

# The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

(Copyright The Mueson Book Co.)

## Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Hardy, famous specialist, and his daughter Irene, meet with an accident while on a motoring trip in the foothills of Alberta and find a refuge in the cabin of the Eldon ranch where dwell David and his daughter. The girl and boy promise to meet again in the future. After his father's drunken death David goes to seek his fortune in town and loses all his money at a pool table. He spends an evening with Conard, his poolroom acquaintance, and two actresses and takes liquor for the first time. Next morning he awakes from a drunken sleep resolved to amend. He is attracted by the singing of a choir girl in a church; then he attended a Socialist meeting. When delivering coal at the home of Mr. Duncan he offered evening tuition in return for occasional services as a coachman. The first evening he discovers the choir girl in Edith Duncan. Under his tutor's careful direction Dave's education thrives apace. He secures a position in a warehouse and attracts the notice of a patron of the public library where he spent his evenings.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(Cont'd.)

"You are a Shakespearean student, I see?"

"Not exactly. I read a little in the evenings. But I haven't gone far enough to call myself a student."

"I have seen you here different times. Are you well acquainted with the town?"

"Pretty well," said Dave, sensing that there might be a purpose in the questioning.

"Working now?"

"I was in the warehouse where he was employed."

"I am the editor of The Call," said the elderly man. "We need another man on the staff—a reporter, you know. We pay twenty-five dollars a week for such a position. If you are interested you might call at the office to-morrow."

Dave hurried with his problem to Mr. Duncan. "I think I'd like the work," he said, "but I am not sure whether I can do it. My writing is rather—wonderful."

Mr. Duncan turned the matter over in his mind. "Yes," he said at length, "but I notice you are beginning to use the typewriter. When you learn that God gave you ten fingers, not two, you may make a typist. And there is nothing more worth while than being able to express yourself in English. They'll teach you that on a newspaper. I think I'd take it."

"Not on account of the money," he continued, after a little. "You would probably soon be earning more in the wholesale business. Newspaper men are about the worst paid of all professions. But it's the best training in the world, not for itself, but for anything else. I have often wondered why editors, who are forever setting every other phase of the world's work to rights, are content to train up so many thousands of bright young men—and then pass them along into other business where they are better paid. But the training is worth while, and it's the training you want. Take it."

Dave explained his disadvantages to the editor of The Call. "I didn't want you to think," he said with great frankness, "that because I was reading Shakespeare I was a master of English. And I guess if I were to write up stuff in Hamlet's language I'd get canned for it."

"We'd probably have a deputation from the Moral Reform League," said the editor, with a dry smile. "Just the same, if you know Shakespeare you know English and we'll soon get you into the newspaper staff."

So, almost before he knew it, Dave was on the staff of The Call. His best comprised the police court, fire department, hotels, and general pick-ups. And the very first day, as though to afford fuel for his genius, a small fire occurred in a clothing store.

"S good for two sticks—about four inches," said the editor, when Dave had given him the main facts. "Write your story to fit."

Dave suddenly realized that, although he had been a persistent reader of newspapers during the recent months, he had scarcely the remotest idea how many words went to a column, or to an inch. It was a piece of information needed at once, so he set about to count the words on a column. Then he wrote his story so fit.

He had already learned that everything in a newspaper office, from a wedding to a ball game, is a story. When he turned his in it looked like this:

"The fire-bell was heard ringing this morning about ten o'clock, and soon after crowds were seen wending their way to the Great West Clothing Store. There was a heavy black smoke coming from the back end of the store. The firemen were late in getting there, and before they arrived a man had got badly choked by trying to go into the store. Presently the engine came up, and before long water was being applied in great quantities, and soon the fire was under control. Part of the roof fell in, and the building is pretty badly ruined. Some of the contents may be fit for sale. It seems too bad that the fire engine should have been late in coming, as without doubt if it had got there promptly the fire could have been put out before much damage occurred. However, it might have been worse, as it was a frame building, in a row of other frame buildings, and if the fire had once got beyond control much damage might have been done. Nobody seems to know how the fire started."

It was with much quiet excitement that he awaited the appearance of the

evening edition. He had a strange eagerness to see his production in print—a manifestation, no doubt, of that peculiar trait in human nature which fills the editorial waste basket with unaccepted contributions. At last he found it, but it read like this:

"Five this morning gutted the Great West Clothing Store, with a loss of \$5,000.00, of which \$4,000.00 is covered by insurance in the Occidental. Frank Beecher, proprietor of the store, was overcome by smoke, and is in the city hospital."

"Smoke was first seen issuing from the back of the store by Fred Grant, a discoverer of the Imperial laundry, who turned in an alarm at 10.08. Owing to the fire team colliding with a dray owned by Sheppard & Co., some minutes of delay occurred. During this period the building, which was of frame, burned fiercely. It was almost completely destroyed, although some of the stock may be saleable."

"Beecher rushed into the back room for certain papers, where he was found by Fireman Carey in an unconscious condition. He is recovering, and is already planning to rebuild."

Dave read the account with a sinking heart. By the time he reached the end it seemed his heart could stink no more. He found that the editor had not left the office, so he approached him with as much spirit as he could command.

"I guess you won't need me any more," he said. "I'm sorry I made a mess of that fire story."

There was a kind twinkle in the chief's eye as he answered, "Nonsense. Of course we need you. You have merely made the mistake everyone else makes, in supposing you could write for a newspaper without training. We will give you the training—and pay you while you learn. The only man can't use is the man who won't learn. Now let me give you a few pointers, and the editor got up from his desk and held the paper with the fire story before him. "In the first place, don't start a story with 'the,' at least, not more than once or twice a week. In the second place, give the meat into the first paragraph. Seventy-five per cent. of the readers never go further than the first paragraph; give them the raw facts there; if they want the trimmings they will get them elsewhere. That is where a fiction story is exactly opposite to a newspaper story; a newspaper story shows its hand in the first paragraph, a fiction story in the last."

"Then, get the facts. Nobody cares whether the fire-bell rang or not, but who does care about the man who was suffocated; who he was, what he was doing there, what became of him. Reveal in names. Get the names of everybody, and get them right. The proprietor of the insurance company, of the owner of the dray team that obstructed the engine, and of the fireman who carried Beecher to safety. Every one of those people, with their families, their cousins, and their aunts, become especially interested in the story the moment their names are introduced."

"Next, remember that it is not the business of a reporter to pass editorial comment. It may have been too bad that the fire engine was delayed, but that is a matter for the editor to decide. The business of the reporter is to find out why it was delayed, and state the facts without regrets or opinions. You must learn to hold the mirror up to nature without making faces in it. You know what I mean—keep your own reflection out of the picture. If you think the incident calls for an expression of opinion by the paper, write an editorial and submit it to me. But remember that the editorial and news columns of a paper should be as distinct as the two sides of a fence."

"Thank you very much," said Dave, slowly, when the editor had finished. "I think I begin to see. But there's one thing I don't understand. Why did you not mention the origin of the fire?"

"A flicker of amusement—or was it confession?—ran across the chief's face as he answered, "Because we don't know what started it, and Beecher is one of our best advertisers. To say the origin of the fire is unknown always leaves a smack of suspicion. It is like the almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulder at the mention of a woman's name. You can't get away from it. And it is the advertiser who keeps the paper alive. I know it's not idealism, but idealism doesn't pay wages and paper bills, and as long as readers demand papers for the news, it costs to print them they will have to take second place to the advertiser."

"Then all reports are to be colored to suit the advertiser?" demanded Dave.

"No. Where a principle is involved in these degenerate days—we stand by the principle, even if we lose the patronage. Our notions of what is for the public good have cost us a lot of money at times. You see, the exploiter is always ready to pay his servants, which is more than can be said of the public. But where no real principle is involved we try to be friendly to our friends."

With these fresh view-points on his following day chastened but determined. Almost immediately he found the need of acquaintanceships. The isolation of his boyhood had bred in him qualities of aloofness which had now to be overcome. He was not naturally a good "mixer"; he preferred his own company, but his own company would not bring him much news. So he set about deliberately to cultivate acquaintance with the members of the police force and the fire brigade, and the clerks in the hospital. And he had in his character a quality of sincerity which gave him almost instant admission into their friendships. He had not suspected the charm of his own personality, and his discovery, feeding upon his new-born enthusiasm for friendships, still further enriched the charm.

(To be continued.)

## TAKING A TRIP TO THE PLANET VENUS

### JOURNEY OF ABOUT 26 MILLION MILES.

#### Venus Possesses All the Requisites for Supporting the Highest Forms of Life.

"All aboard for the planet Venus!" Most of us would like to go there, now that the astronomers say that Venus probably is inhabited. How interesting it would be to take a look around and meet the folks, who may be altogether different from ourselves. Besides, there must be many species of animals strange and unfamiliar.

Suppose that we could take a train for Venus and travel thither. If the passenger rate were the ordinary three cents a mile the trip would be rather expensive. But it would surely be worth the money. Entering the boiling office of the Earth and Venus Railroad, one would pay \$750,000 for a one-way ticket. For the distance from here to that planet (when it is nearest to us) is about 26,000,000 miles.

There probably would be a stop-over privilege for trippers wishing to see the sights on the moon. But that is a mere detail.

Let us suppose that the train was a fast express travelling sixty miles an hour night and day. It would reach the moon (240,000 miles) in 166 days, or about five and a half months. There the passengers would have an opportunity to inspect the famous "craters" and find out whether they really are built of snow, as some lunar theorists now allege.

The journey to Venus is long and tiresome. A boy ten years of age would, in the course of the trip at an uninterrupted sixty miles an hour, arrive at manhood, pass through middle life and find himself in his sixtieth year by the time he reached his destination.

Yet, at that, he would not be too old to appreciate the marvels of a planet to a hen had just scrambled through which, while about the same size as the earth—and in many ways similarly conditioned, is in other respects very different.

A denser atmosphere. Venus has an atmosphere like ours, but there is much more of it. On high and low mountains the air is so thick that people have trouble to get enough oxygen into their lungs to breathe. There can be no difficulty of that sort on Venus, because the atmosphere is at least twice as dense as ours. Also it is much higher (i. e., thicker) than the gaseous envelope of the earth.

We can hardly realize what a difference that must make. It must modify to a great extent all the conditions of life. Even the physical make-up of the people must be influenced thereby.

But the most striking peculiarity of Venus, from our point of view, is its wetness. It must be an extraordinarily watery planet, judging from the masses of clouds which at all times envelop it. Because of these clouds, no human eye ever has beheld any part of the surface of Venus.

Venus is 67,000,000 miles from the sun; the earth is 93,000,000 miles distant from that luminary. She gets twice as much heat and light from that source as we receive. Evaporation must, therefore, be much more rapid; and it seems obvious that this sister orb of ours must be largely covered by seas. There may, indeed, be comparatively little dry land.

Flowers of the Air. With so much warmth and unlimited moisture, what land there is must be covered with a vegetation of extraordinary luxuriance. It is possible to imagine even that, in the dense and water-laden atmosphere, plants of light and delicate structure may grow while floating in the air. Water, after all, is the chief requirement of plants, and the nitrogen in the air would furnish them with what else they needed.

There is a holiday thought in Ruskin's declaration: "The more I think of it, I find this conclusion more impressed upon me: that the greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy and religion, all in one."

Love is a healer, a life giver. It is the great solvent for hatred and uncharitableness. Love your enemies, love everybody, and it will take all the bitterness out of life. It will smooth out all the jealousy and hatred wrinkles. It will bring your life into harmony, into the peace and serenity which passeth all understanding.



## Woman's Interests

### Crocheted Sports Hat.

Every girl needs a sports hat nowadays and the hats are made in a variety of becoming colors. A particularly pleasing hat is made in a combination of white brush wool with American beauty brush wool. Green, blue, rose or maize would look quite as well with the white. Brush wool is fairly smooth and is agreeable to work with. The finished article is brushed with a wire brush which comes for the purpose; the brush raises the fibres and produces the fuzzy effect which is so much admired.

The hat requires four and one-half ounces of white brush wool, three ounces of wool in American beauty shade, a hat lining and milliners' wire for the edge.

Double the wool, that is, work with two strands of wool, working either with two balls, or with the outer end and the end from the inside of the ball. With a medium size crochet hook and white wool chain 8 and work 6 a.c. in 2d stitch of ch.

2d row, 2 a.c. in each st.  
3d row, 1 a.c. in first st., 2 a.c. in next st., 1 a.c. in next st. Repeat from \* to end of row.

4th row, 1 a.c. in each of first 2 sts., 2 a.c. in next 1 a.c. in each of next 2 sts. Repeat from \* to end of row. Continue increasing in each of the six widening points, always having one more a.c. between these points on each row. Continue until the work measures seven and one-quarter inches in diameter, then crochet without increasing until the work measures six inches from centre to edge.

In working the next ten rows, join the last st. of each row to the first st. of that row with a slip st. This is done in order to obtain perfect stripes. The stripes consist of two rows done in American beauty wool, two rows in white wool, two rows in American beauty, two rows in white, two rows in American beauty.

With white wool work around, increasing 1 st. in every 2d st. Crochet next four rows without increasing. Next row increase 1 st. in every 10th st. Then two rows without increasing.

For next row join American beauty wool and increase 1 st. in every 10th st. Next row crochet over the wire, fasten ends of wire, then finish with 1 row of slip st. Brush the entire hat with a wire brush and trim with a pompon made of the wool.

As the head size is regulated by the diameter of the crown, these directions will make a hat measuring about twenty-four inches in head size. For a smaller hat, reduce the size of the crown.

Save Your Beans and Tomatoes. All varieties of string-beans can be dried. It is to be dried whole, young beans. Wash and string, put in a wire basket or cheese-cloth bag and blanch in boiling water for from six to ten minutes, depending on the age of beans. If you want to preserve the green color, add one-half teaspoonful of soda to each gallon of blanching water. Drain well and spread on cloth or in sunshine, in order to remove the surface moisture, then place on drying trays and put in evaporator or oven at 110 F. Slowly increase temperature to 140 deg. or 145 deg. (in about one to one and one-half hours) and finish drying at this temperature. They will dry in from two to two and one-half hours. If string-beans are a little old, wash and string, slice in one-quarter inch strips, blanch and dry as above.

To dry beans without a drier or evaporator, string and break into short pieces, then spread out on paper on a shed floor to dry. If dried in the shade they will retain their color better than when dried in the sunshine. The warmer the room, the better. Watch the beans and stir occasionally. If the weather is damp or cool, the pieces may mold at the broken ends. When thoroughly dried, pack and store in airtight packages.

To cook dried string-beans, parboil for from ten to fifteen minutes in water containing a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. Drain and wash in fresh water, then place in a pot with a piece of fat bacon or salt pork; add salt to taste. Cook for from three and one-half to four hours (in a fireless cooker if you have one). Good for a shorter time than this, fresh or dried green beans are not quite so palatable. Cook the full time to allow the beans to take up and hold the seasoning. Allow the liquid to cook away until but a small quantity remains.

Tomato paste will commend itself to the thrifty. Get rid of the water in fresh tomatoes and you can pack all the food value, flavor and color in one-tenth of the original space. Bottle the paste in any size bottle, cork and seal for use in soups and sauces. One teaspoonful of paste will make one dish of soup.

For plain paste, boil the tomatoes until soft. Crush thoroughly and pass through a fine sieve or screen to take out the skins and seeds. Place the pulp and juice which pass the screen in a shallow pan and boil down gently (over a slow fire) to a thick consistency. Then place it over hot water or in a slow oven where the heat is not sufficient to cause the paste to stick to the bottom of the pan. Allow the pulp to evaporate until it reaches the consistency of peanut butter. While still hot add about two ounces of salt to a gallon of the paste and pack into hot sealed jars or bottles. Sterilize in a boiler or deep kettle for from one-half hour to an hour.

Failures in Music. Why do so many fail to attain musical success? Simply for lack of ambition and efficiency. Hundreds begin the study of music with earnest intentions of becoming eminent musicians, but because they are obliged to encounter a few obstacles they become greatly discouraged and lose interest in their work. Some become incompetent musicians, while others give up the work in utter disgust.

Determination and confidence are essential to successful musicianship. If you desire to develop musical ability and become an eminent musician you must refuse to permit disappointments to hinder your progress and lead you to failure. There never was an accomplished musician possessing ever attained without effort and application. Anything worth possessing is well worth exertion. A few disappointments to combat now and then presents no reason why anyone should affix his signature on the roster of failures. Sincerity of effort and a willingness to endure hardships are the necessary requirements for the attainment of musical success, and unless one possesses an unlimited amount of patience, coupled with optimism sufficient to overcome trials and discouragements, one will never ascend the elevated sphere. There are thousands of failures in the world today who are paying the penalty for submitting to discouragements and disappointments.

If Only! If only dinner cooked itself, And groceries grew upon a shelf, If children did as they were told, And never had a cough or cold, And washed their hands and wiped their boots, And never tore their Sunday suits, But always tidied up the floor, Nor once forgot to shut the door!

If John remembered not to throw His papers on the ground, and oh! If he would put his pipes away And shake the ashes on the tray, Instead of on the floor close by, And always spread his towel to dry, And hung his hat upon the peg, And never had bones in his leg!

Ahem! If wishes all came true, I don't know what I'd find to do, Because if no one made a mess There'd be no need of cleanliness, And things might work so gloriously In time—who knows? they'd not need me!

And this being so, I fancy whether I'll go on keeping things together. —Pay Inchfawn.

Messages Under the Sea. One of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken will be the duplication of the Pacific cable from Canada to Australia and New Zealand.

The cable runs from Vancouver and touches Fanning Island, Norfolk Island, and Fiji. An enormous number of messages pass over it, and although the new line will cost something like ten million dollars it will soon justify the expenditure of this enormous sum.

More than seven thousand miles of cable will be needed, and one stretch of the line will be the longest in the world—a distance of 8,453 miles.

Some idea of the amount of work that this cable will have to do may be gathered from the fact that nine million words are telegraphed to and from Australia every year.

No Centipede. "What?" exclaimed the motorist who had run over a farmer's toe. "You want five hundred dollars for a crushed foot? Nonsense! I'm no millionaire."

"Perhaps not," cried the suffering farmer; "and I'm no centipede either."

water, then place in a pot with a piece of fat bacon or salt pork; add salt to taste. Cook for from three and one-half to four hours (in a fireless cooker if you have one). Good for a shorter time than this, fresh or dried green beans are not quite so palatable. Cook the full time to allow the beans to take up and hold the seasoning. Allow the liquid to cook away until but a small quantity remains.

Tomato paste will commend itself to the thrifty. Get rid of the water in fresh tomatoes and you can pack all the food value, flavor and color in one-tenth of the original space. Bottle the paste in any size bottle, cork and seal for use in soups and sauces. One teaspoonful of paste will make one dish of soup.

For plain paste, boil the tomatoes until soft. Crush thoroughly and pass through a fine sieve or screen to take out the skins and seeds. Place the pulp and juice which pass the screen in a shallow pan and boil down gently (over a slow fire) to a thick consistency. Then place it over hot water or in a slow oven where the heat is not sufficient to cause the paste to stick to the bottom of the pan. Allow the pulp to evaporate until it reaches the consistency of peanut butter. While still hot add about two ounces of salt to a gallon of the paste and pack into hot sealed jars or bottles. Sterilize in a boiler or deep kettle for from one-half hour to an hour.

Failures in Music. Why do so many fail to attain musical success? Simply for lack of ambition and efficiency. Hundreds begin the study of music with earnest intentions of becoming eminent musicians, but because they are obliged to encounter a few obstacles they become greatly discouraged and lose interest in their work. Some become incompetent musicians, while others give up the work in utter disgust.

Determination and confidence are essential to successful musicianship. If you desire to develop musical ability and become an eminent musician you must refuse to permit disappointments to hinder your progress and lead you to failure. There never was an accomplished musician possessing ever attained without effort and application. Anything worth possessing is well worth exertion. A few disappointments to combat now and then presents no reason why anyone should affix his signature on the roster of failures. Sincerity of effort and a willingness to endure hardships are the necessary requirements for the attainment of musical success, and unless one possesses an unlimited amount of patience, coupled with optimism sufficient to overcome trials and discouragements, one will never ascend the elevated sphere. There are thousands of failures in the world today who are paying the penalty for submitting to discouragements and disappointments.

If Only! If only dinner cooked itself, And groceries grew upon a shelf, If children did as they were told, And never had a cough or cold, And washed their hands and wiped their boots, And never tore their Sunday suits, But always tidied up the floor, Nor once forgot to shut the door!

If John remembered not to throw His papers on the ground, and oh! If he would put his pipes away And shake the ashes on the tray, Instead of on the floor close by, And always spread his towel to dry, And hung his hat upon the peg, And never had bones in his leg!

Ahem! If wishes all came true, I don't know what I'd find to do, Because if no one made a mess There'd be no need of cleanliness, And things might work so gloriously In time—who knows? they'd not need me!

And this being so, I fancy whether I'll go on keeping things together. —Pay Inchfawn.

Messages Under the Sea. One of the greatest engineering feats ever undertaken will be the duplication of the Pacific cable from Canada to Australia and New Zealand.

The cable runs from Vancouver and touches Fanning Island, Norfolk Island, and Fiji. An enormous number of messages pass over it, and although the new line will cost something like ten million dollars it will soon justify the expenditure of this enormous sum.

More than seven thousand miles of cable will be needed, and one stretch of the line will be the longest in the world—a distance of 8,453 miles.

Some idea of the amount of work that this cable will have to do may be gathered from the fact that nine million words are telegraphed to and from Australia every year.

No Centipede. "What?" exclaimed the motorist who had run over a farmer's toe. "You want five hundred dollars for a crushed foot? Nonsense! I'm no millionaire."

"Perhaps not," cried the suffering farmer; "and I'm no centipede either."

## GROWTH OF COLD STORAGE IN CANADA

### "COLD STORAGE ACT" OF 1907.

#### Several Modern and Commodious Plants Now in Course of Construction.

The rapid growth of cold storage in Canada during the past quarter of a century is not surprising when the multifarious uses to which it is put are taken into consideration. Without regard to climatic conditions, whether in the hot, torrid summer or cold winter months, the consumer can secure unseasonable goods in reasonable condition from the cold storage plant. Not only does the modern cold storage warehouse perform the functions of a storehouse, but also acts as stabilizer to the state of supply, storing and distributing goods as the state of the market warrants.

In 1907 the Canadian Government, recognizing the importance of cold storage facilities and desirous of having a well-formulated policy for the future growth of the industry, passed a bill entitled "The Cold Storage Act." This Act, among other things, provides for subsidies to individuals or companies towards the construction of cold storage warehouses open to the public, and is administered by the Federal Department of Agriculture. Up to and including 1920, the Dominion Government had subsidized 34 cold storage plants, with a refrigerated space of 4,928,304 cubic feet, to the extent of \$684,856.

A census of subsidized and non-subsidized cold storage plants in Canada in 1920 by the Federal Bureau of Statistics, disclosed the fact that there were 322 plants in operation with a refrigerated space of 33,247,774 cubic feet. Ontario led all other provinces, accounting for 99 plants with a space of 11,109,757 cubic feet. Quebec was second with 56 warehouses and a space of 6,298,104; followed by British Columbia with 38, 4,129,208; Manitoba 43, 4,006,147; Alberta 20, 3,506,835; Saskatchewan 22, 1,560,306; Nova Scotia 18, 1,097,976; New Brunswick 22,969,841; Prince Edward Island 4, 234,000; and the Yukon 1,244,600.

The Advantages of Cold Storage. The meat industry is probably the best example of the usefulness of cold storage in Canada. The prairie provinces, which are the big producers of meat, are located at a considerable distance from their main markets, which in the early ranching days was an almost insurmountable obstacle to the growth of the industry, forcing the ranchers to ship their cattle long distances, resulting in a loss of weight of cold during shipment. With the establishment of cold storage plants at convenient points throughout the Prairies, this loss was reduced to a minimum, and the packer was able to put up large quantities of meat products without fear of deterioration through lack of immediate sale. In order that these products might reach distant markets in a fresh condition, a special railway car was devised with cold storage accommodation, large numbers of which are in daily use.

In the fruit districts of British Columbia and the Maritime Provinces, cold storage facilities have been established on a large scale without which the annual loss to the growers would amount to millions of dollars. It is seldom that the market can absorb the total fruit crop at time of marketing, and it is therefore necessary to store the surplus or manufacture it into jam in order to avoid loss. In this way, little if any fruit is lost through spoilage, and the surplus is stored until a more opportune time presents itself for disposing of the crop.

For Dairy and Poultry Products. Another manner in which cold storage is utilized and which is probably the most familiar to the average citizen, is the storage of poultry and dairy products. During the summer months it is essential that these commodities be kept in a cool place, and dried out as market conditions demand. In this way a well-balanced state of supply between the producer and consumer is established.

There are now in the course of construction throughout Canada, or have been completed since the last census was taken, several modern and commodious plants, notably that of the Montreal Harbour Commission's warehouse, which is one of the largest on the North American continent. This plant is designed to provide 2,000,000 cubic feet of dry storage, 1,500,000 feet of cold storage and another million feet of cool storage. The building is estimated to cost in the neighborhood of \$2,250,000.

Investigations are being made at the present time by various organizations interested in the feasibility of slaughtering Canadian cattle in this country and shipping the product across the Atlantic to England in cold storage as market demands warrant. Should this scheme bear fruit, it would mean a tremendous impetus to the cold storage industry and do much towards the rehabilitation of the Canadian Cattle Industry.

Cautious. Doctor—"Now, Dora, put out your tongue."

Dora—"No fear! I got smacked yesterday for doing that!"

Wise men will always remain optimists, however black the sky may be.—Sir Alfred Mond.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.