right overhead astonishing soon;
Horses prick their ears up, won't turn a furrow more,
They hear the pecking faintly stealing Of the iron bell that's leaning toward the kitchen door.

Cattle in the barnyard bawling for their hay,
Sun descending in the West says good-bye to-day;
Dogs been lozing in the yard, start to howl and roar;
Hear the squeaking and the screeching of the crooked wire reaching to the rusty bell that's hanging by the kitchen door.

Dye Old Wrap, Skirt, Sweater, Curtains In Diamond Dyes

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a rich, fast color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, overalls, draperies, hangings, everything! Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Thanks to the typewriter, legible handwriting is joining the lost arts. It is only fair, therefore, that business men who affect distinctive signatures should follow the army practice of typewriting their names directly below their signatures.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.
(Copyright The Masson Book Co.)

CHAPTER I.

The shadows of the spruce trees fell northward, pointing long, cool fingers across the undulating prairie, or leaning lazily against the brown foothills. Like an incandescent globe the afternoon sun hung in the bowl of a cloudless heaven, filmy with heat, but the hot rays were met by the high altitude of the ranch country, and lost their force like a blow half struck. And among the spruce trees it was cool and green, and clear blue water rippled over beds of shining gravel.

The ranch buildings lay a little to the rear, as though the trees stood sentinel between them and the prairie. The house was of round straight logs; the shingles of the squat roof were cupped and blistered with the suns of many summers. Refuse loitered about the open door; many empty tins; a leaky barrel, with missing hoops; boxes, harness, tangled bits of wire. Once there had been a fence; a sort of picket fence of little saplings, but wild bronchos had kicked it to pieces and range steers had straggled unscarred across its scattered remains.

Forward, and to the left, was the corral; mill slabs on end, or fences of lodge-pole pine; a corner somewhat covered in, offering vague protection from the weather. The upper poles were worn thin with the cribbing of many horses.

The sunlight bathed the scene, nursed it in a soft, warm silence. The desertion seemed absolute; the silence was the silence of the unspoken places. But suddenly it was broken by a stamping in the covered part of the corral, and a man's voice saying, "Hip, there; whoa, you cawyer, get under your saddle. Steepin' against a post at that! You Sloppy-eye. Hip, come to it!"

Horse and rider dashed into the sunlight. The boy—for he was no more than a boy—sat the beast as though born to it, his lithe frame taking easy motion of the horse, softly as a good boat rises and falls. His red shirt and thick hairy chaps could not disguise the lean muscularity of his figure; the broad flat hat, the touch of rancor. With a yell at his horse he snatched the hat from his head, turning to the sun a smooth, brown face and a mane of dark hair, and slapped the horse across the flank with his crumpled headgear. At the signal the animal sprang into the air, then dashed at a gallop down the roadway, bearing the boy as unconcerned as a flower on its stem.

Suddenly he brought his horse to a stop, swung about, and rode back at a gentle canter. A few yards from the house he again spurred him to a gallop and, leaning far down by the animal's side, deftly picked a bottle from among the grass. Then he circled about, and this operation as often as his eye fell to a spot at his horse he snatched the hat from his head, turning to the sun a smooth, brown face and a mane of dark hair, and slapped the horse across the flank with his crumpled headgear. At the signal the animal sprang into the air, then dashed at a gallop down the roadway, bearing the boy as unconcerned as a flower on its stem.

"Very good, my boy," said the man. "That was a wonderful lift. The leg is strong, and you've got it. Can you get some way of moving me to shelter? I will pay you well."

The last words were unfortunate. Hospitality in the ranching country is not bought and sold.

"You can't pay me nothin'," he said, rudely. "But I can bring a light wagon, if you can ride in that, and put you up at the ranch. The old man's sourd," he added, as an afterthought, "but he'll letter than sleepin' out. I won't be long."

He was back at his horse, and in a moment he heard the clatter of hoofs galloping down the hillside.

The girl sat on the ground and rested her father's head in her lap. Tears were in her eyes, but she smiled brightly. "Don't cry, Reenie," he said, gently. "We're very lucky to be so close to help. Of course, I'll be laid up for a while, but it will give you a chance to get your legs, and it really is. He's a fine fellow, but he's a little bit of a fancy you shall find it plain and unadvised. What a horseman! If I could run an automobile like he does I would be a millionaire. Did you notice that I didn't release the clutch? Just ambled into this predicament—embraced it, I might say."

"He's strong," she said. "But he's rude."

The best fields for muscles are often poor fields for manners," he answered. "But manners are a substitute for hospitality, and he seems to have that all right. It is something that belongs to the open country, the big, open country. In cities they entertain but not the ranching country, they, why, there isn't any word for it, but you will see for yourself."

He was soon back with a wagon and a stretcher. He avoided the eyes of his girl, but quickly and gently enough he placed the injured man on the stretcher. "I guess you'll have to take the feet," he said. The words were for the girl, although he did not look at her. "I could hustle him myself, but I might hurt 'em. I'm Doctor Hardy—this is my daughter, Irene."

"They don't call me mister," said the boy. "Misters is scarce in these woods. My name is Elden—Dave Elden."

David Coombe, in his old English cobbler's shop, said, "It is the darkest hole that ever I saw; never a bit of sun comes to this place, summer or winter." A vision came to the dozing cobbler, in angel form, saying: "I will tell you how to set a trap for a sunbeam. It must be bright and pure, baited with Energy, Perseverance, Industry, Charity, Faith, Hope and Courtesy. Do this, David Coombe, and you will never again get so gladdened by birds your dwelling, or gladdened your declining days." The first step David took was to clean the dust and dirt of years from the window-panes of his cobbler's shop. Then the sunbeams came in, a whole family of them; and they came to stay.

We all know people who go about among their fellows as though life had been a terrible disappointment, that it had never made good its promises. They live in the shadows. Instead of opening up their nature and letting in the sunshine of life, they close up like a clam and shut out all that is beautiful and glorious, happy and sunny. They live within themselves, lonely, isolated, gloomy lives, and are never effective or happy.

It is a great thing to open up the

He was far dropping it at that, but the girl came up with extended hand. He took it shyly, but it made him curiously bold. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Elden," she said.

"I'm glad to meet you, too," he answered. "I have never seen you before in this neck of the woods. Carefully they lifted the injured man into the wagon, and Dave drove to the ranch building with an unwonted caution that must have caused strange misgivings in the hearts of his team."

"It ain't much of a place," he said, as they pulled up at the door. "I guess you can see that for yourself," he added, with a grin. "You see, there's just Dave and me, and he's soured most of the time, and I handle a horse better'n a scrubbin' brush." He was already losing his breath. "Now, you take the fore again. Steady, don't break any more bones. Look out for that barrel hoop. This way now."

(To be continued.)

Birds' Luxurious Homes.

One of the most interesting features of bird-life is the ingenuity displayed by many species in home-building. Some birds put themselves to immense trouble to secure safe and comfortable homes.

The methods of the hornbill provide an instance. This bird builds its nest in the hole of a tree. When the eggs are laid, the opening in the nest-trunk is walled up with mud by the mother until the hole is so small that his partner can put no more than her head through. The device is probably a means of defence against snakes or other enemies, and it means the imprisonment of the hen throughout the period of incubation.

During this time she is fed through the "grille" by her devoted mate, who works himself "to a shadow" in his efforts.

Most of the small birds which nest in trees and bushes spare no pains in their task. They collect pliable twigs, grasses, roots, moss, and perhaps animal hair, with which they build elaborate homes. The finches make beautiful cup-shaped nests; while others, such as the wren and the dipper, construct spherical nests, which can be entered only by a small hole in the side.

In addition to the actual structure there is often a distinct lining of specially selected materials. For this purpose small feathers, hair, and fine fibres are favored; but in the case of the song-thrush a complete lining of hardened mud is a characteristic feature.

By nests reach such a high state of perfection as that of the tailor-bird of India, so called from its habit of "sewing" leaves together to make a beautiful pouch. The completed work is a triumph of the nest-builder's art, but it costs the builder many hours of labor.

The cormorant sometimes raises a mound of seaweed, and some penguins make their nests of stone. But most remarkable of all is a tropical species of the white tern, which deposits its eggs on the horizontal leaf of a palm-tree. The leaf is made to serve as a nest.

Your Own Moving Picture.

It ought to be a misdemeanor for one to go about the world with a sour face, a face which indicates that the owner has soured on the world; it ought to be a misdemeanor to radiate gloom, sadness and discouragement. We have no right to frown such pictures out to the world. It is our duty to radiate bright, cheerful, beautiful pictures, beautiful faces, humane, beautiful expressions. It is our duty to be cheerful, to send out good cheer to others, to give them hope, confidence, and assurance.

The next time you are tempted to whine or to mope, when you feel the blues coming on, and are discouraged and despondent, just realize what sort of pictures you are sending out to those about you. What do you feel that you are radiating to others? Your emotions are all being passed in a panoramic view, in your expression, your bearing, your conversation, your manners. The world is reading your history. You are like a moving picture show. Your emotions, your passions, your hopes, your fears, your desires, your dreams, are read by everybody who is looking at you. They read your biography, the story of your life. What you are visualizing they see.

Just assume the mental attitude which you would like to feel. Do this mechanically for a while and you will find after a time that you are melting into the mood. Don't show the world your disgruntled, ugly side. Put up an attractive front, a cheerful disposition. Assume a sympathetic attitude toward the world. Radiate joy and gladness. Make a good impression on others, so that people will think well of you.—Success.

Always act as though you had a witness at your elbow.

Set a Trap for a Sunbeam

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SPEARMINT

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And the new HIPS—the candy-coated peppermint gum, is also a great treat for your sweet tooth.

All from the Wrigley factories where practice has made perfection.

Clay for China Ware.

A process has been newly discovered whereby artificial ultramarine can be made from china clay, from which all our chinaware is made, including the most beautiful porcelains. But it has various other uses. It is utilized as a "filler" in the manufacture of newsprint paper and in the production of a glass for highly finished art papers. It is employed in the preparation of cotton fabrics and in making soap; also in some of the chemical industries.

The main source of supply of the finest china clay is the County of Cornwall, in England.

The stuff is not a clay, properly speaking. It is an earth which, when dug out of the ground, is found mixed with coarse white sand. From the latter it is separated by floating it off in tanks of water, the heavy particles of sand falling quickly to the bottom. Then it is spread on pans and put into kilns to bake. When partly dried in the kilns it is cut into blocks suitable for handling. The blocks thus prepared, being very friable, are readily pulverized to a sort of mineral flour, which is the raw material for chinaware.

Do You Drink Stones?

Many medicines in common use come from quite unexpected sources. Who, for instance, would connect antipyrine, the remedy for headaches, with coal? Yet it is one of the by-products of "black diamonds."

Epsom salt and magnesia, a mild laxative, occur frequently in beds of limestone.

Plants of the aconite family are full of a most powerful poison, which is useful in the treatment of gout, neuralgia, rheumatism, and heart affection.

Camphor is obtained in a curious way. Chips of camphor-wood are placed in earthenware vessels closed at the top. A strong current of steam is then driven into the vessels, which forces the evaporated camphor to the top of the pots, where it condenses into white crystals, which are afterwards collected.

Glycerine and soap have a common foundation, the former being a by-product of the latter. At one time the glycerine was allowed to flow away as useless during the process of manufacture; now, of course, it is collected carefully.

A Job for a Prophet.

An experienced Englishman who had applied for a job at a lodging camp was set to work to chop down a big fir tree. For a few minutes the boss silently watched the fellow's fierce onslaught, then, smiling to himself, he walked away.

Two hours later he returned "Well," he said, "which way are you going to fell that tree?"

The Englishman, who was perspiring at every pore, dropped his axe and wiped his brow; then, scrutinizing the tree from top to bottom, he asked indignantly, "What d'ye take me for, a bloomin' prophet?"

Nothing troubles some people more than looking for trouble and not finding it.

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2 IN 1

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GENOA

Soviet De-factory—Bel-

A desperate entire count-conference day when, a fused the d-Moscow for Russian delib-powers' econ-practically in-ancial and e-Russia at G-

The Rus-

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New Planes

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