

**\$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers**

## Tell Us How You Did It

You may win a prize by doing so

**Suppose** your friend Bob Wilson, on the next concession, "pulled up" at your front gate on the way back from market and asked about that silo or barn foundation you built, you would be glad to tell him, wouldn't you? And it wouldn't take you long, either, would it? And, as a matter of fact, you'd find as much pleasure telling him as he would in listening—*isn't that right?*

First you would take him over to view the silo or barn foundation. Then you would start to describe its dimensions—the kind of aggregate used—the proportions of cement used—number of men employed—number of hours' working time required—method of mixing—kind of forms used—method of reinforcing, if any—and finally, what the job cost. So that by the time you finished, neighbor Wilson would have a pretty accurate idea of how to go about building the particular piece of work which you described.

Now couldn't you do the same for us, with this difference—that you stand a good chance of getting well paid for your time?

In Prize "D" of our contest, open to the farmers of Canada, we offer \$100.00 to the farmer in each Province who will furnish us with the best and most complete description of how any particular piece of concrete work shown by photograph sent in was done. The size of the work described makes no difference. The only important thing to remember is that the work must be done in 1911 and "CANADA" Cement used.

In writing your description, don't be too particular about grammar or spelling or punctuation. Leave that to literary folk. Tell it to us as you would tell it to your neighbor. What we want are the facts, plainly and clearly told.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And it is simple. And surely it is well worth your while when you think of the reward in view. Now sit right down, take your pen or pencil—fill out the attached coupon—or a post-card if it's handier—and write for the circular which fully describes the conditions of this, the first contest of the kind ever held in Canada.

Every dealer who handles "CANADA" Cement will also be given a supply of these circulars—and you can get one from the dealer in your town, if that seems more convenient than writing for it.

Contest will close on November 15th, 1911—all photos and descriptions must be sent in by that date, to be eligible for one of these prizes. Awards will be made as soon as possible thereafter. The decisions will be made by a disinterested committee, the following gentlemen having consented to act for us, as the jury of award: Prof. Peter Gillespie, Lecturer in Theory of Construction, University of Toronto; Prof. W. H. Day, Professor of Physics, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; and Ivan S. Macdonald, Editor of "Construction."

Having decided to compete for one of the prizes, your first step should be to get all the information you can on the subject of Concrete Construction on the Farm. Fortunately, most of the pointers that anyone can possibly need, are contained in our wonderfully complete book, entitled "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." A large number of Canadian farmers have already sent for and obtained copies of this free book. Have you got your copy yet? If not, you'd better send for one to-day. Whether you are a contestant for one of our prizes or not, you really ought to have this book in your library. For it contains a vast amount of information and hints that are invaluable to the farmer.

Please send full particulars and book.

Name.....  
Address.....

**Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal**

## HAUNTS THE HORN

The Phantom Ship That Shows Itself Near the Cape.

IT IS REALLY A HUGE ROCK.

But to Vessels Passing Through the Strait of Le Maire It Appears to Be a Bark Running Under Short Sail. Other Rock Ship Formations.

The "phantom ship" seen in the vicinity of Cape Horn is, as has been proved by the investigation of various hydrographic bureaus, nothing more or less than a rock which under certain atmospheric conditions bears a deceptive resemblance to a ship.

Very often vessels coming from Europe to the west by way of Cape Horn have been startled to see what appeared to be a derelict with the water washing over her deck. If the sailors were of an imaginative turn they would invest the unknown ship with ghostly qualities and call her the "Flying Dutchman" or sometimes the "ghost ship" of Le Maire, from the strait of that name, where she was usually seen.

One of the stories which have been longest remembered is that of the ill-fated Crown of Italy, which sighted the supposed derelict and subsequently went ashore. The Crown of Italy was standing close to the jagged black rocks at the entrance to the strait of Le Maire when she sighted what seemed to be a waterlogged bark drifting on the rocks of the strait. Many other ships rounding the Horn have seen a similar apparition, and the various hydrographic offices of the world have received many reports to that effect.

Some years ago the Norwegian bark *Kervia* got into Seattle with the tale of a phantom ship that almost exactly corresponded to that given by the Crown of Italy. The second officer of the Norwegian vessel declared that he had seen a derelict with sails set and decks awash drifting in through the strait. It was this report that led our government officers to make public the declaration that the phantom ship was nothing but a combination of rocks and shadows.

The numerous reports of derelicts or ghost ships always appearing in the same place led even the Argentine government to look into the matter. A tender was sent out from the nearby lighthouse with the object of making an investigation, and it was found that the apparition was due to a strange break of nature. Among the black jagged rocks that line both sides of the strait of Le Maire there is one in particular which, under certain atmospheric conditions, bears a deceptive likeness to a ship. The formation of the rocks and the shadows they cast combine to produce the effect of a bark running under short sail.

The passage through the strait of Le Maire is not often made. Steamers shorten the route by going through the strait of Magellan, while sailing vessels usually prefer to be entirely on the safe side by going still farther south and rounding the Horn itself. Only under the most favorable conditions of weather do they slip through the strait of Le Maire on the outward trip, going toward the southwest, but never when bound for the north. For this reason many old sailors have never met the ghost ship or the rock ship.

Those who have seen it give a minute description of the rock and testify to its striking resemblance to a ship. It seems to be standing head on, pointing to the south and low in the water. The sails are shortened as they would be in what formation is very dark, as if the hull were painted black and the sails weather beaten. It has three masts and is higher on the fore than on the main. Upon coming on the side of the vessel the illusion vanishes and the whole thing resolves itself into a conglomeration of black rocks. The perpetual fog of these regions helps, of course, to befuddle the vision.

The rock looking like a ship is by no means a rare natural formation. Almost every sailor has seen one in some part of the world. In the Clipperton islands there is a great white rock looking like a three masted schooner leaning on the wind with her royals set and the sun shining on her white sails.

About six or seven miles west of Honolulu there is a rock known as French Frigate rock because once upon a time a French frigate went ashore on it. The cliffs looked so much like a ship that the frigate was deceived and thought she was meeting another vessel.

St. Paul Island, in the middle of the Atlantic, is said to look very much like a ship when approached from a certain direction, but it is a place that mariners prefer to give a wide berth.—*Harpur's Weekly.*

# SICK FOLKS

The percentage of those between the ages of 20 and 70 who are in the enjoyment of perfect health and nerve force is small. If you will talk confidentially with those afflicted you will find in the vast majority of cases their troubles are due to a lack of early training. To all who have not started right, or have fallen by the wayside in later years, we offer a helping hand.

**If You Suffer** with RHEUMATISM, PILES, FERTILITY, ULCERS, SORES, SKIN DISEASE, BRUISES, TAPES, WORMS, NERVOUS TROUBLES, or any kind of associated Nerve.

**Let Us Cure You**

Backache, chronic or acute ailments, come to us. Those of you who are dragging along with one foot in the grave, despondent, discouraged, without confidence, ambition or hope,

**YOU CAN AGAIN HAVE PERFECT HEALTH.**

Family doctors do the best they can, but they are not specialists devoting a lifetime to curing these few diseases. Sufferers have been coming hundreds of miles to the Dr. Hunt Institute for many years, where they KNOW can be restored to them the vim and snap of perfect health, fitting them for the duties and pleasures of life. Our mail is full of testimonials every day from sufferers who claim that we had cured them after other doctors had failed—they cheerfully testify to the efficacy of our treatment. Call or write TODAY in sacred confidence.

**OUR MOTTO:** Small Fees, Quick Results, Easy Terms.

Consultation, Examination and Advice FREE. SPECIAL PARLORS FOR WOMEN.

**THE DR. HUNT INSTITUTE, 61 WEST FORT ST. DETROIT, MICH.**

### THE NEXT MOVE.

An Evening With the Family That Had the Mania.

"'Twere well, Howard Hammersley," said the beautiful young woman, "that you make good use of what remains of this evening, for this is the last time you will ever enter this house, at least while I am one of its occupants."

Strange words were these to be spoken by a newly engaged girl to her lover. There was a catch in her voice, and her eyes burned with deep emotion, or was it his imagination? Her beautiful figure was clothed in richest silk, and jewels sparkled at her throat. But this merely served to bring out in more startling contrast the barrenness of the room. The floor was uncarpeted, the walls were destitute of pictures, the only article of furniture was an old fashioned davenport, upon which she half reclined among soft pillows. A meager setting this for so rare a gem. She wore the appearance of one used to more luxurious surroundings.

The young man seemed taken aback by her words. He toyed with his watch chain and nervously fingered and turned the one ring he wore. Silently the moments glided by, but no clock was there to mark their flight. Suddenly from the next room came a muffled sound, followed by a blood-curdling oath.

The young man started violently, and the girl half rose, but, restraining herself, sank back to her former position. She seemed waiting for him to break the silence.

At last he rose from the packing case upon which he sat and swiftly crossed the room to a place on the davenport by her side. His arms opened to receive her and, without resistance, she sank into them.

"Ah, yes, Adelaide," he murmured in a deep voice. "You are right. I should make good use of my time. Well do I know that tomorrow you move to a different part of the town. But I shall be at the new place tomorrow evening at half after 8."

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Do so.

But now, if you'll excuse me a moment, I'll see what's wrong with father. He must have hurt his hand pulling tacks."—Walter G. Doty in Puck.

### Unconventionalities.

"Great Caesar! Is that you, Glubbins? I haven't thought of you for seventeen years!"

"Some day, Mrs. Peters, I'll return your call. I want to see what kind of furniture you have."

"A front view picture of you, Miss Miriam, looks much better than a profile. It doesn't show the shape of your nose."

"Rivers, you ought to take a vacation; you're doing some awfully punk work on the paper these days."

"Must you go, Mr. Lingerlong? It's only 10 o'clock. I thought it was 12?"

"There's one good thing about your dinners, Mrs. Jipes—the table is always neatly set."

"I was telling Mr. Smidgin the other day, Mrs. Bumbley, that you'd want to borrow this book the first time you called."

"So glad to have met you, Mrs. Burterson—or is your name Bonser?"

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER

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Doors, Sash, Lath, Mouldings,  
Shingles, Posts &c.

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