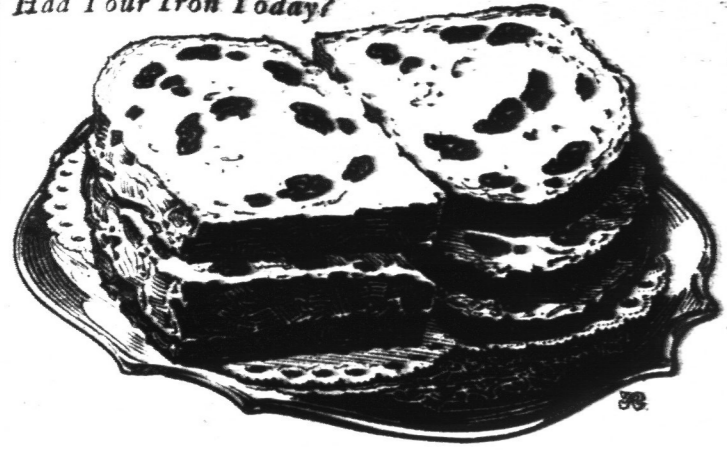


Had Your Iron Today?



# The Delicious Bread

—of Energy and Iron—

SERVE raisin bread twice weekly on your table for three reasons:

1. Flavor; 2. Energy; 3. Iron
- You remember how good a generously filled, full-fruited raisin bread can be. Your grocer or baker can supply a loaf like this.
- Insist—if he hasn't one he can get it for you. Full-fruited bread is full of luscious seeded Sun-Maid raisins—rich in energizing nutrients in practically predigested form.
- Raisins also furnish fatigue-resisting iron for the blood.
- Serve plain raisin bread at dinner or as a tasty fruited breakfast toast with coffee.
- Make delicious bread pudding with leftover slices. No need to waste a crumb of raisin bread.
- Begin this week the habit of raisin bread twice weekly in your home, for raisin bread is both good and good for you.



## Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

Make delicious bread, pies, puddings, cakes, etc. Ask your grocer for them. Send for free book of tested recipes.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers  
Membership 13,000  
Dept. N-43-9, Fresno, Calif.

## Stories of Famous People

In those good old days which were not at all good, (was a risky thing, I'm sure, to jest about a member of the Royal Family, the penalty being short and sharp. Happily, in these more enlightened times I do not risk the axe by passing on a good story of the Prince of Wales.

All the newspapers reported the Prince's sedition while playing polo at Manila. During the course of the game he received a black eye. It was not reported, however, that while the temporary disfigurement lasted, local scalliwags, with the accent on the last syllable, referred to him, behind his back, as "His Black 'Ighness."

Why they did so behind his back is the only thing that puzzles me. The Prince can appreciate a joke as well as anyone.

The Queen of Roumania is the latest recruit to the ranks of film actresses. She has signed a contract to appear in a film called "For My Country." The picture will be taken in Roumania by an American company, and the Royal actress will receive \$75,000 and sixty per cent. of the film's proceeds.

Among the many good stories which Her Majesty tells is the following against herself. She was visiting one of the boys' clubs in Bucharest, when she caught two of the youngsters fighting.

"How silly you are," she said to one of them. "Your face is all disfigured, and your poor mother will have to buy you a new suit."

"That's nothing, ma'am," was the reply. "The other fellow's mother will have to buy a new boy."

Most people will probably be surprised to hear that Sir James Barrie had practically never smoked up to the time when he was writing "My Lady Nicotine." Until then he had merely toyed, now and again, with a cigarette and had not liked it. But all his friends smoked, a tobaccoist's shop interested him, and so he joined the ranks of smokers.

His recipe for novel-writing is: Eight pipes one ounce, seven ounces one week, two weeks one chapter, twenty chapters one nib, two nibs one novel.

When Sir Philip Gibbs visited Vancouver recently, he was invited by the British Columbia Institute of Journalists to come and "talk shop" at an informal dinner. Sir Philip expected to meet twenty-five or thirty journalists, and was amazed to find an assemblage of over a hundred—nearly the full strength of the institute.

Drawing a friend aside, he whispered: "Are all these people bona fide newspaper writers?"

Being assured that such was the case, he wanted to know how many daily papers Vancouver had. Three, it was told.

"It would look as if they carried fairly large staffs," he commented, looking around the crowded room.

"All these are not on the dailies," he was informed. "A large number are free lances."

"That explains it!" said the famous war correspondent. "Free lances, eh! All the same, I didn't think there were so many newspaper men out there work in British Columbia!"

### The Mystery of the Moon.

French scientists expect to be able to demonstrate, by means of photographs, whether or no, there is life on the moon and other planets.

Their hopes of doing this have been brightened by the invention of a telescopic camera by Charles Derrennes, author and scientist.

M. Derrennes, explaining his invention, said: "The principle of the apparatus is that of projecting an intense electric magnifying camera lens in such a manner that we can see objects millions of miles from the exposed plate. The focusing is the most important problem, but undoubtedly we shall soon be able to furnish photographic proof whether or not there is planetary life."

### Child and Mother.

Love thy mother, little one!  
Kiss and clap her neck again!  
Hereafter thou mayst have a son!  
Will kiss and clap her neck in vain!  
Love thy mother, little one!

Gaze upon her living eyes,  
And mirror back her love for thee.  
Hereafter thou mayst slender sighs  
To meet them when they cannot see.  
Gaze upon her living eyes.

Press her lips the while they glow,  
With love that they have often told.  
Hereafter thou mayst press in woe,  
And kiss them till thine own are cold.

Press her lips the while they glow,  
Oh, reverse her raven hair,  
Although it be not silver gray,  
Too early, death, led on by care,  
May snatch save one dear lock away,  
Oh, reverse her raven hair.

Pray for her at eve and morn,  
That Heaven may long the stroke deter.  
For thou mayst live the hour forlorn,  
When thou wilt ask to die with her,  
Pray for her at eve and morn!

—Thomas Hood.

Only Human.

During the war some Australian soldiers were quartered beside the Gordon Highlanders, and took great delight in chaffing the Scotsmen unmercifully.

One of the Gordons, while passing an "Aussie," trod rather heavily on his foot. Up sprang the latter, furious, and shouted:

"You stepped on my foot!"

"Well," said the Scotsman, "I did not intend to jump over it, but a Hellan's man's only human, nae a kangaroo!"

## RADIO

Year Toronto and Montreal Radio Concerts every night, just as though you were in one of these great cities, with our Marconi Radiophones (Model C). Write for full information and prices. THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES and TIME RECORDERS TORONTO CANADA

## The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STRAD.

(Copyright The Munsell Book Co.)

### Synopsis of Proceeding Chapters.

Dr. Hardy, famous specialist, and his sister Irene, meet with an accident while on a morning trip in the foothills of Alberta and find refuge in the cabin of the Elden ranch where 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 spends an evening with Conward, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for his first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend.

### CHAPTER VI.—(Cont'd.)

He became aware of a bell ringing. At first the sound had fallen only on his subconsciousness, but gradually he became aware of it, as one being slowly recalled from sleep. He had never remembered that it was Sunday, and that was a church bell. He had often heard them on Sundays. He was about to dismiss the matter when a strange impulse came into his mind. Why not go to church? He had never been in church and he felt that the surroundings of the pool hall would be much more congenial. He had little stomach for church. What if the rest of the church should learn he had been at church?

"I believe you're afraid to go," he said to himself. That settled it. In a few minutes he was at the church door, where an oldish man, after surveying him somewhat dubiously, gave him a formal handshake and passed him into the hands of an usher. The usher led him down an aisle and crowded him into a small pew with several others. There were many unoccupied pews, so Dave concluded it must be a church policy to fill the pews as far as they went. He also observed that the church was filling up from the rear, notwithstanding the efforts of the ushers to entice the people farther down the aisles. Dave reflected that the custom here was quite different from the theatre, especially the "rush" gallery, where everyone scrambled for the front seats.

He was very conscious of being observed, and there was an atmosphere of formality and, as it seemed to him, of strained goodness that made him uncomfortable. But presently the organ commenced and diverted his interest from himself. It was very wonderful. His position commanded a view of the organist, and Dave looked at the manner in which that gentleman's feet hopped about, and his hands flourished up and down the board altogether to jerk out a piece of the machine.

Then the choir filed in. They were all dressed alike, and the men had a kind of gown. Dave thought that he was very silly. By some mental freak he found himself picturing a man with a gown roping and it was only by a sudden tightening of his jaws that he prevented an explosion of amusement. He was still feeling fidgety over this when a tall man entered from the door and ascended the steps to the pulpit and moved very solemnly, and when he had finished his head on his hand for a minute. Then he looked over the audience, and Dave thought that his expression was one of approval. Then he looked at the ceiling.

"He feels safe in his seat," thought Dave. "No buckin' in this bunch. Well—"

His organ had broken forth in a great burst and everyone was standing up. Dave did so too, belatedly. Then everybody sang. They seemed to know just what to sing. It was all new to Dave, but it sounded like the sunshine did after a long winter. Then they all sat down. Dave was coming more alert, and was not caught napping in this moment.

There was a short prayer, which Dave did not understand, and more singing by everybody, and then the pastor came to the pulpit. Dave did not know how much to put on the plate, but he supposed a good deal like this in a theatre would cost a dollar, so he put on that amount. He noticed that his neighbor on one side put on a nickel, and the other side nothing at all. He began to think he must have made a mistake. All this time the organ was playing busily, but suddenly it dropped to a low, meditative tone, and Dave began to fear it would stop altogether. But no; a young woman was standing up in the choir; she was pretty, with quite a different air and a finer complexion than that of the theatre girls of the night before. In some vague way she seemed reminiscent of Reenie Hardy. Dave's introspection was so deep enough to know that any fine girl would remind him of Reenie Hardy.

Then she began to sing, and he felt again that the sunshine was playing about him, but this time he heard the birds, too, and the ripple of the distant water, and the stir of the spruce trees, and he could see the lattice of sunlight through their dark leaves; playing on the brown grass, and there was a smell of distant wood smoke, and the glow of dying coals. He was swayed gently in his seat, held in the thrall of her voice, and suddenly he was glad he had put a dollar on the plate. He could not follow all the words, but it was something about a land where the sun never goes down. Well—no doubt the preacher would tell them more about it.

Then there was a long prayer by the preacher. He began by addressing the Deity as all mighty and all knowing, and then spent many minutes in drawing His attention to details which had evidently escaped His notice and in offering suggestions for the better government of the universe. He dwelt on the dignity and penitence of the congregation, including hippopotami, and at this point Dave's neighbor on one side began to detect a false note. He looked about from preacher to congregation, and saw no evidence of penitence said Dave to himself, "that preacher is going to get in wrong. Why, he couldn't put over that humility bunk on me."

At length it seemed that the sermon was really going to commence, but a well-dressed man came down the aisle and read a long financial statement. Dave gathered from it that the Lord was pretty hard pressed for ready cash. "No wonder," thought he,

"if they all give nickels and nothing's Pretty well-dressed bunch, too."

Finally the preacher took the meeting in hand again, and announced his text, but Dave soon forgot it in trying to follow the sermon. It was an orthodox exposition of the doctrine of the atonement. Dave would not have known it by that name, and there were many expressions which he could not understand, but out of a maze of phrases he found himself being slowly imbued into an attitude of unpromising hostility. There was no doubt about it; the preacher was declaring that an innocent One had been murdered for the guilty might go free. This was what he thought, but when the speaker went on to say that this was God's plan; that there had to be a sacrifice, and that no other sacrifice was sufficient to appease the wrath of Jehovah directed toward those whom he had forgiven, Dave found himself boiling with indignation with this Christianity he would have none of it! His instruction in religion had been of the most meagre nature, but he had some conception of a Father who was love, and this doctrine of the sacrifice of the innocent crushed through all his slender framework of belief. Had he been told of a love which remained steadfast to its ideals in the cost of Calvary his manliness would have responded as to the touch of a kindred spirit, but he attempted to fit that willing sacrifice into a dogmatic creed left him adrift and rudderless. Suddenly from somewhere in his memory came the words, "Then cutt' at car's run gets caught." Was he then in sympathy with this doctrine of cruelty; without knowing it? No. No! Reenie Hardy had believed in justice, and he would believe in the walk down the aisle and out of the building, oblivious to the eyes that followed him.

His feet led him to the river, running brown with the mud of spring. He sat on the gravel, in the warm sun-dried, and tossed pebbles into the soft-flowing water. He had determined on a new job, but how was he to find the road? Environment had never been kind to him, and he was just beginning to realize its power in his life. He was satisfied, but he was dissatisfied; he was not knowing where to find satisfaction; he was bewildered, and nowhere was a clear path before him. He was lonely. He knew a room where a little game would be in progress; he arose, brushed the gravel-dust from his Sunday clothes, and vended his way down town.

A crowd was entering the theatre which he had attended the night before. He looked at it wonderingly, as if by statute the theatres were closed on Sundays. Still, it was evident something was going on, and he went in with the others. No words were required, and an usher showed him to a good seat.

It was not long before Dave realized that he was in a Socialist meeting. He knew rather less of Socialism than he did of Christianity, but he was working in the place appealed to him. They were mostly men in work clothes, with tobacco or beer on their breaths, and in their loud whistles which made him feel at home. When the speaker said something to their liking, they applauded him; when he crossed them they denounced him, and sometimes violent, but Dave admired the spirit of fair play which gave every man a chance to speak his mind. Through it all he gathered that there were two great forces in the world—capital and labor—and that a struggle-hold on labor and shaking him to death. No, not quite in that either, for Capital needed Labor, and therefore only choked him until he opened his eyes.

"I'm not a slave," said Dave, suddenly springing to his feet. "I can quit my job to-morrow and tell my boss to go to hell."

There were boos and cat-calls, but at last the man on the platform made himself heard.

"And what will you do, my friend, after you have quit your job?" he asked, quiet courteously.

"Get another one," said Dave, without seeming the trap. "There's lots of jobs."

"That is, you would get another master," said the Socialist. "You would still have a master. And as long as you have a master, you are a slave." And Dave sat down, confused and wondering.

## New Life

For RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Dear Sir:—After suffering from Rheumatism for over 15 years and spending money on medicine, baths, electric belts, etc., which did me no good, I was cured by using one bottle of your NEW LIFE REMEDY.

Yours truly,  
Wm. Gray,  
Gerard St. E. & 2, Toronto

One bottle for One Dollar,  
Six bottles for Five Dollars.  
Mailed direct to Customers.

New Life Remedy Company  
73 West Adelaide St., Toronto  
Canada

After the night session there was a sort of free-for-all. Half a dozen couples to their feet, each seeking to outdo the other in the display of their own strength. It was with difficulty that the chairman obtained order and established a measure of civility. An old man in the gallery read loudly from Victor Hugo while a speaker in the orchestra declaimed on Single Tax. Finally the old man was silenced, and Dave began to learn that all the economic diseases to which Society is heir might be healed by a potent compound by Henry George. Another in the audience started to speak of the failure of the established system of marriage, embellishing his argument with more than one local incident of a lascivious nature, but he was at last required to give place to a woman who had a more personal grievance to present.

### Candor in An Epitaph.

Edgar Lee Masters, author of "Spoon River Anthology," was not the first to make epitaphs tell the truth. In Horsley Down church, Cumberland, England, relates William S. Walsh in his "Literary Curiosities," the following frank inscription may still be seen on a tomb in the churchyard:

Here lie the bodies of Thomas Bond and Mary, his wife. She was temperate, chaste and charitable. But she was proud, peevish and passionate; she was an affectionate wife and a tender mother. Her husband and child, whom she loved, seldom saw her consciousness without a frown; whilst she received visitors whom she despised with an endearing smile. Her behavior was discreet toward strangers, but impudent in her family. Abroad her conduct was influenced by good breeding.

At home by ill temper. She was a professed enemy of flattery, and was seldom known to praise or commend.

The talents in which she principally excelled were divergence of opinion and discovering flaws and imperfections. She was an admirable economist and, without prodigality, dispensed plenty to every person in her family.

She would sacrifice her eyes to a farthing candle, and her husband happily with her good qualities. Much more frequently miserable with her many failings, inasmuch that in thirty years' cohabitation he often lamented that maugre all her virtues he had not enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

At length, finding she had lost the affection of her husband, as well as the regard of her neighbors, family disputes having been divulged by servants, she died of vexation, July 20, 1768. Aged 48 years. Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days, and departed this life November 22, 1768.

In the 54th year of his age, William Bond, brother of the deceased, was elected constable to the wives of this parish, and that they may avoid the infamy of having their memories handed down to posterity with a patchwork character.

Hard Sledding in the Tropics.

The city of Funchal on the island of Madeira seems a poor place for sledding of any kind. For not only is the climate tropical but the streets are laid with round, closely packed stones that make walking unpleasant. Nevertheless, as we learn from Mr. Hugo Hauff in Travel, the visitor can go sledding if he wishes.

At the end of the pier that leads to the entrance of the city stands a row of bullock carts or carros, that resemble sleds with high runners. Two of the heads of the animals stands the driver, who is invariably clad in white trousers and shirt and who carries a long spiked staff in his hand.

The carro is built with two seats that face each other and accommodate two persons comfortably. The seats are upholstered with bright colored cloth and are seldom equipped with springs.

When the carro is in motion a boy runs at the head of the team and guides the oxen according to the command of the driver, who runs at the side and urges the sleepy beast along with prods of his multi-tipped staff. From time to time he places a piece of greased burlap on the cobble pavement to allow one runner to pass easily over rough sections. Whenever he does that the occupants receive a sideways jerk as one half of the carro slides over the rag while the other half drags along the stones. The ride is not so comfortable as it might be.

Forestalled!

Pat had got hurt—not much more than a scratch, it is true, but his employer had victims of being compelled to keep him for life, and had adopted the wise course of sending him to the hospital.

After the house surgeon had examined him carefully he said to the nurse: "As substantial abrasion is not observable, I do not think there is any reason to apprehend tormented civilization of the wound."

Then, turning to the patient, he asked, quizzically, "What do you think, Pat?"

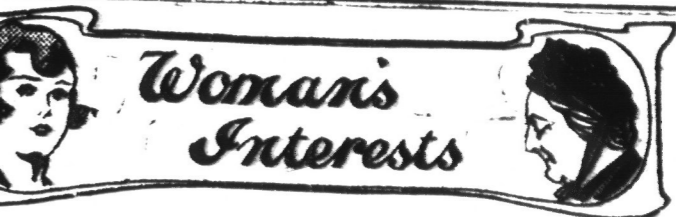
"Sure," said Pat, "I took the very words out of my mouth. That's just what I was goin' to say."

Live Right To-day.

Don't not thysell of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.

# SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality  
1/2 LB. TINS  
and in packages



## When Small Fruits Are in Season.

As the small fruits ripen, jelly and jam making interrupt the canning activities. Only perfect fruit should be used; jelly making requires fruit which is just ripe or slightly unripe. Slightly overripe or soft fruits should be converted into jams or butters. Jams of superior quality can be made from the scotly small fruits, such as raspberries and blackberries, and if a small amount of apple pulp is added, a better consistency is obtained, the product being less seedy. Pulp may be added in the proportion of one-quarter to one-third as much as apple pulp as berry pulp.

The cooking of jams should be rapid, i.e., cook at the boiling point. The sugar should not be added until the product begins to thicken. Add sugar equal to one-quarter the weight of the fruit used. Jams should have a fine, even texture with no free liquid separating from the solid portion. If a spiced jam is desired, the spices may be added just before removing from the stove. Jam made with a small proportion of sugar as directed above will not keep so well in paraffin-sealed glasses as when equal parts of sugar are added. Put these sweet jams into hermetically sealed containers, such as glass fruit jars.

Jelly can be made of overripe fruit, or fruits lacking pectin (cherries for instance), by combining the juices with apples, rhubarb or concentrated fruit pectin. The latter comes in bottles ready to combine with either fresh fruit juices or dried fruits.

How to tell if the fruit juice will "jell" is a common question among housewives. A specialist recommends this test as sure. Add one-half teaspoonful of Epsom salts and one-half teaspoonful of sugar to one teaspoonful of hot fruit juice. If the juice contains pectin (the technical name for jelling property) the solution will become jellylike.

A combination of equal parts of rhubarb and blueberries is highly recommended. Canned rhubarb can be used with the fresh berries. Cook together, adding one cupful of sugar to each quart of fruit. This may be canned and served as a sauce or cooked until as thick as marmalade.

Black currant jam is especially desirable for the convalescent, making an appeal to the palate which will insure its appreciation. The proportions are one part of rhubarb to one part of black currants, and one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil slowly until thick.

A delicious jam requires two quarts of blackberry juice, six pounds of apples, pared and sliced, and one pound of crushed lumpy sugar. Heat the blackberries, crush and strain through a bag in order to obtain the juice, then combine with the apples. Or the jam can be made in the fall by using canned blackberry juice. Cook juice, apples and sugar until the apples are soft and the mixture reaches the consistency of jam.

Green grapes make an excellent jelly to serve with meats. The jelly is flavoured with mint. Wash three quarts of grapes, fully grown, but entirely green, and five pints of boiling water and cook for fifteen minutes, crushing the grapes with a wooden spoon. Drain through a jelly-bag, measure of the juice and place again over a fire. Add three sprigs of freshly-bruised mint, cook for twenty minutes, skim and remove the mint and to each cupful of juice add a scant cupful of sugar that has been heated in the oven. Stir until the liquid boils up, skim and pour into glasses. When set, cover the jelly with paraffin and cover the tops of the glasses with paper.

Towing Tongue.

The invention is claimed of a towing tongue for disabled automobiles, which makes a towed car follow the course of the one drawing it.

Keep Your Shoes Wat  
**2 IN 1**  
WHITE  
Shoe Dressing

HEALTH  
About one-third of the population of the United States is afflicted with some form of disease. The most common of these are: Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Neuritis, Sciatica, Migraine, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Constipation, Indigestion, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Depression, etc. These ailments are the result of a general weakness of the system, and are the forerunners of more serious diseases. The only reliable remedy for these ailments is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine is made from the most potent natural ingredients, and it builds up the system, restores the blood, and gives the body the strength and vitality it needs to resist disease. It is the only medicine that can be taken without any danger to the health, and it is the only medicine that can be taken by the most delicate and the most infirm. It is the only medicine that can be taken by the most delicate and the most infirm. It is the only medicine that can be taken by the most delicate and the most infirm. It is the only medicine that can be taken by the most delicate and the most infirm.