

Buy High-Grade Flour

MAKE the best bread and pastry you've ever tasted. Prices of flour and feeds are listed below. Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to 5 bags buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over 5 bags we will prepay freight to any station in Ontario east of Sudbury and south of North Bay. West of Sudbury and New Ontario add 15 cents per bag. Prices are subject to market changes. Cash with orders.



Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

GUARANTEED FLOURS		Per 98-lb. bag
Cream of the West (for bread)	\$3.40
Toronto's Pride (for bread)	3.15
Queen City (blended for all purposes)	3.10
Monarch (make delicious pastry)	3.10
FEED FLOURS		
Tower	1.85
CEREALS		
Cream of the West Wheatlets (per 6-lb. bag)35
Norwegian Rolled Oats (per 90-lb. bag)	3.10
Family Cornmeal (per 98-lb. bag)	2.30
FEEDS		Per 100-lb. bag
Bulrush Bran	\$1.35
Bulrush Middlings	1.45
Extra White Middlings	1.60
Whole Manitoba Oats	1.95
Crushed Oats	2.00
Chopped Oats	2.00
Whole Corn	1.75
Cracked Corn	1.85
Feed Cornmeal	1.75
Whole Feed Barley	1.85
Barley Meal	1.90
Oatmeal	2.05
Geneva Feed (Crushed Corn, Oats and Barley)	1.90
Oil Cake Meal (old process)	2.05

Special prices to farmer's clubs and others buying in carload lots.

The Campbell Flour Mills Company Limited
(West) Toronto

Glenhurst Ayrshires ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS AGO and ever since kept up to a high standard. We can supply females of all ages and young bulls, the result of a lifetime's intelligent breeding. 15 head to select from. Let me know your wants.
James Benning Summerton Stn. Glengarry. Williamstown, Ont.

Villa View and Fairmont Holsteins (The Home of King Segis Alacarta Calamity)
For Sale—Ten bull calves nine months old, one ready for service, all nicely marked and well grown, from record of merit dams with records up to 22.11. Prices from \$50 to \$100.
ARBOGAST BROS., SEBRINGVILLE, ONT. P. S. Arbogast, Mitchell, R.R. No. 2.

Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada
Application for registry, transfer and membership, as well as requests for blank forms and all information regarding the farmer's most profitable cow, should be sent to the Secretary of the Association.
W. A. CLEMONS, St. George, Ontario

6-Holstein Bulls-6

Eight to ten months old. All sired by Riverdale Walker Segis, whose dam's record is 29.79, seven days; good colors, and from dams with records up to 23.33; every one a show bull; state just what you want; satisfaction guaranteed.

MARTIN McDOWELL
R. R. No. 4 Woodstock, Ont.

BUY THE BEST 4 Holstein Bulls

ready for service and several calves. Females all ages, cows in R.O.P. and R.O.M. milking up to 19,000 pounds. Bulls in service—"King Segis Pontiac Duplicate" and "King Fayne Segis Clothide."
R. M. HOLTBY, R. R. 4, Port Perry, Ont.
Manchester, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R.

UNTEARABLE PANTS \$2.45



These pants are made of a pure wool, dark grey untearable tweed, they are stitched with heavy 6-cord thread, and have heavy drill pockets. Enclose \$2.45, with size of waist and length of leg for sample pair. Sent postage paid.
Money refunded if not satisfactory.

THE HENRY TAILORING CO.
Stratford :: Ontario

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

although this is a part of the work that many housekeepers neglect. The food one eats should be cooked in the best and cleanest atmosphere, from the stirring-up process to the baking.

The stove kept well cleaned will wear much longer and give better service. Therefore, from an economical standpoint alone it is better to keep every part of it as clean as possible. The best way to wash a gas stove is to light the burners and heat the top and the oven, then wash thoroughly with warm water with a little washing soda dissolved in it. If one desires, the stove may then be greased with oil or any fat. This is put on with a cloth and only as much is used as will be absorbed and not leave the stove greasy. If this is rubbed on the inside of the oven it will be an aid in preventing rust, but too much grease should not be used or it will smoke.—Sel.

Our Serial Story. PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero.

Copyrighted by
By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.
Charles Scribner's Sons.
Chapter XXVIII.

No one suspected that the young architect had killed himself. Garry was known to have suffered from insomnia, and was supposed to have taken an overdose of chloral. The doctor so decided, and the doctor's word was law in such matters, and so there was no coroner's inquest. Then again, it was also known that he was doing a prosperous business with several buildings still in the course of construction, and that his wife's stepfather was a prominent banker.

McGowan and his friends were stupefied. One hope was left, and that was Jack's promise that either he or Garry would be at the trustees' meeting on Monday night.

Jack had not forgotten. Indeed nothing else filled his mind. There was still three days in which to work. The shock of his friend's death, tremendous as it was, had only roused him to a greater need of action. The funeral was to take place on Sunday, but he had Saturday and Monday left. What he intended to do for Garry and his career he must now do for Garry's family and Garry's reputation. The obligation had really increased, because Garry could no longer fight his battles himself; nor was there a moment to lose. The slightest spark of suspicion would kindle a flame of inquiry, and the roar of an investigation would follow. McGowan had already voiced his own distrust to Garry's methods. No matter what the cost, this money must be found before Monday night.

The secret of both the suicide and the defalcation was carefully guarded from MacFarlane, who, with his daughter, went at once to Minotti's house, proffering his services to the stricken widow, but nothing was withheld from Ruth. The serious financial obligations which Jack was about to undertake would inevitably affect their two lives; greater, therefore, than the loyalty he owed to the memory of his dead friend, was the loyalty which he owed to the woman who was to be his wife, and from whom he had promised to hide no secrets. Though he felt sure what her answer would be, his heart gave a great bound of relief when she answered impulsively, without a thought for herself or their future:

"You are right, dearest. These things make me love you more. You are so splendid, Jack. And you never disappoint me. It is Garry's poor little boy who must be protected. Everybody would pity the wife, but nobody would pity the child. He will always be pointed at when he grows up. Dear little tot! He lay in my arms so sweet and fresh this morning, and put his baby hands upon my cheek, and looked so appealingly into my face. Oh, Jack, we must help him. He has done nothing."

They were sitting together as she spoke, her head on his shoulder, her

fingers held tight in his strong, brown hand. She could get closer to him in this position, she always told him; their hands and cheeks were the poles of a battery between which flowed and flashed the vitality of two sound bodies, and through which quivered the ecstasy of two souls.

Suddenly the thought of Garry and what he had been, in the days of his brilliancy, and of what he had done to crush the lives about him came to her. Could she not find some excuse for him, something which she might use as her own silent defence of him in the years that were to come?

"Do you think Garry was out of his mind, Jack? He's been so depressed lately?" she asked, all her sympathy in her voice.

"No, my blessed, I don't think so. Everybody is more or less insane who succumbs to a crisis. Garry believed absolutely in himself and his luck, and when the cards went against him he collapsed. And yet he was no more a criminal at heart than I am. But that is all over now. He has his punishment, poor boy, and it is awful when you think of it. How he could bring himself to prove false to his trust is the worst thing about it. This is a queer world, my darling, in which we live. I never knew much about it until lately. It is not so at home, or was not when I was a boy—but here you can take away a man's character, rob him of his home, corrupt his children. You can break your wife's heart, be cruel, revengeful; you can lie and be tricky, and no law can touch you—in fact, you are still a respectable citizen. But if you take a dollar-bill out of another man's cash drawer, you are sent to jail and branded as a thief. And it is right—looked at from one standpoint—the protection of society. It is the absence of all mercy in the enforcement of the law that angers me."

Ruth moved her head and nestled her closer. How had she lived all the years of her life, she thought to herself without this shoulder to lean on and this hand to guide her? She made no answer. She had never thought about these things in that way before, but she would now. It was so restful and so blissful just to have him lead her, he who was so strong and self-reliant, and whose vision was so clear, and who never dwelt upon the little issues. And it was such a relief to reach up her arms and kiss him and say, "Yes, blessed," and to feel herself safe in his hands. She had never been able to do that with her father. He had always leaned on her when schemes of economies were to be thought out, or details of their daily lives planned. All this was changed now. She had found Jack's heart wide open and slipped inside, his strong will henceforth to be hers.

Still cuddling close, her head on his shoulder, her heart going out to him, as she thought of the next morning and the task before him, she talked of their coming move to the mountains, and of the log-cabin for which Jack had already given orders; of the approaching autumn and winter and what they would make of it, and of dear daddy's plans and profits, and of how long they must wait before a larger log-cabin—one big enough for two—would be theirs for life—and every topic which she thought would divert his mind—but Garry's ghost would not down.

"And what are you going to do first, my darling?" she asked at last, finding that Jack answered only in monosyllables or remained silent altogether.

"I am going to see Uncle Arthur in the morning," he answered quickly, uncovering his brooding thoughts. "It won't do any good, perhaps, but I will try it. I have never asked him for a cent for myself, and I won't now. He may help Corinne this time, now that Garry is dead. There must be some outside money due Garry that he has not been able to collect—commissions on unfinished work. This can be turned in when it is due. Then I am going to Uncle Peter, and after that to some of the people we trade with."

Breen was standing by the ticker when Jack entered. It was a busy day in the Street and values were going up by leaps and bounds. The broker was not in a good humor; many of his customers were short of the market.