

**A collar for every man for every occasion**

For any function, for business, for outdoor life, whatever you are going to do, you will find a Challenge Collar that is just right—snappy and stylish in appearance.

**CHALLENGE**  
Brand  
WATERPROOF  
COLLARS & CUFFS

are never shiny—finish and texture are so perfect you cannot tell them from linen. They are made in the latest models and can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—cutting out laundry bills altogether.

Ask your dealer for Challenge Brand: collars 25c. and cuffs 50c. per pair. If he hasn't them, write us, stating size and style, and we will see that you get them at once. Send for our latest booklet, "Hints for Careful Dressers."

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by making the most of every piece of goods you buy. You can take the best of last season's gowns, dye them a fresh and pretty color with

## MAYPOLE SOAP

THE QUICK, CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

and make them over, in the latest styles, into dresses that will be just as handsome as when new.

Maypole Soap gives deep, rich colors, fadeless and free from streaks. No trouble to use—no muss—no stained hands or kettles. Cleans and dyes, at one operation, cotton, wool, silk or mixtures.

24 Colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c—black 15c—at your dealer's or postpaid with booklet, "How to Dye," from

**Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal**

**Be Sure of Your Separator Oil**

**STANDARD**

**Hand Separator Oil**

Standard Hand Separator Oil is the perfect lubricant for cream separators. Reduces friction and jarring to a minimum, so that greatest cream yield is insured.

Never gums, rusts or corrodes. Lengthens the life of the separator.

One gallon cans. All dealers.

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Main Office: WINNIPEG  
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Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take

**Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers**

They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.

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NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.



he carried a big stack of books under his arm, an' he set 'em down on a chair."

"Say," he said, "the possibilities of thet little piece of land is great. There's the ditch on one side fur irrigation, an' the land slopes down to the west, makin' a natural drainage fur the surface an' sub-surface water. The only thing that ails it," he said, "is the way it's run down an' grown to weeds, but I know how to fix thet," an' he talked kinda loud, "so I guess I will have a better crop than old Napper."

"Pete began by haulin' fifty loads of rotted manure, an' puttin' it on thet piece of land. Then he spread on half a ton of lime to sweeten the ground, an' atop of thet, he spread about two hundred pounds of what he called, "formula B," an' he said it was made of potash, phosphate, an' other stuff thet was to doctor the land, an' make them peas grow.

Then he disked it, an' cross disked it, an' plowed it five inches deep an' disked it, an' harrowed it again. When he had got it as smooth an' nice as a garden, he sowed his peas in rows. After thet, he fixed up a dam at the ditch, so he could irrigate them peas whenever it was needed.

Bein' as the patch was right next to my place, Pete would go over every evenin' an' tend to them peas. On Sundays he'd read in his books.

I could see thet we were goin' to have frost, an' I begin lookin' for Pete. I wanted to see how he'd fix it. I waited around, but no Pete an' I went to bed thet night felin' sorry fur the boy, an' wishin' thet the frost hadn't come. The only way I could see, was thet Pete would lose the crop, his time and money, not to say nothin' about Sally Napper.

Thet night old Napper, not takin' any chances, sneaked down to the patch of peas an' turned on the water. He figured thet the water would cool things off an' the frost would do the rest. Then he went an' covered his own patch with sacks.

The next mornin', Pete, havin' returned thet night, got up early, an' without half answerin' my question about the peas, struck across the field to old Napper's place.

When he reached the house Napper was eatin' breakfast.

"Hello, Mr. Napper," he said, bright an' cheery, "fine mornin'."

Napper grunted, but kept on eatin'.

"I thought I'd come over," said Pete, "an' tell you, me an' Sally is engaged."

The old man laid down his knife.

"What?" he bellowed, "you rascal!"

"My peas were better than yours," said Pete, "you know it, an' everybody says so. Last night we had a killin' frost. I was out with Sally the early part of the night an' might have lost



A Summer Resort on the G.T.P. Railway.

"Why don't you tile drain your land, practice crop rotation, an' keep more stock," he would say to me. But I never answered, an' kept on thinkin', I'd wait and see how his little patch would turn out, for I said anything.

Well, his peas grew fine. There warn't anybody in the country, had seen better peas.

In the later part of April the weather was a little dry, but Pete made little ditches through the rows, an' kept the ram a-spreadin' water on the plants. By the fifteenth of May, people said that old Cyrus Napper never raised sech peas, an' never could.

Up to the fifteenth of May we hadn't had no frost. Pete was on the lookout for it, an' on cold nights he used to tie two thermometers to a stick, an' put a wet rag about one of them. He said thet would tell him when the frost was comin'.

I asked what he would do if the frost did come, but he just smiled an' said he'd show me sometime.

It made old Cyrus Napper pretty mad when he saw thet Pete was gettin' the best of him. What hurt him worst was the way folks talked about it. He couldn't stand to have anybody beat him raisin' peas, especially Pete, an' as he had, thet time when he was mad, told Pete he could have Sally if he won, there was altogether too much at stake. He couldn't afford to take chances.

So one night, it was the seventeenth of May, an' cold an' clear with every sign of frost, he figured he'd beat Pete out by helpin' the frost along.

'em, but somebody was kind enough to turn the water on my patch. It was the only thing thet saved 'em. When I came over here this mornin', I looked at yours. They are dead."

### The Difference

George Ade, at a dinner in New York, urged a subtler use of words. "Use words with delicate care," he said. "Observe all subtle distinctions. Never write 'vision,' for instance, when 'sight' is what you mea."

"There is no difference between 'sight' and 'vision,'" interrupted an editor.

"No," said Mr. Ade. "And yet, Billy when you and I passed each other on Broadway yester'y, the girl I was with was a vision, while the one with you was a sight."—Life.

### The Lid On

Mrs. Starr returned from her first visit to the city. At the weekly club meeting one of the women asked her: "What do you think of the metropolis?"

Mrs. Starr hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I didn't see it; it wasn't open while I was there."

### The Rule Applied

Magnate (given to advice)—"My boy, it is the little things that tell."

Young business man (savagely)—"I know it! She's got a little brother."