

New Clothes for Old!



That's what you get, without any muss, fuss or trouble, when you dye old things with

MAYPOLE SOAP

THE CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

Maypole Soap cleans and dyes at one operation—changing faded, dingy clothing, curtains, cushion covers, feathers, and even parasols into things of freshness and beauty. The even, lustrous colors it gives are fadeless in sun or rain. Get a few cakes and try it.

24 Colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c—black 15c—at your dealer's or postpaid with booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

OUR PRICES INCLUDE ALL CHARGES, BOTH DUTY AND POSTAGE.

THE UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.

TRANSFORMATIONS

Guaranteed only finest quality pure European Human Hair used. ANY STYLE \$2.50, or extra full of Hair \$12.00.

Only measurement required is circumference of Head.

SWITCHES OF PURE HUMAN HAIR

16 inch...	\$1.10
18 "	\$1.35
20 "	\$1.65
22 "	\$2.50
24 "	\$4.25
26 "	\$6.00

Any length to order.

Our Extra Full Cluster of Curles mounted on Comb \$2.00.

Send for New Illustrated Catalogue No 21

to BOX 3082, Dept. D.

P.O. MONTREAL.

ENGLAND.

You cannot afford brain-befogging headaches.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Waters

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

WALL PLASTER

The best will not cost you any more than the inferior article or so-called substitutes.

Ask your dealer for the "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters—the highest grade wall plasters manufactured.

Shall we tell you something about "Empire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

diving, groping, and grubbing seemed all in vain. He found nothing but some empty snail-shells. Almost ready to abandon the quest, his quick ear caught a low "chip-chip" further up-stream. The sound did not suggest any known enemy. He cautiously proceeded to investigate.

On a gravelly bar some distance up, he spied an ancient crow, on the same errand as himself. The bird had met with better success, having just cracked the shell of a tempting clam. The sight was too much for muskrat stoicism. Musquash dived, came up under a willow six feet from the unsuspecting fisher, took his bearings and dived again.

The crow was enjoying himself, and completely off his guard. The furry creature which dashed at him from the water, looked at first startled glance, like a mink. No time for hesitation. With a startled "caw" the bird abandoned his catch. When from his airy vantage he learned that he had been frightened from his luncheon by a muskrat—a contemptible chewer of roots—his rage knew no bounds.

With a hoarse, throaty, "caw," the bird swooped. The rat gathered itself into a ball of bristling fur from which gleamed two black beady eyes and four white chisel teeth. The crow missed the eye by a hair-breadth, the rat leaped, narrowly missing the wing feathers at

passed up a long sloping water gallery and emerged into a maze of intersecting and intricate passages, threading which he came to a grass-upholstered, dome-shaped chamber with several exits.

Here he found his mate in a state of great excitement. She had just returned from the marsh, where she narrowly escaped capture by the mink. Exactly how much of her adventure she made Musquash comprehend is a matter of pure conjecture; but her extreme terror indicated some deadly peril, and there is little doubt that the first suspicion of his amphibian brain would turn to the mink. No land animal can follow the rat into his watery corridors, and no other water creature would make the attempt. But the mink—lithe, savage, relentless, is in his insistent pursuit of the smaller animals, the very personification of grim death.

The rats therefore moved about with redoubled caution. Father Rat succeeded for over a week in keeping clear of his enemy, but one starlit evening the latter came upon him as he sat not ten yards away in the rushes. Escape seemed impossible. In desperate flight Musquash ducked, dived, and dodged among the roots, but in this game he was at a disadvantage. The mink's slim body wound and threaded the openings and passages with the ease of a serpent. He doubled hoping to lead the



The Mammoth Morraine at the Head of Moose Pass

which he snapped. The bird wheeled and swooped again striking with beak and claw; the rodent dodged and countered.

The tactics of each were simple and direct. The winged antagonist instinctively struck at the most vulnerable spot—the eye. The furry foe sought a clutch on the bird, that he might drown him in the stream. The crow's strong vantage was the choice of time of attack, the rat's lay in heavy armor, strong jaws, and formidable teeth.

The foes closed for the fifth time when a dark form sprang out of the thicket, knocking the rat over and pinning the crow to earth. Musquash half leaped, half rolled, into the water and dived panic stricken. From the distant willows by the bend he witnessed the last flutter of his opponent, as Tom Henderson's Maltese cat carried his victim up the bank to dryer ground.

After waiting half an hour to assure himself that the coast was finally clear, the rodent returned, diving from clump to clump, to the sand-bar. Here lay the cause of the war, a clam with broken shell, ready for the feast. Tucking the luscious morsel under his chin, with his fore-paws, he removed from the dangerous spot to the friendly covert of some over-hanging dog-wood bushes, where he feasted in luxurious leisure.

The Mink

Clams were, for Musquash, an occasional luxury rather than a staple food. If he could obtain lily roots, he was happy; and lacking these he fell back on reeds and rushes. On his return from the clam feast, he towed home a supply of the latter for his wife and family. Dragging his forage after him he dived into the submerged entrance,

pursuit on the back track, but the range was too close. His foe could see him.

A GOOD BREAKFAST

Some Persons Never Know What it Means

A good breakfast, a good appetite and good digestion mean everything to the man, woman or child who has anything to do, and wants to get a good start toward doing it.

A Southern man tells of his wife's "good breakfast" and also supper, made out of Grape-Nuts and cream. He says:

"I should like to tell you how much good Grape-Nuts has done for my wife. After being in poor health for the last 18 years, during part of the time scarcely anything would stay on her stomach long enough to nourish her, finally at the suggestion of a friend she tried Grape-Nuts.

"Now, after about four weeks on this delicious and nutritious food, she has picked up most wonderfully and seems as well as anyone can be.

"Every morning she makes a good breakfast on Grape-Nuts eaten just as it comes from the package with cream or milk added; and then again the same at supper and the change in her is wonderful.

"We can't speak too highly of Grape-Nuts as a food after our remarkable experience." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.—Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.