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There are no vegetables just like your own growing. Provide for a good table, eat vegetables, and throw away medicine. We not only supply you with the Finest Tested Seeds for this Country, but we also show you

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Told in our booklets, 153 pages (copyrighted). The first of the kind printed in Canada. They contain the best Western experience of expert Market Gardeners. Sound, practical and sensible—just what you want to know in preparing the seed bed, manuring, starting the seed, transplanting, forcing, ripening, storing, destroying insects, etc. The price is 10 cents per booklet (\$1.00 for the full set of 11, including vegetable and special field crops), but FREE to purchasers of our seeds. See our catalogue, page 2.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE. Desk 13.

STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., CANADA'S GREATEST SEED HOUSE
WINNIPEG CANADA

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The Klett Manufacturing Company Ltd.
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Here are all the parts that go to make up the bowl of the

SHARPLES TUBULAR CREAM SEPARATORS

and with these three we guarantee Tubulars to skim 50% closer and to continue to skim 50% closer than any other separator made.

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There has never a claim been made for Sharples Tubulars that could not be proven;—there has never a machine left our Factory that was not guaranteed *Forever*.

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Write for our interesting Catalog 248 and arrange for a Free test right under your own roof. The people who ask questions are the ones who buy Tubulars.

THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.



size, one after the other, and you take them in carefully, not to lose one now would be a bad beginning. The current has carried you out to the end of the reef when you throw the spoon over again, and with every fish you take in your boat is carried out past the Point towards the Gulf and you row back again against the current. Here the water is getting shallow as the tide goes out and it rushes over the back of the reef with ripples and eddies like the current of a river. Right in the rush of the water over the bar the salmon are feeding as well as in the eddies, and every sudden tug, every grip on your line from the unknown world beneath you is enough to more than repay for the hours of hard rowing. They say there should be two—one to handle the boat and the other the line, but the greater the difficulty, the greater the risk of losing your big fish, the more excitement there is, and the prouder you are when you bring him in. You will generally find him in the very swiftest rush of water, for like your true fighter he loves the battle with the forces of Nature. You know by the grip he takes on the line that here is no ordinary fish. There is nothing like that thrill. It sends the blood to your forehead and the pulse pounding in your wrists. With a rush he leaps clear of the water, a silver flash against the deeper blue, and then,

is law and they will not bite again until after it turns, and then not so well. There are sixteen in the bottom of your boat and you start for camp. The wind that the sunrise promised is already here and when the tide turns it will freshen. It is a long row back and when you reach the Cape the tide is running in and the waves are getting high. Here the wind drives almost directly on the rocks and it takes all your skill to row broadside to the waves in getting around the Point. Your arms ache and you are very hungry, but with the wind and the spray in your face you are supremely happy as you round the Cape and the tide helps to carry you into the comparative quiet of the bay.

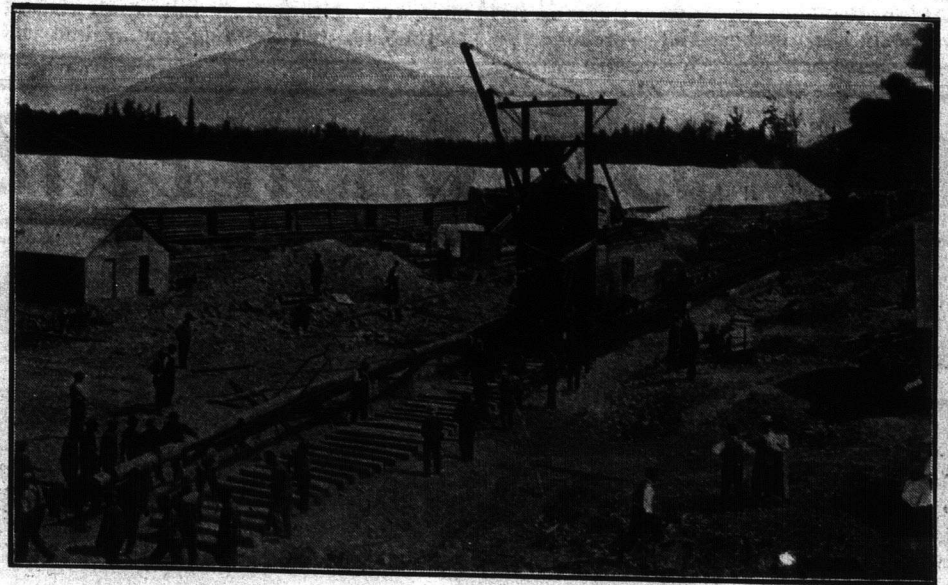
"Mama," queried four-year-old Nettie, "where do people go when they die?"

"I can't tell, my dear. How should I know?"

"Why, mamma, didn't you ever study geography?"

"I see from your letterhead, Bilkins, that you are the assistant treasurer of that company of yours," said Witherbee. "Have you got so much money it takes two of you to look after it?"

"No," said Bilkins. "We have so little it takes two of us to find it?"



Steel coming through the Jaune Cache

in a seething whirl of foam, he disappears. There is no strain and you take in the line frantically, fearing that he may come in too fast and have enough slack line to get tangled up in a bunch of seaweed—growing cold at the thought that he may be gone. But here he comes with the silver spoon in his mouth, cleaving the water without apparent effort in spite of the drag of the line. Right up to the side of the boat he comes until he feels the line again. Then the water fairly boils under the blows of his tail and he shakes the spoon like a hound that worries a rat. And with a dash he is away again, taking the line out until your fingers burn. With a sweep sideways he comes to the surface and bowing until his nose almost touches his tail he straightens out and the spring throws him into the air, and when he strikes it is like the slap of an oar on the water. Your wrist aches with the effort to keep up with his whirlwind of rushes. Coming in faster than you can take in the line, he sweeps under the boat, and your heart is in your mouth, fearing he may get a good jerk on a tight line across the keel of the boat. Two swift strokes of the oars bring you around to face him again. It takes so very little to lose him! And now he sulks, sullen and motionless, deep as your line will let him, and you draw him to you carefully that he may get no chance of a sudden snap on the line. Nearer and nearer, and then, with a few savage rushes he is aw and it all has to be done over again. Only when he is thoroughly played out will he lie still besides the boat and you slip your gaff down besides him very carefully, holding the line free in one hand to let him have it if he makes another rush. With a sudden upward jerk you strike and have him safe at last, wiping the sweat off your face when you have lifted him in.

And now you are satisfied. The tide

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