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COOK'S CORNER

Tomato Catsup

One peck ripe tomatoes, six onions. Boil together until done, then put through colander. Add a half ounce each of allspice, cloves and ginger, one ounce black pepper, four ounces salt, four ounces mustard, one pound brown sugar, one quart good vinegar, preferably cider, two or three red peppers. Boil one and one-half hours. Seal.

Chili Sauce, No. 1.

Porty ripe tomatoes; eight large onions; four green peppers; nine cups vinegar; six tablespoons salt; half tablespoon cloves; half tablespoon cinnamon; one teaspoon ginger; two cups sugar. Pare tomatoes as for cooking, chop onions and peppers and boil together until thick, also add two pounds sugar.

Chili Sauce, No. 2.

Twelve large, ripe tomatoes; three onions; three red peppers. Slice up onions and peppers fine. Salt to taste, add one pound sugar and three cups vinegar. Boil one hour.

Chili Sauce, No. 3.

Twenty-four large, ripe tomatoes; one red pepper; six onions; one quart vinegar; three tablespoons salt; two teaspoons allspice; two teaspoons cinnamon; six heads of celery; two cups sugar. Peel and cut tomatoes, peppers, onions and celery. Mix all ingredients in preserving kettle and boil one hour. Bottle while hot in sterilized jars.

Shirley Sauce.

Twelve ripe tomatoes; two large onions; one cup vinegar; one tablespoon sugar; one tablespoon salt. Chop vegetables fine, mix ingredients. Boil one hour and seal in jars while hot.

War Breads

"WAR BREADS" is the title of Bulletin 254, recently gotten out by the Ontario Department of Agriculture. The information contained therein regarding various kinds of breads for war time, is written by Miss Ethel M. Chapman. The recipes are classified under three heads—quick breads, quick breads and biscuits, gems and muffins. Below are several recipes for raised breads, and in later issues we anticipate publishing some of the quick breads, biscuits, etc.

Raised Brown Bread.

Two cups corn meal; one-quarter yeast cake; two cups rye flour; one-half cup molasses; one teaspoon salt; one-eighth teaspoon soda; one-quarter cup lukewarm water; two cups boiling water. Pour the boiling water on the corn meal. When lukewarm, add dissolved yeast cake and remaining ingredients. Beat well, let it rise over night, beat again and pour into greased bread pans. Bake in a moderate oven from one and one-half to two hours.

Rolled Oats Bread.

Two cups boiling water; one-half cup molasses; one-half tablespoon salt; one tablespoon butter; one-half yeast cake dissolved in one-half cup lukewarm water; one cup rolled oats or oatmeal; four and one-half cups flour. Add boiling water and stand one hour. Add molasses, salt, butter, dissolved yeast cake and flour. Let rise, beat thoroughly, turn into buttered bread pans, let rise again and bake.

Entire Wheat Bread.

Two cups scalded milk; one-third cup sugar or one-half cup molasses;

one-quarter yeast cake dissolved in one-quarter cup of lukewarm water; one and one-half teaspoons salt; five cups sifted entire wheat flour.

When lukewarm add yeast cake dissolved in warm water and flour. Beat well, let rise until nearly double its bulk. Beat, turn into greased bread pans, let rise until nearly double its bulk and bake for about one hour in a moderately hot oven.

Bran Bread.

Two yeast cakes; two cups milk, scalded and cooled; one cup lukewarm water; one-half cup molasses; seven cups flour; five cups bran; two teaspoons lard or butter; two teaspoons salt. Dissolve the yeast in the lukewarm water and milk. Add molasses. Add the bran, lard or butter, salt, and the balance of the flour, or enough to make a dough that can be handled. Knead well, cover, and let rise until double its bulk. Divide into loaves and place in greased pans. Let rise until double its bulk and bake in a moderate oven.

Corn, Rye and White Flour Bread. Two cups lukewarm water; one yeast cake; one-half tablespoon salt; one-half cup molasses; one cup rye flour; one cup corn meal; three cups flour. Dissolve yeast cake in water, and remaining ingredients, and mix thoroughly. Let rise to double its bulk, knead and shape into loaves; let rise again to double its bulk and bake.

John Fixes the Cuckoo Clock

(Continued from page 14.) John done to that clock?" and then the bird tried to hookhoo.

"It flapped its wings three or four times, and opened and shut its poor little beak. It was really pitiful like. 'Tch' it says, just as faint as, faint. I looked for it to shut its eyes and keel over on its back and curl up its claws, it sounded so sickly.

"Poor Birdy!" says Toodles. "I should think he would!" "When John set to work on the clock that night he was real grim about it. I seen it wasn't no occasion for me to say much; so I complained to not feelin' just well, and went to bed. I dare say it was about one o'clock in the a. m. when John come to bed, and I knew he was real cross. He sort of muttered while he undressed, and then all at once he shouts out:

"Oh, plague that kid—leavin' everything everywhere! Near murdered me! I know he had stepped on Toodles's toy snake. I guess it hurt John considerable, especially, in his state of mind just then, for it was one of them jointed wood snakes, and he was cross anyway.

"Dart the snake!" he understood why John was so cross. The birdy wouldn't even say 'ick' to the clock any more. 'Whirr-rr!' 'Whirr-rr!' when hour time come, and the birdy alid out and opened its poor, muto beak, and dapped one wing, and backed in again. It was the foolishest lookin' bird I ever see try to burst into song.

"Thank goodness, anyway," I says to myself, 'it won't set me crazy hookhooing! Trust John to mend the noise out of a clock, give him time enough!"

"So when John come home that night, lookin' sort of studious and worn, I says to him, John, why don't you leave that clock the way it is? I was tired to death of that eternal hookhooing and hookhooing, and I'm satisfied to let it be."

"All right," he says, 'and it's just as well you are,' he says, 'for this clock ain't going to hookhoo or hookhoo no more. I've puttered over it,

and worked over it, and lost my sleep over it, and all, and I'm done trying to make it hookhoo and hookhoo. Mix Where did you put that screwdriver?" "What you goin' to do now, John?" I says.

"Do?" he says. 'Dot? Why. Mother, the hookhoo is all right out of this clock, and I'm sick of it like you are anyway, and the children don't hanker after it any more. I've worked over the crazy contraption until I'm so put out with it that the rest of that wood- 'n bird comin' out of that door and hookhooin' at me is more than mortal man can bear. But I've got an idea—I've got a notion."

"Yes, sir," says John, sort of pleased-like, I got an idea! Where that snake of Toodles's I got a stone bruise with last night?"

"George!" I says, 'go fetch Father Toodles's snake!"

"So George went and got it. 'What yuh goin' to do, Pawther?' he asks. "You wait an see!" says John. "You just wait an see!" "You won't wait to see tonight, George Higgins!" I says. "It's your bedtime right now. Upstairs with you!" "So George fretted a little, but he went, and John seemed so happy and cheerful I thought maybe I'd stay down and watch him work. I'd been goin' to bed so early while he was tryin' to make the clock hookhoo that I'd got behind in my clock dartin', so I set dartin' and John set fixin' the clock.

"You wait!" he says once in a while when I asked him how he was getting along. 'This is goin' to be the biggest surprise you and the kids ever had."

"Then he'd tinker awhile, and set off the clock. Sh'd go 'Whirr-rr!' 'Whirr-rr!' and then John would chuckle. He was real pleased with himself and what he was doin'.

I like a man to be that way. "Now then, Ma," says John, "it's eleven o'clock now or so. I got her fixed!" and he laughed out loud, he was so pleased. "This is goin' to be the biggest surprise the kids ever had. It'll be worth a dollar bill to see what mornin'!" he says. "Now here's what I done," he says. "I've took this bird clear off from the clock," he says, 'showin' it to me.

"So you have," I says.

"Yes," he says, 'because this bird is gone hookhooing," he says. "It has hooked its last hook, and hooded its last hoo; so what's this use of it? Nothin'!" he says. "But I got an idea last night when I stepped on the snake," he says, "here's a clock," I says to myself, he says, "I that's goin' 'Whirr-rr!' 'Whirr-rr!' like a rattlesnake, and here's the snake!" I says, "I don't nothin' but be givin' me stone bruises on my heel, and what's the matter with makin' a rattlesnake clock out of that cuckoo clock?"

"I seen he wanted to be praised some, like man do want to be; so I says, 'John Higgins! Do you mean to tell me you've been able to turn that cuckoo clock into a rattlesnake clock with nothin' but a screw driver and a penknife to do it with?"

"With them and a gimlet," he says, prouder than ever.

"Well, you're wonderful!" I says. "You wait till I show you," he says. And then see what you say. Great idea for teachin' the kids natural history, ain't it?" he says. "Now wait till I win her up, I says. There, now!" he says, 'I wish I could make up George and let them see it. See? The hour comes around. "Look out for the rattlesnake!" I says. "Big rattlesnake in the clock!" I shout out, and I think it's listen. "Whirr-rr!" "Look out!" I says, and bang! comes the door open, and out comes the snake where the bird used to be, and wags its head as many times as the