

Convicts Himself

Put these common sense questions to any agent who tries to sell you a disk-filled or other common, complicated cream separator. Say to him—

- (1) "Are those disks or other contraptions in your separator intended to help it skim?" The agent will have to say "Yes".
- (2) "Then you need such contraptions in your separator because it does not produce skimming force enough to do the work properly without them?" The agent will have to say "Yes".
- (3) "Then a separator that does produce enough skimming force to do the work without disks or other contraptions must be a better and more modern machine than yours?" The agent will have to say "Yes" or else evade your question. The agent's own answers convict him of trying to sell an out-of-date machine.

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meet her, as the light goes out of a dropped torch.

She put out her hand and caught at a swaying rose. "You're Dick's grandfather," she said. She leaned against her June-red roses, crushing them carelessly, a woman away from whom was slipping the one joyous thing that life held. "I forgot that Dicky had a grandfather," her stiff lips said. A white, unconscious heap, she slipped to the floor.

"Don't," Alice Wilson said next day, as she sat talking to Dicky's grandfather, "Don't, Dicky!" Dicky had climbed into her lap and was burrowing his little teeth into her neck and screaming, "I am goin' to eat you up dis minute."

There was a sound like a sob in the quiet room, but it couldn't have come from Alice Wilson's smiling lips.

Dicky's grandfather's eyes travelled about the room, that for all its simplicity held atmosphere. Its furniture had a dignity, a courteous reserve that spoke of an older generation; the books lent an air of culture, the roses a dash of color. His eyes came back to Alice Wilson's face. She was still smiling. Somehow it made him think of lips that smiled on and on after the life had gone out of them. Arabella Jones' words came back to him. He had met Arabella as he entered the village, and at sight of him a sort of dismay had overspread her face. "She'll be plumb eat up with lonesomeness, when the little boy's gone," she said.

A sudden anger against the woman sitting there with her stricken face seized him. "Dicky," he said sharply, "you are going away with me this afternoon. Are you ready?"

Alice Wilson answered for him. "Yes," she spoke steadily; "he is ready."

Dicky slipped down from Alice Wilson's arms and stood at her knee, a straight, defiant little figure.

"I am not a-goin'," he said. "I am not a-goin' a 'tep. But, gran'farver," in a magnificent burst of generosity, "you can 'pend de day wif us."

"Please don't mind," Alice Wilson leaned forward and spoke with almost girlish impulsiveness. "He's just a baby. He doesn't know what he says."

The vigorous youth of Dicky's grandfather was in his laugh. "Doesn't he?" he asked. "It appears to me that he does."

"I don't allow him to be naughty," she said. "I make him sit in the little chair I used to be punished in until he 'finks he can be good.' The very first time old Hannah ever softened to him was when she dropped down into his little chair, and he put his arms about her and whispered, 'Fut did you do?'" A fine maternalism possessed her face. "You don't know what Dicky has been to me," she said, softly; "and I never could tell you."

Dicky's grandfather felt a sudden commotion, an unaccountable turbulence in the cardiac region, that was extremely bewildering to a man approaching fifty by a tranquil road.

"Dem's cookies," Dicky himself said. He sniffed the air suspiciously, and trotted off in the direction of the kitchen.

"I could never tell you," she said again. "I was sitting at my loom in the dark when Dicky came. Before I knew it, I was weaving scarlet threads into its dullness. I was singing at the loom. I, who had forgotten how to sing. I know now that the Master of the Looms planned that Arabella should come in here and leave your little boy—your dear little boy. When he's gone I'm not going back into the prison he freed me from. There'll be a million tugging hands trying to pull me back, but I don't mean to go. I'll bring the loom out into the sunshine where I can see the scarlet threads—the scarlet threads that mean happiness—that mean Dicky." A flash of glad light suddenly swept her face. "Dicky will not fail me," she said. "His little presence will brood over me. His little ghost will come in and out here almost," yearningly, "almost the same."

She rose and faced him calmly. "The back goes out at one," she said simply. "He will be ready."

Dicky's grandfather got to his feet. He took her cold hands into his warm ones. "Oh, hang the back!" he said, impatiently. "let it go." Dicky asked me to dinner; won't you?"

Dicky's grandfather stayed to dinner. He got in the way of staying to dinner,

of dropping in to tea. For six days, with eyes that were indifferent, he saw the back that led out to wider ways swing down Main Street and crawl up the road that wound like a ribbon around the mountainside. On the evening of the seventh day old Hannah came out on the veranda and took the child from the arms of her mistress. She held the little body, swaying with sleep, a tenderness that transfigured it on her grim old face.

"I heered ye say ye were a-goin'," she said, addressing Dicky's grandfather. "I ain't eq'l to dressin' him. Pears like I'm too old ter git the hang o' puttin' them stylish leetle clo'es on him, but nobody can beat me a-washin' him. I'd not ax fer pay—"

"Hannah!" her mistress cried. The tears were running down old Hannah's cheeks. "I'd leave the angels in heaven fer him, ma'am," she said, and turned away.

"Old Hannah's human under the crust," Alice Wilson said, speaking softly into the silence that followed.

Dicky's grandfather got to his feet and began to speak rapidly.

"Look here," he said, "I wish you'd think a little of me and not so everlastingly much of Dicky."

Alice Wilson looked at him blankly.

"I've had my share of things, no doubt," he said; "but when it comes to that I've had just a stray bit of happiness. It's so far back. I was almost a boy. I—I'm afraid I couldn't learn all the little tricks that come easily to younger and luckier fellows. You wouldn't expect it of me, my dear, but I've been getting fonder of you every day. I can't expect you to care much for an old fellow like me, but won't you let me take care of you? May I have the happiness to tell you that there'll be a ceremony on this veranda in the early morning, your roses all assembled as guests? May I confide to you that the thrushes will sing the 'Oh! Promise Me,' and that Dicky will be ring-bearer, and old Hannah maid of honor? may I—"

But Alice Wilson's head had dropped upon her folded arms. The bulwarks of her pride were down. She was sobbing wildly.

Dicky's grandfather paled. He went over to her, and patted her shoulder with an awkward hand.

"Never mind, dear," he said softly. "I was just a conceited old fool to have thought of it, that's all."

"Oh, you don't understand!" she cried, and lifted her wet face. "It would be like heaven to go away with you—to get beyond the shadow of these mountains. But I can't. You'd be giving all and getting nothing, not even the first freshness of a heart. Haven't you heard? Hasn't anyone told you?"

"The whole village has tried to tell me," he said; "but I wouldn't let 'em. I wouldn't let 'em," stoutly. "It's dead and gone, and I don't care what it was."

Alice Wilson stood up, looking into his face. He didn't know. It was whimsical, unexpected, but oh! how big and generous it was! The light of the great, golden bubble of a moon that was wavering on a near hill was on her face; it was flooding her soft, wet eyes.

Dicky's grandfather drew an unsteady breath. How beautiful she was! The cloistered years had been but a pause before new and exquisite bloom.

"It was love," she said. "I wanted to be happy. I was jilted, deserted, forsaken, and it almost killed me. What could I give you? What could I be to you?"

Dicky's grandfather drew her hands together between his own. He was not a stupid man, and knowledge was coming to him in leaps.

"As to what you will be to me—," he said.

Alice Wilson laughed—a little low, tremulous laugh. She seemed suddenly to be swept out on a swift current of enchantment—a current of enchantment golden as the path of light that led up to the moon. Her eyes clung to the man's face. He was not young, but, oh, how impossible it was not to trust him! "I, I," she began, tremulously, to break off and cry, "What does it mean? What does it mean?"

A sudden light leaped into the face of the man who had declared himself too old to learn the little ways of love. His breath came hard and quick.

"Everything," he said, unsteadily,

"everything in the world to Dicky and me."—Sara Lindsay Coleman, in the delineator.

The Second Concession of Deer.

By William Wye Smith.

John Tompkins lived in a house of logs. On the second concession of Deer; The front was logs, all straight and sound;

The gable was logs, all tight and round; The roof was logs, so firmly bound; And the floor was logs, all down to the ground— The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself.

On the second concession of Deer; None of your birch, with bark of buff, Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff— But he was hickory, true and tough. And only his outside bark was rough— The grandest old man in Deer.

But John had lived too long, it seemed.

On the second concession of Deer! For his daughters took up the governing reign, With a fine brick house on the old domain,

All papered, and painted with satinwood stain, Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain— The finest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now.

On the second concession of Deer! When he came in from his weary work, To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,

Or out of the "company" way to lurk, And ply in the shanty his knife and fork— The times were turned in Deer.

But John was hickory to the last.

On the second concession of Deer! And out on the river-end of his lot He laid up the logs in a cosy spot, And self and wife took up with a cot, And the great brick house might swim or not— He was done with the pride of Deer.

But the great house could not go at all.

On the second concession of Deer! 'Twas mother no more, to wash or bake, Nor father the gallant steeds to take; From the kitchen no more came pie and cake— And even their butter they'd first to make! There were lessons to learn in Deer.

And the lesson they learned a year or more,

On the second concession of Deer, Then the girls got back the brave old pair, And gave the mother her easy chair; And she told them how, and they did their share,

And John the honors once more did wear Of his own domain in Deer.

The Troubles of a Hostess.

Which is the greatest affliction to a hostess—the raw, blundering servant, or the unsophisticated guest?

A Montreal lady who had invited guests for a rather large luncheon, had the misfortune to lose an experienced maid, and was compelled to break in a substitute on very short notice to wait on the party. She coached the new arrival assiduously and hoped for the best. The luncheon had just begun when the hostess called the new girl to her and quietly remarked: "Mary, you've forgotten the bread." Mary went out of the room and returned with a loaf in one hand and a knife extended in the other, calling out "Who's for bread?"

A Philadelphian, who had to entertain a political boss, impressed upon his wife that their guest was a very important, if not a very cultured man, and the good lady rose to the occasion with an elaborate and tastefully-served dinner. Nothing interesting occurred until an entree of chicken croquettes was served. Then the politician carefully tasted the delicacy twice, and his puzzled expression changed to one of satisfaction, as he exclaimed:

"I have it, b'gosh, it's hash—Saturday Night."