

EASY TO SEAL



RUBBER SEALER

Fruit is not perfectly preserved unless sealed in Schram Automatic Sealer

The "Schram" is the next best thing to an imperishable fruit jar. It's as clear as crystal and as durable as plate glass because all green glass is rejected when it comes to manufacturing Schram Automatic Fruit Jars. The "Schram" has a wide, smooth, polished mouth. It admits whole fruit easily. You could not cut your hand on it if you tried.

The "Schram" is easily sealed. Simply place your jars on a level surface, press the automatic sealer gently down—thus forcing the air through two small vent holes. When the cap is pressed home these holes are automatically sealed—your fruit is hermetically sealed. This exclusive feature prevents decomposition—your fruit or vegetables cannot spoil. You can put "Schram" jars away for months or years, and be quite certain that they will not sour or ferment because no air can enter a sealed Schram jar.

Schram

AUTOMATIC SEALER

50,000,000 in Use

The "Schram" is as easily opened as sealed. Insert the back of an ordinary table knife under the edge of the sealer—pass all around and the cap is off. No wrist-spraining, waiting-for-hubby, old-style, stick-fast, screw top, but a simple scientific arrangement that every housewife will appreciate.

The "Schram" Fruit Jar is the best and cheapest on the market—the best because the most durable—the cheapest because there are no extra rubbers to buy as with other jars.

You'll buy "Schram" Automatic Fruit Jars ultimately. Why not now? **A Dainty Receipt Book Free.** Ask your grocer to show you the "Schram." Send us his name if he doesn't carry them and we'll mail you a pretty little book of seasonable preserving receipts absolutely free.

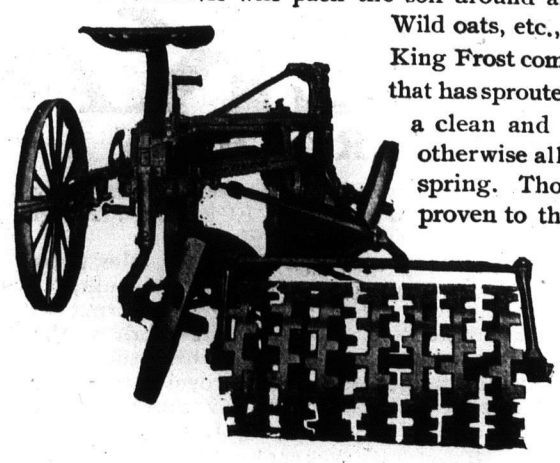
The Schram Automatic Sealer Co.
Makers of the Only Perfect Automatic Fruit Jar
of Canada, Ltd.
1799
Waterloo • • Canada

EASY TO OPEN



CLEAN YOUR LAND THIS FALL

Attach a HAMILTON PULVERIZER to your plow when fall plowing. The PULVERIZER will pack the soil around all seed in the ground. Wild oats, etc., will germinate. Then King Frost comes and kills everything that has sprouted. Your land is left in a clean and productive condition, otherwise all seeds lie dormant till spring. Thousands of farmers have proven to themselves and to their friends that our PULVERIZER will clean the land. If no local dealer, write direct



THE HAMILTON PULVERIZER CO., LTD.
346-352 Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg.

The woodmen liked him well. His was always the ready hand and the warm, quick heart of sympathy. When little Joli Peticourt was lost in the deep woods it was Gaspard that led the weary, aimless hunt for him through trackless miles on miles of forest. It was Gaspard that found him too, finally, pinned beneath a fallen tree, half-starved, more than half-frozen. It was Gaspard that tried to nurse him back to life, sitting up with him all the night, patient as Joan herself, la belle ange de Jean, "Jean's beautiful angel," the little wife of Jean Kibaut. And it was Gaspard that sang over the snowy grave of little Joli Peticourt. At that hour, men say, who know, was the beginning of Pere Gaspard, the missionary of the Great White North. But the tale halts.

On the morning of this Christmas day Gaspard and Rene Jollisson had been picked by lot to see to the sharpening of the axes. It was a holiday job. They divided the work and took it by spells. One time Gaspard held the axe and Rene turned the stone. Then Rene held the axe and Gaspard turned the stone. Meantime I sat on a log near by and communed with old Pierre, who was engaged in the other holiday labor of pulling an oily rag up and down through the barrel of his shotgun, an ancient weapon but well beloved.

I saw a little trinket fall from the breast of Gaspard as he turned the stone. He had grown hot, and had unbuttoned the throat of his blue flannel shirt. The trinket had worked its way out. It had swung back and forth as he swayed with the turning of the wheel. I could see that it looked like a locket and that it appeared to be golden. Pierre saw it, too, as it fell. He peered hard at it. Then he got up and went over to Gaspard. "You will catch this chain on the wheel, maybe, and break it perhaps, Gaspard. Better put it back. It is a pretty charm."

He had caught the locket as it swung, and held it in his hand as he spoke. Gaspard took the charm and put it back, buttoning his shirt over gun.

"A charm, I suppose, or a token—a locket, wasn't it?" I queried, idly. "Non—non—I shall sometime, maybe, tell you!" said Pierre, shortly.

At that I was doubly surprised, first at the fact that he spoke only about six words, for he generally talked an hour in answering one question; and second at the fact that he spoke with a very decided French accent, for generally his English was beyond the most carping of criticism. I looked at him, but he seemed absorbed in his gun. I wandered away to Jean and Joan, who were getting ready for a tramp after wild turkeys.

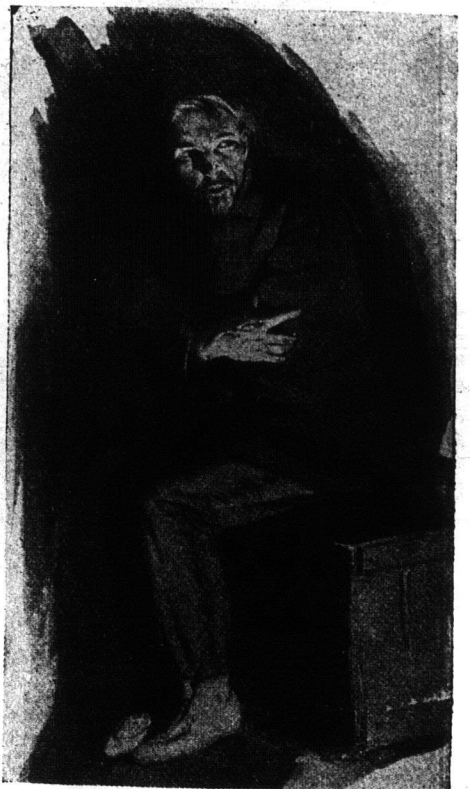
It was late that night that Pierre told the story that I am going to try to tell in his own words. It was after the late Christmas dinner, when all the men gathered around the pine log fire on the hearth, smoking their short black pipes, telling their tales. It is just at that hour that one comes near the heart of things that really are.

Pierre was a famous raconteur, even in that wide, wild and poetic land. He was never known to boast or lie. Men listened to his stories, went away and told them to their comrades in another camp as gospel—the gospel of the Great White North as told by Pierre Laussan. His range of time ran back into the years when North Ontario was a wilderness and South Ontario a newly opened farmland. He had traversed Labrador, being, it is said, the first white man that ever saw with his own eyes the White Veil Falls. With Massan, the nephew on the great Tecumseh, he had tried all fortunes of the woods and plains. As I have said, he spoke the English tongue perfectly, though I was to discover that in the interest of his tale he would lapse into quaint idiom of the French, and picturesque extravagant phrase of the Indian.

"It was in the winter of '60," he began, "that we of the fur brigade heard a tale that filled our hearts with

sadness. In those days I was of the H. B. C., trading for pelts away up into Keewatin, beyond the rivers that run into the Hudson's Bay. Late in the fall I and Massan come down by Montreal, bringing a message of Alec Hamilton, him that was the factor at Moose Fort, to the governor at Montreal. When we came into Montreal we heard this talk. Pere Ramon, they said, was lost in Labrador. Now, not a man of all but loved Pere Ramon. Out on the long trail with us, down in the huts on the shores with our women, comforting them in their trouble—and that God knows, was often; nursing our babes when the spotted sickness swept them away in the summer time—he lived with our hearts—he was part of us. So when the governor told us that Pere Ramon was lost we grieved, Massan and me, and were bitter maybe, thinking God is not just. Pere Ramon had gone into the north in the summer, hearing the scattered Algonquins crying aloud in their sickness—for it came upon the North that summer—and he had promised he would return by November. Now it was late in December. The iron cliffs of the Laurentides they crack in the great frost, and the falls of the rivers they freeze up and stand like a white hill all winter.

"Then that Massan, the Indian, he came to me, mourning like a dog that



"Pierre shivered; his audience shivered with him."

loses his master. That Massan—ah, Massan he knew how it was to love and to lose. He loved Pere Ramon. You know how Massan was, you men, Sandy, Jean, Louis—you know how he could love a man. Joan here, she know how Massan loved her father, Devil Murphy, and how, at the last, he gave away his life for him. It was just so he loved Pere Ramon.

"Pierre," he say, 'Pere Ramon he is los' in Labrador, in the white lan's. I go an' fin' heem. You go with me an' maybe we fin' heem, maybe no. The governor he maybe let us go, maybe no. Alec he will not be anger if we come not back, for he will say—he love Pere Ramon, too, an' he's heart it be sore when he hear. I can res' here not at all. Pere Ramon he out there—out there!'

"Massan he sweep his arm around the great big world. Out there," he says. Then he go away so I cannot see how he grieve for Pere Ramon. So, after a while, we go to the governor, me and Massan, and we tell him we are going out into Labrador for look for Pere Ramon.

"But you are crazy, you two," say the governor, blinking his eyes. "No man can live up there in the winter—you know that, Pierre. You would just throw yourselves away. I can't