



Rip That Oilcloth Off Your Kitchen Table and Paint It With JAP-A-LAC

Oilcloth isn't *lasting* and only *sanitary* until it begins to *crack*, and you *know* that within a few weeks of use it is bound to *peel*, and within a few months it must be *replaced*. Every time you wash it, it grows a little more *smelly*.

Oilcloth costs more than Jap-a-lac, and won't give one-tenth the service.

Order a can of White Jap-a-lac today, apply to the direct wood—and have a permanently clean, waterproof table which can be washed in an instant and be kept sweet and wholesome.

You can take your old chairs and with a few minutes' work have them looking brand new.

You can re-paint your ice-box or refrigerator. You can take the paper off your pantry shelves and give them a waterproof cover of Jap-a-lac which instantly puts them into a sanitary condition.

You Can't Keep House Without

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors
and Natural (Clear)

Renews Everything from Cellar to Garret!

For every use there's a different sort. There's a Gold Jap-a-lac to restore picture frames. It is not only pure in quality, but comes in a "double-decked" can, which makes it go four times as far as the old style gold enamels.

You pour out just as much of the gold and just as much of the lacquer as you need for the immediate job, and then put it aside until you need it again.

There is a Jap-a-lac for your hardwood floors. It won't crack and it won't whiten. It won't show foot-marks—you can take a hammer and make a dent in the wood, but you can't break the Jap-a-lac coating. A Jap-a-lac floor can be cleaned as often as you please, and after each washing will come up again as glossy and fine as ever.

Oil paintings should be varnished at least once a year, otherwise their colors will grow dim. Use Natural Jap-a-lac for this purpose thinned with turpentine.

If the enamel has chipped off your iron beds, or has turned yellow or dirty, take a little White Jap-a-lac and a little time and you will have them looking just like the day you bought them.

These are just a few of the things that an industrious housewife can accomplish, by spending a mere pittance of money and devoting a little attention to her home.

We have published a book which tells about the uses of Jap-a-lac. You need no experience to get perfect results. The book tells of the many directions in which you are probably wasting your money now by discarding all sorts of things that simply need a Jap-a-lac treatment.

Jap-a-lac is sold everywhere and wears forever. There is only one Jap-a-lac. It is a trade-marked name. It is made by the Glidden Varnish Company. There is no substitute.

All sizes, 25c. to \$3.50.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.
Factories:
Cleveland, O. Toronto, Ont.



A Change of Luck.

By E. Margaret Stewart, Okotoks, Alta. Written Especially for the W.H.M.



OW we got our claim staked out and that there chunk of ore sent off to them fellers to test, we'll jest set around here in Bow Crossin' for a little while and not say nothin' till we gets word back. We don't want no joshin' from the boys if the stuff ain't no good."

So spoke Hike Holmes to his friend and partner Bill Brown, as they rode their buckskin cayuses towards the livery barn of the Alberta Hotel.

"Right you are, Hike," responded Bill, cheerfully, as he dismounted. "By the way, Hike, they's a little dance on nearly every night at Old Nixon's. Let's

"Them is pretty fine girls." This sententious remark was delivered by Mr. Holmes to Bill as they watched the close of Old Nixon's last and most spectacular figure, the breakdown.

"Ain't they?" assented Bill admiringly.

"Yes, siree," continued Mr. Holmes, "and that one with the big pompadour has got me roped and branded."

"Not for mine, Hike," said Bill, "looks too pert and 'sassy.' Youse is welcome to her for all of me. That's Old Nixon's girl and she thinks an awful pile of herself."

"Guess I'll get busy," responded Hike, and as the fiddlers gave their last squeak he rose to cross the floor. "Glad I ain't got no carpet slippers on," he muttered as he stumbled across the floor. "Them



The Cook of the Camp.

take them in while we're hangin' round."

"Sure thing," replied Hike, as they led their horses into the barn.

When Hike and Bill arrived at Nixon's Hall that evening the dance was in full swing. These dances were well patronized by the young people of Bow Crossin'. The fiddlers were sawing away vigorously and the dancers were giving themselves up to a genuine, hearty, old-fashioned "hoe down."

Hike and Bill seated themselves on the rough, pine board that ran around Old Nixon's hall. The ladies clad in glowing dresses made from highly colored bolts of sateen purchased at Old Peter's general store, were dancing with energy and vim. The cowboys from the near by ranches, with their gay knotted neck scarfs, added their dash of color to the general scheme.

"Old man Nixon" was displaying his extraordinary gifts as a "caller off," leading the dancers through long, intricate figures and bringing every couple back unerringly to their original "stamping grounds."

knots in Old Nixon's floor is as big as ant hills."

As formal ceremony had not as yet invaded the little social functions of Bow Crossin', Hike made the acquaintance of the lady with ease.

"Dance this with me?" said Hike and they were off in a moment. For dances were rushed on with alarming speed and every couple made it a point to be on the floor at the first squeak from the fiddlers.

"Go on!" cried Miss Nixon, in response to some flirtatious sally of Mr. Holmes, as they see-sawed through the "Heel and Toe Polky." "I've heard fellers talk like you before!"

"Betcha have!" replied Mr. Holmes, admiringly, "and that won't be no josh!"

"Now, quit yer kiddin'!" exclaimed Miss Nixon, vivaciously. "I'll bet you've said the same things to a dozen girls this evening!"

"I ain't neither," protested Hike, much dazzled by the charm and repartee of his partner. "Kin I have the next three dances—two quadrilles and a 'Dutch Polky'?"

Full of evening pas of roosters ed the gue "May I s Holmes, gal undisputed ing social permission.

In the we ces at Nix place in the and his fri the desolat there was n came a frec Miss Nixon. "You shor Old Nixon's day. All th "Bill," sa dence, "Me up for good "You sho astonishmen

"We sho Holmes wit of disappro what's more there ore ri get back to here dance last. This k ta earn som "Well if note!" obse pretty low graspin' fer Board at th figgers I can So I'll pull d

Bill dance that the ga for him muc condition. T violent exer him often t dipper from ing from o draughts, B face looked

"That fell he's pretty Hike with getting too n place to suit A glance t Bill to singl whose innov peace and ha Peters' new a dazzling Hike of all tainment of

"How did Bill, sympat Hike pourd of how he l the dance. usual and on about the cl her all about give up exp that I'd hev agin. Said much money work. I th kinda indiffe went on to s his vigilance feller" had wasn't any wards.

"Better try turning to t feller don't you. Anyw "That ain Holmes sharp but he was started to sa up for lost the dance.

"Did you quired Bill a met in their Bill's own s now that the no more of was making show a kind ion's affairs. "I did, re "How did "She seem and acti qu to talk to l found it das versation W clerk hangin' 'shoten."