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Up where the masons climb.
The men are out for higher pay
And shorter working time.
They're sworn to stick,
Nor lift a brick
That comes off of a truck,
But mother, patient mother, hasn't struck.

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Cleaning the Silver

THE majority of us have a tendency to regard the cleaning of our silverware as quite a big task, and perhaps some of us set aside the duty from one day to another, until finally we get up enough courage to make a start. Just recently a suggestion for lightening this task of rubbing and scouring has come to our attention through our United States contemporary Farm Journal. The suggestion is recommended by themselves and also by the United States Department of Agriculture. Here it is:

Take a generous cooking utensil deep enough to allow the silverware to be covered by the solution. The solution, consisting of a teaspoonful of baking or washing soda and a like amount of table salt to each quart of water, is next brought to a boil in the granite ware utensil, and a clean sheet of aluminum is dropped in. The tarnished silverware is then immersed in the solution so that it comes in contact with the sheet of aluminum. The tarnish will disappear in a few seconds. The silverware should then be removed from the solution, rinsed, and dried with a soft cloth; this gives a satiny finish. If a burnished surface is desired, the silverware must from time to time be polished lightly with some abrasive polishing material.

No Strike for Her

OUR daddy left his job today.
Up where the masons climb.
The men are out for higher pay
And shorter working time.
They're sworn to stick,
Nor lift a brick
That comes off of a truck,
But mother, patient mother, hasn't struck.

Our sister Kate is home from her Nice stenographic place.
The striking typist girls declare
That wages need a brace.
She does not please
To pound the keys
For pay she doesn't like,
But mother in the kitchen doesn't strike.

And Brother Bill has left his job
At motoring a car.
He says the managerial mob
Pushed tyrants too far.
No more he'll make
To turn a brake—
He thinks it's a shameful pluck,
But mother, weary mother, hasn't struck.

And Uncle Bill, who up to date
Has been a dry goods clerk,
This morning at the hour of eight
Refused to go to work.
He said, "It's wrong
To tell so here."
Where women shoppers hike,
But mother in the kitchen doesn't strike.

Her working day has hours: sixteen,
Outside the union ranks,
No salary she's ever seen,
Her pay's a careless "Thanks."
Yet night and day
She slaves away
For Ned and Mame and Mike.
But mother in the kitchen doesn't strike.

—New York World.

The daily ration in leaves of the caterpillar is equal to twice its own weight. If a horse were fed at the same rate he would have to eat a ton of hay every 24 hours. Frohish says that a certain fish feeding larva will consume in 24 hours, 200 times its original weight, a parallel to which is the human race would be an infant consuming in the first day of its existence 1,500 lbs. of beef.

Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from page 14.)

Just before the stage—a covered wagon drawn by two Indian ponies—reached the Jacobs House a young man crossed the street and entered the door. Some men are born with a presence that other men must recognize everywhere. To this man's quiet, "Hello, gentlemen," the crowd responded, almost to a man: "Good-morning, Doctor." "Hello, Carey." "Hello, Doc."

Each man felt the wish to be recognized by such greeting, and a place was given him at once. Only Changers, the big man, turned away with a scowl.

"Always gets the best of everything, even to the first chance to get his mail," he muttered under his breath.

But the mail was soon of secondary interest to the dealer in real estate. Letters were of less importance to him than strangers, and a stranger had registered at the desk and was waiting while Stewart called out the mail in the postoffice department. Changers leaned over the shoulders of shorter men to read the entry in a cramped little hand, the plain name, "Thomas Smith, Wilmington, Delaware." Then he looked at the man and drew his own conclusions.

Dr. Carey was standing beside the letter counter when Todd Stewart read out, "Mr. James Shirley," and with a little scrutiny—"Southwest of Carey's Crossing." Anybody here know Mr. James Shirley?

The stranger made a hasty step forward, but Dr. Carey had already taken the letter.

"I'll take care of that for you, Stewart," he said quietly. And turning, he looked into the eyes of the stranger.

It was but a glance, and the latter stepped aside.

Men formed quick judgments on the frontier. As Carey passed the register he read the latest entry there, and like Changers he too drew his own conclusions. At the door he turned and said to Jacobs.

"Tell Bo Peep to have your best horse ready by one o'clock for a long ride."

"All right, Doctor," Jacobs responded.

Half an hour later the Jacobs House dining room was crowded for the mid-day meal. By natural selection men of other patrons sat at the long board, while the little side table for two was filled to-day with Changers, the real estate man, and the latest arrival, Mr. Thomas Smith, of Wilmington, Delaware.

"Who's the man with the dark mustache up there?" Thomas Smith asked.

"Doc Carey," Changers replied with a scowl.

"You don't seem to need him." There was a double meaning in the query, and Changers caught both.

"No ways," he replied.

"Has some influence here?" the stranger asserted rather than questioned.

"A lot. Has the whole town under hoodoo. It's named for him. He has all the doctoring he can do and won't half charges, so's no other doctor'll come here. That's no way to build up a town. He'd get up at one o'clock in the morning to doctor a widder's cow. Now, sure he'd make, when he knows even a dead cow'd make business for the butcher to render up into grease and the cattle dealer to sell another cow."

"Not your style of a man then?" the stranger observed.

"Oh, pehaw, no, but, as I say, he's got the whole country hoodoo'd. No

tice how everybody give him right of way to get his mail first! Why him? And hear him order the best horse! I'll bet a tree claim in baden right now that he's off somewhere to doctor some son of a run out of cursed good will!"

"Who is this James Shirley whose mail he seems to look after?"

There was a half-tone lowering of the voice as Smith pronounced the name, which was not on Changers' who, business was to catch men at all corners.

"Jim Shirley lives out in one of the rich valleys west. Him and a fellow named Aydelot have some big notions of things out there. I don't know the doc's claim to control his mail, but nobody here would deny Carey any damned thing he wanted." Changers twisted his face in disgust.

"You are in the real estate business here?" Thomas Smith asked after a pause, as if the subject fell into entirely new lines.

"Yes," Changers answered absently with eyes alert on the opposite wall.

"I'd like to see you later, Mr.—"

"Changers—Darley Changers," and the dealer in land showed a soiled card across the table. "Come in any time. This cold snap will soon be over and I can show you no end of land over a gold mine any time you are ready. But make it soon. Land's gold's faster here'n Delaware fellers think, and"—in a lower voice—"Doc Carey's drivin' over it all the time, and that Jew of a Jacobs ain't in business here on account of no lung trouble, and his hatred of saloons is somethin' pisen."

They finished their meal in silence for they had come to an understanding. The afternoon was too short and cold for real estate business to be brisk, and nobody in Carey's Crossing noted that the front window of Darley Changers' little office was covered with a newspaper blind all the rest of that day, nor did anybody pay attention to the whereabouts of the stranger—Mr. Thomas Smith, of Wilmington, Delaware—during this same time. Nobody, except John Jacobs, of the Jacobs House, who gained his knowledge mostly by instinct; never, at least, by rude inquiry. He had been up on the roof helping Bo Peep to fasten the sign over the door which the wind had torn loose. From this place he could see above the newspaper screen of the window across the street that Changers and Smith were at a tremendously earnest consultation. He would have thought nothing of it had not Changers chanced to sight him on the roof and immediately readjusted the newspaper blind to prevent observation.

"I'll offer to sell Darley a window shade cheap to-morrow and see how he bites," and the little Jewish merchant smiled shrewdly at the thought.

Out on the trail that day the snow lay deeper to the westward, hiding the wagon ruts. The dead sunflower stalks made only a faint black edging along the white monotony of the way and sometimes on bleak swells there were no markings at all. Some distance from Carey's Crossing a much heavier snowfall, covering a wide swath, under which the trails were scarcely lost, had wandered in zigzag lines down from the northwest.

In the early afternoon Dr. Horace Carey had started west on the sunset hour in the Stevens' new library stable, taking his old-fashioned saddle bags with him through force of habit, and by mid-afternoon was floundering in the edge of this deeper snowfall.

Nature must have meant Horace Carey for the plains. He was of

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