

"Summer Dreams."

long about this time of year, when  
ights grow thick and streams grow  
r, some quite unknown philanthropist  
many seasons has not missed a chance  
small to my address a fishing booklet,  
re or less in truthful words and pic-  
s done; and, oh! the pages of it run  
wooded lakes and pebbly shores, to  
then boats and silvered oars, to shady  
ks and eddies deep, where pike and  
lie fast asleep, and wake to gobble  
the hook that I may cast in lake or  
ok. The booklet bears the tang of  
y, the hum and whirl of reel and line,  
plash of trout, the leap of bass, and  
I open it there pass before my eyes  
glad array the panoramas of a day  
de glorious and set apart to thrill the  
er angler's heart.

he book has planted, as you see, the  
is of discontent in me, and all that  
t I lie and dream of shade beside  
the limpid stream, where I may sit and  
t my hook and bring big beauties from  
brook; and as I lie there I am sure  
all run down, my health is poor, and  
h seductive voice and low the lakes  
calling me to go. My dreams are  
of fins and scales, of netted sharks  
captive whales, of campfires in the  
light cool, and fish, just drawn from  
the pool, laid on the fire to broil—I  
r the sputter of them in my ear, and,  
such crisp, delicious brown. I am  
tired of street and town; to-morrow I  
l pack my grip and set out on my  
ing trip.

and so I rise at early dawn and put  
last year's trousers on; I hunt a  
ne-worn coat and vest, while life takes  
a newer zest. And then I'm off by  
s and roads to where they sell me  
orting goods, and get a brand-new  
nted rod, some quite newfangled flies  
d odd, a reel and half a mile of line,  
gross of hooks both coarse and fine, a  
t to dip the big ones out, the pike and  
ss and speckled trout. The place has  
h a vast supply of things, and I just  
y and buy and see the charges on the  
l and pay them all with right good  
ll, for by the brook so clear and blue  
l I not tarry and renew my wasted  
ath and be as glad as when I was a  
eiless lad? And so, the salesman re-  
ursed, I catch a train for Skeeter-  
ret.

By afternoon I've caught a frog and  
sed him from the muddy log whereon  
sit and wait and wait for fish to nib-  
at my bait. This is no limpid  
eam, indeed. My line gets snarled  
out a weed, and I pull up some old  
ris that is quite valueless to me,  
ere are no speckled beauties there, the  
e and bass scenes were a snare, and  
the bites I get are those of buzzing  
eters on my nose. The sun beats  
wn as red and hot as fire; there is no  
ady spot. I hold my rod across my  
o and slap and slap and slap and slap  
arms and legs where skeeters light,  
know discretion, sense or fright.  
t now, at length, my line is taut, some  
ay monster I have caught; it must  
igh high eleven pounds from how it  
nds my fish-pole. Zounds! I tug and  
ain and yank and feel the whirling of  
unwound reel, till finally it's landed!  
o, the monster that is prize to me as  
llee gasping on the ground! A bull-  
ut weighing half a pound!

Upon my desk when I come back there  
some figures that I tack upon the  
ll, so they will be a warning all next  
ar to me! To rod and tackle, hooks  
d line and sundries, eighteen forty-nine;  
railroad fare and board and guide, just  
rty dollars; paid to ride from railroad  
tion to the brook, one-fifty; paid for  
y and cook, six dollars; paid for license  
ten dollars, and one-twenty-three for  
burn lotion, vaseline, mosquito oint-  
nt and cold cream. And then I credit,  
defence of angling: "Bull-pout—fifteen  
ts," and charge the balance—as it  
ms it should be charged—to Summer  
ams!—J. W. Foley, in Saturday Even-  
g Post.

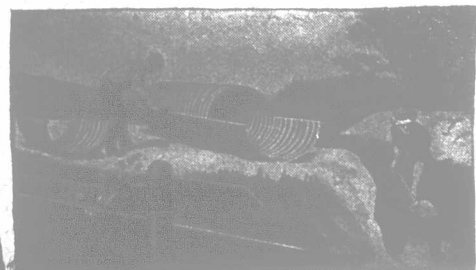
"How did you manage to get so much  
his uncle's estate?" "He married his  
r's only daughter."—Boston Globe.

# Send Now For Sample And Booklet PEDLAR

For any work any culvert can be put to, nothing else yet made quite equals this new Pedlar product—Pedlar's Perfect Corrugated Galvanized Culverts. Only the Pedlar People in all Canada make a culvert of Best Billet Iron, in semi-cylindrical sections, corrugated under enormous pressure (over 60 tons to the

square inch!) and Galvanized After being shaped

## PERFECT CORRUGATED GALVANIZED CULVERT



Most compact and portable culvert made, and the easiest to put in place.



### This Is The Practical Culvert

Not only is the iron that makes Pedlar Culverts best quality money can buy, but it is unusually heavy—from 14 to 20 gauge, instead of lighter gauges common to inferior goods. This extra-strength enables a Pedlar Culvert to stand heavy traffic upon roads, even though protected by only a very thin cushion of soil. Mark, also, that this is the ONLY culvert made that is galvanized AFTER being curved and corrugated,—thus insuring it positively against rust and decay.

### Extra-Heavy, Strong, Rust-Proof

The peculiar Pedlar flange, or locking-rib, along the whole length of each side of these Culverts, clamps together easily and most rigidly. There are no bolts, no rivets, no lock-nuts of any kind,—simply clamp the edges of the flanges together, making a triple thickness of inter-sealed heavy metal along the sides of the pipe (read below here how this is quickly done) and you have a Culvert that is enormously strong, tight, and not only leak-proof but strain and rust and frost-proof, the rib allowing for expansion and contraction. You cannot appreciate the value and the simplicity of this until you have seen the culvert itself. It is the easiest culvert to put together, and it is better when put together. It is the most portable. It costs less per linear foot to ship by freight, and a whole lot less to haul,—it nests, that's why, of course. And it will serve any culvert use better.

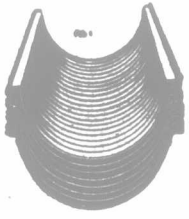
Made of Best Heavy Billet Iron

Galvanized AFTER Being Shaped



I KNOW it's pretty hard to make some folks believe a new thing is better than what they've been used to—a Pedlar Culvert, for instance, than concrete or wood or whatnot. But I feel pretty sure that you will SEE it is, if you will just look into the question fairly and squarely before you undertake any more culvert construction, or road improvement, or ditching. Don't judge this NEW culvert by anything you've heard about other culverts. MINE IS DIFFERENT—a whole lot different, and a whole lot ahead of any other. Write to my people and make them show you why and how. We're making this in all standard diameters, from 8 inches up to 6 feet, so your wants can probably be supplied. Write and ask questions anyhow.

G. A. Pedlar



When the sections of Pedlar Culvert, of any diameter—it's made from 8 inches to 6 feet—reach you, they are nested like Fig. 1. Note the two distinct flanges—the radial and the recurved. These fit into each other, and are FLAT, while the CURVE of the culvert is corrugated. Place section on top of section, and the flanges, or locking-



ribs, engage easily, as you see in Fig. 2. The joints between one length and another are "broken"—no over-lap reaches more than half-way round the culvert's diameter; and this is possible with NO OTHER metal culvert made. It is a most valuable feature, for it reduces the chance of leakage to the very least minimum.



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## THE PEDLAR PEOPLE of Oshawa

321-3 Craig Street W. MONTREAL 423 Sussex Street OTTAWA 11 Colborne Street TORONTO 86 King Street LONDON 200 King Street W. CHATHAM

### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

The fond mother had brought in her first baby for Mr. Softleigh's inspection. "You know," she exclaimed, "every mother thinks her baby is the best in the world, but mine just proves it."  
"What can he do?"  
"Everything."  
"Does he walk?"  
"Walk. Why, he's only six weeks old! But just let me hold him in my arms, and see how perfectly he executes the Highland fling."  
"Er—can he say 'Mamma'?"  
"Oh, no, Mr. Softleigh. But he can imitate a steam-engine."  
"How?"  
"He puffs out his little cheeks, so, and says 'Oo! Oo!'"  
"Can he—er—crawl?"  
"Yox silly man! Of course not; he's much too young."

### "What else can he do?"

"Now, you watch him as I take him up in my arms. See how he smiles at me, and notice how intelligently he—breathes!"

### WINNIPEG'S HETEROGENEOUS POPULATION.

If anyone has any doubt that every language under the sun is spoken in Winnipeg, and that the Western Capital has the most heterogeneous population of any city in Canada, all he has to do is to take a glance through the city directory. Vowels seem particularly distasteful to the foreigners of Winnipeg. The k's form one long series of jaw-breaking names. Here is a sample: Kon Krzyzsinorski. For exercise, try pronouncing this name: Mike Kyrzczank. It is when the z's are reached that a page of the directory looks

like a jumble of all the hard-sounding consonants of the alphabet. Here are four or five, as they appear one after the other in the directory: Zavvodozski, Zawarszenink, Zawidoski, Zawogowsk, Zazangts, Zborowski.

Rev. Hamilton Wigle, pastor of Zion Methodist Church, Winnipeg, ran into a Welsh name recently which he thinks is just about a record-breaker. A couple came to the parsonage to be married. The groom was Walter John Huntingford, of Elstow, Sask.

"Where is your place of birth?" asked Mr. Wigle.

The groom rattled off a name which fairly knocked the parson over.

Finally he got him to write it down, and here is what appeared:

Llanfairpivoth wyrgybgogerythwyrndro-  
biellandisniogogogoch.

There are just 59 letters in the name.