NA-DRU-CO.

Prepare Yourself For Winter's Worst

Don't wait till you have caught one of those nasty colds—fortify yourself against them by taking a course of

Na-Dru-Co Tasteless
Preparation of
Cod Liver Oil

This "builder-up" is rich in the medicinal and nutritive properties of the best Norwegian Cod Liver Oil—**without the disagreeable taste.** It also contains Extract of Malt, Extract of Wild Cherry and valuable Hypophosphites, which tone up the whole system and particularly strengthen the Lungs, Throat and Bronchial Tubes.

In 50c. and $1.00 bottles, at your druggist's. 305

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

For Weal or for Woe;

Or, A Dark Temptation

CHAPTER XXIII.—(Cont'd)

Then Ione Leighton knew that she stood no chance of ever being friends with the girl whom she had so bitterly wronged.

"No doubt the little upstart beggar is quite as proud as a peacock now," flashed out Ione, tearing the note into minute shreds and flinging them in the fire. "Oh, if I could but pull down her pride, trample her in the dust of humiliation for this! I think I could do it too, if I were to search her past history. I am sure there is some terrible, disgraceful secret in that girl's past life, and if I live I will ferret it out.

"Take care," warned Grace; "depend upon it, as sure as fate such a scheme will recoil upon your own family in time, if not upon your own head. Take care! Beware! Remember well the significant lines:

"'The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceedingly fine.'"

There came a dark, bitter day when Ione Leighton remembered those lines but two well.

She read of Miss Remington's great beauty and her success in the fashionable world with a revengeful, envious heart.

Proud old Mrs. Cheeleigh read them too, with bitter anger at her own folly for not keeping Gay under her roof while she had her at Roseclift. She would have been delighted to have had her handsome son woo and win the heiress, who would at some future day inherit the banker's three millions of money.

She realized too late that "she had entertained an angel unawares."

The handsome young fellows who worshipped at Gay's shrine were legion.

She gave each and all a bright smile, a coquettish glance, and a pleasant word, but not one of them succeeded in capturing her heart.

Poor Gay! she had no heart to give them; her heart was with him whom she believed so cruelly false to her; she loved him with a passionate yearning still, in spite of all.

Gay had frankly told the good old banker that she was never intended for a grand lady when he had made known his intention of adopting her and making her his heiress.

"I am only a working-girl," she went on simply. "I shall never feel above them; my heart will be always with them.

"God bless you, my child," returned the old millionaire banker warmly, "your heart is in the right place. I honor you for those brave words. My wife was a working-girl when I married her, and she always tells me she don't feel one whit more of a lady in her silks and satins than she did in her neat print dress and spotless apron. Wealth has not spoiled her, by any means, and she will like you all the better for your principles, my dear."

No wonder Gay's heart went out to this grand old couple.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gay had given her new-found friends a faithful description of her life up to the time Hazel died, but there was one page in that dark past that she could not bring herself to reveal to them; and that was the story of that hasty, romantic marriage, that seemed almost like a dream now.

Gay had been long months amid her new surroundings; she was the very light and life of the grand old house, each day she was growing more like the saucy, impetuous, willful Gaynell of old.

This was the lull before the terrible storm broke over her head.

"You are quite spoiling me, you dear old darling!" she exclaimed one day, throwing two soft arms around the grand old lady's neck, and giving her a decided hug that almost ruined her dainty lace collarette. "I thank you and papa so much for giving me my choice of any pony in the stable for my very own. I have chosen the new one that was bought yesterday. I must run away and put on my riding-habit, the groom will have him saddled and at the door directly. I'm going to take a canter in the park."

"Take care of yourself, dear," replied Mrs. Remington. "You ought to have permitted the groom to accompany you."

Gay laughed and shook her golden head.

A few moments later Gay put her head in at the door to say "Good-bye."

How dainty and sprightly she looked in the navy-blue cloth riding-habit that fitted her slender, girlish figure to a charm, the blue cloth cap with a bright, crimson bird's wing coquettishly at one side, the tan-colored gloves reaching almost up to the elbow, and the thick, silver veil covering the pretty face all save the dimpled chin and rosy, laughing mouth like a pomegranate bud.

How little Gay dreamed what was to befall her ere she returned!

With flying feet she gained the portico. The groom was awaiting her there, holding a sleek, prancing black horse by the bit.

"I'm so sorry you have ordered this horse to be saddled for you, Miss Gay," he began anxiously. "He's not safe for a man to handle, let alone a young lady. You can depend on it, his old master knew him pretty well when he named him Satan."

"Nonsense. I guess Satan and I will get along pretty well together," laughed Gay, springing into the saddle. "Forewarned is forearmed, you know. I shall keep a sharp lookout for his pranks."

She deftly gathered up the reins, but before she could give him the slightest tap with her gold-mounted riding-whip, Satan was dashing down the paved road with the velocity of the wind.

The groom looked after her with a troubled face.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed under his breath, "the mischief is in that horse today. I'm afraid there will be mischief done before she returns. I'll saddle up Akbar and follow her."

Meanwhile Gay had reached the park; and it was on this particular morning that Percy Granville had asked Evelyn St. Clair to become his bride, when he had bidden adieu to his fiancee, forgetting, in his eagerness to catch the train, to give her even a farewell kiss as they parted.

He reached the city in a strangely perturbed state of mind, quite unusual to his cheery nature.

Was it fate that caused him to give the order to the cab-driver as he took his seat:

"To the park?"

At the gate he dismissed the cab, preferring to stroll through the grounds on foot, tempted by the beauty of the spring morning.

He had scarcely reached the first curve of the serpentine road, ere he heard a sound that made his very heart almost cease beating.

It was a piercing cry in a clear, girlish voice—a voice that reminded him strangely of Little Gay's.

The next instant he beheld a black horse—upon whose back a young girl sat, swaying to and fro in the saddle like a slender leaf in a gale—plunging and dashing madly down the road at a headlong pace.

The kid bridle had snapped asunder, and the lovely rider had lost all control of the spirited animal.

Percy could see that it was only a question of a few brief instants ere the terrified girl would be dashed from the saddle—meeting certain death by striking one of the trees that lined either side of the road.

His face paled as he saw her danger.

In an instant he had made up his mind what course to pursue.

He would save the poor girl's life or he would die in the attempt.

On, with the speed of the wind, came the coal-black horse, and again a wild, piteous cry floated on to Percy's ears, and that cry nerved him for the terrible ordeal that followed.

He saw that the maddened animal must pass within a yard from the point where he stood, fairly rooted to the spot, and, if it should swerve a single hair's breadth in his direction, the plunging iron hoofs would crush him.

With a white, determined face, he wound his left arm firmly around the trunk of a tree, and stood calmly waiting to grasp the bridle of the infuriated steed with his strong right arm as it plunged past him.

The few seconds that passed as he awaited the terrible instant seemed the length of eternity.

He realized but too well that upon his agility and strength hung this lovely young creature's life.

Nearer, nearer, dashed Satan, with his terrified burden—one brief instant later, he was abreast of the noble young hero.

And in that thrilling moment a strong hand grasped one of the rings attached to the bit.

There was a powerful lunge forward that nearly tore Percy Granville's strong right arm from its socket.

If his left arm had not been wound so firmly around the trunk of the tree, we should have had to record a tragedy; as it was, the powerful hand that held the ring of the bit brought Satan back upon his haunches; he had recognized a masterly hand, and the next instant he stood panting and quivering, but docile enough, by the roadside.

But in that backward plunge Gay had lost her balance, and would have fallen headlong from the saddle had not Percy loosened his grip from the horse, and held out his arm just in time to catch her.

What was there about that slim figure that rested for one brief instant a dead weight against his heart, that made the blood course like fire through every fibre and vein of his whole being?

Involuntarily his arms tightened closely about her. Alas! why did not his heart warn him this was Little Gay—his lost bride?

She struggled out of his arms with a little low cry, and he was dimly aware that two dark terrified eyes were staring at him, burning their way down to his very soul from behind the thick folds of the silvery veil.

The words of thanks died on her lips as she saw who it was to whom she owed her life.

"He would never have saved me had he known it was I," she thought bitterly.

What words she stammered out as she stood there, she could never afterward recall.

Percy lifted his straw hat with a low, deferential bow.

It was little wonder he did not recognize the strained, faltering voice, it was so unnatural; even Gay herself was startled by its quivering hollowness.

"Pray do not thank me," he said. "I should like to know, though, whom it is that I have had the pleasure of serving."

He handed her his card as he spoke, hoping she would give him her own in exchange. It never occurred to him to be untrue to Evelyn, his fiancee, even in thought, but, in the presence of this bewitching creature before him, he quite forgot her.

"I have no card with me," said Gay, confusedly, drawing the thick veil still further down over her face, much to Percy's regret. "I—I—am Mr. Remington's adopted daughter, of No.— Gramercy Park."

Before Percy could utter the ejaculation of astonishment that rose to his lips, the groom, who had fortunately followed Gay, dashed up, taking in the situation of affairs at a single glance as he beheld the broken reins; he had picked up Gay's riding-whip fully half a mile back.

Percy had just time to say:

"I will call some day this week at your home if I may be permitted to do so. Your father and my uncle were staunch old friends for long years, Miss Remington. Surely you do not intend to ride that animal home!" he cried in alarm as Gay made a movement to remount her horse.

"I implore you not to do so—let me send you a coach."

Gay uttered a little reckless laugh, that was half a sob. His opposition made her all the more determined to ride the fiery animal home, and he was obliged to see her depart, the frightened groom following close at her heels.

Gay never saw the green park, the shrubs and leafy trees on that homeward ride.

"He begs his own invitation to call upon the great banker's heiress," she thought, with bitter pride, "while he scorns the poor little bride he wooed and won on the impulse of the moment. When he calls at the house I will confront him and charge him with the cruelty of breaking my heart. Oh, why should I love him so," she sobbed, tears filling her eyes so thickly that she could not see where her horse was going; "seeing him again adds new fuel to the old love; why can I not learn to forget him or die?"

That afternoon Percy wrote a long letter to Evelyn, and unconsciously it was filled up with the subject he had so much at heart—the lovely young girl whom he had aided in the park.

The girl's voice haunted him like some half-forgotten melody.

Evelyn St. Claire's heart was on fire with jealousy as she read it and she ground her teeth with impotent rage.

"It would be just like him to fall in love with that girl," she muttered, "and I should have just such a time in separating them as I had with that miserable Gay Esterbrook, with her pretty gypsy-ish face and baby ways.

"What's a betrothal to me, now-a-days—or marriage, either, as for that matter?" she went on, pacing her boudoir excitedly. "Why, I have read of men leaving their brides at the very altar! Yes, one must marry them quick to be even half sure of them."

Suddenly a brilliant idea occurred to Evelyn St. Claire.

She had known the old banker and his wife well, when they used to visit years before at Redstone Hall.

Why not go to the city and pay them a short visit, with the clever object in view of seeing this pretty girl for herself, and giving her to understand she was not to fall in love with the fair-haired, handsome hero of the park adventure, for he was already betrothed to herself?

"I will see this girl before Percy does," she concluded triumphantly, "and prevent anything like an attachment from springing up between them."

The next afternoon a coach stopped before Banker Remington's palatial home, a tall, elegant blonde, robed in violet silk and in the very height of fashion, emerged from it and ran lightly up the marble steps, and touched the silver bell.

She handed her card to the servant who answered the summons, requested to see Mrs. Remington, and was shown into the spacious drawing-room.

Evelyn St. Claire, for it was she, had not long to wait.

A moment later there was a swift, hurrying footstep in the corridor without, that stopped before the door.

CHAPTER XXV.

The footsteps ceased abruptly as they reached the drawing-room door; a little white hand drew aside the amber plush hangings, and a slender girlish figure stood in the doorway.

Evelyn turned around; then the smile on her blonde face changed into an expression of the greatest terror.

She sprung to her feet with a hoarse cry.

"Gaynell Esterbrook!" she gasped "What in the world are you doing here?"

Gay raised her dark eyes to Evelyn's perturbed face.

"I am Mr. Remington's adopted daughter now," she said simply. "May I ask what you are doing here, Miss St. Claire?"

The answer had almost taken the haughty heiress' breath away; but quick as a flash of lightning a course of action presented itself to her—she would make friends with Gay at all hazards.

She held out her white, jeweled hands with a dazling smile.

"I will tell you what brought me here," she said sweetly. "I was passing in a coupe yesterday, and I saw a face that almost took my breath away at one of the windows. Can that possible be Gay Esterbrook? I asked myself, and I could not rest until I came here to find out. I am so glad that it is really you."

Gay looked at Miss St. Claire in wonder.

"We did not part in friendship," she said slowly; "for that reason I cannot understand why you should feel so interested in me."

"I never meant what I said to you that night in the heat of anger, Little Gay," she answered artfully. "Place yourself in my shoes, won't you? I did not mean any harm in locking you in my boudoir; I wanted to keep you with me; I was distressed beyond all measure when I found you had fled from me, gone none knew whither. You might have had such a splendid home with me."

Alas for the artlessness and implicit confidence of inexperienced girlhood!

Before beautiful, treacherous Evelyn St. Claire had been in Gay's presence half an hour she had succeeded completely in insinuating herself in Gay's confidence, and convincing her against her better judgment that she had misjudged her in the past.

With the skill of a fiend, or the deadly serpent that charms a fluttering dove, she had persuaded Gay into an exchange of confidence, and our poor, unsuspecting little heroine had give the heiress a faithful account of her movements from the time she left her roof that night, up to the present moment—of her meeting with Harold Tremaine that night, and her abduction; of her imprisonment in the lone brick house on the river road—her subsequent escape—how she fell, weak and exhausted, by the roadside, and awoke to consciousness finding that she had been ill for long weeks, and had been taken care of in the elegant home of the Leightons.

Evelyn St. Claire scarcely breathed as she listened.

"It was during that illness that I lost all my dark hair," continued Gay, "and this fair hair that changed my appearance so, grew instead.

When Gay mentioned the cause of her being turned away from Leighton Hall—because she had gone to the grand masked ball as the fairy queen uninvited—Evelyn St. Claire's excitement knew no bounds; as she remembered she had disturbed a tete-a-tete with this same fairy queen and Percy Granville in the conservatory that night.

"You saw Mr. Granville there, that night," said Evelyn, searching Gay's face keenly—"you spoke to him—tell me, did he not know you?"

"No," replied Gay, faintly, "there were reasons why I did not make myself known to him—we met and parted as strangers."

Not even to Evelyn would Gay tell the story of that romantic marriage in the old stone church; that must remain a dead secret between herself and Percy until he chose to reveal it.

Gay finished her recital by telling Evelyn that only yesterday she had met Percy Granville, for the second time, and he had saved her life in the park—yet he had not recognized her on account of the thick veil she wore at the time, and the difference in the color of her hair.

Evelyn St. Clair could have cried out in triumph as she listened to that.

The entrance of Mrs. Remington at this juncture precluded all further exchange of confidence.

The banker's wife pressed Evelyn to accept the hospitality of her home while she remained in the city.

"You shall have the room opening off from Gay's," she said, "and we will try to make your stay very pleasant."

(To be continued.)

The Learned Professor — You know, Mrs. Bloogs, it seems a shame to take your boy away from school at such an early age. I myself didn't finish my school education until I was nineteen. Mrs. Bloogs—Well, some children is quicker at pickin' up things than others.

THEN THE STORM BROKE

Wife—Do you know, Henry, you haven't given me a kiss for a week?

Professor (very absent-minded)—Is it possible! Dear me, I wonder who it can be that I've been kissing the past week then?

Just what you need after a hard day's work—A Refreshing cup of

LIPTON'S TEA

Goes farthest for the money

HOME

Cooking for the Sick.

A Pot of Coffee (boiled).—One-half cup ground coffee, one-half egg, three quarters cup cold water, three cups freshly boiled water—Mix the coffee with egg and one-half cup cold water, add boiling water, boil five minutes, remove to back of range, add one-quarter cup cold water and allow it to settle five minutes. Serve.

Filtered Coffee. — One-half cup ground coffee, three cups boiling water—Spread a piece of filter paper or fine cloth over coffee pot, place coffee on it, pour boiling water over it; when it has filtered through pour it out and turn it through the filter again.

A Cup of Filtered Coffee.—Two tablespoonfuls ground coffee, one cup freshly boiled water. Scald the cup, place a piece of filter paper or fine cloth over cup, place ground coffee in it, pour boiling water over it, and allow it to filter slowly through. This is a useful way of making coffee when a small quantity is needed in case of an emergency.

Tea.—Allow from one to three teaspoonfuls of tea to two cupfuls of water, using less of close rolled than of coarse, loose teas. Use freshly boiled water, scald the teapot, put in the tea and pour in the boiling water; allow it to stand covered three to five minutes and serve immediately.

A Pot of Tea.—Three teaspoonfuls tea, two cups freshly boiled water. Scald an earthen or china teapot, put in tea, pour on water, and let stand five minutes on the back of range; strain and serve immediately.

A Cup of Tea.—One teaspoonful tea, three-quarters cup freshly boiled water. Heat a cup, put in tea, pour on water, cover and let stand in warm place from three to five minutes. Strain into a hot cup and serve with cream and sugar.

Barley Water.—Two tablespoonfuls barley, one quart cold water. Wash barley, add water and let soak a few hours. Cook in same water until water is reduced one-half, if it is for infant feeding; for adults reduce to one cup. Salt and cream may be added or lemon juice and sugar, as the case may require.

Currant Jelly Water.—Two tablespoonfuls currant jelly, two tablespoonfuls syrup, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, two-thirds cup cold water. Mix ingredients in order given.

Albumen Water.—White of one egg, one-half cup cold water. Stir white of egg with silver fork to set free the albumen, that it may easily dissolve, as the water is added gradually, strain and serve. A few grains of salt may be added if liked.

Toast Water.—Two slices stale bread, one cup boiling water. Cut stale bread in one-third inch slices and remove crusts. Put in pan and bake in slow oven until thoroughly dried and well browned. Break in small pieces, add water, cover, let stand one hour. Squeeze through cheesecloth. Season with salt and serve hot or cold. It often proves efficient in extreme cases of nausea.

Syrup for Fruit Beverages. — Three-quarters cup sugar, three-quarters cup boiling water. Add sugar to boiling water, stir until sugar is dissolved, then let boil without stirring twelve minutes. Cool and bottle.

Baked Apple Pudding. — Three cups chopped apples, two cups bread crumbs, one-half cup sugar, one-quarter teaspoonful cinnamon, one-quarter teaspoonful nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls butter, two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, one-quarter cup water. Melt butter, mix with bread crumbs, mix water and lemon juice. Chop apples, mix sugar and spice with them. Butter a baking dish, fill it with alternate layers of crumbs and apples, leaving crumbs on top. Pour water and lemon juice over them and bake one hour, covered. Uncover and brown.

Dip Toast.—Two slices dry toast, three-fourths tablespoonful butter, one-fourth teaspoonful salt, one and one-half tablespoonful flour, one cup scalded milk, two tablespoonfuls cold milk. Add cold milk gradually to flour to make a smooth paste. Turn into scalded milk, stirring constantly at first until the mixture thickens. Cook over hot water twenty minutes. Add salt, and butter in small pieces. Dip slices of toast separately in sauce. When soft remove to serving dish and pour over the remaining sauce.

Tips to Housewives.

When buttons are taken from an old dress they should be strung on a string before putting them into the button box.

Rancid butter can be sweetened by cutting it into two or three pieces and allowing it to stand in sweet milk for six or eight hours.

White discolorations on furniture are successfully removed by rubbing them lightly with a soft cloth moistened with essence of peppermint.

Small boards on which to set saucepans, kettles, frying pans, etc., can easily be made, and they are a great saving to the kitchen table.

Flatirons, when put away for some time, should be rubbed on the bottom when slightly warm with a mixture of vaseline and sweet oil.

When a sponge becomes slimy, soak it in strong borax water, wring out and renew the water. Continue this until the sponge becomes clean.

The juice can be kept in pies by putting one or two pieces of macaroni in the centre of the crust. This allows the steam to escape and prevents the juice from boiling out.

If a small amount of moist cotton is wrapped around the stems of flowers before the tinfoil is put on the flowers can be worn much longer.

Rub your eyeglasses with vaseline, then with a silk handkerchief. When you go out into the cold they will not become covered with steam.

Lemon syrup made by baking a lemon for 20 minutes and then squeezing out the juice in half a cup of sugar, is very good for hoarseness.

Steel knives can be very well cleaned by a paste made of emery powder and oil.

Muslins must be ironed wet. If allowed to get dry they will have a rough appearance.

Fruit jars can be easily opened if you will take hold of the top with a piece of sandpaper.

Scissors are excellent to shred lettuce; they are much more convenient than using a knife.

Always use cotton instead of silk when mending gloves. The cotton will not pull the kid.

In starching colored muslins, do not allow the starch to be too hot; it will destroy the color.

Stains on mirror glasses can be removed with a flannel cloth dampened with spirits of camphor.

A little flour sifted into the fat before frying mush will prevent the fat from spluttering and flying.

When beating butter and sugar to a cream a perforated spoon will be found more convenient than a fork.

A piece of wire screen cut to fit and put in the bottom of the oven will prevent it from burning things on the bottom.

A few drops of blue washing fluid added to the water in which glasses are rinsed will make them sparkle.

It is better not to put a bed spread through the wringer after the last rinsing; hang it on the line driping wet.

All muslin should be starched wet. If they are starched dry they never look so clean.

Remove ink and fruit stains from the floor by washing the stained part with cold water, then covering it with baking soda. When dry wash off the soda.

Rub a little butter under the edge of the spout of the cream pitcher; it will prevent a drop of cream from running down over the pitcher.

Before washing lace curtains, baste a narrow strip of muslin along the outer edge, allow it to remain until the washing and drying process is complete.

In washing colored muslins the colors are likely to run. Soak it first in salt and water, allowing a handful of salt to one gallon of water. Then wash in tepid water.

The Centre of Interest.

Lord Roberts, the great English soldier, beloved by all his countrymen as "Bobs," is so accustomed to being the center of interest on most occasions that he finds in an incident like this one.

A boy's rifle brigade of ten thousand members was to be reviewed at Glasgow by "Bobs." At the last minute, however, Lord Roberts was forced to cancel the engagement; a local notability was hastily substituted, but the managers of the affair thought it only right to notify ticket-purchasers that the famous soldier would not be present.

In one instance they sadly overrated the effect of the announcement. A small youth who was to take part in the parade had come to get two tickets for his father and mother. The manager told him as gently as he could of the disappointment.

The lad did not seem at all affected. "Oh," he said, "it's no Laird Roberts that faither and mither are coomin' to see; it's me."

"Excuse me," said the caller, "but do you practice medicine?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Then I must apologize for having intruded. I want somebody who knows his business. I can't let anybody practice on me," said the visitor.

The Meaning of a Name

"SALADA"

means everything that is choicest in fine tea. "SALADA" means the world's best tea—"hill-grown Ceylon"—with all the exquisite freshness and flavor retained by the sealed lead packages.

BLACK, GREEN or MIXED 054

OUR COURSE IN
GENERAL
OBSTETRICAL
MASSAGE
ELECTRO OR
SCHOOL NURSING

Qualifies you for the best positions. Study at home or attend the School. Graduates earn $15.00 to $40.00 per week.

Send for Free Book on Nursing

Red Cross School of Nursing
358 Queen St. West
TORONTO, - CANADA

Quality Butter

That's the kind you make with Maxwell's "Favorite" Churn.—

Hand & Foot Levers with Roller Bearings

Maxwell's "Favorite" is used all over the world—in Denmark, the butter country of the world—in the United States, in spite of high tariffs—and in every Section of Canada. Our Agricultural Colleges and Govt. Inspectors recommend it, because it is the finest butter-maker in the world.

Write for catalogue if your dealer does not handle it.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS,
ST. MARY'S, ONT. 94

Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

They do not contain phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 123

NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED.

CARTER'S TESTED ENGLISH SEEDS

Known, sown and grown the world over. Wherever used they make extraordinary records for productiveness. In one test continued over a period of five years, in a Canadian Agricultural College, Carter's Tested Seeds gave the highest yield against nineteen competitors. Carter's Seeds are perfectly adapted to Canadian soils and climate. To bring farming and gardening to the highest degree of success, growers should sow Carter's selected pedigree tested seeds.

Send for 1913 Catalogue—FREE

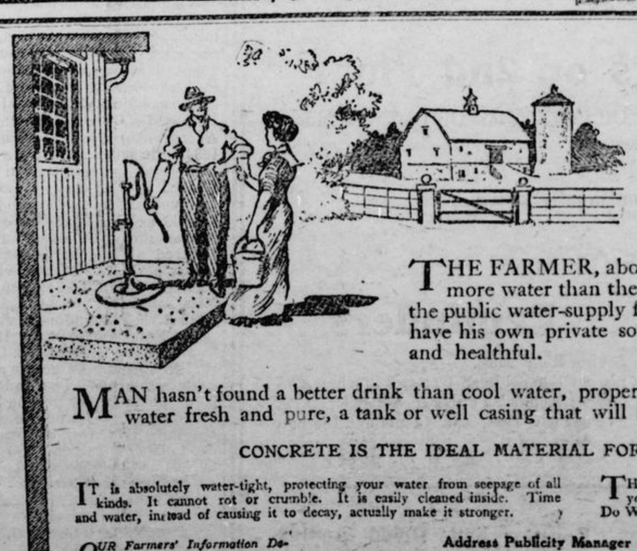
Printed on fine paper, profusely illustrated with half-tones and containing four full page pictures in natural colors. When you write, please address Department

PATTERSON, WYLDE & CO.

Sole Agents in Canada for James Carter & Co., of London, Eng. Seed Growers to His Majesty King George V

133 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.



SPARKLING WATER, cool and sweet, refreshes the farmer who builds a

Concrete Well or Tank

THE FARMER, above all others, appreciates good water. He drinks more water than the city man. The city-dweller is dependent upon the public water-supply for the purity of his water, while the farmer can have his own private source of water, and thus be sure that it is pure and healthful.

MAN hasn't found a better drink than cool water, properly collected and stored. But in order to keep water fresh and pure, a tank or well casing that will keep out every possible impurity must be used.

CONCRETE IS THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR TANKS AND WELL-CASINGS.

IT is absolutely water-tight, protecting your water from seepage of all kinds. It cannot rot or crumble. It is easily cleaned inside. Time and water, instead of causing it to decay, actually make it stronger.

THERE are scores of other uses for concrete on your farm—on every farm. If you would like to know of them, write for our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete." The book is absolutely free.

OUR Farmers' Information Department will help you to decide how to build anything, from a porch-step to a silo. The service is free—you don't even have to promise to build. When in doubt ask the Information Department.

Address Publicity Manager

Canada Cement Company
Limited

506-554 HERALD BLDG., MONTREAL

WHEN you go to buy cement be sure that this label is on every bag and barrel. Then you know you are getting the cement that the farmers of Canada have found to be the best.

PORTLAND CANADA CEMENT

Home Dyeing has no terrors for me—It's simply my delight. Even Professional Dyers can't equal my Perfect Results That's because I use

DYOLA

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

It's the CLEANEST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOME DYE, one can buy—Why you don't even have to know what KIND of Cloth your Goods are made of.—No Mistakes are Impossible.

Send for Free Color Card, Story Booklet, and Booklet giving results of Dyeing over other colors.

The JOHNSON-RICHARDSON CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO