

Compare

Quaker Oats with the common. Note the richness, the flavor. Don't you think it worth while?

That is why Quaker Oats has become the world's breakfast. Its flavor appeals to the millions.

We get it by picking out the rich, plump grains. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

Then we prepare them in a way which all people like best.

Yet this famous oatmeal—just the cream of the oats—costs but one-half cent per dish.

Make sure that you get it.

Quaker Oats

Family size, with a piece of china beautifully decorated, 25c.
Regular size for city trade, 10c.

Except in Extreme West

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.



Look for the Quaker trademark on every package.

To the Last Drop

Besides being *always* enjoyable, 'Camp' is *all* enjoyable—there's never a trace of 'grounds'—never a vestige of waste.

CAMP COFFEE

Offers a full, rich flavour equal to the most expensive coffee sold—it is guaranteed absolutely free from any impurity—it is made perfectly in a moment and is by far the most economical coffee you can buy.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Sole Proprietors—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd.,
Coffee Specialists, Glasgow



It Pays The Housewife

to use the best sugar—because poor sugar means poor cooking.

St. Lawrence Sugar

is the genuine "Montreal Granulated"—absolutely pure, sparkling crystals of the most inviting appearance.

Ask your grocer for a 20 lb. bag of ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED—also sold by the barrel and in 100 lb. bags.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited

MONTREAL

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MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS.

once—perhaps years ago—we offered our love to God. It should be offered anew every day. It is not enough for a wife and husband to have given themselves to each other once; they must be giving themselves anew every day, in loving ministry to each other, or they will certainly drift apart. God rejoices over a sinner's conversion, as He said to His people through Jeremiah: "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after Me in the wilderness, in a land that was not sown." But, if the promise of the espousal day has not been constantly renewed, He can find no joy in remembering it. Part of the message sent by St. John to the church of Ephesus was: "Thou hast left thy first love. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works." The love we gave yesterday will only accuse us of disloyalty unless our hearts are giving love to-day. It is not enough to have had our lamps burning—like the foolish virgins—if we have carelessly allowed the fire of devotion to die out. Our union with Christ must be a living union, always receiving and always giving like the branches of a vine. We can never rest on yesterday's grace.

"May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire."

DORA FARNCOMB.

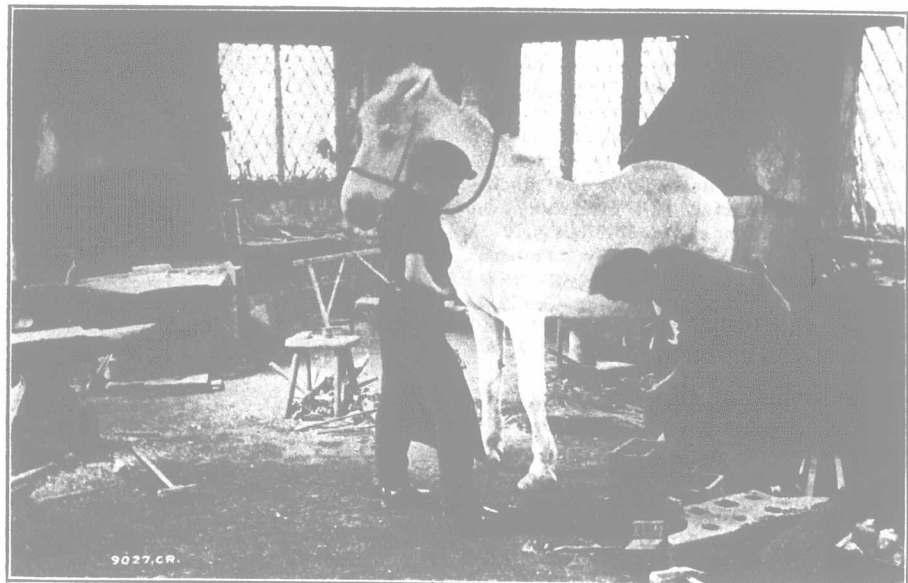
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith, hurrah for the fire,
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood
they shed,
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said: "Alas! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose
joy
Is to slay their fellow-man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for
work,
While the quick flames mounted high.
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-
work!"

And the red sparks lit the air;
"Not alone for the blade was the bright
steel made,"
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on
the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;



A Modern Tubal Cain.
(Photo taken in England.)

The Beaver Circle.

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Tubal Cain.

(See Genesis 8: 22.)

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace
bright

The strokes of his hammer rung:
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet
showers,

As he fashioned the sword and the
spear,
And he sang: "Hurrah for my handi-
work!"

Hurrah for the spear and the sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield
them well,
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel
blade.

As the crown of his desire:
And he made them weapons sharp and
strong.

Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him a lot of pearl and gold,

And sang: "Hurrah for Tubal Cain!
Our staunch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword!"

—Charles Mackay.

Senior Beaver Letter Box

Dear Puck,—This is my first letter to the Beaver Circle. I was born at Springtown, in the Township of McNab, County of Renfrew, on the 27th day of March, 1902. My mother died when I was four years old, and left three girls, of whom I was the eldest. My youngest sister was given away to a good woman, while my other sister and I were put with our aunt. We stayed there a while, and by-and-bye I was given to my aunt, while my other sister was given to another aunt. Therefore we were separated, and I have not seen any of my sisters since. I have not seen my papa for two years, but I expect to see him before my next letter. I hope this will escape the w.-p. b. Good-bye, all.

STELLA MAY O'REILLY
(Age 9, Book Sr. III.)

Osceola, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. I never found courage enough to write till now. I am in the Junior Fourth Class. Our teach-