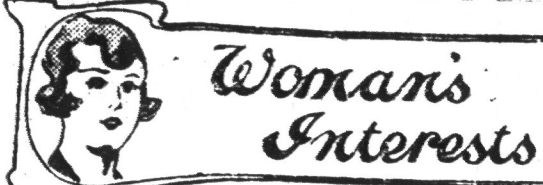


Booril makes you enjoy life



Woman's Interests

Rolls, Cookies and Other Good Things.

Pickled beets are improved by using sweet cider instead of vinegar. Boil the beets until tender, peel and cut into slices. Boil the cider for fifteen minutes, season to taste with salt, pepper and allspice, then pour over the beets, which will be ready for present use or may be sealed while hot and kept in a cool place.

When making apple butter, wash, pare and core the apples, then run them through a meat-chopper or sausage-grinder. Place the chopped apples in earthenware crocks and stand on the back part of the stove to become warmed through. Treated thus, they will not retard the cooking when added to the apples which are already cooking in the kettle.

For fig pudding: To two cups of cooked rice, add the beaten yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a half-cupful of sugar, one and one-half cups of sweet milk and a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Put half of this mixture in a buttered pudding dish, cover with a thick layer of chopped figs and over this the remainder of the rice. Dot the top with butter and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with cream for fruit sauce. Dates can also be used if desired.

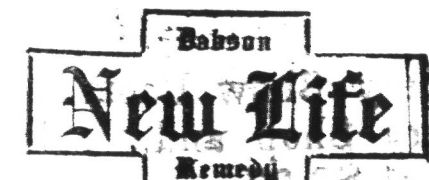
This savory stew will make a plentiful meal. Cut two squirrels or rabbits in pieces and fry in shortening until half-cooked, then add four quarts of boiling water, a slice of fat salt pork, a large onion, sliced, a dozen tomatoes, peeled and cut in pieces, three large potatoes, peeled and sliced, three cups of lima or string beans, and a half cupful of butter. Cook slowly for three or four hours. Ten minutes before serving cut the tips of the grains from twelve ears of young sweet corn and press out the rest of the grain, add the corn, also two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and season with salt and pepper.

Swiss rolls are made thus: Scald a cupful of milk with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar and one scant teaspoonful of salt. When lukewarm, add half a cake of compressed yeast, dissolved in a little water. With this blend thoroughly one and one-half pints of flour. Let it rise until light, then put the dough in the ice-box for three or four hours or keep overnight. When wanted, roll out on a well-floured board to about half an inch in thickness, spread with butter and roll up like jelly-cake. Cut across in slices about three-quarters of an inch thick, place in pans, leaving plenty of space between, so they will not touch when they rise. Avoid keeping the rolls too warm. When more than double in size, bake in a quick oven.

Honey drop-cookies require no sugar. The receipt calls for three-quarters of a cupful of honey, one-half teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one-eighth teaspoonful of ground cloves, one egg, from one and one-half to two cupfuls of flour, one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, two tablespoonfuls of water, one cupful of raisins, seeded and cut in small pieces. Place honey and shortening over the fire until the fat melts. While the mixture is warm, add the spices. When cold add the water, the beaten egg, and one and one-half cupfuls of flour, sifted with the baking-powder and soda. Finally stir in the raisins. Sufficient flour must be added to make a dough stiff enough to drop on the pan by spoonfuls. Bake in a moderate oven.

Some Aluminumware Pointers. Aluminum probably makes a stronger appeal to the housewife who is buying a few new kitchen utensils or the one who would like a few more than any other ware. Attractiveness, lightness and durability are all so effectively combined in this ware that it is becoming more and more popular.

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The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

Mrs. Hardy's health, however, had suffered a severe shock, for beneath her exterior she felt deep a regard for her late husband as was possible in one who measured everything in life by various social formulae. On the ocean voyage she contracted a cough, which the fog in London did little to dispel, and February found her again on the Atlantic, with her mind occupied by more personal affairs than a seat at the captain's table. The voyage was a particularly unhappy one, having been the widow's first concern upon reaching home was to consult a specialist who had enjoyed a close professional acquaintance with Dr. Hardy. The specialist gave her a careful, meditative, and solemn examination.

"Your condition is serious," he told her, "but not alarming. You must have a drier climate, and preferably a higher altitude, and, above all, your heart is good, or I should have to keep you at sea level—that is, I should have had to sacrifice your lungs for your heart." The doctor spoke as though the sacrifice were a matter of all his, after the manner of a specialist. "As it is, I am convinced that the conditions your health demands are to be found in—"

"He named the former town from which Irene's fateful automobile journey had its start, and the young woman, who was present with her mother, felt herself go suddenly pale with the thought of a great prospect. "Oh, I could never live there," Mrs. Hardy protested. "It is so crude. Cow punchers, you know, and all that sort of thing."

The specialist smiled. "You will probably not find it so crude, although I dare say some of its customs may jar on you," he remarked dryly. "Still, I would recommend you to take your best gown along. And it is not a case of not being able to live here. If you take my advice, you should die of old age, so far, at least, as your present ailment is concerned. If you don't"—and he dropped his voice to just the correct note of gravity, which pleased Mrs. Hardy very much—"if you don't, I can't promise you a year."

Confronted with such an alternative, the good lady had no option but to suppress her repugnance toward cow punchers. Irene had expected opposition born of a more subtle reason, but it soon became evident that so deeply was her mother concerned with her own affairs that she had quite failed to associate the proposed change with any possibility of a reopening of Irene's affair with the young rancher. It was years since they had discussed him, and the probability was that she had quite faded to associate the proposed change with any possibility of a reopening of Irene's affair with the young rancher. It was years since they had discussed him, and the probability was that she had quite faded to associate the proposed change with any possibility of a reopening of Irene's affair with the young rancher.

Arrangements for the journey were made with the despatch which characterized Mrs. Hardy. She was a stickler for precedent; any departure from the beaten paths was in her doctrine the unpardonable sin, but when she had arrived at a decision she was not trifled with. Her decision was with the resignation which she deemed to be correct under such circumstances, but the boundless prairies were to her so much desolate that dwellers in the little four-cornered houses of the plains must be sadly lacking in any sense of the artistic, and Mrs. Hardy gazed from the window with a habit of looking at the sky, suggesting, owing to the limitations of the alphabet, cannot be represented to the reader, but which Irene understood to be an expression of mingled surprise and pity.

With very different emotions did the girl and herself speeding again toward the scene of the first great event of her conscious life. For her the measurable sweep of the sky suggested an environment out of which should grow a manhood and womanhood that should weigh mightily in the scales of destiny of a great nation—a manhood and womanhood of the things that are, eager for the venture of life untrammelled by traditions. She had a mental vision of the type which such a land must produce; her mind ran to riots of daring as it fashioned a picture which should fairly symbolize this people.

The day was drawing to a close, and a prairie sunset glowed upon them in a flush of coloring that stirred her artist soul. The clouds were as if parent as an ocean of glass, translucent, infinite, save when in the west inverted islands of gold and brass and ruddy copper floated in a sea that gleamed from saffron to opal; and under the sky the yellow prairie lamps raced along against the darkness. Up from the east came the night, and large, bright stars stood out, and the check-click of the car wheels came tender and lonely, and mimic car lamps raced along against the darkness outside. And then the settlers' lights began to blink across the prairie, and Irene's eyes were wet with an unshed tear she could not define, but she knew her painting, had missed something; it had been all outline and no soul, and the prairie in the night was all soul and no outline; all softness and vagueness and yearning unattainable.

"How tiresome it is!" said her mother. "Ask the porter to make up the berth."

CHAPTER XIII.
Mrs. Hardy accepted her surroundings as she found in the city that was to be her home with not a little incredulity. For some days she treated the city as a deep ravine which had descended its true name in order to descend here. She smiled at the ease with which she saw through all disguises. One of these days the cloak of respectability would be thrown off, and the cow puncher would proclaim the West as it really was.

There are 300 islands in the Fiji group.

dear, who would have thought it possible to ride in and overthrow the chimney slowly it dawned upon her that this, after all, was the real West; sincere, earnest, crude, perhaps; bare, certainly; the scars of its recent battle with the wilderness still fresh upon its person; lacking the finish that only time can give to a landscape or a civilization; but lacking also the mousiness, the mustiness, the insufferable artificiality of older communities. And the atmosphere! Day after day brought its cloudless sky, the weather, for once, having failed to observe the rule of contraries; even after evening frost and valley and hilltop with its deluge of golden glory; night after night a crisp temperature sent her reaching for comforters. Sleep? She felt that she had never slept before. But? Her appetite was insatiable; all day long she lived in a semi-intoxication born of an unaccustomed altitude. And, best of all, something had happened to her cough; she did not know just what or when, but she had discovered it was gone. Even Mrs. Hardy, steeped for sixty years in a life of precedent and rule and caste, began to catch the enthusiasm of a new land where precedent and rule and caste are something of a handicap.

"We must buy a house," she said to Irene. "We cannot afford to continue living at an hotel, and we must have our own home. You must look up a responsible dealer whose advice we can trust in a matter of this kind."

And it was remarkable that Irene Hardy should think at once of the firm of Conward & Elden? It was not that she had been thinking of a member of that firm ever since the decision to move to the West. She had felt a peculiar hesitation about inquiring openly for Dave Elden, but upon meeting a newspaper woman in the person of Miss Morrison, she had voiced the great question with an apparent unconcern which did not in the slightest mislead the acute Roberta. It is the business of newspaper people to know things and people, and it seemed to Irene that she could ask such a question of Miss Morrison in a sort of professional way. But she had not been prepared for the reply.

"The fact is, I've not been at all sure that she wanted to marry Dave Elden. She wanted very much to meet him again; she was curious to know how the years had fared with him, and her curiosity was not unmixed with a first interest in seeing him. She was not at all sure that she should marry him. She had tried to picture him in the eye of her imagination; she was sure he had acquired a modest education; he had probably been reasonably successful in business, either as an employee, or, in a small way, on his own account. She was moderately sure of all this; but there were peskily little things which she saw him slipping back into the indifference of his old life soon after the inspiration of her presence had been withdrawn; perhaps still living with his obnoxious father on the ranch in the foothills, or perhaps, as she had a profession of cow puncher, held in such contempt by her mother. And in such moods she was sorry, but she knew she could never marry him."

"What, Dave Elden, the millionaire?" Bert Morrison had said. "Everybody knows him." And then the newspaper woman had gone on to tell what a figure Dave was in the business life of the city, and to declare that he might be equally prominent in the social life. "One of our biggest young men," Bert Morrison had said, "besides a little, like his own company best; but absolutely white."

That gave a new turn to the situation. Irene had always wanted Dave to be a success; suddenly she doubted whether she had wanted him to be a big success. And with that doubt came another and more disturbing one which if it had ever before crossed her mind had found no harborage here. She had doubted whether she should wish to marry Dave; she had never allowed herself to doubt that Dave would wish to marry her. Secretly, she had expected to rather dazzle him with her ten years' development—with the culture and knowledge which study and travel and life had added to the charm of her young girlhood; and suddenly she realized that her lustre would shine but dimly in the greater glory of his own. She became conscious of a very great desire to renew with Dave the intimacy of her girlhood.

It was easy to locate the office of Conward & Elden, it stood on a principal corner of a principal street, and the name was blazoned to the wayfarer in great gilt letters. Thence she led her mother, and found herself creating on the marble floors of the richly appointed waiting-room in a secret excitement which she could with difficulty conceal. She was, indeed, very uncertain about the next development. Her mother had to be reckoned with.

(To be continued.)

The first machine-gun was invented in 1775.



Mrs. Lloyd George and her daughter. A recent picture of the wife of the British premier and his youngest daughter, Mrs. Megan Lloyd George.



THAT CHILLY FEELING

The Prince of Wales' cuts orange-outing at the zoo in London finds it cool these autumn days and merrily consoles himself with a heavy blanket.

Antelope on Increase.

The Government antelope herd in the National reserve near Foremost, Alberta, continues to increase and is reported to be in a very satisfactory condition. There is a natural increase for the present year of over thirty, bringing the total number of antelope in the herd to one hundred and thirty. The reserve, which is known as Nemiskam Park, represents the most successful attempt yet made to breed antelope in captivity. It was once widely distributed over the western plains but is now on the verge of extinction. Swifter than the greyhound in flight, exceedingly graceful and beautiful, the antelope has for many years been a prize for the big game hunter, and its numbers have been diminishing of late years with a rapidity that has aroused the concern of all lovers of wild life. Ten years ago Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the distinguished American naturalist, estimated that there were 2,000 in Western Canada. Today, there are reported to be only about 1,000 in a wild state in Alberta and 250 in Saskatchewan, while they entirely disappeared from the province of Manitoba some years ago. It is apparent that the only way the species can be preserved from complete extinction is by breeding in captivity, and experiments to this end have been made by the Government of recent years. Attempts were made in connection with one of the National Parks, where it was hoped that antelope could be induced to thrive with other wild life. Where individuals survived it was found that they did not thrive on the ordinary prairie grass and post-mortem investigations appeared to indicate that the antelope apparently requires certain small and not widely distributed plants as well as alkaline salts for its sustenance. What these were and where they could be obtained could not be easily ascertained so it was decided that the most successful method was apparently to let the antelope select his own habitat and to endeavor to breed him there.

This has been done at Foremost, Alberta, where a herd of 50 were found to be feeding in the spring of 1918. A fence was quickly built about the animals enclosing them in a reserve of 9 square miles, apparently without their discovering that they had been taken captive. The steady growth of the herd and the absence of disease is good evidence that the experiment is likely to prove successful and it is hoped that it will result in saving this most interesting species from the extermination which otherwise inevitably awaits it.

Mr. Nixon "Listens In."
Hon. H. C. Nixon was in his 25th year when he became provincial secretary of Ontario. And he doesn't look any older than his actual age, either on one of his first visits to Toronto, after the election of 1919. Mr. Nixon entered a downtown barber shop. The barber who attended him was holding forth upon the fallacies and perils of the Farmer government.

"These fellows are absolutely inexperienced," he assured Mr. Nixon. "And they're a bunch of youngsters, two or three of 'em no older than you or me, sir, and a fine pair of fools we'd look, trying to run a government, wouldn't we?"

History does not record the provincial secretary's rejoinder.

Taking the Sun.

Dean Inge, the gloomy dean of St. Paul's, is said to have met with an adventure lately that made him laugh. Feeling hungry in a train, he beckoned a paper-boy at a station, gave him sixpence, and asked him to fetch a Bath bun, adding that he might have one for himself.

"Here's your change sir," he said; "there was only one bun left."



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"The Things Which Are Temporal"

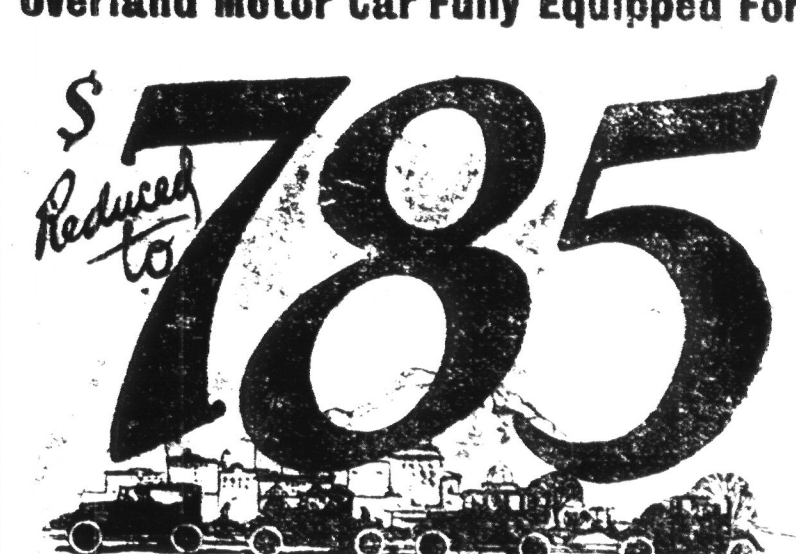
"I can't understand why it should ever have happened," the young man exclaimed impatiently to his pastor as he sat propped up in an armchair at the window. "If anyone had told me a month ago that I'd be laid up with a broken leg, I wouldn't have believed it. And I was so sure I was going to make the team this year at college and now everything's spoiled. I can't understand these disappointments!"

"Maybe you will understand in time," the pastor said gently. "Have you noticed the new concrete bridge out there that spans the railway tracks?"

The young man looked out of the window. "Yes, I've seen it," he answered wearily. "But I don't see what you mean."

"Wait a minute, Max," the minister interrupted him kindly. "If you'll listen you'll hear the sound of planks and lumber clattering to the pavement as the workmen remove them. Those timber frames formed the structure of a temporary bridge that spanned the tracks before the concrete abutments were in place; they never were intended to serve any except a temporary purpose. For a time they did very well, but the contractor knew that they wouldn't stand the wear and tear of years sooner or later, Max. God takes the tem-

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