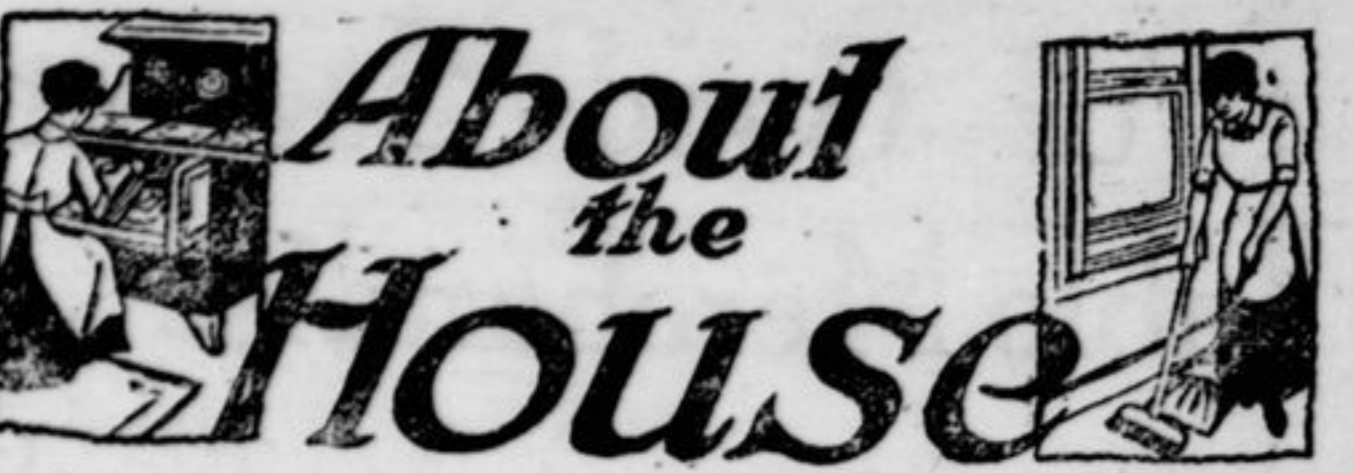


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Keeping Ants From the Home.

Nearly every one is familiar with ants and knows something of their habits, structure, mode of living, etc. They vary in size from the tiny red ant that is so frequently found in the kitchen and pantry, about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, to the large, black carpenter-ant that lives in decayed stumps or old timbers. They occur in all parts of the world from the dry and arid deserts to the damp tropical forests, and from the torrid zone to the arctic circle.

The housewife goes to the pantry, some summer's day, to get some cake and finds that the frosting is covered with tiny red ants. Further investigation reveals them in the butter, sugar and running all over everything apparently. Sometimes it is the larger black species which carried its love for sweet things to the sugar bowl. How can I get rid of them? It is, of course, useless to take everything out of the infested place, clean everything, burning papers, and throw away or clean out any infested foods. Any foods that are likely to attract this insect like cake, bread, sugar, meat and similar substances, should be placed in ant-proof metal containers or set over a dish of water in which the ants will drown in trying to get at the food. The source of the colony should be located. If it is under the floor or in the wall the liberal use of carbon bisulphide will soon kill the queen and attendant ants. An old wood-box may be the seat of the trouble or its nest may be in the ground near the back porch. In using the carbon bisulphide care must be taken that no light or fire is near, as it is very inflammable.

If ants like the sweet things in the cupboards one of the best remedies is to mix one part of tartar emetic with twenty parts of extracted honey. Syrup may be used in the absence of the honey. Put this in small saucers and place where the ants will have access to it, but where it is inaccessible to the children or household pets. If the ants are grease eaters use grease instead of the honey in the same proportions as above.

If ants are troublesome in lawns or in the garden, where they are building their nests, they can be killed even more rapidly than in the house. Drench the nests with boiling water or pour into them a small quantity of kerosene or coal oil. Another method is to inject bisulphide of carbon into the nests, the quantity of the chemical depending upon the size of the nests. After this fluid has been poured in, the entrance to the nest should be closed by a blanket or inverted pan placed over it in order to retain the chemical. The fumes of the bisulphide will penetrate slowly through the underground channels and kill the ants.

Child Laborers.

Does the compulsory school attendance law protect children from heavy work and long hours in the fields? There are interested and vigorous school officers who do their best to enforce the law; but even at best the period of attendance required is meagre. There is always a loophole through which children may be piped to work.

If Canada is to be a country of healthy and intelligent people, both parents and children must realize that school is better than work for children until they are sixteen. It is quite true that "the more you learn the more you'll earn."

Most of us think of the farm as an ideal place, and no one can question the wholesomeness of much in farm life. But we have learned that

how to preserve good health, for they enjoy remarkable immunity from consumption, cholera, and typhus. In 1348, when the Black Death was raging throughout England, the Jews were exempt from the plague.

Jews are, of course, subject to the ordinary ailments of life, but they can boast of an average longer life than any other race.

Among the Jewish community it is not uncommon to hear of a coreligionist who has "topped the century."

Ask for Minkard's and take no other.

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it is not wise to take it for granted that all country life in Canada makes a child happy and healthy. It must be admitted that too much farm labor interferes shockingly with the child's schooling, overtaxes his strength, and impairs his future usefulness.

Again—The Fly.

With Germany disposed of, our thoughts can again turn to the other problem of disposing of that ever-present menace—the fly.

The swatter—to be sure, no house is home without a fly swatter and a baby and where there's a baby there ought to be two swatters, one for father and the other for mother to use.

Poison—any and all kinds, but it should be kept high enough to be well out of the reach of children and domestic animals. If insect powder is used be careful not to scatter it about the room and then close the doors, forgetting Dickie the canary. Birds are very susceptible to any pure air.

Tanglefoot—plenty of it. Hang the kind that comes in rolls from the gas jet and if sister runs against it and carries the ball off attached to her backhair, never mind. You are waging a great war, and who can stop to think of trifles. The kitten may wrap herself in it, to her terror, and father may sit on the sheet you have laid, for just a moment, in his favorite chair, but it catches flies as well, and that is the real issue.

Formaldehyde—that is perhaps best of all. In an old saucer put a mixture composed of ten parts of formaldehyde, eighty-eight parts of water and two parts of a small sponge and set where it will not be disturbed. The flies drink the mixture and die almost immediately. With this as well as all other poisons be very careful to keep well out of the reach of domestic animals, children and careless people. It's the fly you are after.

Love's Labor.

What have I done to-day, now let me think,
I haven't read the book I should have read;
I didn't make that call on Mrs. Brink,
Nor spend the youth-restoring hour in bed.
Nor massage out the wrinkle in my cheek,
I didn't bake the fruit-cake, but may-be
I wrought as well—I sang my son to sleep,
Close cuddled and content upon my knee.

What have I done to-day?—I missed the Guild,
And quite forgot my shopping trip to town;
My music rack with treasure amply filled,
I left the cover of my organ down,
I didn't sew the new flower on my hat,
But son and I played marbles on the floor,
And there was virtue quite as much in that
Perchance than though I had accomplished more.

What have I done to-day?—now let me see,
I've put the paltry things from out my soul,
I've mothered Laddie and he's played with me
And we've been happy; making that my goal,
I've learned why God, creating human kind
Made Mothers to be guarded safe from harms,
To train a baby's active, eager mind,
To hold a little lad in loving arms.

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The Legacy on Wheels

By Dorothy Donnell Calhoun.

CHAPTER I.

Juliet Fleming laboriously tilted the heavy china platter and emptied the remains of the boiled dinner into the blue bowl, measuring the amount with an appraising eye.

"A few more potatoes and a carrot or two'll stretch it over to-morrow," she decided. "I'll make dumplings to piece out."

It was hot in the tiny kitchen. The listless September breeze straying through the morning glory vines at the window, struggled half-heartedly with the steamy dinner odors and turned up its nose, leaving cabbage and turnip dumplings to popery hair lay about her forehead in moist rings.

With one of the curious freaks of memory that belong to everyone's experience, it seemed to her as she carried the platter to the sink, that she had performed this act a thousand times. Ever since she had stood a blue-ginghamed mite, on a soap box in order to reach the dishpan, she had been washing the neck, the white-haired and wrinkled, still washing it fifty years from now.

Julie's truant glance wandered into the dazzling September landscape framed by the window.

"I'm sick of platters!" she said aloud. "That's all any of us get on this farm—just platters! Stupid, cheap, everlasting platters!"

From the next room came the drone of Ma's voice, set to the tune of the rocker as she retailed her symptoms to Gran'ma Bradley. One day long ago Ma had put her broom methodically in the cellar-way, hung up her apron, sat down in the spint chair in the window and commenced rocking. In five years since then the carpet had worn thin under the rockers and Ma was still creaking back and forth "enjoying poor health" she told the neighbors.

"That new medicine don't seem to be takin' hold any better'n the last," she was saying now in the fretful bottle, that Julie's eyes don't touch the shelf over the sink. From the label's of Hope's Remedy and Hope's Specific, the bland countenance of the Doctor looked down, suavely smiling, adorned with a beard that inspired confidence at the first glance.

"Toronto!" Gran'ma Bradley's cracked voice dwelt lovingly on the magic word. "I always thought maybe some day I'd get to go to Toronto. When a girl I remember Mrs. Peterson—the that was Maria Stone—went to the Exhibition and brought me back a book full of pictures. I got it laid away in my chest up in the attic somewhere."

Gran'ma Bradley was seventy; she had never been farther away from home than the red-letter trip to the County Fair on her wedding day. Here to the little run-down farm in the out-of-the-way corner of Ontario, she had come. Here she had borne her sons and daughters, reared them and buried most of them in the tiny plot under the big elm on the hill. Here she had watched her youth slip into widowed old age and here she was sitting in her corner, piecing her endless quilts and waiting patiently to die.

The blue and green and gold colors of the September day blurred streakily in the tears that filmed the girl's eyes.

"It isn't fair!" she murmured rebelliously. A wave of red ran under

Don't Look For Flaws.

Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them,
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadow hiding.
It is better far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wisest man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into the vessel.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

PRAYING BY PROXY

Government of India Safeguards Native Religious Customs.

Praying by electricity is practiced by the Buddhists in India. The prayers, written on long paper bands, are wrapped round a wheel, and each turn of the wheel is equivalent to one repetition of the prayer. The

clear skin to the soft line of her hair. "That's how it'll be with me if I marry John Massey. No pleasuring, no pretties—it isn't fair, I say!"

"What isn't fair, Julie?" Pa Fleming stood in the doorway, a patient, slightly stooping figure with thin gray hair and humor-lines round his eyes. "You on the warpath again?"

Julie whirled about and faced him with a fierce gesture that drew the whole hot, littered kitchen into the words.

"Everything! Dish-washing and Ma's ailing and the crops turning out poor!" A sob ran through the words. "It isn't fair for you to slave from morning to night nor for Gran'ma to lie without going to Toronto, nor for Romey and me never to have any fun!"

"What's come over you, Julie girl?" Pa looked across at her wondering. "You haven't got a touch of the sun, have you? Maybe you'd better get upstairs and lie down a spell."

He looked unseeing into the blinding afternoon as if listening to some long-forgotten words spoken in the hot revel of youth by the boy who had been himself.

"I guess once I thought same as you, daughter," he said slowly. "It's just that the youngness breaking out in that all. Gots to ways think they can take the bit between their teeth and run away but they get broken to harness after a spell. You haven't seen Romey around anywhere since dinner?"

"The Haslaw boys came by and he went off with them. Julie spoke reluctantly. Sixteen-year-old Romey (the names of her children had been Ma's one flash of poetry) was a that all. Gots to ways think they can take the bit between their teeth and run away but they get broken to harness after a spell. You haven't seen Romey around anywhere since dinner?"

"Well, Ma, how you feeling? Pretty spry, eh?" It was his inevitable question and he added inevitably, "I guess, seeing you don't need me, I'll hitch up and drive down to the village and get the mail."

He exchanged his limp straw hat for a limp felt one and hitched into the coat that hung behind the door. On the way out he paused to lay a shy, abashed ear to the door.

"Don't you fret, honey." A slow smile heralded Pa's favorite joke. "Maybe I'll bring back the Legacy. Seems as if it were about time we were hearing from that old fellow."

Julie laughed dutifully but her heart was not in the sound. The Legacy that Uncle Henry, the miser brother of Gran'ma Bradley, was going to leave the Flemings some day was a family tradition of such long standing that it partook of the nature of legendry. Vaguely she knew that Uncle Henry lived in a little Nova Scotia town, that he was incredibly old, very stingy and supposed to be "worth" considerable money. But she had never reduced her thoughts of him to dollars and cents. She turned back to the dishpan and unwillingly lifted the platter from the cooling water.

"You're an-Ugly-Old-Thing!" she apostrophized it savagely.

"I hate you and despise you and I've got the greatest mind that ever was to drop you into the sink and b-b-break every one of your bones!"

How it happened she was not certain, but all in a moment she found herself standing, staring down at the splintered wreckage of the stoneware platter, the crash of its passing still echoing in her ears.

(To be continued.)

Up To You!

It's a gloomy day, a tomy day,
A blue and dismal rainy day,
A sad, forlorn and fearful day,
If you would make it so,
A lonesome day, a sighing day,
A cheerless and a crying day,
A "what's the use in trying" day—
It's up to you, you know.

It's a glorious day, a happy day,
A joyous and a buoyant day,
A merry, laughing, snappy day,
If you would make it so,
A brilliant day, a sunny day,
A rare, a fair, a funny day,
A "good for making money" day—
It's up to you, you know.

The ex-Emperor William II. was the first king of Prussia who ever lost his throne.

Keep Minkard's Zintment in the house.

A COLORED SOLDIER'S FEAT.

Won Renown by Stopping a German Raid Single-handed.

Standing off a German raiding party did not demand the hardest fighting of the war, but it called for quick action and, in the experience of one colored soldier, a struggle against tremendous odds. When Sergt. Johnston of the 369th U.S. Infantry, who wears the French war cross, landed in New York he told the following story to a reporter of the Evening World.

"You see, it was this way," he began. "I was on post with Needham Roberts. Along 'bout two o'clock I said to myself, 'I hear some snippin' of them wires out there,' and I called Roberts, but while he was a-comin' I reached down and slid the lid off a box of hand grenades. He didn't come; so I put 'em in a row up in front of me.

"They kept on snippin' my wires, and I let go with a grenade. Then I grabbed my rifle and let go with thirty-one clips of bullets. Some German bullets come flyin' back, and I yells down to Roberts, 'Better come on up here! Every Dutchman in the woods is out here, and I'm goin' out and take dat hill!'

Roberts rushed up, but he went right down, shot in the hip and through his arm. I was smah tossin' out dem hand grenades, boss, but Roberts, a fumbly with his arm, got in my way. "Get on down in youah hole!" I yells to him. "Pass me them grenades and get away from mah feet. And pass 'em quick!" Then I grabbed mah gun and was a-pumpin' it to 'em when the thing stuck. So Ah jes' jumped up and started after 'em with mah gun, a-swingin' it hard and heavy. Soon as Ah cracked a few it busted up, too.

"Ah didn't stop to ask no introductions or excuse myself, but jes' sailed in, a-grabbin' out mah French bolo, when mah gun went bad. One yelled in English, 'Oh, that black brute has got me! Rush him! Rush him!'

"Yes, you-all rush me and Ah'll sure try and git you!" I sez to myself. I saw one guy that looked like a loot-pat and I made for him, Boss. Ah was a-goin' strong and suah made 'em step some. But then some German got me down on mah knees, when he done whanged me with the butt of his gun. Whew! It suah hurt, but Ah jes' kept on a-grabbin' 'em and tossin' 'em right over my shoulder.

"Ah guess that row musta lasted a half a hour before they got relief out to me. Ah was pretty well mused up, and so was Roberts. But the kumel took good care of us and kept me with the regiment, and Ah knowed Ah had tried hard to be a good soldier, so Ah was happy."

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A Ready Explainer.
"Tommy, your head is wet. You've been in swimming against my orders."
"No, pa. I was just standin' on the bank watchin' the other boys when that little Tompkins kid did a 'belly-bye,' and he splashed me."
"Then, why wasn't your hat wet?"
"I had it in my hand, pa, fannin' myself."
"Umph! I guess I'll have to make a lawyer out of you, son."

Down the straight familiar Route de Caen they rode, quietly taking their last look at the drab little suburb, pondering on the times they had walked that long road to camp after missing the last train.

Bareheaded girls and women were busy at their morning purchases, buying from the stalls and shops, walking along with their laden string bags, through which peeped the long, flat French loaves, the inevitable lettuce and bottle of wine.

Along the Old Road.
Here and there beneath the budding branches, a returned poilu walked arm-in-arm with a girl, while a few cyclists wandered in erratic fashion anywhere they listed on the broad pavement.

Familiar little cafes were passed, partially screened from passing gaze and dust by trim, little parrot hedges growing in long, shallow boxes on the pavement.

"La Barriere! La Barriere!" cried Mam'selle, on reaching the iron gates that span the road where sits the gendarme who scrutinizes passing vehicles, occasionally demanding to view the owner's papers.

"You off?" cried a voice from a passing lorry to the two soldiers in the momentarily stationary tram.

"Yes. Thought you went last week?"
"So I ought. But you know what it is—"

The starting of the tram drowned the "So long!" that was shouted, but failed to drown an argument in which everyone shrilly declared their views on the Russian situation.

One stout lady passenger pointed to the Tommy sitting next her, shrugged her shoulders, dropped her hands hopelessly, rattled off her opinion, and then raised her brows at him interrogatively.

A Parting Gift.
"Oul, oul, madame!" he agreed quickly, seizing his kit as the tram crossed the bridge of the Seine, its multitude of hilts and barges.

Mam'selle had her eye upon the two home-going ones as they prepared to alight.

"You no come back, good-luck!" she said, all in one breath, smilingly proud of her English.

"Good-bye!" they said together.

"Souveneur!" added one of them, quietly slipping some chocolate into her hand.

"Merci, merci!" said Mam'selle.

She stood on the footboard, one of the most typical figures in France, clasping her scarlet packet of chocolate, with something wistful in her sharp-featured little face as she watched the departing couple.

The driver called impatiently.

"En route! En route!" shrilled la petite Reveuse, promptly blowing her whistle.

WOMEN "BARGEES."

One of the Many Wartime Tasks of Englishwomen.

Among the jobs women are relinquishing with sighs of regret is that of bargee, says an English newspaper. Last summer many a girl bargee was to be seen on our quiet canals, skipping black barges over the 300-mile course between Hayes and Liverpool. Only the very lucky ones will be doing the same this year.

An average day's run is about 20 miles. The full 300-mile trip is thus accomplished in ten days, during the whole of which time the girls live on board, steering and managing the boat's cooking, seeing to the cabins, and looking after themselves generally.

As a rule the barges work in pairs, one towing the other, and four girls to a team. Men are strictly taboo. Sometimes the front boat is fitted with a motor-engine. Sometimes all the hard work is done by a horse.

The birthday over for June is the honeysuckle.

The Greeks are reaching out more and more into the merchant trade of the rich Levant, and their own trade development in Greece will be huge. Canada has a glorious opportunity here for exporting, the Canadian Trade Commission believes.

SEE THIS!
IT'S ON
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PORK
AND
BEANS
AND IS A
GOVERNMENT
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DOMINION RUBBER

"AU REVOIR"
TO FAIR FRANCE

WHEN TOMMY SETS OUT ON THE FINAL HOME TRIP.

A Happy Little Sketch of a Daily Incident "Over There During Demobilization.

"En route"
Mam'selle, the tram-conductress, gave her shrill, familiar call, blew her whistle, waved off small boys who hung on to the open-air trailer, and swung along the footboard for fares.

"Perrez?" she inquired, noticing the kit of a couple of khaki men, as she flicked off a tain paper ticket from her file for them.

"Oul, Angletiere; and no return this time!" replied one, passing over his coppers.

"Comprez?" asked his companion.

"Oul, oui," said Mam'selle, putting the money in her satchel. "C'est good-bye, n'est ce pas?"

"They nodded and Mam'selle, who has learnt to adapt herself to all things and all peoples, smiled at them understandingly, as she went on to other fares.

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Leading
Dealers

Brent

"I've got a freerackers for Raymond Hart. pocket a shining to Nelson Harn colin, who were a spreading elm."

"I'm going to that," said Nels Mrs. Harris keep her garden this she gives me is money for the —a dollar, any—

Then Raymond he should buy as much as that. First. He was sure something that would noise. Nelsan was same mind, except buying a drum instead. A drum would last.

At first Nelsan without saying a word ran to fetch a little, a spoke up.

"I've saved almost," said, "and before this have some more. I'm a it all for thrift stamps."

"What are thrift stamps?"

"They are something tags stamps," answered you don't see any money that you pay to buy some war- by the "strawman" will buy back the and give you more than them, too."

"But if we spend in way, we shall have First," said Raymond.

"Well, isn't it better country than to buy crackers or drums?" stantly.

"Yes, of course," "but what we have enough to help me. "Every little bit counts. "That is what my and my teacher said. thrift stamp costs. "Where do you buy

The Sunday School

INTERNATIONAL
JUNE 25

Lesson XIII.—Remon
Love, Phil. 3:7-14. G
Psalms 86:

The lessons of the have dwelt upon the big of human thought—the Holy Spirit, human nature, repentance, faith, abid and love. What have all these, and what have our permanent possess mind and heart? Our has been great; have we it?

Three great outstanding have learned: (1) That Father in heaven, loving even the erring and lost, father's changeless love, the gracious love of God, Christ and through His entered into the world to generate and save; and (2) response to God's will, Jesus Christ is in sincere faith, doing God's will, above all love, love both our fellow men.

This response to the which it is our high privilege to make is described in selected for to-day's reading Paul says: (1) The will everything else aside, things but loss, for the knowledge of Christ

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