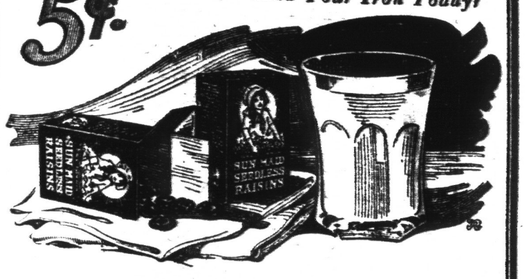
5¢ *Had Your Iron Today?*



# Delicious Hot-Day Lunch

BEST lunch is two packages of Little Sun-Maid Raisins and a glass of milk.

Tastes good when you're hungry.

Nourishes yet keeps you cool.

Raisin's 75 per cent fruit sugar is in practically *predigested* form, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Doesn't *tax* digestion so doesn't heat the blood, yet energizes almost immediately.

Big men eat little lunches to conserve their thinking power. Don't overeat and lag behind the leaders. Get two packages of Little Sun-Maids now.

**Little Sun-Maids**

***Between-Meal* Raisins**

**5c Everywhere**

—in Little Red Packages

### A Home Canning Budget.

Canning is one of the most desirable means of preserving fruits, vegetables and meats, for it preserves food in a condition more nearly like that of freshly cooked foods than is the case with dried, pickled, or brined foods. A further advantage in canning is that the housewife has the food all cooked and ready for serving, except perhaps in some cases, seasoning and sauces are to be added. The housewife who really maps out a canning program before she begins, may fill her canning shelves with a variety of canned foods, such as vegetables, fruits and meats as will answer the problem of "What shall I have for dinner?" very satisfactorily.

It is always a wise plan to can in terms of the family rather than in terms of the food at hand. Too often the housewife will can in abundance those products which she has at hand without giving careful consideration to the needs of the family. For instance, we will say she has a large supply of tomatoes and these are canned in large amounts, even though the family eats this vegetable sparingly.

Every housewife should plan her canning program as regards the likes and dislikes as well as the size of her family. She should decide from her experience of former years as to the amount of canned products of each variety the family will consume and adhere quite rigidly to this program. By this method a greater degree of efficiency in the daily menu will be obtained.

Budget Per Person for Eight Months.

1. Greens, spinach, dandelions, chard and other greens, five quarts.
2. Tomatoes, ten quarts.
3. Other vegetables, peas, beans, beets, carrots, etc., fifteen quarts.
4. Fruits (including jellies), thirty quarts.
5. Meats. Fresh meat in winter, (canned for spring, summer and fall), thirty quarts. This makes a total of ninety quarts per person.

Ratio of Uncooked to Canned Products.

| | |
|---|---|
| Peaches, 1 bushel | 18 qts. |
| Pears, 1 bushel | 30 qts. |
| Plums, 1 bushel | 30 qts. |
| Blackberries, 16 qts. | 14 qts. |
| Strawberries, 16 qts. | 12 qts. |
| Tomatoes, 1 bushel | 15 qts. |
| String beans, 1 bushel | 20 qts. |
| Sweet corn, 1 bushel | 25 qts. |
| Sweet corn, 1 bushel | 25 qts. |
| Shelled peas, 1 bushel | 10 qts. |

In proceeding with such a program a "canning budget" may be found to be of great value. Perhaps this brings to mind something relative to a financial estimate of our canning program. However, this is not what is inferred, but rather an estimate scientifically worked out on the amount required by the average person of each of the five groups of canned products. The "budget" is planned on a per person basis, and the amount of canned products for eight months in each of the five groups must be multiplied by the number in each family. Enough vegetables are allowed for four servings, with the fruits for five per week. During the remaining days one must make out with pitted vegetables, such as cabbage, rutabagas, onions, etc., and dried and stored fruits, such as prunes, apples, and peaches.

### Flowers of Organdy.

The women and girls interested in extension work surpass the men in their ability to produce quick results in "raising" flowers, for flowers of organdy and silk bloom not only over night, but in a few minutes.

One of the most attractive and easily made flowers suitable for use on a hat of organdy or gingham, is made by making four petals of organdy, cutting two circles for each petal. The material used may be all of the same color, or the outside may be of one shade, and the inside of the petals of another shade.

The diameter of the circle for the petal may be from two and a half to three and a half inches, according to the desired size of the flower. Stitch the two circles for each petal together around the edge, except for a space about one and a quarter inches. Trim the seam even, to one-eighth inch wide, turn and press. Gather each petal along the open space, draw up and fasten firmly. Fold a bunch of flower stamens over a loop of green wire, and sew the petals to the loop, over-lapping the edges of the petals slightly. The wire stem may be doubled back, and wound with organdy, to match the flower; or the stem may be wound with green embroidery silk or yarn, and may be sewed on through centre or by stem.

### When Heating Rolls.

A very good way to reheat rolls is to put them in a paper bag and dampen the bag with warm water. Tie the bag tightly shut and place in a hot oven, and by the time the bag is dry the rolls will be hot and like freshly-baked ones. This is also a good method for using stale rolls.

Begin—The rest is easy.


Freshly mixed—
KEEN'S
DRY
MUSTARD
makes dinner tasty and digestible

# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Musson Book Co.)

**Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.**

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He attends the theatre with Conward whom he met in the poolroom.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

But there was a whirr from the forest, and the girl reappeared, this time all in red, but not nearly so much in red as she had previously been in white. My, what a quick change she had made! And how her skirt stood out like a rim when she whirled herself! And the young man left all the rest and went to dance with her again. Dave was not altogether pleased with that turn of events. But presently the dance broke up, and they were flung again in line across the stage. And there she was, all in red—no, not all in red, but certainly not in any other color—right before him. And then she looked down and smiled again at him. And he smiled back. And then he looked at Conward and saw him smiling, too. And then he felt a very distressing uncertainty, which brought the color slowly to his face. He resolved to say nothing, but watch. And his observations convinced him that the smiles had been for Conward, not for him. And then he lost interest in the play.

They hustled into their overcoats to the playing of the national anthem. "Hurry," said Conward, "let's get out quick. Ain't she some dame? There—through the side exit—the stage door is that way. She promised to have her chum with her—they'll be waiting if we don't hurry."

Conward steered him to the stage entrance, where a little group was already congregated. In a moment the girl appeared, handsomely dressed in furs. Dave would not have known her, but Conward recognized her at once, and stepped forward. With her was another girl, also from the chorus, but Dave could not recall her part. He was suddenly aware of being introduced.

"This is my friend Belton," Conward was saying. Dave was about to correct him when Conward managed to whisper, "Whist! Your stage name. Mine's Elward. Don't forget."

Conward took the first girl by the arm, and Dave found himself following rapidly with the other. They cut through certain side streets, up a stairway, and into a dark hall. Conward was rattling keys and swearing amiably in his soft voice. Presently a door opened; Conward pressed a button, and they found themselves in a small but comfortably furnished room—evidently bachelor apartments.

The girls threw off their wraps and sauntered about the place, commenting freely on the furnishings and decorations, while Conward started a gas grate and put some water to boil.

"Sorry I've nothing for you to eat," he said, "but I've some good medicine for the thirst."

"Eating's poor business when there's a thirst to be quenched," said one of the girls, with a yawn. "And believe me, I've a long one."

Conward pulled a table into the centre of the room, set chairs about, and produced glasses and a bottle. Dave experienced a sudden feeling as of a poor swimmer beyond his depth. He had never drunk, not even beer, not so much from principles of abstinence as from disgust over his father's drunkenness and enmity toward the means of it . . . .

The glasses were filled and raised. "Ho!" said Conward.

"Here's looking!" said one of the girls.

Dave still hesitated, but the other girl clinked her glass against his. "Here's looking at you," she said, and she appeared to lay special emphasis on the last two words. Certainly her eyes were on Dave's as she raised her glass to her lips. And under the spell of those eyes he raised his glass and drained it.

Other glasses were filled and drained. The three were chattering away, but Dave was but vaguely conscious of their talk, and could weave no connected meaning into it. His head was buzzing with a pleasant, dreamy sensation. A very grateful warmth surrounded him, and with it came a disposition to go to sleep. He probably would have gone to sleep had his eye not fallen on a picture on the wall. It was a picture of a girl pointing her finger at him. He suspected that she was pointing it at him, and as he looked more closely he became very sure of it. . . . No girl could point her finger at him. He arose and made a lunge across the room. He missed her, and with difficulty retraced his steps to the table to make a fresh start.

"She's makin' fun o' me," he said, "an' I don't stand for that. Nobody can do that with me. Nobody—see? I don't 'low it."

"Oh, you don't," laughed one of the girls, running into a corner and pointing a finger at him. "You don't?"

He turned his attention to her, steadying himself very carefully before he attempted an advance. Then, with wide-stretched arms, he bore down cautiously upon her. When he had her almost within reach she darted along the edge of the room. He attempted a sudden change in direction, which ended disastrously, and he found himself very much sprawled out upon the floor. He was aware of laughter, but what cared he? He was disposed to sleep. What better place to sleep than this? What better time to sleep than this? In a moment he was lost to all consciousness. . . .

It was later in the night when he felt himself being dragged into a sitting posture. He remonstrated in a mumbling voice. "'S too early," he said. "Altogether too early. Early. Whew! Watch 'er spin. Jus' his job. Paid for it, ain't he?"

"Well, I ain't paid for this," said Conward, rather roughly. "And you got to pull yourself together. Here, take a little of this; it'll put some gimp into you." He pressed a glass to his lips, and Dave swallowed.

"Where am I?" he said, blinking at the light. He rose uncertainly to his feet and stared about the room in returning consciousness.

"Where's the girls?" he asked.

"Gone," said Conward, sulkily. "Couldn't expect 'em to stick around all night to say good-bye, could you, and you sleeping off your drunk?"

Dave raised his hand to his head. A sense of disgrace was already upon him. Then he suddenly turned in anger on Conward.

"You put this upon me," he cried. "You made a fool of me. I've a mind to bash your skull in for you."

"Don't be silly," Conward retorted. "I didn't enjoy it any more than you did—introducing you as my friend, and then have you go out like that. Why didn't you tip me? I didn't know it would put you to sleep."

"Neither did I," said Dave.

"Well, the next thing is to get you home. Can you walk?"

"Sure." Dave started for the door, but his course suddenly veered, and he found himself leaning over a chair. Conward helped him into his overcoat, and half led, half shoved him to his boarding-house.

CHAPTER VI.

Elden awoke Sunday morning with a feeling that his head had been boiled. Also he had a prodigious thirst, which he slaked at the water pitcher. It was the practice of Metford's gang to select one of their number to care for all the horses on Sundays, while the others enjoyed the luxury of their one day of leisure. In consequence of this custom the room was still full of snoring sleepers, and the air was very close and foul.

Dave sat down by the little table that fronted the open window and rested his head on his hands. It was early spring; the snow was gone; dazzling sunshine bathed the prairies in the distance, and near at hand were the twitter of birds and the ripple of water. It was a day to be alive and about.

But the young man's thoughts were not of the sunshine, nor the fields nor the water. He was recalling, with considerable effort, the events of the previous night; piecing them together in impossible ways; reassorting them until they offered some sequence. The anger he had felt toward Conward had subsided, but the sting of shame rankled in his heart. He had no doubt that he had furnished the occasion for much merriment upon the part of the young women, in which, quite probably, Conward had joined.

"Fool," he said to himself. And because he could think of no more specific expression to suit his feelings, and because expression of any kind brought a sort of relief, he kept on repeating the word, "Fool, fool, fool!" And as his self-condemnation gradually won him back to a sense of perspective he became aware of the danger of his position. He went over the events of the recent months, and tried to be rational. He had left his ranch home to better himself, to learn things, to rise to be somebody. He had worked harder than ever before, at more disagreeable employment; he had lived in conditions that were almost nauseating, and what had he learned? That you can't beat a card man at his own game, price sixty dollars, and that the gallery seats are cheaper, and sometimes safer than the orchestra. Then all of a sudden he thought of Reenie. He had not thought of her much of late; he had been so busy in the days, and so tired at nights, that he had not thought of her much. True, she was always in the back of his mind; in his subconscious mind, perhaps, but he seemed to have put her away, like his skill with revolver and lasso. Now she burst upon him again with all that beauty and charm which had so magnetized him in those glad, golden days, and the frank cleanness of her girlhood made him disgusted and ashamed. It was to fit himself for her that he had come to town, and what sort of mess was he making of it? He was going down instead of up. He had squandered his little money, and now he was squandering his life. He had been drunk.

Dave's nature was one in which emotions were accelerated with their own intensity. When he was miserable his misery left no place in his soul for any ray of sunshine. It fed on itself, and grew to amazing proportions. It spread out from its original cause and enveloped his whole life. It tinctured all his relationships, past, present, and future. When a cloud of gloom settled upon him he felt that it would never lift, but become heavier and heavier until he was crushed under its weight. And the sudden manner in which Reenie had now invaded his consciousness intensified the blackness in which he was submerged, as lightning darkens the storm. . . . He saw her on that last night, with the moonlight wooing her white face, until his own body had eclipsed it in a warmer passion, and he heard her words, "I know you are true and clean." . . .

True and clean. "Yes, thank God, I am still that!" he cried, springing suddenly to his feet and commencing to dress. "I've been spattered but nothing that won't wash off. Perhaps," and he stopped as the great thought struck him, "perhaps it was the luckiest thing in the world that the booze did put me out last night. It'll wash off."

There was considerable comfort in this thought. He had wasted some precious months, but he had not gone too far, and there was still time to turn back. But he must begin work at once on the serious business of life. With this resolve his spirts returned with a rush, and he found himself whistling as he completed his toilet. There was no breakfast for the late sleepers Sunday mornings, and he went at once into the warm air outside. The sun fondled his body, his limbs, his face; the spring ozone was in his lungs; it was good to be alive. Alive—for a purpose. Well, he would start at once; how could he begin a life of purpose to-day? He was quite set on the necessity of doing something, but quite at sea as to what that something should be. It occurred to him for the first time that Society had been much more generous in supplying facilities for a boy to go down hill than to go up.

(To be continued.)

Poverty and hardships have forced into prominence many a man who would have otherwise remained unknown.

### The Great Were Once As You.

The great were once as you,
They whom men magnify to-day
Once groped and blundered on life's way,
Were fearful of themselves, and thought
By magic was men's greatness wrought;
They feared to try what they could do;
Yet Fame hath crowned with her success
The selfsame gifts that you possess.

The great were once as you,
Dreaming the very dreams you hold,
Longing yet fearing to be bold,
Doubting that they themselves possessed
The strength and skill for every test;
Uncertain of the truths they knew,
Not sure that they could stand to fate
With all the courage of the great.

Then came a day when they
Their first bold venture made;
Scorning to cry for aid,
They dared to stand to fight alone,
Took up the gauntlet life had thrown,
Charged full-front to the fray,
Mastered their fear of self, and then
Learned that our great men are but men.

Oh, man, go forth and do!
You, too, to fame may rise;
You can be strong and wise.
Stand up to life and play the man—
You can if you'll but think you can;
The great were once as you.
You envy them their proud success,
'Twas won with gifts that you possess.

—Edgar A. Guest.

### Spreading Gospel of Music Through the Press.

Speaking on one occasion on the question of music publicity in the press a famous educationist said this:

"If I attained my ambition, there would not be a publication which ever went to press unless it carried its story of music. The more discussion there is about music, the more there will be, the more matter printed about music, the more concerts there will be. Everybody is a potential patron of music, and is worthy of being developed into a music lover. Education is the torchlight which can be used to bring 98 per cent. of the people who think they don't like music into the fold of those who know they do. Education will convert the infidel's art.

"I am always aware of the man who says, 'But music I don't care for, it's too hard for me to attempt to sit through a recital after a hard day's work. I want some relaxation.' I am always eager to take that man aside and argue the matter out with him. I am always conscious of the presence of women who are deaf to the possibilities of music in their domestic happiness and I want to tell them about it. Of the children growing up with the wrong kind of music in their ears, of working men, of professional men, of busines men, of medical authorities and of civic and other government authorities."

Education in affairs of music must go through every channel, through the schools, the clubs, the open forums, the newspapers and the periodicals.

### Forest Fire Law Strengthened

Many important amendments were made to the Forest and Prairie Fire Act of the province of Alberta at the last session of the legislature. The principal of these amendments, which will greatly lessen the difficulty of combating fires, and which are welcomed by all who have to do with the forests, are the following:

All Dominion forest and fire rangers, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Provincial Police and municipal councillors are ex-officio fire guardians, with authority to enforce the Act.

Municipal councils must appoint fire guardians.

Fire guardians have the power to order out any male person over sixteen years of age to help in fighting a prairie or forest fire. There are of course the usual exemptions in the case of postmasters, physicians, telegraph operators, ets.

Spark arresters must be used on marine engines, with a view to preventing fires originating from Sparks thrown from the smokestacks of steamboats operating on northern lakes and rivers.

Provision is made for the establishment of fire districts. In these timbered areas it is illegal to start clearing fires between 15th April and 15th November without a special permit.

The scale of penalties for violation of the Forest Fire Act have been revised and the penalties made heavier, so that there will be greater respect for the Act.

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for Rheumatic Sufferers

**The shortest thing in the world is not a mosquito's eye lash—it is the memory of the public.**

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Cleanses mouth and teeth.

A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth.

Combines pleasure and benefit.

Don't miss the joy of the new WIPS—the candy-coated peppermint tid bit!

Chew it after every meal.

*Packed Tight—Kept Right*

C16


# INDUSTRIAL USE OF WATER-POWER

## Production of Mines and Forests Dependent upon Hydro-Electric Energy.

In an address before the Canadian Club of New York city recently the President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association very ably expounded the future possibilities of Canada as an industrial country when, inevitably, her manufactured products will, in certain lines, increasingly supply the markets of the world.

The secret of industrial advancement in the Dominion may be attributed largely to our bountiful hydraulic resources, which afford cheap and abundant motive power. This factor is of much importance in all our principal industries and of the four corners of progress, namely, agriculture, manufacture, transportation and finance, cited in the above address, the first three are vitally affected by the question of power.

Hydro-electric energy is not only the key to progressive development of Canadian manufacturing and transportation, but it is gradually becoming an important factor in the basic industry of Agriculture. A study of farming conditions in the various provinces indicates that, while the acreage under cultivation and the extent and value of farm products has steadily increased, the rural population has steadily decreased. The explanation is largely the substitution of machinery and power for manual labor, and in this substitution hydro-electric energy is occupying an exceedingly important sphere.

While difficulties may exist in the economic distribution of electricity to certain rural areas, our cheap water-power permits many Canadian farmers to enjoy the benefits of modern methods and added commodities made possible by hydro-electric energy.

The direct bearing of adequate and cheap hydro-electric power to the progress and expansion of our manufactures needs scarcely to be pointed out. The majority of our principal industries, such as pulp and paper, flour, lumber, iron works, textiles, electro-chemical and metallurgical processes, require a relatively large amount of power; the question of a sufficient supply at reasonable rates is playing a most important part in attracting and permanently establishing these industries in Canada. The pulp and paper industry, for instance, requires large blocks of power, some 100 h.p. being necessary per ton of daily production of newsprint paper, and but for our water-powers we would have to export most of our pulp wood in the raw state. The mining industry also depends largely on our water-powers for its successful development. Asbestos, nickel, copper, gold and silver mining fields are well supplied with hydro-electric energy which greatly facilitates their economic operation.

The greater productive power per head in America, as compared with the European workman, is now being attributed by the latter largely to the fact that the American worker has commonly two or three times as much horse-power to assist him.

As hydro-electric energy will ever prove an increasingly important factor in the general development of the Dominion, it is essential that the Government authorities responsible for the administration and development of our water-powers should fortify themselves with such fundamental engineering and economic information as will bring about the establishment of progressive and constructive policies, designed to encourage the maximum advantageous use of our water-power resources. Stream flow studies, hydrometric surveys, power and storage investigations, research designed to discover the uses for the vast quantities of off-peak power now available but unused, the study of cognate legal questions, the securing and compilation of appropriate economic statistics, and other related effort should be vigorously proceeded with by the proper governmental agencies. In fact, the expenditures on such work will represent an investment from which the very best returns may be expected.

### Colored Monarchs From African Wilds.

Two dozen colored kings have gone to Paris and Parisians, with their ever-fresh love of the exotic, have thrilled at the spectacle.

Dressed in faultlessly-fitting black clothes, top hats, and with uniformly ebony features, these dusky rulers of French possessions in Senegal, Dahomey, Ivory and the New Guinea coasts and Mauretania, when they lined up on the platform at Gare De Lyon, made one think of that old ditty, "Ten little nigger boys all in a row."

It is not quite clear whether the Government brought them to see the sights or whether they are a sight for Paris, but their reception was quite official, with representatives of the Ministers of Colonies, deputies and officers to meet them.

One huge African potentate, blissfully unconscious of the picturesque anomaly of the combination, carried, instead of a walking stick, a scimetar. It helped to explain why some children took refuge behind their mothers' skirts.

Another jungle chieftain escorted his three wives, whom Parisians voted quite charming. Nearly all speak French fluently, having received excellent educations. One proudly announced he is a subscriber to a Paris paper, which he has read in the jungle for ten years.

Polished language is often used in telling the unvarnished truth.


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