

## Into a Crockery Teapot Put a teaspoonful of the genuine

# "SALADA"

for every TWO cups. Pour on freshly BOILING water and let it stand for five minutes. THE RESULT will be the most perfect flavoured tea you ever tasted.

## The Rattletrap Gun

By SAMUEL A. DERIEUX.

III.  
She darted out on the back porch, across the sandy yard, white as if snow had fallen, along the lot fence, into the shadow of the barn. She looked across the fields between her and the woods, white with a weird secret brilliance.

Once out of the shadow of the barn, the moon shone on her, with bald brightness, revealing her flight. The cotton was up to her waist, and the open bolts scraped her free hand like fuzzy worms. She hugged the gun to her body; it stood no more ready to her father's hand. As for the rattletrap gun, probably he wouldn't see that. It lay in the shade, and her father didn't see very plain when he was as he was tonight.

She ran into the shadow cast by the pines, then stopped and looked back toward the house. She could see the end of the front porch. Along the straight edge where it joined the house she made out a protuberance. Her father had risen and was standing there against the wall.

She started to scream, but that would bring Ben running. She could only wait patient here. A stick cracked in the woods and her father jumped off the porch. She could see his burly body above the high cotton, his white shirt, his hair in the moonlight, white like an old man's hair. He broke into a crouching run toward the match that had struck and the stick that had cracked. He looked like a white ape, bent forward, running.

It would not stop him to scream. He would understand, he would rush on at Ben. She pointed the gun at the moon, shut her eyes, and pulled convulsively. Both barrels went off. In her excitement she had pulled both triggers. The kick staggered her, the echoes rolled from the amphitheatres of woods like an army firing. When she opened her eyes her father had stopped. He could not see her in the shadow of the woods. He turned and ran toward the house. She heard him stomp up on the porch, down the hall, into his room; she heard his muffled, maddened voice calling her up-stairs. She looked at the gun in her hand and smiled.

Somebody was running along the edge of the woods toward her. She could see him brushing through the cotton, see his white shirt, then his white face, then hear him panting. He caught her hard by both shoulders, his eyes burning down into hers.

"Ben?" she whispered.  
"Are you all right, Tess?"  
She nodded and smiled.

He straightened up with a profound breath, brushed his hat off his head, ran his hand over his hair.  
"I thought you had shot yourself!"  
"I stole the gun," she said.  
He was looking toward the house, his head and shoulders rising above the shadow into the moonlight. He seemed to swallow something hard down his throat.

"Here," he said quickly. "Give me the gun." He unbreached it. "It's dead," he gasped, and drew out the empty shells. "Stand aside, Tess—there, toward the woods."  
She backed away, her eyes on his face.

"Here, Ben?"  
"Yes."  
He stepped boldly out into the moonlight. He was looking toward the barn, as if he were trying hard to see something.

"It'll be all right, Tess," he said. "Sure it'll be all right. Just don't move."  
His gun flashed an arc through the air as he waved it toward the barn.

"Stop, Bill Simpson! Stop, man!"  
Out of the shadow of the barn her father had burst and was hurrying toward them, as she had seen him hurry toward cotton pickers when they were looting. There was something in his hands, thrust forward at the hip. The moonlight flashed on it—the rattletrap gun she had put in his room.

She smothered the cry that came to her lips; she fought down the momentary dizziness in which the silvery field of cotton swam round and blurred. Just a wistful glance at Ben standing there bareheaded, terribly tense, terribly watchful; just a longing in her soul that he might go back to his yellow express papers, to his

cottage that he wanted to paint white—and the girl had darted out of the shadow ahead of him and was running toward her father.

"Get out of the way!" he yelled. "You fool!"  
He went on filling the night with his yells. He raised the gun, she was in front of it, and he lowered it with a choking oath. For all his bulk, he jumped aside like an athlete and raised it again.

She sprang suddenly forward and caught the barrel with both hands. Clinging to it, she was jerked powerfully back through the cotton. He was twisting and turning the barrel viciously through her hands, his face horrible with his effort. The muzzle was pressed against her body below her breast.

"I ain't goin' to turn loose!" she panted. "Never—never!"  
She closed her eyes—she heard steps running up behind her. Again she was jerked back; again the barrel twisted this way and that. Then he had stopped still, and she opened her eyes. He stood panting above her, his protruding eyes on her hands clenching the barrel, on the muzzle pressed into her breast.

"Hit's the rattletrap!" he gasped. He choked and swallowed.  
"Hit'll go off!" he roared. "Hit'll shoot you!"

"I don't care, Pa."  
He was shaking all over; his soaked shirt was clinging to his arms and shoulders.

"Look, gal—into yo' pa's face! You remember—the ol' gun! Won't you turn loose? Turn loose for your pa like a good gal?"

He was looking above her now helplessly.  
"Hit's a old gun, Ben," he was panting. "Hit's cocked. I'm all shakin'—I'm afeard to let the hammers down. They're wore out. Ben, you want to see her blowed all to hell? Don't touch her, man!" he screamed. "She might jerk! Here, gal—see? I turn loose. Easy, gal, easy! Throw it away from you. Thataway! God A'mighty!"

The stock had come heavily to the ground. With a convulsive shudder she threw the muzzle away from her. A moment it pointed uncertainly at the sky, and Ben sprang forward. Just in front of his grasping hand it tottered and fell; a flame shot along the cotton rows, the cotton moved down tumbling in after its passage; the roar shook the ground under them.

Off there her father stood, chest heaving, face flabby with sobered horror.

"Ben," he choked, "I might-a killed my little gal. Ben—I ain't a soak no more."

He turned and stumbled toward the cotton toward the house, wiping his face on his shirt sleeve.

"Pa!" cried the girl, and started to run after him.

But Ben caught her by the shoulders and turned her round, his face stern, his eyes blazing.

"Not yet," he said. "Let him study about it. It won't do him any harm!"  
They stood side by side, looking in the direction of the house. When at last Ben spoke the anger had gone out of his voice, the terrible look out of his eyes.

"We'll go now, Tess."  
They did not find him on the porch; there was his empty chair, and beside it on the floor his pipe and his shoes. Alone the girl went softly down the hall to his room door and looked in. When she came back to the porch where Ben waited, her eyes were swimming.

"Ben," she whispered, "he's sittin' by the window in the moonlight—an Ben—he's cryin'!"

Then she too began to cry softly. But out in the border of the woods, where a match had been struck, a mocking bird, perched lightly on the topmost twig of the loftiest pine, was filling the brilliant night with song.

(The End.)

An Embryo Politician.  
"Mother," said little Ray in an aggrieved tone, "you have no constitutional right to send me to bed without my supper."

"What do you mean, Raymond?"  
"You are exercising rule without the consent of the governed."



### Woman's Interests

Sonny's Bath.  
"Come in!" cheerfully called out the young neighbor, in answer to the old-fashioned mother's knock. "You're just in time to see Sonny have his bath."

"Perhaps I better not," the caller answered, at the same time closing the door behind her; "won't he make an awful fuss?"

"Not Sonny," the little mother replied. "He just loves his bath. Why, it's our frolic-time. Eh, little man?"  
In answer the baby waved his chubby arms, kicked, smiled, and emitted a series of sweet, cooing sounds.

The visitor was astounded.  
"He'll cry before you are through with him, I bet. You're the first mother I ever heard of who spoke of a baby's bath as frolic-time! My babies always screamed from the moment I took them up to bathe until they had finished. It was my day's hardest task, and I was always thankful when it was over."

"I don't think he'll cry," was the mother's only answer. "See how good he is while I wash his eyes, nose and mouth."

The older woman watched in amazement. While they were talking, the young mother had put a teaspoonful of boric acid into a cupful of warm water. Now she pulled tiny bits from a roll of absorbent cotton. One of these she dipped in the water, and carefully squeezed a single drop from it into each eye, quickly wiping the eye with a dry bit of the cotton. The baby gurgled and laughed. Keeping the baby's attention all the time, with deft fingers she squeezed a bit of white vaseline on two more swabs of cotton, twisted them firmly, then carefully cleansed each nostril, using a separate "twist" for each. Again he laughed.

It took but a moment to wash the rosy-bud mouth. Baby's mother wound a piece of the cotton around the end of her little finger, dipped it in the boric acid solution, and while baby bit at her soft finger, washed tongue, gums and lining of the mouth.

"Well, I never!" the caller said. "I never went through all that for my babies. It's lots of work, isn't it?"  
"Yes, it does take extra time, but it's worth it. Baby has never had sore eyes or mouth, and his little nose is so clear—he can always breathe through it."

"I wish I'd known that when I had babies to take care of. They always had sore mouths, and sometimes red, inflamed eyes. But we thought that was as common with the babies as cutting teeth. As for the nose, when I saw it was dirty, I cleaned it with a small hairpin. The youngsters always fought against it. I suppose it did hurt." The young mother shuddered at the very thought. "Ah, now, he'll cry!" the caller exclaimed, "when he gets the soap in his eyes!" But no soap was used on his face. It was carefully washed with clear water and patted dry.

Until then the baby had been fully dressed. Now his mother removed his clothes—kimono, flannel, petticoat, shirt, binder and diapers. "I always take off his nightgown, which is apt to be damp, the first thing in the morning, and put on a warm flannel kimono. He is never fully dressed until after his bath—always at half-past nine."

The old-fashioned mother thought of her babies, who had lain and fussed in their nightclothes until she was ready to bathe them. Perhaps, she wondered, that may have been one reason why they were so cross during the bath. She wondered, too, if she had ever been as quick with her fingers as this little mother, herself scarcely more than a girl. Every movement counted with her kinsfolk. She took a wet cloth with castle soap, she washed first the back and then the front of the baby, and while the caller stared with wide-open eyes, lifted him gently into a tub of water. With the fingers of the left hand spread to support the tiny head and shoulders, she rapidly rinsed off all the soap with a wet sponge, and in the twinkling of an eye had the baby again in her lap, face downward in the large soft towel she had pinned to her left side, and almost enveloped by the free end of the towel which the mother had thrown over her wet body.

The visitor gasped. It had all been done so quickly, yet so thoroughly, without a murmur of dissent. Instead peeping out turtle-fashion from the towel were two bright eyes, gazing at the visitor's red shawl, while their owner contentedly sucked a moist pink arm. A gentle patting with the bath towel, a careful drying of all the creases, a brisk rubbing of the scalp, and then a slight dusting of powder in chafable spots—and Sonny was ready to be dressed.

Once more the older woman exclaimed, "Here's where he'll cry!" But

again she was wrong. There seemed to be no bawling, hard-to-put-on clothes. Instead of the tight belly-band which she had always dreaded to sew on, this mother slipped over the youngster's feet a knit band with shoulder straps. The shirt was double-breasted and fastened with one small safety-pin. The petticoats were slipped into the simple little dress, and as one garment were drawn over the feet, Baby was turned face downward, and the three garments were buttoned without further disturbance.

He actually enjoyed it.  
When at last the little mother brushed back his silky down of hair, and, after wiping her nipple with a piece of cotton saturated with the boric acid solution, placed him at her breast, she turned to the visitor with a happy smile. "Do you wonder I enjoy this hour?" she asked. "Sonny is always like this at bath-time. He is never tired or hungry at half-past nine; I have everything ready so I don't have to make him wait, half-dressed, while I find some necessary thing; the water is always the same temperature—98 deg.—so he receives no shock when I place him in the tub; and most of all, he feels how much I enjoy it, and so has confidence in me. Now he'll nurse and go to sleep."

"It's well-nigh wonderful," the old-fashioned mother replied. "I'd never have believed it could be done if I hadn't seen you do it. Bathed a baby—put it in a tub of water—even—oh, I laughed and cooed and kicked its legs and waved its arms in glee all the time!"

The caller glanced at the clock. Quarter of ten! Still more wonderful! She had only been in the house fifteen minutes.

Gardening in Winter.  
Just as soon as the spring seed catalogues begin to appear, we think about our garden for the following summer, so it is lots of interest to begin planning early.

In making the planting plans there are three things to be kept in mind. First, when each plant blooms; second, what the color of the blossoms is; third, how tall the plants grow.

Careful consideration of the first matter will enable you to avoid bare spots and make possible a desirable amount of bloom throughout the garden during the whole season.

It is important to study color in order to avoid bringing inharmonious shades too close together.

The importance of the height of the bloom is obvious. Small plants in front, taller ones in the background. The tallest should be used as a background for the lower ones, and the lowest should be placed in front.

Though each of the three subjects admits of extended study, the first is of the greatest importance to the amateur gardener. Unless due consideration is given to continuity of bloom, it may happen, in fact, it is more likely to happen than when one side of the garden is in its glory the bloom is obvious. Small plants in front, taller ones in the background. The tallest should be used as a background for the lower ones, and the lowest should be placed in front.

Have printed cards, and have a card for each plant. On one side record the common and the scientific name, and whether the plant is perennial, a biennial, or an annual. Also leave space for the botanical classification of the flowers for telling what color it is, how tall it grows and when it blooms.

Next record whether it prefers sun or shade and where it came from. This last item is of particular interest when the plant has come from some friend or from a special garden. When the seed should be planted or the plant set out may also be of much interest. Also a liberal space should be provided about that side of the card for notes about the plant; what particular care it needs, what its enemies are and how and when to combat them.

On the reverse side of the card should be printed a small diagram of the garden plot, showing the beds, walks, and so forth; on the diagram the exact location of the plant or variety of plants recorded on the face of the card may be indicated by little dresses or dots.

Let the cards be arranged according to the months when the plants flower. Under June we find all the plants that blossom in June. If the blossoming continues into or through July, a duplicate card should be filed under July. By that plan you can see at a glance what flowers blossom in any particular month, and by referring to the chart on the other side of the card you can learn what color the plant is, how high it grows and where it should be planted.

By studying the bloom of the preceding end of the following month you can plan a full garden for the entire season. You can work out beautiful compositions, either in harmony or contrast of color, and the garden will become almost a reality, even while winter winds whistle down the chimney and snow drifts over the garden plot.

Old paintings which have been "faked" are now tested by X-rays.

### Lights of Home.

The lights of home, the lights of home, That glimmer through the orchard trees, Of all the lights of all the world There are no other lights like these.

The sparkling lights of city streets, How they bewitch, enchant, enthrall, Yet, measured for their true worth, What very shallow lights withal!

The sunlight dancing on the waves, The moonbeams' mellow, mystic light, The beacon light upon the shore, The camp fire glowing in the night.

I love them all, and yet to me There is a fairer light than these; It is the golden, welcoming stream That glimmers through the orchard trees.

For everything I hold most dear Is there behind that streaming light; Home and the folks you love the best, This is the greeting through the night.

The lights of home, dear lights of home, That glimmer through the orchard trees, Of all the lights of all the world, There are no other lights like these.

The Will and the Way.  
There's something I'll have you remember, boys,  
To help in the battle of life:  
I'll give you strength in the time of need,  
And help in the hour of strife;  
Whenever there's something that should be done,  
Don't be faint-hearted and say,  
"What's the use to try?" Remember, then,  
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those that win;  
But though at first they fail,  
They try again, and the earnest heart Is sure at last to prevail.  
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,  
You can win the heights, I say,  
If you make up your mind to reach the top;  
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those  
Who never could bear defeat.  
Their failures only made them strong  
For the work they had to meet.  
The will to do and the will to dare  
Is what we want today;  
What has been done can be done again,  
For where there's a will there's a way.

Colored Eggs for Safety.  
Nature equips all living things with protection of some kind against their enemies.

The larger animals are able, by reason of their strength, to give a good account of themselves in combat. Birds and many of the smaller animals depend upon the rapidity of their movements. But there is another effective means of self-protection known as "protective coloration."

Snakes and many varieties of fish form an excellent illustration. Their scales are so colored that they blend with the surrounding rocks or the shadows of the water, making them almost invisible to the eye. In fact, it is only when one of these protectively-colored animals moves that its presence is apparent.

The same principle is responsible for the different colors of birds' eggs. The mother bird is unable to fight aggressively, so she has to seek refuge in flight. During the time she is away from the nest, either seeking safety from her enemies or looking for food, the eggs must be protected in some manner. It is for this reason that they are colored to blend with the surroundings in which they are laid—the sand or among pebbles, others buff-colored or green to match the material of the nest.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.  
The influence of the moon upon weather has recently been denied by scientists.

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Shamming Death for Years.  
Remarkable stories are told about the fasting powers of the fakirs of India.

These strange men have a peculiar faculty for throwing themselves into a trance, suspending all the activities of life, and remaining for many weeks not only without food but also without water and with a very scanty supply of air.

They begin their performance by taking a dose of bluing, a powerful stupefying drug. Then they are lowered into a tomb, where they remain in a profound trance for from six to eight weeks. When resurrected they are wan, haggard, weak, and wasted.

A German physician gives an account of a fakir who was buried in a vault for such a long time that grain sown above it sprouted into leaf before he was released.

One fakir was buried in a deep grave for six weeks. When exhumed he had the appearance of a dead man, his heart had apparently ceased to beat, but under treatment the man recovered.

Another of these abnormal men was known to have been buried in a grave in the mountains for four months; after which he recovered and lived for many years.

No explanation of his extraordinary power is forthcoming. Investigations prove that the pulse cannot be felt and there is no evidence that the heart continues to beat. The performer of the apparent miracle does not appear to breathe, and makes no movement whatever.

The power resembles that of hibernating animals. A marmot can live six months without food or water, and the story is told of a wonderful Egyptian snail which was brought from Egypt apparently dead in 1845, and placed in the British Museum. Five years later a growth was noticed on its mouth, and on being taken from the can to which it was gummed and placed in water it soon became active and ate cabbage leaves.

A Versatile Animal.  
"For sale," read the advertisement in the local paper, "a cow that gives ten quarts of milk a day besides two grindstones, a lot of farm tools and a set of harness."

Women! Use "Diamond Dyes."  
Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-lock." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Drugists has Color Card.

Obedient Orders.  
"Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith, Tommy?" asked the manager of the new office-boy.

"No, sir," replied Tommy. "He was out, and his office was locked up."  
"Why didn't you wait for him as I told you to do?"

"There was a notice on the door, sir, saying, 'Return immediately,' so I came back here as quickly as I could, sir."

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## PLANT UNION! JACK ON ROOF OF WORLD

CAN THE SECRETS OF EVEREST BE SOLVED?

British Expedition to Attempt to Scale Peak Rising 51-2 Miles Above Sea Level.

Will the Union Jack be planted on the roof of the world—the summit of Mount Everest, which rises 29,140 ft. (8,970 and a half miles) above sea-level?

Mountaineers and explorers have long dreamt of achieving this triumph. The North and South Poles have been conquered by man, but the highest peak in the world has defied him. No white man, in fact, has ever been within forty or fifty miles of its base.

The Tibetans have jealously guarded the sentinel of the Himalayas. They have refused to permit strangers to explore its wonders and vastnesses. Political obstacles have now been removed, however, and an attempt is to be made to scale its mysterious heights by members of the Alpine Club and the Royal Geographical Society.

Unknown Perils.  
The most optimistic are doubtful of success, for the perils of the venture are enormous. Terrific winds and blinding snow-storms will have to be encountered. The cold will be from 30 to 40 degrees below zero, while the risk of being buried in an avalanche will be ever present.

Then there is an unknown peril. Will the explorers, as they ascend the mountain, be able to endure the rarefied atmosphere? The air over one square mile of the earth's surface at sea-level weighs 28,000,000 tons. On the top of Mount Everest it would weigh barely 8,000,000 tons. That means that there would be a lack of oxygen—which would seriously affect the health and stamina of the climbers.

They may be attacked by "mountain sickness." Their limbs will feel as heavy as lead as they go higher and higher. Their hearts will beat painfully, while their lungs will gasp for more and more of the light air so lacking in oxygen. It will be almost impossible to climb at a rate of more than two or three steps a minute. For this reason only men possessing the strongest constitutions can attempt the climb.

The greatest danger lies in climbing the last 10,000 ft. This, in the opinion of experts, must be accomplished at the rate of 500 ft. an hour. Otherwise the summit will never be reached owing to the weakening effect of the atmosphere on the climbers.

Much will depend upon the planning of the expedition. A year must be spent in preliminary work—exploring the unknown country around the base of the mountain, studying the climate and deciding on the best passes.

A small army of natives will be employed as guides and carriers, and as the climbers push upward, a chain of camps will be established.

British All Through.  
Parties will be left behind at each camp with food and supplies for the return journey of those who continue to the top. It is unlikely that more than two or three of the party will make the final dash.

Aeroplane may be employed for dropping stores at the higher altitudes, and also for reconnaissance, and if it is possible for the machines to land safely and rise again on the dizzy heights, the work of the climbers will be simplified.

Of the men who will take a leading part in the expedition the most prominent may be Brigadier-General Bruce, who is known throughout India as the strongest man in the Army. A great mountaineer and sportsman, his feats of strength and endurance have given rise to many stories. He has an unequalled knowledge of the Himalayas. "The cost of the expedition," he says, "will run into many thousands of pounds but it will be B.A.T." (British all through!)

One of the greatest difficulties, according to General Bruce, will be the training of Tibetan porters to do what has never yet been accomplished by human beings—the carrying of loads to camps at least 26,000 ft. above sea-level. The natives hate climbing and loathe the ice.

Raised from the Dead.  
Extraordinary cases of resuscitation to life after the heart had stopped beating, and the patients were to all intents and purposes dead, are recorded in the British Medical Journal by Dr. Cranstan Walker.

In one case a child of eleven months collapsed under an operation. Massage of the heart proved unavailing, and the body cooled. Dr. Walker then tried adrenalin, an extract obtained from the kidney glands of animals. This was injected into the muscles of the heart, which immediately began to beat again after it had been "dead" for at least four minutes, and the child recovered.

The second case was that of a woman of thirty, who dropped apparently dead. The heart ceased to beat, the jaw set, and the eyes indicated that death had occurred. Adrenalin was injected, and a few minutes later," says Dr. Walker, "she was sitting up and talking."

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