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It wears longer

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.
Dr. Eady, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a morning trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering a sermon at the home of Mr. Duncan he is offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He becomes a reporter on The Call. One Sunday he told Edith the story of his life and his compact with Irene. Conward drops in with talk about "industrial development" and fires David's imagination.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)
His nights were busy with his investigations, but on Sundays, as usual, he went out to Dunceans. He had developed the habit of attending morning service; he loved the music, and it was customary for Edith to sing a morning solo. Her voice, which had enraptured him when they first met, had developed wonderfully. It filled the morning air like the clear ringing of silver bells. For its sake he gladly endured the sermons, and even in the sermon he sometimes found common ground with the preacher. They could meet on any faith that postulated the brotherhood of man. But the reverend speaker touched such a subject warily. He seemed to Dave he would gladly have gone further, but was held in restraint by a sense of the orthodoxy of his congregation. Too literal an interpretation of the brotherhood of man might carry the taint of Socialism, and the congregation represented the wealth of the city. It was safer to preach learnedly on abstractions of belief.
This morning Edith had not been in her place, and the service was flat. In the afternoon she was not at her

home. Mrs. Duncan explained that Edith had gone to visit a girl friend in the country; would be away for some time. Dave felt a foolish annoyance that she should have left town. She might at least have called him up. Why should she call him up? Of course not. Still, the town was very empty. He drove with Mrs. Duncan in the afternoon, and at night took a long walk by the river. He had a vague but oppressive sense of loneliness. He had not realized what part of his life these Sunday afternoons with Edith had come to be. He had no man friends; his nature held him apart from his own sex. And yet he had a strange capacity for making friends quickly, if he tried. But he didn't try. He didn't feel the need. But he felt lost without Edith.

A few days later Conward strolled in, with the inevitable cigarette. He smoked in silence until Dave commented, when the article was finished. "Mighty good stuff."
"Your tip put me on to a good lead all right," Dave acknowledged. "And now The Times is chasing me hard. They had a story this morning that the railway is buying a right-of-way up the river."

"Remember what I told you the other day? Stories start from nowhere. It's just like putting a match to tinder. Now we're off."
Conward smoked a few minutes in silence, but Dave could not fail to see the excitement under his calm exterior. He had, as he said, decided to "sit in" in the biggest game ever played. The intoxication of sudden wealth had already fired his blood. He slipped a bill to Dave. "For your services in that little transaction," he explained.
Edith held the bill in his fingers, gingerly, as though it might carry infection, as in very truth it did. He realized that he stood at a turning-point—that everything the future held for him might rest on his present decision. There remained in him not a little of the fine, stern honor of the ranchman of the open range; an honor conscious, sometimes terrible, in its interpretation of right and wrong, but a fine, stern honor none the less. And he instinctively felt that to accept this money would compromise him for ever more. And yet—others did it. He had no doubt of that. Conward

would laugh at such scruples. And Conward had more friends than he had. Everybody liked Conward. It seemed to Dave that he, only, distrusted him. But that, also, as Dave said to himself, lay in the point of view. He granted that he had no more right to impose his standard of morals upon Conward than the preacher had to impose an arbitrary belief upon him. And as he turned the bill in his fingers he noticed that it was for one hundred dollars. He had thought it was ten. "I can't take that much," he exclaimed. "It isn't fair."
"Fair enough," said Conward, well pleased that Dave should be impressed by his generosity. "Fair enough," he repeated. "It's just ten per cent. of my profit."

"You mean you made a thousand dollars on that deal?"
"Exactly that. And that will look like a peanut to what we are going to make later on."
"We?"
"Yes. You and me. We're going into partnership."

"But I've nothing to invest. I've only a very little saved up."
"Invest that hundred."
Dave looked at Conward sharply. Was he trifling? No; his eyes were frank and serious.
"You mean it?"
"Of course. Now, I'll put you on to something, and it's the biggest thing that has been pulled off yet. There's a section of land lying right against the city limits that is owned by a fellow over in England; remittance man who fell heir to an estate and had to go home to spend it. Well, he has been paying taxes ever since, and is tired of the 'bally rawnch'; besides, he is busy keeping his property in England reasonably well spent. I am arranging through a London office to offer him ten dollars an acre, and I'll bet he jumps at it. I've arranged for the necessary credits, but there will be some expenses for cables, etc., and you can put your hundred into that. If we pull it off—and we will pull it off—we start up in business as Conward & Elden, or Elden & Conward, whichever sounds better. Boy, there's a fortune in it."

"What do you figure it's worth?" said Dave, trying to speak easily.
"Twenty-five dollars an acre?"
"Twenty-five dollars an acre?" Conward shouted. "Dave, newspaper routine has killed your imagination, little as one would expect such a result, from some of the things the papers print. Twenty-five dollars an acre! Listen!"

"The city boundaries are to be extended—probably by the time this deal goes through. Then it is city property. A street railway system is to be built, and we'll see that it runs through our land. We may have to 'grease' somebody, but it's a poor engineer that saves on grease. Then we'll survey the section into twenty-five foot lots—and we'll sell them at two hundred dollars each for those nearest the city down to one hundred for those farthest out—average one hundred and fifty—total nine hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Alway, say, sixty thousand for 'grease' and there is still nine hundred thousand, and that doesn't count resale commissions. Dave, it's good for a cool million. And that is just

the beginning. It will give us a standing that will make anything possible." Dave was doing rapid thinking. Suddenly he faced Conward, and their eyes met. "Conward," he said, "why do you put this up to me?"
"You don't need my little hundred to put this over. Why do you let me in on it?"

Conward smiled and breathed easily. There had been a moment of tension. "Oh, that's simple," he answered. "I figure this business is going to be too big for me, and you are the partner I need. I figure we'll travel well in double harness. I'm a good mixer—I know people—and I've got ideas. And you're sound and honorable and people trust you."

"Thanks," said Dave, dryly.
"That's right," Conward continued. "We'll be a combination hard to beat. You know the story about the brothers in the coal business?"

"No."
"Jim and Fred were coal dealers, when a revival broke out in their town, and Jim got religion. Then he tried to convert Fred; tried awful hard to get Fred to at least go to the meetings. But Fred wouldn't budge. Said it wasn't practicable. Jim argued and coaxed and prayed, but without results. At last he put up to Fred. 'Fred,' he said, 'why won't you come to our meetings?'
"Well, the brother answered, 'it was all right for you to get religion. Sort of lends respectability to the firm. But if I get it too, who's going to weigh the coal?'"

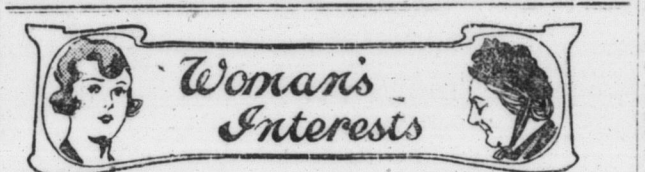
The two men laughed over the story, and yet it left an unpleasant impression upon Dave. He had never felt sure that Conward, and now he felt less sure than ever. But the lust of easy money was beginning to stir within him. The bill in his hands represented more than three weeks' wages. Conward was making money—making money fast—and surely here was an opportunity such as comes once in a life-time. A boy shoved in his head and yelled for copy. Dave swore at him, impatiently. He had never before realized how in some the drudgery of his steady grind had become.

"I'll go you," he said to Conward at last. "I'll risk this hundred, and a little more if necessary."
"Good," said Conward, springing to his feet and taking Dave's hand in a warm grasp. "Now we're away. But you better play safe. Stick to your pay cheque here until we pull the deal through. There won't be much to do until then, anyway, and I'll take care of your money by guiding the paper along right lines."

"It sounds like a fairy tale," Dave murmured, as though unwilling to credit the possibilities Conward had outlined. "You're sure it can be done?"
"Done? Why, son, it has been done in all the big centres in the States, and at many a place that'll never be a centre at all. And it will be done here, because the things that you dare to dream are looming up right ahead."

Then Dave had a qualm. "If that section of land is worth close to a million dollars," he said, "it's a fair to take advantage of the owner's absence and ignorance to buy it for a few thousand?"

"Dave," said Conward, with an arm on his shoulder, "the respectability of the firm is safe in your hands. But—please let me weigh the coal."
(To be continued.)



Woman's Interests

Fall Sewing Notes.

A yard and a half of forty-inch crepe de chine!
Doesn't that sound like a "short cut" for the "lap-over" blouse? It seems so, especially when you consider that this particular blouse has extra length and drops over the skirt in the most approved way. And right here I want to squeeze in a little note about the fashions.

Everything's dropping.
Skirts in the faddish extreme are literally down to earth. But, of course, no sensible woman is going to give up comfort for a mere fad. A safe and smart skirt rule is ankle length for evening and six to nine inches from the ground for street wear.

Sleeves are longer, too, and generally very much in evidence. You may not care to wear your heart on your sleeve, but certainly, if you want to be smart, you will wear your embroidery on your sleeve this fall.

Even waists have taken a drop. In the "lap-over" you will find the waistline resting comfortably on the hips. It gives the straight-line silhouette that everybody wants. And, to tell the truth, it's just about the only way of hiding the old pinch-in-at-the-waistline look of a suit.

Your cloth summer suit would take on a new fallish note if you added a long-sleeved lap-over blouse. Take your choice of an exactly matching shade of crepe de chine or a decided contrast. Some of the smartest three-piece suits I have seen have had such color combinations as canna-red, royal blue, or gray crepe de chine with navy blue twill, or beige-silk with brown velvet. The silk is used for the coat lining as well as the blouse. Usually the embroidery is the same color as the blouse.
Do you know that you can baste with your sewing machine? Loosen one of the tensions and lengthen the stitches. If one tension is very loose and one medium, you can easily pull out the thread.

Make your iron do half your sewing. When you are binding an edge, if you press the bias fold before joining it to the edge it will be easier to stitch in place. Lay the fold on the wrong side of the goods and stitch along the edge. Then turn the fold over the edge on the right side. Press it in place, turn under the free edge, and press again. You can hand-sew or machine-stitch the neatly turned edge in a jiffy. But if the fold is wrinkled and creased, the sewing will take twice as long.

A quick substitute for binding is half-inch grosgrain ribbon in a shade to match the blouse or dress. All you have to do in applying it is to crease it through the centre, insert the raw edge between the two thicknesses of the ribbon, and catch it in place with mercerized embroidery cotton. Just an in-and-out running stitch is decorative.

There is no need to finish a long centre-front or centre-back closing in your blouse any more. A little three-inch slash at the centre-front or back makes a blouse easy to slip on over the head.
To be sure, you must cut the blouse with the front and back edges on the fold of the goods. A bias binding of the material makes a neat and quick finish for the slash.

On the Scales.

What do you weigh? You are so small!
Eight little pounds at seven weeks? Eight little pounds—and that is all—Of waving arms and rosy cheeks.

But we who tip a heavier scale, What do we weigh, then, as a whole?

What do our pounds of flesh avail Against your unweighed soul?
—Ruth Wright Kauffman.

Freshen Up.

Of course, I know that you are too busy to take naps during this month, devoted to canning and preserving.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S

JUICY FRUIT
CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

Juicy Fruit, Peppermint and Spearmint certainly make three delightful flavors to choose from.

And the new NIPS—the candy-coated peppermint gum, is also a great treat for your sweet tooth.

All from the Wrigley factories where practice has made perfection.

Packed Tight—Kept Right

Stock Nova Scotia Waters.

Is It Good-bye to the Tin Can?

It has been said that if processes for "dehydrating" vegetables and fruits can be made entirely successful, we shall "live out of cartons instead of out of tin cans."

One of the most puzzling problems in this line has been offered by sweet corn; but it seems at last to have been solved, and already that delectable food has appeared on the market in paper packages. It cost the housewife only half as much as the cans for corn, and the flavor is much more like that of corn on the cob.

Leaving refrigeration aside, we have two methods of preserving food—sterilization and dehydration. The former is represented by canning. The latter is as old as civilization; for housewives for thousands of years have dried some kinds of foods to preserve them. How ancient and familiar is the dried apple!

The recent war gave a great impulse to the development of dehydration, and since the armistice much has been accomplished in the improvement of methods. With some vegetables and fruits success has not yet been attained, but the problem seems to have been satisfactorily solved with regard to grapes and most other fruits, as well as stringless beans, spinach, pumpkins and root vegetables.

Five bushels of green sweet corn will yield one bushel of the dried product. One pound of the latter will make an equivalent of three cans of fancy canned corn. "Refreshed" by soaking in water, as a preliminary to cooking, a pound of dehydrated corn will weigh nearly three pounds.

In the preparation of dried sweet corn, motor-driven machines are used to remove the husk and silk and cut the corn from the cob. To "set" the milk and preserve the color, the corn is blanched in a steel tank, into which live steam is blown. The drying is accomplished by conducting heated air beneath a compartment in which the corn is contained in wire trays. Finally the product is run through a fanning mill to remove debris, and it is then ready to be packed in cartons.

Expert Record Maker Finds New Market.

The family portrait album of the future will talk. At least that is the idea suggested by a new business which has just been started in London for the making of private gramophone records at reasonable prices. Formerly only very rich people and popular artists have been able to indulge in the pleasure of hearing themselves on a gramophone. The big record making firms had not found the business profitable enough to be worth encouraging.

W. Sinkler Darby, a gramophone expert of 25 years' experience, has set up a studio in the West End of London exclusively for the making of records for private customers. In a short time he has discovered that the idea is proving very popular. Several titled people with musical and elocutionary abilities have had records made to give to their friends. One of them has recorded her own piano compositions. Amateur and professional singers have found that gramophone reproductions of their singing reveal many hitherto unrealized faults. A baritone who had a record made by Mr. Darby recently says that it has proved of more value to him than any number of lessons, as it enabled him to discover where his breathing and enunciation were at fault.

But one of the most attractive aspects of this new idea is the recording of children's talk at various ages. Recently father, mother, nurse, and the two children of one family went to the studio and had a record made of their conversation. Another parent had a record made of his little boy relating in his childish way the things he had done during the day, while his still smaller sister kept interrupting him.

In some cases records of a small child's talking are being made at regular intervals, so that in future years his parents can notice how he developed. People with friends and relatives overseas are also sending out messages in wax, and arrangements are being made for the production of "Christmas" records.

Tablet Designs in Demand.

The Canadian National Parks Branch of the Department of the Interior has organized a competition among the architects and art schools of Canada for a design for a suitable standard to which will be affixed the bronze tablet intended to mark the historic sites of the Dominion which are judged by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada to be of national importance and worthy of preservation and commemoration.

Fifty hundred dollars will be awarded, as follows:—First prize, \$250; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$100. The assessors also retain the privilege of choosing any designs possessing special merit and for these an award of \$50 will be made.

Conditions of the competition will be advertised in the Canada Gazette, in the principal architectural journals and in the post offices throughout the Dominion. Copies of the conditions will also be sent to architectural associations and schools of art and design. The assessors will be Professor P. E. Nobbs, M.A., F.R.I.B.A., Mr. J. O. Marchand and Mr. Homer Watson, R.C.A., President of the Royal Canadian Academy.

The tree that is rotten at the heart crumbles to the earth in a storm.

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