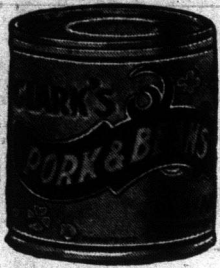


CLARK'S PORK & BEANS



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labour in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest

ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM
UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. Clark Montreal

NEW COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

10 Days FREE—Send No Money



We don't ask you to pay us a cent until you have used this wonderful modern light in your own home for ten days, then you may return it at our expense if not perfectly satisfied. We want you to prove for yourself that it gives five to fifteen times as much light as the ordinary oil lamp; beats electric, gasoline or acetylene. Lights and is put out just like the old oil lamp.

BURNS 70 HOURS ON 1 GALLON OIL

Gives a powerful white light, burns common coal oil (kerosene), no odor, smoke or noise, simple, clean, won't explode. Guaranteed.

\$1000.00 Reward

will be given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of offer given in our circular). Would we dare make such a challenge to the world if there was the slightest doubt as to the merits of the Aladdin? We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer customers. Write quick for our 10 Day Absolutely Free Trial Proposition, Agents' Wholesale Prices, and learn how to get ONE FREE.

MANTLE LAMP CO., 251 Rialto Bldg., Montreal & Winnipeg

AGENTS WANTED

to demonstrate in territory where oil lamps are in use. Experience unnecessary. Many agents average five sales a day and make \$500.00 per month. One farmer cleared over \$200.00 in 6 weeks. You can make money evenings and spare time. Write quick for territory and sample.



Let me talk to you about being "Run-Down"

When your system is undermined by worry or overwork—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel "anyhow"—when your nerves are "on edge"—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a "run-down" condition. Your system is like a flower drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so 'Wincarnis' gives new life to a "run-down" constitution. From even the first wineglassful you can feel it stimulating and invigorating you, and as you continue, you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new health—new strength—new vigour and new life. The result will delight you.

Begin to get well FREE

Send for a liberal free trial bottle of 'Wincarnis.' Enclose six cents stamps for postage. COLEMAN & Co., Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, England. You can obtain regular supplies from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS
The Wine of Life

Recommended by over 10,000 Doctors

THE LABEL on your paper will tell you when your subscription expires.

SEND IN YOUR RENEWAL NOW

ness. For when death had come to him it had come without fear. His expression was as of a happy surrender, of a gladness that had passed too swiftly for absolute recognition. That awful fear, may, in effect, have killed him, but no avenging hand had struck the blow; the thrust had been from the clean rapier of Death. I understood. He had awakened to feel that final heart-pang, and in one joyful moment he had known

that Death came kindly, that here all his fear was laid to rest for ever.

I let in the clear light and air of morning upon his happiness. The sentinel salt-mounds glinted in the sun; boats followed each other one by one into the harbor; tackle clanked and cordage creaked; the great doors of the poissonnerie were slid back. And in my heart arose an abiding passion of pity for all tormented souls.

Trials of a Farmer's Young Wife

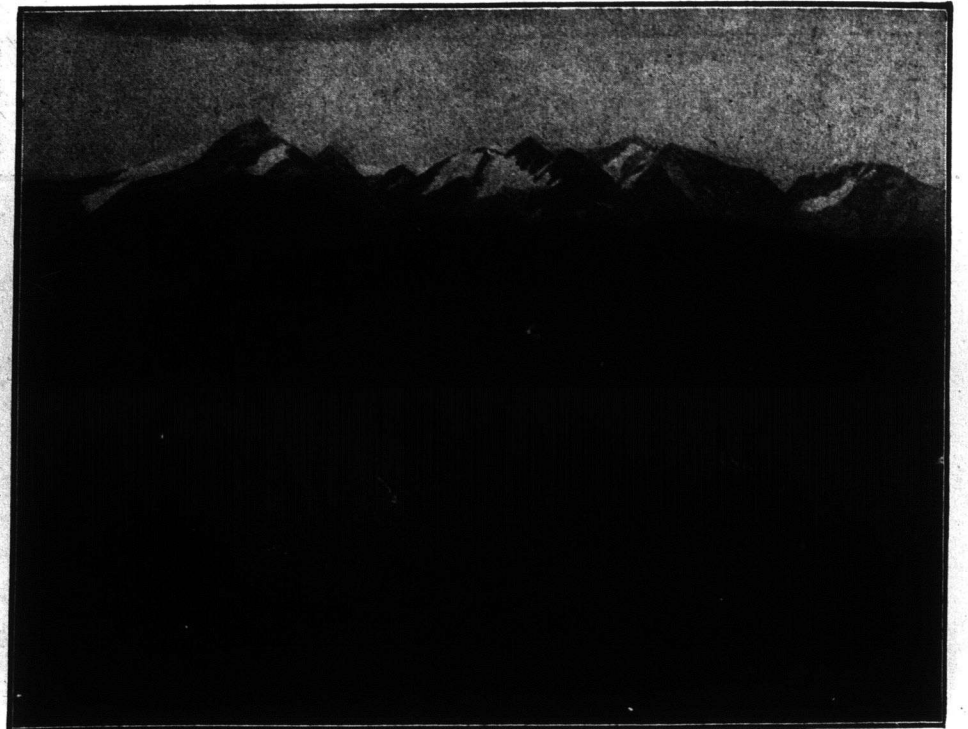
Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bell Grattan

IT is no make-believe I sit down at my desk to write about today, but something that is very apt to befall any girl that is so foolish as to become the wife of any man before she knows how to cook and do common housework.

As I look back on the years of my married life, its cares and perplexities come up before me, clearer in my memory than its joys—though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was scarcely nineteen when I became the wife of a farmer. It was a

of skin from most every knuckle, and burning my arms and hands so that they looked like a map of some unknown country, I began to find out that there was little poetry and no fun in the wash-tub. However, I got the clothes out on the line, but I cannot say the dirt was all out of them. When my husband came home I felt so proud to think I had the washing done, although he said I looked as if I had come through the war. But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling up the starch-



The Tum Tum Mountain Range, B.C.

love match, and with the usual thoughtlessness of lovers, I do not think it occurred to us that we could not live upon love alone, or that it would need such common things as bread, meat and potatoes to preserve in its purity the divine passion. Everybody said I was totally unfit for a farmer's wife. I had always been delicate, and from the day I left school I had been bookkeeper in a clothing store. My mother was a first-class housekeeper, and always kept hired help. I was not expected to help with the cooking; in fact, I never thought to do any work, unless to keep my own bedroom tidy.

I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife when several farmers' daughters—model housekeepers—stood ready to be chosen. My own family raised a good many objections, chief among them was that he was poor, and I unfit for a farmer's wife, having no idea of work of any kind. I remember how I felt when I cooked my first dinner. The potatoes were half cooked, the meat fried to a crisp, and the pudding not any better than the potatoes. It was a rice pudding, and I put three cupfuls into a small pudding dish and just covered it with water; how the rice swelled out, and I kept changing it from one thing to another until I had not a dish large enough to hold it all. Ah! how well I remember my first washing day. My husband had gone to town with a load of wheat, and would be gone all day, so I thought I would wash up everything that needed washing the least little bit. I was very happy at first, but after rubbing off little patches

ed things in a bundle and taking them about two miles to my nearest neighbor, and getting her to do them and show me how. I forgot to mention that my home was away out on the prairie in the far West, some hundreds of miles from my dear mother. I had never done any starched clothes of any description, but from my father at home I had exalted ideas in regard to the importance of having shirt bosoms without a spot or blemish. My husband told me all he could remember of his mother's methods, and then betook himself to the fields. Oh! shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated ten times its wont, and oh! so carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when forcibly separated left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors! I have that shirt yet to show to those unwise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness. But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake, made in accordance with those impossible recipes which fill the cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a time—so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellencies for many years. It came to pass, after many days, that baker's bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it. I praised it and tasted it; but it would not do—its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief