

cleans sinks closets drains kills rats mice bugs

COMFORT LYE

Extra Strong destroys dirt



The Two Guardsmen

By BANISTER MERWIN.

II.

"It's some business deal that he and she's talkin' of," Jimmy announced quite frankly to Billy Miles after the girl and man had gone. "It don't look right to me."

"That fellow," said Miles, "is—I've seen him somewhere. He—"

"His name is Pronty," Jimmy volunteered.

"Pronty? Pronty? By Jove!" Miles tapped the table with his fist. "That's the man! Got into trouble with the postoffice people last year. Shady mail-order game." He frowned at the vacancy. "Do you suppose, Jimmy, she's tied up with anything like that?"

"I don't think she's tied up yet, Mr. Miles, sir," said Jimmy. "An' if she is, it will be just because she's such an innocent lamb, sir."

The words were a relief as well as a reproach to Billy Miles's doubts. He meditated.

"It looks," he finally said, "as if somebody has got to watch out for her, Jimmy."

In truth, the incident helped him greatly in his process of self-justification.

Leaving the restaurant, he walked slowly and thought hard. The result of his cogitations was a conclusion that he was not a spy but an honest man. By this time his feet had taken him around the corner to a position before the high stoop of 133 West, a destination on which he had more or less unconsciously fixed before setting out from Shea's.

"Why shouldn't I do it?" he argued. "She certainly needs a friend. And—anyway—"

With that he boldly mounted the steps, rang the bell and applied to fishy-eyed Mrs. Cressup for a room.

The opportunities for scraping acquaintances are many in a lodging house. Mr. Billy Miles, passing a pair of gray eyes on the creaking stairs of Mrs. Cressup's, drew aside with a deference so marked that he was rewarded with a nod of acknowledgment.


The next time he ventured a "Good evening"; and as all of Billy's spare time seemed to be spent in going up and down Mrs. Cressup's stairs, there were other encounters, and within two days he managed to progress from fragmentary greetings to whole sentences and finally to a conversation in the hall.

We need not follow the evolution of the acquaintanceship in all its details. Let it be enough to say that at 6 o'clock of the fourth subsequent day Mr. Billy Miles and Miss Dorothy Fitch were seated together at the

READY TO SERVE AND GOOD TO EAT

CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER

W. CLARK LIMITED



stammered on. "I don't ask you to say you care. I only ask you to give me a chance to make you care."

"Wait," she said. "We mustn't talk like this. I wish—"

He raised his troubled eyes to hers. "What?" he asked.

"I wish you will give me a chance?"

"But how shall I see you?" She deliberated. How could she be so calm!

"You are not to see me till you hear from me."

"When will that be?"

"When I am done with—with what I am doing."

Billy groaned.

"Are you going on, with that man Pronty?"

"I knew Mr. Pronty in Calgary," she answered quietly.

The squirrel was again making little rushes toward them. Billy frowned at it.

"But you will give me a chance?" he implored. "You will—Dorothy?"

She rose. He stood close beside her, and his eager eyes searched her face, but she avoided meeting their gaze.

"I will write to you," she said simply.

(To be concluded.)

Milnard's Lintment Cures Colds, Etc.

Woman's Sphere



An Eight-Hour Day for Babies.

An eight-hour day for babies. Why not? Everybody else has 'em. This is an age of uplift and organization. There are societies of every sort for preventing, benefits and rights; laws governing the time and conditions under which men and women may work; laws insisting upon a proper treatment of bow wows, horses, donkeys, pigs, and even lobsters. Complacently the old world rubs its hands and inquires, "Everybody happy?"

Decidedly not! What about that unclassified moral of humanity, neither man, woman, minor nor animal? What about the baby? This, I repeat, an age of uplift, but the only uplift he gets is his rights, benefits and preventions? He has about as many at the present time as a Chinese goldfish—the right to live, be fed and to be displayed to the greatest advantage.

He has raised his voice in his own behalf many times, but the trouble is he speaks a foreign language variously interpreted and but indifferently understood. If he cries, according to parent parlance, he is either hungry, uncomfortable or in a temper, more supposedly the latter.

It is no use. He has raised his voice—now I raise mine. An eight-hour day for babies, shorter hours, longer naps; away with social duties and visitings.

Gaze upon him. There he lies, crumpled down in an exhausted heap upon a hard and corset-proof lap, or dangling in head-rolling impotence over a rough-coated shoulder with a mouthful of fur for a pacifier, a spectacle of speechless infelicity.

I have often caught these little travelers regarding me with an expression of morose resentment. Peering out from their lace bonnets, always askew, the accusation in their eyes is unmistakable.

"Give us our rights," they signal gloomily. "Down with train rides, sleigh rides, shopping, movies and visits. An eight-hour day." Uneasily I avert my eyes and reflect anew upon man's inhumanity to—babies.

Added to the late-hour habits is the exhibition evil, largely the outgrowth of parental pride. At all hours of the day and night the baby is rudely awakened and brought out like a new hat or bonnet for inspection, made to laugh and look at pretty pretties and be jostled up and down.

Just what is a baby, anyway? A side show or an ornament? Frankly, it is hard to tell. From the manner of handling they get from grown-ups one would think they were labeled like certain bottles of medicine: "Shake before taking." That is another thing to be considered along with the eight-hour day, a society for the prevention of shaking. No wonder so many babies look rattled. They are.

And while we are on this subject, I may as well suggest another uplift, namely, the elimination of marketing from the baby coach. In many coaches the visibility of the baby is nil. The coach itself might be an Italian pushcart and the mother a vegetable vendor, for all the passerby may know. Moreover, it is a sacred invasion upon infant right. Ignominiously the poor baby is trundled along with the family dinner on top of him—forced to view the scenery through celery tops and salad leaves—to say nothing of the weight of potatoes and other sundries upon his small feet.

If, truly, this is an age of uplift, let it include our littles citizen. Let the right of the baby be looked into and his voice be heard and understood. Away with grown-up excuses and reasons. His first two years should be of uninterrupted tranquility; his place, in the home. An eight-hour day for babies. Who will join their voices to his and to mine?

Wooden Submarines.

Who built the original submarine? The idea was first suggested by a British seaman in 1578, but it remained for a Dutchman named Van Drebbel, to build a boat able to travel under the water for a short distance.

Van Drebbel constructed two submarines about the year 1620, which were launched on the Thames. They were built of wood, strengthened inside with iron bands, and covered externally with tightly-stretched hides soaked in grease.

The larger one pulled twelve oars, which passed through holes in her sides. The holes were made water-tight by leather sleeves attached both to the oars and the vessel's side. According to one account of the balance between flotation and submerision was so fine that she could be kept below water by the oars alone, presumably used in the same way as the diving fins of a modern submarine.

Van Drebbel also invented what he called a "certain Quintessence," or chemical liquor by which he was enabled to renew the air in his boat when it had become vitiated. It is even said that King James I, cautious as he was, ventured on a submarine trip in Van Drebbel's under-water boat.

Obeying Orders.

Mike—"I heard you got a letter from your brother Denny."

Pat—"Indeed, I did."

Mike—"Was there anything important in the letter?"

Pat—"Well, I didn't open it, for on the outside of the envelope was printed, 'Please return in five days.' So I sent it back."

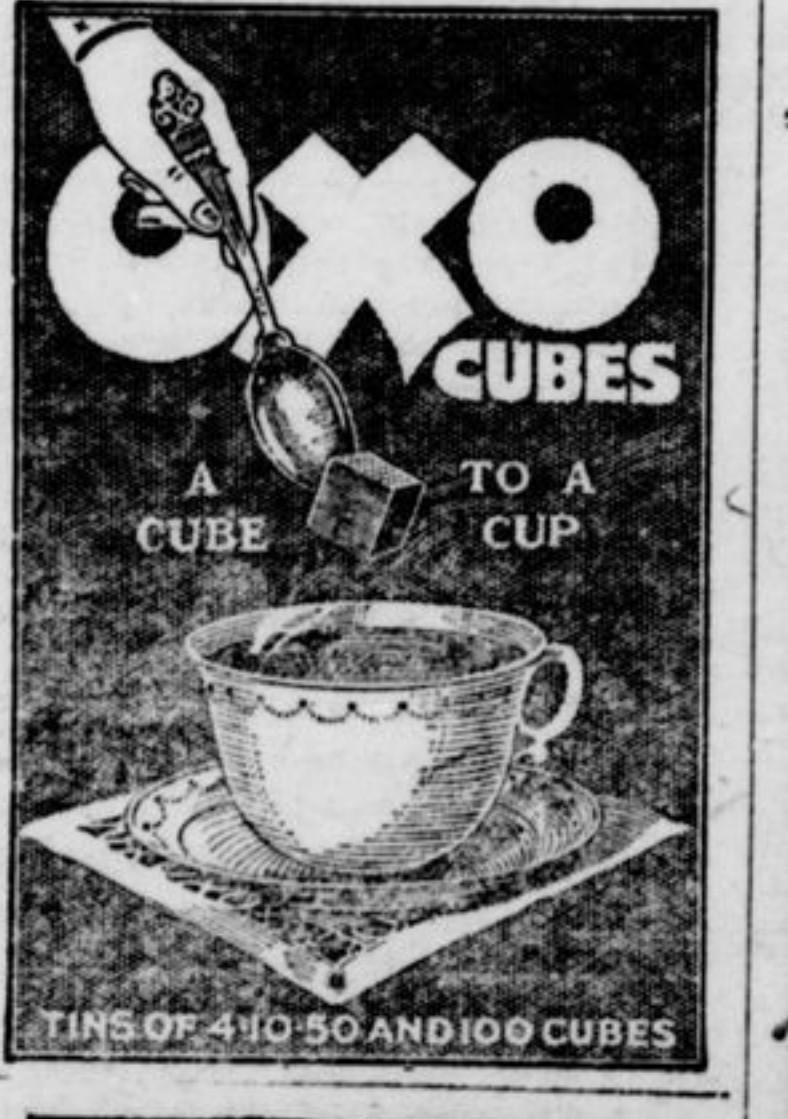
To Launder Collars and Cuffs.

Since I live on a farm and am quite far removed from a laundry, I always do up the stiff collars and cuffs at home. By using starch jelly I am able to secure just as high a gloss as that obtained at the laundry. The following are the proportions which I use: two tablespoons starch, one-quarter cup cold water, one cup boiling water. I add the cold water to the starch and make a thin mixture without lumps. Then I add the boiling water slowly, stirring constantly, and allow it to boil up.

After I have my jelly prepared I lay out the collars and cuffs which have been washed and dried and apply the jelly with a soft cloth, rubbing in thoroughly on both sides.


OXO CUBES

A CUBE TO A CUP



TINS OF 4 AND 10 CUBES

BABY'S OWN SOAP



The Creamy Lather of BABY'S OWN SOAP softens and whitens, refreshes and delicately aromatises the skin.

Albert Soaps Limited, Montreal

SALT

All grades. Write for prices.

TORONTO SALT WORKS

G. J. CLIFF - TORONTO


"Under the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful," Thackeray.

Milnard's Lintment Cures Diphtheria.

An extremely simple spring clip has been patented to be slipped under a door to hold it open.

PARKER'S

The clothes you were so proud of when new—can be made to appear new again. Fabrics that are dirty, shabby or spotted will be restored to their former beauty by sending them to Parker's.



Cleaning and Dyeing

is properly done at PARKER'S

Parcels may be sent Post or Express. We pay carriage one way on all orders.


Advice upon cleaning or dyeing any article will be promptly given upon request.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, Limited

Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto

791 Yonge St.

Bovrilise your cookery



Bovril gives richness and flavour to soups, gravies, and all made dishes. When you are cooking, keep the bottle where you can see it. Bovril not only makes the dish more enjoyable, but also gives it additional food value.

The body-building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific investigation to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

Use Bovril in your cookery

BOVRIL

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Syrup for Pancakes

A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand!

Could that day ever come?

Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".

Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited

Montreal

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

The Syrup for Pancakes

A golden stream of Crown Brand Corn Syrup is the most delicious touch you can give to Pancakes!

In the Kitchen, there is a constant call for Crown Brand Corn Syrup for making puddings, candies, cakes, etc.

Sad the day when you are too big to enjoy a slice of bread spread thick with Crown Brand!

Could that day ever come?

Ward it off! Grace your table daily with a generous jug of Crown Brand Corn Syrup, ready for the dozen desserts and dishes it will truly "crown".

Sold by Grocers everywhere—in 2, 5, 10, and 20 pound tins.

The Canada Starch Co. Limited

Montreal

WHERE DOES ALL THE GOLD GO?

MILLIONS LOST YEARLY BY WEAR AND TEAR.

Enormous Amount of Gold is Now Used in Jewellery—Increase in Wealth.

In 1846 the whole world produced less than thirty million dollars worth of gold. Then the California gold-fields were discovered, and in four years production had leaped to ninety millions a year.

In 1860 it was one hundred and twenty millions; by the end of the century it was three hundred millions, while to-day the gold mines of the world are turning out very nearly five hundred million dollars worth of gold every year.

Within about seventy years the output of gold has been multiplied by seventeen, yet in the same period of time the population of the world has increased by only thirty per cent. This being so, it might well be imagined that there would now be more than enough gold for the world's purposes, and that the precious metal would have consequently depreciated in value.

As a matter of fact, nothing of the kind has happened. In the first place, while the population of the world at large has only increased by about thirty per cent, during the period mentioned, that of civilized countries has doubled, and more than doubled. It is the civilized countries that use gold as a medium of exchange and as their basis of currency.

Next, the individual wealth of these countries has increased enormously, and therefore their people require a great deal more gold for purposes of coin. Several countries which in 1850 were working on a silver or paper currency have come up to the gold standard, the latest of these being Spain.

Swallowed Up by Jewellery.

The third and perhaps most important point of all is the enormous amount of gold now used in industry. For the arts such as jewellery, gold plate, gold leaf, for purposes of ornament and decoration, the world is now using three times as much gold in a year as the whole amount produced in 1846—that is, about ninety million dollars worth.

The waste of gold is another factor which keeps down the supply. Few people consider how great is the waste of gold by wear and tear. Pack two thousand half-crowns in a bag and send them on a journey of a thousand miles; at the end of that journey one half-crown's weight of the gold is clean gone. It is in the shape of dust adhering to the inside of the bag.

In the course of one year's ordinary use a sovereign loses one and a-half per cent of its weight. Careful calculations go to show that the annual loss which actually takes place by wear and tear of gold coin can be no less than twenty millions of dollars. All this prodigious sum is dissipated into fine dust, and utterly lost.

Every ship that goes to the bottom takes with her a certain amount of gold. It may be only a few dollars worth, or—as in the case of the famous Lutine—a million may be lost in a minute.

Every fire that occurs means a destruction of gold, and there is never a minute, day or night, when scores of human habitations are not burning. London alone has 2,400 fires yearly.

Besides all this, there is the matter of hoarding. In countries where banks are not found in every town, the people who have gold hide or bury it. In many cases they die without revealing the secret of the hiding-place. In this way India alone swallows up more than two and a half million dollars worth of gold yearly. China more than this, while Africa is at present absorbing gold in this way at the rate of more than five million dollars a year.

The money is paid as wages to the Kafir laborers at the mines, and by them carried away to their kraals, whence it never returns.

A New Use For the Aeroplane.

The Department of Agriculture at Ottawa has discovered a new use for the aeroplane. The Entomological Branch is investigating the mosquito in the Lower Fraser Valley in British Columbia. By using the aeroplane the country can be surveyed in order to map out the swampy areas and other breeding places that are readily located in photographs taken from overhead, according to a statement by Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, that appears in the October Agricultural Gazette. The aeroplane was used in making a comprehensive survey of the complicated water system of the Fraser River and the adjacent bodies of permanent and temporary water in that district. A flight reported by Dr. Hewitt has demonstrated the possibility of using this machine also for making surveys of timber that is being killed or has already been destroyed by various insects. Its use, it is believed, will help very greatly in the entomological work with various insects being carried on by the Federal Department of Agriculture.

French authorities estimate that 1 in every 20 of the allied soldiers who country received a French

Conduct...
The object...
I got the alfalfa...
Address an...
care of The W...
and answers w...
which they are...
this paper. A...
mediate reply...
will be sent...
G. W...
I got the alfalfa...
to put in corn...
alfalfa in Aug...
tons of high c...
and 200 pounds...
say 2-8-2 on the...
August will soe...
I got the alfalfa...
you think this...
you suggest a...
Answer—If...
south-western...
and you intend...
green feed or...
able that you...
your plans as...
a considerable...
favor sowing...
regions of Ont...
from Ontario...
The trouble is...
plant, which...
have time to...
enable it to...
of Ontario...
sowing alfalfa...
prepared grow...
small grain...
My advice...
the land in que...
lime per acre...
showed in sprin...
this fall would...
will sweeten...
to the growth...
will-bacteria...
fertile in the...
the grain and...
amount of grain...
is, now about...
instead of a ha...
is usually used...
for its own...
grain is cut...
alfalfa a chan...
growth for the...
not pasture...
alfalfa before...
the Bacteriological...
Gaulth, from...
obtain good...
that grow...
With the...
your soil is...
state of tilth...
successful crop...
G. E. S.—H...
ground which...
potatoes and...
timothy and...
took it. How...
for alfalfa? W...
sow? Would...
with a nurse...
should be sown...
kind of seed...
Answer—I...
spring plow...
thoroughly...
answers to...
Which...
You shou...
first blades...
use an...
Safety...
Shaving...
like edge...
blade and...
comes dull...
re-aligns...
to the origi...
That's...
AutoStrop...
such a lag...
cause me...
no razor...
work with...
stropping...
Stropping...
cleaning...
out remov...
from the...
Razor—Strop...
Auto...
RA...
AUTOSTROP...
AutoStrop...
AutoStrop...