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This is far safer and more sanitary than sugar packed by hand in a weak paper bag which breaks at a touch. No hand touches LANTIC SUGAR until you open it yourself. Just cut off the corner of the carton and pour out the sugar as you need it.

2 and 5-lb Cartons  
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"The All-Purpose Sugar"



# A Tenderfoot's Wooing

By CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(Author of "Gold, Gold in Cariboo," Etc.)

## CHAPTER XIX.—(Cont'd.)

"We'll tie the horses here, and wait a bit. When we can pretty nigh see our sights, we'll begin our sneak. They're a blanked sight nearer than I thought they was."

As he spoke his words were justified.

The black belt of gloom which surrounded the hollow in which they lay, was suddenly started in a dozen places by quick red jets of flame, and the silence shattered by the ringing reports of many rifles, after which they came back again and the noise, but for the screaming of a wounded horse.

"Guess they beat us on the sneak," muttered old Al coolly. "Get into 'em, boys, quick."

Probably no white man but Al could have led the ranch posse through these woods at night as silently as he had done. They had stirred no heavy beast to precede them and carry a warning to their foe. There had been no fluttering of disturbed wings in front of their advance, except that once; but a warning need not be printed in large type for an Indian to see it.

Ever since Dan "broke that treg" the walkers had been stalked without being it.

When the volley was fired Dick had had his eye on the exact spot in which one of the red stars of light had burst. He had heard the bullet sing past him, and for a fraction of a second had seen the prone figure of the man who fired the shot. But he had not replied to it.

The brilliance of the momentary flash had accentuated the darkness for him, and taken away from him all idea of locality, so that to have replied would only have been to waste a shot and betray his own hiding-place.

He was lying now behind the dead horse waiting to snap at the next star which should appear or to meet the rush which might have followed had the attacking party consisted of white men.

He had no notion how close his fellows were. He could not hear them, nor see the outline even of the nearest bush. It was still pitch dark on the ground.

Suddenly a hand closed round his ankle, and a voice whispered.

"We've got to wriggle out of this. Don't lift your head, but just slew round on your belly and snake it after me. There's no hurry. I'll go slow."

"But the horses?" asked Rolt. "Yours is dead, ain't it? If they want to shoot the others we can't stop 'em, blank them. Come," and Rolt who by this time had his head near old Al's heels, saw these draw quietly away from him.

Imitating his companion, Rolt squirmed on his belly through the bush which closed over him, so that it was only with the utmost difficulty and half by instinct that he managed to follow Al, of whose tortuous progress he could see but little, even when he was within arm's length of him.

He knew that he was going down hill, and that the ground under him was growing softer and softer, until at last he might almost as well have been swimming, but he could see nothing.

"We're all right now," Al stopped to whisper just when Rolt was beginning to wonder whether he would not rather be shot than go on any farther.

"We're in the creek bottom."

"I could have guessed that."

Al gave a low chuckle.

"Pretty blanked cold, eh? Well, we'll cure that. We've got to move now like two-year-olds. Are you ready?" and he rose to a crouching position.

"Keep your head low till we're in the timber. Now come, and we'll beat them yet," and stooping as he ran the old frontiersman led his companion along the creek bottom under the shelter of its banks, into the heavy pine timber. There they threw themselves on the ground, soaked to the bone and panting heavily.

"What now?" Are we going to fight them here?" asked Rolt at last, standing up to let some of the water drain out of him.

"Fight 'em in timber? Not much. We're another five minutes before they'll miss us, but the light's coming. They're getting impatient. Hear that?"

"That" was another volley poured into the hollow.

"Hain't missed us yet, anyways. Are you good for another burst, Boss?"

"If it's not too far," Rolt's running days were over, and he was a heavy man, used to riding.

"No, it ain't far," and the old man began to run again as if he had been five and twenty, Toma and the other Indian loping along as easily as wolves, whilst Dan the big-footed, sobbed wearily far behind.

At last on the extreme edge of the pine belt, Al paused. Beyond the timber the open country rolled down towards the Fraser and the dawn had come.

"It's our only chance and a slim one. It's got to be that cherry patch," Al said, pointing out to the open. "There ain't another place in sight as would give us a show," and he set off running again at top speed for a little four-cornered patch of wild cherry bush, about a thousand yards from the timber.

It looked about as bad a place to hold against an enemy as you could imagine, lying as it did in a hollow and containing no timber big enough to serve as a shield against rifle bullets; but there was nothing better in sight, and it had just one thing in its favor.

For seven or eight hundred yards at least on one side, and for seven or eight miles on every other side, there was no cover of any kind larger than the thin bushes of sage brush and the patches of bunch grass. A coyote might have crawled through that anything else should.

Realizing that at any moment their enemies might reach the edge of the timber, Rolt and his companions, raced over the space intervening between the pines and the cherry bush at headlong speed. When Rolt crashed into the edge of the cherry patch he had not another yard of running power left in him. With a feeling that he had not known since he had won the quarter at Rugby, he dropped where he was and lay still.

"Euchred them so far," panted Al, cheerfully, "and now I guess we'll take some killing. Out with your jack knives, boys, and I'll show you a trick as I learned of the Crees," and he began to hack down the boughs and young trees all round him, building with them a kind of "wicky up," or small circular booth, such as Indians use for bath houses. Over the top of this he threw his blanket, which he had carried strapped to his back until then, and over that again he piled loose soil and soda, keeping a nervous eye all the time on the edge of the timber.

"Chuck your coat over your sticks if you haven't got a blanket," he said to Rolt, "and then fix it this way," and he went down on his knees and began to scratch with his knife like a dog who is going to bury a bone.

All the earth he took out he piled upon the blanket, throwing with it moss and leaves and small boughs, until when he had finished with it it looked like a great ant heap just sufficiently within the cover of the brush to save it from detection.

Then he lent Rolt a hand with his mound, ordering the boys to do the same at their respective corners, and "Shove boys; shove like hell, if you ever want to eat bull beef any more. They ain't here yet, but they can't be long now."

When men are working for their lives it is marvellous how much can be done in a minute, and these men, knowing how much depended upon their speed, had their shelters finished when a low "hist" from Al sent them all into their holes like rabbits into their burrows.

There was no sign of Indians that Rolt could see, but as Al lay motionless he limited him, and for a full fifteen minutes almost held his breath in his burrow.

At the end of that time he heard a voice behind him, and turning, saw Al lying at full length in the scrub, calmly whittling a pipeful of tobacco.

"They can't see me here," he said. "I'm too far back in the scrub. Leave you got your bury good and deep. Keep a whittling of it out so as you can lie low and the bullets'll go over you. Savvy? I'm ag'in' 'em out now to take a passer and see if them fortifications look natural."

"Don't be such a fool," commanded the Boss.

"I ain't no fool, Boss. No Injun ever hit a man at a thousand yards, and I've got to know how our little show will strike the gallery. Likewise I'm anxious to know if we have a full house," and so saying, he struck a match and wandered out into the open.

In the most unconcerned way in the world the old fellow strolled along straight towards the timber, smoking as he went, and looking back occasionally at his handiwork, and for about three hundred yards he went unmolested.

Then a shot was fired, the dry earth was kicked up a hundred yards in front of him, and his hat fell on the ground whilst his rifle went to his shoulder, and his own shot was echoed by two more from the cherry patch, under the cover of which tiny volley he rushed back to his lair.

"All right," he said, as he crawled under his mound, "the seats is all took and the curtain's up. It's just three hundred yards to where I dropped my cap, and now I'm goin' to put in time diggin'. If I was you I'd do the same. It's goin' to be safer underground than up a tree by and by," and after that for a long time the Boss saw no more of Al.

## CHAPTER XX.

The Chinook wind which had been blowing before midnight had dropped, and in the last hours of darkness had been succeeded by a crisp clear air with more than a suspicion of frost in it, so that when the dawn came, it spread through skies of such rare lucidity as are never seen except in high northern lands.

Along the horizon the light grew gradually, until in the east the heavens were of a pale lemon color, so clear, so utterly fine and transparent, that the gloom of the rigid barrier of pines hurt the eye with its contrast of stiff solidity.

Even the pine belt itself was not quite-proof against the dawn. The tops of it were touched with a pale glory and, though, the gloom of the black boughs swallowed up the light that struck them, a bole here and there was caught by it and brightened with a wash of tenderer golden grey.

But the prairie welcomed the dawn, which flooded its frost-touched sage brush, so that it rolled in sheets of sparkling silver, from the pines to the cherry patch and away beyond as far as the eye could see towards the still shadowy bed of the Fraser.

The dawn had made all things plain, had emphasized every outline; the peace of it called attention to every least sound which might break the holy stillness of the waking day, and yet Rolt, listening in his burrow, could not hear so much as the breaking of a twig, or see a sign of life in the direction from which he had fled. (To be continued.)

## Idle Curiosity.

Edward—"Pa, do you know everything?"

Pa—"Yes, my son, why do you ask?"

Edward—"Why, I wanted to find out why the heavy end of a match is the 'light' end."

High explosive shells were first actually employed in the Boer War.

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## The Farm

### The Value of Good Stock.

Eight years ago a certain dairyman had a herd of ten grade cows that averaged between six and seven thousand pounds of milk in a year. This herd was considered to be the most profitable one in the district, as it produced about a third more milk than other herds of the same size. A pure-bred bull of a dairy breed was being used and the heifer calves from the most promising cows were raised. However, the owner was not satisfied, and, as a good deal was being written about the milk yield of pure-bred cows it was decided to purchase a cow and a couple of heifers. The three animals cost \$400. This was not a high price, as prices for good animals run, but it was considered in that neighborhood to be an enormous figure to pay for a cow and two heifers, when the average cow was selling around \$75. This cow dropped a heifer which grew to be a big-framed cow that gave over 10,000 pounds of milk, testing four per cent. fat, her first year in milk. One of the heifers purchased gave over 12,000 pounds of milk in one year, and the other one 7,500 pounds as a two-year-old, and came up to 11,000 pounds for 316 days as a four-year-old. The investment turned out to be a profitable one, as these animals gave milk enough to pay for themselves in one year, if it had been sold at the present market price. Besides this, \$50 was refused for the heifer calves the day they were dropped, and the bull calves sold from \$75 to \$100 a piece when less than a year old. The sire used in this herd is from high-producing, high-testing cows, and as a result many of the heifers have proven more profitable than their dams. In eight years the pure-bred females have increased in number from three to nineteen. The standard in this herd is set high and the cows not qualifying are not allowed to remain long.

Not only is the present herd more profitable than the grade herd previously kept, but it is much more interesting working with stock that has some breeding behind them.

The expense of securing foundation stock is the reason given why many men do not keep pure-bred animals. However, it is not necessary to purchase a whole herd in order to get into the business. One or two good females are sufficient for a start, and cows that are giving a large flow of milk can be purchased for about one-half than the ordinary grade cow is selling for at sales. True, many grade cows will give as much milk as pure-breds, but they are the exception not the rule. It costs no more to keep pure-breds than it does grades, but they usually produce more milk and butter fat and their offspring commands a higher price than the ordinary calf. Good stock is within reach of every dairyman. Although it costs a little more to secure such animals than it does grades, the extra cost is made up many times by the increased production.—Farmer's Advocate.

### How We Grow Potatoes.

Our soil is a sandy loam. The variety of potatoes that we grow is the Dooley. As a general rule we follow potatoes after fall wheat, or clover. We plow the wheat stubble after harvest and give lots of cultivation. We apply the manure directly from the stalls, 20 to 25 loads to the acre and work directly into the soil. We harrow frequently during the spring and seed about May 24.

We use good, sound seed of medium size, and have each seed piece the size of a hen's egg. Our method of planting is to plow the ground and seed every third furrow, running the furrows five inches deep. We spray with Bordeaux mixture to control blight, and expect extra bushels of yield for every extra cultivation we give the crop.

We regard seed selection as most important in keeping up yields. Before the general digging we go over the field and turn out the most likely-looking hills and select seed tubers from the best of these. We take no

... of the plants; some are... are preferred, as we believe that... plants resist disease best and they can be cultivated longer.—Alex... in Farm and Dairy.

### Stockers and Feeders.

1. Best purchasers of stockers and feeders on all markets either to purchase horned cattle or any at 40 to 50 cents. cwt. less.
2. Feeders have better results from cattle without horns, for the following reasons:
  - (a). Dehorned cattle are more docile, easier handled, less wild or nervous.
  - (b). Dehorned cattle are more thrifty and show better gains.
  - (c). Dehorned cattle ship better and sell better when finished.
  - (d). Dehorned cattle do not gore and mutilate one another.
3. Young calves should have the benefit of caustic. Properly applied, this prevents growth of horns.
4. Horned cattle result in enormous losses, in meat and hides; a waste which Canada must eliminate.
5. Horns on cattle are absolutely without use. The day is past when horns were a protection from one another.
6. The modern dehorning plant used at the Union Stock Yards—Toronto, makes dehorning quick, sure and humane. The work is done free of charge.—Bulletin No. 5, Union Stock Yards, Toronto.

### The Value of Salt.

The action of salt on all forms of parasite life, and the immunity enjoyed by sheep on salt marshes, suggests useful results from top-dressing the land with agricultural salt. Sheep should also have access to lumps of rock salt. This destroys many of the cercariae taken into the stomachs before the young flukes migrate to the liver. Sheep getting trough food should have salt, say a quarter of an ounce a day mixed with it where fluke is feared. Sheep badly affected with fluke are best killed and buried, as there is no likelihood of their recovery, and besides they are only further poisoning the pasture. All the apparently non-affected ones in a flock where fluke disease is present should be placed on fresh high-lying pastures and fed generously on pulped turnips when available, with a daily allowance of the following mixture in the proportion per head of 1 lb. crushed oats, 1/2 oz. crushed oilcake, 4 oz. barley meal. To the above ration add one dessertspoonful of the following powder, which any chemist will make up: Sulphate of iron, 8 oz.; Bristle of sodium, 6 lbs.; Potash, 1 lb.; Root, 12 oz.; Bone-meal, 8 oz.

### MACHINE GUN "DESERTED."

Italian Lad Decorated as Result of Unique Adventure.

How a machine gun was forced to desert the German army is recounted in the story of the heroism of a 16-year-old Italian volunteer in the Russian army—Constantine Zepolli—whose part as the leading figure in the episode earned one of the two St. George crosses he has won.

Overhearing his commander expressing a wish that some one "would escape or capture" a gun which was stationed at troublesome proximity to the Russian trenches, Zepolli, on his own initiative, crawled on his stomach for a hundred yards, located the position of the gun, returned from the danger zone and confirmed his trench fellows, and crept once more, this time dragging the machine gun, and reached the end around it with a gasp and again re-

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true cost or the true selling price of a farm product. However, the relation of any factor in farming to the profits of the farm as a whole, by the study of a large group of farms, can be fairly accurately determined. This relation of the individual enterprise to the profits of the whole is perhaps the best guide to successful farming and to an understanding of the principles upon which good farm organization is based.—J. S. Coates, in Canadian Farm.

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