

MOSQUITO BITES

Nothing stops the stinging, smarting and itching like Zam-Buk. Don't let the children, or yourself, suffer longer. Apply Zam-Buk and be "bite-proof!"

50c box, all Druggists and Stores.

ZAM-BUK

Continued from page 3

spoke of this to my brother as we were riding back.

"They haven't done much in the last month, have they?" I said. He smiled.

"They've let up a little in the last month, but they were working hard before. There have been several holidays this month—and the rock is hard."

"It didn't look so to me," I said. "What arrangement have you with them?"

"I grab stake them; and whenever a pocket is found they'll get one-third."

"But suppose that they do come on a pocket—a fortune like that," I objected; "what is to prevent them from keeping the fact secret and getting away with it?"

"Oh, I inspect the workings pretty often. We're near something good, too; I've been expecting it for a month. Then the only way out is along this trail and by the town. They couldn't leave very well without my hearing of it."

"Pretty thin guaranty!" I growled.

"But I trust them!" he exclaimed, at last giving the real reason. "I've used Winklemann for years! There good, honest fellows!"

"The Canadian is a weak one," I said. "And I don't like Winklemann."

"You've always been prejudiced against Winklemann," he retorted, a little peevishly. "You've lived in cities too long."

We were on one of the meadows. We put spurs to the horses and galloped across, a slight film of anger between us. When we had reached the narrow

trail again, though, we found ourselves travelling very slowly.

Night was collecting in heavy pools down in the gulches; soon we could see nothing, and the horses, with noses close to the ground, picked their way very slowly. We could feel them swing and pivot beneath us as they came to bad turns or doubled big boulders; and drawing our legs up high we sought to escape broken bones.

We had reached the last long canon. Beneath our left stirrups was the void, with the river down there somewhere, visible only now and then as a bubbling and dissolving whiteness, like the face of an angry ghost, on our right the wall which our shoulders touched at times, rose steeply to pine crowned heights—and suddenly, far up there somewhere, we heard a great crackling through the underbrush.

"A bear!" my brother called back to me.

The sound was, in fact, like the precipitate and ludicrous flight of a startled bruiser; but now it increased in volume, hardened in quality—it was not a bear. Something immense and growing in bulk, something solid and massive, was pounding down that hill with increasing speed, with lengthening leaps.

"A slide!" my brother shouted as we lowered ourselves along our horses' flanks. There was a roar, a hiss, almost a whistling sound, and a great rock sizzled by over our heads like a meteor, and went crashing hugely down the canon into the river.

"It was a rock," said my brother, in the stillness that followed.

And then, as he said it, we heard again far up above us that same preliminary crashing through brush. We sprang away from the horses, cowered low and close to the wall, and drew them up as tightly as possible, while in long, elastic bounds, with a sort of wild, increasing reckless joy, the thing came down on us again. Like a bolide, a great rock passed over us, ending its free parabola in the river.

Three times more, as we crouched there in the darkness, a great boulder ran down the hill towards us, missing us through its sheer impetus. Then finally silence returned to the mountain gulch and immobility. The soft clamping of one of the horses came to us in singular and sweet reassurance; we rose on our cramped limbs and were able to speak.

"I think it is all over," my brother said, whispering, as though a full tone might throw the mountains down on us. "I think so," I agreed.

After standing very still for a while longer we rose into our saddles and went on.

"It was a bad slide," my brother said.

(Continued next week.)

CHEW PACIFIC PLUG TOBACCO

*"It's the best
yet boys!"*



Under the title "Little Stories of Nature," in *McClure's Magazine*, the June issue of *ROD and GUN* (published by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.) relates some interesting and curious facts concerning plants and animals entrusted to Dame Nature's care. Among the list of good things it contains, special mention may be made of "A Dog's Confession," the fascinating autobiography of an unfortunate dog; "One Hundred Miles in the Guide's Special," descriptive of a canoeing trip in Timagami Forest Reserve; "A Gay Deceiver," an entertaining tale with the Boy, the "Princess," and the big trout as central characters. As regards both text and illustrations the June number is well worthy of perusal by all interested in the out-of-doors.

Capt. Kendall a Skillful Mariner.

(Toronto Globe.)

A voluntary tribute to the efficiency of Captain Kendall was paid last night by Rev. S. M. Barrow, of Mount Dennis who crossed the Atlantic under Captain Kendall two years ago. "He was then in charge of the Champlain," said Mr. Barrow to the *Globe*, "and as one of the passengers I watched with interest the launching of the boats when the Champlain went to the rescue of the Corsican, which had struck an iceberg. Within twelve minutes of the time at which the call for aid was received, fifteen boats were launched—a really remarkable performance."

On the return trip of that same voyage, Captain Kendall put a new crew through the fire drill. It was not done to his satisfaction, and the men were dismissed. Half an hour later, without any warning, they were again made to fall in and go through the drill. The launching of the boats was the best piece of discipline I have ever seen on any ocean liner, and was a tribute to the splendid qualities of the commanding officer."

The Farmer's Idle Wife.

In a Government report it is said: "The farmer's wife is now so occupied with social affairs that she has lost the art of making butter and jam and doing the work of the farm that her grandmother did. This results in a great economic loss to the country."

The farmer's wife in early days got up at half past two, and shined the plows and milked the cows and put the prunes to stew. The breakfast for the hands she set upon the stroke of four, and then she'd bake her bread and cake and scrub the kitchen floor. But nowadays the farmer's wife has time to can her own.

"Good gracious!" says the Government, "how idle she has grown!"

The farmer's wife, in times gone by, brought up the calves and lambs, and sacked the oats and fed the shoats and smoked the hickory hams.

And when she'd cook three great big meals she'd have to wash the dishes.

And with her chorn sat down to earn the money for her clothes.

But now she often visits 'round and gossips, like as not.

"My goodness!" says the Government "how worthless she has got!"

The farmer's wife some years ago was wholly free from nerves;

Twelve hours a day she'd slave away at putting up preserves.

Six children dangling at her skirts, a seventh on her arm,

She'd gamely set herself to get the mortgage off the farm.

But now she sometimes takes a rest, like city women do.

"Great heavens!" cries the Government, "what is she coming to?"

The farmer's wife departed from this vale of toil and tears

For happier climes in those old times, when under thirty years,

The farmer got another mate, he somehow always found

The ideal wife who toiled through life and rested—underground.

But now sometimes her years add up their full allotted sum.

"Great Scott!" exclaims the Government, "how shiftless she's become!"

—James J. Montague, in *San Francisco Examiner*.

Union Question Comes Up Next Week.

Woodstock, June 4.—The Presbyterian General Assembly met here today. Welcome was extended by the Mayor and the Ministerial Association. Rev. W. T. Herridge, moderator, briefly responded.

The Ministerial Association was represented by Rev. F. H. Brewin, of the new St. Paul's Anglican church; Rev. J. M. Warner, First Baptist church, and Rev. Mr. Pedley, of the Congregational church.

It was announced that Dr. Hugh Robertson, of Erric Magna, New Hebrides, had died while on his way to attend the assembly.

The committee on church union were in session during the morning and it is probably that a draft resolution will be presented to the assembly next week.



Dr. Duncan MacDougall, who a few years ago declared that he had weighed a soul as it passed from a human body, now asserts that there is another world above the earth's atmosphere, where man may survive in another form. "If human personality survives death it can only be as a space-occupying organism still subject to the law of gravity," he says. "There are some facts that give good ground for the belief that either has density."

RELIC OF 1812.

while engaged in garden work with the students at the Provincial Normal School, Mr. F. A. Good, of the teaching staff, discovered a piece of an old gold medal under the ground with the date of 1812 hand engraved on it.

It is expected that the forthcoming visit of the King of Saxony to St. Petersburg will result in the betrothal of one of the Czar's daughters to the Saxon Crown Prince.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Fresh air, sunshine and exercise are the best poultry tonics. But fresh air does not mean drafts in the houses, nor does sunshine call for exposure to hot suns during the summer. Our houses should be so constructed that fresh air can constantly be present to drive out bad odors and purify the atmosphere. The sunshine should be able to reach every corner to destroy any germs that might be lurking in dampness. The fowls should exercise by scratching that they may cause circulation of the blood. The above are the three best medicines in the poultry doctor's art.

Concrete Fence Posts Last Forever

THEY never rot away in the ground. They stand the hardest knocks and never have to be replaced, for they are practically everlasting. They are easily and cheaply made and are the most satisfactory of all fence posts.

Concrete Drain Tile Cannot Decay

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