



THE cost of living is an important thing in most homes. You may have to figure closely in these matters. A little extra on a barrel of flour may look big to you.

But there is a difference between spending money wisely and spending it foolishly.

Sometimes it is economy to spend instead of to save. It is in the case of Royal Household Flour.

Those few extra cents a week, that give you

Royal Household Flour

in preference to inferior flour, buy health.

Nothing contributes so much to the food you eat as flour, and therefore nothing should be more carefully bought. Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour is the whitest, cleanest and most nutritious flour that's

milled. It is the only flour that is absolutely pure.

Ask your grocer.

Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
Montreal.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.



THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

Beautiful, not only on account of its absolute stillness, is the vastness of the Egyptian desert, so vast that its enormity is beyond the range of human eyesight, but also on account of the wonderful change of light visible on it. Seldom a living soul to disturb the tranquillity of the surrounding waste, only the song of an occasional bird becomes audible as one approaches a small plot of arable land.

Out on the desert, in the far distance, a solitary camel, silhouetted clearly against the sky, becomes visible, bearing its rider or laden with merchandise; closer and closer it comes; the sound of its discontented grunt is heard as it approaches, only to die down again as its ungainly tread and uncouth form become more indistinct after it has passed; and then, the same calm, no rustling of trees, no human voice to disturb the working of man's imagination, nothing but a vast area of sand with an occasional pool of water and a score or more of palm trees. Above, a sky of a blue so vivid that an artist's brush can hardly dare to depict the color; at times, during the latter months of winter, clouds may obliterate the sun, casting dark shadows on the sand, at one moment the color of gold, at another almost red. So varied are the colors one has barely time to realize the particular tint of gold or red before a cloud may come or a haze form a veil over the sun, and the scene is changed; a cold, dismal feeling creeps over one, a feeling of absolute loneliness, an indescribable solitude; one shivers inwardly—not with fear—but with the overpowering sense of desolation. A few moments only may elapse, moments that seem during the brief interval of passing darkness like an eternity, and the sun will cast his golden rays on the scene again, lighting up the sand, which appears even more brilliant in its color, now, after the interval of darkness.

Each hour, each moment even, of the day, the effects produced are varied, be they a change in the atmosphere or

a change produced by the sinking or rising of the sun. It is almost impossible to imagine that these changes of effects can be so frequent in a part of the world where there are no houses to cast deep shadows on the ground, no avenues of trees to vary the monotony of an ever brilliant sun. Still the changes are there, and so frequent that one never experiences a feeling of unvaried sameness. One walks on, be it north, south, east or west, the same expanse of sand presents itself, apparently, too, the same palm trees and silent pool of water, and one is forced to ask one's self whether, in this whole world of desolation, no soul exists, no human body breathes—when, in the distance, an Arab is seen, his feet shoeless, his head devoid of turban or fez, bending to a pool of water, washing. Walk on, and sooner or later, a village will be approached, a village of which the houses are built of Nile mud, each house accommodating a family of no matter what size, the inhabitants of each village almost all related to each other, comprising sometimes several hundreds of people. Their streets are littered with filth, animals of every kind obstruct one's path, dogs growl and snarl at the appearance and intrusion of a stranger, women rush about, hiding their faces in their yashmaks lest a white man should behold their faces. Flies in swarms settle on the children, and lay their eggs on their eyelids, unwashed, because they believe it to be contrary to their religion to wash or remove the flies from their eyes. To come suddenly on a scene like this, a scene on which the sun can seldom shine owing to the closeness of the huts, a scene with which the poorest hovel can hardly compete for filth and squalor, after the beauties and stillness of the desert, is crushing; it disturbs one's peace, the impressions one has formed—the change is too sudden. And yet even a scene such as this has its charms—no discontent, no brawling or fighting such as one sees in the same class; no drunkenness again, perhaps not from choice, but because they have never tasted that form of degradation, and because their religion forbids it.

The further south one goes the more brilliant the sun, the more golden the sand, seldom a haze or cloud to relieve the scene. The only thing to break the stillness of the air is an occasional khamseen, a whirlwind of sand, no artist dare paint it and do credit to it. The wind so fierce that no one can stand up to it, clouds of sand so dense that it obliterates everything. The houses swarm with flies, which have become stung by the fierceness of the gale, making life almost unbearable with their incessant torment, the wind is so hot and stifling, blowing from across the Sahara, and lasting, sometimes, two or three days, that breathing almost becomes difficult, until at last the welcome calm again appears, a relief, bringing with it the cooler air and bright sunshine. All who have seen a storm at sea, have realized its grandness and the solemnity of its ever following calm, may be able to picture to themselves the terrors of a khamseen, sweeping over the desert, and its accompanying stillness when the gale has passed.—Home Journal and News.

Our Truest Friend

St. Augustine in his "Confessions" mentions an occurrence that had much to do with his conversion: Two young men were members of the court of the Roman emperor, seeking the imperial favor, the monarch's friendship being the highest ambition. Happening one day to enter a lonely cottage together they saw a little book on the table. It happened to be the life of St. Anthony of the desert. They read the book through and were charmed with it. It showed them how that wonderful saint had sought the divine friendship and with how great success. "Whose friendship do we strive after?" they said to each other. "For the obtaining of whose favor do we dedicate our whole lives? That of an earthly monarch, whose friendship is full of danger and rivalries and bloodshed and at best pass with himself into the grave." So they resolved to knit the court and in retirement and prayer to cultivate an intimate and delightful union with the truest of friends, our heavenly Father.

This Medicine is Breathed

That's why it is sure to cure Catarrh. You see it goes direct to the source of the disease,—its healing vapor repairs the damage caused by catarrhal inflammation. "Catarrhazone" always cures because it goes into those tiny cells and passages the ordinary remedies can't reach, goes where the disease actually is. Impossible for "Catarrhazone" to fail as any doctor will tell you. Don't be misled into thinking there is anything so good as Catarrhazone,—use it and you'll soon say good-bye to Catarrh.

ODD THINGS IN SIAM

In Siam the cutting of the topknot is so important a ceremony for the future spiritual welfare of the child that it is most scrupulously carried out with a pomp and ceremony that the means of the parents will allow. That the poor people may not be deprived of the benefit of the ceremony, the government provides all that is necessary for it at one of the temples at Bangkok. The centre of the ceremony is the cutting off of the topknot, which is all the hair children are permitted to wear up to that time. But associated with it are a number of purifications and other religious forms which have to be scrupulously carried out. The topknot, which is ordinarily adorned with a chaplet of flowers or beads, often held in place with a jewelled pin of considerable value, is now much more resplendently adorned, while the child is further loaded with the richest jewels the family can provide. After the ceremony the hair is allowed to grow all over the head and is usually worn about an inch long, standing up like a brush. The child is now reckoned to have reached man's estate, although, to their credit be it said, the Siamese are in no hurry to marry their children. In fact, undue haste to make a match for a daughter is apt to raise a question as to whether things are so flourishing with the family as they might be.

When marriage is thought of, it is often the result of mutual affection and takes the form of an elopement, with subsequent forgiveness by the old folk. The more formal way calls for a lot of negotiation and the payment to the parents of "ka nom," which is often however returned to the daughter on the birth of her first child. The monks, who are the astrologers of the country among other accomplishments, are called upon to fix the lucky day, on the arrival of which the bridegroom and his friends go to the bride's house, carrying presents of cakes and betel. All Siamese chew betel, and not to offer it to a guest is a serious breach of hospitality. The quids when ready for chewing consist of leaves of the betel pepper, chips of areca nut—there is no such thing as betel nut that careless travellers write about, a little slacked lime and sometimes tobacco also. The Siamese word for this mixture is appropriately "muk." This will always be in evidence at weddings, and the preparation and presentation of the betel tray to the bridegroom constitute one of the forms of acceptance by the bride of his authority over her. The monks will be already in attendance, feasted with the best that can be provided, and the ceremony of marriage is performed by them with the sprinkling of consecrated water over the couple.

But the greatest ceremony of all takes place after death. If the person be of high rank, the body is placed in a sitting posture in a large metal urn or among the commoners in an ordinary coffin. After being kept a period that lengthens with the exaltation of rank, a day is fixed for the cremation. All the friends



\$60 ROUND TRIP

All North Pacific COAST CITIES

On Sale, June 1st to Sept. 15th. Limit, Oct. 31st, 1906.

STOP-OVERS.

Tourist Rates to all Summer Resorts From June 1st.

FAST FREIGHT LINE.

Route all your Freight care NORTHERN PACIFIC, at St. Paul or Duluth.

H. SWINFORD, General Agent - Winnipeg - Ticket Agent
R. CREELMN, PHONE 1446 - 341 MAIN STREET

Boyd's Chocolates and Confections

They sell best wherever the best is sold. The purity and delicious quality of these sweets have made them the most popular confections in the west.

THE W. J. BOYD CANDY CO. WINNIPEG.

IT SATISFIES

You can't look at a loaf of our bread without being tempted to eat a slice. It's light—sweet—well-browned, just as palatable as it looks.

20 Loaves \$1.00

MILTON'S
534 Main Street. Phone 2623
Cor. Main and Bannatyne. Phone 2599.
405 Ross Avenue. Phone 1344

James Richardson & Sons

WINNIPEG, MAN.

GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Quotations furnished on all kinds of Grain

Trial consignments solicited

BRITISH BEER BREWERIES

Manufacturers of

Genuine English Ales and Stouts

Guaranteed pure and made of the finest English malt and hops. These Ales and Stouts are sold at local prices. Ask your dealer for them or Phone 4843.

Address, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Give us a call when you want anything in English, French or Polish Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods, Church Ornaments, Religious Articles, Toys, Pictures and Frames at lowest prices. Beautiful assortment of Prayer Beads from 5c. up to \$17.00.

M. E. KEROACK,
Cor. Main & Water Sts. Winnipeg
also at St. Boniface.

of the family are invited, and enormous sums are spent on entertaining them and providing cheap shows for the general public. The guests will enter the enclosure, while Chinese theaters, Siamese marionettes and plays will be provided for all who care to witness them. On entering one would be met by some member of the deceased's family bearing a black bag, into which all are invited to dip a hand. It is found to contain a number of tiny balls, each of which is hollow and contains a screw of paper. A Siamese figure on it refers to a similar figure on some article in one of the booths in the inclosure and the guests are expected to present the number to the attendants and receive as a present whatever it represents.

There may be a dinner, but anyway refreshments will be provided in abundance. Just at sunset the pyre will be lighted. A stick of scented wood or a wreath of flowers made of the perfumed sandalwood, as well as a candle of unbleached wax, is handed to each guest, and lamps are lighted at the foot of the steps of the pyre. Just as with us those at the graveside perform the last office for the dead in dropping a little earth into the grave, so in Siam each one lights his candle at a lamp and places it under the urn or coffin, together with the scented stick or wreath. Buddhist monk aways in one of the booths will be reciting sacred texts meanwhile, but nothing in the way of prayer, whether for the dead or the living enters into the ceremony.

Fireworks will be let off, including a very mournful one known to natives as the "roaring of elephants." It is made by shaving a thick bamboo very thin then making a slit down the side. The inside is filled with composition and sealed, and this, when fired, exerts great pressure on the slit, making the edges vibrate continuously, so producing a series of loud groans of a most doleful character. When the deceased is of high rank, the king sends an aide-camp with a lamp lighted from one that is kept continually burning in the royal temple and whose light was originally obtained from a tree fired by lightning. After the cremation the ashes are collected and most of them thrown into the river, though often a few are placed in the temple in a wooden urn.—Home Journal and News.

Left-handedness is said to occur frequently in animals. Parrots usually seize objects with the left claw. The lion strikes with the left paw, and Livingstone stated as his opinion that all animals are left handed. The parrot has also been observed to use the left claw for climbing more readily than the right.

Not To Be Treated Lightly
"This is our latest novelty," said the manufacturer proudly. "Good work, isn't it?"
"Not bad," replied the visitor; "but you can't hold a candle to the goods we make."
"Oh, are you in this line, too?"
"No; we make gunpowder."—Stray Stories.


WOOD & COAL

T. W. McCOLM

343 Portage Ave. Close to Eaton

All kinds of cut and split wood always on hand. Sawing machine sent anywhere. Phone 2579

Teaming Done



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Result of a Grippe.

MRS. MARY GODDINE, N.B., CAN.

About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weakened condition. At first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all. She didn't care to see anybody, had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians but she became worse; then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite, and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic.

MARY I. DALY.

Mrs. Mary Goddine, of U. Kingsclear, N.B., Can. writes: Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me lots of good. I recommend it to everybody.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 5 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.