

## All the Cream

with no flushing

The only Disc Machine that takes the Cream from bottom of bowl.

Skimming test equals or exceeds any other machine on market. Simplified mechanism has fewer working parts, and one tool fits every part of machine.

**ANKER-HOLTH**

Self-Balancing  
Cream  
Separator

Lightest  
Running

We guarantee that the bowl will keep in perfect balance throughout the entire life of Separator.



Here you have a genuine "no-trouble" machine—easy to turn—positive clutch starts machine without effort. Any density of cream can be secured by a simple adjustment. Discs are interchangeable—easy to clean—top disc forms dirt trap, eliminating contamination before milk is separated.

Capacities 350, 500, 600 Lbs.

A size to suit your needs. Tell us number of cows you have—we'll advise you what size you should have—remember you get

**30-DAY TRIAL**

on any size—you'll find it the lightest running machine on the market.

If your dealer hasn't got one, write us direct.

**Western Anker-Holth Company**

63 Victoria Street WINNIPEG, MAN.

## ALADDIN

Readi-Cut  
Homes

Let Aladdin  
Build Your Home

The high cost of materials need not keep you from building this year. The charming home of your own, which you have wanted for years, can now be yours right away—and money saved.

The beautiful, fully illustrated Aladdin Book will help you choose a most attractive yet economical home—over 100 designs to choose from.

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With Aladdin Houses practically all waste in material is eliminated. They are cut to fit by machinery, saving labor and time. There is no dealers' profits. Aladdin Houses are shipped to you direct from the manufacturer.

To get complete information about Aladdin Read-Cut Houses send stamps for the beautiful book, "Aladdin Houses."

Send stamps to-day for Catalogue W-14

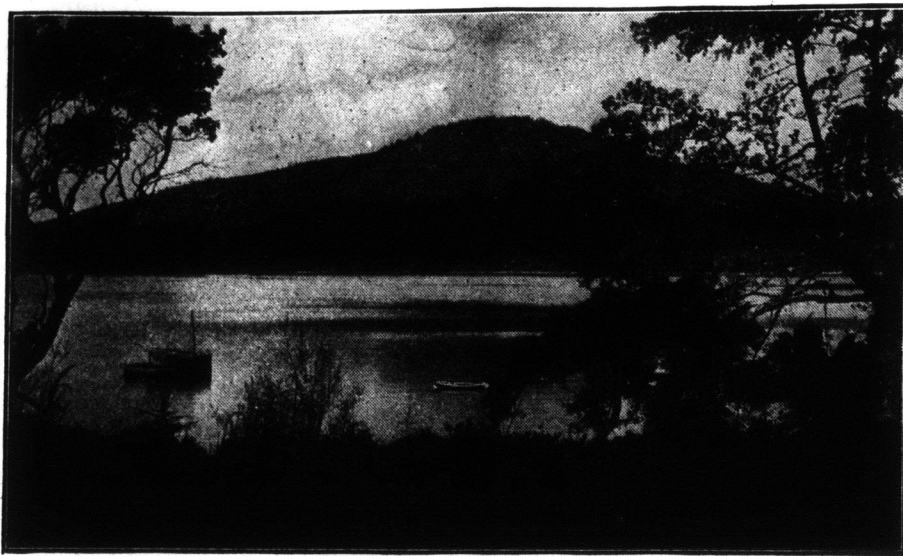
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They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them, at any surface, two-million uses. Send for sample pkg., 10¢. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25¢. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. W., Hollywood, Ont.

still the canoe leaped on, it came right for the beach at our feet, by now we were both barelegged, we knew what to do. The very instant that canoe beached in the shallow onrush two figures leaped and dragged it shorewards. Then they braced themselves for the backrush. This safely past we rushed down the wet sand and together we hauled that log canoe up so far that the next billow only assisted in beaching it high and dry. We now had leisure to observe our visitors, two old coast Indians. He was I should judge between eighty and ninety. The kloochman seemed younger, in fact their slightly more sheltered life preserves them better, but she was past the allotted three score years and ten. In the canoe were the chicken halibut

they had seemed to risk their lives for. To a young active coast man a landing is only an incident. Now they got ready to eat a bite and so did we. Ours was I admit mostly from the low tide line—these and a bit of bread, but our visitors had such dainties. From an old square coal oil tin, a thing of multifarious uses on the Coast; they poured some ancient and active whale oil—Oh! the bouquet of that oil. This was served with "pilot bread" (hard tack), and some boiled tentacles of the "Octopus or Devil Fish" clams with the sand on them. Sea urchins raw—Oh! how raw, a drink of lagoon water and tea boiled black—No! we gave; but we did not receive—Nor did I eat while that ever active oil was working.



B.C. Scenery. Deep Cove, Saanick Peninsula, Salt Spring in the Distance

## "Pie Spells Poison"

By S. G. Mosher

**M**RS. WARNE was in the kitchen getting dinner when the bell rang.

"I won't keep you a moment," the caller assured her, gushingly. "But when I decided to try for the carpet sweeper that 'Rational Rations' is offering for a club of five new subscribers you were the first person I thought of. The magazine comes twice a month, and costs only two dollars a year."

"I am afraid we already take more magazines than we can read," Mrs. Warne began, doubtfully.

"But 'Rational Rations' is so different," Mrs. Grey persisted. "It has simply revolutionized our home life. Everyone says how different Mr. Grey looks. There is an article in this issue, 'Pie Spells Poison,' which alone is worth a year's subscription. Then this article on nuts—did you know that an ounce of nuts contains as much nourishment as a pound of beefsteak?"

"I am afraid my husband would insist on the steak."

"Mr. Grey was rather difficult at first—men are so conservative. But now he quite agrees that the diet prescribed by the magazine is more healthful than our old one. Just think, he has lost twenty pounds in the last month."

This was interesting news to Mrs. Warne, for her increasing weight was causing her a good deal of anxiety. And then, too, the simplest way to get rid of the voluble caller seemed to give her the subscription.

"Thank you so much," Mrs. Grey gushed, tucking the bill into her glove. "I'm sure you will enjoy the magazine. I'll just leave this copy with you; do read this article on nuts."

Mrs. Warne hurried back to the kitchen, made two pumpkin pies and slipped them into the oven, made tomato soup, and set the table. Then, having a few moments to spare, she picked up "Rational Rations." It opened of its own accord at the article on pies. She began to read, at first indifferently, then with strained attention. The opening of the front door brought her to herself with a start.

Mr. Warne came in with his arms full of bundles. "Here's the coffee, and a jar of pickles, and some pork sausage

for breakfast. Do I smell pumpkin pies?"

"Oh, my goodness," Mrs. Warne exclaimed, rushing to the kitchen, she was just in time.

"They look mighty good, and smell better," her husband said, with an appreciative glance at the pies. Mrs. Warne muttered something about poison, but he thought he must have misunderstood her. Just then the two girls, Christina and Edith, came in. Tom was late, as usual.

As Mr. Warne picked up the carving knife he noticed a worried frown on his wife's usually placid face. "I subscribed for another magazine today," she remarked suddenly.

"Another?" Edith exclaimed. "You know we don't read all those we take now."

"It is called 'Rational Rations,' and explains all about food values. No sweet potatoes for me, father—they are so fattening. Mrs. Grey says her husband has been a different creature since they have been taking the magazine."

"He certainly has changed in the last few months," Mr. Warne agreed. "He's as gaunt as a wolf, and his temper can best be described as snappy."

"I was reading such an interesting article before dinner," Mrs. Warne continued, unheeding the interruption. "The writer says we may all mould our bodies as we desire; it is simply a matter of choosing the proper food. Christina, do you think it wise to take a second helping of the carrots? Creamed vegetables are so extremely fattening."

Christina flushed, and forbore to help herself from the dish her sister had passed to her. She was a music teacher, with aspirations towards the concert stage, and her plumpness was a source of much worry to her.

"The carrots won't hurt me," Edith laughed, as she helped herself. She was still in high school, and her height and slenderness had earned her the nickname of "Beanpole."

"I mean to eat less meat in future," her mother went on, "and only raw vegetables. 'Rational Rations' says cooked vegetables are poisonous. And I shall bake no more pies. To think that I have for years been unknowingly poisoning my family!"

Her husband opened his mouth to protest, but thought better of it. Experience had taught him that when his wife had once caught a hobby she must ride it to death.

Mrs. Warne lay awake a long time that night, planning rational menus. Next morning, although the usual hearty breakfast of sausages, buckwheat cakes and syrup sorely tempted her, she made a Spartan meal on two thin slices of toast.

Her husband looked pleased when she offered to walk down to the station with him. The time had been when she did this every morning, but for some years the pleasant custom had been allowed to lapse. After seeing her husband off, Mrs. Warne still lingered at the station, walking up and down the platform. Four times she passed the weighing machine; the fourth time she dropped a nickel in the slot. The hand whirled round before her horrified eyes until it stopped at 170.

"Why, mother," an astonished voice at her elbow gasped, and she turned to meet the eyes of her daughter Christina.

"I thought since I was down here, I might as well get weighed," she explained trying to speak in an offhand tone. Then, with a catch in her voice, she added, "Oh, Christina, a hundred and seventy pounds. Just think of it!"

But Christina, in her turn, had slipped a nickel into the machine. "A hundred and forty-five," she cried. "Mother, I really must diet. I've gained five pounds in the last month."

"Let us call at Mrs. Grey's, she will have the back numbers of 'Rational Rations,'" her mother suggested.

From that point dated the revolution in the diet of the Warne family. Christina and her mother lived chiefly on green vegetables, tomatoes, and raw

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people make

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least one meal each day.  
It's because of the  
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