

ASBESTOSLATE

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ECONOMICAL

"LAST FOREVER"
ROOFING



The Roof that "Lasts Forever"

Asbestoslate Shingles offer so many advantages over all other kinds of roofing materials for farm buildings, that the small additional first cost is not an expense, but a real investment.

Wood shingles, stained, may look well for a time, and cost less in the first place, but they spread fire—they warp, curl, twist and split under the weather—they need frequent staining and repairs.

Metal Roofs are sadly lacking in durability—they are unattractive, need frequent painting and repairs.

Ready Roofings are not seriously considered for really good buildings.

Asbestoslate is the ideal roofing for all kinds of farm buildings. It is absolutely fireproof and weatherproof—coolest in Summer, warmest in Winter. It does not warp, curl, twist or split. It never needs paint or repairs. It is made of Portland Cement and Asbestos Fibre. Always looks well, and will last forever.

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The Asbestos Mfg. Company
Room 809 Drummond Building
MONTREAL, CAN.



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old-time tacked-down carpets and trailing draperies.

Every year, too, there seem to be new devices for lightening work, and it is our own fault if we don't avail ourselves of them. Here are a few that may not be known to you:

Helps in Cleaning.

HERE is a formula for cleaning large rugs which has been found very valuable: Take 3 gallons water, 2 bars white soap, 5 cents' worth borax, 5 cents' worth saltpetre, ½ pint ammonia. Boil all together until dissolved except the ammonia, which should be added after the mixture is taken from the stove. The jelly resulting may be used hot or cold. Apply it to the rug with a scrubbing brush, dipping the brush at once into hot water and scrubbing well until a good lather is produced; then take the edge of a shingle or some such bit of wood, and scrape off the soap. Do a little at a time, wiping each spot hard, first with a damp cloth, then with a dry one. Dry the rug in an airy place, but not in sunshine, as that will fade the carpet.

This jelly is also good for cleaning mattresses and pillows.

If the rugs are not much soiled they may be brightened by rubbing over, after beating, with warm water to which a little ammonia has been added.

Splendid cleaners for wall paper may now be bought at any good hardware store, but if it cannot be got easily a dough made of flour and water, with a little gasoline added, will do the work very well.

When cleaning woodwork avoid soap, which removes the gloss. Instead use warm water to which a little coal-oil has been added. Windows may be very easily cleaned with Bon Ami, or with warm water and coal-oil. Use plenty of dry cloths to polish. Denatured alcohol is also splendid.

For white paint a paste of whiting and

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

water is a good cleanser. Let stand until dry, then brush off.

For sweeping down the walls of rooms nothing is better than a cover of old velvet tied over the broom. It removes the dust without scratching the paper. Gilt picture frames may be brightened by washing them with water in which onions have been boiled, with a little sulphur added to make a yellow color, while brass curtain rings will look clean again if boiled in water to which vinegar has been added. Nickel on stoves will respond to a mixture of whiting and coal-oil, while the zinc underneath, or on the top of the kitchen working table, may be cleaned by scouring with wood ashes and coal-oil, left on for an hour before scrubbing.

To clean window shades rub with magnesia, roll up and let stand a day or two, then brush off. If very much soiled and faded, cover with two coats of thin paint.

Serial Story.

An Alabaster Box.

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN AND FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.
By arrangement with McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto, Ont.
Chapter XXV.

Jim had no definite plan as he tramped down the road in the falling darkness. He felt uncertain and miserable as he speculated with regard to Lydia. She could not guess at half the unkind things people must be saying; but she would ask for the bread of sympathy and they would give her a stone. He wished he might carry her away, shielding her and comforting her against the storm. He knew he would willingly give his life to make her happier. Of course she did not care for him. How could she? Who

was he—Jim Dodge—to aspire to a girl like Lydia?

The wind had risen again and was driving dark masses of cloud across the sky; in the west a sullen red flared up from behind the hills, touching the lower edges of the vaporous mountains with purple. In a small, clear space above the red hung the silver sickle of the new moon, and near it shone a single star. Lydia was like that star, he told himself—as wonderful, as remote.

There were lights in the windows of Bolton House. Jim stopped and gazed at the yellow squares, something big and powerful rising within him. Then, yielding to a sudden impulse, he approached and looked in. In a great armchair before the blazing hearth sat or rather crouched, Andrew Bolton. He was wearing a smoking-jacket of crimson velvet and a pipe hung from his nerveless fingers. Only the man's eyes appeared alive; they were fixed upon Lydia at the piano. She was playing some light tuneful melody, with a superabundance of trills and runs. Jim did not know Lydia played; and the knowledge of this trivial accomplishment seemed to put her still further beyond his reach. He did not know, either, that she had acquired her somewhat indifferent skill after long years of dull practice, and for the single purpose of diverting the man, who sat watching her with bright, furtive eyes. Presently she arose from the piano and crossed the room to his side. She bent over him and kissed him on his bald forehead, her white hands clinging to his shoulders. Jim saw man shake off those hands with a rough gesture; saw the grieved look on her face; saw the man follow her slight figure with his eyes, as he stooped under pretext of mending the fire. But he could not hear the words which passed between them.

"You pretend to love me," Bolton was