

## Are Your Children Properly Fed?

LET us talk about the right feeding of children. Of course, you want your children to grow up strong and healthy; you want to equip them for the battle of life with rugged constitutions and good red blood. Now, the first step is to see that they are properly fed. And these words "properly fed" mean much in the diet of children. For it isn't quantity that counts, but quality.

There is no better food under Heaven for growing children than plenty of first class bread and butter. They thrive on it, grow strong and fat and rugged. Their systems crave it because it is a complete, well-balanced food.

But the bread must be good—the very best, and the best is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR which contains the full nutriment of *Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat*—for only wheat of this character contains enough of the right quality gluten to balance the starch. Gluten makes bone and muscle, starch makes fat. It takes the right combination of both to make properly balanced bread.

Bread made from OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richest in blood building, muscle building, health building gluten. Children like it better and thrive better on it.

With "Royal Household" you need never have anything but the very best results for it is always the same, absolutely uniform, year in and year out and is just as good for Pastry as it is for Bread.

If parents knew this important difference between ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR and other flours they would never use any but "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".

Send in your name and address also the name of your dealer to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited, and get that splendid book of tried Recipes called "Ogilvie's Book for a Cook". 24



# HOLBROOK'S

WORCESTERSHIRE

# SAUCE

The Sauce that makes the whole world hungry.  
Made and Bottled in England

# SHREDDED

Topped with strawberries and cream, is simply delicious

A tasty, nutritious dessert or breakfast dish. Heat the biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, smother with strawberries and cream and add sugar to suit taste.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c. 2227

# WHEAT

## When the Freight Went Through

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sombre stare into the darkness. Long moments passed in silence. The men did not feel like talking. Even young Manning's exuberance was stilled.

"What the dickens is that?" ejaculated Stevely, suddenly.

As he spoke there was a roar, a flash, a blur. A brief head of light followed by a long, shadowy body swept across the outer darkness from east to west.

"Fast freight," commented Manning.

The tail lights on the caboose vanished into darkness. And then, suddenly, old Meagher gave an agonised groan, and sat up, clutching frantically at his throat.

Manning leapt to his side. There was no mistaking the symptoms.

"No. 28 from Warrenville," the old man muttered, when he could at last speak, chokingly. "The last special—I forgot."

"God!" ejaculated Manning.

THAT was all there was to say.

Even with the last word lingering on his palsied lips, the old man collapsed into a blessed forgetfulness of the havoc this one mistake of his long career had wrought, or was about to wreak. The men stared at one another for an instant, with blanched, terrified faces. Their looks told the ghastly story, better than any words. The fast freight, No. 28, had gone through, and the last excursion special, east-bound, had just left Warrenville, fifteen miles away. There was not a single station between Warrenville and Brentford; not a break in the L. & R.'s fifteen miles save the bridge over the Saranac. Fifteen minutes to do something—it might as well have been half that number of seconds for all the chance it gave of saving the trains, speeding on and on to their frightful catastrophe, trusting blindly to the operator who for the first time in his life had forgotten his orders—and let the freight go through.

Nobody said a word. There was neither need nor use. Manning cast a frightened glance at Stevely. The young fellow had collapsed against the wall, and seemed utterly bereft of sight or sound or feeling. The loquacious young operator knew; the others, those quick glances had instinctively followed his, knew also. The girl from White Springs—Minnie—was coming down to Brentford to meet Jack Stevely, to be married—was coming on that last excursion special, now hitting out straight ahead for the fast freight. Allan, armed with that calmness which trained men retain even in utter despair, had already tossed Meagher aside, and was at the operator's bench, hurriedly ordering the wrecking crew, and doctors. Manning raced away for doctors in Brentford, and outside, in the darkness, was the sound of a hand-car being dragged upon the track.

"Tic! Tic-a-tic! Tic-a-tic-a-tic!" the little instrument throbbed its message. "Tic-tic-tic!"

A wavering something staggered betwixt Allan and the light. The operator did not look up, but he knew instinctively that it was young Stevely. A moment later the tinkle of a bell clanged into the almost perfect stillness in which the only other voice, the ticking of the telegraph instrument, sounded tense and awful.

"Is that Central? Give me the Saranac Club House. I don't know the number. For God's sake, hurry, hurry, hurry, if you want to save lives! Hurry up! Hurry up!" Silence again, save for the relent-

less ticker. Stevely had leaned back against the wall; Allan, bent over the sounder, was uncannily conscious of his ashen face and unseeing eyes.

"What are you doing?" queried Manning, staggering in with a couple of doctors at his heels.

"She's ringing them," muttered Stevely, as though he had never heard the query. "Club House—fifty rods from the track! Noticed it on my way down—maybe somebody sleeps there. Maybe—hello!"

But Manning and the men with him were gone, and a moment later there came from outside the eerie sound of the hand-car clanking away into the darkness. Allan's face was white with pity.

"Hello!" cried Stevely into the telephone. "Saranac Club House? Get a lantern—get a lantern, quick. Run up to the track—stop the first train—stop a train, I say—any train!"

His voice quivered with the agony of suspense.

"Any train," repeated Stevely. "Stop 'em. Two of 'em running into one another right this minute. Understand?—under—it's up to you. For God's sake, run! You've got five minutes. Hello! Get a lantern that won't blow out, and run—run—"

"He's gone," the young man muttered; as, dropping the receiver, he turned a ghastly face upon Allan, his only auditor. After the nervous, quivering excitement of his voice, the ticking of the instrument seemed to burst forth with renewed force. Tic-a-tic! Tic-a-tic! It told the young fellow that Allan, experienced rail-roader, counted as infinitesimal the chances to averting ruin by the telephone.

FIFTY rods to the track. An old man racing against two trains, both whirling to headlong destruction at lightning speed. Allan's look grew tense, as though he expected every moment to hear, across the intervening miles of distance, the mighty crash, the sizzling, hissing steam, the cries of agony, to feel the impact and to see the red flames leap up. Stevely leaned against the wall, weak as from a fever. Old Meagher, prone upon the sofa, stirred fitfully, slowly waking to the ruin his forgetfulness had wrought.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!"

Stevely, swinging sharply, reached for the receiver. In the same instant he shot forward, utterly collapsed, against the operator's table. Allan caught the receiver, and listened intently for the distant message.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed.

And then, forgetful for the first and last time in his life of his immediate duty, he dropped to his knees and hugged the unconscious Stevely whom he could barely see with eyes that were dimmed by tears of fervent gratitude.

"God bless you!" he muttered, chokingly.

For the message told of the saved; of two trains halted, panting, red-eyed, within a few feet of one another, waiting orders—and told, too, for Stevely, oblivious of it all, that soon, very soon, the girl from White Springs would be at his side, safe and sound, welcoming the man whom the L. & R. could no longer disregard just as loyally as, half an hour earlier, she would have welcomed that same man when the L. & R. counted his value as nothing.