

Read This Book Before You Discard Last Year's Suit or Dress

The Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book for 1914-15 is a veritable gold mine, of valuable information for women. If you will write us or send us a postcard asking for it, we will send "The Annual" by return mail. If you read this book carefully you will find that it will tell you how to make clothes that seem worthless, practically as good as new.



Light Gray Gown Dyed Dark Green.

Mrs. J. R. Maxwell writes:

"I have a gown which I bought last spring. It was a very light gray, and, of course, spotted very easily. After several trips to the cleaners I grew discouraged, and decided to give up wearing it.

"I read in one of the magazines an advertisement of DIAMOND DYES, and sent for the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book. Following the instructions I found there, I dyed it dark green. It now looks better than when it was new."

Diamond Dyes

"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water.

Miss A. L. Chambers writes:

"The Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book has been a source of great economy to me. I saw it advertised and sent for it, more with the idea of looking it over than anything else. It did not seem to me that I could possibly dye things, although the advertisement said it was a simple process. The book convinced me that I could probably get good results, so I dyed my last year's suit, which was light tan. It is now a solid beautiful black, and I am awfully pleased with it."



Tan Suit Dyed Black.

Truth about Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. Wool and Silk are Animal Fibre Fabrics. Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60 to 80 per cent. Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color animal fibre fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods to color vegetable fibre fabrics so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 cents per Package Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON CO. LIMITED
200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada

with a loose veil, and was downstairs and into the street before the boy had reached the curb.

"Yes, mum," he stammered, breathlessly, his eyes bulging from his head.—"Oh! it's awful, mum! Don't know how many's drowned! Everybody's shovelin' on de railroad dump, but dere ain't nothin' kin save it, dey say!"

She raced on—across the long street, avoiding the puddles as best she could; past the Hicks Hotel—no sign of Jack anywhere—past the factory fence, until she reached the railroad, where she stopped, gathered her bedraggled skirts in her hand and then sped on over the cross-ties like a swallow, her little feet scarce touching the cinders.

Jack had caught sight of the flying girl as she gained the railroad and awaited her approach; he supposed she was the half-crazed wife or daughter of some workman, bringing news of fresh disaster, until she approached near enough for him to note the shape and size of her boots and the way the hat and veil framed her face. But it was not until she uttered a cry of agony and ran straight toward him, that he sprang forward to meet her and caught her in his arms to keep her from falling.

"Oh, Jack!—where is daddy—where—" she gasped.

"Why, he is all right, Miss Ruth,—everybody's all right! Why did you come here? Oh! I am so sorry you have had this fright! Don't answer,—just lean on me until you get your breath."

"Yes—but are you sure he is safe? The grocer's boy said nobody had seen him alive."

"Of course I am sure! Just look across—there he is; nobody could ever mistake that old slouch hat of his. And look at the big 'fill.' It hasn't given an inch, Miss Ruth—think of it! What a shame you have had such a fright," he continued as he led her to a pile of lumber beside the track and moved out a dry plank where he seated her as tenderly as if she had been a frightened child, standing over her until she breathed easier.

"But then, if he is safe, why did you leave daddy? You are not hurt yourself, are you?" she exclaimed suddenly, reaching up her hand and catching the sleeve of his tarpaulin, a great lump in her throat.

"Me, hurt!—not a bit of it,—not a scratch of any kind,—see!" As an object-lesson he stretched out his arm and with one clenched hand smote his chest gorilla fashion.

"But you are all wet—" she persisted, in a more re-assured tone. "You must not stand here in this wind; you will get chilled to the bone. You must go home and get into dry clothes,—please say you will go?"

Something warm and scintillating started from Jack's toes as the words left her lips, surged along his spinal column, set his finger tips tingling and his heart thumping like a trip hammer. She had called him "Jack!" She had run a mile to rescue him and her father, and she was anxious lest he should endanger his precious life by catching cold. Cold!—had he been dragged through the whirlpool of Niagara in the dead of winter with the thermometer at zero and then cast on a stranded iceberg he would now be sizzling hot.

Again she repeated her command,—this time in a more peremptory tone, the same anxious note in her voice.

"Please come, if daddy doesn't want you any more you must go home at once. I wouldn't have you take cold for—" she did not finish the sentence; something in his face told her that her solicitude might already have betrayed her.

"Of course, I will go just as soon as you are rested a little, but you mustn't worry about me, Miss Ruth. I am wet as a rat, I know, but I am that way half the time when it rains. These tarpaulins let in a lot of water—" here he lifted his arms so she could see the openings herself—"and then I got in over my boots trying to plug the holes in the sluceway with some plank." He was looking down into her eyes now. Never had he seen her so pretty. The exercise had made roses of her cheeks, and the up-turned face framed by the thatch of a bonnet bound with the veil, reminded him of a Madonna.

"And is everything all right with

daddy? And was there nobody in the shanties?" she went on. "Perhaps I might better try to get over where he is;—do you think I can? I would just love to tell him how glad I am it is no worse."

"Yes, if you change boots with me," laughed Jack, determined to divert her mind; "I was nearly swamped getting back here. That is where most of this mud came from—" and Jack turned his long, clay-encrusted boots so that Ruth could see how large a section of the "fill" he had brought with him.

Ruth began to laugh. There was no ostensible reason why she should laugh; there was nothing about Jack's make-up to cause it. Indeed, she thought he had never looked so handsome, even if his hair were plastered to his temples under his water-soaked hat and his clothes daubed with mud.

And yet she did laugh:—At the way her veil got knotted under her chin,—so tightly knotted that Jack had to take both hands to loosen it, begging pardon for touching her throat, and hoping all the while that his clumsy fingers had not hurt her;—at the way her hat was crumpled, the flowers "never,—never, being of the slightest use to anybody again"; at her bedraggled skirts—"such a sight, and sopping wet."

And Jack laughed, too,—agreeing to everything she said, until she reached that stage in the conversation, never omitted on occasions of this kind, when she declared, arching her head, that she must look like a perfect fright, which Jack at once refuted exclaiming that he had never seen her look so—he was going to say "pretty," but checked himself and substituted "well," instead, adding, as he wiped off her ridiculously small boots, despite her protests, with his wet handkerchief,—that cloud-bursts were not such bad things, after all, now that he was to have the pleasure of escorting her home.

And so the two walked back to the village, the afternoon sun, which had now shattered the lowering clouds, gilding and glorifying their two faces, Jack stopping at Mrs. Hicks's to change his clothes and Ruth keeping on to the house, where he was to join her an hour later, where the two would have a cup of tea and such other comforts as that young lady might prepare for her water-soaked lover.

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers.

1st—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.

Miscellaneous.

Toronto Fair—Tankage.

1. Where can I secure the show records of Toronto Fair?

2. Where can I purchase tankage?

W. A. P.

Ans.—1. If you mean a report of the Exhibition, look up our issues of Sept. 10 and Sept. 17. If you mean prize lists or catalogues, write the Secretary, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

2. From fertilizer firms advertising in this paper.

Pigs Drink Urine.

I have nineteen pigs about three months old, also a sow with eight pigs by her side. All of these have the habit of drinking their urine off the floor. I had a litter about a year ago do the same. One of these died and the others became stunted. They get plenty of apples, oat chop and skim milk, and corn. Their pens are of cement, with plank bed. They also have a run of about an acre; part of it is alfalfa pasture. Tell me in your next issue what is the cause, and give remedy? WM. H. J.

Ans.—We cannot say what causes the pigs to drink filth. Better keep them well bedded to soak up all liquid manure, and give them clean water to drink if they are not getting enough milk to satisfy their thirst. They must be thirsty else they would not drink the urine.

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