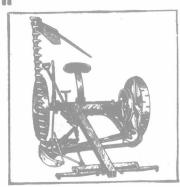
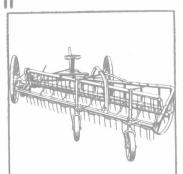
HAY-MAKING HELPERS BUILT JUST RIGHT FOR YOU



Hear the Dain story before you equip yourself with any hay-making implement. When you have heard it, you will buy more wisely than otherwise you could. For you, like every upto-date farmer, want the kind of implements that cost least in the long run—and that kind bears the Dain trade-mark. Read here of three perfected hay-makers. Then ask for further facts that there is not room here to print.

THIS MOWER WON'T FAIL YOU

Dain Mowers are so built that, in the rare event of a smash, an inexpensive part repairs them. Consider the value of this detail.



Every Dain Vertical Lift Mower comes to you only after a test so tremendous it would make scrap of any ordinary implement. For sixty minutes we run this machine at a speed your horses never could. We do our best to wreck it. If we can't, you can't. It has merits you should let us tell you all about.

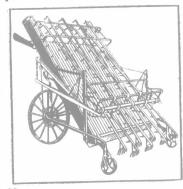
EASY DRAFT

The weight of the cutter bar is carried on the wheels, held down to its work by a giantstrength spring. The moment the horses move, the knife begins cutting, - not a motion wasted. Whole machine built with surplus strength in every part. You'll not be bothered by breakages if you get a Dain Vertical Lift Mower.

YOU WOULD VALUE THIS RAKE

This Side Delivery Rake double-discounts any hay-tedder you ever saw. Its triple set of teeth, turning slowly, put the hay in shape for curing without injuring the leaves or stalks. Turns the swathes upside down in a loose windrow, open to sun and air, so it cures quickly and retains all its nutriment. Simple construction, and almost break-proof. Priced most reasonably, too.

LEAST FRICTION



Dain Implements are built to reduce friction to the last degree; to withstand usage that would speedily wreck ordinary farm tools; and are designed for simplicity, strength and

serviceability Your mind will he easier and your purse heavier if you stndy the Dain Line before you outfit ourself hay-making implements.



EXAMINE THIS LOADER 8

One man on the hay-rack, and this Loader easily handles a swath or windrow as fast as a team can walk. Its force-feed, and the side-sills narrowing toward the top, make it the easiest-loading machine of its kind. Oil-tempered teeth that won't get sprung; malleable one-piece ground-rake. Fleven other malleable one-piece ground-rake. Eleven of the state of t cogs, and fewest parts possible. Get details.

Besides the Success Roller-Bearing Manure Spreader, we make Vertical Lift Mowers, Side-Delivery Rake. Hey Londers, Hay Presses and Ensilage Cutters. Fach is ahead of all its kind. Ask for details about any of these you are interested in. Write to us today NOW.

The Goddesses of the Camera.

In the "Reminiscences" of I dolph Churchill, and in Mr. Just "Piccadilly to all Mall" (o.), something is said of that ship of the woman's face was over the English world in 'seventies and early 'eighties o century. It was the day of the fessional Beauty," whether sha tudly make a profession of her or only used them as an amateur and admiration. Therefore, or perhaps half-Two or three was born and married; others were "actresses," at least, by convention; some did not even make pretence to any social status at all. It mattered not. To only a few were they real beings, who dined out, or played at the halls, or consorted young men about town. In Lonseeple would sometimes stand on to look at them in the park, or a in drawing rooms and at pri-But most men, I imagine, the of them as creatures of at, who lived somewhere in clothes and took them fir abstractions, the l exquisiteness of the thousands its in the

of their features crudely rendered on the reproductions, they were goddesses revealing their glory from the empyrean to worshippers on this clouded earth.

Commentators then and since have spoken slightingly of this "craze." I do not know that it deserves the term; it was less a craze than a cult, and one not without its elements of nobility and rev-True, the objects of all this adoration were perhaps (I do not know) only frivolous "society" dames, or sometimes, it may be, light damsels whom our fathers would have called wantons. But in the emotion they created there was little of vulgarity or animalism. The portraits displayed of them were nearly always delicate, and so far as the coarseness of the medium allowed refined. They were fully arrayed in garments that represented to the contemporary eye the type of feminine elegance. Whether they were ladies or not, their habits and demeanor were those associated with aristocratic, luxurious womanhood. They were not to be confused with the halfnaked females then just beginning to expose themselves to the camera, and now sprawling tumultuously on all sides. We have come to live amid an orgy of nudity, exhibited in the ballroom, at the theater, on the stage, in the street: every man of us has become a Peeping Tom whether he will or not. Crowds press to the music-halls to gaze on women who cannot dance, who are not even beautiful, whose sole attraction is that they are very nearly undressed; a whole brood of illustrated newspapers, at sixpence for the genteel, at a penny for the multitude, thrives on this art of the baignoire and the alcove. Compared with it our riot of indecent inquisitiveness, the late-Victorian love of lovely faces seems reticent and chaste. To many thousands of clerks in offices, of assistants in shops, soldiers, sailors, settlers far away in the bush and the backwoods, the cheapframed photograph was like the picture of the Virgin or St. Catherine to some Catholics: a type of goodness and purity as well as beauty, a revelation of the ideal womanhood that hovers dimly before most men's minds at some period of their lives.

Several years ago I was in the log hut of a prospector in the mining district of British Columbia. With two companions I had lost my way, and was compelled to seek refuge for the night in this little The owner was a good-looking young Canadian from an Ontario farmstead, who received us hospitably, and did his best to make us comfortable. The furniture and appointments of his one small living-room were as scanty as is customary in those parts. There was the usual miner's equipment-picks, shovels, high boots, a shotgun, a rough pine table, and some stools, a bear-skin robe; for literature, a mining man book of mineralogy, several worn papercovered novels; and for ornament some colored prints from the Christmas numbers of illustrated newspapers on the wall, and on another, above the stove, three photographs. One was of a sidewhiskered elderly gentleman, another that of a comfortable middle-aged matron: our host's parents, no doubt. The third was more arresting. It was a reproduc-tion of perhaps the loveliest of all the lovely faces which had been wont to gaze from the shop windows during that era of beauty-worship whereof mention has been made. One could not look at it, familiar and almost hackneyed as it had become, without a start of surprise that Nature had made anything so perfect. The delicate symmetry of the features, the exquisite modelling of the chin, the soft sweetness of the lips, the grace of the smooth hair rippling low over the forehead, were only part of the indefinable charm of a countenance that seemed bathed in an atmosphere of virginal purity. The impression was heightened by a kind of hood suggesting that of a nun, which loosely draped the girl's head, and by the rapt eyes turned a little upward as if in prayer. It was the face of a young saint, the index, one might believe, of a soul as beautiful as its

Unfortunately, the picture prompted no such reverential thoughts in one of my companions, a gentleman well acquainted with the gossip of the London coulisses for long past. "Hallo," he said, taking the sort of thing you think I'd like?"

shop windows, or caught faint glimpses the portrait from its nail, "there's little ; and he mentioned the lady's lids of chocolate-boxes and in other poor name with a brief and somewhat indecorous allusion to her career, which had been by no means so edifying as her appearance suggested. As it happened, our host, who had gone into the outlying shed to fetch provisions for us, came into the room at the moment and caught the flippant remark. He dropped the tin pot he was carrying with a clatter; a dark flush surged through the healthy bronze of his cheeks; and with a rough Western oath he strode across to my friend so fiercely that I feared he was about to strike him. The Londoner turned in surprise. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I thought—" The Canadian controlled himself with an effort. "See here, mister," he said, "I don't want your thoughts and I don't want your words about that-that picture. It's got nothing to do with you."

"Of course not. I only said-but I am sure I apologize if I have hurt your feelings. I didn't know the lady was a friend of yours.'

"I guess," said the young fellow slowly, "she is a friend of mine in a manner Anyway, we've got no call to talk about

His brow cleared, and he remembered the duties of hospitality. "Just sit down to the table. I reckon you'll be ready for your supper."

He took the portrait quietly from my friend and hung it on the wall again. No more was said on the subject. gathered round the pine board and fell to on the corned beef and the lake trout with an appetite born of many hours in the open air. Warmed by food and tea and rye whiskey and much tobacco, we all grew conversational and expansive. Our Canadian proved a genial entertainer, a wholesome, cheery, sanguine youngster, full of confidence in himself and his pioneering work in this new land, intellectually a little raw, but with the shrewd colonial instinct for realities. Our talk was of mines and prospects and the local politics and many other things, and the hours sped lightly. It was past midnight when my two friends retired to the other apartment of the shanty, our host's bedroom; the Canadian and I were to sleep in the living-room.

"Well, I suppose we had better turn in, too," said the young man.

But I lingered, and suggested a final pipe. I wanted to hear about the portrait. I got up and looked at it again. The young man's eye followed me, and I thought I would risk something.

'Was she really a friend of yours?'' I

asked.

He laughed lightly enough. "No, sir, of course she was not; I never saw her. How should I? I guess she doesn't come to Canada, and I have never been in Europe. "You don't know anything about her

but her name?"

and don't want to. I just got that picture because there ain't no face in the whole world like it-no, not one. Well, you look at it; you can see for yourself."

"Certainly," I replied, "it's very beautiful."

"Beautiful! I suppose so. But that ain't it so much. You see, we live a rough sort of life out here, and the men I meet-yes, and the women, too-they can't say things that a chap wants to hear sometimes. Perhaps you don't know what I mean; but when I was a boy at home in the East with them"he jerked a thumb towards the parental portraits-"I thought a lot of religion and used to go to chapel a good deal. Well, when I came out here, somehow it all went away from me; it didn't seem real, and I used to wonder how I could have believed all them queer Bible stories and the flapdoodle the ministers talked. was down in Revelstoke, and I got about in the saloons and other places with the boys, and had a pretty lively time. But I tired of that, too, after a spell, and was at a sort of loose end, and then one day I saw that picture in a shop window and I bought it and put it in my room. I tell you, sir, I was a bit sorry I had got it at first. I couldn't get away from those eyes of hers. When I came in after a bit of a burst, she seemed to be talking to me. 'Dicky Drummond,' I almost heard her say, 'Mr. Richard Drummond, are you doing the sort of