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but that same Thunder Bird is deeply set in the tales of nearly all the higher tribes of the continent. I heard it best in the Kwakiutl of the Coast—here it is for you: "Hear me! (the young Coast Indian who loudly called this had just slid down the centre square pillar of the rude Pacific Coast Potlach House) 'Hear me!' he howled as he ran about the great fire burning on the earth floor in the centre of the excited throng of old men and chiefs. 'Hear me! I come from the nest of the Thunder Bird.' (Here to add to the impressiveness of the scene he tugged at the sea lion sinews that bound on his high, carved headdress and out puffed clouds of eiderdown.) 'Hear me! I was in the woods three days rubbing myself with hemlock. I was hungry and tired. I fell asleep—when I woke up I was in the nest of the Thunder Bird and it was going to feed me to its young birds when I seized it and jumped off the nest and it bore me to the top of this house, and now I sing my song!' and he howled off a collection of harsh consonants that told how he had chosen the Thunder Bird for his crest or token. On, on he ran—then suddenly he leaped right through the fire—a burst of eiderdown issued from his headdress and burst into flame and he vanished in the darkness of the great Potlach House. Now, Laddie, that scene is three thousand miles away from the quiet village of Hiawatha, yet the old men tell tales as weird as the same Thunder Bird story. True they do not carve it on huge cedar poles and set it aloft in front of their house as did the young Kwakutl chief—listen! How would you like to be as great a duck hunter as Nenebojo? This character is used by many tribes. Some writers say the Indians got it from the Jesuit tales of the Christ. One all-powerful, an old chief of the Mississaugas tells this:



The black pet and the white one. Blue bill and gull.

"One day Nenebojo saw away out in Rice Lake a big flock of ducks. Now he wanted some of them; so he made a sack and swam out to where they were. 'Come on and dive,' he called. Down he dived and down followed the ducks. After they came up he swam beneath them and tied their legs with basswood strips and up the ducks leaped, but Nenebojo had the ends of the basswood strips, so they carried him up in the air. They soon got so tired they had to come down to the ground and they fell on the south shore of the lake, then Nenebojo let them all go. He just wanted to get across the lake."

"That's some hunting," laughed Laddie. "See! There's the first turtle," as he picked a young mud-turtle and its lately discarded shell up out of the sand. "Have you a yarn about a turtle? No, I beg your pardon, you call them legends."

"If you will take off your unbelieving cap I'll tell you one that has the Thunder Bird in it and the Turtle too—also from the Mississaugas."

"There was a Turtle that lived all alone on the lake shore. Every time he went out he was hit on the back by small stones, but he never could see who hit him. So he ran into the woods and called out for someone to come and help him. The big black Bear came and told him he would fight for him but he ran so very slow and clumsily that the Turtle would not have him. Then he called again and out jumped a young male deer, but its horns were weak and broke as it struck a branch so the Turtle called again. All the water foamed around him and a band of young turtles came out to fight for him, but just then down dropped a big stone and killed them all, and the Turtle saw it was the great Thunder Bird that threw it, so he dived down and never comes up when there is thunder."

"Some shot, that Thunder Bird," said Laddie, as he rolled and laughed in the hot sand. "Sure you're not making these stories up? Have you got a nice one about fish—that's what I would like."

"Yes, here is one told by the same Rice Lake Indian Chief: 'Once Nenebojo and another man caught a lot of fish. Each one stored his fish away, but they agreed to eat Nenebojo's first. When these were all done the other man would not share his fish as he had promised, so Nenebojo and his family were without food. He walked in the woods and met a strange man who told him he would help him. 'Go to the swamp and cut a cake of ice and take it home on your back.' Do not look around, whoever calls you, and tomorrow you will have food.' Nenebojo did, and next morning found a lot of fish where the ice had lain. But the other man when he was out of fish did the same thing, only he looked back when someone called 'thief' and his fish were only small ones like minnows.'"

"Gosh, I'd like to meet that man and go to that swamp," said Laddie.

"Gosh!" I mocked, "you had better go to camp and get that dinner."

After an hour's photography, I, too, sought the camp.

"I fried you a fish and roasted you a duck," hailed the boy.

I entered the camp to find a table bare of all save bread and butter. "Where's the dinner you cooked for me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! that's just a legend," he laughed. "But where's that big chunk of cake?" I asked.

"Oh! that's just another legend by now," and off he scampered, yelling: "Once on a time, etc., etc."

A Toast to Canada

(A Marching Song)

Here's to the wheat lands,
The oat lands, the rich lands;
Here's to the grass lands,
Where lusty cattle low.

Here's to the ploughed lands,
The brown lands,
The quick lands,
The rich lands of Canada,
Where foodstuffs grow.

Here's to the deep mines,
The rare mines, the rich mines;
Here's to the black mine,
Its miner's lamp aglow.

Here's to the wild wood,
The strong woods,
The great woods,
The wooden walls of Britain,
Where the wild winds blow.

Here's to the great hearts,
The strong hearts, the true hearts,
The hearts in the breasts
Of Canadian men we know.

Here's to their purpose,
Their high, loyal purpose:
To give even life itself
That freedom shall not go.

Joanna E. Wood—Toronto Globe.

Not Granted

One night, says Harper's Magazine, when her grandmother was putting her in bed, three-year-old Olive said, "Grandma, every night when I go to bed, I ask God to make brother Fred a good boy."

"That is right," said her grandmother. "But He hasn't done it yet," replied Olive, soberly.

The Pathway to Faith

The Right Reverend Doctor Knox, Bishop of Manchester, is one of those rare men who teach without preaching. On an occasion mentioned in the Manchester Guardian, a freethinker opened an argument with the bishop on the mystery of pain.

"I am reminded," reflected the bishop, when there was a lull in the talk, "of a story a Lancashire miner told me of another miner who loudly called himself an infidel. He was working in the mine when some coal began to fall.

"Lord save me!" he cried, earnestly.

"Then," said the bishop, "my friend, the other miner, catching the weak point, turned round with a grin.

"Aye," said he, "there's nowt like cobs o' coal to knock the infidelity oot o' a chap!"