

Hydrated Lime

Saves Time and Money



For—
Mortar
Concrete
White Coat
(Plaster) Finish
Waterproofing
Whitewashing
and other
Sanitary Purposes

—NO WASTE. Every pound is guaranteed
—READY TO USE when water is added

PUT UP IN PAPER OR JUTE BAGS

From one to six weeks—according to weather conditions—is required to reduce (or slack) lump lime into the putty state by mixing it with water in a mortar box or a mortar bed of sand. This often causes delays, or introduces the dangerous alternative of using partially slacked lime in the most important parts of construction work.

"LION BRAND" HYDRATED LIME

is a uniform product, manufactured by processes which remove impurities and the physical defects developed in kiln practice. Every pound and ounce of it is useful and active in every possible mixture in which it can be used. Every useful property of the original lime from which it was manufactured is present in the Hydrated Product.

For Concrete Work

The addition of a small percentage of "LION BRAND" HYDRATED LIME—say ten pounds to each bag of cement—gives greater strength, lubricates the mass, increases the density and uniformity; waterproofs, by filling up all the voids, and makes a smooth finish job.

For White Coat (Plaster Finish)

"LION BRAND" HYDRATED LIME makes a smooth, plastic, easily worked putty, that will produce a clean, white wall—free from pits, blisters, fire or chip cracks.

For Brick or Stone Laying

Mortar made from "LION BRAND" HYDRATED LIME is much higher in tensile strength than lump lime mortar, because it contains no inert matter—IT IS ALL PURE LIME.

SOLD EVERYWHERE IN WESTERN CANADA

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MANUFACTURED BY

Manitoba Gypsum Company Ltd.

WINNIPEG

A Story for Fathers

MY boy is sixteen years old. He was born in Chicago, and has lived in that city practically his entire life. He was in second year at high school. His cousin Fred, fifteen years old, lived on a farm near a small city in Ohio, and attends high school there. Both boys have been guarded and trained as carefully as the understanding and the circumstances of their parents have permitted.

Next fall we will leave Chicago and take up our residence on the farm on which I spent my boyhood which adjoins my brother Fred's place. We have been asked repeatedly by friends and neighbors why we are willing to leave our comfortable home in one of the most beautiful residential districts and desert, practically, a paying and growing business to "bury ourselves" in the country. A few evenings ago I explained the reasons in detail to an old neighbor, a father who has raised three sons and a daughter and seen two of the boys "go wrong." For a long time after I had finished he sat gazing into the fire. Then he said simply:

"I think you are right, and I'll pray you are in time. Billy, what you ought to do is to write the things you have told me. There must be thousands of parents situated exactly as you are—and as I was."

Therefore: We are going into the country because of our boy. We have found out what he knows, and that he learned it of the city. Only recently my wife and I discovered that, no matter how carefully and conscientiously parents may strive, it is practically impossible to rear a boy in a large city and bring him to be a

kept winking at me while Fred talked of the rotation of crops and the success and failure of some experiments he had tried. The only thing I observed that day was that our boy did not compare favorably, physically, with his sturdy, self-reliant cousin. He was better dressed, but I felt a pang of regret to think his younger cousin could beat him at anything requiring strength or endurance. It was not until night, when we retired to our rooms, that I began to see light. George hardly could wait until we were alone.

"Oh, aren't they rubes, though?" he laughed. "Honestly, mother, I hardly could keep my face straight when Fred was showing me round. But, cracky, I wish I could handle a machine the way he does! He knows all about autos, and his father lets him go anywhere in it. But he's green as grass. He talked as if I cared about cows and sheep and chopping up corn and stuff."

"Momsy, I nearly snorted out loud at dinner and supper. What the dickens do they want to pray for that kind of grub for? I never saw such service. If Jane cut bread into chunks like that, and piled things on to plates, and shoveled it at you the way these hayseeds do—"

"That will do," I said angrily. "It seems to me you have a poor sense of politeness to speak that way of your relations who also are your hosts. It's a poor return for their hospitality."

"Oh, I forgot you used to be a Jasper too!" he laughed, not in the least abashed. "I'll bet you had to wash in cold water and eat ham gravy, too. This simple life isn't any hit with me."

I was losing my temper when the wife



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clean, broad-minded, wholesome young man. The fault lies not with the boy, nor entirely with the parents. I do not say that the city-bred boy is doomed to criminality, but I am fully convinced that if he escapes becoming morally oblique and tending toward degeneracy it will be luck as much as anything else.

I am going to write as plainly, almost, as I spoke with my old neighbor. If there are fathers and mothers who think they know their boys, I want them to read. For the great trouble is that we all think we know our boys and that they are "all right." Until last autumn we were smugly satisfied with ourselves and with our boy. We felt rather sorry that Brother Fred's boy could not have similar "advantages." It was through the bringing of the two boys together that we were awakened to see the truth.

We decided to spend our vacation in a long-deferred visit to Fred on the farm. It was understood that when we returned to the city Fred's boy should come with us and remain a month or more during the winter to "give him a chance to see a little of life and broaden out." We reached Fred's place after an all-night ride, and the boys spent the morning getting acquainted with each other. I walked with the boys over the farm. Fred showed my boy, George, his traps for mink, weasel and muskrat, that he had set in the creek; he pointed out the cover where the quail were, explained the silos, took us through the dairy barn, started the cream-separator, explained the milking-machine. I was much interested to see the development of the old place, and so interested that I did not observe for some time that George appeared bored and

said: "Don't scold him, Billy; it's all new to him, and he doesn't mean to be rude or impolite, do you, George?"

"Why, these Reubens back here in the high grass don't know what politeness is, Dad," he argued. "Fred don't know how to tie his neck-scarf. He told me himself he never had a dress suit in his life. What do you think of that? When he goes to a party, he wears what he calls his Sunday suit. And he's never been to the theatre except to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the 'Drummer Boy of Shiloh.' He thinks that's great. Wait till I get him, into town, and I'll teach him something."

After George had gone to his room, I could not sleep, but kept thinking over and over his words and his manner; and observing that my wife also was sleepless, I said:

"I'm worrying about George. If we do not change him some way, he is likely to develop into a cheap snob."

"Why, Billy, what do you mean?" exclaimed the wife, rousing in an instant to the defense of her only child.

"Just that," I answered. "I did not notice it until tonight. The things that brings it home to me is that when I first went to the city the one thing that angered me more than anything else was the arrogant assumption of every person I met that they were a superior class, just because I came from the country. George has that same assumption."

"I don't believe he is that way at all," protested my wife, blind in her devotion to the boy. "It is just because everything here is so new and different."

We talked until far into the night: I bitter because of the boy's words and manner, and she warm in his defense.