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PINCHER

A Dog of War Who Never Barked

(From The Daily Mail, London.)

"A dog and a soldier are, always friends" is a very old aphorism, but the owner of the "walrus"—for that was what Pincher, a diminutive spaniel of the King Charles variety, looked like when I saw him in England—had not always been a soldier. Many years of his life had been spent in the Australian bush, and a bushman and his horse and dog are boon companions.

The little spaniel, with some other four-footed creatures, had known a kind mistress; but when that lady, who happened to be wintering in Egypt, visited the camp of the Australian Expeditionary Force at Maadi, for some reason known only to himself, he suddenly transferred his affections to Sergeant Tom Borlase, of the 7th New South Wales Light Horse. Accepting the inevitable his mistress graciously gave the dog to the soldier, and the two soon became firm friends.

Something like a knotty and nasty problem faced this hero, however, when a few weeks later his company received orders to proceed to the Dardanelles. Army regulations do not permit of a dog accompanying a soldier to the trenches, for obvious reasons. What was to be done? The sergeant did not mean to part with the spaniel. That which he had discovered concerning the wee fellow had not been imparted to anyone else. It was not the first time Borlase had been in a tight corner.

Nobody saw Pincher jump ashore at Gaba Tepe, but you can take it from me that he was with the veteran Australian when that memorable landing took place. Furthermore, although invisible, he was in the van.

Outside of his master's immediate comrades and chums there were not many who knew of Pincher's presence in the trenches. From the outset the spaniel seemed to realize what was expected of him—indeed, he would scent danger quicker than most of the men and promptly hide himself. When trouble threatened otherwise Borlase had merely to cover him up with anything that was available and there the faithful creature remained until he was released, no matter what the length of time might be.

One of the first to detect Pincher was Major W.—who held the sergeant in high esteem and in camp had shown a marked partiality for his pet.

"You will have to get rid of him, Tom, or you will get me into trouble, you know," he said, shaking his head.

"If ever you hear him make a sound or show himself on top you can kill him forthwith, sir," was the reply. "He was never known to bark since I had him, and I will stake my life that he never does."

The weeks went by and they found the soldier and the spaniel inseparable but all the officers were not as kindly disposed as the major. Another of them had apparently caught a glimpse of the dog, for Borlase was "warned" to get rid of Pincher, and to all intents and purposes the spaniel vanished.

Subsequently an order for the removal of the dog was conveyed to the sergeant, and the search party, which was most assiduous in its efforts to locate Pincher, elicited a sad fact.

"You needn't worry," said Borlase, with a glassy face. "The poor little wretch is in his grave." The search party did not know then that it was only a temporary grave.

It may have been a week afterwards that Tom was sharing a meal with Pincher when an officer unexpectedly arrived on the scene. Quick as Pincher and his friend were their movements did not escape the eyes of the captain and it was with a sad heart that the

sergeant awaited the official arrest of the dog.

"No other animal has been so much in orders," remarked the colonel when the resuscitation of Pincher had been reported to him, and that night the dread fiat went forth. The spaniel was condemned to death on the morrow. Long before the morning, however, the approach of the "warrant" was heralded in that mysterious manner so well known among military men, and from scores of friends whom Pincher had by this time made a message was passed back along the lines to the effect that a large number of Australians would have to go before the dog went. But notwithstanding this "defiance of devotion" everything passed that "in accordance with instructions issued" the "walrus" would pass away at noon next day.

"I am afraid that is final, Tom," observed the major when he happened to come along. "I can't do anything more for him."

There was a long pause. Borlase was too downhearted to speak.

"You must tax your ingenuity again," added the major sympathetically as he moved off.

Although Sergeant Tom Borlase was destined in more ways than one to fire his last shot that day, as yet he had not done so. Suddenly an inspiration occurred to him, and the coast being clear he scuttled off along the trench. When he returned a few minutes later he had parted with Pincher, and, in response to the N. C. O. who soon appeared with the warrant, he was able to take his Colonial oath that the dog had gone.

It certainly seemed as if the little spaniel had been a "mascot" to Borlase when two hours later a shell burst over the trench and a piece of shrapnel lodged in the sergeant's left hip. As speedily as possible he was conveyed to the clearing hospital whither a trusty friend brought him a bundle of some sort just prior to his being put on board a mine-sweeper and taken to the hospital ship which was to carry him to Malta.

Badly wounded as he was Borlase clung tenaciously to that bundle, one end of which had soon worked open, and disclosed and brown indiarubber nose and quaint little face of Pincher.

It matters little how the spaniel and the Spartan reached England. One of the first things incumbent upon a patient entering a military hospital in England is to discard his clothing for the regulation dress, the whole of his kit being sent to a pack store until such times as he may be fit to receive it again.

When the stretcher bearers had deposited Borlase in bed and the process of changing his apparel was about over, the doctor on duty in the hut ward came along, and perceiving his greatcoat, which had apparently fallen to the floor, stooped to pick it up, she was, to say the least, quite startled at seeing a slender brown and white spaniel drop out of its folds.

"Don't let them take him away, sister," pleaded Borlase; "he's been right through with me, and you'll never find him a bit of trouble, I promise you." And Pincher, jumping on the coverlet, extended a tan forepaw and said, "Shake!" What nurse could have resisted such an appeal as that?

Standard clocks in the Paris observatory are kept ninety feet under ground, where the variation in temperature has been less than one degree for several years.

MIRROR FOR SKIFF

It Enables the Oarsman to Watch His Course

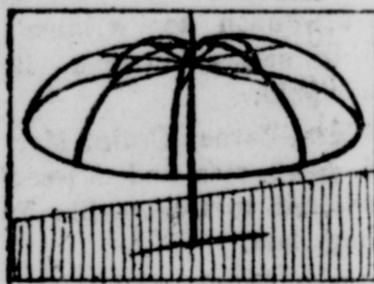
How many times have you wished you could row a boat facing the bow



so that you could see where you were going. It is mighty inconvenient to be compelled to turn around and watch your course. It's an easy thing to do away with this bother. Adopt the automobilist's plan for seeing behind him and put an observation mirror on your boat.

The thing can be done at small cost and it greatly adds to the pleasure of rowing. The frame is made of four pieces of wood jointed as shown in the sketch so that the mirror can be adjusted to any angle. The frame is made so that it can be detached and carried away when the boat is not in use. The oarsman sits facing the stern of the boat with the mirror in front of him. He can see just where he is going in the mirror which is focused on the water in front of the boat.

UMBRELLA TRELLIS



Umbrellas have a lot of uses—even when there is no rain falling. For instance, there is nothing that makes quite so good a trellis for climbing plants and vines in the flower beds on the lawn. Of course, the umbrella selected for this particular job must be an old one and must have no cover. Run a length of fine wire through the holes at the end of each rib and fasten the end of the wire together so



that when the umbrella is "raised" the ribs will take a graceful curve. The handle is then inserted in the ground and the plants will climb all over the steel frame and make quite an attractive center piece.

EGG CARRYING CASE

Layers With Many Compartments Fit Over One Another

Since the parcel post has been in effect, inventors have been busy turning out all sorts of carrying devices. A woman has planned the egg case shown in the illustration, and if it carries eggs as safely as she claims there will be plenty of use for it. Each



EACH EGG IN OWN CELL. side of this case is a different height and to each side is hinged a box that is divided into numerous cells, each just large enough to hold an egg. One side, for example, is the full depth of the case, while the others are respectively three-fourth, one-half and one-fourth of the depth. So that when the different boxes are filled and their lids fastened down they are turned into the central space and form four separate layers, each containing a certain number of eggs and with each egg in a separate cell.

ILLUMINATED HOOPS

Suggestion For Making Croquet a Game For Dark Nights

Sometimes a game of croquet has to be curtailed because of the trouble in finding the arches or wickets in the dusk. The wire is so near the color of the ground that as soon as the light of day fades a bit it is necessary to have some one locate each wicket before the player makes his shot. A good way to obviate this difficulty is to get a short length of white rubber tubing and slip it over

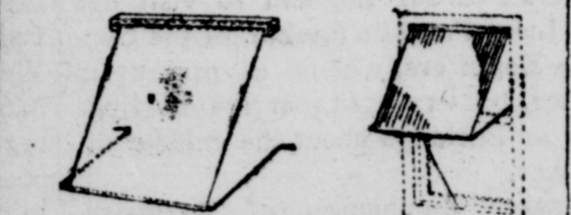


each arch so that it will cover the top. This will make the arches stand out against the dark background of the earth in the evening. If desired, this tubing or the entire arch can be painted with a phosphorous paint that will glow at night.

AWNING FOR WINDOWS

Simply Made From Roller Blind—Easily Put out of Way

Though the cost of living has gone up in most things and all of the new-fangled household apparatus costs more than the old, still there is an exception in the matter of awnings for the windows. A person who wants an awning of the very newest type without paying a lot of money for it can get one easily by utilizing a window shade. The shade should be a little wider than the window where the awning is to be used. Make a wooden case for the shade and roller, with a slit in the bottom so that the shade can pass through. The wooden case is to protect it from the weather. Put a pair of screw eyes in the window frame about the height of the top of the bottom sash. Secure a piece of heavy wire or a small iron rod and bend it in the shape of a U with the bottom square and the width of your shade. Take the wooden slat from the bottom of the shade and put the rod or wire in its place so that the bottom of the U will fit in place

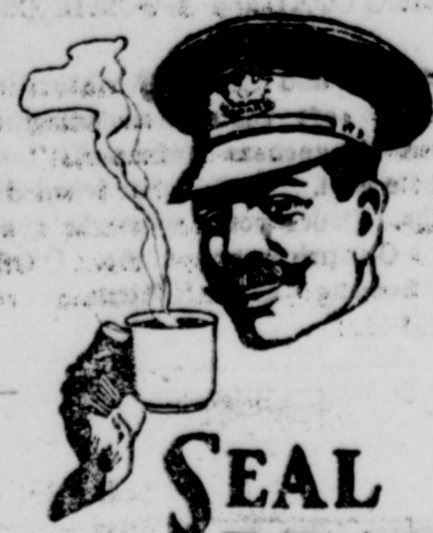


of the slat. The ends of the rod or wire should be bent at right angles so as to pass through the screw eyes. Then when you want to put your awning down over the window simply pull down the shade. The wire or rod will make it go outward. It would be well to paint the outside of the shade. It can be painted in red and white alternate stripes to conform to the general appearance of awnings of the same style.

BIG GAME OF THE NORTH

The Walrus is a Fearsome Looking and Rather Vicious Creature

Hunting the walrus in Behring Straits is an exciting sport, and one



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not engaged in to any great extent. It is dangerous because the huge creatures do not hesitate to attack a boat, and woe betide the unlucky hunter if one of these huge beasts gets its tusk over the gunwale of his



boat. The picture shows a front view of the head of a huge bull walrus which weighed about a ton and a half, and measured fourteen feet from the heavily bristled muzzle to the tips of his rear flippers. The females are usually smaller than the males, but strange to say frequently have bigger tusks.

Cool Kettle Handle



Although a wooden handle on a kettle is supposed to protect the hand, it frequently happens that the handle absorbs enough heat from laying on the metal part of the kettle to cause severe burns. Besides, it has frequently happens that the handle is burned or charred. A good way to prevent both of these happenings and keep the handle cool is to attach a coil of wire to one side of it, as shown in the sketch. This keeps the handle away from the kettle, and while it may get warm will never get hot.

Start Lawn From Seed

A well kept lawn adds a finish to the home as nothing else can. Experience has proved that the finest lawns can be started from seed, providing that the requisite preparation is given to the land, and that pure and equitable grasses in sufficient quantity and of uniform variety are sown.

The best soil for a lawn is one which is moderately moist and contains a considerable percentage of clay—a soil somewhat retentive of moisture, but never excessively wet, and one that is inclined to be heavy and compact, rather than light.