



I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread

I WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Just go to your grocer and buy a bag of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial.

Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not

had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of the bag and **get your money back.**

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a bag next baking day.

Cream ^{of the} West Flour

The hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if the flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT



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Around the Hearth

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and so she bravely conquered the tantalizing voice that would insist on telling her, "I knew you couldn't hold out."

MR. HOLDEN drove up to the door, and received the list of groceries and provisions from his wife. He was off for town twenty miles away, so he kissed wife and little ones, and sprang into the sleigh, Mrs. Holden calling after him not to forget to call at the express office. Then she swept and dusted, cleaned and scrubbed all day, for the intervening days until Christmas would be filled with baking and cooking, and, of course, the usual guests, the childless couple on their right, and the lone bachelor on the left would come for dinner. A good, hot supper was ready when the merry jingle of sleigh bells was again at the door, and the boxes were carried in, among them the special one, hidden among the other parcels, not to be opened until the little folk retired.

The last day of anticipation was over. Four expectant little ones went to bed with hopes beating high; four pairs of "clean stockings without a hole" were hung, or rather pinned, with large safety pins to the velours couch, hung according to age, and at respectful distances. Mr. Holden had gone over to sit a while with the bachelor, who had been housed in with rheumatism. "Do not wait for me, Margaret, I may be late, as I will help him out a little." He had not seen the row of stockings, but at eleven o'clock when he came home, without disturbing them, he placed above Georgie's a mouth organ, new skates all ready fastened on new boots; and beside Nettie's a lovely doll, and set of blue and white dishes. Billy-boy's woolly dog, on wheels was there, and a tin trumpet, with a rubber doll for baby that whistled when squeezed. At the head of the couch was a large parcel addressed to Mrs. Holden from Santa Claus.

"Don't be long out to the barn, Daddy, we want you, too." "All right," he called cheerily. When the mystic door was opened their delight knew no bounds. Mr. Holden placed himself in front of the box until all the gifts had been examined, then took baby from his wife's knee, and placed the box there. "Open it, mother," said Georgie, "see, from Santa Claus," spelling it out, as his mother's trembling fingers untied the cord. A handsome set of furs, kid gloves, and a box of chocolates. She smiled her gratitude just then, and all day long there was a glad light in her eyes, and a song in her heart. When the happy day was ended, and they were alone, she said, "James, you have been so good and kind," and her voice broke, "and I never gave you anything in return." His arms held her close as he said, "Yes, dear, you have given me the grandest gift of all, your forgiveness for what I have always regretted, and that is something, isn't it?"

Another View of George

A MAN but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

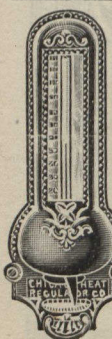
When he returned home he found his wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of man was it?" he asked. "Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*



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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.