

THE NERVOUS SCHOOL CHILD

Needs Rich, Red Blood to Regain Health and Strength.

Many children start school in excellent health, but after a short time home work, examinations, hurried meals and crowded school rooms cause their blood to become weak and thin, their nerves over wrought and their color and spirits lost. It is a great mistake to let matters drift when boys and girls show symptoms of nervousness or weak blood. They are almost sure to fall victims of St. Vitus dance, or drift into debility that leads to other troubles. Regular meals, outdoor exercise and plenty of sleep are necessary to combat the nervous wear of school life. But it is still more important that parents should pay strict attention to the school child's blood supply. Keep this rich and red by giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills according to directions and the boy or girl will be sturdy and fit for school. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind is shown by the statement of Mrs. Pearl G. Harrington, Kingsville, Ont., who says:—"I have often felt that I should write you and let you know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me. At the age of thirteen I was afflicted with St. Vitus dance. The trouble became so severe that I had to be taken from school. I was given medical treatment but it did not help me, in fact I was steadily growing worse. Then a friend advised my mother to give me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which she did, with the happiest results, as the pills completely cured me and I was again able to take up my studies and attend school. Again about three years ago I was attacked with nervous prostration and once more took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using five boxes was fully restored. I cannot praise these pills too highly as I believe they will cure any case of St. Vitus dance, or restore anyone who is weak, nervous or run down.

You can safely give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to the most delicate child, or take them yourself with equally good results when you need a blood tonic. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Grit Wears Engines Fast.

Like most farmers, I take care of my own car, and I try to do it the quickest and best way that I can. I do not have time to flect the last speck of dust off the fenders very often, but I do try to keep the wearing parts in tiptop shape all the time.

Lubrication is one of the things that I never neglect, and I get the best oil I can buy, after four years of driving an inexpensive make of car that we give a good many hard knocks. The expense per mile for oil is very light, and a difference of 25 cents a gallon will never be felt and certainly gives a smoother running motor. I have been through the cheap cylinder oil experimental stage, and have found that it does not pay to use anything but the best.

Just as important as the grade of oil is the care of the container used to put the oil in the car. I learned this lesson when I ran a twin motor-bike with the oil-can top open one summer. Enough sand got into the engine that way to necessitate taking the engine down and regrounding the cylinder. I could feel the grit in the oil that came out of the machine. The cost was only \$12, but enough to teach me better.

Now I keep the oil tightly covered, and I also keep the measure that I pour from covered all the time. At first I used a paper sack for this, but now I have found something better in a round pasteboard box, cut down to fit the height of the can. Dust and dirt easily get into these measures, and then into your engine. Protect your oil, and in so doing protect your engine. It pays to keep oil clean. —E. R.

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Discipline.

She burst into the living room, calling, "Mother, where are you, mother?" quite as if her parent had broken the habit of a lifetime and had deserted the mending basket on Thursday afternoon. "Listen, mother! I've got to get a new sweater. Can you let me have five dollars? They're four-ninety-five at Klein's—some bargain!" She flung herself into the morris chair. "Wow, but I'm tired! I wouldn't stir one step if I wasn't afraid all the pastel shades would be snapped up before I get there. What's the matter, mumsy—seen a ghost?"

The mother had put down her darning and was looking at a slender calf in old-rose silk. "No, dear, but I see a great deal of leg, and a hole that's getting bigger every minute. I warned you there'd be no wear in that kind of stocking, Doris."

"What's the use in harping on that when you won't make daddy raise my allowance?" Doris sat up very straight. "You know that I can't buy a stocking that will last two minutes for less than a dollar and a half—at the least. By the way, there's a sale of Italian silk ones this afternoon; if you make that five a ten, I can get some bargains. That would be real economy. Please, mother!"

"Doris, don't! You nearly got that needle in your eye. Yes, of course I like to be hugged, dear child, but not when I'm sewing. And it doesn't do a bit of good to coax and wheedle, for I'm not going to give you another cent for clothes until your allowance is due." The mother straightened her collar. "You know what daddy said when he heard what your new bathing suit cost. And I don't like—"

"Oh, please, mother, just this once! Honestly, I won't ask for a single other thing, not even the stockings, if you'll let me get the sweater. I need one worst way, and it's a crime not to take advantage of that sale." She thrust an accusing elbow under her parent's nose. "Pipe that thin place, will you? It'll be a hole first thing you know. You don't want to see me in rags, do you?" She waited for a sign of surrender. A full minute passed. Then the mother said uncertainly:

"If I do let you get the sweater, Doris, please understand that it's only because the one you have on is getting shabby, not because I approve of your losing your head over bargain sales. Now, will you promise me—"

The worktable was overturned in the mad rush of gratitude. "Mumsy, you're a good old scout!" The despised sweater hurtled through the air and lay in a crumpled pink heap. "Thank goodness I needn't wear that old ruin another minute! Where's your purse, mother? I want to meet Irene at Klein's at five. Why, what's the matter? What makes you look at me like that?"

"Doris, where did you get that waist?"

"At the Florentine Shoppe. Isn't it a peach?" She turned slowly round. "Did you ever see such handwork? Just look at the daisies on the yoke. It cost nine dollars, reduced from twelve-fifty. Where's your purse, mother? I've got to beat it."

"That settles it, Doris," the mother said firmly. "I'm not going to encourage you in any more extravagance. You had no business to buy that expensive blouse; it's ridiculous for a schoolgirl! No, don't coax me. My mind's made up." She bit off a needleful of black cotton, carefully avoiding her daughter's eye.

Contrary to her expectation, there was no argument, merely a look that overflowed with reproach. Doris went to the telephone, and presently the mother heard:

"That you, Irene?... No, I can't come. It's all off. Yes, I know, but she says she won't give it to me. Of course I need it worst way, but what's the use?... Oh, cut it out, Irene, it's all off, I tell you!" The click of the disconnected telephone chimed in with a disconsolate sob.

The mother got up suddenly and went over to the despised sweater. She picked it up and examined the worn elbow. "I can mend that in two minutes, dear," she said, with a consoling pat on the blonde head half buried in the sofa pillows. A sob answered her; then another. (She sighed and laid the sweater down again.)

"Doris," she said gently, "you'll find my purse in the left-hand back corner of my top bureau drawer."

Oil and Paint Screens.

Great care should be taken of window screens, as they represent quite an item of expense, especially when many large ones have to be used. When the season is over for using the screens, I take a sort of

inventory of them, discarding those that are completely worn out. It is not enough to merely take an inventory of the screens on hand at the end of the season and properly place them away in some corner of the house where they will not be in the way until wanted again next season. This is indeed the way I used to do it, but I have found it a poor method and a costly one as well. All new screens bought each season are carefully painted over the woodwork or metal parts as the case may be, and the screening is carefully oiled with linseed oil. By this method I have been able to make the screens last many seasons.

A good time to do this work is late in autumn when we will have no further use for the screens until next season. By painting and oiling them at this time, the wood is preserved, will look better when the screen is brought out next season, and the oiling prevents the screens from rusting, which is important if we want them to last many seasons.

The screens should not be stored away in any old place in order to get them out of the way. It is best to pack them all together and cover them up nicely somewhere in the house where it is dry and clean. If covered with cloth or paper they do not become so dusty and it is a small matter indeed to get them ready for use next season. If rubbed lightly with an oiled cloth, they are again ready for use, look bright and clean, and with an additional touching up with oil, they will not easily rust.

It is best to oil the screens with a cloth that is saturated in oil, as by this method the screens are evenly covered, and too much oil will not get on them, as would be the case if a brush were used for the purpose. Too much oil would soil curtains or draperies coming in contact with screen.

Screens are a necessity in every home during the summer months. They are also a great convenience and make the house cool and attractive when properly cared for. The time spent in caring for them is time profitably employed and will save many dollars besides in the course of a few years' time.

Bacteria That Make Iron Ore.

The most imaginative among us would hardly suspect that bugs are responsible, at least in part, for the common flatiron and other useful articles made from the same metal. Yet European physicists have known for some time that there are "iron-ore bacteria," and the fact is now commonly accepted in America.

Iron bacteria live in either standing or running clear waters that contain iron compounds; not in turbid waters and those containing much organic matter. So active are they in establishing deposits of ferric hydroxide that water pipes of cities where the water contains ferrous carbonate have been known to be completely closed by them.

Sheaths of dead iron bacteria have been found in multitudes in limonite deposits, and enormous deposits of several kinds of iron ore are known to result from their work. Yet we know little about them. They may even be at the very threshold of life.

It is interesting, however, to note that the greatest deposits of iron ore in the world that are being mined are in the arctic and subarctic regions, or in zones where nearly half the year is winter, as in the Lake Superior country. The greater commercial activity in the colder regions may partly account for this, for there are extensive iron ore formations in the tropics and subtropics. But the fact remains that iron bacteria live in pure water and that in the colder regions water is most likely to be pure.

Although iron bacteria are manufacturing new deposits all the time, this is not of great importance as far as the supply of iron is concerned. Bodies of ore are being formed more rapidly than we used to think, but nature probably cannot create iron as fast as we are using it.

Their Demands.

Street Cleaners—"We demand narrower streets and wider brooms."

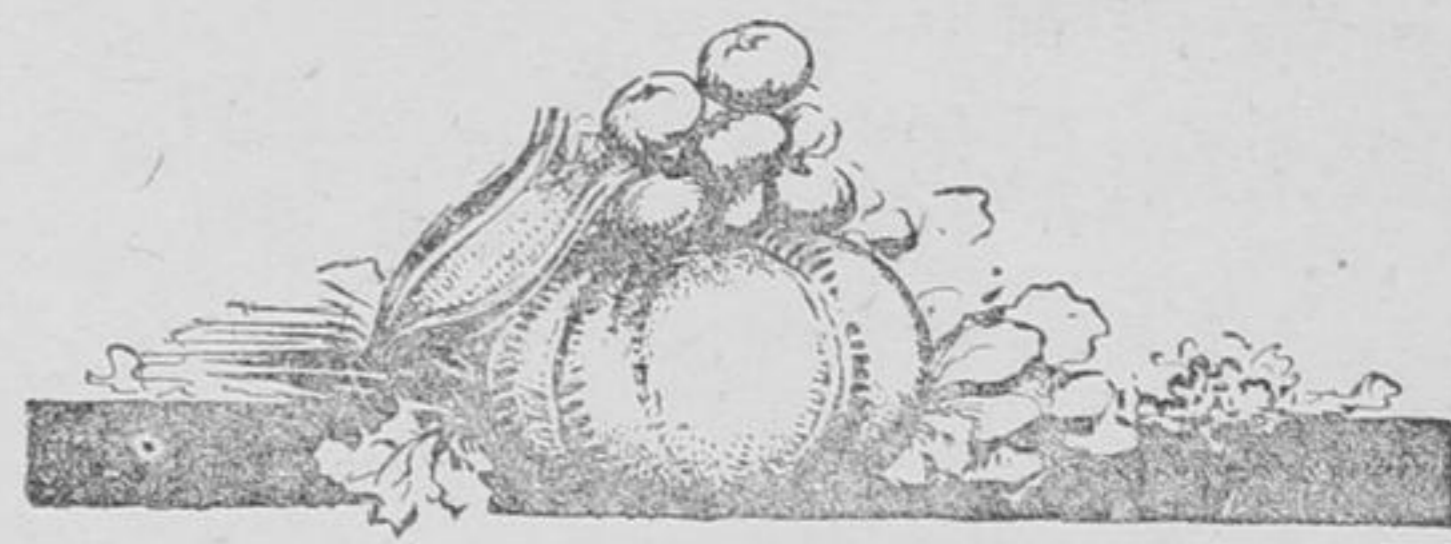
Firemen—"All buildings must be built of asbestos. We want cooler flames."

Policemen—"We must not be required to catch motor bandits. Inspectors must go."

Garbage Men—"All trash must be neatly dusted before being thrown out."

Milk Men—"Later mornings; fewer babies."

Begin to educate your grandchildren by educating yourself.



AUTUMN

HERE is a nip in the air these mornings that must be rather sharp to the man who scrapes his chin when shaving himself.

If he used a Gillette Safety Razor, he would positively enjoy shaving every morning, he would look his best at all times, and there would be no cutting or chafing of the skin!

Furthermore, in the time he now takes to get his old razor edge as near right as he can, he could finish shaving with the Gillette.

Stropping and Honing would be a thing of the past for him. That alone is worth \$5,—the price of a

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Any dealer who is anxious to supply men's needs will gladly show you a variety of Gillette sets. See him today, if possible.



What Can I Do On a Rainy Day?

Here are some of my big jobs for a rainy day. It may be some folks would not think they amount to so very much. All right. I have learned that the biggest jobs I have to do are those that I hate to do most. Here they are:

Straighten up the harness room. When every day is crowded full of things that simply must be done on the farm we are pretty apt to throw things round in the harness room pretty promiscuously. Gets so it looks like sin, only more so; and this rainy day is just the best time to slick up.

Another good big job is tightening up the horses' shoes. I can do that all right. I have an old piece of drag tooth, a relic from the days of the spike-tooth harrow, that I hold against the head of the loose nails, and with a light hammer I can draw the nails down tight, so that they will go several days longer.

Lowery days are a good time to bring up correspondence. Business letters must be answered the same day, no matter what else happens; but here are friendly letters waiting. I have no bigger job than to answer these. None pays better, either.

Again, it is a big job to go around the house and do the little chores that Wife knows about. Maybe a door that sags on the hinges and is scraping the carpet out. I drive out the hinge pins, tug the door out, and with cross-cut and rip saw cut it down to save wearing the pretty carpet.

But I think the very hardest task of all is to clear up my office desk. Piled so high with accumulated papers and stuff I dread to touch it. It really

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is a man's job to wade down through the heap and keep cheery. Can you do it? Then you are good for any big job.

A teaspoonful of flour added to the grease in which eggs are fried will prevent them from breaking or sticking to the spider.

BIFF!

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