



The Best of All Breakfast Foods

There's a reason behind all fads and fancies. We required light breakfast foods and the market was flooded with health foods (so-called.) But—the best breakfast food in the world is "Zephyr Cream" Soda Biscuits crushed in cream or fresh, sweet milk.

Christie's "Zephyr Cream" Sodas

have more original goodness than all other sodas manufactured on this continent. More than that, the original goodness of Christie's Biscuits is lasting. The flavor does not vary.

All big biscuit makers buy a good brand of flour. We buy all good brands. Then we blend the best brands, sift and test the blend until we find a dough that will sustain the Christie reputation.

Expensive! Yes—but we know no other way of starting to make biscuits up to our own high standards.

Every ingredient entering into our "bakes" is the purest and best we can buy.

Our "Zephyr Cream" Sodas crushed in cream, or fresh milk, certainly do make an excellent light breakfast. You test them.

AT YOUR GROCER'S

Sold in bulk, or in small family tins, damp and dust-proof.

Christie, Brown & Co., Ltd., Toronto

'Camp' Coffee is hailed with exclamations of delight

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Delicious !
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made in a moment. Don't forget the name 'CAMP.'

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COFFEE

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the swimming-hole he looked anxious, and he seemed much relieved when we began to shampoo him. We had a bucket with us, and we gave him a good cold shampoo and got him all lather and then invited him to step into the pool and wash off the lather.

I took hold of the halter and pulled, and Sam encouraged Pete by saying "Ged-dup!" But he refused to enter the water. The bank sloped gradually enough, but Pete would not move. Sam said he would push, and he got behind Pete and tried that while I pulled, and we did move him a little, but Pete sat down, and looked around so resentfully that Sam said it touched his heart. He said he could easily push Pete in single-handed, if he wanted to, but that when a horse looked at him that way he didn't have the heart to do it, so we took the bucket and soused water over Pete,



Pete Watched the Preparations Suspiciously and Gazed at Us Over His Shoulder as if Doubtful of Our Intentions.

and rubbed him down thoroughly, and by the time we got through the horse had hardly any hair left except the usual short kind.

Sam was very sober on the way home, and whenever he thought I was not looking he felt the muscles of his arms. I know how mine ached! When we had tied Pet in his stall Sam sat down and let me know what he had been thinking about. He looked sick.

"Ed," he said, "I don't mind this shampoo business a bit, so far as the muscle part goes. You know how strong my muscles are. It isn't half a job for anybody as strong as I am, and I could keep it up for a year, but I don't want to tire you all out. You might get sick, and then where would we be? What I was thinking was that this shampoo business is taking all the Circassian hair off Pete, and even if it does start a new crop, like it did on my uncle, we can't afford to wait. It may take years for Pete to grow another crop. Pete isn't a young horse any more, and maybe he hasn't enough vitality left to grow much hair. My uncle was an awful vital man, and it took him a couple of years to get a good crop growing. What we want is to keep his hair in, and we've got to do it. Now don't you shampoo Pete any more tonight, and tomorrow I'll tell you what to do."

"How are you going to find out, Sam?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "it's your horse and you have a right to know. I'm going to ask Billy Smitt, the barber. I won't say it's for a horse. I'll just ask as if it was my uncle, or anybody. Billy will tell me."

I said it was a good idea. The next day Sam was stiff but happy when he came to the barn.

"It's all right," he said. "Billy told me. We can do any one of four things—they are all good."

"Go ahead and tell me, why don't you?" I asked when he hesitated.

"Well," he said, "first, Billy says there is nothing better than a good hair tonic to keep the hair in, and he says the one he makes is best of the lot. It is clean and nice and smells dandy. He let me smell it. That is what I would use if it was my horse, but you have to do the saying."

"What do you say, Sam?" I asked.

"What would you do if you was me?"

"I'll tell you, Ed," he said. "We are going to make a lot of money out of Pete if we can keep his hair on him, so it is worth spending a little to keep it on. It's just whether you want to spend it or not. Billy's hair

tonic is a dollar a bottle, but he says, seeing that I always get my hair cut there twice a year, he will let me have twelve bottles for ten dollars. You would save two dollars right there on every dozen bottles, and in the long run would save a lot that way, for it will take a lot to cure Pete. About ten dozen, I should say."

I shook my head. I had only twelve cents.

"Ch, well," said Sam, "I didn't think you would want to use the hair tonic. That's why I asked Billy if there was any other way. He says an egg shampoo is good."

"How do you do it?" I asked.

"I guess it's like a soap shampoo, only with eggs," Sam explained.

I looked at Pete. I hated to think how many eggs I would have to rub into him to give him an egg shampoo.

Sam did not wait for me to say it.

"I don't recommend it," he said.

"He wouldn't have any hair left when we got through, and the third way isn't any better. Billy says that when he has a bad case of hair falling out he shaves the head, but it would be an awful job to shave Pete. And we would have to wait until the hair grew in. But there is one other way that is good. Billy says the latest thing is a singe."

"Singe? What's that?" I asked.

"They burn off the ends of the hairs," explained Sam, "and that closes the pores and keeps the roots healthy. I think it's just what Pete needs. You catch up some of the hair in a comb and burn just the ends."

I got a comb—my mother missed it the next morning—and some matches and we began. Pete watched the preparations suspiciously and gazed at us over his shoulder as if doubtful of our intentions. He had never been singed before, and he had an idea he was too old to begin being singed now. As soon as Sam struck the first match, Pete doubled himself up in the opposite corner of the stall, and the match burned down and burned his fingers before I could get the comb in the hair again. We backed Pete all around the stall and burned twenty matches and did not singe a hair. Sam quit in disgust.

"If you are so anxious to singe this horse, Ed," he said reproachfully, "go ahead and do it. I won't. I think it's cruel."

"What shall we do then?" I asked.

"It's no go!" said Sam. "We can't show this horse as a Circassian horse. What we've got to do is to get at him with the currycomb and brush, and brush all of the hair off of him, and in a while all his hair will fall out and he'll be as bald as an egg."

He got up and walked around Pete.

"That's it!" he exclaimed, his enthusiasm rising. "We'll exhibit him as Pete, the Bald Horse, the Only One in Captivity. It will be a great hit. I never thought much of that Circassian idea, anyway. Pete never was woolly enough. A Circassian horse ought to have hair a foot long. But a bald horse is new. I never ever heard of one. As soon as Pete is bald we will begin raking in the

money. You get at him with the currycomb and I'll go and paint a poster. Ten cents was enough to charge to see the Circassian horse, but a bald horse—! We'll charge a quarter! I would give a quarter any day to see a horse as bald as Pete will be."

He went away and I curried. I worked three days, and the long winter hair came off Pete until there was left only his shiny brown summer coat. This did not come off at all, and I began to foresee that it would

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But Pete Sat Down, and Looked Around so Resentfully that Sam said it Touched His Heart