



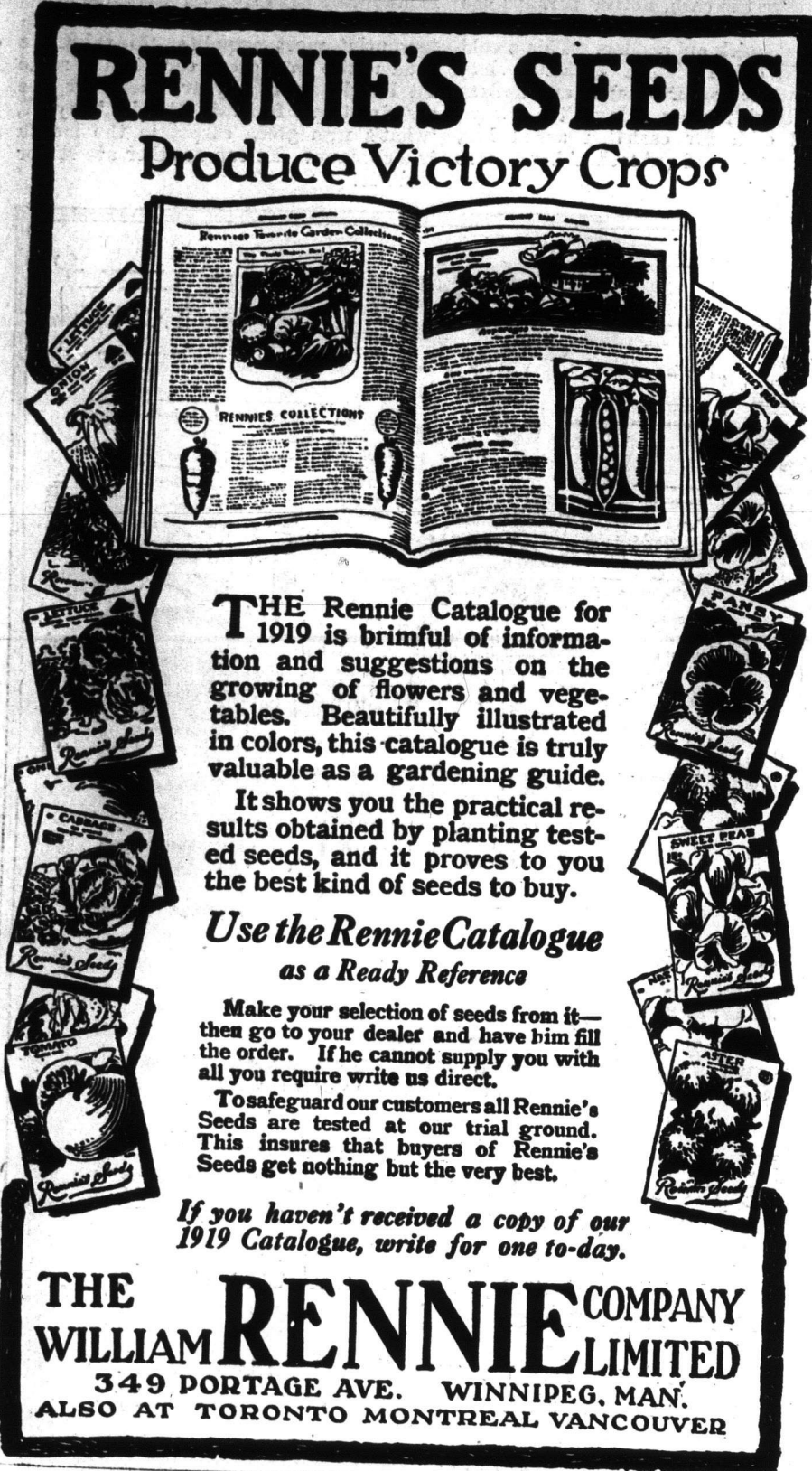
ROYAL YEAST

The reason for changing the shape of Royal Yeast Cakes is that it is easier to wrap square cakes by machinery than round cakes. Each package will contain five cakes instead of six but the quality and quantity of yeast will be the same as formerly.

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THE Rennie Catalogue for 1919 is brimful of information and suggestions on the growing of flowers and vegetables. Beautifully illustrated in colors, this catalogue is truly valuable as a gardening guide.

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Very Nutritious, Digestible

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"With that she took a slight coughin' spell an' wint to her drawer an' drew out the three dollars an' a half. I signed the paper she made an' left me blessin' with her an' wint back to the room where the poor devils sat shiverin' in a row. 'Hold up ye'er heads, ye blitherin' idiots,' I says to them. 'Hold up ye'er heads,' but I doubt if they did."

"The Italian woman once told me the Charities never help a body with a clean front room," said Mrs. Mooney.

"That's as it is," replied the old woman. "Anyhow, 'twas but a business transaction I was askin'. I had the money an' I stopped at the drug store to look over them Valentines. 'Twas hard choosin'. The real wans with the lace an' the rosebuds an' the gold verses come high. I lay out three-fifty cents, sixty-five an' wan dollar. Sure it was no manner iv use. The dollar wan beat, an' I took it. At the end iv the gold verse I put me secret mark. 'Twas a sign in the letthers that passed between us whin we was promised, an' that was long ago. 'Will ye be so good as to address it?' I asks the clerk, because I wanted the handwritin' mysterious. 'Where to?' says he, polite enough. 'To Mr. John Patrick Mahoney,' says I, givin' the street number. Thin I give him two cents for the stamp an' wint out an' put it in the box. 'Twas not tin o'clock an' I knew it wud come to the house afore night."

"A dollar for a Valentine!" mused Mrs. Hoelsing, shaking her head.

"To be sure," asserted Mrs. Mahoney, unabashed. "Whin ye are doin' a good work, ye shudn't spare the expense. I figured there was enough left

evenin' with us,' says I, 'so I made the bakin' iv cakes an' ye must go for de gingerale.'

"Are ye crazy, woman?" says he, turnin' his empty pockets inside out.

"Not yet," says I, drawin' a dollar from me own pocket.

"Where did ye get it?" says he, anxious-like, for he's a good man, is John Patrick Mahoney, an' none better.

"Am I not ye'er true an' honorable wife?" says I, takin' a line from a play we saw wanst in a theatre.

"They're a daceitfulness in all women," says he, noddin'. "All the poets an' the playwrights have it so."

"I doubt it," says I, 'but if 'tis so, 'tis better that way. The Lord made Adam first, but second thoughts is best,' says I.

"With that he put on his hat an' took the dollar an' wint for the gingerale, for he is a good man, is me old Patrick, an' I niver had anny throuble with him since I promised to obey, which I niver did."

"And how did he like the party?" laughed Mrs. Mooney, who was enjoying the puzzled look on the face of her foreign friend.

"Sure," cried Mrs. Mahoney, "did ye iver know iv an Irish party that was not a party? An' when ye have just a sprinklin' iv Dutch to hold it down a bit an' makes a few pauses in the conversation, 'tis most harmonious. Afther we'd all passed the time iv day, an' raymimbered the weather iv last year, an' talked iv the slack times an' the cost iv things, thin I see it was the place an' the occasion to introduce a new idea. So I jumps up an' goes to the shelf for



A hunter's supply depot at Thicket Portage, Man.

for the eatin' an' drinkin' for a small company, an' I stopped on the way back to give out a few polite invitations to the neighbors to drop in for the evenin', not forgettin' to buy the pretzels for me Dutch friends, an' a bit iv stew for supper. At home I did a small bakin' iv cakes an' straightened the house. About five o'clock the postman comes with a letter for Mr. John Patrick Mahoney, which same I lays inside on a high shelf. At six me old man comes in with his head hangin'. 'Tis no use,' says he, an' stops in his tracks like a spent brute.

"Come to supper," says I.

"Where did ye find a supper?" says he.

"In me imagination first," says I, 'an' thin it materialized with meself for the medium."

"Go long with ye'er foolin'," says he, but I see he wud eat, an' ye niver need lose hope for any man so long's he can put away a meal.

"Thin he took his sate an' leaned back against the kitchen wall on the two legs iv the chair, watchin' peaceful while I washed the tay-ups an' searched the corner iv my brain for the next word.

"Wud ye enjoy a mug iv gingerale for the evenin'?" says I.

"I wud that," says he.

"Thin go an' get it," says I, 'not forgettin' the frinds that are comin' for a party this night,' says I.

"What!" says he, an' come down hard on the two front legs iv the chair.

"A few iv the neighbors signified their intintion iv comin' in to enjoy the

another lamp, an' finds the letter.

"Sure, an' I forgot to give ye the letter, Pat," says I, 'an' mebbe the company will be excusin' ye if ye break into it now, the envelope is that long an' important lookin',' says I.

"Somebody writin' to me?" says me man with an innocent surprise, 'an' 'tis not from the Old Country nayther, as I see be the mark.' An' with that we all looked at the outside, as folks mostly do whin letthers is uncommon.

"What's the matter with openin' it, Pat?" says wan.

"It may be an invitation from the government to sweep the bullyvards be night for a modest competence." 'Or a threat from the Black Hand if ye don't come down with ye'er fortune,' says another.

"Be that time we was all curious, an' I stood a little wan side to see the look on his face. It was worth it. I tell ye, it was worth it! There it was in his innocent hand. 'My heart beats true for you an' no other,' it says under the lace. Thin the shout wint up to the rafters.

"Whose ye'er frind, Pat?" says wan.

"Sure an' ye'er a sly old bird," says another. 'Who'd have thought it?'

"An' ye a dacent married man with wan wife an' childher growed an' settled, to be gettin' a fool's thing like that," says Mrs. Greifen, she that was me neighbor. She was a good woman in times iv sickness an' trouble, but she could never raise a laugh.

"Be that time Pat gets a little riled up. 'Whin a dacent man gets a contraption like that 'tis no sign he's the