

BOVRIL

The Great Body Builder



THE HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE

A Cheery, Healthful, Homelike Atmosphere

is helped by the happy home folk, the familiar surroundings—and moist, pure air. You cannot easily have the first two without the last. The air in every room should have the snap and vim of outdoor air. It must be supplied by a furnace with a capacity for heating the air instantly as it passes. Know these "HECLA" points.

THE STEEL RIBBED FIRE POTS with a heating surface capacity three times greater than that of any other furnace

THE INDEPENDENT GRATE BARS let you touch up the fire just where it needs it—an economical point

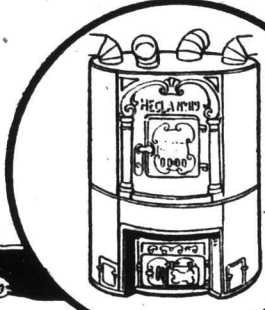
THE CAST-IRON COMBUSTION CHAMBER—designed to do its work thoroughly—saving coal and making heat. It cannot burn out, as steel chambers do

These are only some of the ways in which a "HECLA" cuts down the coal bills. A big point is the ease of operation and care of the "HECLA"—a few minutes, morning and night, and you're through.

Prove these things by a visit to the house of a "HECLA" owner. He'll tell you.

Investigate our guaranteed plan for Heating Homes. You should have our book "Comfort and Health" in any case

Clare Bros. Western, Limited
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CHALLENGE

WATERPROOF

GOLLARS

SAVE YOUR MONEY

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money—25c for collar, 50c per pair for cuffs. We will supply you. Send for new style book. Made in Canada

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54-54 Fraser Avenue TORONTO, Can.

PEERLESS PERFECTION

The Fence For Real Protection

gives life time service. Is made of the best Open Hearth steel fence wire, all impurities burned out, all the strength and toughness left in. Makes the fence elastic and springy. Will not snap or break under sudden shocks or quick changes. Galvanized to prevent rust and the coating will not flake, peel or chip off. Can be erected over the most hilly and uneven ground, without buckling, snapping or kinking. Every joint is locked together with the well-known "Peerless Lock." The heavy stay wires we use prevent sagging and require only about half as many posts as other fences. Send for catalog. It also describes our farm gates, poultry fencing and ornamental fencing. Peerless Perfection rapidly fencing Canada's highways and byways.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario

Prohibition Is Here To Stay!

But don't let that worry you. You can make GENUINE LAGER BEER right in your own home with

HOP MALT EXTRACT

This beer conforms strictly to the Temperance Act, but it is as different from ordinary so-called "Temperance Beer" as day is from night. It has the real creamy beer flavor, because it contains only pure malt and hops. If you like a glass of REAL LAGER BEER get some Hop Malt Extract to-day

Large Can, enough for 6 gals. \$1.50
Small Can, enough for 2 1/2 gals. 1.00

HOP MALT CO. Dept. O Beamsville, Ont.

still we got enough of it. Did you ever notice a chip in a great pot of boiling water, well that is the way old ocean harried us as we rounded the great wireless Tatoosh station and headed sou'east for Flattery Rocks and Cape Alva. Twice before had we come this far only to find the surf so immense that it was impossible to land; to-day, to the novice, it looked even more so. Ahead, as we backed and paddled, rose a mighty wall of water, smooth on the upcurl, curving on the overbreak, a wall fully a mile long and twenty feet high and a couple of hundred feet wide. It rushed along for the shore until it fell over upon itself and formed the second great wave, then it split up into many surf breakers and broken water stretches, broke until it was white as freshly spilled milk.

"Look! that wave is hollow!" cried Laddie. Truly it was, a fearsome hollow. As the monstrous wall of water reared and fell over it left in the curl of its mighty crest a huge air space, a space great enough for us to have paddled in and fully a mile long. When this broke, as it did before it reared itself up to form the next roller, it sent out a terrific, earsplitting bellow like some monstrous amphibious bull.

"We can never make it!" I read the words through the cupped hands of the boy. Our canoe was sweeping on rapidly in the tremendous "swishing" body of water that swept shorewards. At some unseen signal the now naked Neahs started paddling like demons, paddling might and main to keep us on the top of the surf wave. Up!—Up!—Up! we went. I can feel that sickening rush yet. On, on we swept, just behind that vast air chamber that rolled like some enchanting, fascinating vision ahead—suddenly the entire fabric of onrushing surfwave and giant airwave collapsed and down we went into the boiling onrush—right behind us advanced the next surfwave—it caught us up out of that creaming turmoil, hurled up skyhigh on its roaring crest, and deposited us, soaked and breathless, amid a mass of flashing breakers and screeching undertow. Seven pairs of brown legs leaped overboard in a twinkling, "Kwut! Kwut! Kwut!" (push, push, push), they howled, seemingly into our ears as they grasped the gunwale of the long cedar craft. "So-pen-na," screeched O'poots, (jump), and out the lad and I leaped on the wet sands and raced ahead of the oncoming wave. We beat it, breathlessly, and sat down to wipe off our machines and watch the Neahs drag the canoe up in the backwash, a backwash so strong that it swept pebbles as big as footballs back with it.

All this took but a few—awful—minutes. On the way through the reefs we saw the Sea Lions, they were Stellers Sea Lion, great tawny beasts. The giant males weighed over half a ton. As our canoe dashed on its wild career through the reefs we saw whole bands of yellow sea lions sitting on the dry tops of the highest points in the reefs. The ones on the lower were quite brown, that is to say the water made the wet hair look that color. Some of the younger animals let our cascading craft come quite near them before they slid off the ledges. It was all we could do to see them for the flying spray and falling rain so photography was out of the question. The entire herd was feeding on squid and a rare octopus, or Devil Fish, as these grizzly creatures live under the rocks and beyond the lowest lowtide line, and the sea lions were diving and feeding on them. Nice soft food for a sea lion, as I have seen a coast Indian pick up one and bite off a nice morsel from one of its tentacles, and the weird looking thing was not dead at that. The skins of these huge sea animals, the sea lions, are of little value, so little that we never took any, nor did I allow my men to slaughter them. It is said they are destructive to fish—well! so are we—and these big handsome, excellent divers and swimmers, eat an hundred squid to one fish as proved by many a dissection on this lonely coast. I have had a big inquisitive female follow me for miles, or it may have been a young male, as its head was small and smooth. At times she was within a long paddle stroke of the canoe and, as her face is just like a human skull, or the face of an old withered female, it was an uncanny looking object to have skirting along with me. Again we have come across a herd of these big strong amphibians feeding after nightfall on the tideflats in shallow

water when the minute phosphorescent diatoms made every swirl in the water a lick of blue flame, to see a skull-like sea lion emerge in a dribbling uplift of living flame was to clutch wildly at the gunwale if unfamiliar with night work on the coast. You can always tell the males by the "mane" of coarse hair on the back of the neck. Some of these old monarchs have a large harem, as many as ten sleek females following him everywhere and paying the most assiduous court to the old robber once he flops and scrambles up the reef. We have watched an intruder appear, a rival for the affection of the harem. The great bull would bristle all over and launch himself forth on that hapless intruder with a truly bull-like roar, snapping and barking his way down the slippery rock; here, if the intruder attacked, they would wrap their long necks about each other, tearing and biting until great patches of blood appeared on their yellow and brown coats; later, after victory, the big bull would flop slowly up the reef rock and entwine all the sleek female necks with his own puffed and bloody neck, whining in the strangest tones.

After a wee bit rest and a rude bite to eat we heard the Neah's cry, "Nah-hal-les! mas-sh-chuck-chacko," (look here! the tide rises). "Couldn't we walk back to Neah Bay," asked the boy, as the Olympics rose between. It was out of the question, but honestly, I would rather have climbed a climbable range than go out through that dreadful turmoil again, but the range was to us impassable, so we reluctantly took our places in the canoe. Off came the few clothes our men had drawn on, and down the bubbling sands the canoe went. "Splash!" into the first shore roller, into the canoe the men leaped and the paddles flew out like miniature bird wings, great masses of spume and foam choked and blinded us, and the curl of the first breaker covered us completely; but some way, the odd shaped bow I suppose helped, did not fill us. We had no time to "paddle-splash" the water out for it seemed as if the whole ocean suddenly reared up in front of us and the great air cavern burst with a tremendous roar and whirled us this way and that; the men jockeyed and rode there almost motionless until—at a given "Is-kum" (actually the word get-to) off we flew again—in the time it takes to tell it we had worked out of that howling waste, soaked, breathless, with a canoe load of water sluicing back and forth. All the dark tumbling objects were sea lions plunging off the rocks but, neither coming or going, were our eyes free enough for one instant from salt water splash to clearly distinguish anything.

If
you never
tasted
Grape-Nuts
FOOD
you have
missed
one of the
good things
in life