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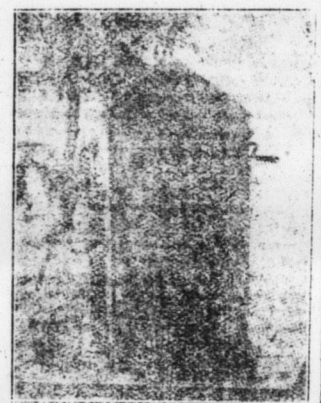
A Trial Packet will bring speedy conviction



A Farm Family's Ice-Box.

This well-refrigerator serves the purpose of a family ice-box. The windlass raises the rack of shelves into the housing above the well.

A racket arrangement on the wheel holds the shelves in the housing until released, whereupon the shelves with their burden of butter, milk, eggs and other food is lowered until it reaches a point in the well chamber only a



foot or two above the water. A simple blocking device at the bottom of the shaft serves to keep the shelves from being lowered into the water.

A neat way of well can be made to serve the purpose of an ice-box by setting the well pipe to one side of the well chamber instead of in the centre of the shaft as is usually the case.

The Deadly Fly.

All of the flies that drive us to distraction in summer are descendants of the few flies that managed to keep alive in cracks or behind the wall paper during the winter. They lay their eggs in horse manure, a dead animal, decaying garbage or on an outside toilet. They lay about 120 eggs.

In from twelve hours to two or three days, these eggs hatch into maggots. After these have fed for several days on whatever form of filth they are crawling over, they change into the pupa stage and remain inactive for about three days. Then the fly emerges full size and crawls over its home in the filth for a short time, getting its hairy body well covered with germs before it starts out on its disgusting, spreading career. There is a new generation of flies every eight or ten days and each fly has 120 children. It is estimated that one pair of flies beginning to breed in April, would have enough descendants by September, if none of them were destroyed, to cover the earth very many feet deep.

In a town or village, a careless neighbor lets flies breed, but in the country, with few exceptions, each farm breeds its own. So each farm can to some extent control the fly pest. During the lifetime of a fly, it seldom travels more than a fourth to a half mile from its breeding place, and often, not more than two or three hundred yards. Few farms are placed closer together than that, and if a farmer is troubled with flies, he can't lay the blame on his neighbor. Ninety per cent. of the flies breed in horse manure; the rest in decaying garbage, dead animals and out houses.

Any individual who wishes to have a flyless farm can have it if he is willing to carry out these five requirements: the killing of early flies, spreading manure weekly, handling garbage carefully, emptying waste water some distance from the house, and providing fly-proof toilet.

Arranging Garden Flowers.

How few of us realize that to arrange flowers in an artistic manner is an art! One must always remember that the vase is secondary. It is well to have a few vases for certain flowers. For instance, I have some yellow Japanese pottery. I use it especially for yellow flowers or perhaps blue and yellow posies.

If you have buds of pansies, use low bowls that are purple or yellow.

How often we see in people's homes great bunches of flowers crowded into a vase of a glaring color!

It is far more artistic to arrange flowers singly. Use the glass or china, or what is still better the lead supports, for they can be bent to fit the bowls or vases. They are inexpensive and give the effect that the flowers are really growing in the bowl.

Sanitary Floors.

The physician tells us that dust and

dirt are prolific sources of disease. Cracks in floors, while being unsightly in appearance, harbor an unbelievable quantity of dirt. A new floor, if properly laid, is free from this disagreeable feature, but in the course of time, these cracks will begin to appear, due to the shrinkage of the wood. If all floor cracks are filled with "crack filler" the accumulation of dust and dirt will not be in evidence. Thus you may be assured of a sanitary floor surface and sickness may be avoided.

It is a simple matter to remedy just clean out the dust and dirt from the cracks with some sharp pointed instrument and then thoroughly clean out with a scrubbing brush, soap and water. When dry, the crack filler may be applied. It is made in stiff paste form and should be applied with a putty knife in much the same manner as putty. To make the job complete the floor should then be waxed, shined or painted, depending, of course, on the present finish and the effect desired.

The Shape of Baby's Ears.

If there is one bit of neglect more than another that a mother should be ashamed of it surely is that of letting a boy grow up with his ears sticking wide out from his head. And for this reason there is less excuse than most others.

A grown man is surely going to be sensitive about this favorite feature of the caricaturists, and, unlike a woman, he has no chance of hiding the defect with hair. To avoid this it only takes the effort of seeing that the baby sleep with the ear straight he is lying on and that his caps and hats are put on correctly.

The Tam of Shunter caps the little boys wear seem to be the worst offenders in the way of pushing ears out of place, for there is no crown to hold the cap where it should be, and after pushing it up and down for a time it usually settles on the poor little chap's ears.

Eleven Things to Remember in Cake Making.

Coarse granulated sugar gives a coarse-grained cake.

Powdered sugar gives a close-grained, dry cake.

Fine granulated sugar gives best results.

Cake flour gives a light, tender, delicate cake.

Bread flour gives a thick, heavy cake.

Too hot an oven forms crust before cake is light, with later cracking of top.

Layer cake and cup cakes need a hotter oven than loaf cakes.

Cake made from egg yolks needs a slower oven than with white cakes.

Cakes made with eggs to lighten need a slower oven than cakes with baking powder or soda.

To prevent bulging in middle, have batter thicker at edges of tin than in the centre when cake enters oven.

Never beat cake after egg whites are folded in.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Wonderful Hepper.

The grasshopper will spring two hundred times the length of its own body. The dragon fly, by its strength of wing, will sustain itself in the air for a long summer day with unabated speed. The house fly makes six hundred strokes with its wings, which will carry it five feet every second.

Two Songs

A singer sang a song of tears,
And the great world heard and wept;
For he sang of the sorrow of the
fleeting years
And the hopes which the dead
past kept;
And souls in anguish their burden bore,
And the world was sadder than before.

A singer sang a song of cheer,
And the great world listened and smiled;
For he sang of the love of a
father dear
And the trust of a little child;
And the souls that before had
forgotten to pray
Looked up and went singing
along the way.

The Mystery Lodger

By DOUGLAS ALEXANDER.

"Oh, I haven't a word to say again to the young man as a lodger," declared Mrs. Moss, as she tested the heat of her iron by a method probably as ancient as the use of the implement itself. "But wot does he do for a livin'?" That's wot puzzles me.

"Well, there are many ways of earning a living that everyone does not know about," suggested Celia Carr, her pretty, eager face and low-toned voice eloquent in defence of the subject of Mrs. Moss's speculations. "That's as it may be. Only it don't seem right, somehow, for 'im to shut hisself up all day long in 'is room, hardly stirring out till it's dark. More like a criminal than a respectable young man."

"How absurd! I thought you said that Mr. Brendon was a student?"

"Well, that's wot 'e told me when 'e came here a fortnight ago. Wanted quietness durin' the day; would be no trouble; though I says to 'im then, 'Out at business durin' the day,' I says, 'as always been my mother's Men, as I'm always sayin'—' She broke off abruptly, for at that moment her own better, for not her earning, half could be heard coming down the area steps.

He was returning from his usual unsuccessful task of looking for work, a game of hide-and-seek that had gone on steadily for some years.

Occasionally he returned from the chase mellow, at other times quarrelsome, according to the quality and quantity of the liquid sustenance he had imbibed.

Celia generally fled, as now, before his advancing step.

She mounted the stairs and almost ran into a man who was descending them. Both halted instinctively, and the dim hall-light fell on the white, strained face of Mrs. Moss's mystery lodger.

"I—er—you startled me," he murmured, but his voice sounded pleased for all the agitation his manner revealed.

"Mr. Brendon—forgive me—but—but you look troubled."

"Troubled?" He echoed the word with a curious inflection in his voice. Then he sighed, and a whimsical look passed like a shadow across his face.

"Yes; not only my own troubles but other people's as well."

Again that strange note in his voice. Celia glanced at him swiftly. Was he laughing at her? But his expression was quite serious.

"Can—I can help you at all?"

He glanced at her pretty face, so sweet and sympathetic.

"You have helped me," he whispered. "Your words, your smile have helped me already."

"I am glad," she spoke simply. She was quite a capable business young woman, depending on her own efforts to gain her living, but at heart she was a child still.

After a further pause or two he regarded into his odd, abstracted manner that might so easily have been construed as fortiveness, and with a murmured good night passed out into the street.

Why should his unnamed anxieties cause her such disturbance as well? The question was in Celia's mind as she entered her room.

Suddenly enlightenment came. Her face grew rosy, her whole body seemed to tingle with that blush of dismay.

"Oh—I never thought—does love come like that?" she gasped. "Can

he have guessed? Oh, how shall I ever face him again!"

She was very much on the alert to avoid meeting him during the following days. As a matter of fact, when next she saw him it was not in the house, in which as a rule he remained so secluded, but out of doors.

It was during the lunch hour, and she was seated in a big, ugly motor-car by the side of an individual who seemed all right. That was what struck her first. But behind the cigar was a large-featured face, and the man's massive shoulders were covered by a costly fur coat.

He appeared to be arguing forcibly yet almost in a pleading manner, and the trouble in Brendon's pale, sensitive face deepened as he listened. He shook his head again and again, but at last apparently gave way.

Two men passed by as Celia stood there, blue-chinned, plastic-featured, slightly swaggering figures. One of them nodded towards the big motor-car.

"Behold Morrison Daughan in all his glory! That man's the biggest thief in London. It's scandalous!"

The voice died away as he was lost in the crowd.

That scrap of conversation made Celia's heart grow cold. Could Mrs. Moss's vague suspicions have touched the truth? Her young lodger in the company of a well-known voice sounding through the shut door of his room.

"How can I do this man's bidding? If I should fail it would mean disgrace, imprisonment!"

The girl tore herself away. She fled upstairs, her breath coming in panting gasps.

It was true then. He was contemplating something. The older man had tempted him, and he was debating now whether he should succumb or resist.

If only she dared to add a word that might decide the question!

Obedient an irresistible impulse, she left the sleeping child, but had only reached the passage outside his door when she came upon him. His face was flushed, his eyes bright.

"To-night is going to decide my whole future, little girl," he said. There was an odd tenderness in his voice that made her heart throb with an almost sickening emotion. "To-morrow I may be less than nothing."

"Oh, but it is too late!" she exclaimed. Then, desperately: "I—I saw you to-day with that man Daughan. You perhaps do not know what he is, but—I heard a man say he was the biggest thief in London."

He laughed harshly.

"That may be his reputation, but he may meet his match, and I shall in the long run shine. Yet, after all, my fate is his to make or mar. And I believe it will be marred."

"Then—" Her timid hand touched his sleeve.

"I haven't a moment. I am late as it is."

He had broken away and was gone in a moment.

Miserably Celia turned back. Re-

C.N.R. Men on G.T.R. Board



The Canadian Government has chosen as its representatives to sit on the Board of Management of the Grand Trunk Railway Carlos A. Hayes, Vice-President, in charge of Traffic in the C.N.R., and Samuel J. Hungerford, Assistant Vice-President of Operating, Maintenance and Construction Dept., Canadian National Railways, both of whom have had over thirty years of actual railroad experience and have risen step by step until at present they are recognized among the foremost railway men of Canada, each an expert in his own respective field of service.

Mr. Carlos A. Hayes was born at West Springfield, Mass., March 10th, 1865, and entered railway service in April, 1882, holding various clerical positions in the accounting and general freight departments on the Boston and Maine Railroad at Springfield and Boston until November, 1890. From 1890 to 1892 he was with the Central New England and Western, and Philadelphia and Reading Railways. He joined the G.T.R. in 1892 as New England Agent of its National Dispatch and Maine Railroad at Springfield and in 1903 he became Assistant General Freight Agent for the G.T.R. at Chicago; the General Freight Agent at Montreal in 1908, and Freight Traffic

Manager in 1911. In 1913 he went to Canadian Government Railways as General Traffic Manager, Eastern Lines, and became General Manager of Eastern Lines in 1917. In November, 1918, he was appointed Vice-President in charge of Traffic for Canadian National Railways at Toronto.

Mr. Samuel J. Hungerford was born in Canada, near Bedford, Que., July 15, 1872, and entered railway service at an early age as Machinist's Apprentice of the South Eastern & Canadian Pacific Railway at Farnham, Que. He held various positions in Quebec, Ontario and Vermont, until 1894, when he was made a charge man at the Windsor St. Station, Montreal. This position he held until 1897, after which he received promotion after promotion until he joined the C.N.R. He became Superintendent of Rolling Stock of the western lines of that road with headquarters at Winnipeg, where, five years later he was promoted to be Superintendent of Rolling Stock at Toronto with jurisdiction over all the lines of the Canadian Northern and was made General Manager of Eastern Lines of that company in November, 1917. He received the appointment of Assistant Vice-President in charge of Operation, Maintenance and Construction, Canadian National Railways, on December 1, 1918.

Victory Bonds

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Temporary conditions have resulted in a very low level of prices for Victory Bonds. When these conditions alter—and that will be shortly—present investment opportunities will no longer exist. Purchasers at present prices can not only secure a high return on their capital over a long period, but will undoubtedly find these prices at a much higher level in a short time. For your convenience, the attached coupon will assist you in selecting and ordering the desired issues.

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Dec. 1st, 1924	99 & Int.	8.80%		
Dec. 1st, 1925	99 & Int.	8.75%		
Dec. 1st, 1926	99 & Int.	8.70%		
Dec. 1st, 1927	99 & Int.	8.65%		
Dec. 1st, 1928	99 & Int.	8.60%		
Dec. 1st, 1929	99 & Int.	8.55%		
Dec. 1st, 1930	99 & Int.	8.50%		
Dec. 1st, 1931	99 & Int.	8.45%		
Dec. 1st, 1932	99 & Int.	8.40%		
Dec. 1st, 1933	99 & Int.	8.35%		
Dec. 1st, 1934	99 & Int.	8.30%		
Dec. 1st, 1935	99 & Int.	8.25%		
Dec. 1st, 1936	99 & Int.	8.20%		
Dec. 1st, 1937	99 & Int.	8.15%		
Dec. 1st, 1938	99 & Int.	8.10%		
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Dec. 1st, 1941	99 & Int.	7.95%		
Dec. 1st, 1942	99 & Int.	7.90%		
Dec. 1st, 1943	99 & Int.	7.85%		
Dec. 1st, 1944	99 & Int.	7.80%		
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Dec. 1st, 1946	99 & Int.	7.70%		
Dec. 1st, 1947	99 & Int.	7.65%		
Dec. 1st, 1948	99 & Int.	7.60%		
Dec. 1st, 1949	99 & Int.	7.55%		
Dec. 1st, 1950	99 & Int.	7.50%		
Dec. 1st, 1951	99 & Int.	7.45%		
Dec. 1st, 1952	99 & Int.	7.40%		
Dec. 1st, 1953	99 & Int.	7.35%		
Dec. 1st, 1954	99 & Int.	7.30%		
Dec. 1st, 1955	99 & Int.	7.25%		
Dec. 1st, 1956	99 & Int.	7.20%		
Dec. 1st, 1957	99 & Int.	7.15%		
Dec. 1st, 1958	99 & Int.	7.10%		
Dec. 1st, 1959	99 & Int.	7.05%		
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Dec. 1st, 1961	99 & Int.	6.95%		
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Dec. 1st, 1967	99 & Int.	6.65%		
Dec. 1st, 1968	99 & Int.	6.60%		
Dec. 1st, 1969	99 & Int.	6.55%		
Dec. 1st, 1970	99 & Int.	6.50%		
Dec. 1st, 1971	99 & Int.	6.45%		
Dec. 1st, 1972	99 & Int.	6.40%		
Dec. 1st, 1973	99 & Int.	6.35%		
Dec. 1st, 1974	99 & Int.	6.30%		
Dec. 1st, 1975	99 & Int.	6.25%		
Dec. 1st, 1976	99 & Int.	6.20%		
Dec. 1st, 1977	99 & Int.	6.15%		
Dec. 1st, 1978	99 & Int.	6.10%		
Dec. 1st, 1979	99 & Int.	6.05%		
Dec. 1st, 1980	99 & Int.	6.00%		
Dec. 1st, 1981	99 & Int.	5.95%		
Dec. 1st, 1982	99 & Int.	5.90%		
Dec. 1st, 1983	99 & Int.	5.85%		
Dec. 1st, 1984	99 & Int.	5.80%		
Dec. 1st, 1985	99 & Int.	5.75%		
Dec. 1st, 1986	99 & Int.	5.70%		
Dec. 1st, 1987	99 & Int.	5.65%		
Dec. 1st, 1988	99 & Int.	5.60%		
Dec. 1st, 1989	99 & Int.	5.55%		
Dec. 1st, 1990	99 & Int.	5.50%		
Dec. 1st, 1991	99 & Int.	5.45%		
Dec. 1st, 1992	99 & Int.	5.40%		
Dec. 1st, 1993	99 & Int.	5.35%		
Dec. 1st, 1994	99 & Int.	5.30%		
Dec. 1st, 1995	99 & Int.	5.25%		
Dec. 1st, 1996	99 & Int.	5.20%		
Dec. 1st, 1997	99 & Int.	5.15%		
Dec. 1st, 1998	99 & Int.	5.10%		
Dec. 1st, 1999	99 & Int.	5.05%		
Dec. 1st, 2000	99 & Int.	5.00%		

Name _____
Address _____
City or Town _____

Believed of her vigil, she was too wretched even for the companionship of Mrs. Moss. That good lady was in some distress, too. A defaulting lodger had vanished, owing two weeks' rent and leaving an unlet room behind. The latter incident almost caused a sensation.

It was late when Brendon returned. Lying awake, Celia heard him go to his room, and wondered what crime had been perpetrated and what fatal persuasion had been used by the hateful Daughan to bring consent from him.

She awoke in the morning with a nervous headache. She was early astir, but Brendon was as early. She heard him drag something across the floor. It sounded like packing. Flight! Her perturbed mind leaped to that instant conclusion.

In her agitation, she crossed over to the window, which looked on to the street, and, pushing it up, leaned out to get a breath of the fresh spring air.

Then she almost collapsed, and all her floating suspicions were gathered together and shaped into certainty.

Below on the doorstep Mrs. Moss stood in animated conversation with two men in uniform—police-men. They seemed intent; she reluctant. Then all three figures entered the house.

Quickly she ran up the few stairs and knocked at Brendon's door. "They are here!" she gasped, and he opened the door. "They have traced you already. They are downstairs talking to Mrs. Moss now."

A frown settled over his face. "Found Daughan; he has given me away! There is no chance of escape!"

"There is a skylight opening on to the roof," she whispered, frantically. For a moment, as their mounting steps approached, he appeared to be considering it. Then his face set and he shook his head.

A mist came before the girl's eyes as she saw the policeman and Mrs. Moss approached. Nearer and nearer came a remorseless fate they came. Then, with a glance of stolid indifference towards those two formidable figures on the landing, they suddenly turned away, following Mrs. Moss into the room which the defaulting lodger had recently occupied.

Celia looked up to find Brendon's eyes staring questioningly into hers. "I don't understand. I thought you said—"

"I—I am as much bewildered as

Models for Canadian Youth

I cannot think of a finer service that parents can render a child than to help him rightly to appraise the moral and spiritual worth of men and women well-known, of the best-known, of the so-called great. To reveal Wilberforce or Florence Nightingale to a child is to inspire and enrich a child, not only by placing a titanic figure in the Pantheon of his imagination, but by making clear what are the greatnesses of the great.

I am concerned about the Canadian child having shrunken worthy of his reverence and honor. Parents cannot expect to reveal to a child the essence of greatness and nobleness in another until after they have answered for themselves the question of what greatness really is—until they know that greatness is not a matter of passing fame, but of abiding worth, moral and spiritual, and that in a democracy no man is great who does not greatly serve.

I would warn parents against the danger of filling the child's mind with second and third and even fifth-rate figures. Parents must have the courage to say to a child: "This man, however well known, is not worthy of your respect for he lacks nobility. This man, however rich or powerful, however numerous his benefactors, is not a truly great and noble person."

We owe our children the truth at all times and under all circumstances. Let them know the greatness in their fathers and in the worthy, but be true in comparing in their condemnation of those who are unworthy of a child's love and reverence. H.S.

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Tongs and Twists

Curling tongs and corsets are appliances of the toilet commonly associated with femininity at its most feminine. Nevertheless, there have been many prototypes in real life of Conan Doyle's elderly British colonel, the secret of whose unrelaxed military figure is revealed when an Arab bullet, that ought to have killed him, is deflected by his corset steel.