

"INTERNATIONAL FLY WAY"

Prevents the Tremendous
Loss from Flies

Flies cost the Farmers of Canada millions of dollars annually by retarding the growth or fattening of animals and by greatly reducing the production of milk by constantly annoying the animals all summer. Every farmer or stock raiser knows this statement to be true from his own experience.

Flies also cause a great loss of life by spreading diseases from farm to farm. "International Fly Way" will keep flies off your animals and give them perfect rest from these pestiferous insects, which will make you more money in a larger production of milk or much quicker growth of all animals.

SAVE YOUR STOCK

By Using

"INTERNATIONAL FLY WAY"

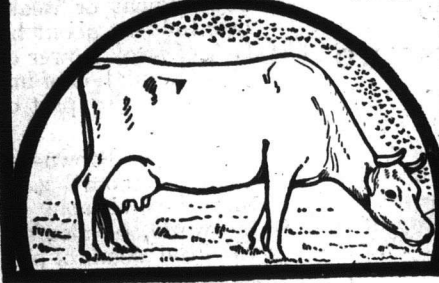
It is positively guaranteed to be effective in driving away flies, mosquitoes, and other insects which worry stock and reduce their earning capacity. It is harmless to the hair and skin and will be found perfectly satisfactory when used according to directions.

We place our twenty years of reputation back of "International Fly Way," and ask you to test it on our positive guarantee.

For Sale at All Dealers.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO. Limited, TORONTO

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yellow, here one that is distorted in growth, here one that shows a blight of fungus or a wound from an insect enemy, and here and there in many places those that are healthy and vigorous and without fault or blemish of any sort, merely because they stand in ground which must be allotted to another and draw their nourishment from food and air which must be another's portion, if those plants which are left are to come to perfection and attain the divine end of their being in flower or fruitage or other special development. Weeds know but two things, to fight for life and to propagate their kind. The cultivated vegetables and flowers have been taught through generations to trust to man for these important needs and to devote their own chief energies to various specializations, to size and color and shape and number of flowers, to size and succulence and flavor of roots, or stems, or leaves, or seeds, as the case may be, and when left to themselves they cannot compete with the weeds, but must either die, or strip themselves of all superfluities and become as the weeds and wild things they are.

The artist comes forth to weed, having stretched himself at length upon the kindly earth gives the attention of his eyes and fingers to the first seedling of the row which he has chosen, a delicate, green thread of an onion, perhaps, or a red beetlet, a delicate, spreading parsnip or carrot, or a broad-leaved, pushing radish with smooth, dark green seed leaves, and stem already red and white. As the sculptor sees his statue in the marble block so the weeder sees this seedlings in its little thicket of weeds and fellow plantlets, and, with delicate fingers because the seedling itself is easily disturbed and uprooted, and with knowing fingers, for each weedlet according to its root and according to the toughness

or tenderness of its stem must be pulled differently in order that it may come away whole, he frees the chosen individual from its rivals which have cumbered the ground about it and leaves it standing undisturbed in its allotted area of mellow, loosened earth, then goes on to the next plant, thinking not of the end of his row as the man who works with a tool in his hands does, but centering his mind on each individual plantlet, working at one detail after another in the true artistic spirit.

The artist does not follow the rows hurriedly pulling out the larger weeds only, as they catch his eye, and giving his seedlings just a little more than a fair chance to fight for food and air, he looks to the perfection of accomplishment. First he pulls the larger weeds in the few inches of row upon which he is engaged, the lambs-quarter, the rough pig-weed, the garden nightshade, any rudely intruding dandelion or wild artichoke, the seeding box-elder or maple, the wild buckwheat with its narrow blades, and then the tiny seedlings of white clover, the slender filaments of blue grass, any little unknown pair of seed-leaves that the eye can spy, leaving nothing to grow, unless, now and then, a chance poppy to whose future wanton beauty he feels willing to sacrifice the rigid perfection of his art and the lives of some half dozen of his seedlings.

As I have said the artist does not hate the weeds, in his world there is no room for hate, and he knows that the weeds have qualities of their own. One of their most excellent ones is that of requiring man to stir the soil about his plants if he would bring them anywhere near perfection. If there were no weeds our flowers and vegetables in untilled soil would develop little more than they do when choked by crowds of rivals and companions, and if it had

not been for the weeds we might have been a long time learning the value of tillage. There is a proverb, "Mean as pussley," but purslane is neither mean nor vicious but one of the best and most beneficent weeds that we have. To begin with it is a pot-herb of some merit, but more to the purpose, it comes in the hot and dry season of the year, mats together over the surface of the garden, making a mulch to protect the moisture from wooing of the sun, holding the dust-dry earth in place that it may not be blown away by the wind, and holding such moisture as it sucks from the arid soil in its fleshy leaves to be given back at the time of plowing. In addition it protects the soil of hill-sides from the washing of autumn rains, and all this is a great deal for one weed to do, enough so that the best gardeners are beginning to think that in some circumstances the late summer weeds are better left in the ground than hoed out of it.

When the artist has finished his work he stands at the end of his garden and contemplates a perfect piece of handicraft. The long rows stand, green and straight and uniform and yet have that diversity and that hint of personality and of soul which characterizes hand work. The plantlets are different after their kind and in the rows they stand not at mathematical distances apart but with intervals varying slightly and telling of the exercise of the weeder's judgment in every several case. There is diversity in color among the various rows, the beets, red, the parsnips and lettuce pale green, the radishes and onions darker, and there is diversity in shape of leaf and in manner of growth, and in the thickness or the thinness of the plants left in the rows, the parsnips, spindling as they are, standing wide apart, the much more sturdy radishes, close together, the cutting lettuce, perhaps not thinned at all, and the beets left for a further thinning when they have attained pot-herb size. All these details and diversities the artist notes, and all the uniformity of the long green rows with the mellow black earth between, and his heart tells him that it is good, and looking up at the blue sky above him and breathing deep of the sun-warmed summer air, he thanks God for weeds and for the pleasure of pulling them.

Digging in the Dirt.

By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A restless, roaring little lad,
Like all boys, just a trifle bad,
Because the vigor cooped inside
My little being was denied
Its outlet and was misapplied.
One way there was to keep my hide
From reaping its desert—
To turn me free and let me be
While digging in the dirt.

A worried, hurried modern man
Harassed by many a failing plan,
By some be-fawned, by some be-fought,
Till, tired of every effort, stale in
thought,
I scarce know what the good I sought,
But set me in a garden spot
And healed is every hurt;
I rest my soul and make it whole
By digging in the dirt.

Advancing age which wears and warps,
A body turned into a corpse,
Then dawn or darkness, task or play—
Which is it comes? I cannot say.
Yet it should be a happy day
When I am lowered in the clay:
For then, I dare assert,
My ghost will croon a little tune
While digging in the dirt.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children become subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act violently on the lining of the intestines. Pains and dangerous purgings ensue and the delicate system of the child suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

You
may be
paid \$50
in Cash for
improving your
walk like this

108 Canadian farmers will
receive cash prizes (twelve in
each Province) in our big

1912 FARMERS' PRIZE CONTEST

WE held a contest last year in which 36 prizes were offered. This year there will be three times as many prizes (108) and therefore three times as many chances for you to win one of them. You do not have to use a large quantity of cement to win a prize. Many of last year's prize-winners used comparatively little cement.

THE contest is divided into three classes and in only one of these (Class "A") does the amount of cement used count in deciding prize winners. (Class "B" is for doing the best concrete work (the size makes no difference). Class "C" is for sending in the best and clearest description of how any piece of concrete work was done.

THERE will be four prizes (First, \$50; Second, \$25; Third, \$15; Fourth, \$10) in each class in each Province. Thus you have only to compete with other farmers in your own Province, and not with those in all parts of Canada. This gives you the best possible chance to win a \$50 prize.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER—There are absolutely no "strings" to this offer. There is no entry fee or red tape to bother with. You cannot lose, because the improvements you make of concrete in competing for the prizes will be more than worth their cost. We have a book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," that will give you all the information about the use of concrete you can need. It will be sent to you free when you ask us for complete particulars of the Prize Contest. Ask for particulars to-day. Just say "Send me, free, your book and full particulars of the 1912 Prize Contest," on a post card and mail it to-day.

Address Publicity Manager,



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