

19 MAY 22

MULTIPLIES FIVE



SPRY WHEEL

The \$185 Tractor (F.O.B. Toronto).

Pays for Itself in Labor Saved

Sprywheel enables one man to do five times as much cultivating as with a wheel hoe. Before the growing season is far along, Sprywheel will have more than paid for itself by the labor expense saved.

Agencies open in some localities.

SPRY WHEEL. 52 COLBORNE ST. Dept. "C" TORONTO

Woman's Interests

Don't Overlook Attractive Annuals.

For natural beauty and pleasing color effects it is hard to beat some of the most fashionable flower gardens of annual plants.

The most permanent and satisfying results are obtained with an open frame for the house and giving grateful shade, accompanied by shrubs and permanent flowers to stand off the corners. When permanent planting, especially shrubbery, are newly set they often look ragged, and interplanting annuals with attractive foliage and brightly colored flowers.

Annual plants are valuable for their flowers for indoor decoration when grown for this purpose they should be given ample space for the development of quantity and quality blossoms. The tall-growing, full-leafed plants, like the tall castor bean and sunflowers, when massed against buildings, fences, or in front of other obstructive objects, serve as attractive and efficient screens. Lower growing plants, when massed against a background of taller growing annuals or shrubs, either against buildings or on borders, are more effective than when used in beds on the lawn when planted in formal designs.

Because annual plants make a quick growth they must be provided with good growing conditions. The soil should be well supplied with available plant food, and should be reasonably retentive of moisture, though well drained. Though many kinds of annual flowering plants, particularly those of the more hardy classes, can be grown successfully in a variety of soils, a rich loam soil is necessary in order that they produce the maximum number of blossoms of the richest colors. If the soil is thin and poor, a bed two feet deep can be excavated and filled with soil especially prepared for the plants. The ideal soil for this purpose can be made from blue-grass

Cleaning

THE postman and expressman will bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send whether it be household draperies of the most delicate material will be speedily returned in original freshness. When you are cleaning or drying

Works and Dyers

Line Related

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Two measuring cups.

Two sharp knives.

One teaspoon.

One tablespoon.

Two wooden spoons.

One pair tongs.

Good supply tin cans, or Glass jars with good new rubbers.

Symbol.

My faith is all a doubtful thing, Woven on a doubtful loom— Until there comes each showery spring,

A cheery tree in bloom. And Christ who died upon a tree That death had stricken bare, Comes beautifully back to me, In blossoms everywhere.

—David Morton.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER I.

The shadows of the spruce trees fell north-eastward, pointing long, cool fingers across belts of undulating prairie, or leaning lazily against the brown foothills. Like an incandescent globe the afternoon sun hung in the bowl of a cloudless heaven, filmy with heat, but the hot rays were met by the high altitude of the ranch country, and lost their force like a blow half struck. And among the spruce trees it was cool and green, and clear blue water rippled over beds of shining gravel.

The ranch buildings lay a little to the rear, as though the trees stood sentinel between them and the prairie; the shingles of the squat roof were cupped and blistered with the suns of many summers. Refuse loitered about the open door; many empty tins; a leaky barrel, with missing hoops; boxes, harness, tangled bits of wire. On there had been a fence; a sort of picket fence of little saplings, but wild bronchos had kicked it to pieces and range steers had straggled unscarred across its scattered remnants.

Forward, and to the left, was the corral; mill slabs on end, or fences covered in, offering vague protection from the weather. The upper poles were worn thin with the cribbing of many horses.

The sunlight bathed the scene; softly it in a soft, warm silence. The desertion seemed absolute; the silence was the silence of the unspoken places. But suddenly it was broken by a stamping in the covered part of the corral, and a man's voice saying, "Hip, there; whoa, you cayer; get under your saddle. Sleepin' eye. Hip, come to it!"

Horse and rider dashed into the sunlight. The boy—for he was no more than a boy—sat the beast as though born to it, his lithe frame taking every motion of his mount as his red shirt and thick hairy chaps could not disguise the lean muscularity of his figure; the road felt just the touch of romance. With a yell at his horse he snatched the hat from his head, turning to the sun a smooth, and slapping the horse across the flank signalled the animal sprang into the air then dashed at a gallop down the roadway, bearing the boy as unconcerned as a flower on its stem.

Suddenly he brought his horse to a stop, swung about, and rode back at the house he galloped him to a gallop and, leaning far down on the animal's side, deftly picked a bottle from among the grass. Then he circled about, repeating this operation ten as his eye fell on a bottle, the road again carefully setting a bottle on each post of the fence that skirted it to the right.

Again he came back to the house, but when he turned his eye was on the row of posts and his right hand lay on the grip of his revolver. Again his sharp yell broke the silence and the horse dashed forward as though shot from a gun. Down the road he went until within a rod of the house, then there was a flash in the sunlight, and to the clatter of the revolver, two bottles shivered to fragments, but four remained intact, and the boy rode back, muttering and disappointed.

He reasoned with his horse as he rode. "Tain't no use, you ol' Sloppy eye; a fellow can't get the bed if he ain't got the fillin'; cooked meals ain't decent chuck. I could plug 'em six out of 'em; don't you argue about it, neither—when I'm right out o' six, but I smash 'em six out o' six, but I ain't right, an' you know it. You don't know nothin' about it; you never had a father, leastways, you never had no be responsible for one. . . . Well, it's comin' to a finish—a damn lame finish, you know that."

But he had reloaded his revolver and set up two more bottles. This time he broke four, and was better pleased soliloquy. As he rode back his sound from broken by a strange horse pricked up his ears, and the boy turned in the saddle to listen. "Jumpin' crickets, what's loose?" he ejaculated. He knew every sound of the foothill country, but this was strange to him. A kind of snort, a sort of hiss, mechanical in its regularity, starting in its strangeness, came across the valley with the unbroken rhythm of a watch-tick.

"Well, I guess it won't eat us," he ventured at last. "We'll just run it down and perhaps poke a hole in it." So saying, he cantered along the road which skirted the spruce trees, crossed the little stream, and swung up the hill on the farther side.

"What horsemanship!" she exclaimed, but the words had scarce left her lips when they were followed by a cry of alarm. For the car had taken a sudden turn from the road and plunged into a growth of young poplars that fringed the hillside. The oldish man at the wheel gave it a violent wrench, but left his motor in gear, and the car half slid, half plowed its way into semi-vertical position among the young trees. The two occupants were thrown from their seats; the girl fell clear, but her father was less fortunate.

In an instant the boy had flung himself from his horse, dropping the reins to the ground, and the animal, although snorting and shivering, had no thought of disgracing his training by breaking his parole. With quick ungainly strides the boy brought himself to the upturned wreck. He was curious that he should appear to such disadvantage on his feet. In the saddle he was grace personified.

For a moment he looked somewhat stolidly upon the wreck. Had it been a horse or a steer he would have known the procedure, but this experience was new to his life. He had no fear of strangers when they wore chaps and colored handkerchiefs, but a girl in a brown sweater and an old creature to be approached with caution. The oldish man was lying on the ground, with a leg pinned under the car, and Brown Sweater raised his head against her knee and pressed his cheeks with small white fingers and looked at the boy with bright grey eyes and said, "Well, aren't you going to do anything?"

That brought him back. "Sure," he said, springing to her side. "Whada ye want me to do?"

"I am afraid my leg is broken," said the man, speaking calmly notwithstanding his pain. "Can you get the jack out of the tool-box and raise the car?"

The girl pointed to the box, and in a moment he had the jack in his hand. But it was a new tool to him, and he fumbled with it stupidly. The handle would not fit, and when it did fit it operated the wrong way.

"Oh, let me have it," she cried impatiently. In a moment she had it set under the frame of the car, and was plying the handle up and down with rapid strokes. The machine began to groan with the pressure, and the boy looked on, helpless and mortified. He was beginning to realize that there were more things in the world than riding a horse and shooting bottles. He felt a sudden desire to be of great service. And just now he could be of no service whatever.

But the foot of the jack began to sink in the soft earth, and the girl looked up helplessly. "It won't lift it," she said. "What shall we do?"

It was his chance. He was eighteen, and his wild, open life had given him muscles of steel. "Here," he said, roughly, "move his leg when I get it machine and I'll handle the rest of the frame. Then he lifted the steel in a somewhat poised position, and he was able to swing it up far enough to release the injured leg.

"Very good, my boy," said the man. "That was a wonderful lift. The leg is broken—compound. Can you get some way of moving me to shelter? I will pay you well."

The last words were unfortunate. Hospitality in the ranching country is not bought and sold.

"You can't pay me nothin'," he said, rudely. "But I can bring a light wagon, if you can ride in that, and put you up at the ranch. The old man's soused," he added, as an afterthought, "but it's better than sleepin' out. I won't be long."

He was back at his horse, and in a moment they heard the clatter of hoofs galloping down the hillside. The girl sat on the ground and rested her father's head in her lap. Tears made her bright eyes bluer than gaily. "Don't cry, Reenie," he said gently. "We are very lucky to be so close to help. Of course, I'll be laid up for a while, but it will give you a chance to see ranch life as it really is. He winced with pain, but continued, "I fancy we shall find it plain and uneventful. What a horseman! If I could run an automobile like he does a horse we should not be here. Did you notice that I didn't release the clutch? Just ambled into this predicament—embraced it, I might say."

"He's strong," she said. "But he's rude."

"The best fields for muscles are often poor schools for manners," he answered. "But manners are no substitute for hospitality, and he seems that belongs to the open country, the big, open country. In the ranching country, they, why, there isn't any word for it, but you will see for yourself."

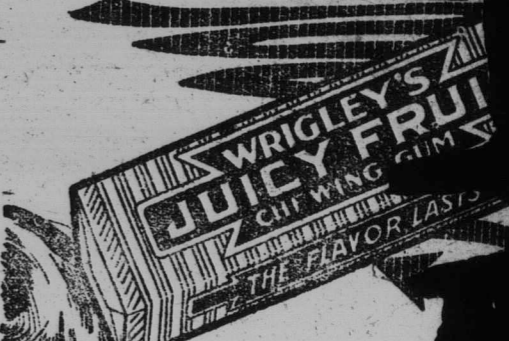
He was soon back with a wagon and a stretcher. He avoided the eyes of his guests, but quickly and gently enough he placed the injured man on the stretcher. "I guess you'll have to take the feet," he said. The words were for the girl, although he did not look at her. "I could hustle him myself, but it might hurt 'em."

The injured man interrupted. "I beg your pardon," he said, "that I did not introduce my daughter, I am Doctor Hardy—this is my daughter, Irene, Mr. . . ."

"They don't call me mister," said the boy. "Misters is scarce in these woods. My name is Elden—Dave Elden."

He was for dropping it at that, but the girl came up with extended hand.

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Packed Tight—Kept Right

He took it shyly, but it made him curiously bold. "I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Elden," she said. "I'm glad to meet you, too," he answered. "Misses is scarcer than misters in this neck of the woods."

Carefully they lifted the injured man into the wagon, and Dave drove to the ranch building with an unthought caution that must have caused strange misgivings in the hearts of his team.

"It ain't much of a place," he said, as they pulled up at the door. "I guess you can see that for yourself," he added, with a grin. "You see, there's just Dad and me, and he's soused a better'n a scrubbin' brush." He was already losing his shyness. "Now, you take the feet again. Steady, don't break any more bones. Look out for that barrel hoop. This way now."

(To be continued.)

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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her old worn, faded things new. Even if she has never dyed before, she can put a rich, fadeless color into shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything! Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

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The stuff is not a clay, properly speaking. It is an earth which, when dug out of the ground, is found mixed with coarse white sand. From the latter it is separated by floating it off in tanks of water, the heavy particles of sand falling quickly to the bottom. Then it is spread on pans and put into kilns to bake. When partly dried in the kilns it is cut into blocks suitable for handling. The blocks thus prepared, being very friable, are readily pulverized to a sort of mineral flour, which is the raw material for chinaware.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.



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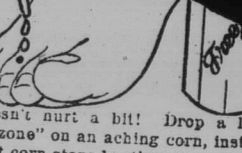
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