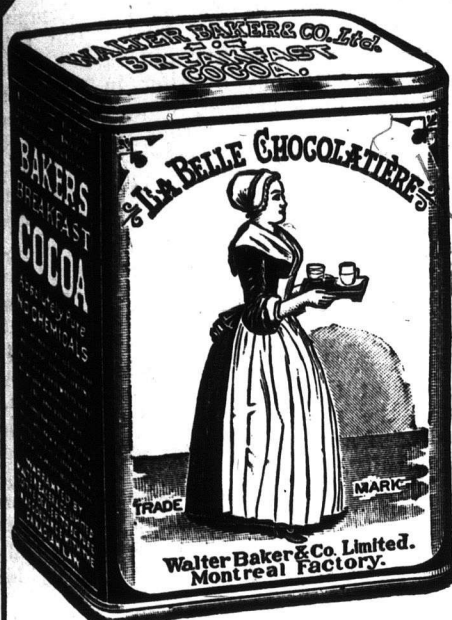


Baker's Cocoa Has Sterling Merit



MADE IN CANADA

From carefully selected high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended, prepared by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals or dyes. It contains no added potash, possesses a delicious natural flavor, and is of great food value.

Choice Recipe Book sent free

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Established 1780
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Simply say H.P.
to your grocer—he
will hand you a
bottle of the most
appetising sauce in
the world.

But be sure you DO say
H.P., because you want

H.P. SAUCE

Especially Good—
as a flavoring is
Mapleine



A pure vegetable product that makes a perfect table syrup by adding it to white sugar syrup.

Also a dainty flavoring for cakes, candies, desserts, ice creams and puddings.

Grocers sell it. If not, write

Crescent Manufacturing Company, Seattle, Wash.

at arm's length! It is to put the fear of the Power into your heart. And for the gray drizzle or snow-storms? Well, if men ashore can perish in the snow-drifts of crowded cities, what chance have lost men in the streetless wastes of a wide ocean when it storms?

You read that, and you exclaim: "But why do they do it? If they are intelligent men, why?" Well, listen to a bank fisherman telling his shipmates why he cast up that last shore job. It is a wild winter's night while this man is talking—vessel pitching, halyards humming, and so cold up on deck that the man to the wheel has to wear a woolen mask to keep his face from freezing.

"Every morning at seven o'clock," says our trawler, "when the whistle blew we were supposed to be inside the gates, aye, and to work—and at twelve o'clock it blew again, and they said we could stop and eat. At one o'clock it blew again, and we turns to and no more time to take a drag out of your pipe, to so much as look sidewise at a chum till six o'clock again. And every day the same: seven o'clock and twelve o'clock and one o'clock and six o'clock—and every blessed man there, big or little, good worker or poor worker, just like another. And women, Lord God, women doin' the same work as men! And no matter how it blowed outside, never a let-up. Never a restful gale of wind when it'd be too rough to put the dories over and all you had to do was to heave her to and take things easy for a day or two maybe till it moderated, and never your day or two in port—no, nothing like that, but always the whistle. And a little shrimp that we wouldn't cut up aboard here for bait—not for good bait—'twas him givin' the order to blow the whistles."

Now that same man had doubtless on occasions put more physical, mental and spiritual energy into one day's fishing than ever he did in a week at the factory, and that is taking no account of the danger. But it was a different matter entirely. He was brought up to the fishing life. His father before him had been a fisherman and his father before him; warm rooms, regular hours and certainty of wage did not mean ease to him. Out here he was his own man. To be sure there was the skipper, but Lord in Heaven! the skipper was something of a man—he'd proved that before his firm ever gave him a vessel.

However, a hard way to make a living. Surely that, but save your pity. Toiler he is, but no slave. He sings as he hauls to the heave of his dory and laughs as the sea slaps aboard. Toiling he is out there on the wide ocean, but 'tis a man's work he's doing—no boy's, nor woman's, nor half-made creature's, but a full man's work. And when he eats, he eats, and when he sleeps, he sleeps, and the good food meanwhile nourishing his great body till it is pure joy just to be alive. Never a morning turning out of his bunk that he doesn't feel equal to wrestling with all outdoors, never an hour that, his life depending on nerve, skill and strength, but what his nerve, skill and strength will measure up to the need and he comes away safe, for out there, despite his bounding virility, he is the ascetic with his highest self in full mastery of all his tremendous forces.

For days and weeks he is out there wrestling with the eternal elements, his stature increasing all the while, and then he comes to port. He doesn't know what he will get for his trip—he may have money to throw away or he may have to borrow the price of the children's shoes—it is all an adventure—but well or ill he comes home, and walking the streets of men's cities again all who meet him know him for a man. He pauses on the corner, and there is that about him which causes strangers to turn and look at him again. There is that in the balanced shoulders, the cast of his jaw. And the glow in his eye is unfathomable, as why should it not be—he who has gazed into the infinite depths! Standing there he might from out of his potency achieve mastery of men, of women, of everybody; but the world is to be loved, not mastered; all things look good to him—all men friendly, all women divine, and little helpless children creatures to be crushed with tenderness.

He goes back to the sea, and for days, weeks on end it may be, he toils again; and not an hour, let his wits dull or his nerve grow slack, but what Death will get him. But that will not be in a hurry;

never while he is given a chance. 'Tis true that the cataclysm will come, that some day, if he but cling long enough to the fishing, the one overwhelming tide will flood and then will he go down. But sh-hks! every man to his own ending, and 'tis the grand grave—the ocean.

So there he is, doing the work he best can do, and 'tis a great work. He is setting the standard for all time, for after sail is gone and steam is gone, and electricity and the more potent forces as yet undelivered, men—not alone men of the sea, but all men of all worlds—will be more nearly true masters of their craft because he has lived; and also will he be enshrined as of the immortal corps—sea, plains, hills, woods and even crowded cities know them—who act not according to their profit but to their measure, and that measure makes ever for full manhood.

There he is out there in his little dory meeting the supreme test in the supremest manner, and only thanking God that the fishing is good.

The Pot O' Pent

Ian Maclaren in "Leaves from the Scrap-book of a Scottish Exile"—

In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbour called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus:

"Cauld?"
"Ay."
"Gaun tae be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'."
"Ay."
"Is John in?"
"Ou, ay! he's in."
"Can I see him?"
"Na."
"But a winted tae see him."
"Ay, but ye canna see him. John's deid."
"Deid?"
"Ay."
"Sudden?"
"Ay."
"Verra sudden?"
"Ay, verro sudden."
"Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

He Kept Himself Cool

A man and his wife were once staying at a hotel, when in the night they were aroused from their slumbers by the cry that the hotel was afire, says The Boston Herald.

"Now, my dear," said the husband, "I will put into practice what I have preached. Put on all your indispensable apparel, and keep cool."

Then he slipped his watch into his vest pocket and walked with his wife out of the hotel.

When all danger was past he said: "Now you see how necessary it is to keep cool."

The wife for the first time glanced at her husband.

"Yes, William," she said, "it is a grand thing, but if I were you I would have put on my trousers."

Canadian Trap Shooting Honors

At the Grand Canadian Trap Shooting Tournament recently held at Hamilton, Ontario, there was keen competition between the leading shots of the Dominion for supremacy. The Amateur Championship of Canada was won by W. Barnes of Hamilton with a perfect score of 50 targets. Mr. Barnes used Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. The Grand Canadian Handicap was won by H. Smith of Chatham with a score of 48 x 50 from 18 yard rise, and the Earl Grey cup, for the High Aggregate of the tournament, was won by R. Day of London with a score of 287 x 300 targets. Both Mr. Smith and Mr. Day used Winchester Repeating Shotguns. The important victories won with Winchester Loaded Shells and repeating Shotguns is another demonstration of their splendid shooting qualities.

A mother bought thirteen large apples and thirteen small ones, which she divided equally amongst her seven sons. How did she do it?

This is not an abstruse problem. It is very simple. She stewed the apples.



BENGER'S FOOD for Delicate Infants.

When infants are weakly from birth or through illness the digestive strength is naturally sub-normal, and, as there is failure to extract full nourishment from ordinary food, malnutrition results.

Benger's Food is specially recommended for developing delicate infants into strong robust children.

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For INFANTS, INVALIDS
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is obtainable from all Stores, Grocers, etc. in sealed tins, price 60 c. and \$1.

A sample with instructive Booklet on Infant and Invalid Feeding—post free from—

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Manchester, Eng.
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Halifax, N.S. Toronto, Ont. Calgary, Alta.
St. John, N.S. Hamilton, Ont. Nelson, B.C.
London, Ont. Vancouver, B.C. Ottawa, Ont.
Winnipeg, Man. Victoria, B.C. Regina, Sask.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT WINE

(a la Quina du Pérou)

"Health is the vital principle of bliss."
Thompson.

DOCTORS KNOW!

"Would the old feel young? Would the sad feel gay? Then list for a while; I'll sing you my lay—"

"Wilson's Invalids' Port" is the theme of my song. I was weak and depressed, now I'm merry and strong; No enjoyment had I till I tasted this wine.

It acted like magic—health and strength soon were mine. O, delay not an hour this great tonic to test.

Parsons, Doctors and Nurses pronounce it the best; It will give you much strength of a natural sort.

This wonderful tonic, "Wilson's Invalids' Port."

JANE M. TURNBULL,
St. George's Rectory,
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