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Farmers
have Profited
by this
book**

**WHAT THE
FARMER
CAN DO WITH
CONCRETE**



It contains information that has saved them time and money in making farm improvements. It has taught them the economy of building everything of everlasting concrete.

There's no other building material as durable, as adaptable, as easy to use or as low in final cost as concrete.

Practically everything that can be built of wood, stone or steel can be made better with concrete and this book tells you how to do it. It is fully illustrated with photos and diagrams and contains 52 practical farm plans.

If you haven't a copy, send for one today. Keep it handy. Refer to it often.

It is free and will be mailed to you immediately upon receipt of coupon below.

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CUT OUT AND MAIL



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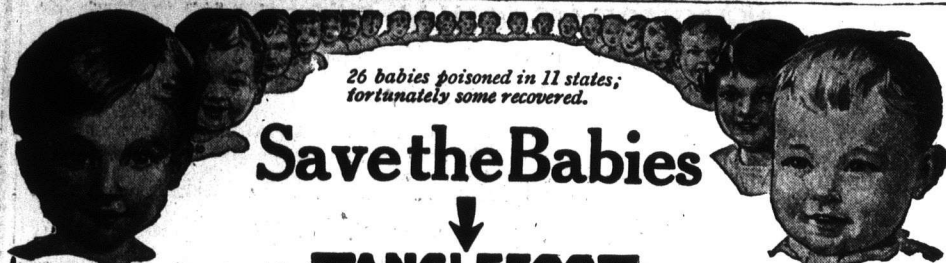
772 Gentlemen:—Please send me a free copy of "What the Farmer can do with Concrete."

Name _____

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26 babies poisoned in 11 states; fortunately some recovered.

Save the Babies

TANGLEFOOT

Catch the disease carrying fly that strays into your home with safe, efficient, non-poisonous TANGLEFOOT; not arsenic

poison in an open saucer set within reach of the baby, or a can from which a poisoned wick protrudes, sweetened to attract both flies and babies.

Flies kill many babies, and fly poison more than all other poisons combined—

—But in homes where careful mothers have protected their babies from such risks by using only TANGLEFOOT, both dangers are avoided.

Made in Canada by THE O. & W. THUM CO., Walkerville, Ont.
American Address: Grand Rapids, Mich.

The Journal of the Michigan State Medical Society reports 26 cases of arsenical poisoning from fly destroyers in 1915 in only 11 states; in 1914 there were 46 cases in 14 states.

It states editorially:

"Symptoms of arsenical poisoning are very similar to those of cholera infantum; undoubtedly a number of cases of cholera infantum were really cases of arsenical poisoning, but death, if occurring, was attributed to cholera infantum."

"We repeat, arsenical fly destroying devices are dangerous and should be abolished. Health officials should become aroused to prevent further loss of life from their source. Our Michigan Legislature, this last session, passed a law regulating the sale of poisonous fly papers."

tained your address from a friend, and there is no one else I trust as I do you, old pal. Nell will go down to you, and I pray you be good to the child for my sake."

That was all. The writing was feeble and some of it almost incoherent as though it had been done in haste. He had given me no directions, not even a description of the little thing. Twenty years ago he had not been married, so I did not even know his wife, nor could I imagine where he had met her for there were very few women up in the gold region then.

"Well," I thought, "evidently poor Dave has not made that great fortune he counted on!"

It was twenty years since I had seen him but I remembered him always as an optimist. We had gone up together some years before the big rush of '98, and I had thrown up my claims along about '94, and gone in the store door with his eyes pop-down into California and thence to the South Seas, finally returning to Canada and settling in British Columbia. I have been considerable of a rolling stone. Dave was about ten years my senior and often he used to try to quell my roaming propensities.

"Get into one thing, lad, and stick at it till you make good," he used to say.

Alas! Neither he or I had "made good."

"A little girl!" I muttered, "well I swear! Of course, I'll see after the child and if I can scrape enough money together I'll ship her off to boarding school at once." For although I liked children I did not particularly relish having them around all the time. I looked up a doll and some picture books from an old Christmas left-over stock, and I began going over to the little depot of Jumping-Horse every afternoon to meet the Northern Express. But it was a month before Dave's daughter arrived.

I was standing on the platform as usual one day watching for my little passenger. The train had just come in and I had a bag of popcorn in my pocket to give her. Everybody in Jumping-Horse knew that I was expecting a little girl and many a good-natured joshing I had had to take, in consequence.

"It is a lang journey for a bairn," Mrs. Forbes, my good landlady, had said for the twentieth time that day. "I will hae a bowl of warm milk and bread ready, Meester Smith, and fetch her richt back, do. She'll be rare tired and hungry I expect."

"I'm beginning to think she's not coming," I had returned. "Nay, I feel it in my bones she'll be here this very day," the motherly soul had insisted. But no little girl appeared amongst the few passengers getting off at our mountain village and I was turning away quite disappointed (for almost unconsciously I had been looking forward to her coming) when I decided to ask the conductor if there was a little lady from 'way up north under his care. The conductor shook his head at my question and, still very much puzzled, I stood watching the long train of cars move slowly off. Then I felt a light touch on my arm. Turning I looked down into a pair of blue eyes, the like of which for beauty and appeal I had never before seen. They belonged to a fair young girl of about nineteen, who stood searching my face silently a moment. Then she spoke and her voice was like—oh well you've heard the first little grass-bird of spring. Her voice held just the same clear sweet note, reminding me of April weather—tears and sunshine mingled. "Oh! You're Dad's Mr. Smith," she said, "I know it, I felt sure, the moment I saw you—"

"It must be a mistake," I was starting to say, stupidly. "Oh!" she cried, disappointedly. "I beg your—"

"Wait," I said, for she was good to look at and I didn't like the idea of her turning away so suddenly, "you called me by my right name. But I do not know who you can be, miss—"

"Why I'm Nell Harvey! Didn't you get word? I dropped you a card saving—"

"Why—why—great scott — you're not the little girl I was to meet?"

"Well, I'm her, I guess," she smiled at me.

"But—But—"

"Dad gave me a full description of you. You look just like what he said you would—honest and reliable and—oh dear, here's my check for my trunk and I guess you'll have to carry the biggest suit case."

I had been staring, still overwhelmed with astonishment, at this pretty apparition who was henceforth to be my ward. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I still imagined I must be dreaming. But she brought me back to realities by thrusting a trunk check into my hand, and leading the way down the platform with her grip. I seized the suit case and followed.

"About that card, miss—"

"Oh, call me Nell, please!"

"I never got it."

"Perhaps it went astray."

"Possibly. I'm very sorry—I mean I'm very glad. Oh hang it, you know what I mean! I didn't think Dave had a grown-up daughter, and one who is so—er—"

She turned about and smiled at me and there sure enough, was Dave's mouth, with the upturning corners!

"I guess you'll find that suit case pretty heavy," she said, "its full of ore."

"Ore!"

"From Dad's mine — I mean my mine," she replied, and I could see a shadow cross her bright face as she spoke of her father. "The mine was all poor dad had to leave me."

To make her smile again I told her about the popcorn and the doll and the supper good Mrs. Forbes had awaiting her. She laughed merrily. In less than ten minutes we were the best of friends.

"I'm not going to stay here," she told me next, as we took our way up the steep road to my store. "I couldn't think of loafing on you. I'm going down to Calgary to work."

"Work? But my dear girl—"

"Oh, I can work! I kept all dad's books."

A bright idea struck me.

"My partner, Mr. Beach," I said, "is thinking of going away and I'll be stuck for help. You might keep my books and perhaps assist in the post office if you are bound to be doing something."

"Oh, could I?"

Doctor Learned The Power of Pure Food

Sometimes a physician who has exhausted medical skill on his own case finds that he has to look to pure food for help. Such was the experience of a physician who has spent a great many years in his profession.

"The services of my life-time," he says, "have been to try to better mankind—to help them preserve health, and to regain it when lost. So it is with great pleasure I recall my first introduction to Grape-Nuts."

"I had never investigated this food until I came to use it in my own case. I had tried to heal myself and had had the services of other prominent physicians. Then I clutched at Grape-Nuts as a drowning man clutches at a straw."

"To my gratification I found that I had discovered something besides a broken reed to lean upon, for the food began to recuperate me immediately, and it helped me to such an extent that I eat anything that I desire, and do so without distress."

"I have not only found a good friend in sickness, but a most delicious dish as well. It is the most nutritious article of diet I have ever found and I notice its splendid effects more particularly at night time, for a saucer of Grape-Nuts and milk is followed by a most refreshing sleep and perfect awakening."

"My only regret is that I was so slow to look into the scientific merits of this wonderful food." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.



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