So many daily uses

In 2, 5, and 10-lb. tins

As it is served in some form at every meal, and keeps indefinitely, many thrifty housewives order several cans of Crown Brand at a time. Thus they always have a supply on hand. How pleased they are to find that no emergency calling for cooking, baking or candy-making finds them unprepared. It *is* economical.

THE CANADA STARCH CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

Crown Brand Syrup

"The Great Sweetener" 26

Woman's Sphere

For Your Strawberry Time.

Have you ever eaten frosted strawberries? To make them, beat the white of an egg until fairly stiff. Dip the strawberries one by one into the white, roll in powdered sugar, and let dry.

Strawberry marshmallow cream—4 slices white cake, 12 marshmallows, 1 cup whipped cream, 2 cups strawberries. Place a piece of angel or any white cake in a sherbet glass, mix the marshmallows, which are cut very fine, with the whipped cream and pile on the cake. Decorate with strawberries.

Strawberry fluff—1 cup instant tapioca, 4 cups water, 1¼ cups sugar, 2 cups mashed strawberries, 2 egg whites. Put the tapioca and hot water into a double boiler, and cook until clear; add sugar, strawberries, and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, and set aside to chill.

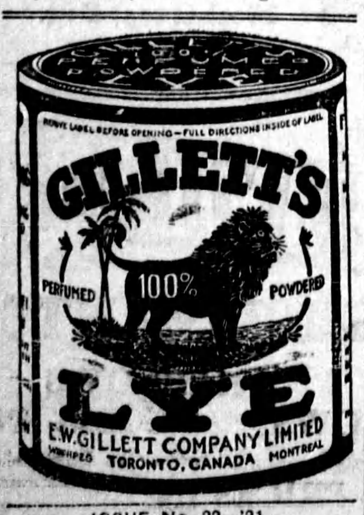
Strawberry sponge—2 tablespoons gelatin, 1½ cups water, 4 cups berries, 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 4 egg whites. Soak the gelatin in one-half cup of cold water; mash the berries and add one-half the sugar to them. Boil the remainder of the sugar and the cup of water gently twenty minutes. Rub the berries through a fine sieve; add gelatin to boiling syrup; take from the fire, and add the berry and lemon juices. Place the bowl in a pan of ice water, and beat with an egg-beater five minutes. Add the whites of eggs beaten stiff, and beat until the mixture begins to thicken.

Glorified strawberry pie—2 cups strawberries, 1 cup sugar, 1 package strawberry gelatin. Fill a cool, open pie crust with the sugared berries. Prepare the gelatin, and when it begins to jell or thicken pour over the berries. Set aside to chill. At serving time spread whipped cream over the top, and decorate with a few choice berries, if desired.

Strawberries French style—2 cups strawberries, 2 tablespoons orange juice, 4 tablespoons powdered sugar. Wash and stem berries and cut them in slices. Put in tall sherbet glasses. Fill the glasses two-thirds full of berries, and one-half tablespoon of orange juice and one tablespoon of powdered sugar to every glass. Serve very cold.

Sleep Requirements of Children.

No child nutrition worker, says the Public Health Service, can hope to get satisfactory results without insisting on enough sleep for her charges. Besides damaging the nervous system, late hours cause "sleep hunger" and make children nervous and fidgety. The Service commends the following precepts just issued by the London County Council: School children aged four years need twelve hours sleep a day; aged five to seven, 11 to 12 hours; eight to eleven, 10 to 11 hours; and twelve to fourteen, 9 to 10 hours. Children grow mainly while sleeping or resting. Do you want yours to grow up stunted? Tired children learn badly and often drift to the bottom of the class. Do you want yours to grow up stupid? When children go to bed late their sleep is often disturbed by dreams and they do not get complete rest. Do you want yours to sleep badly and become nervous? Sufficient sleep draws a child onward and upward in school and in me life. Insufficient sleep drags it .xward and downward. Which way do you want your child to go? Tiresime children are often only tired children; test the truth of this. That a neighbor's child is sent to bed late is not a good reason for sending your child to bed late; two wrongs do not make a right. Going to bed late is a bad habit, which may be difficult to cure; persevere till you succeed in curing it.



ISSUE No. 22—'21.

Honey Bars.

Honey is healthful as well as delicious. Used as a basis for candy it insures a sweet that is wholesome, appetizing and unusual. Honey bars have all of those qualities.

Place in a saucepan one quart of honey, three generous tablespoonfuls of butter and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Boil the mixture until, when a little of it is dropped into cold water, it hardens. Stir in two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract; then add slowly, crushing it fine between the forefinger and the thumb, one-half teaspoonful of cooking soda. Mix the whole thoroughly, pour it into a buttered platter, and when it is partly cool mark it off in bars, making the lines so deep that the bars may be readily broken apart.

Engaging a Cook.

"Tell me, did you engage her?" asked one lady recently of another, to whom a cook she had formerly employed had applied for a position.

"Almost," was the reply, "but not quite. She insisted on being sent to church every Sunday in an automobile, because we are a mile from the village. I told her that the trolley cars ran right by, and that we had no automobile; but it was no use. You had sent her in your automobile last summer, and she wasn't going to arrive in any less elegant manner this! She said that if we hadn't an automobile we could buy one; she should think we'd be ashamed not to have one, anyhow, and us calling ourselves gentlefolk."

"We were three miles out, and the trolley didn't run by," explained her friend. "I'm sorry if I spoiled her. It seemed the only decent thing to do."

"Oh, it was; you behaved as a lady and a Christian ought," conceded the other sadly. "I hope I'm a Christian, too—even your cook hasn't told me that I'm not! But without an automobile it seems I'm not a lady."

Cooks are certainly independent nowadays, but occasionally they showed a tendency to argue with prospective employers even in the tranquil Victorian times and in conservative England. In the diary of Mrs. Gladstone, kept during her early married life in the 1840's, occurs this entry:

"Engaged a cook after a long conversation on religious matters chiefly between her and William."

Query: Were William and the cook sympathetic souls? Or did the cook overcome the mighty Gladstone in discussion, or did he overcome her? If he did, he must have been discreetly non-exultant over his triumph, or his wife could never have engaged her.

Cradle Song.

This is a charming little poem by one of our gifted Canadian poets, Miss Norah Holland:

Husheen lo!
The sun is westing,
Birds are nesting,
Shadows grow;
And above your cradle swinging
Mother's singing—
Husheen lo!
Husheen lo!

Husheen lo!
If on the morrow
Cometh sorrow,
Who shall know?
God, His watch above you keeping,
Guards your sleeping—
Husheen lo!
Husheen lo!

The "Travelling" Farm Woman.

A farm woman—we have this story direct; and it is true—who was growing weary with the walking she was forced to do because of the inconvenient arrangement of her living-room, kitchen, cellar and other rooms which called for her presence most of the time of every day, made an odd experiment. It was certainly a thoroughly up-to-date and scientific one. She wore for a length of time a pedometer which would give her an absolute record of the distance walked each day. The results were amazing. We should doubt them had we no proof.

This woman, doing ordinary housework on a farm, walked twelve miles a day when she was doing only her average daily stunt of housework; on days when there were extras on hand, such as Thanksgiving, Christmas, or threshing, the pace climbed up to between fifteen and eighteen miles. Totaled up, she covered an average of 400 miles in a month and in five years—hold your breath—circumscribed the globe, right in her own home! We move the installment of a lot of pedometers. Or, better, a general improvement of household equipment.

Household Hints.

If you are sewing ball-and-socket snaps on a garment, try sewing the ball snap on the upper piece. Your snap will never show then, as this part has a smooth back and leaves no mark as the rounded back does.

Save all small pieces of toilet soap and put in double boiler with a small quantity of boiling water. When the soap melts stir in all the almond meal the mixture will take up, and pour into molds. This gives a good toilet soap from left-overs.

When a rug curls up at the corners, resize it with flake glue, which can be purchased at a drug store. Use one-half pound of glue to one gallon of water. Stretch the rug very tight, face down, on a floor to which you can tack it. Be sure that the rug is straight. Scrub in the glue until it foams. Use a broom for a large rug; a scrubbing brush is better for a small rug. Avoid putting on too much glue at a time. Make a second application if the first does not seem to give it the proper stiffness.

When ink is spilled on the floor or furniture apply salt and ashes alternately. Keep it damp for a night and a day, then wash off and the stain can be removed.

If your rugs or carpets are getting shabby, after cleaning them with a broom, put a little turpentine in a pail of hot water and brush over the surfaces. It will help to brighten the colors.

I dip an old mop in kerosene oil, wring it out, and work it around each small space of the bed springs. It will save your hands many a scratch, remove all dust, and at the same time prevent your springs from rusting.

The Spacious Firmament on High.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens a shining frame
Their great original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine."

—Joseph Addison.

Shelter-Belts for Prairie Farms.

Several million seedling trees and cuttings are being sent out from the Dominion Forest Nursery Stations at Indian Head and Sutherland, Saskatchewan, this spring, for planting by prairie farmers as shelter-belts about their premises. The trees are sent out free on condition that the farmer prepares the ground for the reception of the little trees and keeps the land cultivated till the trees have grown sufficiently to shade the ground and thus keep down grass and weeds. The species of trees sent out are Manitoba maple, ash, poplar, and willow, and the tree-like shrub caragana. This work has been going on now for about twenty years with the result that thousands of prairie homes are surrounded and sheltered by belts of trees. Except for the war years the work has shown steady increase from year to year, and the plan has proved so successful that it has been adopted by several of the provinces and by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Scarcely Comforting.

At a meeting of a Bible association an officer told a story to illustrate the fact that some people need guidance in the selection of Bible reading. This story was a reminiscence of this officer's mission days, when a man came to one of his meetings and told of his efforts to comfort his wife as she lay upon the sickbed.

"I read to her every night," said the man.

"What do you read to her?" asked the mission wirker.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I began at the first chapter of the Book of Proverbs, and when I had finished the book she died!"

Serves a Purpose.

"Paddy," said an Englishman one day, "can you tell me why my ankle is placed between my knee and my foot?"

"I don't know," says Paddy, "unless it is to keep your calf from eating your corn."

Minard's Liniment for Burns, etc.

Lassie the Second

By ELEANOR HOLBROOK.

PART I.

June was carrying on like everything with the drug store clerk that afternoon and Hugh McKenzie was sitting by me on the verandah glowering. She had riled him considerable before but he wasn't so patient to-day as usual. To be sure, June was probably showing off a little but he couldn't see that, maybe. She snatched Clarence's cap off and was running around the tree with it and of course Clarence chased her. They were having a friendly tussle with it when Elizabeth came up the steps.

Now you would have to know Elizabeth to appreciate her. She is my niece and June is my daughter but I hardly know which I like better, 'cause they're so different. June is all dimples and curls and Elizabeth is big and deep-chested and has smooth hair and quiet gray eyes. Of course, she is a woman, and June is just a girl yet.

Well, she came up the steps with a bunch of wild flowers and I introduced her to Hugh. She put out her hand real friendly and said, "Not the Hugh McKenzie who has the roan-and-white herd?"

Now how did she know that? She isn't a farm girl, you see.

Hugh looked mighty pleased and a little defiant and said, "Yes, my father and I own the McKenzie herd together."

"They have a big reputation," she said with a little nod, seating herself in a big chair. I wish June could have heard her. She was still fooling around with the druggist chap and now they were walking over to his little car. I hoped she wouldn't run away from her company. Hugh was watching her from the tail of his eye and I think she was watching him, too. But she and Clarence set out, June recklessly waving her hand.

"I'm so interested in your work, Mr. McKenzie," Elizabeth was saying. "There are a good many rich men who raise cattle for a fad but not many who have started with small beginnings as you have."

Well, I saw she was taking care of him all right, so I sauntered off for a look at the fields.

When I came back Hugh was standing, cap in hand, just leaving my niece. Then Clarence came driving in with his rattly car and stopped with a flourish.

"Thursday night, then?" said Clarence, taking off his hat and shaking back his hair. He said it real loud.

"Thursday night," nodded June, watching Hugh. Then the car wheezed away.

June came swinging up the walk, saucy as you please, but Hugh scarcely saw her.

"It's been a pleasant afternoon," said he distinctly, to Elizabeth. "I have enjoyed this talk immensely."

"I enjoyed it, too," she answered in her open way, and laid her hand on June's shoulder.

"Good afternoon." And with that Hugh turned and went home.

I saw June's eyes open a bit but she tossed her curly head and said nothing.

It was late in the evening when we were sitting on the verandah again. The moon was looking at us from the big oak and over the old pine were two great stars blinking. I was glad there weren't any chimney tops over there but just soft trees brushing the sky; a white mist was in the valley and there was a sweep of hills beyond.

After a little, Elizabeth spoke, softly, so as not to disturb. "I think your Hugh McKenzie is very nice."

June pouted in the moonlight. "He can't talk anything but cows," she complained.

Elizabeth laughed. "He knows a lot about them, anyway," she declared. "And it's a fine business he's in."

"What does Clarence talk about?" says I slyly. "Your curls, eh, June?"

Her dimples showed and I guess I struck it right, though she denied it.

"No, he talks about movie actresses and shows and things of the world."

"So you'd rather hear about the movies," says I, slow-like.

"Yes. And he's taking me to see Mad Marian's Mystery on Thursday night."

"But really, June, Hugh's cattle are known everywhere in Canada."

June sniffed. "Yes, he'd give me a calf for a wedding present, probably."

I spoke up again. "And what would Clarence give you? An ice-cream soda? And a rented house to live in, I s'pose and a hundred dollars a month."

"A pure-bred calf wouldn't be a bad present," her cousin offered. "I wouldn't mind having such."

"You'll be visiting his barns soon. He is always wanting me to look at his cows."

"I hope he will. I should like very much to see them."

June didn't say any more and we all went to bed.

Thursday night came soon. June was dressed in her nicest blue but when Clarence came, it didn't seem so much fun as when Hugh was there to see. He hadn't been around since Sunday, nor called up, nor anything. And that was strange for him, living just a mile away, too.

When June came back, she was a bit cross. I could hear her say good-night rather sharply, so I wasn't surprised to see her frowning when she came in. But she stopped slowly, for there were Hugh McKenzie and Elizabeth.

"Good evening, June," he says politely, standing up.

June's voice was real quiet. "Good evening, Hugh."

"Your cousin is coming to look over the cattle to-morrow," he went on and added rather eagerly, "Won't you come, too?"

"I—I don't think I can come, Hugh. There's—I'm going to help mother to-morrow on some very particular work."

"Can't I help, June?" Elizabeth said. "Then we can both go."

"Really, I couldn't possibly to-morrow," June answered sweetly, picking up her coat, "but perhaps I can some other time. Good night!" And she went out, leaving Hugh a little disappointed, I thought.

When he and Elizabeth came back from their visit the next day, her face was shining.

"Did you see some cattle?" says I, strolling out casual like.

"Some cattle, Uncle John! Such straight backs. Such smooth round hips!"

We both laughed right out at her description.

"Anyway, she knows a good cow when she sees one," declared Hugh. "I asked her to pick out a good heifer and she picked out Lassie the Second."

"Junior Champion at the National," I nodded. "Some guesser, Bess."

"What I can't understand," said the girl, "is why Mr. McKenzie doesn't get a better price for his cattle He ought to be getting a thousand apiece, and he says he averages very much less."

Hugh's shoulders drooped a little and he leaned back against the door of his big car and frowned.

"I think," said Elizabeth, "he doesn't advertise enough."

"An inch in the local paper every week," I said. "That's a good deal for a farmer."

"No, it isn't, Uncle John," answered the girl earnestly. "He should have a half page, or a whole one, in the big stock papers. He should have an auction—a big sale, that's what he should have! Let people know how good his cattle are."

"A page of advertising, at a few hundred dollars? What an extravagance!"

"I've wanted to," Hugh was saying slowly, "but father won't hear of it."

I could guess as much. Angus McKenzie is about as canny a Scot as they make them.

"Father thinks we are doing very well as it is. The average farmer doesn't get as much as we do and Father thinks that's enough. A big sale would ruin us, he says. But it wouldn't. Our records are as good, if not better, than anything in the country, and why shouldn't we get the price?"

"You can!" said Elizabeth, with that smile that shows she has a lot of faith in folks. That's why everyone likes her so well. "You can It only takes a big, strong will."

He looked at her a minute, then straightened up. "I'm going to do it," he said, all his Scotch stubbornness in his voice, "I'm going to do it!"

And with that determination still stiffening his spine, he got into his car, looked around at the doors and windows as if in search of some one and drove away fast.

A week later he appeared again. It was evening and we were all in the sitting-room, Mother and Elizabeth and June and I.

"Father's agreed!" he cried, throwing himself into a chair. He looked at June and she looked surprised, as if she didn't know what he was talking about. And she didn't. Hugh's face dropped.

"Of course he did," spoke up Elizabeth. He turned to her and his face got bright again.

"Yes, it's taken a week but he's given in. Now I have to get a date with the auctioneer and let the newspapers know and we're fairly started."

He was so glad about it that he jumped up, grabbed June, and swung her round three or four times before she had a chance to speak. When he set her down her cheeks were as pink as her dress.

"What's to be done after the date's settled?" I put in. I'm a farmer but I don't know anything about an advertised sale."

"The newspapers' advertisers come around to get the material," he explained, "then we have to have a catalog. There are sixty head we want to sell, and the records have to be published."

When he finally got up to go, he looked straight at June. "There's a good movie on Saturday night," he said. "Would you care to go?"

Used Autos

BREAKEY SELLS THEM; USED cars of all types; all cars sold subject to delivery up to 300 miles, or test run of same distance if you wish, in as good order as purchased, or purchase price refunded.

BRING mechanic of your own choice to look them over, or ask us to take any car to city representative for inspection. Very large stock always on hand.

Breakey's Used Car Market
402 Yonge Street, - Toronto

June hesitated. She had almost forgotten that none of us had told her about the sale.

"Perhaps your cousin will come, too," he added.

June froze right up. "I'm sorry," she said, stiff as a mullein stalk. "I have an engagement for Saturday night."

I didn't believe it, for I hadn't seen that Clarence around for some time.

(To be concluded.)

A Hopeless Case.

A Vancouver man tells of a sea captain who, ashore, makes his home in that city, and who had loaned a sum of money to a neighbor. The latter, after the loan was a year or two old, made no effort to pay it.

Now the captain began to look upon the debt as a bad one indeed. On one occasion, however, upon his return from a voyage, he heard of a debt collector noted for his ability to extract money from such delinquents. Accordingly, the captain called upon this collector and advised him of the circumstances.

"If," said the skipper, "you can collect that debt, I'll give you half of it."

The collector promised that the thing would be done. The captain sailed away on another voyage, and, on his return, sought out the collector again. "Any success with that bill?" he asked.

"Well," said the collector, "I haven't collected the whole of it; but I did collect my half. He hasn't paid me a cent since. I keep after him, but it's just as you said when you gave me the bill—he hasn't any conscience about it."

Minard's Liniment Relieves Colds, etc.

No Chance.

With doubt and dismay you are smitten,
You think there's no chance for you, son?
Why the best books haven't been written,
The best race hasn't been run;
The best score hasn't been made yet,
The best song hasn't been sung,
The best tune hasn't been played yet,
Cheer up, for the world is young.

The best verse hasn't been rhymed yet,
The best house hasn't been planned,
The highest peak hasn't been climbed yet,
The mightiest rivers aren't spanned;
Don't worry and fret, faint-hearted,
The chances have just begun,
For the best jobs haven't been started,
The best work hasn't been done.

Japanese soldiers have increased two inches in height on an average since meat was included in their rations.

COARSE SALT
LAND SALT
Bulk Carlots
TORONTO SALT WORKS
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Torcan Fancy Goods Co., Ltd.
TORONTO
Major Harry Cameron, Man. Dir.

The Most Economical Work Shoes For Summer

Men, who are on their feet all day, certainly do appreciate the comfort of FLEET FOOT as well as their sturdy wear and sound economy.

There are FLEET FOOT Heavy Shoes for work—and many other styles of White Shoes for "dress-up."

Put the whole family in FLEET FOOT this summer; it is a wise economy.

There are FLEET FOOT shoes for men, women and children for work and play, for every sport and recreation.

The name FLEET FOOT is stamped on every genuine FLEET FOOT shoe. Look for the name. It means style, comfort, long wear and economy.

Ask your Shoe Dealer for Fleet Foot and make sure you get Fleet Foot.

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