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—save baking at home

THERE are luscious raisin pies just around the corner, at your grocer's or a bake shop.

Baked to a turn—a flaky crust filled with tender, tempting raisins, the rich juice forming a delicious sauce.

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Made with tender, thin-skinned, meaty, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

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You may be offered other brands that you know less well than Sun-Maids, but the kind you want is the kind you know is good. Insist, therefore, on *Sun-Maid* brand. They cost no more than ordinary raisins.

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Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes with Raisins."

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The Pioneers

BY KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

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CHAPTER XXI.

In the Wirree, Farrel was never known as anything but the Schoolmaster. Everybody called him that—even Deirdre when she spoke of him.

They had gone to live in a cottage on the outskirts of the township. The Schoolmaster had taken up his old trade, though it was understood he had been droving with Conal for Maitland the greater part of the time he had been away. Deirdre had wandered with him whenever he went, and it was on her account he was anxious to get back to steadier and more settled ways of life, it was said. Before long two or three of the brown-skinned Wirree children were trotting to the cottage for lessons every day.

The south had heard a great deal of Sam Maitland, head of the well-known firm of Maitland & Co., stock-dealers, of Cooburra, New South Wales.

There had been a bad season in the north-west for a couple of years. Maitland had bought up poor beasts and sent them to fatten in the south. Conal had been driving them through Wirreeford at intervals of two or three months, taking the fattened beasts back on the return journey over the border after he brought down the starvers.

All the week the township slept peacefully in the spring sunshine. When a clear, young moon came up over the plains in the evenings, it drenched them with wan, silver light.

But on Friday morning at dawn, the cattle came pouring into the town, with a cracking of whips, barking of dogs, yelling and shouting of men and boys. With a rush and a rattling of horns, they charged along between the rows of huddled houses, swinging from one side to the other of the track, wild and fearful-eyed, with lowered heads, long strings of glistening saliva dripping from their mouths. They seemed to be searching for the opportunity to break and head out to the hills again. But ringed with cracking whips, brushing horses, snapping dogs, they were turned into the sale-yards.

The one street of Wirreeford had been cobbled for some distance on either side of the sale-yards because the cattle and horses made a sea of mud about them when the spring rains had soaked into the soft earth. The stores and shanties were full on sale days.

Drovers, tough-haired, hawk-eyed men, with faces seared and seamed with the dust of the roads, hands burnt, and broken with barcoo, slouched along the streets, or stood watching their cattle, yarning in desultory fashion, leaning over the rails of the drafting yards. They smoked, or chewed and spat, in front of the shanties, and at night sprawled over the table at the Black Bull, playing cards or tossing dice.

A mob that had travelled a long way was often yarded the night before the sales. When the selling for the day was over, the beasts that had come down from the hills were driven out along the Rane road, and got under way for the northern markets; but sometimes they were left in the yards, lowing and bellowing all night, while the stockmen who were going to take charge of them spent the evening at the Black Bull, on Mrs. Mary Ann's.

The township was full of the smell of cattle and dogs, and of the muddy, slowly-moving river that had become a waste-butt for the houses.

In the early spring, breezes from the ocean with a tang of salt in them blew right through the houses, and later, when the trees by the river blossomed, and bore masses of golden down, a warm, sweet, musky fragrance was wafted to their very doors. It overlaid the reek of the cattle yards, the fumes of rank spirits and tobacco that came from the shanties. And in the long glimmering twilights when the light faded slowly from the plains and the wall of the hills changed from purple to blue and misty grey, they were caught up into the mysterious darkness of the night—those perfumes of the lightwood and wattle trees in blossom—and rested like a benediction in the air.

From their shabby, whitewashed, wattle-and-dab hut on the outskirts of the town the Schoolmaster and Deirdre could watch the twilight dying on the plains and breathe all the fragrance of the trees by the river when they were in bloom. The plains spread in vivid, undulating green before the cottage to the distant line of the hills, and the grass was full of wild flowers, all manner of tiny, shy, and starry, blue, and white, and yellow flowers.

Deirdre had watched Davey bring cattle down from the hills across the plains. She had seen him riding off runaways. Once a heifer had broken and careered over the plains before the cottage. Davey had chased after her at breakneck speed, and, rising in his stirrups, had swept his stock-whip round her, letting it fall on her plushy hide with ripping cracks. He had flogged the beast, driving her with strings of oaths, his dog, a black and tan fury, yelping and snapping at her nozzle, until the blood streamed from it, and with a mutinous bellow she turned back to the mob again.

Deirdre had watched him going home in the evening with his father, or some of Cameron's men, at the heels of a mob, his eyes going straight out before him. He never looked her way or seemed to see her where she stood, at the gate of the whitewashed cottage within a hundred yards of the river.

She had been chasing Mrs. Mary Ann's geese from the river across the green paddock that lay between the shanty and the Schoolmaster's house, when Davey rode out of the township towards her, one evening. He was driving a score or so of weedy, straggling calves.

Deirdre stood by the roadside and waited for him, her eyes luminous in the dusk. The wind had whipped her hair to the long tendrils it used to hang in when they raced each other along the roads from school.

"Davey!" she called, as he came towards her.

There was an appeal in her voice. But Davey stared at her as though he had not seen her, and passed on.

"You're a rude, horrible boy!. And I hate you, hate you, hate you!" she cried passionately after him.

When they met again it was near the sale-yards, when the main street was thronged with people from the hills. She had seen his horse hitched to the posts outside McNab's, and so was ready for him when they passed. The path was so narrow that they could not avoid brushing. But Deirdre's chin was well up and her eyes were steady when they met him under his hat brim. Such gloomy, morose eyes they were that she looked into. She almost exclaimed with surprise at them. Her mouth opened to speak. But Davey was as intent on passing as she had been. His face had on ugly, sullen look, something of his father's dourness. After she had passed she stood still and watched him.

He crossed the road and went into the Black Bull.

The Schoolmaster saw him there in the evening. It was not often Farrel was seen in the tap-room of the Black Bull, though there was always a lighting of eyes, a shifting of seats in anticipation of a lively evening when he appeared. He wondered what Davey Cameron was doing there. His father had been crippled with rheumatism for a couple of weeks and Davey had charge of his business. Farrel wondered if he had begun to swagger, to give himself airs on the strength of it.

He seemed on good terms with McNab and most of the men in the bar, but his acknowledgment of Dan's greeting was off-hand and he went soon after Farrel came in.

The Schoolmaster's eyes met McNab's; but McNab's eyes never met any man's for very long. Perhaps he was afraid of the inner man a stranger might get glimpse of, afraid to let any one else see in his eyes the secrets of that sly, spying soul of his.

Now that Farrel had only one eye, McNab feared him less, although when the concentrated light of the Schoolmaster's spirit poured from it in a single beam, he fidgeted, showed craven and was glad to escape.

No one had the knack that Dan Farrel had of showing McNab to the Wirree for what he was. The Schoolmaster could string McNab up before the eyes of the men in the bar on the thread of one of his whimsical humors and show him dangling, all his crooked limbs writhing, his twisted face simmering with wrath. He could pin McNab with a few, lightly-flung words and make a butt of him, where he stood before his rows of short-necked, black and muddied bottles. He would have him quivering with wrath, impotent against that bitter, blithe wit and the laughter it raised. He laughed too—McNab. He was wise, as cunning as a dingo. Though his eyes were baleful, and his hands shook as he poured the raw spirits from his bottle into a mug beside him, he laughed.

"It's a mad game y're on with McNab," Salt Watson, one of the oldest of the Wirreeford men, said to the Schoolmaster one evening on his way home. "Give it up, Dan! It's good enough to make the boys laugh, but you've only to look at Thad's face when he smiles to know what he is promising himself of it all."

The Schoolmaster had watched McNab's face when he smiled. He had learnt all he wanted to. He knew what Salt meant.

For awhile he dropped out of the circle round Thad's bar. When he made one of it, his laughter was less frequent, and he missed McNab when his lightly-flung arrows of wit whistled in the assembly. His spirits had suffered a depression. Some of the men thought the trouble with his eyes was on his mind. He avoided encounters with McNab, though none of them had any idea he was afraid of Thad. His one eye was more than a match for Thad's two any day, they knew.

There was no open quarrel between them. The Schoolmaster's duelling with McNab had never been more than a laughing matter, a pricking, rapier fashion, in the intervals of card-playing and drinks. It had an air of good-fellowship. His humor had a quality of amiability, though nobody was deceived by it, least of all Thad himself. There was always contempt and an underlying bitterness in it.

(To be continued.)

On His Dignity.

"I get queer questions sometimes," says an old advertiser, "when I ask my customers, as I frequently do, what publication they saw my advertisement in. As a rule they reply courteously, but once in a while a man takes the question as an affront. One pompous old fellow told me it was none of my business. Another advised me to hire a checking clerk. A languid young man referred me to his valet. But I was worst taken back by a roughly dressed customer to whom I put the question.

"'What magazine, may I ask, did you see my "ad" in?'

"'In all of them,' he replied indignantly. 'Did you think, sir, from my appearance that I read only one?'"

Prevents Slipping.

An open web fabric to be cemented to the faces of pulleys has been invented to prevent belts slipping.

Duty is an alarm clock that causes some men to rise in the world. Others turn over and take another nap.

Dobson

New Life Remedy

For

RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS

Testimonial:

Dear Sirs,—After suffering from Sciatica for over 15 years and spending money on medicine, baths, electric belts, etc., which did me no good, I was cured by using one bottle of your NEW LIFE REMEDY.

Yours truly,
Wm. Gilfay,
Gerrard St. East, Toronto

One bottle for One Dollar; Six bottles for Five Dollars, Mailed direct to customers.

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New Life Remedy Company
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ELLIS BROS.
LIMITED
Jewellers
96-98 YONGE ST. TORONTO
Try them for your
CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Their Catalogue will be sent on request.

PRINCE REVIEWS 60,000 SCOUTS

An interesting picture of the Prince of Wales in the role of a Boy Scout leader. He is being decorated with the order of the Silver Wolf on the occasion of his inspection of 60,000 British Boy Scouts in London. The Duke of Connaught performs the ceremony.

About the House

For Added Charm.

This season Fashion has changed her mind about hats and hair and necklines. Hats still set down closely on the head, but a soft fluff of hair and the curve of a neckline must show somewhere beneath it. So if you want to make the most of your appearance, don't overlook your neck or your hair.

Nature doesn't give everyone glossy, abundant and wavy hair. No, indeed; but modern science offers you a new way to fool nature and have just the kind of hair you want. It's exercise for the scalp. Special kind of exercise for the dry, undernourished scalp—other exercises for the oily, overfed scalp.

When your hair falls out easily and breaks off quickly, when the scalp is covered with a fine dust-like dandruff that looks so untidy on a black dress, then you want to do this exercise. Spread your ten fingers just as wide as you possibly can and put them right behind your ears, with the thumbs at the base of the head. Slowly swing them in circles up and outward until they meet at the crown of the head. Stop and start all over again. Do this for about five minutes. Clawing is another exercise that causes your hair to gleam with unexpected lights, or, if it is gray, gives it an attractive silvery glow. This exercise is particularly designed to persuade hair cells that are lazy to get up and do their work.

Stand your hands up on your finger tips. Put them right behind your ears and move your fingers backward and forward all over your head, being sure that you do not leave the tiniest space unclawed. Be vigorous, but don't imitate a bad-tempered pussy cat. A scratched scalp can't be a healthy one.

Perhaps you don't desire any more natural oil for your hair. You look at the dry-haired woman in envy when you start shampooing for the third time in one month. You never can keep the wave in your hair, and, no matter how much pains you take with your coiffure, it always breaks into strings and looks untidy.

Before I tell you about the exercise just designed for your kind of scalp, let us make sure that you really have oily hair. Too often soap is left in the hair after the shampoo. In a few days this residue of soap gives a greasy appearance. Or you may shampoo your hair in hard water. This always leaves the hair dead-looking. Hard water can be softened by the addition of borax or soda or a little lemon juice in the last rinsing water. But caution is necessary in using these things, as an excess of them defeats your purpose and brings back more oil than the shampoo takes away.

The oily scalp isn't clawed. It's pinched into prettiness. Every night, no matter how tired you are, pinch all over your scalp with your thumb and forefinger. Be careful that you do not leave a single inch of the scalp unpinched. This has the effect of squeezing out all the surplus oil, and gives the glands a chance to rest and relax.

I needn't tell you how important diet and fresh air are to the oily-haired woman. Indigestion, faulty elimination, food that is too rich or stimulating, all help to make your hair look just the way it shouldn't.

An Apple a Day.

We all welcome with delight the fall days with their abundance of bright, juicy apples fresh from the orchard. Nothing so lends itself to the whims of the appetite as a perfect apple, raw or cooked. Breakfast, dinner and supper may each boast of a favorite apple dish.

They tell us, with a great deal of truth, that "an apple a day keeps the doctor away." Let us eat our "apple a day"—raw, and let us cook them deliciously since if one is good, more must be better!

Apple with sausage stuffing.—Select large smooth apples suitable for baking. Remove the cores and fill cavity with mixture of equal parts of sausage, bread crumbs and finely cut apples. Cover top with buttered crumbs and bake. Serve as the meat dish for supper.

Apple and celery salad.—3 medium sized apples, 1 c. celery cut in cubes, ¼ c. nuts, 1 c. mayonnaise dressing. Pare and cut the apples in cubes. Scrub the celery well with vegetable brush, cut in cubes and crisp in cold water. Drain. Toss apple, celery and nuts together with fork and mix with mayonnaise. Serve one lettuce leaf on salad plates or garnish with celery leaves.

Apple dressing for poultry.—2 c. bread crumbs, 1½ c. warm water or stock, 1 chopped onion, 2 sour apples (chopped), ¼ c. diced celery, 2 tbsp. butter or poultry fat, salt and pepper to taste. Soften bread crumbs with lukewarm water or with stock from fowl. Add ther ingredients and use as stuffing for roast turkey, chicken or duck.

Roast pork and apples.—Surround pork roast with pared, cored apples and bake. Serve on platter with pork, slices of pork in centre surrounded with border of the baked apples.

Apple marmalade.—4 c. apples, 2 c. raisins, 2 c. water, ¾ c. sugar, ½ lemon. Run apples and raisins through the food chopper, add water, sugar and juice of one-half lemon. Cook thirty minutes or until thick. Serve for breakfast with toast, as a relish with roast pork or use as a spread or sandwich filler.

Apple rings.—Core firm apples, cut in slices half an inch thick. Fry in deep fat and serve with baked ham, roast pork or sausage.

Apple relish.—Wash and core red apples, cut crosswise into one-quarter inch slices. Pour the juice of one lemon over the slices to prevent apples from turning dark. Add weak vinegar to cover the slices. Serve from glass dish as a relish for meats.

Scalloped apples.—6 apples, ½ c. sugar, ¼ tsp. cinnamon, ¼ c. water, ½ lemon, 2 c. soft stale bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. butter. Slice apples in eighths. Mix apples, sugar, cinnamon, water and juice of lemon. Pour melted butter over crumbs and mix. Place in baking dish, crumbs and apple mixture in alternate layers, with buttered crumbs at bottom and on top. Bake in a moderately hot oven until apples are done and crumbs are baked to a golden brown. Serve hot as dessert for dinner or supper.

Real Music Teachers.

The real music teacher knows his subject thoroughly and, moreover, makes it a point to keep himself well posted on the progress that is being made. He never tries to teach subjects or instruments of which he has a panoramic knowledge. He does not hesitate to admit his weakness along lines foreign to his specialty. There is absolutely nothing belittling if, for example, a person says, he cannot teach harmony and tells a prospective pupil to consult another teacher.

The real teacher possesses a parental heart. He is interested in each student as an individual. The real teacher does not cloak himself with a mantle of superiority. He tries to make the student feel at ease with him. Real music teachers are as rare and as precious as exquisite jewelry.

Cheap jewelry is easily accessible, so is the person holding a diploma. The one is supposed to be a piece of jewelry and the other is supposed to be a teacher. Both belong in the same category and deserve little credit.

But when you buy real jewelry the gratification lasts a lifetime. When you find a real music teacher the appreciation never wanes.

Dye Any Garment or Old Drapery in Diamond Dyes

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes—even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Aviation in Rio.

English interests have established an aviation school on an island near Rio de Janeiro to train pilots for Brazilian aerial mail and passenger service.

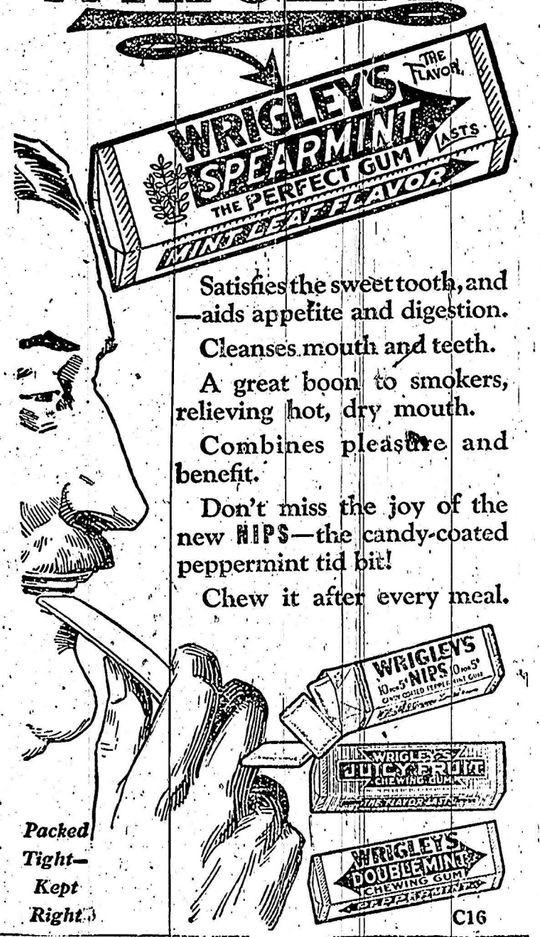
Radio in Belgium.

Belgium is building its first high powered station for international radio traffic. Heretofore, having been able only to receive messages from distant points.

The cost of living has increased 600 times in Austria.

AFTER EVERY MEAL

WRIGLEY'S



Packed Tight—Kept Right

Satisfies the sweet tooth, and—aids appetite and digestion.

Cleanses mouth and teeth.

A great boon to smokers, relieving hot, dry mouth.

Combines pleasure and benefit.

Don't miss the joy of the new NIPS—the candy-coated peppermint tid bit!

Chew it after every meal.

C16

The Care of the Feeble Minded

Dr. J. G. Shearer, Secretary Social Service Council of Canada.

The havoc wrought by the non-care of the mentally deficient is terrible and is coming to be widely known. They are the cause of half the crime in general, two-thirds of the prostitution in particular, two-fifths of venereal disease, and a large proportion of illegitimacy and of sexual vice.

The cost of caring for the fruits of this havoc in maintaining courts, gaols, prisons, reformatories, industrial farms, and rescue homes is a heavy burden on the taxpayers and on private charity.

Prevention is always more worth while than cure even where cure is possible, and feeblemindedness cannot be cured, though in time it can be prevented.

Let us consider first what to do with mentally defective children of school age.

They cannot be trained in the same classes with normal children. They lag behind, become discouraged, and get no benefit themselves. They retard the normal children. They become a nuisance to the teacher, taking far more than their share of attention and all to little purpose. They are the source or occasion also of demoralizing school discipline, and usually also of abominable lewdness and vice among the other children.

What then is to be done? In cities and other large school districts there is no serious difficulty. They should be examined and tested by a capable doctor who has had special training in dealing with mental disease and deficiency, and sorted out into classes that may be called "special" or "industrial" or "auxiliary" by way of human camouflage. There should not be more than about fifteen in one class, or room. The teachers of these classes require special training of course, the teaching has to be concrete, to a large extent manual, and more or less of the kindergarten type.

Such classes are popular with the children. They solve the problem of truancy. Many of the normal children are pleased to be allowed to attend. Vancouver deserves the credit of having established these classes in a systematic way. When the writer last heard they had some two dozen of them. Many of the children mentally below par can in these classes get training enough to enable them to be self-supporting.

But this method cannot meet the need of such children in the country, and in small centres. For these special provision must be made in one or more provincial schools established for this purpose.

The Child Welfare Department of the province should have power to discover, examine, and arrange for the specialized training and permanent care of mental defectives. Manitoba's new and constructive Child Welfare law gives such authority and provides the necessary machinery, a Director of Child Welfare, a specially trained medical Examiner, and a Board of Selection to decide what is to be done with each child.

A plan of this kind systematically and well worked for a generation will enormously reduce if not eliminate the problem of the feebleminded.

Second, the adults also should be discovered, examined, and the worst of them segregated and so prevented from multiplying their kind.

On industrial farms they can be self-sustaining. The large home at Waverley, Mass., with 2,000 inmates, is practically so. And the inmates of both sexes and all ages are happy and contented, and though neither walled in nor bolted, nor barred in, never run away. The Spring City, Penn., one with 1,000 inmates, is altogether self-sustaining. So are many others.

Every Canadian province should have at least one such institution, one or more.

The Best Harvest.

There are those who as they pass along life's pilgrim way gather to themselves a harvest of money. Money is something, but not everything. It can be used, or abused, good or evil. Other pilgrims, as they pass, gather to themselves a harvest of fame. That also is something, but not everything.

The best harvest is that of—friends. He who has no friends is the poorest man in the wide world.

Gather, therefore, of those other good things which life may bring you, but remember that the best harvest is friends.

Sympathy, courtesy, helpfulness—these, and the attraction of your own character will bring them to your side and keep them there.

Cultivate friendships in the spring of life, so that when the autumn and winter come you may walk through the grey days in company.

Of a truth, 'tis better to be homeless than friendless. Adversity, and not of your fault, may make you homeless. To be friendless means that you are self-condemned. You lacked something, and thereby gained no friends. While there is time, gather to yourself friends. They are life's most precious possession.

Obeying Orders.

Mistress—"Why, Molly, what on earth are you doing with all the broken dishes on the shelf?"

Molly—"Yes, ma'am, you told me I was to replace every one I broke."

Many Inventors Watchmakers.

Watchmaking was the first mechanical activity of many of the famous inventors.

Bovril makes you enjoy life