

GATES AND THE HARVEST

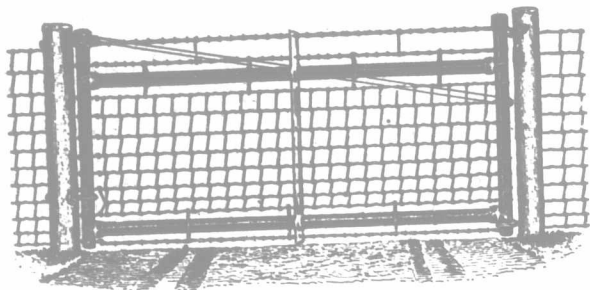
The Garden of a Com-muter's Wife.

(By Mabel Osgood Wright.)

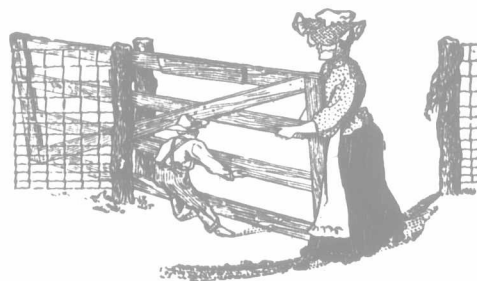
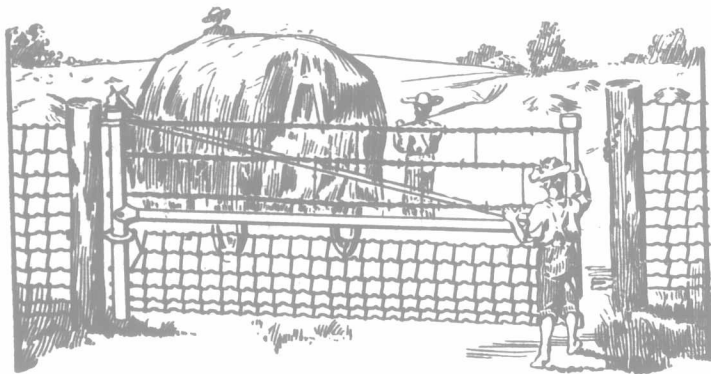
The story is told of a farmer who, with immense labor, sowed and reaped in field and meadow, and then—set fire to his harvest!

Crazy, you say! Perhaps, but only an exaggerated case. Not much worse than the farmer who plants wheat carefully, ploughs young corn, has a fine big garden or field of clover, and then NEGLECTS HIS GATES. The stock get in, and do as much damage as the fire set by the half-witted man in the story.

Profanity and a tough sapling avail little against the natural-born "cussedness" of the average four-footed creature. The ONLY safeguard is a GATE, and not only a gate, but a STEEL gate. For we can't expect stock to keep away from temptation. If a MAN signs the pledge, he can go around the block to avoid the saloon, but the stock take an open or even a sagging gate as an invitation to enter—and the damage is directly traceable to your own short-sightedness.



A complete remedy for this, and a guarantee of sound sleep o' nights is found in the CLAY Gate. A gate of steel, made in Guelph, by the Canadian Gate Co., Ltd. These are strong, of perfectly mechanical construction, and equipped to the smallest detail to stand every strain of stock or weather. The firm making them guarantees that the material is High Carbon Steel Tubing, strong, but so light that the children can lift it, or the frailest woman open it with ease.



Our illustration of the woman tugging at the old wooden gate, is a picture of old-time days on the farm; days when work of the hardest kind was made harder, and life was drudgery through lack of simple facilities and mechanical help. Those were days when fences used to be made only "in the light of the moon," else they would sink. And rails must be split according to the time laid down in the almanac.

Now, of course, these superstitions have disappeared, along with the old shovel-plow with which the plowman "tickled" two acres a day. Farmers no longer watch the moon, or fear a Friday. But one big superstition still holds in the minds of a few—the old idea that a good gate is an extra luxury, a sort of "frill" on the farm, along with a phonograph or automobile.

And so long as the superstition holds, of course, so long will there be wooden gates, sagging, rotten gates. So long will there be wasted crops and damaged fields.

Bad gates are the beginning of many a neighbor's feud. It riles Jones to see his corn trampled by Smith's hogs, and Smith's wife's cabbages have fallen a prey to Jones's hungry heifer. So there are legal squabbles and bad blood from one generation to another.

And religion! Many a backsliding can be directly traced to a rickety gate that sagged and stuck in the snow just as the convert was on his way to prayer-meeting. Good steel gates—the "CLAY" kind—pay for themselves the first year in peace of mind, to say nothing of crops and cattle protected. Tinkering with old wooden gates is expensive, as well as a troublesome waste of time and lumber.

CLAY GATES may be raised to swing clear of the snow, or to let the smaller stock under, or they can be lowered until the barbed wire at the bottom keeps the smallest chickens out. At either height, or any angle, it is as substantial as if hung level.

CONVENIENCE, too, is a big point with the CANADIAN GATE CO., and you don't have to be a first-class carpenter to hang or adjust it. Any boy can make the holes in a post—one hole for each hinge, and one for the foot fork. Then, after it's fixed, the boy will appreciate a swing on it for his reward—and the swing won't hurt the gate, either, any more than will the run of the biggest bull. For CLAY GATES are made to HOLD, to guard. And every home and farm demands the safe and sure protection they afford. Their special sixty-day guarantee demands the safe and sure protection they afford. Their special sixty-day guarantee demands the safe and sure protection they afford. Write for free literature to

CANADIAN GATE CO., LIMITED, GUELPH, ONTARIO

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

As my lady sat and sipped—she has recently lost a molar, and so used her lips like a beak—she forgot her woes, and suddenly reverted to me, saying:

"Now, you must really tell me what you are thinking about. What are you planning? You are staring downhill there as if you had not heard a word that I said. Ah, I know, you are thinking to make that slope into a lawn, and a nice one it will be if you can get the grass to take. We've had horrid luck, and are all plowed up on three sides again for the fourth time."

"A lawn? Why, it is a lawn now!" I exclaimed indignantly—"a lovely, wild lawn."

"A wild lawn? How odd! just fancy! Why, it is full of everything but grass. Somehow, I thought a lawn was all grass, you know." This with a critical squint that she always gives when she thinks she has made a point.

"I believe, now you mention it, that lawns are usually made of plain ordinary grass, all one even color, shaven, shorn, and oh, so monotonously green; an unnatural sort of thing; in short, just like the foliage beds people freckle these lawns with."

"Now, our lawn that you see down there is decidedly unusual, I will grant, but it's perfectly natural and not at all monotonous, for it's never the same color for two successive months. Nature, when undisturbed, is never monotonous, you know. Even when using green, the most frequent color on her palette, she throws in contrasting tints by way of expression, and you will seldom see two sides of a leaf of the same hue, and the leaf stem frequently gives a bold dash of bronze or purple. Look at the wild grasses of meadows and marsh lands. Do not all the flower colors wash over them in the course of the year, and our bare hillsides wear nearly the heathery hues of the old world?"

"In our climate the usual lawn implies a procession of men picking out weeds, followed by another lot sprinkling a mixture of grass seed and earth; then comes a din of mowing machines, and in the fall an avalanche of top-dressing, making one think of modernizing the old proverb, 'A grain of wheat is worth a grain of gold' to read 'A blade of grass costs a grain of gold.'"

"My lawn is full of resources, and therefore makes few demands. An occasional sprinkling of fertilizer is gratefully received and calls forth a rich green blush of pleasure, but is not exacted; a very moderate trimming by a single mower keeps its tresses in decent array. Then, too, it has seasons like the garden, and many surprises to boot, for in parts it has both moist and dry soil."

"In April, pussy-toes, the little white vernal everlasting, patter across it, and early blue violets hide between the tufty grass at the bottom toward the stone fence. Saxafrage flowers spring from the leafy rosettes in dry spots where the rock comes nearly to the surface, and in late May moss pink shows its rosy glow here and there."

"Then there are always guinea gold dandelions, strewn at random, that later turn to down and fly away like veritable flowers of magic. Next, following the white violets, come blue speedwell, bluets and coy wind-flowers in the moist hollow. A few vagrant ox-eye daisies will hang about the fence edge and nestle in among the shrubs, and Jack-over-the-ground creeps hither and thither with golden cups and shining leaves."

"In July yarrow spreads its fragrant fern-cut leaves, and covers places where the grass is thin, and bedstraw with its queer, rough stems and white cross flowers, while up under the hemlock trees on the right,

DR. J.M. STEWART'S SURE CURE Liquid GALL CURE



The perfected result of 30 years of veterinary practice. A natural remedy of roots and herbs, free from poisonous drugs.

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Indian pipe raises its ghostly stems, and pyrola flourishes under the beech tree by the bank wall.

"Look across the green now, for the lawn is delicately green, even if not wholly grass. Do you see that purple tint where the slope begins? It is wild thyme, and next month these purple flowers will be replaced by purple-bronze leaves, and yonder,

(Continued on next page.)

YOUR hands come in contact with all kinds of germs. "SNAP" is antiseptic. It kills germs and removes dirt and stains. At all dealers—15c. can.

