

When The Cow Has Done Her Part

OF COURSE it's important that the cow do her part. But after that, it's up to your cream separator. If it doesn't get highest quality cream—if it doesn't skim to a trace—you are robbing yourself of the profit that your cows have produced.

I H C Cream Harvesters get full value out of the milk, not for a few months only, but through years of constant service. They have proved their durability, close skimming, easy cleaning, and easy running advantages.

I H C Cream Harvesters Dairymaid and Bluebell

are the only separators with dust-proof and milk-proof gears, which are easily accessible. The frame is entirely protected from wear by phosphor bronze bushings. These separators have large shafts, bushings, and bearings; the flexible top-bearing is the strongest and most effective found in any separator. The patented dirt-arrester removes the finest particles of dirt from the milk before the milk is separated. I H C Cream Harvesters are made in two styles—Dairymaid, chain drive; and Bluebell, gear drive—each in four sizes.

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with a man who has been making inquiries about the price of diamonds.

"You ain't got any to sell, dad," said the boy quickly, "so he can wait till you have had your supper too."

"No, he can't," answered the Admiral, with a knowing look; "he thinks we're working with a plan, and I'm going to let him have the first refusal of the big stone; he has a lot of money, and I intend to give him my confidence about our expectations of the claim."

"I wouldn't tell him everything," said the boy indifferently, as if merely stating his own impression, with no wish to persuade conviction. "If I was you I'd go to Mrs. Murray's and have my supper too, and then he'd think we'd found already, and that you wasn't anxious to sell, and he'd give a far better price for our stones when we get them."

The Admiral smiled, and in a patronizing but kindly tone remonstrated:

"You ain't fit for a business man, Jim; you'll have to be fixed up in a profession. You get the hang of things first-rate for a young 'un, but it isn't expected that a ten-year-old can know all the ropes, nor how wide awake I have to be to understand the tricks of that man with the crossjack eye, and I promised to meet him at the ferry; so luff up, Jim, my boy."

Yankee Joe's canteen was, as usual, filled to overflowing; pretty Mrs. Murray was, as usual, occupied with her guests to all of whom she was the same pleasant, thoughtful hostess. Education had no, biased Mrs. Murray's natural gifts, not had the narrowing limits of conventionality ever cramped her generous impulses; her fair face, kindly eyes, and cleanly industry had won for her the admiration of the camp and an annuity of other people's troubles, as well as the care of many a sick digger who wandered up to Priel from Gong-Gong, Forlorn Hope, and other riverside "rushes," where the yields, alas! consisted in more disappointments than diamonds, and far more failures than fortunes.

Little Jim was a favourite with the frequenters of the canteen, and a welcome never failed him from its mistress. She had noted lately that the boy's health had been gradually declining, so that the Admiral's brief explanation was quickly apprehended, and, listening attentively while he was asking her to let him leave Jim to dine, she saw the look of mingled hunger and hesitancy on the face of the speaker (unmistakable to her sublime intuition) which wordlessly confessed that money was getting too scarce to pay for more than one dinner a day. She assumed a blank expression of indifference, and, taking the child's hand, turned with no other response than the ordinary valediction of the camp, an abrupt "S'long."

The Admiral called for his boy some hours later, and as they were leaving Mrs. Murray followed them to the door, a bowl full of meat in her hand. She said briefly:

"Jim couldn't eat all his dinner, so you'd better take this home for him. Bring him every day, and pay me at the end of the month; it's more convenient, and won't worry my accounts."

It was on the first day of the month that she spoke thus.

The Admiral now took Jim regularly to dine at the canteen, but by and by made his calls for him later; and although he always had a specious explanation to account for his absence, he never told the boy where he had it really spent the interval. How eager the man was to find by any means the gains that would enable him to take little Jim to another climate, only he who watched the child with sickening fear knew, and he had begun to gamble for his sake in a very meagre fashion. Toiling cheerfully, without success from sunrise to sunset, he grudging himself the barest necessities of life, for in his simple earnest heart he believed implicitly in the luck eventually turning; he labored like a galley-slave, picked and dug in his dreams, and strained his eyes by day and night for the glitter that ever eluded though it lured him on.

Little Jim's appetite at length failed entirely, but he liked to sit at the canteen listening to the conversations of the dining diggers, which consisted generally of accounts of finds, with original remarks concerning chance and luck, and little Jim became as familiar with the brag of success as with the sullenness of failure.

After dinner there was usually a lull in the busied clamour of the canteen;

sometimes one or two men would remain for the evening; a few would drop in for tea or supper, but often Mrs. Murray and the boy were left together. One evening a new-comer sat opposite to Jim, and seemed strangely fascinated by his appearance. It was a beautiful face that the stranger saw, and the lithe form gave promise of fine height and girth by and by; he was prematurely tall, and his expression was prematurely grave. His motherless look had often excited Mrs. Murray's tender sympathy, and perhaps it also attracted other observers; but it was certainly not indicated except in his face, for his clothes were darned and extended in a deft manner quite impossible to many maternal fingers.

The stranger had not a prepossessing countenance; he was about thirty-six years of age, and had a self-satisfied, haughty manner, which gave the impression that he considered his fellow-creatures honored by his notice; and there were weak lines in the well-cut face, unequivocal traces of gratified impulse. During dinner the stranger had hardly looked at any one but little Jim, and when it was over and most of the company had gone, he leant across the table and asked the boy to tell him his name.

"Little Jim," answered the child briefly.

"Yes, but your other name?"

"Don't recollect it just now," said Jim, with instinctive reserve. "Father's name's Jim, too—Big Jim, he's called."

"You're on the defensive, my boy," said the stranger; "I don't want to harm you."

"Dad says there's such a queer lot here, we can't be too particular about asking and answering questions."

"Your dad seems to be an uncommonly wise sort of fellow. Doesn't he ever call you anything except Jim?"

"O yes," said the boy, smiling as if he were about to puzzle his interrogator; "he sometimes calls me Jimmy Fog, 'cause he says I was born in a fog."

The stranger asked no more questions, but quickly rose and went out.

The night which followed was similar to those nights which preceded it, only more stifling, and never a breath of air. Although the sun went down, its absence gave scant relief; the earth was a furnace, and mere darkness could not cool it; and every one knew that before refreshing repose could come the sun would blaze again, and that dread alone often exercised sleep. Both occupants of the Admiralty were awake hour after hour, for sometimes a faint breeze came up the river at dawn, and they were wont to listen for it. It never brought cooler air at that season, but they fancied they could breathe more freely. Little Jim was very weary, and the Admiral ministered to his wants in every conceivable way with his limited means.

"Jim," said he, leaning so that the boy's head might rest comfortably on his shoulder, though he knew the position would soon cramp his burdened arm, "you ain't a-pining for high society with going so often to the canteen? You wouldn't like to try a new berth, would ye? Would you care to be the son of one of those rich gents as walks the deck with you up at Mrs. Murray's?"

"They ain't a-pining for me now; it's more diamonds and money they wants, not more folks to help 'em spend what they've got. Be you gettin' tired of me, dad?"

"You ain't got no sort of reason to ask that," said the Admiral in a melancholy tone. After a pause he went on: "It's queer, now, folk don't suspect what great big diamonds we have in our claim. Now and then I think they sort o' guess the bearings, and that's what makes them respectful-like and kind o' soft on you."

"They ain't a bit soft on me, dad," said the boy, "and I don't think as one o' 'em builds anything on our claim. We haven't given 'em cause to be jealous yet, but we'll have to spend money by and by, only it's too hot to do it now."

"Much too hot," quickly responded the Admiral, "that's the reason. It 'ud be no pleasure in such weather as this—it would be tempting sunstrokes—to spend money free, but it 'cumulates al' the same in hot weather. Cash doubles itself in no time if you don't spend it. The bankers don't steer by weather."

"It won't make any difference to our cash, dad, and we don't need to trouble them kind bankers much, not yet."

"No, not yet, Jim; but we'll likely come on the big stone sudden and unex-