

McLEOD'S SPECIAL FLOUR

McLEOD'S FLOUR IS ALWAYS RIGHT

McLeod's "SPECIAL" is a very high grade blended flour, ground from the finest of Ontario Winter wheat. A most excellent flour for bread and pastry baking. It is a most economical and satisfactory flour for family use because it requires less shortening for pastry and requires less water for baking, and you may always have the assurance of uniformity in quality and that the highest, and that McLeod's "SPECIAL" will make every loaf of bread a loaf of satisfaction, because...

McLEOD'S FLOUR IS ALWAYS RIGHT

The McLeod Milling Company, Limited
Stratford, Ont.



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IT DOES PLAIN OR FANCY WORK. SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS. GIVE IT A TRIAL.

EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED



afraid you will be too busy to read any more this time, so, good-bye.

WINONA DEMPSTER
(Age 6, Book II.).

Ridgetown, Ont.

P. S.—I used to have a big doll my auntie brought me when she was in Ireland for a trip, and I called him Puck; that was what he was called in Ireland.

W. D.

Dear Puck,—I was reading a few of the Beavers' letters. I have two little kittens. Some of our chickens got drowned in that big storm last week. I have nine little ducks. I wonder if any of the Beavers passed. I passed into the Second Book. I am nine years old. I go to school one mile and a quarter; my teacher's name is Miss Paterson. I guess I will give a few riddles.

What makes more noise under a fence than a pig? Ans.—Two pigs.

What is blacker than a crow? Ans.—Its feathers.

CLIFFORD RUNNALLS.

Christina, Ont.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondents in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen-name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—One has often heard motorists say in regard to horses frightening at automobiles, "Oh, the people, (they usually say "the farmers") are more frightened than the horses." Well, I have reason to know that, in one instance at least, this was true, and I can assure you that the mere experience of receiving a fright of this species is not altogether a pleasant one, however ludicrous it may appear afterwards.

There is nearly always an element of uncertainty in meeting an auto when driving; one can never tell just how the horse will act. No matter how comparatively accustomed to meeting motor-cars he may have become, there is no feeling sure that this time some unaccountable kink may not enter his dim intelligence, and cause him to cut capers, and so one can have little sympathy with motorists who positively seem to blame buggy-occupants for being nervous.

To be sure, the kink often manifests itself in the opposite direction, and then, unless one's bump of humor is sufficiently developed, the situation may become rather embarrassing. Upon this hangs my special tale, which seems so funny, now that the incident is past, that I must tell you.

One day, during my recent holiday, (which, you will think, I cannot get away from at all,) we "women folk" decided upon a ten-mile drive, to visit a friend. As the "good" horses were busy, we elected to take an old nag that had been left to roam about the pasture, at her own sweet will.—Yes, she might "scare" at an automobile,—she had "cut up" dreadfully on meeting a motor-cycle not long before.—But,—well, we could follow the back roads, there would not likely be automobiles there.

Off we set, paid our visit, and started off cheerily for home; all had gone "merry as a marriage bell," so far. But one can't congratulate one's self too early in the day in these precarious times. On the very last stretch, the very last two-mile stretch, on a hilly road that might have quieted the heart of the veriest autophobe (I haven't seen that word used, but it's a good one, isn't it?) the now unexpected happened. My mother and I were sitting quietly, looking to either side, and enjoying the peaceful scenery; we couldn't look before, for Frankie had on a big hat that obliterated the landscape in that direction. Frankie, you must know, sat on our knees, and, by reason of such point of vantage, had been constituted general lookout and starboard watch. The road was narrow, very narrow, with marsh pressing close on either hand, so that even buggies meeting at that point were accustomed to pass on the top of a small hillock immediately before, the first one to arrive waiting for the other. But it

was near home, we had reached the hill country, and our hearts were calm.

But, oh, the times, the times! Shall we ever know sweet equanimity again? —All of a sudden Frankie cried out, "There's an auto coming down the Big Hill!" and forthwith began to climb out over the wheels, in imminent danger of breaking her neck. I snatched the reins and proceeded to pull the old nag to a stop. My mother got out—somehow—and ran ahead to the top of the hillock, waving, not one, but both hands. As for me, I had one wild vision of the auto gaining momentum on the Big Hill, making a mad dash across the intervening flat, then bounding over the hillock and straight into our terrified old horse, the buggy and—myself; then, not "hankering," as the old dame in "Lena Rivers" used to say, to be an ingredient of this mix-up, I too tumbled out, and when the auto drew up on top of the hillock, quite obediently, in answer to my mother's signals of distress, the sight that met the eyes of the occupants was —Frankie and myself, at either side, leading the old nag along the road, as close to the side of it as possible.

Out got a man to help in the leading process, and—would you believe it?—that contemptible old beast never even increased her walk to a dog-trot! One mild, though somewhat suspicious glance she shot at the panting motor as she passed;—that was all. Why in the world couldn't she have kicked up just a little bit, when going by, now that danger was past? But no; the contrary kink had entered her brain. Of course the auto folk "ho!-holed," and so did we—but—whisper it—sheepishly. Why hadn't that old beast had the grace to behave properly?

I have had some very pleasant rides in automobiles, quite enough to realize the truth of the motorists' saying "The best thing about an automobile is that when riding in it you don't get your own dust." At the same time, during my perambulations about the country this summer I could not but realize that, under present conditions, the motor-car in many rural places is an almost intolerable nuisance. It frightens horses, and, through irresponsible chauffeurs, causes other damage, even when the horses are not frightened; it picks up the very dust that the farmers have laid, with much expense in hard cash or statute labor, on the highways, and throws it back into their very faces, deluging the fields for rods on either side with dust, and choking the breathing pores of the leaves at serious injury to crops, and orchards, and flower-gardens. Indeed, so distressing has this Plague of Dust become, that people whose houses chance to be close to motor-frequented highways are obliged, no matter how hot the weather, to keep doors and windows shut continually, at serious loss to health and comfort. Then, too, the continual raising of the dust and throwing it over on to the farms, means a continual wearing down of the roads to bare bones, or would mean that, were it not for the annual repairs which the farmers put upon them. All this, and yet the motorists have paid nothing towards the building of the roads, and pay, as yet, practically nothing towards their up-keep!

Surely some better system can be devised. Motor-cars have come to stay, we can't deny that. We can't possibly exclude them, as the happy Prince Edward Islanders have been able to do, but it is to be hoped that, before long, some plan will be devised, that will check the dust nuisance, and lift the ban of practical imprisonment in their own homes, through fear of automobiles, under which so many of our population—the old men, the women, the children—are to-day existing.

It has been suggested that the roads be oiled, but the difficulty so far is the expense. Here then, is an opportunity for inventors. The man who could devise some practical means of keeping down the dust on motor-infested roads, would surely be a benefactor to mankind.

A second suggestion is that certain days in the week be permitted to motorists, the remaining days, e.g., market-days, being reserved for the farmers. This would certainly be better than the present system—or rather lack of system—but would make no provision against