



Concrete walks need no repairs

THEY are not only best at first but are cheaper in the end than any other kind of walk. They are clean, permanent and safe. There is nothing to become loose nor are they slippery. They improve the general appearance of a house and are a source of great satisfaction to every housewife because they keep children out of the mud, prevent colds from wet feet and prevent dirt from being "tracked in" on floors and carpets. Equally important is the fact that they never wear out and never need repairs.

This free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete" tells all about concrete walks and how to build them, and a score of other things needed on every farm. Write for it to-day.

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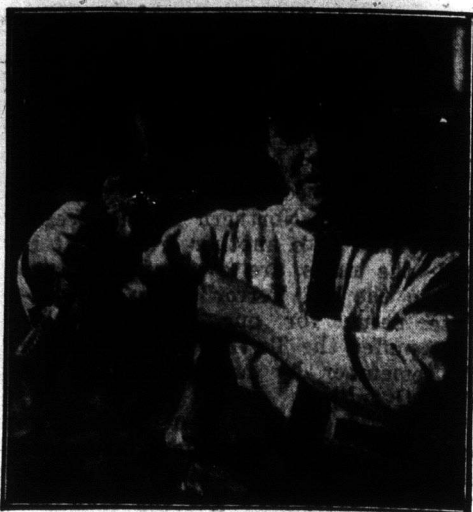


war vessel right in front of her landing place. We fitted ourselves into the waiting marine error and paddled ashore—and years ago though this happened, fully a score of years ago, we found little bits of crushed up copper from the bottom of the great cruiser.

Now, after paddling back with extreme care—Fritz said the cooper might disarrange the balance of this weird craft, we puffed ahead and cast anchor off the three mile long sandspit, a most truly interesting place. The few fir trees, or helmlocks rather that grow upon it are tortured and wind twisted into strange shapes and, as if Nature could not wreck them fully, Man has stepped in, for the great guns of the cruisers were often trained upon targets along these sands and the branches of these few trees show the effect of the projectiles. We camped here several days. We found many Moon-fish, this is a shellfish about the size of a baseball, with three whirls or turns and it does one most remarkable thing.

"Look, I've found some gray felt hats," called the boy. I walked over and examined the find. Yes, they closely resembled the brims and part of the tops of the aforesaid hats but there was a gap left in every brim. When we squatted down and examined these big odd things we found they were composed of sand, all glued together with some mucous—here was the nest of the Moon-fish. This big shell fish can protrude its foot or mantle all out about its shell and gradually build up a thin wide nest, all so smooth and polished that it looks like fine felt. This makes a sheltered place for the eggs and the

the snare just above the sand, the birds, bill-seeking for sand worms put their heads in to noose. I did not know Fritz had made these. I was sitting studying a clam, the first I had ever seen. The sands had frozen and killed all the shellfish and the warm sun and spring



Fritz and the Dowitcher.

tides had uncovered them, and there they stood showing just how the colony of clams had lived and worked. I saw the lad creeping along the edge of the water, very cautiously and slowly, seizing my binoculars I saw that he was slowly driving a flock of phalarope ahead of him. By instinct I searched for the snare, it was too small to find at two hundred yards, foot by foot the creeping lad advanced, edging towards the sea if the birds were close to it,



Specimens of B.C. Sea Fish in Victoria Museum.

young for a time. Every time we saw one lying on the sand we always thought of it as a gray felt hat thrown carelessly there.

Now was the season of flowers along the coast, of all that bloom in that moist climate none are more beautiful than the wild cabbage, vulgarly known as the "skunk cabbage." Fritz had never seen this gorgeous, big, golden yellow flower so when we approached a swamp place where the spit met the shore of the island he leaped into a patch of black muck and seized the beautiful yellow lily growing there. I got the camera ready. "Has it any perfume laddie," I asked. He raised it to his nose, took one whiff. "Say! What's the matter with this flower anyhow?" he exclaimed. Of all the repulsive odors extant this takes the world's series. He heard the camera snap, saw me laughing and threw the great handsome bloom away. You can smell this foetid plant several hundred yards off when the air is moist and wind blowing your way.

The spring migration was on and the sands had many a multitudinous flight of shorebirds—plover and snipe, willet and curlew, turnstone and sandpiper in their hundreds and their thousands. The air was filled with their querulous cries. The lad, imitating the young natives made a snare. This was composed of three pieces of cedar about two inches thick and three feet long, set with matchlike posts three inches apart, on each of these was a fine brass wire noose (the Indian lads use the coarse black hairs out of their mothers head). I was much surprised once on the west coast when a little brown eyed lad dashed into the native house where we were sitting and asked "Pot-latch hy-in yak-so" (give me plenty hair). These three sticks were buried in the sand near the water's edge, making an open square, with the tops of the posts and

working up the slight rise of the shore if they were feeding inland. Ahead of them walked a solitary Dowitcher, the little plover drove like a flock of sheep and the big awkward "snipe" did likewise. Finally I saw Fritz pause and watch steadily, then he half rose to his knees, fell back as the birds halted, sat up, jumped up and ran like wild to undo the harm his inquisitiveness had led him into—for the Dowitcher was on its back giving a very good imitation of a bird chocking to death. I saw a spout of sand as the lad darted in, a hurried lifting and quick working of his hands and he came running to me to picture his first—and as I told him—his last noosed bird.

Po' Li' Ram

A ram, famous in a West Virginia village for its propensity to butt, was enraged one morning, says the Philadelphia Press, to discover Uncle Billy, an aged dorky, asleep in the pasture. Uncle Billy sat with his head bowed low and his bald spot shining in the sun. The ram eyed it from a distance. Uncle Billy nodded, and the bald top of his head bade defiance.

The ram stood up and waved a challenge with its horns. Uncle Billy nodded in acceptance. With a sharp "Ba-a-a-a!" the ram charged and launched itself like a catapult at the offending pate.

A little later it picked itself up from the ground and wandered away to the farthest side of the pasture to ruminate over the collision. Uncle Billy looked up drowsily.

"Po' li' ram!" he murmured. "He done wandered f'om de fold and foun' sorrow and tribulation!"

A Scotch accent is almost as good as a testimonial.



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