



Come— hash them!

This chilly weather nobody likes a cold dinner—everyone likes a hot, savoury hash made the Edwards' Soup way. This is how to do it:—

First empty Edwards' Soup into a saucepan; let it boil thoroughly for half-an-hour (give it plenty of time), pour the soup over the cold pieces of meat and vegetable; warm up together and—dish up and enjoy.

P.S.—Cook enough for second helpings all round.

EDWARDS' SOUPS

But you **MUST** give them half-an-hour—worth it.

Edwards' Soup (Tomato variety) makes a grand, rich soup. Edwards' Soup (White variety) is splendid for Irish Stews. Of all wholesale and retail Grocers, etc.

In this at
25c

also tins at 75c
and packets at 30c.

To be had from Wholesale and Retail Grocers Everywhere.
W. H. ESCOTT & CO., LIMITED, WINNIPEG
Representatives for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

Concrete Grain Elevators

Are the best grain insurance that you can have against fire or damage of any sort. They are proof against rodents that gnaw their way into ordinary buildings and carry away the farmer's profits. They save storage charges by enabling you to store your own grain until you can

Obtain Better Prices

Elevators built of concrete maintain a dry, even temperature. They cannot rot, rust or burn and require no repairs or paint—in short, they are the cheapest kind of elevators the grain farmer can build.

Let us send you the free book "What the Farmer can do with Concrete". It tells all about concrete farm buildings and how to build them, and about dozens of other things that the farmer can build of concrete.

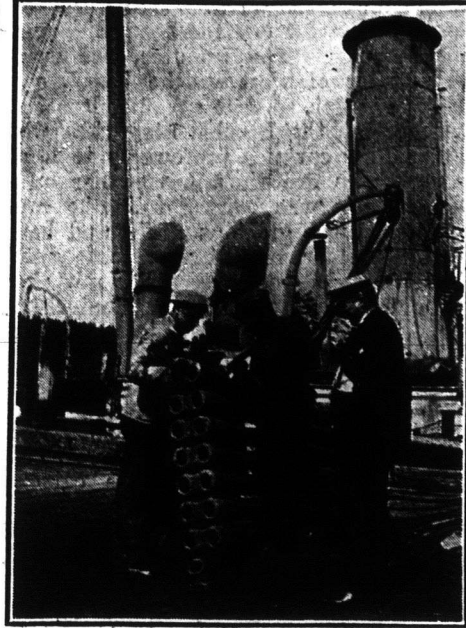
**Farmer's Information Bureau
Canada Cement Company Limited
768 Herald Building, Montreal**

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Investigating on a "Walloper"

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale. Photographs by the Author and Others

I **FEEL** forced to call our steamer the above. Really she ought to be ashamed of herself. Here we are,

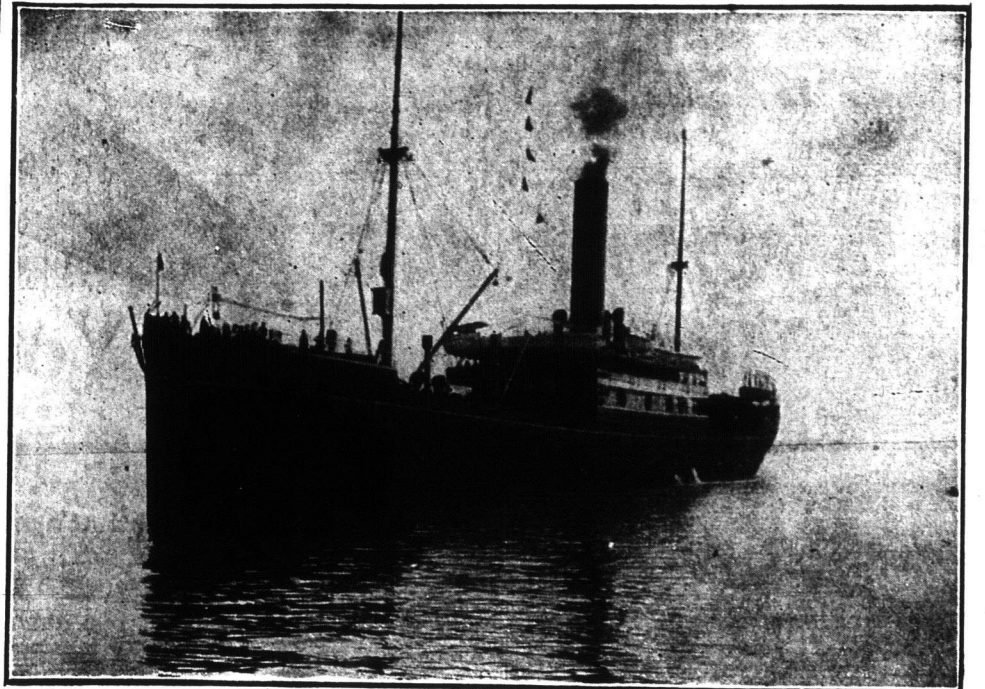


Oh, here's the crew and the captain bold of the 'Walloper'

just thirty days off the ways and she has been aground four times, ashore once, bent her shaft by bucking too

"Anchor, watch, ahoy," sang out the laughing lad, and William Henry came rolling back and they lifted the mud-hook. One bell, and the wheel gives a kick, and Watts says, sticking his head up out of the hatch like a marine jack-in-the-box, "Can't be done, sir; there's not enough coal to get to Union Bay," and bobs down. I ring again, and we repeat the performance. Then I say: "To the dock for a little coal," and all goes as merry as a marriage bell. I regret to state that William Henry and Watts, with immense feeling, went at once to write to the sister with the much-broken-arm kid and the poor unstable mother, and when they returned — after dark — William Henry was so full of a son's love or something else that he crossed the gangplank on his hands and knees — and Watts — I think he feared for that arm, calmly lay down on the wharf and slept comfortably there all night.

"Ding-a-ling," and off we go the next morning at fifteen miles—or less—an hour. Do you know there are some of the most wonderful oarsmen out here? They must be record breakers. One fellow kept even with us to the harbor's mouth, and then cut across our bows. Fritz said he got on the windward to shelter us from the sea. Yes, it was rolling, and we played a sort of eccentric marine rocking horse game for ten



'Aki Maru', Japanese freight and passenger steamer

hard, shifted her deckhouses in her insane rolling, pitched one dingy off and lost it entirely. Watts, the engineer, you will remember, says it would be well if I bought him a suit padded just as the footballers have, for he never can tell just when or where she will throw him. William Henry, our noble fireman—pardon me, I can always smooth his feathers when I call him "assistant engineer"—says he "is all over bumps and blacks and blues." Here they both come forward now.

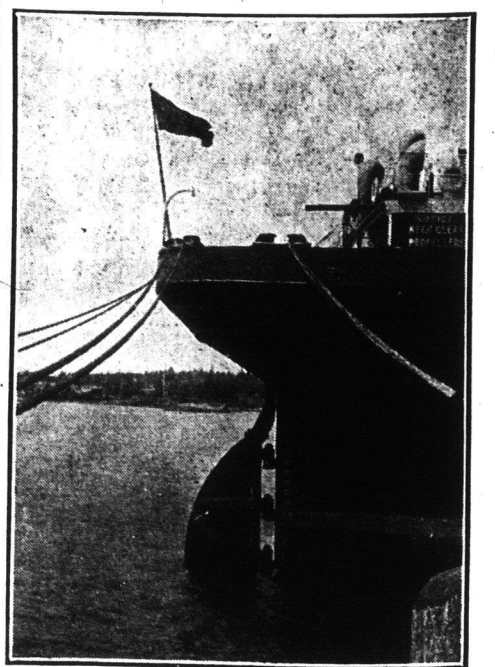
"Might I be after asking you," says Watts—he speaks Irish, has an English name and dresses like a Dutchman—"for a small advance; me sister's boy has broken his arrum, sir. Thank you, sir," and off he waddles.

"That boy's got more arms than a centipede," whispered Fritz; "that's the fifth arm he's broken in a year."

"I'd like to send a wee bit of money to me mother," faltered William Henry. "She lives down in Bremerton and bees all alone." I gave him an advance and he pulled his ragged lock and tumbled aft. It wasn't far to tumble, as we are only thirty feet overall, but she threw him once before he got there, even if she is at anchor. Oh! the Terra Nova is no slouch, I tell you.

"Serve him right," said Fritz. "That mother of his is a dandy traveller. Bremerton now, Vancouver time before, San Francisco time before that—Spokane, Seattle, Everest, Port Townsend — hold me, it makes me dizzy to think of her flitting about like this."

miles of it. She never really once turned completely over—but the things she did to us. I will sell her the moment I get back from this trip. Well, we finally got to the Bay and pictured a Japanese passenger vessel—the Aki Maru—as she slid gently up to the bunkers. We got our coal, and off for the fishing in the Gulf. We were



32 foot waterline on the 'Titan,' around the world Holt freight liner—the blue funnellings