

CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

*And Give Just as Much Satisfaction
and Nourishment*

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216

What is a double acting baking powder?

A double-acting baking powder is one that starts its action in the mixing bowl and finishes it in the oven.

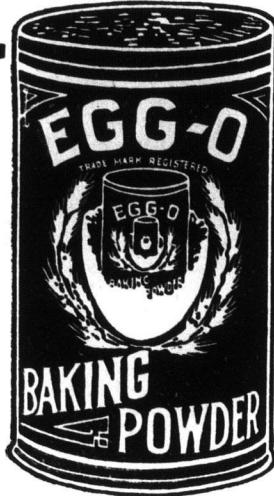
Ordinary baking powders develop their full strength in the mixing bowl and you have to hurry your cakes into the oven. Then, you are always afraid that the oven is not just hot enough, or that a door will slam or something else happen to cause the cakes to fall.

You don't have to hurry or worry when Egg-O Baking Powder is used. Egg-O rises only *partly* in the bowl. You may let the dough stand 15 or 20 minutes or longer—doing so will give better results. When put into the oven, Egg-O continues its action—this *second* action being so steady and strong that a cake is not likely to fall even if it does get an unexpected jar.

EGG-O Baking Powder

is double-acting and just what is needed to make a light baking with the heavy Government Standard flours.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada



Archie Registers Strong Emotion

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Edith G. Bayne

I WAS sittin' in the ante-room one day readin' the last copy o' Fillum Favorites an' smokin' one o' the chief's best stogies that I had pinched the last time the safe door was open, when I heard steps ascendin' our stairs. Now I'm a regular Sherlock at footsteps if I do say it. I ain't been general handy-boy round this office three an' a half years for nothin' an' I know all the shades from the sassiety dame's pat-pat in her corn-tormented twelve-button kids to the shuffle o' old Ike Hazenby, the town "character." All sorts an' conditions o' folks come to a newspaper office.

"This fellow about to enter," I said to myself as I stuffed my smoke in my pocket an' turned my magazine upside down, "is a stranger. I never heard those feet before. Moreover, he's either an artist, a poet or an actor. There's temp'rament in the way he comes down on the balls o' his tootsies—Ah!"

The door had opened. Framed there in the dingy aperture stood one o' the handsomest male brutes o' the human species I had ever lamped. He was no longer in his first youth, but that made him all the more interestin'. He was a cross between Hansom X. Hushman an'

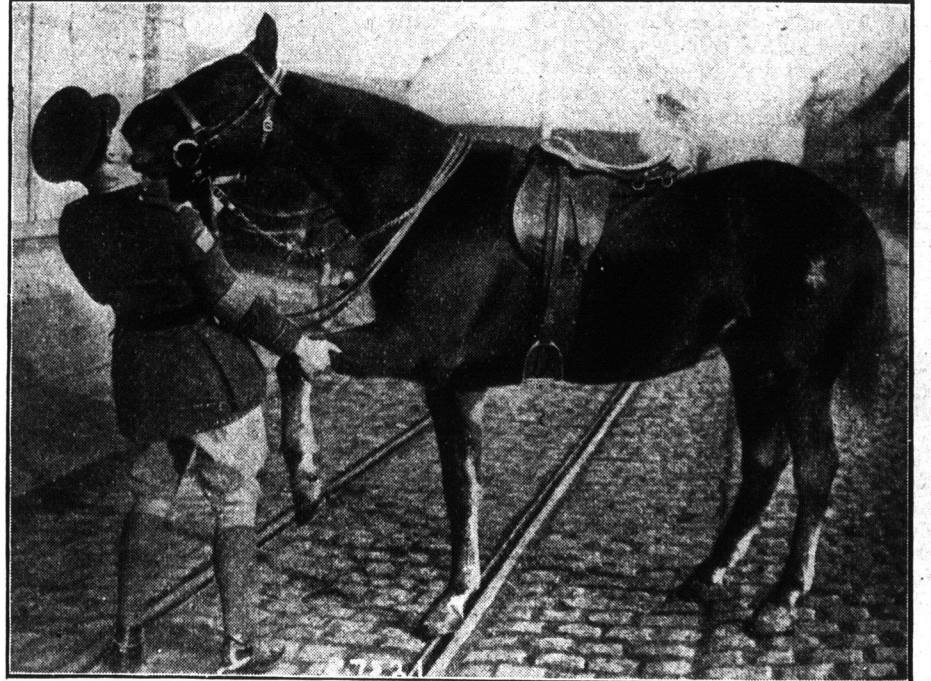
"If you're a drummer," I pondered, narrowin' my eyes at him, "then I sure am sorry for wee wife. She hadn't ought to let such a beautiful hero run round loose. But then maybe you're only the advance agent of a circus."

Bye-an'-bye I heard the chief whistlin', slightly out o' key but quite cheerful, an' he gallops up the stairs an' bursts in in his usual brisk manner. I chucked Fillum Favorites under a pile o' papers. Ever since Lawrence Boyd, my chief, lost his sweetheart Mary to the great film profession no one round the joint dasts to whisper "movies," an' it's as much as my job is worth to be seen with a photograph magazine. Mary is starrin' now. As for me—well she promised to do somethin' for me over there but she hasn't come across with the goods yet. My forte, of course, will be custard pie comedy. I bet I'll make a monkey out o' Charlie an' Fatty when I cut loose. The things I can do with my feet an' a dude cane would make those poor prunes look a very pale yellow.

"The editor?" says our middle-aged Adonis, risin'.

"Yep," answered the boss. "What can I do for you?"

The stranger extended his card. I saw the chief glance at it, frown a little,



ONE OF THE SADDEST MOMENTS OF DEMOBILIZATION

The last good-bye. Canadian staff officer parts with his charger in France. It is common knowledge that the soldier loves his horse as well as himself, and his first thought when a moment of respite comes, is almost always for his mount. The natural outcome of this is, of course, that the horse becomes extraordinarily friendly and devoted to their masters. The horse shown in the photo is shaking a last farewell with his owner, a Canadian staff officer, about to leave for home. He brought the animal with him from Canada, and they have been companions until necessity compelled a separation.

Douglas Horse-Vaulter, only better looking than both. In that first flash I gathered these items—forty-dollar panama, form-fitting clothes, red carnation in button-hole, freshly-creased trousers, dull black cloth-topped shoes, cane, Havana cigar and diamond ring of the first water—or paste.

"Evidently no poet," I muttered as I rose.

"Is your employer in, my little man?" he asked, smilin' an' tossin' away the Havana with plutocratic nonchalance, as the novels say.

Little man! Wouldn't that jolt you! An' me in my second pair o' longs!

"You mean the editor?" I said, yawning.

"Naw, he's out to luncheon."

"Ah!" he boomed, genially. "I shall wait, then. He will not be long I suppose?"

"Depends," I says, retrievin' a wad o' spearmint from under the table.

"Often he gets to yappin' in the post office an' I have to go an' fetch him."

"The chickens in this burg are due to lose their hearts en masse!" was my reflection as I watched this lady-killer that had just blew in, out o' the corner o' my weather eye. He had taken a chair an' was readin' a paper from off the centre table. He had eyebrows that went up an' down, a dinky little mustache, a cliff chin an' a general effect of an elderly Romeo. What a bird of a hero he'd make in "Her Broken Heart" or "Dustier than Dust," thinks I to myself! He had just the kind o' chest that could heave in the emotional parts.

looked at the visitor sharply an' then back at the card again. Very slowly he crumpled it an' tossed it into the waste-basket by the window.

"I'm sorry," he said, coldly. "I never have anything to do with your kind of business."

The stranger lifted his romantic brows.

"My dear sir!" he exclaimed in surprise.

"Never."

"You must be prejudiced."

Lawrence Boyd shrugged.

"I—ahem—may say, sir, that I am out of the business now, permanently," said the stranger.

"But I've been using my old cards, being rather hurried lately—"

"Then why do you wish to see me? Advertisements?"

"No. The fact is this is my old home town. I have returned here from patriotic motives. I—"

I saw the chief begin to look interested.

He's nuts on this patriotic business, bein' long past the draft age an' sore as a boil because the docs told him his heart was outa kilter, an' he's an officer in the Home Defence Corps an' a whole lot o' things like that. Lately the head o' the composin' room an' I have been rummin' the sheet, you might say, the boss absents himself so much.

"Oh, an old Fasyburg boy, eh?" he cries, an' they shake hands an' go in together to the sanctum, thick as thieves.

I went over an' sorted out that bit o' pasteboard from the basket an' smoothed it out. I guess my eyes musta stuck out