

Co-partners in a sound INVESTMENT

Farmer and City-Dweller

When they investigate the matter, find they have a common goal—good roads. They are also agreed as to the means by which these roads should be built—CONCRETE.

The man-in-the-city and the man-on-the-farm are getting together on the road question. They are finding out that what is good for the one is good for the other. They are both beginning to realize that their greatest common need for greater prosperity is the building of more

Permanent Highways of Concrete

All Canadians must eventually realize that their great national road waste is a criminal folly—that the money that now goes into the repairing of old-style roads would build hundreds of miles of Concrete Pavements which need practically no repairs.

Modern traffic conditions, with the introduction of motor car and motor truck, are forcing these facts on our attention. What we need is a nationwide interest that will result in the converting of our present wasteful, rut-filled, short-life roads into the hard, clean, durable roads which Concrete alone can give us.

CONCRETE FACTS ABOUT CONCRETE

1. Concrete roads endure, have even surfaces and are devoid of ruts.
2. Are free from dust, and are quickly cleaned by rain.
3. Help to keep down the cost of living, by reducing the hauling cost of farm produce.
4. Low in maintenance cost, and cheapest in final cost.
5. They cause least wear and tear on vehicles and harness.
6. They have a non-slip, non-skid and hole-proof surface.
7. Concrete roads give service 365 days in the year.

Ask for our Literature

Canada Cement Company, Limited
61 Herald Building Montreal



Concrete for Permanence

Lift Corns Off With Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit! Corns and calluses loosen and fall off! Magic!

Few drops of Freezone take all pain and soreness from corns instantly



No hump! Any corn, whether hard, soft or between the toes, will loosen right up and lift out, without a particle of pain or soreness.

Wonderful discovery by Cincinnati man

This remarkable drug is called Freezone and is a compound of ether discovered by a Cincinnati man.

Ask at any drug store for a small bottle of Freezone, which will cost but a trifle, but is sufficient to rid one's feet of every corn or callus. Put a few drops directly upon any tender, aching corn or callus. Instantly the soreness disappears and shortly the corn or callus

will loosen and can be lifted right off with the fingers. Freezone doesn't eat out the corns or calluses but shrivels or rather loosens them without even irritating the surrounding skin.

Just think! No pain at all; no soreness or smarting when applying it or afterwards. Try a little and see for yourself. It is surprising.

Few drops stop corn-pain

Take soreness from any corn or callus instantly

Women should keep Freezone on their dressers and never let a corn ache twice. If a corn starts hurting just apply a drop. The pain stops instantly, corn goes!

Tiny bottles of Freezone cost but a few cents at any drug store.



DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY FOR BEDROOMS OF DISTINCTION

The woman of today fully appreciates the part which the bed plays in mirroring the taste and refinement of the owner. This is one reason for the steadily growing vogue of

"IDEAL" BRASS BEDS

In your dealer's exhibit, you will see just the style to charmingly complete your bedroom.

ALWAYS BUY AN IDEAL SPRING FOR AN IDEAL BED

The Ideal Bedding Co., Limited

High-grade Bedsteads and Bedding
TORONTO

Mrs. S. Beatty, Thomasburg, died on June 14th, aged ninety-two years. She was born in Sidney township.



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He lay down in one of the bunks and closed his eyes.

"You'd much better come up on deck into the fresh air," said Talbot.

"Fire ahead, Yank, please!" begged Johnny.

"Well," said Yank, "when I drew that steamer ticket it struck me that somebody might want it a lot more than I did, especially as you fellows drew blanks. So I hunted up a man who was in a hurry and sold it to him for \$500. Then I hired one of these sail rigged fishing boats and laid in grub for a week and went cruising out to sea five or six miles."

Johnny opened one eye.

"Why?" he demanded feebly.

"I was figuring on meeting any old ship that came along a little before the crowd got at her," said Yank. "And judging by the gang's remarks that just left, I should think I'd figured just right."

"You bet you did," put in Talbot emphatically.

"It must have been mighty uncomfortable cruising out there in that little boat so long," said L. "I wonder the men would stick."

"I paid them and they had to," said Yank grimly.

"Why didn't you let us in on it?" I asked.

"What for? It was only a one man job. So then I struck this ship and got aboard her after a little trouble persuading her to stop. There wasn't no way of making that captain believe we'd sleep anywhere we could except cash, so I had to pay him a good deal."

"How much?" demanded Talbot.

"It came to two hundred apiece. I'm sorry."

"Glory be!" shouted Talbot. "We're ahead of the game. Yank, you long headed old pirate! let me shake you by the hand!"

"I wish you fellows would go away," begged Johnny.

"Thus at last we escaped from the isthmus. At the end of twenty-four hours we had left the island of Tobago astern and were reaching to the north."

CHAPTER VII.

The Golden City.

WE stood in between the hills that guarded the bay of San Francisco about 10 o'clock of an early spring day. A fresh cold wind pursued us, and the sky above us was bluer than I had ever seen it before, even on the jethmus.

To our right some great rocks were covered with seals and sea lions, and back of them were hills of yellow sand. A beautiful great mountain rose green to our left, and the water beneath us swirled and eddied in numerous whirlpools made by the tide.

Everybody was on deck and close to the rail. We strained our eyes ahead and saw two islands and beyond a shore of green hills. None of us knew where San Francisco was located, nor could we find out. The ship's company were much too busy to pay attention to our questions. The great opening out of the bay beyond the long narrow isthmus therefore a surprise to us. It seemed as vast as an inland sea. We heeled to the wind, turning sharp to the south, glided past the bold point of rocks.

Then we saw the city concealed in a bend of the cove. It was mainly of canvas, hundreds, perhaps thousands of tents and canvas houses scattered about the sides of hills. The flat was covered with them, too, and they extended for some distance along the shore of the cove. A great dust borne by the wind that had brought us in swept across the city like a cloud of smoke. Hundreds and hundreds of vessels lay at anchor in the harbor, a vast fleet.

We were immediately surrounded by small boats and our decks filled with men. We had our first sight of the genuine miners. They proved to be as various as the points of the compass. Big men, little men, clean men, dirty men, shaggy men, shaven men, but all instinct with an eager life and energy I have never seen equalled.

They addressed us eagerly, asking a thousand questions concerning the news of the outside world. We could hardly answer them in our desire to question in return. Were the gold stories really true? Were the diggings very far away? Were the diggings holding out? What were the chances for newcomers? And so on without end, and the burden always of gold, gold, gold!

We were answered with the enthusiasm of an old timer welcoming a newcomer to any country. Gold, plenty of it. They told us in breathless snatches the most marvelous tales. One sailor had dug \$17,000 in a week. Another man, a farmer from New England, was taking out \$5,000 to \$6,000 daily. They mentioned names and places. They pointed to the harbor full of shipping. "Four hundred ships," said they, "and hardly a dozen men aboard the lot! All gone to the mines!"

And one man, snatching a long narrow buckskin bag from his pocket, shook out of its mouth to the palm of his hand a tiny cascade of glittering yellow particles—the dust! We shored and pushed, crowding around him to see this marvelous sight. He laughed in a sort of excited triumph and tossed the stuff into the air.

The breeze caught it and scattered it wide. A number of the little glittering particles clung to my rough coat, where they flashed like spangles.

"Plenty more where that came from!" cried the man and turned away with a reckless laugh.

Filled with the wine of this new excitement, we finally succeeded in getting ashore in one of the ship's boats.

We landed on a flat beach of deep black sand. It was strewn from one end to the other by the most extraordinary wreckage. There were levers, cogwheels, cranks, fans, twisted bar and angle iron in all stages of rust and disintegration. Some of these machines were half buried in the sand. Others were tidily laid up on stones as though just landed. They were of copper, iron, zinc, brass, tin, wood. We recognized the genus at a glance. They were one and all, patent labor saving gold washing machines, of which we had seen so many samples aboard ship.

At this sight vanished the last remains of the envy I had ever felt for the owners of similar contraptions.

We looked about for some sort of conveyance into which to dump our belongings. Apparently none existed. Therefore we piled most of our effects neatly above high tide, shouldered our bundles and started off up the single street.



"Plenty more where they came from!" cried the man.

The street was, I think, the worst I have ever seen anywhere. It was a morass of mud—sticky, greasy mud—of some consistency, but full of water holes and rivulets. It looked ten feet deep, and I should certainly have ventured out on it with misgivings. And yet, inconspicuously enough, the surface ridges of it had dried and were lifting into the air in the form of dust. This was of course my first experience with that common California phenomenon, and I was greatly astonished.

An attempt had been made to supply footing for pedestrians. Bags of sand had been thrown down, some rocks, a very few boxes and boards. Then our feet struck something soft and yielding, and we found we were walking over hundred pound sacks of flour marked as from Chile. There must have been many hundred of them. A man going in the opposite direction sidled past us.

"Cheaper than lumber," said he briefly, seeing our astonishment.

"I'd hate to ask the price of lumber," remarked one of our ship's companions, with whom and a number of others we were penetrating the town.

We walked on four for a hundred feet or so and then came to cook stoves. I mean it. A battalion of heavy iron cook stoves had been laid side by side to form a causeway. Their weight combined with the traffic over them had gradually pressed them down into the mud until their tops were nearly level with the surface. Naturally the first merry and drunken joker had slid the lids into space. The pedestrians had now either to step in and out of fire boxes or try his skill on narrow ledges. Next we came to a double row of boxes of tobacco, then to some baled goods and so off to solid ground.

When we had gained the dry ground near the head of the street we threw down our burdens for a rest.

"I'll give you \$10 for those pineapples," offered a passerby, stopping short.

Our companion quickly closed the bargain.

"What do you think of that?" he demanded of us wide eyed and in the hearing of the purchaser.

The latter grinned a little and hailed a man across the street.

"Charley," he yelled, "come over here!"

The individual addressed offered some demur, but finally picked his way across to us.

"How do you like these?" demanded the pineapple purchaser, showing his fruit.

"Jerusalem!" cried Charley admiringly. "Where did you get them? Want to sell 'em?"

"I want some myself, but I'll sell you three of them."

"How much?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Give 'em to me."

The first purchaser granted openly at our companion.

The latter followed into the nearest store to get his share of the dust weighed out. His face wore a very thoughtful expression.

We came shortly to the Plaza, since called Portsmouth square. At that time it was a wind swept, grass grown, scrubby enough plot of ground. On all sides were permanent buildings. The most important of these were a low picturesque house of the sun dried bricks known as adobes, in which, as it proved, the customs were levied; a frame two story structure known as the Parker House and a similar building labeled "City Hotel." The spaces between these larger edifices were occupied by a dozen or so of smaller shacks. Next door to the Parker House stood a huge flapping tent. The words El Dorado were painted on its side.

The square itself was crowded with people moving to and fro. The sand majority of the crowd consisted of red or blue shirted miners, but a great many nations and frames of minds seemed to be represented.

We saw the wildest incongruities of demeanor and costume beside which the silk hat, red shirted combination was nothing. They struck us open mouthed and gasping, but seemed to attract not the slightest attention from anybody else. We encountered a number of men dressed alike in suits of the finest broad-cloth, the coats of which were lined with red silk and the vests of embroidered white. These men walked with a sort of arrogant importance. We later found that they were members of that dreaded organization known as the Hondu, whose ostensible purpose was to perform volunteer police duty, but whose real effort was toward the increase of their own power. These people all stared back and forth good naturedly and shouted at each other and disappeared with great importance up the side streets or darted out with equal business from all points of the compass.

We tacked across to the doors of the Parker House. There after some search was made we found the proprietor. He, too, seemed very busy, but he spared time to frudge ahead of us up two rickety flights of raw wooden stairs to a loft, where he indicated four canvas bunks on which lay as many coarse blue blankets.

Perhaps a hundred similar bunks occupied every available inch in the loft.

"How long you going to stay?" he asked us.

"Don't know; a few days."

"Well, \$6 apiece, please."

"For how long?"

"For tonight."

"Hold on!" expostulated Talbot. "We can't stand that, especially for these accommodations. At that price we ought to have something better. Haven't you anything in the second story?"

The proprietor's busy air fell from him, and he sat down on the edge of one of the canvas bunks.

"I thought you boys were from the mines," said he. "Your friend here fooled me." He pointed his thumb at Yank. "He looks like an old timer. But now I look at you I see you're greenhorns. Just get here today? Have a smoke?"

He produced a handful of cigars, of which he lit one.

"We just arrived," said Talbot, somewhat amused at this change. "How about that second story?"

"I want to tell you boys a few things," said the proprietor. "I get \$20,000 a year rent for that second story just as she stands. That tent next door belongs to my brother in law. It is just 15 by 25 feet, and he rents it for \$40,000."

"Gamblers?" inquired Talbot.

"You've guessed it. So you see I ain't got any beds to speak of down there. In fact, here's the whole lay out."

"But we can't stand \$4 a night for these things," expostulated Johnny. "Let's try over at the other place."

"Try ahead, boys," said the proprietor quite good naturedly. "You'll find her the same over there and everywhere else." He arose. "Best leave your plunder here until you find out. Come down and have a drink?"

(Continued Next Saturday.)

Train Kills Aged Woman

Belleville, June 22.—Mrs. Jane Livingstone, an aged woman, was found dead near Belleville along the C.F.R. track. She was in her night-clothes, and it is thought she was carrying her boots in her hand when struck by the train. Evidently she arose out of sleep in an absent-minded state, and, leaving home, walked out to the track. Both her legs were broken. An inquest will be held at Springbrook on Friday.

The inquisitive individual is quite likely to also be insulting.

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