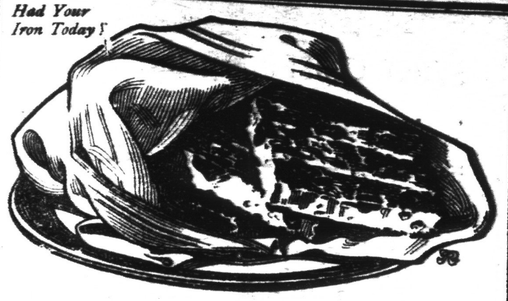
Had Your Iron Today?



That Luscious Raisin Toast!

A NEW delicious *breakfast* bread. *Full-fruited* raisin toast! A new delight for the entire family.

Made with big, plump, tender, seeded raisins—Sun-Maid brand.

The raisin flavor permeates each slice.

You can get such bread from any grocer or bake shop if you insist. No need to bake at home.

Once try it and you'll always have this kind. You'll serve it at least twice a week.

Fine food for business men and children due to the energizing nutriment and the iron of this famous, healthful fruit.

Make dainty bread pudding with left-over slices. No need to waste a crumb.

Order now for tomorrow's breakfast. But be sure to say you want "one of those *full-fruited* raisin loaves."

Blue Package

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-43-6, Fresno, Calif.

The Earth's Satellite.

There is visible in the night sky under favorable circumstances a faint light rounded in outline and situated always exactly opposite to the place of the sun. It is called the "gegenschein," and is one of the most inexplicable objects known to astronomers. It was Pickering who suggested this explanation of the gegenschein. It may be a "sort of cometary or meteoric satellite" attending the earth.

It is supposed to be composed of a cloud of meteors, situated about 1,000,000 miles from the earth and revolving around it in a period of just one year, so that the sun and the meteors are always on opposite sides of the earth. It is estimated that the size of this ghostly satellite may be nearly the same as that of the planet Jupiter, viz., about 86,000 miles in diameter.

Week-End.

Neat walks and lawns and wirebound flowerbeds
Betray my friend's determined quest for beauty;
His trees are trimmed and taught to do their duty
As teachers train conceits of childish heads.

About the house in studied carelessness
Clean-painted arbors glare through climbing vines,
And clematis around the porch rail twines
In disciplined, obedient duress.

My own hillside is wild and overgrown;
A tangled path twists to the shack above;
And beauty is not bound upon a throne,
But is the vagabond that free hearts love.

This perfect order subtly lets me know
I must be circumspect a day or so.

—Devere Allen.

Quaint Chinese Oratory in Prince's Welcome.

Quaintly worded was the address of welcome to the Prince of Wales from the Chinese community of Hongkong during his visit there. It spoke of him as drawing nigh in princely array, and said: "Long have we looked up to your Royal Highness and now we welcome you as plants the rain; with one accord we show forth our feelings of gladness and fashion our hymn of praise." Referring to the fact that the heir apparent of the British throne was on his first visit to the East, the address stated: "'Tis meet that the streets and the lanes resound with song; high and low, the people dance with gladness; the willows that droop their heads along the banks joyfully brush the royal banner; the flowers that fill the earth with flying blossom join in welcome to the princely palanquin."

As a leader, truth is stronger than friction.

Make it an every morning habit to shine with

2 IN 1 Shoe Polishes

Bee Supplies

Beekeepers will find, by looking up our catalog, everything needed for the production of honey.

Ruddy Mfg. Co. Ltd.
Brantford, Canada
Successors to Ham Bros. Co. Ltd.
Send for a copy.

IN STOCK for immediate shipment — Quantity of Stromberg-Carlson 2A Head Sets, No. 147 Jacks and No. 60 Plugs. We are distributors.

CLEAR RADIO SIGNALS

Complete Radio Receiving Sets ready for shipment
Marconi Model C — Amrad — De Forest
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONES AND TIME RECORDERS, LTD.
140 Victoria St., Toronto — Representatives Wanted

SPRYWHEEL
The $185 Tractor (F.O.B. Toronto).
Cuts the Cost of Cultivating

MULTIPLIES Man Power by FIVE

A Sprywheel and one man can do more cultivating than five men with wheel hoes. It pays for itself before the growing season is half over, in labor saved. The better crops you'll get are additional reasons for buying a Sprywheel now.

Agents wanted in some localities.

SPRYWHEEL
82 COLBORNE STREET
Dept. C. TORONTO

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. Dr. Hardy's broken leg is mending and this is David and Irene's last evening together.

CHAPTER III.—(Cont'd.)

They reached an open space. Something black—or was it red?—lay on the ground. Dave bent over it a moment, then looked up to her white, clear face, whiter and clearer than ever since witnessing the strength of his hate.

"It's your lame calf Brownie," he said, as calmly as he could. "Half et up. Wolves, I guess."

He saw her eyes grow slowly larger in the moonlight. Without a word she sank to her knees. He saw her fingers about her head, burrowing in her hair. Then she looked up, over the black trees, to the sky with its white moon and its few great stars.

"The poor, poor thing," she breathed. "The poor, innocent thing. Why did it have to die?"

"It's always the innocent things 'at suffers," he answered.

"Always the innocent things," she repeated mechanically. "Always——"

She sprang to her feet and faced him. "Then what about the justice of God?" she demanded.

"I don't know nothin' about the justice of God," he answered, bitterly. "All I know is the crittur 'at can't run gets caught."

There was a long pause. "It doesn't seem right," she said at length.

"It ain't right," he agreed. "But I guess it's life. I see it here on the prairies with every livin' thing. Everything is a victim, some way or other. Even the wolves 'at tore this little beast 'll go down to some rancher's rifle, maybe, although they were only doin' what nature said. . . . I guess it's the same way in the cities; the innocent bein' hunted, an' the innocenter they are the easier they're caught. An' then the wolves beggin' off, an' sayin' it was only nature."

The girl had no answer. No one had ever talked to her like this. What did this country boy know? And yet it was plain he did know. He had lived among the fundamentals.

"I guess I was like that, some," he went on. "I've been caught. I guess a baby ain't responsible for anything, is it? I didn't pick my father or my mother, did I? But I got to bear it."

There was something near a break in his voice on the last words. She felt she must speak.

"I think your father is a wonderful old man," she said, "and your mother must have been wonderful, too. You should be proud of them both."

"Reenie, do you mean that?" he demanded. His eyes were looking straight into hers. Once before she he had faced her with that question, and she had not forgotten.

"Absolutely," she answered. "Absolutely, I mean it."

"Then I'm goin' to say some more things to you," he went on, rapidly. "Things 'at I didn't know whether to say or not, but now they've got to be said, whatever happens. Reenie, I haven't ever been to school, or learned lots of things I should 'a' learned, but I ain't a fool, neither. I know 'at when you're home you live thousands of miles from me, but I know 'at in your mind you live further away than that. I know it's like all the prairies an' all the oceans were between us. But I know, too, that people cross prairies an' oceans, an' I'm wantin' to cross. I know it takes time, an' I'll be a slow traveller, but I'm a mighty persistent crittur when I start out. I didn't learn to break all those bottles in a day. Well, I can learn other things, too, an' I will, if only it will take me across. I'm goin' to leave this old ranch, someway, jus' as soon as it can be arranged. I'm goin' to town, an' work. I'm strong; I can get pretty good wages. I've been thinkin' it all over, an' was askin' some questions in town to-day. I can work days an' go to school nights. An' I'll do it if—if it'll get me across. You know what I mean. I ain't askin' no pledges, Reenie, but what's the chance? I know I don't talk right, an' I don't eat right—you tried not to notice, but you couldn't help—but, Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you that counts more than eatin' and talkin'."

She had thought she could say yes or no to any question he could ask, but as he poured forth these plain passionate words she found herself enveloped in a flame that found no expression in speech. She had no words. She was glad when he went on.

"I know I'm only a boy, an' you're only a girl. That's why I don' ask no pledge. I leave you free, only I want you to stay free until I have my chance. Will you promise that?"

She tried to pull herself together. "You know I've had a good time with you, Dave," she said, "and I've gone with you everywhere, like I would not have gone with any other boy I ever knew, and I've talked and let you talk about things I never talked about before, and I believe you're true and clean, and—and——"

"Yes," he said. "What's your answer?"

"I know you're true and clean," she repeated. "Come to me—like that—when I'm a woman and you're a man, and then—then we'll know."

He was tall and straight, and his shadow fell across her face, as though even the moon must not see. "Reenie," he said, "kiss me."

For one moment she thought of her mother. She knew she stood at the parting of the ways; that all life for her was being moulded in that moment. Then she put both her arms about his neck and drew his lips to hers.

CHAPTER IV.

Dave's opportunity came sooner than he expected. After the departure of the Hardys things at the old ranch were, as both father and son had predicted, very different. They found themselves on a sort of good behaviour—a behaviour which, unhappily, excited in each other grave suspicions as to purpose. Between these two men rude courtesies or considerations of any kind had been so long forgotten that attempts to reintroduce them resulted in a sort of estrangement more dangerous than the old open hostility. The tension steadily increased, and both looked forward to the moment when something must give way.

For several weeks the old man remained entirely sober, but the call of the appetite in him grew more and more insistent as the days went by, and at last came the morning when Dave awoke to find him gone. He and shipping centres in al parts of the needed no second guess; the craving had become irresistible, and his father had ridden to town for the means to satisfy it. The passing days did not bring his return, but this occasioned no anxiety to Dave. In the course of a carouse his father frequently remained away for weeks at a stretch, and at such times it was Dave's custom to visit the boys on a ranch a dozen miles over the foothills to the southward. These boys had a sister, and what was more natural than that Dave should drown his loneliness in such company?

But this time he did not ride southward over the hills. He moped around the ranch buildings, sat moodily by the little stream, casting pebbles in the water, or rode over the old trails on which she had so often been his companion. The season was bright with all the glory of the foothill September; the silver dome of heaven, cloudless morning and noon, ripened with the dying day into seas of gold on which floated cloud-islands of purple and amethyst, and through the immeasurable silence of the night moon and stars bathed the deep valleys in celestial effulgence. But in the heart of the boy was neither sun nor moon nor stars, but only the black gulfs of loneliness from which his light had gone out.

Then the old man's horse came home. Dave saw it coming up the trail, not running wildly, but with nervous gallop and many sidelong turnings of the head. As the boy watched he found a strange emptiness possess him; his body seemed a phantom on which his head hung overheavy. He spoke to the horse, which pulled up, snorting, before him, noted the wet neck and flanks, and at last the broken stirrup. Then, slowly and methodically, and still with that strange sensation of emptiness, he saddled his own horse and set out on the search. . . .

After the last rites had been paid to the old rancher Dave set about at once to wind up his affairs, and it was not until then that he discovered how deeply his father had been involved. The selling of the cattle and the various effects realized only enough to discharge the liabilities, and when this had been done Dave found himself with a considerable area of unmarketable land, a considerable number of paid bills, and his horse, saddle, and revolver. He rode his horse to town, carrying a few articles of wear with him. It was only after a stiff fight he could bring himself to part with his one companion. The last two miles into town were ridden very slowly, with the boy frequently leaning forward and stroking the horse's neck and ears.

"Tough doin's, ol' Slop-eye," he would say. "Tough doin's. But it's got to be done. I can't keep you in town; 't ain't like out on the old ranch. An' I got a bigger job now than ever you an' me stood in on, an' we e stord in on some big ones, too, ain't we? But that's gone an' done; that old life's all busted, all of a sudden, like a bottle. Busted an' run out. I got a big job on now, an' you can't take no part. You jus' got to get out. You're done, see?" He sold horse and saddle for sixty dollars and took a room at a cheap hotel until he should find work and still cheaper lodgings.

In the evening he walked through the streets of the little cow town. It was not altogether new to him; he had frequently visited it for business or pleasure, but he had never felt the sense of strangeness which oppressed him this night. In the past he had always been in the town as a visiter; his roots were still in the ranch; he could afford to notice the ways of the town, and smile to himself a whimsical smile, and go on. But now he was throwing in his lot with the town; he was going to be one of it, and it stretched no arms to welcome to him. It snubbed him with its indifference. . . He became aware that the gathering twilight in the great hills had never seemed so vague and empty as the dusk of this strange town. He realized that he had but one friend in the world; but one, and of her he knew not so much as her address. . . . He began to wonder whether he really had a friend at all; whether the girl would not discard him when he was of no further use just as he had discarded his faithful old horse. Tears of loneliness and remorse gathered in his eyes, and a mist not of the twilight blurred the street lamps now glimmering from their poles. He felt that he had treated the horse very shabbily indeed. He wanted old Slop-eye back again. He suddenly wanted him with a terrific longing—wanted him more than anything else in the world. For a moment he forgot the girl, and all his homesickness centred about the beast which had been so long his companion and servant and friend.

(To be continued.)

A Sermon in Little.

There are days when you are tempted to throw up your job, days when you are sick at heart, when you see others doing such wonderful things in other directions, and you are sorely tempted to join them. Set such temptations aside. Just say to yourself: "This is my job at present, this is my duty—my work. I can't leave it. I shall do my level best to-day, and who knows what to-morrow will bring? I shall fill my task of to-day as fully and as completely as possible."

Help Some.

The long-suffering family man gazed thoughtfully at his wife's short skirt.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she squired.

"At least," he replied, "we won't have to cut it down when our daughter is old enough to go to school."

HUNTING ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC

THIS IS THE DANGEROUS SEASON.

International Ice Patrol Organized After the Titanic Went Down in 1912.

This is the iceberg season. It is at this time of the year that these great frozen mountains come down from the Polar regions and are such a terrible danger to ships crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

The icebergs, which may be a hundred years old before they reach the various trade routes, are the offsprings of great Polar glaciers which have been formed by accumulated snows.

The glaciers of Norway and Switzerland cannot be the parents of icebergs, because they begin to melt long before they reach the sea. The ice river becomes a water river when it reaches the ocean.

Protecting Our Ships.

In Greenland, Spitzbergen, Nova Zembla, and other Arctic lands, the snowline and the sea level are the same, and so the mighty glaciers not only reach the seashore, but in many cases push out to sea. The great mass of ice, forced into the water, and held up by the buoyancy of the waves, becomes detached from the parent stream, and drifts off on its lonely venture.

Many icebergs are comparatively small, but some reach a height of 300 feet.

The part that can be seen represents only one-eighth of its bulk, the remaining seven-eighths being under water.

The deaths of hundreds of people when, on April 14th, 1912, the Titanic crashed into an iceberg, was the starting of the International Ice Patrol. It was decided that each year, during May and June, an ice patrol should be maintained to locate icebergs and warn ships.

The bergs infest an area ranging from longitude 45 to 55, and north from latitude 41 degrees. Generally this area of 2,000 square miles is enveloped in fog. Through the fog the patrolling ships must steam continuously, searching for bergs and icefields. They are constantly in danger of striking the former before they are sighted.

Observations are put down on maps, which are sent to the Coastguard Service officials at Washington. This information is then sent to Government and shipping centres in all parts of the world.

When Bergs Turn Turtle.

In the late spring and early summer the bergs bcome very unstable, and huge masses of ice fall from them. Sometimes entire bergs roll over and over. Patrol vessels have tried firing their twelve-pounder guns at them, but usually the shots are as ineffective as they would be against the Rock of Gibraltar.

It is impossible to judge the stability of an iceberg by its appearance. The towering cliff of apparently solid ice may be as delicately balanced and as sensitive as the spring of a watch. The whistle of a passing steamer may break off blocks large enough to sink a boat!

There have been cases in which Newfoundland fishermen, who wanted ice with which to pack their fish, have been sent to the bottom through a berg turning turtle when the small boat hit its side.

Such a scene was witnessed by a trawler which had sent out a boat to load ice. The instructions to the men were to cut chunks off the berg and return quickly to the ship; but, to the horror of the remainder of the crew, the huge mass of ice heeled over and buried the boat and its occupants in a whirlpool.

The annals of the sea abound with stories of fights with ice, and many crews have owed their lives to their agility in leaping from their sinking ships on to the bergs which hit them.

A Sunny Shower for the Bride-To-Be.

The invitations are on yellow paper or cardboard, cut round to represent the sun. The guests should be instructed to bring something yellow for this miscellaneous sunny shower.

When the guests arrive, the gifts are all concealed, and the party divided into two sides for charades. After a couple of words have been acted, the bride's side chooses the word Yellow, and announces to the opposing side that it rhymes with "mellow." The other side, of course, has been previously informed of all this. They first act out "bellow" and "fellow" and then come in laden with all the "yellow" packages and lay them before the bride.

There are any number of yellow gifts which would appeal to an engaged girl: yellow bowls for the kitchen, yellow toweling, a centrepiece done in yellow, a guest-towel or bath-towels with yellow border, a yellow cretonne luncheon set, a yellow apron, yellow bon-bon dish, yellow pitcher and sugar bowl, seeds of yellow flowers for the garden, lingerie in yellow crepe-de-Chine, even dainty yellow handkerchiefs.

The centrepiece for the table might be either a bowl of yellow blossoms, or a large ball made of yellow crepe paper to represent the sun. For place cards, regular shower cards in the shape of parasols and umbrellas come in different colors. These should be procured in yellow if possible. If these cannot be found, get place cards with old-fashioned girls in yellow dresses, or a small yellow flower in the corner.

If just light refreshments are to be served, these must also carry out the yellow idea.

Careless Feet.

Mother—"Darling, you are never quiet a moment. Why do you race indoors and out and up and down stairs so?"

Five-year-old—"I just don't know, mamma, 'less it's 'cause my feet feel so light hearted."

SMOKE OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

½ LB. TINS and in packages

Woman's Work at the National Exhibition.

The interior of the Women's Building at the Canadian National Exhibition will have quite a new aspect to visitors to the fair of 1922, just as the interior of the Educational Prize List will offer many surprises to the needlewoman who has sufficient foresight to send to the offices in the Lumsden Building for a copy of it before planning her contribution to the various competitions.

With a view to presenting every aspect of the work of Canadian women, the upstair room, formerly devoted to the amateur art of both men and women, has been given over to the work of Canadian women in the artistic professions. Its walls will be hung with the portraits of our musicians and composers and paintings by our artists, while the bookshelves will be lined with books by our own women writers, and the show-cases piled with handicrafts and the like.

With the same object, needlework, which has for years occupied the centre of the stage on the main floor, has had to give a turn to other phases of women's activity formerly neglected. In many new wall-cases space has been found for the linens and embroideries that formerly occupied two large cases in the middle of the central room. These cases have been removed and in their places a series of demonstration booths arranged where practical demonstrations will be in progress throughout the Exhibition fortnight, showing what Canadian women are accomplishing along lines of household science, home industry, business, handicraft, needlecraft and philanthropy.

Within the covers of the Educational Prize List, now obtainable from the offices of the Canadian National Exhibition in the Lumsden Building, will be found many other innovations, knowledge of which will be most essential to all exhibitors of women's work. Old exhibitors will be in danger of finding their work disqualified if they fail to study the changes, and new ones will find new opportunities to test the skill of their needlecraft.

Prizes for new ideas in almost every class offer scope for the inventive and the artistic.

Several entirely new classes have been added, too, including one for the civilian blind, one for Ukrainian women and children to encourage their continuance in this country of the artistic handicrafts, examples of which have been shown in the Women's Building from year to year; one in cookery for brides and one for girls of 16 to 20 years. Formerly these younger cooks had to enter into competition with seasoned housewives. Now the classes for the practiced cook have been reduced in order to give the bride and the young girl a chance.

Canning Peas.

Peas for canning should be young, tender, well grown and picked when in best condition for table use. Pick in the early morning or on a cloudy day; never after the sun has shone on them for several hours. If the peas can not be canned immediately, place them in a cool, damp place where they will keep crisp. Shell from the pods and can immediately.

Blanch from five to ten minutes in boiling water (five minutes if tender, ten minutes if old). Cold dip, then pack in jars, add boiling water (use the water in which peas were blanched) and one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart (from one to two teaspoonfuls of sugar may be added, if desired). Adjust the rubber and top and partly seal. Sterilize from two to three hours in the hot-water bath, or one and one-half hours in a water-seal outfit, or under ten pounds of steam, for forty-five minutes in pressure cooker. Remove the jars, tighten covers and invert to cool. Examine for leaks. Store in a dark, cool place.

Blanching is done by placing the peas in a fine wire basket colander, a square of cheese-cloth, or a cloth bag, then dipping in boiling water for from five to ten minutes. This partly cooks the peas, thus shrinking them, removes some of the gluey substance which coats them, and if properly done prevents cloudy liquor. It also turns the old tough peas yellow, thereby making them easy to pick out. A small amount of bicarbonate of soda—one-fourth of a teaspoonful to a ten-quart kettle of water when blanching—will aid in retaining the green color.

Plunging the container of blanched peas into cold water for a few seconds makes the peas firmer and more easily handled. Sometimes one tablespoon of salt is added to each quart of water for cold dipping.

Pack peas firmly in the jars to within one-half inch of the top. If too full some of the peas will burst and make the liquor cloudy. Sterilize by any method for the length of time indicated. Count time after the water starts boiling, if water-bath is used.

"Cloudy peas," that is, a cloudy appearance of the liquid, does not usually mean that the peas are spoiled, but is a result of the product having been roughly handled in blanching and cold dipping, or of split or broken peas not being removed before packing. Blanching of peas that are too old may split them and cause a cloudy liquid. Frequently "cloudy peas" are caused by the use of very hard water.

"Flat sour" peas is a product having a disagreeable odor and sour taste, although showing no signs of spoiling. This is due to standing too long before canning or cooling off too slowly. Too much salt may develop a sour taste, also.

Green peas (and beans) are superior in nutritive value to other green vegetables due to large nitrogen content, which builds up bodily tissue and furnishes energy. They also contain much mineral, chiefly lime and potassium salts.

The Tired Housewife.

"You have nothing to do but housework. I don't see why you should always be so fagged at night," her husband complained.

Her overtaxed patience snapped. "I'll show you how many steps I take!" she cried. "I'll prove to you how hard 'nothing but the housework' can be."

That was how the Tired Housewife came to buy her pedometer.

A pedometer is a little watch-like machine that measures the distance you walk just as a speedometer shows the distance an automobile goes. You adjust it to the length of your stride, hook it to your belt and it registers the jolt of each step.

The Tired Housewife found that in one average day's work about her house she had taken 27,840 steps, or had walked nearly eight miles! This, of course, did not count the hours of standing or the labor done with her hands. At that rate she could have gone around the world in less than ten years.

This pedometer test called the Tired Housewife's attention to the fact that she was taking a great many steps unnecessarily.

A great proportion of these steps were taken in a large, badly arranged kitchen.

And so, when her husband built the long-planned addition to the house, he turned the old kitchen into a living room and built his wife a brand-new model kitchen, arranged to save steps.

Safeguard.

By night and day I weave for thee
A golden-gleaming net of prayer,
The shining mesh thou mayst not see,
But it surrounds thee everywhere,
God guard thy peaceful sleep by night,
Keep faith within thy heart alight
Through joy and sorrow—thus I pray.

—Mary Coles Carrington.

One Cause of Forest Fires.

Practical experience is what counts in all walks of life, and nothing is more true with regard to fire prevention. "A burnt child dreads the fire" is as true to-day as it was in olden times, but the average citizen has not been burnt and it is to make him realize his responsibility not only to himself, but to his family, his neighbor, and the community at large that our efforts should be directed.—Deputy Fire Marshal, G. F. Lewis, Ontario.