

Give Your Wife a Holiday

Put a LIBERTY WASHER in Your Home

EVERY woman who has washing done in the house should have it done with a washing machine. Consider how tiring hand-washing is, how the back aches, the hands get big, red and sore, and no matter how much one rubs and scrubs and takes the skin off the knuckles, one never can do the washing as thoroughly as the wonderfully successful

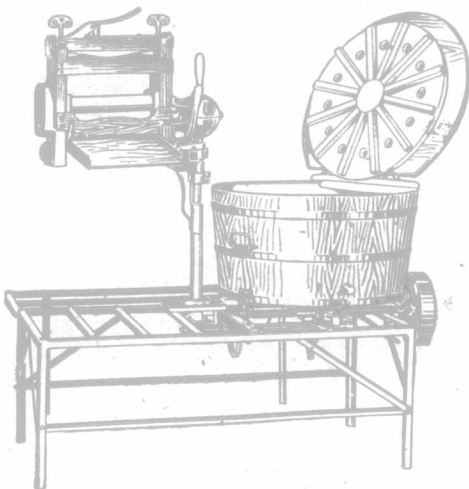
LIBERTY WASHER

A Liberty Washer doesn't cost much. It would be cheap at twice the price.

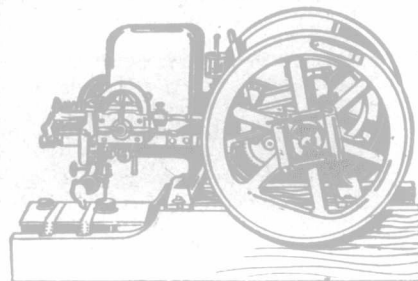
Famous both in the United States and Canada for its effective service.

DOES NOT INJURE THE FINEST FABRICS

Washday is a holiday when the Liberty comes in to do your washing. The cheapest High-Grade Guaranteed Washer—and the best at any price. Selected White Cedar Tub, better than metal, can be lifted or tilted; cover is steam tight; will do anything any other washers can do and a few other things besides. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Let us send you full particulars.



"Belt Drive" Style, to use with a Gasoline Engine, \$69.50.



THE LUNDY ENGINE

This is the sturdiest little engine of its power that you can get. Smooth, quiet, powerful and easy on fuel. Most approved model of gasoline engine. It will operate a great variety of farm machinery—separators, grinders, pumps, etc., as well as the Liberty Washer. We have engines of all sizes, 10 h.-p. down to 1½ h.-p. Full particulars about any size engine you want gladly sent on request.

Write for Particulars of Washers, Engines, Etc.

A. R. LUNDY, Engines, Washers, Wire and Steel
Fence, Fence Posts, Saw Frames, Etc.
251 King St. West, Toronto
SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Builders of the Mutual

"In no one thing has the Mutual of Canada been more blessed than in having its destinies directed by men whose single-mindedness and honesty of purpose have never been excelled."—Hume Cronyn, M.P.

The exceptional ability of the builders of the Mutual is shown in the results of their work—a Company established upon an unshakable financial basis having a membership of about 70,000; assets of \$38,000,000 and assurances in force of \$170,000,000.

Among those men whose efforts helped in the building of the Mutual was the late William Hendry, who joined the company in 1870. With him were associated others of like energy and consecration who gave the Company its noble traditions which are being followed to-day.

Mutual Life of Canada
Waterloo-Ontario



and Cuticura Ointment

The pore-cleansing, purifying and sterilizing properties of this wonderful skin soap, using plenty of hot water and soap, best applied with the hands, which it softens wonderfully and the soothing and healing properties of Cuticura Ointment for redness and roughness, pimples and dandruff, if any, will prove a revelation to those who use them for the first time.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE

WHITBY, ONTARIO

School Re-opens Sept. 14th, 1920

Public School to Second-Year University, Household Science, Music—Instrumental and Vocal, Commercial, Education, Art, Civic and Parliamentary Studies, Gymnasium Work and Swimming.

For Calendar apply to Rev. F. L. Farewell, B.A., Principal

When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate.

An Odd Fish.

BY "ANISON NORTH."

"He's an odd fish, isn't he?" The words were spoken by Jack Ranson, as "Big Fidelity" hurled himself in, open-mouthed, purple-faced, winner of the inter-year 2-mile race. All about were cheering under-graduates, and the observation stand was white with the flutter of handkerchiefs waved by the girls from the big girls' college across the campus, many of whom, carried beyond handkerchief-waving, had risen to their feet and were cheering too.

And yet Jack Ranson, standing beside Phil Carol, was saying quietly, "He's an odd fish, isn't he?" And Phil Carol, second-year student, was replying.

"Yes. Look's as if he's to be the big sports man in this Alma Mater. A fellow's got to admire those chaps too, but they sometimes don't amount to much off the field. Wonder how he'll come out.—Hello! Down he goes!"

Big Fidelity, reaching the starting point in the last round, had dropped upon the grass, and a group of enthusiasts had crowded about, making a screen during the rubbing-down process. Ranson and Carol, by stepping on the curb of a flower-bed, could just see over a parapet of Panama hats.—Yes, he was an odd fish, this winner, long and lank of limb, huge of shoulder, prominent of brow and square of jaw. The mouth, still open to admit of his panting for breath, was unusually large; the heavy brows beetled over narrow indentations that sheltered long, narrow eyes.

Jack Ranson, editor of the "College Gazette," glanced from the prostrate figure at Carol—Carol, straight as an arrow, with the limbs of an Apollo and the face of a patrician, Carol with his hypnotic eyes and musical voice. Involuntarily he noted the contrast, then promptly forgot it in the further interest of the race.

Yes, "Big Fidelity," first-year man, had downed the college in the long race of the inter-year sports. It was hinted, too, that before long he would show his prowess on the foot-ball field, and elsewhere where strength of muscle and alertness of wits might be needed; and there were great prognostications in regard to what he might do, later, in the inter-college tournaments that were already in the air.

His name, of course, wasn't "Fidelity." It was Fiddis—but Fidelity, dubbed somehow, as college names come, and abbreviated soon to "Fid," answered for all practical purposes.

When Jack Ranson next saw Big Fidelity it was in the library. The big first-year man was sitting at a table in an alcove, his face bent over a book, both elbows on the table, his head supported by his big hands.

"Hello, Fid," said Ranson, "give us sumpin' for The Gazette this week?" Fid neither looked up, nor moved by a half-inch.

"Hello, Fid! I say, Fid!" in a louder tone.

No response.

"Fid!"—in a moderate roar. And Big Fidelity, with eyes still fixed on his book, slowly lowered one of his great paws, fixed a word with a square-topped index finger, and looked up in a dazed preoccupied way.

"I—I beg your pardon. Were you speaking to me?"

"Was I speaking to you? Say, was I shouting to you, bawling at you, roaring at you like a bull of Bashan?"

Whereupon little Ducie, at the next table, burst out laughing. "Talk about deaf as a door-nail! Fid's deafen that,—deaf as old Dean Protherby—when he gets his head in a book."

"How does Big Fid get on in the classroom?" asked the reportorial Jack of little Ducie at the first opportunity.

"Well, I guess. Why he simply walks over the rest of us already, submerges us, sends us to nowhere! And say, you should hear him argue. He just made mincemeat of the old Prof. yesterday in Philosophy hour. Didn't leave him half a leg to stand on. And the old Prof. was madder than a hornet. I see Fid in the back of his books for the rest of the term!"

And that night in the privacy of his own room Jack Ranson said to his visitor, Phil Carol, "By the way, Carol, you said something about those sports fellows falling down when it comes to the in-

tellectual theatre. Right-o on—most counts, but I don't believe it holds good with Big Fid."—Whereupon followed the story of his deafness in the library.—"I tell you chaps who can concentrate like that are bound to make good everywhere."

"You bet!" assented Phil in his attractive drawl. "But isn't he, as you said, an odd fish?"

* * * * *

As the weeks went on it seemed that Big Fid was forever coming up on the crest of whatever wave might happen to be uppermost. If the first year chanced to win in a football match it was "Big Fid's" master stroke that turned the day. If someone took "one hundred per" in any subject from literature to higher mathematics the name "Henry Pearce Fiddis" stood opposite the magic number. Even in the scrimmage, when the first-year men got into a mix-up with some of the town boys and covered themselves with glory and the college with disgrace, it was Big Fid who was arraigned as the leader, and who, after three hours' cross examination, refused to back down upon a single point. There was talk of expelling him at that time, and the "Old Prof." was emphatic upon the subject, but the President's admiration of the big student, and the clamorous exoneration of the boys won the day.

Everywhere and at every time Big Fid was the natural leader, wherever leadership was needed, and the foremost wherever ability could be shown.

Then, all of a sudden, there came a change. For some inexplicable reason he withdrew himself, as much as possible, from the sports. "Deuce take it, what's to them anyway?" he burst out at last, when pestered too much about it. "Go ahead yourselves."—But his class-room work was beginning to lag also. Sometimes, with a sort of fierceness, he would hurl himself upon his books and come to the top with his old sparkle, but usually he seemed inclined to dream, and he became absent-minded to a degree. Some solution to the mystery seemed afforded when it was noised about that he had been writing "stories or articles or something" for a magazine, and it was mooted that he had a novel on hand, though there were not a few who considered that it was "rotten" for him to play off in the middle of the term.

But it was Jack Ranson who hazarded that there was a "bit of fluff and feathers" somewhere.

A week later he met "them," far on the outskirts of the town walking side by side, very slowly, beneath the maple trees from which the last leaves of crimson and gold were dropping. "She" was very pretty, in the doll-like, appealing way that goes straight to the affections of so many men. She had baby blue eyes, and golden hair, and a mouth like a June rosebud; and she wore the trimmest of blue silk sweaters over her white dress, and carried the daintiest of blue silk parasols over her otherwise uncovered "crown of glory."

"By Jove! Wh-ew!" whistled Jack, under his breath.

Next day he ventured to give Big Fid a bar about it. The huge fellow colored like a girl, right up over his athletic neck, and to the tops of his outstanding ears. "She's coming to The Hall next term," he said, simply, indicating the girls' college across the campus.

Jack Ranson, honoring his reticence, determined to keep the secret and say nothing of the pretty little scene beneath the maples. But the thought that bundled through his thinking apparatus and out again—for, after all, he was not greatly interested—was, "Old Fid all over! Great snakes, but he's got it bad! Throws himself into that in the usual way, body and soul, deaf to everything else. Well I wish him luck, but I wouldn't like to have him concentrate on me. . . . Come to think of it though, girls are different. Shouldn't be surprised if that little bundle of blue and gold leaves him without a word to say for himself. Well I hope she'll not spoil him. Looks like it just now. Wish he hadn't run foul of her for a few years yet"—which, it must be confessed, was no very complimentary way even to think of a young woman.

But, truth to tell, Jack Ranson was not thinking too complacently of her. Away back in his subconsciousness somewhere was a lurking suspicion as to whether a doll with a merely helpless, appealing face could appreciate a devotion