

Now Concrete Work Was Made Easy For You

UNTIL a few years ago farmers considered concrete a rather mysterious material, that could be used successfully only by experts. They knew that upon the quality of the cement depended much of the success of concrete work. They had no means of testing cement, such as big contractors employ, and so could not be sure of its quality. Yet the farmer needed concrete. He was kept from using this best and most economical of materials by

1. Lack of knowledge of how to mix and place concrete.
2. Lack of a brand of cement upon the quality of which he could absolutely rely.

Canada Cement

has supplied both these requirements. We employed men to make a thorough investigation of the farmer's requirements; to find out where and how he could use concrete with profit to himself; to discover all problems he might come across and to solve them. This investigation was expensive. But when it was completed we had the material for our campaign to show the farmer how and where to use concrete, and we printed a book, "What the Farmer Can do With Concrete," for free distribution. That book makes every farmer who reads it a concrete expert, as far as his needs are concerned. He finds that there is nothing mysterious about concrete—that a few simple rules supply all the knowledge required. At the same time we met the farmers' second objection—inability to test the quality of cement—by producing cement of a quality that does not need to be tested. The Canada Cement that you buy by the bag is the same Canada Cement that is sold by the train-load for great elevators, buildings and bridges.



This Label is your assurance of satisfactory concrete work

There is a Canada Cement Dealer in Your Neighborhood

If you have not already done so, write for the book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete." It is Free.

Canada Cement Company Limited Montreal

THE REIGN OF FATHER.

(By Emma Playter Seabury, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World'.)

'You are always scolding and scolding me, mother, and it doesn't matter what I try to do it is always wrong. I shall go to school without any gloves, cold or hot, I do not care!' and Alice Sparkling rushed in undignified haste down the hall and banged the door behind her.

Mrs. Sparkling half rose from the breakfast table, where she and her husband were sitting, but he waved her back in her seat, and, as she sank into it, a

look of despair settled on her tired face.

She felt a little contrition also, for she had scolded Alice, first because she could not find her book, then her rubbers and last her gloves.

'Henry,' she began, 'I am discouraged with Alice, I do not know just what to do, nor how to do it, and Arthur is so wilful and careless.'

'Perhaps, Mary,' Mr. Sparkling replied gently, 'we do find too much fault with these children. They have not adjusted themselves to life yet.'

For the world, gentle, considerate Henry Sparkling would not have said, 'You find too much

fault.'

'I know, Henry, you think so, but this scene is repeated every morning, and I am worn out, body and soul, with it. They have not as much space in the flat as in the old home, but all the more reason for greater order. The maid stows here and there as she finds things lying around loose, and at the last moment they are lost.'

'Oh, mother,' cried Arthur from the hallway, 'do you know where those papers are I left on the dining-table last night? I was correcting some examples, and they are gone. It will be a pretty mess if they are not found this

morning; the professor will take no excuse!'

Mrs. Sparkling looked at her husband and touched the bell. The maid appeared.

'Anna, what did you do with the papers left on the table last night, when you put on the breakfast?'

'Were they all over writing?' asked Anna.

'Yes,' answered Mrs. Sparkling, while Arthur stood by, looking unutterable things.

'Sure I put them all in the waste basket, but I have not burned them up yet,' said Anna.

'Bring me the basket, Anna, and never touch papers that have writing on them?'

'If I didn't there wouldn't be room in the house to turn around,' said Anna, as she left the room, grinning.

'Arthur, you should have them in order at night, and not leave them to a servant's mercy. It's a miracle they were not all destroyed.'

'I shall be late for school now!' complained Arthur, as he gathered up the crumpled papers, with an injured air, and dashed out, leaving his parents alone.

'First,' said Mr. Sparkling, 'you should not jump at the bidding of these young people to hunt up their thing. Secondly, I should let them suffer the consequences of their carelessness a few times. They must learn to think ahead and to leave things in their places. It is one of the lessons of life for which we must fit them. Fault-finding never did do any good, but we can let them suffer the penalty of their carelessness.'

'I know you are right, Henry, but I hate to have them late to school and not appear to the same advantage as other children. Yet I do spoil them by helping them out of their difficulties, I suppose.'

'And knowing you will help them,' he replied 'they will never learn to think unless some sharp lessons makes them. I remember well my mother used to send me back two flights of stairs to shut a door or hang up a coat.'

'And the consequence is, you always shut a door and hang up your coat, and know where everything is!' added his wife.

'I was taught, however; it was not second nature. Let me experiment with the children for a week, and you are not to interfere.'

'I shall be delighted, but your sense of justice is so keen, do not forget to temper it with mercy.'

'We learn by hard knocks, not by having others carry us. I'll manage the campaign to-morrow morning.'

The next evening Alice had company and Arthur was out till after eight o'clock. The lessons were hard, and neither was in a mood for study.

'You have just an hour and a half for work,' said Mr. Sparkling 'We are going to be in bed after this by ten o'clock.'

'But father,' cried Arthur, in astonishment, 'on my gym night I can't make it!'

'This is not a gym night. We can make it to-night. And to-morrow morning, breakfast will be at half-past seven, and this will leave time for preparation for school without the usual pan-

Chief Crawford Advised Hyomei For Cataract

J. Wilfred Brown of Water St., Campbellton, N. B., says: "Hyomei cured me of a severe case of cataract and asthma after four years of suffering. I was constantly hawking and spitting and the cataract droppings that came from the head into my throat affected my stomach and I could not enjoy my meals. Chief Crawford having the same trouble advised me to try Hyomei. I did so and soon I was without a sign of the health racking disease that had troubled me for so long. I now recommend Hyomei to all cataract sufferers."

Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) is guaranteed to cure asthma, by neuritis, croup, coughs and colds. A complete outfit consists of a hand rubber inhaler, a bottle of Hyomei and a unique dropper for filling the inhaler. Your druggists will supply you the outfit for \$1.00 (10 bottles 50c) or postpaid from The R. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Money refunded. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

ic at the table,' continued the father. 'Remember to have your things gathered together to-night; your mother is not going to hunt them any more.'

Arthur glanced at Alice, and then at their mother, and laughed a little disconcertedly.

'Has mother rebelled?' asked he, bending over and kissing her.

'No father has rebelled,' he replied. 'Mother needs us all to think of and for her, and make her work easy. Now let's see who tries the hardest. No more rushing round for you—remember that.'

'Next morning things went better. There was some skirmishing for lost books, but Mrs. Sparkling paid no heed.'

At lunch she had company, and was interrupted in a conversation as to the location of a borrowed coat.

'I know nothing about it, Alice; and you know the new ones.'

'You surely don't want me to be late to school!' said Alice, petulantly. 'I know I hung it up in the hall last night. Ann must have moved it.'

For answer Mrs. Sparkling rose and closed the door. Arthur whistled as Alice came through the library.

'Rough on you, Sis! What is it, anyhow? Can I help?'

'I borrowed Elizabeth's coat in the auto the other night. To-day she asked me for it, and I cannot find it. To tell the truth I am afraid I never brought it home from school, where I wore it next day, intending to give it to her, but she was not there.'

'Arthur whistled again. 'I must find it before to-morrow night,' continued Alice. 'You know it is Elizabeth's birthday, and all of us are to go for a long ride, then to the concert, and a supper after.'

'Yes, I am going, to,' said her brother.

The search proved futile, as did another after school in which Alice's mother joined. She also reminded the girl that her dress was to be pressed, and other preparations made for the following evening.

'I thought,' said father at the dinner table, 'that there were to be no more parties during the week except on Fridays and Saturdays.'

'It is a birthday party,' said Alice. 'One cannot very well regulate birthdays to appear on Fridays and Saturdays.'

'Well,' said her father, 'if the coat is found and you have everything in readiness, we shall make a special dispensation this time. No flurries and scurries, remember, at the last.' His arm was around her, and he kissed her tenderly.

'What can fathers know about parties and clothes?' she said, teasingly. 'They know enough to know some little mothers wear themselves out waiting on thoughtless daughters,' he said, caressing her again.

'But the cloak—what about that?' asked mother. 'I have looked everywhere and it is not in the house.'

'Oh, me! Oh my!' cried Alice. 'I have just remembered that I gave it to Jennie to hold, and when I got on the car she forgot to give it to me—she is such a fly-out. I'll call her up now.'

But the call elicited nothing. Jennie had gone for a ride and her mother was away; she might know when she came home.

MASTER WORKMAN

SMOKING TOBACCO

The Professional Man's opinion:

When I want real comfort, I fill my pipe with

"Master Workman"

Smoking Tobacco

World-famous can now be had for 15c a pack the best

The Professional Man.

