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Baseball, Lawn Tennis, Lacrosse, Cricket, Football, Croquet and Fishing Tackle. We carry every requisite for the above and sell at prices that are right. We make a speciality of Baseball and other Athletic Uniforms. Write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 54F.

THE HINGSTON SMITH ARMS CO. LTD.
491 Main St. (opposite City Hall), Winnipeg

"Jason"

ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE SOCKS and STOCKINGS.

You should give just as much thought to the clothing of your feet as to the clothing of your body. Handle a pair of "Jason" Socks and you will at once be impressed with their silky soft texture, rendered soft by the "Jason" process, that gives them this outstanding feature. Wear them and you will be delighted—they are so comfortable. Guaranteed unshrinkable. Any pair that shrinks will be replaced.

"Jason" Socks and Stockings are made in all styles and weights:

Men's Half Hose: ribbed, plain, and in vertical stripes, and silk.

Ladies' Hose: ribbed, plain, lace, silk and fancy.

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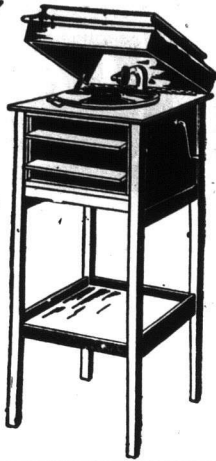
Your stores will supply "Jason" if you ask for them by name.

In case of difficulty, write Jason Hosiery Co., Leicester, England.

Ca.3



This Machine Is Yours For \$65.00



Think of the continuous entertainment it will bring into your home and figure out where you could get more enjoyment for the money.

For real true reproduction of the human voice and sounds of all musical instruments there has never been a machine made that can favorably compare with the Columbia Grafonola.

Monthly Terms If You Wish

To those who do not care to pay cash, we can arrange a small cash payment and monthly terms that will pay for the machine in a few months and never be missed. Write us for full details regarding this machine and catalogue showing other Columbia models.



Winnipeg Piano Co.

333 Fortage Ave., Winnipeg

again losing control altogether by delaying his cast too long, or getting it into numberless tangles by starting it too quickly, but, to his credit be it said, keeping his temper beautifully through it all. Just before noon, after we had whipped over several likely bass (from which I had taken four nice bass), Stillman struck one, and after a lively fight led him into the net, and his exclamation of "I've got him!" as he was handed into the boat, assured me that another convert had been made and that Stillman would never recover from that first bite of a black bass.

The afternoon brought him varying success in handling his tackle, but the capture of another fish about three o'clock made him careless, and within a minute after he had resumed casting I was startled by an outcry from the bow of the boat, and, looking quickly that way, saw Stillman, with body and head encircled by loops of leader and line and a bright red fly dangling from his ear, throwing his hands and arms around wildly and crying: "I'm hooked; I'm hooked."

"Well, old fellow," I laughed, "you have hooked a good big one this time, and I think we had better go ashore and take no chances of losing him by trying to land him out here."

"You seem to think that it's funny to have one of those hooks through one's ear," growled Stillman so savagely that I thought best to keep quiet, and, as soon as Frank had put us ashore, proceeded to extract the offending hook. The barb had gone clear through the lobe of the ear, and I was obliged to strip the hook from the leader, remove the feathers and windings, and, after scraping the shank clean, pull it right on through. Stillman gave a sigh of relief when I showed him the hook and as-



sured him that nothing serious would result, but he did not entirely recover his equanimity until we had bidden Frank good-bye and were speeding swiftly homeward on the train. Then it was that he turned to me, slowly removing his cigar from his lips, and, speaking with deliberation, said:

"I don't suppose you ever saw a bigger lunkhead try to use a fly rod than your humble servant, and you probably think that he will never make a success of it, but I can tell you, old man, that it appeals to me as royal sport, and I am going to master it yet."

And he did.

Just an Appetizer

Casey (at aviation field)—"Sure, he only fell fifty feet! O'im going home!" Rafferty—"Wait for the main event, Pat. Maybe that was only a preliminary fall!"

Plenty of Excitement

The man from New England allowed his glance to wander over the native of Dakota as they both stood on the narrow platform of the Gritty Plains station.

"See a good many queer-looking folks round here, don't you?" the man from New England inquired, jerking his thumb toward the landscape behind the station.

The native of Dakota had presumably not seen the jerk, as his eyes were bent on the ground.

"I reckon we do," he said, with great deliberation. "You take a place like this, where there's two trains a day from the East, and we can get our money's worth o' fun whenever we've got time to stand gaping round."

A Full Explanation

The awkward young man flushed and stammered:

"D-d-did I step on you?"

"Did you?" said the graceful brunette, "you walked on both my feet and a couple of my knees, that's what you did!"



White Baneberry Blossom

WHITE BANEERRY

by Sel. J. Wigley,

"Somewhat poisonous" is the character given to this handsome cluster of berries, by many botanical authorities, but I am inclined to think it is a case of hanging the dog because of its bad name.

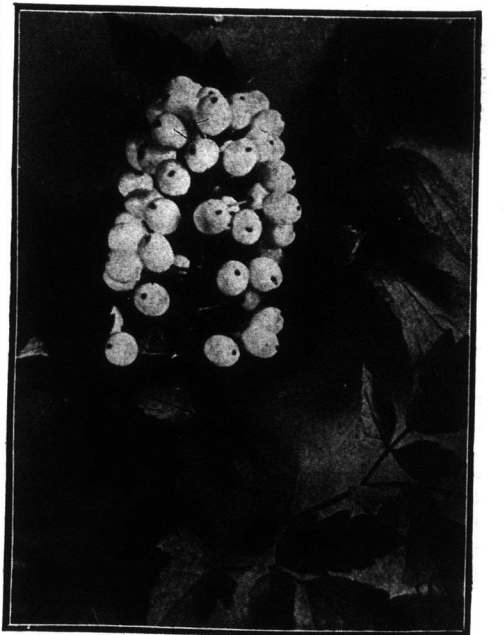
On the fruitless plains of the North West it is worth while to turn everything that will ripen to good account, and here is a chance to make a botanical discovery and clear an innocent plant of a bad name.

The berries have a pleasant bitter taste suggesting tonic properties but it is well to remember that one man's meat is another's poison.

There is a red variety of the same plant but the roots, leaves and flowers are the same in each variety.

Many persons confuse this plant with ginseng on account of the slight resemblance in the flowers.

The root of the Baneberry possesses both the taste and smell of licorice but to neither the ginseng or licorice plant is the baneberry at all related.



White Baneberry

Telling the Secret

It is doubtful whether the person who asserted that secrets were made to tell, foresaw, even in his most cynical mood, anything like the following conversation in "Das Echo":

"Lottie tells me that you told her the secret that I told you not to tell any one."

"Oh, isn't she mean! I told her not to tell you that I told it to her."

"Yes, I told her that I wouldn't tell you if she told me, so please don't tell her that I told you!"