

**"CUMMER-DOWSWELL IS FRIENDS OF MINE"—Aunt Salina**

Wash day has no terrors for the household that owns a Cummer-Dowsell washing machine. It means washing WITH THE HARD WORK LEFT OUT. It will extract every particle of dirt from fabrics of every material and weave without the use of acids and without injury. Made for hand and motor power.

The Monitor Rotary Clothes Dryer is strong and simple. It can be put up or removed in two minutes, leaving the lawn clear when it is not in use. AT ALL BEST DEALERS.

"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is a book full of secrets and hints on washing woollens, laces, nets, muslins, linens, prints, gingham, etc., without injuring the fabric. FREE for a postal.

NO HELP WANTED



**CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited**  
HAMILTON - ONT.

IN a personal letter to the Principal, one of our ex-students in the country says, "I certainly never regret that I took a course in your Business College. It is the best that any young man can do. Now I am Secretary-Treasurer of the Town Council, the Agricultural Society and Board of Trade as well as a number of other private business bodies."

It is our experience that the boy who takes a business course as part of his training is generally the one who forges to the front. Write for our catalogue and enclose this ad.

W.H.

**Central Business College**

WM. HAWKINS, PRINCIPAL WINNIPEG

## BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade



Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

## You Need This Book



AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

Send 75c. for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.



The female on nest guardian male beside—a typical position.

the tide rip riven waters like some great marine centrepied—but they did not extinguish their breakfast fire and for three days it raged until all the beach thrashed timbers were destroyed. I know they do this on purpose at times, as many of these rocky islands contain, in the earth filled levels between the ridges, great crops of garlic, the dearly loved wild onion of these coast tribes. Fire cultivates it and at the same time heat destroys the eggs and flames scorch the poor helpless young of the wildfowl.

Men, native to the scene, tell us that if the first clutch is taken the second eggs will be laid ten days later and then two will be a set, if these in turn are robbed another two weeks will elapse and only one egg will then be laid—thus bringing out the young so late that they may freeze, as did many on this island last year. These men had noted this. I have not disproved it, although I have found nests; ones that had been robbed, containing two eggs, and also three eggs, for the second set. All the birds leave their nests during the bright days and let the sun do all the hatching for them. On rainy days the birds sit tight. Often I have touched eggs in many nests, on cool days, and found them positively stone cold, just the temperature of the stones about them. We usually find one bird at or near the nest every day, often after the poor bird has been despoiled of her eggs.

One bright morning, whilst we were

picturing on the north end of the Mittenatch, a canoe load of Indians approached the southern and unseen. Within ten minutes, just the time it took us to rush there; as the gulls, by their incessant alarm calls of "Police! police!"—it sounds like nothing else—had given us warning, these six men and women and boys had completely robbed the small southern spur, detached at high tide. Every gull's egg, fresh, five days gone, ten days gone, now reposed in their moss-divided baskets. I tried to explain to these natives that they could not eat their cake and have it; they left smiling broadly. But we have plans laid that we hope will protect the poor birds next year. Down we sat, Fritz to see if the pirates actually left, I to note the actions of the despoiled birds. They sat mute and motionless. I had expected to hear harsh cries and see much flapping and circling. No, they seemed to be dumfounded by this second complete robbery. All that afternoon we never heard more than a low "quroo, quroo, quroo," a plaintive murmur that seemed to run through the mass.

A full thirty days have elapsed, by careful watching and guarding; and breeding of a crop of future enemies, we have succeeded in bringing out in our huge hatchery some of the most ungainly youngsters we have ever seen, they "peet" to us from high set ledges, they cry to us from behind great element slid boulders. We set cameras



A Shammon egg robber.