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Administratrix's Sale of 36 Shorthorns

(Morley Bros. Estate of Thomas Morley, deceased.)
On Tuesday, October 9th, at 12 o'clock, noon.
Two aged bulls, 6 cows to freshen soon and 10 supposed in calf; 2 two-year-old heifers, (sup. in calf); 5 year-old heifers, 6 heifer calves, 5 bull calves.
Unreserved sale. Catalogues sent on application to:
Bertha C. Morley, (Administratrix). R. R. 3, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

salt, 2 teaspoons melted butter or fat of any kind, some cornmeal. After soaking the bread in warm water until soft, measure 1 cupful. Add the beaten egg, buttermilk, salt, molasses and fat. Stir in enough cornmeal to make a batter about like that for a cake mixture. Add the soda and beat thoroughly. Pour in hot muffin tins and bake quickly.

Cornmeal Pones.—Two cups cornmeal (white cornmeal is best), 3 tablespoons bacon drippings, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups water. Sift the meal and salt together, add the melted fat and mix well, then the water, stirring until smooth. Wet the hands and shape the mixture into small flat cakes. Bake on a hot greased griddle in a hot oven. Serve with butter and syrup.

Cinnamon Toast.—Butter slices of bread and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together, then toast quickly in the top of a hot oven. If liked the sugar and cinnamon may be omitted and grated cheese used instead.

Stale Bread Pudding.—Butter 4 slices of bread and cut in inch squares. Place these in a buttered pudding dish. Heat together 1 pint milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, and 1 beaten egg, and pour over. Sprinkle grated nutmeg over the top and bake slowly about half an hour. Half a cupful of raisins or currants may be added to this pudding if liked. Or, when baked it may be covered lightly with jam and covered with a meringue made of white of egg, set back in the oven a moment to brown.

Carrot, Winter Squash, or Pumpkin Butter.—Six lbs. vegetable, 5 lbs. light brown sugar, 5 lemons, 2 tablespoons ground ginger, 2 tablespoons ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon allspice, 1 pint water. Peel the vegetable and put through a food-chopper, or chop fine. Add the sugar, spices, lemon juice and rind put through the chopper, and let stand over night. In the morning add the pint of water and boil very gently until clear and thick. Put boiling hot into sterilized jars, and when cool cover with hot paraffin.

Indian Pickle.—Fifteen ripe tomatoes, 2 large red peppers, 3 onions, 1 teaspoon ground cloves, 3 tablespoons salt, 1 tablespoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups vinegar. Peel tomatoes and remove seeds from peppers, then chop all the vegetables together. Add other ingredients, and put in sealers. Needs no cooking but should stand a week before being used.

The Beaver Circle

After the Change.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.
Ma and dad, they stand it,
But I'm feelin' bad
'Cause we ain't got nothin'
Like we used to had!

Sure, we got an auto—
Guess it ain't so slow.
But our old horse, Billy—
Ought to see him go!

Gee! He'd fly so swiftly
With you on his back
You'd think you was racin'
On a railway track!

This place where we moved at,
Sis, she says is swell;
Pipes the water comes in—
We ain't got no well!

Dinky shed my dad made
For our car to stay;
Used to have a big red barn
Filled plumb full of hay.

Ain't no brooms here neither,
Ain't no swimmin'-holes,
Ain't no fields or brush or trees,
Just "electric poles."

Ma says I look peaked—
I can't help it. Gee!
Life ain't nothin' noways
Like it used to be.

Little Bits of Fun.

Jimmie was going out with his mother one afternoon, and had been sent upstairs to get ready. After a considerable wait the mother called up the stairs: "Hurry up, Jimmie! We're late now. Have you got your shoes on yet?" "Yes," replied Jimmie, "all but one."

It was the English hour in the seventh grade, and Johnnie had been told to write a sentence using the word "notwithstanding." When called upon he got up and read: "My father wore out the seat of his trousers, but not with standing."

In a big elementary school a teacher had given a lesson in an infants' class on the Ten Commandments. In order to test their memories she asked: "Can any little child give me a Commandment with only four words in it?"

A hand was raised immediately.
"You may answer, John," said the teacher.
"Keep off the grass," was the reply.

Pearl.

Pearl was spoiled; she always wanted her own way and always got it. She was an only child, that is how she happened to be spoiled. Whippings did not do her any good. At school the teacher could do nothing with her. She was leader of the girls and led them into all kinds of mischief. Summer holidays were here now and Pearl was crosser than ever because her mother got her way for once and would not let Pearl go away.

One day she startled her mother by saying she was going to a woods which was about a mile from her home.

"I'm going, that is all there is about it, mother. I don't care what you say about it, I am going."

"Look at the black clouds in the sky, it's sure to rain."

"It's not going to rain," Pearl said stubbornly.

"How do you know?" her mother asked.
"I just know, that's all." And with that she snatched her hat off a chair and ran away.

Her mother sighed and wondered what she could do with Pearl. Pearl never gave her mother another thought. But went straight for the woods. She was soon there picking flowers as fast as she could. She wandered from patch to patch, always getting farther and farther. On and on she went; still she never noticed where she was going until she had picked all the flowers she could carry, then she looked around for a shady place to rest, for it had turned hot and close as its sometimes does before a thunder-storm. It wasn't until then Pearl noticed she had lost sight of the fence and did not know what direction her home was.

She dropped her flowers and ran wildly around trying to get out of the woods. The farther she went the thicker the trees seemed to be and the rougher the way. Poor Pearl! she was so tired she just had to rest. How she wished she had stayed at home as her mother had told her to. While she was wondering what she should do something colored caught her eye. She went to see what it was. It was her flowers! She had dropped them when she had discovered she was lost. She had been going in a circle! She had come back to where she had started! Again she wished she had done as her mother had told her. To make matters worse it began to thunder and lightning, then the rain came down in sheets. Pearl was never so frightened in her life. At every crash of thunder she jumped and at every flash of lightning she expected to be struck. She had read of animals and people being struck with lightning while under a tree. Perhaps she would be struck. Once more she tried to get out of the bush, but in vain. Then after a while, tired out, she fell asleep and didn't waken until morning. At first she couldn't remember where she was. Then it came back to her in a flash. She was lost! Not long after she heard a voice calling "Per-r-al-l, Per-al-l." "I'm here," she called. In a moment more she saw her father coming towards her. Her father had been looking for her all night; after breakfast next morning he started out again. Her mother was near wild about her and blamed herself for letting her go.

Once home dry clothes took the place of wet ones. Pearl was not sick except for a cold that kept her in bed for a few days, and a few more days in the house. After her mother and father were old and Pearl took care of them. She always said "They know best."

Alma, Ont. RUBY LONGMAN.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—Although we have lived in Toronto for twelve years we

SEPTEMBER

J.

have taken for a long Beaver Circle. N the courage a farm near to write. August 2nd When we mountain. picking from class. In 7 Street Scho science. W muffins, ca and ice crea science in keeping a read. She 192. Quite four childr have great games such etc. Well, will close w

Why is i spring? flowers hav and the bul

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Hoping th Grimsby,

Dear Pu once before not see my would try ag railroad run on the first here. All away and a I passed entr I would like