

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS



For Hard Wear

Buster Brown Stockings are made to stand the test of rough and tumble play in which every healthy boy—your boy—spends half his time. Buster Brown stockings are the greatest wear resisters ever made—the strongest, long fibre cotton, specially twisted and tested for durability, with three-ply heel and toe, well knitted, well finished and fast dyed in Black and Leather Shade Tan.

No more darning if you buy Buster Brown Stockings.



Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splendid looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized little stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

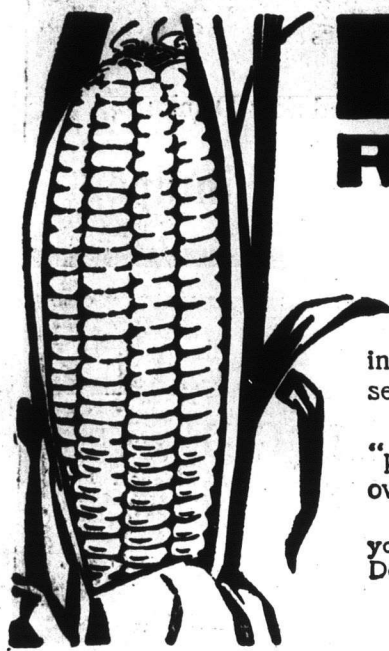
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Also makers of the celebrated "Little Darling" and "Little Daisy" Hosiery for Infants and Children



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THE WILLIAM EWING CO., LIMITED,
Seed Merchants, McGill Street, Montreal.



the creek, now flowing water, they made straight for the Cameron homestead, their laughter and merry voices sounding strangely to the waiting and overstrained men. Forming a semi-circle, each rancher dismounted and stood beside his horse, while Dick Walters, the oldest rancher among them, strode toward the grain-growers, and, cap in hand, saluted farmer Cameron, the only gray-haired man present.

"Mr. Cameron and gentlemen," he began politely, "we—the ranchers—have left our cattle to wander at will while we come to you first to ask pardon for past offences. Not being ranchers, you cannot be expected to enter into feelings that prompted those offences, but be assured it was no personal spite. The events of the past winter have taught us it is wiser to 'live and let live.' We do not wish the settlement to be abandoned. We stand ready, both with service and cash, to repair the damage we and our cattle have caused and hope this summer will see again golden fields of grain in the settlement at Cottonwood Creek, when none will rejoice more than the cowboys of the plains." Extending his hand to farmer Cameron, his further words the fervent, "The Lord be thanked," from the delighted grain-growers were drowned in a deafening cheer from ranchers and farmers, while the guns, which the cowboys pretended not to see, were sneaked out of sight. Bob, not waiting for the handshaking which followed, dashed to the kitchen to give a whispered message from his father to Stella. What he saw on reaching the door caused him to execute a war dance. Stationing himself close by, he mounted guard. No one should enter. No! Stella should have her chance. He would jolly her afterwards; that was what sisters were for. But now—well, that bronchoder was the right kind. His horse could do more tricks than any other on the range. It would be great fun being a cowboy with Bert McDougall for a brother. He wondered if dad would let him go this summer. If so, he—Golly! ere were the whole bunch coming toward the shack.

"Stella," he bawled to two who, oblivious of all else, were making up after months of storm and stress. "Stella, you'd better get a move on. The outfit's coming, and dad says, 'Coffee for all!'"

Not a Hearty Dish

A lively imagination is a source of great fun to many men. Unlike women, they have a faculty for "pretending" things which rivals that of children. Not long ago, in a Chicago restaurant, a man called the waiter and asked him what kind of fish he had on hand. The Cleveland Leader tells the story.

"Oh," said the waiter, "all kinds—whitefish, bluefish, graylings, sea-bass, weakfish, perch—"

"Pshaw!" cried the customer. "I'm tired of those common fishes. Haven't you got some new kind of fish—something I never ate before?"

"Well," said the waiter, promptly, "the whiffletits are very fine to-day."

"Whiffletits? What is a whiffletit?"

The waiter looked disgusted.

"Don't you know what a whiffletit is? Common enough here. You see, the whiffletit lives in—er—in circular lakes. You go out and find a circular lake and hire a boat. Then you row out all alone to the middle of the lake, about a mile or so, and anchor. Then you take an auger and bore a hole in the water and put a piece of cheese on the edge of the hole. The whiffletit comes up to get the cheese, eats it, and it swells him out so that he can't get back down the hole. Then—"

"Well," said the customer, breathlessly, "what then?"

"Why," said the waiter, "you lean over the side of the boat and laugh the whiffletit to death. Want some?"

"Yes," said the customer, "half a dozen. And you might bring me some bluefish, also. Whiffletits aren't very filling, you know."

The full dinner pail follows the full grain car.