

Contains more flesh forming matter than beef.

Baker's Cocoa

is for robust men

and all who must have a great deal of tissue building material to repair the waste caused by physical and mental labor. It is delicious, pure and wholesome, and is made by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals, so preserving the exquisite flavor, aroma and color of the high grade cocoa beans.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1860
MONTREAL, CANADA, DORCHESTER, MASS.
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Are you thinking of doing your floors at house cleaning time?

Liquid Granite

the magic floor varnish which gives a lasting lustre that defies rough and constant wear, is easy to apply, and dries quickly. It can be kept clean with a damp cloth without destroying the gloss. Equally good for wood, linoleum or oilcloth.

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WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO



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NADRUCO Syrup of Tar
with Cod Liver Oil Compound

The first few doses will loosen the phlegm—soothe the throat and bronchial tubes—stop the irritating tickle. The first day's treatment will show improvement—and you will grow steadily better as this excellent remedy breaks up the cold and completely relieves the cough. It is an excellent home remedy, particularly useful for children because of its pleasant taste.

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Scales, Talking Machines, Bicycles, Baby Carriages, Lawn Mowers, etc. We do repair work right and guarantee satisfaction. 107 WELLINGTON STREET

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The Ontario Implement Dealers' Repair Week
February 21st to 26th

Save time and worry by looking over your machinery NOW, and ordering repairs needed from Deering, McCormick, Peter Hamilton, Bissell and De Laval.

F. M. CLOW

Phones 1015w and 1436.

In some parts of the United States natural cement rocks are found which contain nearly the proper proportions of materials to produce

Portland cement; but even in these localities it is generally necessary to add either limestone or shale in order to get the proper mixture.

WHY I MURDERED MY LANDLORD

A Plain Statement by a Tenant.

By Stephen Leacock

As it is now pretty generally known that I have murdered the landlord of our apartments, I feel that I should like to make some sort of public explanation of the matter. I have been assured on all sides that there is no need to do this. But my own feelings on the question were so acute that I felt myself compelled to call upon the Chief Commissioner of Police and offer him an exact account of what I had done. He told me that there is absolutely no need to offer an explanation at all. It is neither customary nor desirable. "You have killed your landlord," he said, "very good, what of it?" I asked him whether it was not, in a sense, a matter for the law to deal with. He shook his head. "In what way?" he asked.

I told him that I felt that the affair was putting me in a somewhat false position; that the congratulations that I have been receiving from my friends and even from strangers were perhaps, if the full circumstances were known, hardly merited; in short, that I should like a certain publicity given to the whole surroundings of the act. "Very good," said the Commissioner, "you are entitled to fill out a form if you wish to do so." He searched among his papers. "Did you say," he asked, "that you have killed your landlord, or that you are going to kill him?" "I have killed him," I said firmly. "Very good," said the Commissioner, "we use separate forms." He gave me a long printed slip with blanks to fill in my age, occupation, reasons (if any) for the killing, etc., etc. "What shall I put," I asked, "under the heading of REASONS?" "I think," he answered, "that it will be better to put simply, 'no reasons,' or, if you like, the 'usual reasons.'" With that he handed me politely out of the office, expressing, as he did so, the hope that I would bury the landlord and not leave him lying round.

To me the interview was unsatisfactory. I am well aware that the Commissioner was within the strict nicety of the law. No doubt if every case of the shooting of a landlord were made a matter of enquiry the result would be embarrassing and tedious. The shooting is generally done in connection with a rise of rent, and nothing more needs to be said about it. "I am increasing your rent another twenty dollars a month," says the landlord. "All right," says the tenant, "I'll shoot you." Sometimes he does, sometimes he forgets to.

But my own case was quite different. And the proposal of the Tenants' League of (insert name of city) to give me a gold medal next Saturday has brought things to a head and forced an explanation. I recall distinctly the time, now some five years ago, when my wife and I first rented our apartment. The landlord showed us over it himself. And I am free to confess that there was nothing in his manner, or very little indeed, to suggest anything out of the normal. Only one small incident stuck in my mind. He apologized for the lack of cupboard space. "There are not enough cupboards in this flat," he said. It made me slightly uncomfortable to hear him speak in that way. "But look," I said, "how large and airy this pantry is. It is at least four feet each way." He shook his head, and repeated that the cupboards were small. "I must build in better ones," he said.

Two months later he built in new cupboards. It gave me a shock of surprise—a touch of the uncanny—to notice that he did not raise the rent. "Are you not raising the rent because of the cupboards?" I asked. "No," he said, "they only cost me fifty dollars." "But, my dear fellow," I objected, "surely the interest on fifty dollars is sixty dollars a year?" He admitted this but said that he would rather not raise the rent; thinking it over I decided that his conduct might be due to incipient paralysis or coagulation of the arteries of the head. At that time I had no idea of killing him. That came later.

I recall no incident of importance till the spring of the year following. My landlord appeared unexpectedly one day with apologies for intruding (a fact which of itself seemed suspicious) and said that he proposed to repaper the entire apartment. I expostulated in vain. "The paper," I said, "is only ten years old." "It is," he said, "but wallpaper has gone up double its value since that time." "Very good; then," I said firmly, "you must raise the rent twenty dollars a month for the paper." "I shall not," he answered. The incident led to a distinct coolness between us for some months.

The next episodes were of a more pronounced character. Everybody recalls the great increases of rent (one hundred per cent in each case) in 1916 and 1917, due to the terrific rise in building costs. My landlord, in both these instances, refused to raise the rent of my apartment. "The cost of building," I said, "has increased one hundred per cent." "Very good," he answered, "but I am not building. I have always been getting ten per cent. of my investment in this building, and I am not getting it." "Think of your wife," I said. "I won't," he answered. "It is your duty," I went on, "to think of her. Let me tell you that only yesterday I saw in the papers a letter from a landlord, one of the most beautiful letters I ever saw (from a landlord) in which he said the rise in the cost of building materials compelled him to think of his wife and children. It was a touching appeal. My landlord answered, 'I am not married.'" "Ah," I said, "not married." It was, I think, at this moment that the idea first occurred to me that the man might be put out of the way.

There followed the episode of November, 1918. My readers will remember the fifty per cent. of rents made to celebrate the Armistice. My landlord refused to join in it. This lack of patriotism in the fellow irritated me greatly. The same thing happened at the time of the raise of rents that was instituted to celebrate the return of Marshal Foch to Paris, and the later rise—twenty-five per cent., if I remember rightly—that was made to welcome the overseas soldiers home. It was purely a patriotic movement, done in a spontaneous way without premeditation. I have heard many of the soldiers say that it was their first welcome home and that they would never regret it.

It was followed a little later by the rise in rents held as a welcome to the young Prince of Wales. No better congratulation could have been planned as towards the ruler of a great empire, to whom the stability and value of property must be a source of the keenest satisfaction.

My landlord, alas, remained outside of all this. He made no increase in his rent. "I have," he said, "my ten per cent., and that is enough." I know now that the paralysis or coagulation must have overwhelmed one entire lobe or hemisphere of his head.

I was meditating action. The crisis came last month. A sharp rise in rent had been very properly instituted to counterbalance the fall in the German mark. It was based quite evidently on the soundest business reasoning. If the fall in the mark is not counted in this way, it is plain that we are undone. The cheap German mark will enable the Germans to take away our houses.

I waited for three days, looking in vain for a notice of increase in my rent. Then I went to visit my landlord in his office. I admit that I was armed. But in extenuation I want to say that I knew that I had to deal with an abnormal, aberrated man, one-half of whose brain was now coagulated.

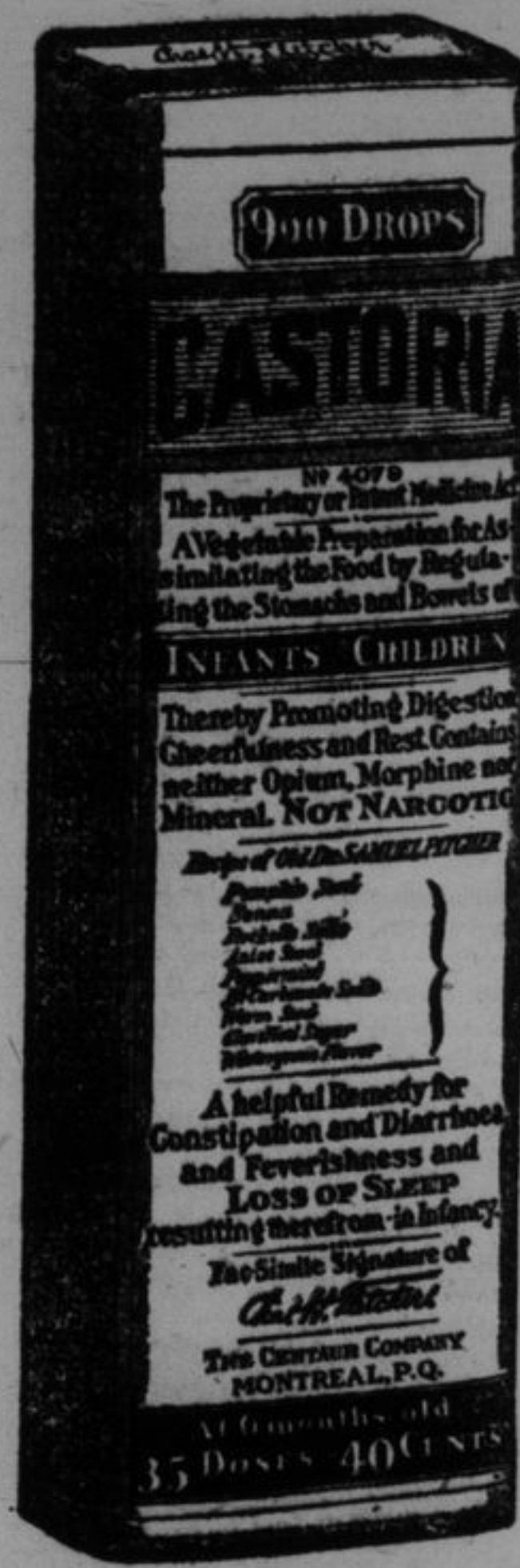
I wasted no words on preliminaries. "You have seen," I said, "this fall of the German mark?" "Yes," he answered, "what of it?" "Simply this," I said. "Are you

When Baby Complains.

THERE ARE MANY WAYS a baby has of expressing any pain or irregularity or digression from its normal condition of health and happiness. A short sharp cry, a prolonged irritated cry. Restlessness, a constant turning of the head or of the whole body, fretful. In these and other ways a baby tells you there is something wrong. Most mothers know that a disordered stomach, or bowels that do not act naturally are the cause of most of baby's sufferings. A call for the doctor is the first thought, but in the event of any delay there should be ready at hand a safe remedy such as Fletcher's Castoria.

Castoria has been used for baby's ailments for over 30 years and has merited the good will of the family physician in a measure not equaled by any other baby's medicine because of its harmlessness and the good results achieved.

And remember this: Castoria is essentially a baby's remedy and not a cure-all for every member of the family. What might help you is too often dangerous when given to a babe.



Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Children Cry For

Fletcher's
CASTORIA

Let's Think It Over.

There is such a thing as saying too much on any subject, and the "grand-stand" talker sooner or later becomes a bore. The truth is always welcome, and the truth reiterated and confirmed is more than welcome—it reaches your innermost soul.

Fletcher's Castoria is all its advertising has claimed for it. Scrutinized by the microscope of public opinion and used for over thirty years it stands without a peer in the hearts of thoughtful, cautious, discerning Mothers. And once used, mother love—there is no substitute for mother love—will scorn to try a "substitute" or a "just-as-good".

Masking under many names drugs that are injurious to the tender babe have found their way into some households, but the light of experience soon casts them out. Are they cast out before it is too late? MOTHERS SHOULD READ THE BOOKLET THAT IS AROUND EVERY BOTTLE OF FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Wm. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

going to raise my rent or are you not?"

"No," he said doggedly, "I am not."

I raised the revolver and fired. He was sitting sideways to me as I did so. I fired, in all, four shots. I could see through the smoke that one, at least, of the shots had cut his waistcoat into strips, a second had ripped off his collar, while the third and fourth had cut through his suspenders at the back. He was visibly in a state of collapse. It was doubtful if he could reach the street. But even if he could it was certain that he couldn't walk upon it.

I left him as he was, and reported, as I have said, to the police. If the Tenants' League medal is given to me, I want it to be with a full understanding of the case.

—STEPHEN LEACOCK.
(Copyright, 1921, by The Dominion News Bureau, Limited, Montreal.)

All the Ford Plants To be Running Soon

Detroit, Mich., Feb. 25.—"It is now only a question of a few weeks before our plants will be in full operation."

Henry Ford made this statement in elaborating his announcement by saying that orders for between 75,000 and 79,000 cars have been received at the Highland Park plant for the month of March.

Industrial wheels got well under way in the blast-furnace and tractor plants at the River Rouge this week, Mr. Ford added. Between 15,000 and 20,000 men are employed at these shops when production is normal.

To Join Leper Colony.
New York, Feb. 26.—Intending to pass the next seven years in the leper colony at Java, seven Salvation Army missionaries left New York yesterday for San Francisco where they will sail March 4th, for the Dutch East Indies. The party includes six women and one man. Two are natives of England, two from Holland, two from Sweden and one from Norway.

More Brains, Less Wood Pulp.
(Woodstock Sentinel-Review)
According to an advertising announcement by the Chicago Tribune, to produce the newspaper required for an average Sunday issue of that paper, fifty-four acres of timber, twenty-one tons of sulphur, six hundred and sixty-five tons of coal and sixty-three thousand electric horse power are required. All of which recalls the suggestion made by a well-known Canadian on one occasion, that the newspaper situation might be improved by using more brains and less pulp-wood in the making of newspapers.

U.S. congress will in all likelihood send the Emergency Tariff bill to the president.

President Wilson will ride with President-elect Harding to the capitol on March 4th.

A KETTLE FOR HALF A CENT

Half a cent won't go far towards buying a new kitchen utensil nowadays. Yet half a cent's worth of Vol-Peek will make a leaky pot or kettle every bit as serviceable as a new article.

You don't need any tools with Vol-Peek—it is as easy to use as putty—it will stop a leak of any size in two minutes.

VOL-PEEK

STOPS THE LEAK

No washers, bolts or rivets—nothing to rust or loosen. It mends Granite-ware, Aluminium-ware, Copper, Brass, Tin and Iron.

A Vol-Peek mend improves with usage. It becomes firm as a rock—the strongest part of the article. Vol-Peek is an economy you should not overlook.

At your dealer's for 25c or direct from us, postage paid.

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P. O. BOX 2824 - MONTREAL, QUE.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP OF TAR & COD-LIVER OIL

CURES
Coughs, Colds, Grippe, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Etc.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP is a sovereign tonic combining the curative properties of TAR and the strengthening virtues of COD LIVER OIL.

Colds, when neglected or badly treated give rise to consequences of such a grave character that you should not risk using inferior preparations.

MATHIEU'S SYRUP is the only genuine remedy whose preparation has caused to crop up many imitations of doubtful value.

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