

Had Your Iron Today?



The Delicious Bread —of Energy and Iron

SERVE raisin bread twice weekly on your table for three reasons:

1. Flavor; 2. Energy; 3. Iron

You remember how good a generously filled, full-fruited raisin bread can be. Your grocer or baker can supply a loaf like this.

Insist—if he hasn't one he can get it for you.

Full-fruited bread is full of luscious seeded Sun-Maid raisins—rich in energizing nutrient in practically predigested form.

Raisins also furnish fatigue-resisting iron for the blood.

Serve plain raisin bread at dinner or as a tasty breakfast toast with coffee.

Make delicious bread pudding with leftover slices. No need to waste a crumb of raisin bread.

Begin this week the habit of raisin bread twice weekly in your home, for raisin bread is both good and good for you.



Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins

Make delicious bread, pies, puddings, cakes, etc. Ask your grocer for them. Send for free book of tested recipes.

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Membership 13,000
Dept. N-439, Fresno, Calif.

The Cow Puncher

BY ROBERT J. C. STEAD.

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Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Dr. 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 Elden ranch where dwell David and his dissolute father. 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 attends the theatre with Conway whom he met in the poolroom.

CHAPTER V.—(Cont'd.)

But there was a whirr from the forest, and the girl reappeared, this time all in red, but not nearly so much in red as she had previously been in white. My, what a quick change she had made! And how her skirt stood out like a rim when she whirled herself! And the young man left all the rest and went to dance with her again. Dave was not altogether pleased with that turn of events. But presently the dance broke up, and they were flung again in line across the stage. And there she was, all in red—no, not all in red, but certainly not in any other color—right before him. And then she looked down and smiled again at him. And he smiled back. And then he looked at Conway and saw him smiling, too. And then he felt a very distressing uncertainty, which brought the color slowly to his face. He resolved to say nothing, but watch. And his observations convinced him that

the smiles had been for Conway, not for him. And then he lost interest in the play.

They hustled into their overcoats to the playing of the national anthem. "Hurry," said Conway, "let's get out quick! Ain't she some dame? There—through the side exit—the stage door is that way. She promised to have her chum with her—they'll be waiting if we don't hurry."

Conway steered him to the stage entrance, where a little group was already congregated. In a moment the girl appeared, handsomely dressed in furs. Dave would not have known her, but Conway recognized her at once, and stepped forward. With her was another girl, also from the chorus, but Dave could not recall her part. He was suddenly aware of being introduced.

"This is my friend Belton," Conway was saying. Dave was about to correct him when Conway managed to whisper, "Whist! Your stage name. Mine's Elward. Don't forget."

Conway took the first girl by the arm, and Dave found himself following rapidly with the other. They were through certain side streets, up a stairway, and into a dark hall. Conway was rattling keys and swearing amiably in his soft voice. Presently a door opened; Conway pressed a button, and they found themselves in a small but comfortably furnished room—evidently bachelor apartments.

The girls threw off their wraps and sauntered about the place, commenting freely on the furnishings and decorations, while Conway started a gas grate and put some water to boil.

"Sorry I've nothing for you to eat," he said, "but I've some good medicine for the thirst."

"Eating's poor business when there's a thirst to be quenched," said one of the girls, with a yawn. "And believe me, I've a long one."

Conway pulled a table into the centre of the room, set chairs about, and produced glasses and a bottle. Dave experienced a sudden feeling as of a poor swimmer beyond his depth. He had never drunk, not even beer, not so much from principles of abstinence as from disgust over his father's drunkenness and enmity toward the means of it.

The glasses were filled and raised. "Ho!" said Conway. "Here's looking!" said one of the girls. Dave still hesitated, but the other girl clicked her glass against his. "Here's looking at you," she said, and she appeared to lay special emphasis on the last two words. Certainly her eyes were on Dave's as she raised her glass to her lips. And under the spell of those eyes he raised his glass and drained it.

Other glasses were filled and drain-

ed. The three were chattering away, but Dave was but vaguely conscious of their talk, and could weave no connected meaning into it. His head was buzzing with a pleasant, dreamy sensation. A very grateful warmth surrounded him, and with it came a disposition to go to sleep. He probably would have gone to sleep had his eye not fallen on a picture on the wall. It was a picture of a girl pointing her finger at him. He suspected that she was pointing it at him, and as he looked more closely he became very sure of it. No girl could point her finger at him. He arose and made a lunge across the room. He missed her, and with difficulty retraced his steps to the table to make a fresh start.

"She's makin' fun o' me," he said, "an' I don't stand for that. Nobody can do that with me. Nobody—see? I don't 'low it."

"Oh, you don't," laughed one of the girls, running into a corner and pointing a finger at him. "You don't?"

He turned his attention to her, steadying himself very carefully before he attempted an advance. Then, with wide-stretched arms, he bore down cautiously upon her. When he had her almost within reach she darted along the edge of the room. He attempted a sudden change in direction, which ended disastrously, and he found himself very much sprawled out upon the floor. He was aware of laughter, but what cared he? He was disposed to slumber. He had a place to sleep than this? What better time to sleep than this? In a moment he was lost to all consciousness.

It was later in the night when he felt himself being dragged into a sitting posture. He remonstrated in a mumbled voice. "'S too early," he said. "Altogether too early. Early. Whew! Watch 'er spin. Jus' his job. Paid for it, ain't he?"

"Well, I ain't paid for this," said Conway, rather roughly. "And you got to pull yourself together. Here, take a little of this; it'll put some gimp into you." He pressed a glass to his lips, and Dave swallowed.

"Where am I?" he said, blinking at the light. "I rose uncertainly to his feet and stood about the room in returning consciousness."

"Where's the girls?" he asked. "Gone," said Conway, sulkily. "Couldn't expect 'em to stick around all night to say good-bye, could you, and you sleeping off your drunk?"

Dave raised his hand to his head. A sense of disgrace was already upon him. Then he suddenly turned in anger on Conway.

"You put this upon me," he cried. "You made a fool of me. I've a mind to bash your skull in for you."

"Don't be silly," Conway retorted. "I didn't enjoy it any more than you did—introducing you as my friend, and then have you go out like that. Why didn't you tip me? I didn't know it would put you to sleep."

"Neither did I," said Dave. "Well, the next thing is to get you home. Can you walk?"

"Sure," Dave said, for the door, but his course suddenly veered, and he found himself leaning over a chair. Conway helped him into his overcoat, and half led, half shoved him to his boarding-house.

CHAPTER VI.

Elden awoke Sunday morning with a feeling that his head had been boiled. Also he had a prodigious thirst, which he slaked at the water pitcher. It was the practice of Metford's gang to select one of their number to care for all the horses on Sundays, while the others enjoyed the luxury of their one day of leisure. In consequence of this custom the room was still full of snoring sleepers, and the air was very close and foul.

Dave sat down by the little table that fronted the open window and rested his head on his hands. It was early spring; the snow was gone; dazling sunshine bathed the prairies in the distance, and near at hand were the twitter of birds and the ripple of water. It was a day to be alive and about.

But the young man's thoughts were not of the sunshine, nor the fields nor the water. He was recalling, with considerable effort, the events of the previous night; piecing them together in impossible ways; reassembling them until they offered some sequence. The anger he had felt toward Conway had subsided, but the sting of shame rankled in his heart. He had no doubt that he had furnished the occasion for much merriment upon the part of the young women, in which, quite probably, Conway had joined.

"Fool," he said to himself. And

because he could think of no more specific expression to suit his feelings, and because expression of any kind brought a sort of relief, he kept on repeating the word, "Fool, fool, fool!" And as his self-condemnation gradually won him back to a sense of perspective he became aware of the danger of his position. He went over the events of the recent months, and tried to be rational. He had left his ranch home to better himself, to learn things, to rise to be somebody. He had worked harder than ever before. It incurred disagreeable employment; he had lived in conditions that were almost nauseating, and what had he learned? That you can't beat a card man at his own game, price sixty dollars, and that the gallery seats are cheaper, and sometimes safer than the back of his mind; in a sudden he thought of Reenie. He had not thought of her much of late; he had been so busy in the days, and so tired at nights, that he had not thought of her much. True, she was always in the back of his mind; in his subconscious mind, perhaps, but he seemed to have put her away, like his skill with revolver and lasso. Now she burst upon him again with all that beauty and charm which had so magnetized him in those glad, golden days, and the frank cleanness of her girlhood made him disgusted and ashamed. It was to fit himself for her that he had come to town, and what sort of mess was he making of it? He was going down instead of up. He had squandered his little money, and now he was squandering his life. He had been drunk.

Dave's nature was one in which emotions were accelerated with their own intensity. When he was miserable his misery left no place in his soul for any ray of sunshine. It fed on itself, and grew to amazing proportions. It spread out from its original cause and enveloped his whole life. It incited all his passions, past, present, and future. When a cloud of gloom settled upon him he felt that it would never lift, but become heavier and heavier until he was crushed under its weight. And the sudden change in his mood had now invaded his consciousness intensified the blackness in which he was submerged, as lightning darkens the storm. He saw her on that last night, with the moonlight wooing her white face, until his own body had eclipsed it in a warm mass, and he heard her words, "I know you are true and clean."

True and clean. "Yes, thank God, I am still that!" he cried, springing suddenly to his feet and commencing to dress. I've been sputtered but nothing that won't wash off. Perhaps, and he stopped as the great thought struck him, "perhaps it was the luckiest thing in the world that the booze did put me out last night. I'll wash it off."

There was considerable comfort in this thought. He had wasted some precious months, but he had not gone too far, and there was still time to turn back. But he must begin work at once on the serious business of life. With this resolve he dressed, turned on a rush, and he found himself whistling as he completed his toilet. There was no breakfast for the late sleepers. Sunday mornings, and he went at once into the warm air outside. He found his body, his limbs, his face; the spring ozone was

AFTER EVERY MEAL WRIGLEY'S



Satisfies the sweet tooth, and
—aids appetite and digestion.

Cleanses mouth and teeth.

A great boon to smokers,
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new NIPS—the candy-coated
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SHIFTING DUNES OF PRINCE EDWARD CO.

THE MOST REMARKABLE
FORMATION OF KIND.

Ontario Government Employ-
ing Unique Method of Plant-
ing to Stabilize Sand.

The Ontario government is winning in its fight against the sand banks of Prince Edward county. Judging by present progress, in a very few years the famous moving hills in the southwest corner of the county will be reduced to their position previous to the middle of the last century—simply mounds of fine sand covered with forest growth.

These famous hills are the most remarkable sand formations to be found in the world, being much larger and higher than similar hills on the shores of Lake Michigan, and in Denmark, or on the island of Java. They are moving hills of sand, constantly shifting inland, by the action of the winds, submerging trees and farms, and even houses and barns, as they gradually add to their inland banks.

The largest of the hills is 150 feet high, from the summit of which a magnificent panoramic view is had of lake and forest, of farm and cozy home, of winding roads and curving bays. While the sand is as fine as flour, it packs so hard, that walking is easy upon it. By digging a few feet in the sand hills, snow and ice are easily found all through the summer, the shifting sand forming a natural ice house by covering the winter ice and snow.

Seventy-five years ago the area of the sand banks consisted of high hills with swampy valleys between. On the lead side of the hills was a fair growth of timber, while in the hollows an excellent stand of cedar had reached maturity. On the lake side of the hills there was some scrubby brush and much grass. Lumbering removed the trees, and the sand dunes began to move. The prevailing northwest winds a chance to loosen up the soil. By 1852 the whole mass was in motion, steadily covering the crown of the hill beneath fifty feet of sand and leaving nothing but a marsh behind. Little cedars attempted to grow in the sand, but were killed by the shifting sand. Then some local effort was put forth. Grasses were experimented with and Holland willows were planted by laying branches in shallow trenches. It was attempted only succeeded in hindering the sand, and raising the sand hills to be moved out of the path of the banks.

The Result of Timber Removal.

On the north side, West Lake was sheltered by seven hundred feet, while east of this, with nothing to stop it, the sand has swept forward more than half a mile in the last seventy years. On the southeast side dense clumps of cedars have halted the banks, though many of the trees have become buried, and all of them until last year were imperilled.

Last season the Ontario forestry branch came on the scene, and under the direction of Arthur H. Richardson opened hostilities against the banks. Profiting by the experience of private planters, shallow trenches, sixty feet apart, on the landward side of the banks were filled with willow branches, and cuttings of poplars and willows were planted between the solid belts. While the cuttings have not done so well, the limb plantings have made an excellent start, an average growth of three feet being registered, while some of the roots traced have grown fifteen feet.

Some land is being purchased by the forestry branch at the foot of the sand hills for the purpose of establishing a distributing nursery station, and also to give the owners some compensation for the good soil buried. At this station planting material will be stored, and it is intended to cover the entire banks with belts of willow and poplar, and other more valuable trees. One hundred and fifty acres have been purchased and the remainder—between four and five hundred acres—will be covered in the near future.

While the sand banks of Prince Edward offer an extreme example of what may be expected when timber growth is removed from light soils and the time exclusively pastured, a partial repetition of the drifting dunes near West Lake is going on in many parts of the province. Along the north shore of Lake Erie, particularly in Norfolk county, several farms have been abandoned, while along the ridge north of Lake Ontario from York county to Peel Lake there is a belt of territory which is not only of little value itself, but threatens surrounding agricultural land.

New Memory System.

"How is it you have such a good memory, Norah?" her mistress inquired.

"Well, mum, I'll tell ye. Since me child's day I have a I told, and when ye don't have to be taxin' yer memory to be rememberin' what you told this one or that, or how ye explained it, or 'at, shure ye don't overwork it an' it lasts ye good an' new, till ye die."

Begin—The rest is easy.

Woman's Interests

A Home Canning Budget.

Canning is one of the most desirable means of preserving fruits, vegetables and meats, for it preserves food in a condition more nearly like that of freshly cooked foods than is the case with dried, pickled, or brined foods. A further advantage in canning is that the housewife has the food all cooked and ready for serving, except perhaps in some cases, seasoning and sauces are to be added. The housewife who really maps out a canning program begins with a variety of canned foods, such as vegetables, fruits and meats as will answer the problem of "What shall I have for dinner?" very satisfactorily.

It is always a wise plan to can in terms of the family rather than in terms of the food at hand. Too often the housewife will can in abundance these products which she has at hand without giving careful consideration to the needs of the family. For instance, we will say she has a large supply of tomatoes, and she is canned in large amounts, even though the family eats this vegetable sparingly.

Every housewife should plan her canning program as regards the likes and dislikes as well as the size of her family. She should decide from her experience of former years as to the amount of canned products of each variety the family will consume and adhere rigidly to this plan. By this method a greater degree of efficiency in the daily menu will be obtained.

Product For Person for Eight Months.

1. Greens, spinach, candelions, chard and other greens, five quarts.
 2. Tomatoes, ten quarts.
 3. Other vegetables, peas, beans, beets, carrots, etc., fifteen quarts.
 4. Fruits (including jellies), thirty quarts.
 5. Meats. Fresh meat in winter, (canned for spring, summer and fall), thirty quarts. This makes a total of ninety quarts per person.
- Ratio of Uncooked to Canned Products:
Peas, 1 bushel 18 qts.
Pears, 1 bushel 30 qts.
Plums, 1 bushel 30 qts.
Blackberries, 16 qts. 14 qts.

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

- Strawberries, 16 qts. 12 qts.
Tomatoes, 1 bushel 15 qts.
String beans, 1 bushel 20 qts.
Sweet corn, 1 bushel 25 qts.
Sweet corn, 1 bushel 25 qts.
Shelled peas, 1 bushel 10 qts.

In proceeding with such a program a "canning budget" may be found to be of great value. Perhaps this brings to mind something relative to a financial estimate of our canning program. However, this is not what is intended, but rather an estimate scientifically worked out on the amount required by the average person of each of the five groups of canned products. The "budget" is planned on a per person basis, and the amount of canned products for eight months in each of the five groups must be multiplied by the number in each family. Enough vegetables are allowed for four servings, with the fruits for five per week. During the remaining days one must make out with pitted vegetables, such as cabbage, rutabagas, onions, etc., and dried and stored fruits, such as prunes, apples, and peaches.

Flowers of Organdy.

The women and girls interested in extension work surpass the men in their ability to produce quick results in "raising" flowers, for flowers of organdy and silk bloom not only over night, but in a few minutes.

One of the most attractive and easily made flowers suitable for use on a hat of organdy or gingham, is made

- by making four petals of organdy, cutting two circles for each petal. The material used may be all of the same color, or the outside may be of one shade, and the inside of the petals of another shade.

The diameter of the circle for the petal may be from two and a half to three and a half inches, according to the desired size of the flower. Stitch the two circles for each petal together around the edge, except for a space about one and a quarter inches. Trim the seam even to one-eighth inch wide, turn and press. Gather each petal along the open space, draw up and fasten firmly. Fold a bunch of flower stems over a loop of green wire, and sew the petals to the loop, overlapping the edges of the petals slightly. The wire stem may be doubled back, and wound with organdy, to match the flower; or the stem may be wound with green embroidery silk or yarn, and may be sewed on through centre or by stem.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

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Trade Vaseline
CARBOLATED
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A VERY efficient
antiseptic when
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dressing for cuts,
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