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DOES IT PAY TO SOW GOOD SEED?

Possibly not one farmer in a thousand would deny but what it pays to sow the finest, purest grain we can secure. But do we actually do it? Most of us think it almost a crime to use a scrub bull on a good herd, or an inferior get the best some good poultryman has in his.

But when it comes to selecting seed grains (the very foundation for a good crop), we are often quite careless. This year with the scarcity of labor it is urgent that we use the best seed possible. Farm and Dairy is endeavoring to make this easily possible for every farm home we reach. In addition to the advertisements of our big seed houses, we will publish in the next few weeks.

"The Farmers' Grain Exchange"

Refer to this column each week. It will give the names and addresses of many of our best seed growers in Ontario. If you need choice seed of the best varieties, write these men? Do it early as this year the supply of best seed grain—Oats, clover, potatoes, etc., will be limited.

Farm and Dairy

Peterboro, Ont.

three teaspoons salt; one-half cup liquid; one tablespoon chopped onion. Soak beans 24 hours, cook in salted water until soft. Drain, put in moderate oven for 40 minutes. Taste occasionally with hot water and fat. This will serve about 10 people.

Mock Chicken.

Two cups cooked beans; one and one-half cups stale bread crumbs; two tablespoons butter or butter substitute; three-quarters cup milk; three-quarters teaspoon salt. Press the beans through a fine strainer. Add the milk and arrange alternate layers of bean pulp and buttered crumbs in a buttered baking dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake in a moderate oven 45 minutes. To butter the crumbs, melt butter and stir crumbs into it, thoroughly mixing them. This may be served with tomato sauce, made as follows:

Tomato Sauce.

Two tablespoons butter; two tablespoons flour; one cup tomato juice; one-half teaspoon salt; one-quarter teaspoon pepper. Cook tomatoes until soft, and press through strainer, or use canned tomatoes. Melt butter, add flour, mixing thoroughly, then add the hot tomato and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Add seasoning and serve. A little chopped parsley, a few cloves or bay leaves may be added to the tomato while cooking the first time.

Get Schools to Take a Hand

MR. W. H. Stevens, Public School Inspector, in a recent circular letter to the teachers in the district of Victoria Co., Ont., urges that an effort be made by them and their pupils to raise foodstuffs during the current year. Mr. Stevens advised the teachers to organize a club in the school for the purpose of raising foodstuffs, either on part of the school grounds or on a plot near by. He adds the following instructions:

"Act as Honorary President, and elect the other officers from among the pupils. Work up all the enthusiasm possible. Beans, carrots, parsnips, tomatoes, can easily be raised. There should be no trouble to secure the ground and the seed. This plan should work in cooperation with the school fairs and Mr. A. A. Knight, the Agricultural Representative, will offer school prizes for collections from these plots, in connection with the School Fairs. This work is not intended to interfere with home plots nor with any other activity of pupils or teacher."

"All extra food that can be raised will be needed and every little that can be raised and used at home will release something that can be sent to Europe to supply our own brave boys who are doing such noble work in fighting for us at the front."

One Square Meal

MONDAY—we'll say is our "Heatless Day."
One clender, one flicker, one coal.
Tuesday—well—this is our "Meatless Day."
One oyster, one herring, one sole.
Wednesday—oh, this is our "Weatless Day."
One corn cake, one dodger, one scone.
Thursday—we must have a "Sweetless Day."
One pickle, one lemon, one bone.
Friday—will make a good "Eatless Day."
One cheerful and glorious fast.
Saturday—call it a "Fruitless Day."
For all reciprocal past years.
But Sunday—may Heaven forgive us, we pray.
If we should all happen to feel A little more hungry than usual to-day,
And once again eat a square meal.

The Heart of the Desert

(Continued from page 14.)

said Jack, "I guess it will about save our lives. I'd like a chance to write a letter to my wife."

"You ought to go back to the ditch, Jack," said DeWitt. "Porter and I will manage somehow."

Jack gave DeWitt a strange look.

"Rhoda's a lifelong friend of mine. She was stolen from my home by my friend whom I told her she could trust. Katherine and the foreman can run the ranch."

By the time that the four had washed themselves, Kelly had been dotted over the surrounding desert. For the first time in weeks, the searchers sat down at a table. DeWitt, Porter and Newman were in as astonishing contrast to the three who had dined at the Newman ranch the night of Cartwell's introduction to Porter. Their khaki clothes had gradually been replaced by nondescript garments picked up at various ranches. DeWitt and Porter boasted of corduroy trousers, while Jack wore overalls. On the other hand, Jack wore a good blue flannel shirt, while the other two displayed only faded gingham garments that might have answered to almost any name. All of them were a deep mahogany color, with chapped, split lips and bleached hair, while DeWitt's eyes were badly inflamed from sun-glare and sand-storm.

They ate silently. Dick Kelly, sitting at the head of the table, piled them with food and asked few questions. DeWitt's shaggy hands told him that questions were torture to the poor fellow. After the meal Kelly led them to bed at once, and they slept without stirring until four o'clock in the morning, when the Chinaman called them. Breakfast was steaming on the table.

"Now," said Kelly, as his guests ate, "the boys didn't get a smell for ye, but we've a suggestion. Have you been through the Pueblo country yet?"

"No," said Porter.

"Well," the host went on, "Chira is the only place round here except my ranch where he could get a new outfit. He's part Pueblo, you know, too. I'd start for there if I was you."

Carlos entered to hear this suggestion.

"I've got a friend at Chira," he said, "who might help us. He's a half-breed."

The tired men took eagerly to this forlorn hope. With all the population of the ranch, including the cook, gathered to wish them Godspeed, the four started off before the sun had more than tinted the east. Kelly had offered them anything on the ranch, from himself, his cook and his cowboys, to the choice of his horses. His guests left as much heartened by his cheerfulness and good will as they were by the actual physical comforts he had given them.

The trail to Chira was long and hard. They reached the little town at dusk and Carlos set out at once in search of his friend, Philip. He found him easily. He was half Mexican, half Pueblo. He and Carlos chatted briskly in hybrid Spanish while the Americans watched the horses wade in the little river. Visitors were so common in Chira that the newcomers attracted little or no attention.

Carlos finally turned from his friend.

"Philip does not know anything about it. He says for us to come to his house while he finds out anything. His wife is a good cook."

(To be continued.)

The late John Campbell, of Woodville, used to father his share without feeding any grain at all," remarked Prof. Geo. E. Day, in a recent address. "He used first class clover hay and turnips and his steers went to market in good condition."