



## In Women's Circles—

where food problems are intelligently settled—

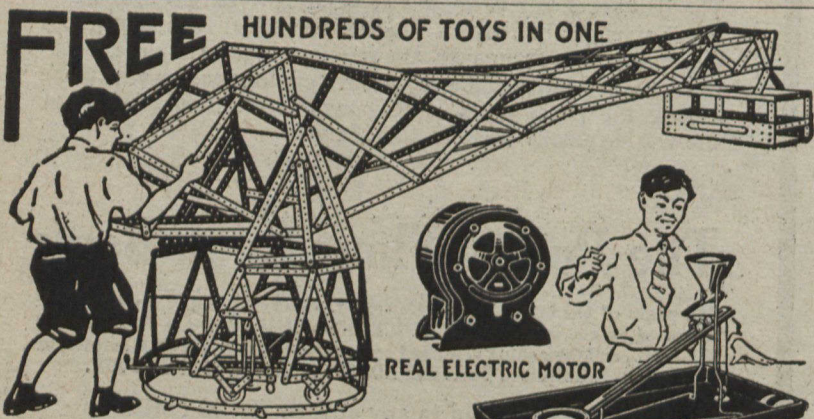
# Redpath SUGAR

meets with well-deserved approval. Women prefer it because they have always been able to depend absolutely on its purity and uniform quality. It never disappoints.

"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

26

Made in one grade only—the highest.



### Boys—GET THIS WONDERFUL AUTOMATIC SAND TOY AND BIG MODEL BUILDER WITH ELECTRIC MOTOR

You can run both these toys whether you have electricity in the house or not. This is truly the biggest and best offer ever made to boys and every real live boy in Canada should take advantage of it.

"Sandy Andy" is more than a mere toy. It is a construction toy which works automatically. Four sand in the hopper and Sandy Andy begins to work. The sand runs from the hopper to the o'r, which when nearly full runs down the track, automatically dumps at the bottom and then goes up for another load. This operation continues indefinitely as long as there's any sand in the hopper. You'll never tire of "Sandy Andy." There's "pap" and ginger in the way it works—just like real big machinery and incline railroads.

All boys know the American Model Builder. It is really hundreds of toys in one. With it you can make actual working models of trucks, derricks, travelling cranes, aerial swings, fire ladders, bridges, etc. The outfit is complete and contains pulleys, gears, pinions, axles, beams, machine screws, etc., and best of all, a real electric motor capable of lifting 10 pounds, goes with each builder, so that you can actually run all the models you build.

to get hundreds of hustlers at once to help us advertise and introduce "Dainties," our delicious Whipped-Cream Candy-Coated Breath perfume. Write to-day for a big Free sample package to try and just 30 large handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c each. You'll sell them instantly by opening your sample package of "Dainties" and asking all your friends to try them. Everyone will buy a package or two because they cannot resist the delicious flavor. Two or three little "Dainties" will perfume the breath, cleanse the mouth and leave a lasting fragrance.

Return our \$3.00 when the "Dainties" are sold and we'll promptly send you the Automatic Sandy Andy with a supply of clean white sand, and the complete big Model Builder and Electric Motor you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your grand prize among your friends and getting only five of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Write now boys and in a few days you'll be the proud owner of the finest toys in town. Remember we stand payment of all delivery charges under our reimbursement plan—it doesn't cost you a cent.

Address:

7B

Regal Manufacturing Co. Dept. S 3 B, Toronto, Ont.

YOU may have enjoyed other farm magazines, but **RURAL CANADA** for Women is the best yet—it is distinctly for the home.

## Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

### Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated  
763 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.

They die outdoors!



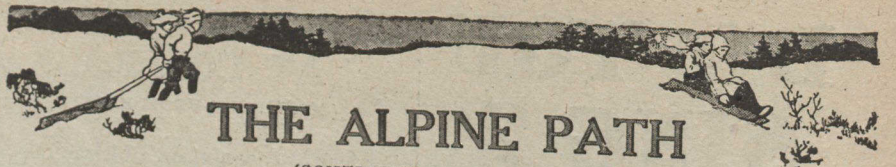
No mixing  
No Spreading—  
No Muzz—  
No Trouble—  
Just crumble up a

### Rat Bis-Kit

about the house. Rats will seek it, eat it, die outdoors. Easiest, quickest, cleanest way. Price, 25c. All drug and general stores.

The Rat Bis-Kit Co.  
Springfield, Ohio  
U.S.A.

For roaches and water bugs use Rat Bis-Kit Paste—the new Poison in the Tube—25c



## THE ALPINE PATH

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

through the heart of the mountain. "Stirling and Abbey Craig on Friday, places steeped with romance. Yesterday we came to Berwick to spend a week in the Marmion country. Mr. M. and Miss A. came with us. Berwick is a most quaint, antiquated old town. As we live on the Spittal side, when we want to go anywhere we have to be rowed over the river mouth by one of the half-dozen quaint old ferrymen who have boats for hire. Last night we all went for a walk along the Spittal shore by moonlight. It was beautiful, but so like the Cavendish shore that it made me bitterly homesick."

"Carlisle, August 20.

WE are spending Sunday in Carlisle perforce, since we could not get any farther last night, owing to the big railway strike which has been paralysing Britain this past week. At Berwick we did not suffer from it, nor heed it. We let the outer world go by and lived in realms of romance where ferry boats and shank's mare were the only desired means of locomotion.

"Last Monday we went to Holy Island and explored the ruins of the old Abbey which was the scene of *Constance de Beverley's* death in 'Marmion'. We had an enjoyable sail down to Holy Island but the return home was sadly different. It was quite rough and how that wretched little steamer pitched and rolled! Both our gentlemen became so overcome that they had to retire temporarily from the scene, while Miss A. and I fought off surrender only by a tremendous effort of will and would have suffered less I think if we had just allowed ourselves to go!

"Luckily seasickness is never fatal and next day we were all ready for an excursion to Norham Castle, a very ruinous ruin.

"Growing all over the grounds was a little blue flower which I never saw anywhere else save in the front orchard of the old home in Cavendish. Great-grandmother Woolner had brought it out from England with her. It gave me an odd feeling of pain and pleasure mingled, to find it growing there around that old ruined Scottish castle which seemed to belong so utterly to another time and another order of things. We walked from Norham to Ladykirk and then back by the Tweed. When we grew tired we sat down on its bank and dreamed dreams. What meeter place could there be for dreaming than the twilight banks of Tweed?

"Next day we went to Flodden Field. It disappointed me unreasonably, it was all so peaceful, and harvest-hued, and agricultural. I felt as aggrieved as though I had had any right to expect to see a mediæval battle being fought under my eyes.

"Thursday afternoon we had a delightful little expedition to Homecliffe Glen and its deserted old mill. It might serve as a scene for a ghost story. In the midst of the ravine we came upon a clump of spruce trees literally loaded with gum, the first I had seen since leaving home. Spruce gum and the delights of picking it seem quite unknown in Scotland. We spent a half-hour picking it. To me and my husband the gum tasted delicious, but neither Mr. M. nor Miss A. liked its flavor declaring it was 'bitter'."

"York, England.

August 27, 1912.

LAST Monday we went to Keswick and stayed there until Thursday. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of the Lake District:

"The haughtiest heart its wish might bound

Through life to dwell delighted here."

"And then it is so interwoven with much of the best in English literature. The very spirit of Wordsworth seems to haunt those enchanted valleys, those wild passes, those fairy-like lakes.

"Monday afternoon we took a coach-drive around Lake Derwentwater. All was beautiful. An interesting sight was the Castle Rock, which figures as the magic castle of St. John in Scott's 'Bridal of Triermain.' There is only one point where the resemblance to a castle—said to be very striking—can be seen, and we were not fortunate enough to see it from that particular point.

"Tuesday we went to Buttermere Lake; Wednesday we motored for eighty miles around Lake Windermere.

Some of the huge rocks on the mountain tops are of very peculiar shape. One of them is named, 'The Lady Playing on the Organ.' It is on the very top of a majestic mountain and certainly does, from one point of view, look exactly like a woman seated at a huge organ. Somehow, it captivated my imagination and I wove a hundred fancies round it. Who was the player, sitting forever at her mighty instrument? And what wonderful melodies did she play on it when the winds of heaven blew about her and the mountain tempest thundered and the great stars stayed to listen?

"That evening we walked out to the 'Druid Circle', a ring of large stones on a hill-top, supposed to have been in old time a temple of the sun.

"Nothing I have seen thus far made such a vivid impression on me as this. The situation is magnificent. The hill is completely encircled by a ring of the most famous mountains in the Lake District, Helvellyn and Skiddaw among them, and the sense of majesty produced was overwhelming. Certainly those old sun-worshippers knew how to choose their sites. To stand there, at sunset, in that temple of a departed creed, surrounded by that assembly of everlasting hills and picture the rites, perchance dark and bloody, which must once have been celebrated there, was an experience never to be forgotten.

"Friday we came to York, mainly to see the magnificent cathedral. It is magnificent, a dream of beauty made lasting in stone.

YESTERDAY afternoon I became the proud and happy possessor of a pair of china dogs!

"I have been pursuing china dogs all over England and Scotland. When I was a little girl, visiting at Grandfather Montgomery's, I think the thing that most enthralled me was a pair of china dogs which always sat on the sitting-room mantel. They were white with green spots all over them; and Father told me that whenever they heard the clock strike twelve at midnight they bounded down on to the hearth-rug and barked. It was, therefore, the desire of my heart to stay up until twelve some night and witness this performance, and hard indeed did I think the hearts of my elders when this was denied me. Eventually I found out, I forget how, that the dogs did nothing of the sort. I was much disappointed over this but more grieved still over the discovery that Father had told me something that wasn't true. However, he restored my faith in him by pointing out that he had only said the dogs would jump down when they heard the clock strike. China dogs, of course, could not hear.

"I have always hankered to possess a pair of similar dogs, and, as those had been purchased in London, I hoped when I came over here, I would find something like them. Accordingly I have haunted the antique shops in every place I have been but, until yesterday, without success. Dogs, to be sure, there were in plenty but not the dogs of my quest. There was an abundance of dogs with black spots and dogs with red spots; but nowhere the aristocratic dogs with green spots.

"Yesterday in a little antique shop near the great Minster I found a pair of lovely dogs and snapped them up on the spot. To be sure they had no green spots. The race of dogs with green spots seems to have become extinct. But my pair have lovely gold spots and are much larger than the old Park Corner dogs. They are over a hundred years old and I hope they will preside over my Lares and Penates with due dignity and aplomb."

"Russell Hotel, London.

September 18, 1912.

SO much has been crammed into this past fortnight that I have a rather overfed feeling mentally. But when time is limited and sights unlimited what are harassed travellers to do? The British Museum, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, Crystal Palace, Kenilworth Castle, the Shakespeare Land, Hampton Court, Salisbury and Stonehenge, Windsor and Parks and Gardens galore!

"Our hotel is in Russell Square, the haunt of so many of the characters in 'Vanity Fair.' One expects to see Amelia peering out of a window looking for George, or perhaps Becky watching for Jos.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 40)