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to be entertained with the stories of my travels or with the opinions I had to offer on the questions of the day. It soon became apparent to me, however, that the young man and his wife did not relish the idea of me being the centre of attraction in their home. They became very jealous of the position which I held in the estimation of their visitors. Though only the hired man, I was able to afford their visitors infinitely better entertainment than they were. I soon noticed that they were becoming very cold toward me, and in fact received a hint that I was doing too much talking.

Of late I have taken care to keep to my own room when there are visitors at our house. I never appear except at meal times, and even then, do not take any part in the conversation. Since doing this I find that I have risen considerably in the estimation of both my boss and his wife, though the neighbors wonder why it is that I now talk to them so little. I have, by adopting this policy, overcome a great deal of the ill-will that existed toward me. So you see that while the problem of some farmers and their wives is how to manage the hired man, the problem of at least one hired man has been how to manage the farmer and his wife. —"A Rollin Stone."

Keeping Food Cool

WHILE farmers are more and more installing ice houses on their farms for keeping milk cool, and enabling the housewife to keep food in the very best shape, many others have no method of keeping milk or butter cool on the "dog" days.

We all know how frequently butter is placed on the table so soft that we almost have to dip it up with a spoon. By placing the butter in a dish of cold water before it is brought to the table, it will do much to retain the form of the butter while the meal is being eaten.

On very warm days when it is difficult to keep the milk for use on the table pure and sweet, if one can secure a large stone jar, this problem will be simplified. By placing enough stones in it to bring a bottle or pitcher of milk a little more than even with the top of the jar and fill with water, then throwing a heavy towel wet in cold water over the jar after the bottle or pitcher has been placed in it, the milk will keep in splendid condition. The towel should be placed so that both ends will extend down into the water.

Ran Out of Water

"NAME this child," said the clergyman, in his best professional voice.

With one despairing look at his wife, the husband started.

"Henry French Kitchener Jellicoe Leslie."

"Sh!" And the clergyman raised his hand with gentle dignity and beckoned the husband to his seat.

"John," he whispered, "you had better fetch some more water!"

The Last Resort

THE doors of a certain new house had shrunk horribly, as is the way of the old-fashioned door made of wood. The builder would not send the joiner to repair them, so the householder tried the ironical method and wrote:

"Dear Sir—The mice can run under most of our doors, but our cat cannot follow them. Will you please send a man at once to make room under the doors for the cat, and much obliged."

Don't let your wife be recognized as the wife of a farmer by the old-fashioned cut of her clothes.—Andrew Broder Dundas Co., Ont.

When to Lock the Stable

(Continued from page 12)

"No," returned the painted man grimly. "He never knew what happened. All the old bunch's gone. Minnie Turpin, who used to be shot out of the mouth of the cannon—La Diavola—had a heart as big as a blanket, but the cannon exploded." The clown tapped the ground with his long mishapen toe and looked out across the railroad to a cornfield rolling over the hill before the wind, its wheat tassels beckoning with myriad hands.

"I've got a brother that's a doctor," said the clown, as if picking up a loose sentence out of his thoughts, "and he's got six children. One of them is named after me, and I sent him a goat Christmas."

Clem waited until the clown's attention came back from across the waving fields. "I'd like to ask you something, mister, if you don't mind." The clown raised his brows in interest. "What is shortcake—that's what they called me."

The merry-maker smiled slowly, weighing whether or not he should answer. "It's a term the boys have," deciding that it was for the best, "that means good money. It's a lamb that hasn't yet been to the shears."

"Well, they won't get anything from me," said Clem. "You can't get tallow from a goat."

The clown smiled but offered no word. Clem fell into thought for a time, then said, "I ain't seen a circus in twenty years without paying. I guess they ain't so good any more."

"Sure they are. Follow Captain Scully with the seals, dodge under the seals and you'll get a good band section. They'll find room for you there. Only don't let the colonel see you."

Clem slipped inside and in a minute had found a seat as the clown had directed. Forgot was all the outside world; how could the lady in spangles hold on by just teeth, swinging from the bar that way? And the tramp in the raved clothes turned out to be the best performer after all. Clem had hardly straightened his knees and taken a long breath before the crowd filed out.

A hand dropped on his shoulder and refused to lift. Clem turned to look into the face of a large portly individual with a tobacco-stained goatee. It was the without to whom all the gamblers paid their dues.

The man folded his arms across an abdomen that looked as if it had been put there for that special purpose. He gazed at Clem sadly for a minute without saying a word. Then his stained goatee began to twitch.

"You are accused of a very grave offense," he said sadly. "I hate to be the one to tell you of it."

"What is it?" asked Clem quickly.

The portly individual bit his under lip, his face winced, braving himself for the ordeal. "You are accused," he said with heavy huskiness, "of stealing fifteen dollars from Mr. Hagan, an old and valued member of the circus. I hope it's not true."

"Of course it's not," returned Clem. "Who said so?"

"Mr. Hagan, himself has made complaint to the headmaster. I am not aware of all the details and I should not give you any information, but I understand that Mr. Hagan affirms that he gave you three five-dollar bills, with which you were to do up your power to assist him in his work, but that instead you received this money or moneys and disappeared. I trust this is not true, Mr. Hagan."

"—I didn't steal it—here it is—take it."

"Then you still have it on your

person. That complicates matters more than ever," finished the other goat.

"But I went into the show a minute."

"Mr. Hagan has been looking for you all afternoon and the owners have been unable to locate you. They are watching all outbound trains."

"What can I do?" Clem appealed. The gentleman of goate and black hair head and reached for his most pathetic goatee.

"Let's hunt up Mr. Hagan and see if we can prevail on him to show some leniency. We hope for the best, anyway. He's a good fellow. Mr. Pointer—there's always hope," finished the portly gentleman sadly.

Mr. Hagan was found easily. Surprisingly so. "I don't know where he is," said the clown.

"He didn't get clear away then," exclaimed Brassy, rushing up and addressing the clown. "That's lucky. Are the papers ready?"

"I didn't steal that money," said Clem. "I was at the show all the time."

Brassy looked at Clem coldly in the full minute before he spoke. "You're pretty clever, you fooled me. I'm sorry you turned out yellow. I was willing to share up with you because you looked the part and you could out-lose the rabies, but you let the streak."

"It ain't honest, that's what ain't."

Brassy fastened him with a superior smile. "Who're you to talk about honesty?"

"Well, I am anyway, and it ought right to take their money away from them. I don't know where they're at first or I wouldn't hit."

"Don't you worry about getting their kale," said Brassy, his temper loosening. "I am a good fellow. I loved in that masterly bit of sheepish which runs to the effect that there's one born every minute, and in wet years the average running close to two. They come in on a year with money and their jeans, by jooks! and if they don't get a thrill over a table that goes out and hit it up over a bar. On a year ain't often enough to get their brains. They think about it all summer, and dream about till the frost's out. If we don't get the green somebody else will."

That down under Useful Informant. You never saw me take a red dime, no children go to bed happy on my trail. I tell 'em in my pants that they can't always guess it, and that the table's going to win next time it car. A lot of these codgers we take it off of go home in sheepshanks and what's your make? The ain't going to miss it—they're the first ones to find out."

On old sport, fit in and we'll do up. While the main top's gone we'll line up the wise Willies—town's full of 'em."

Brassy said, "You can't tell anything—give them their first lesson in honesty. I'm clean out of paper do lighters. Help me out to-night—we'll call it square."

Clem hesitated. "After all I was human and maybe he was right about its not pinching any of us."

Just to-night and we'll ride home. Brassy said, "You can't hand and Clem's went limply in."

"We'll clean up to-night and sleep it. I've been thinking about some money to sell my children."

Brassy said, "You can't go to the Trailing—circus is a dog's."

But let's clean good and hard last time before we quit."

(Continued next week)

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The Children

Mr. F. McCann, ONE of my mood recollected room in which I spent so many happy moments in that like all children, agreements. The ed with that partner, outwitted by many times over. So prominent a room hold in my one in my eye, I have the children

An Ideal

much as I used to believe, have the specially designated children, is much of an ideal spot for

There are lots of children in summer, and what has to be resolved.

Our playroom is room that we did not know. It is furnished

the routine, which is more than carpet, a rag chick muslin, making cases divided and covered as dolls' trunks and the tops of the

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