

IT IS NECESSARY

THE GREATLY DECREASED PURCHAS-**ING POWER OFOUR INCOMES DEMANDS** THAT WE CONCENTRATE OUR FOOD PURCHASES UPON SUBSTANCES OF HIGH FOOD VALUE.

PURITY FLOUR

with its stored up wealth of nutriment, the perfectly milled product of the sturdy wheat of Canada's famous wheat lands, furnishes the thrifty honsewife with the logical solution of her problems in meeting the expensive living of these day.

With her delicious, even-textured bread; tasty, light, white cakes and crisp, flaky pastry she satisfies the appetites of her family, while economically furni-fing them with the nutriment necessary to their health and strength.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Handsomely bound in grey and gold the PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK offers 180 pages of the latest tried information upon the preparation of all manner of nutritious dishes—from delicious and strength-giving soups to dainty tasty desserts. A work from the pen of Miss E. Warner, Specialist on food preparation and Domestic Science Expert, and carries the approval of the famous Macdonald College its text is in the easily understood and non-technical language of the home kitchen. Mailed postpaid on receipt of 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

-WINNIPEG

TORONTO-

232 Great PEDALMOBILE and Racing World's Champion KNIEE ile is built tires, artillery wheels, long whield, gasoline tank, three sp eeping HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE BOYS, you can earn this big, handsome racing Pedal. mobile and be the pride of the town. Pedalmobiling is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the speed lever, touch Pedalmobiling is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the speed lever, touch band. Put on your coaster and take the hills without pedaling, turn the sharpest corners without fear of spilling, blow your horn if any one is in the way, or reverse your speed lever and stop. In fact, the Pedal-mobile will doeverything a real auto will do but burn up assoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it, boys, you can get a racing Pedalmobile absolutely anybody would be proud toown. It has two strong steel blades, stag horn handles, metal tips, initial plate and comesto you complete with fine chain so you can'toes it. If you are a live go-ahead boy and these two grand wanna you to help us advertise and increase the wants you to help us advertise and increase the demand for Bairy Berries, the delightful new cream andy coated breach performe that everybody justloves, THE REGAL MAULACLINE (C., Dept. W. 4 THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CQ., Dept. W. 4 TORONTO, ONT. 10B DRAW-PAINT **BIG ENTERTAINER** Book with **80** Parlor Games, **5** Comic Reci-tations, **15** Tricks with cards, **167** Jokes, Riddles and Funny Readings, **73** Toasts, **3** Monologues, **50** Money Making Recipes, All **for 10 Cents. 3** for **20 Cents.** Postpaid. C. DORN, 709 South Dearborn St., Dept. 14, Chicago, III. Be a Cartoonist, Newspaper, Magazine or Commercial Illustrator; paint in Water Col-lors or Oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship A ward. Write for particulars and free Illustrated Art Annual. Fine Arts Institute, Studio 339 Omaha. Neb

The Magpie's Nest (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

ing memories, all save one or two that she resolutely excluded from the present company

sent company. "It isn't the wicked that are pun-ished; it's the fools." So she reflected. "Now what do I want? And I will see what I must do to get it." And there she halted, her mirth slowly even orating leaving her very cold and evaporating, leaving her very cold and

heavy. "I do not want anything," she said, and rolled her hair into an ugly bun and kicked her clothes onto the floor and crept into bed. That was the mood that had kept

and crept into bed. That was the mood that had kept her prisoner within herself for nearly three years now; she had fled from it, and found it in her pack at the end of the journey. It disgusted her. There was something so slack, so puerile and whimpering about it . . One imagin-ed it as garbed in a kimona, with tousled hair . . . To fight it was the harder

whimpering about it . . . One imagin-ed it as garbed in a kimona, with tousled hair . . To fight it was the harder because of her heavy handicap of physical listlessness; she felt half ill. She felt that, despite the most con-scientious and unwilling care of her toilette, she looked thirty years old and hopeless of this life and the next, as she sat in the press box at the races the next day. The reaction of having talked herself out with Evelyn left her without two words for anyone; she scowled at the ticket taker, and was barely civil to a well-meaning reporter who found her a chair. It was a gala day of some sort, perhaps the end of the season; there was a sprinkling of well-dressed women in the boxes, and gilded youths with sticks and boutonnieres. Watching the men, probably because her business was with thew menaged to look as if all

with the women, Hope wondered how on earth they managed to look as if all poured from the same mold; they had earth they managed to look as if all poured from the same mold; they had small hands, smooth, vacant faces, and slim waists, and their tickets were even as a Jew's phylacteries on a feast day, a something indispensable marking the chosen, of the nature of a religious observance. It was true, however, that she viewed them with a jaundiced, not to say bilious eye; there were other men. Hope intolerantly longed to see just one with large red hands and a number eighteen collar, and found the hostlers singularly refreshing as they appeared occasionally at the paddock entrance, holding the heads of the dainty, high-mettled horses. The horses pleased her; they walked as if there were eggs in the path, and looked coquettishly out of their hoods, pre-tending to be about to bolt. The women in the boxes were groomed like the horses, but not half so pretty; they were not of the same clean hardness, but were flabby and their eyes were dull.

HOPE knew she was rather out-rageously dressed, in a light green-ish heather tweed suit, with a white waistcoat and spats and a cloth hat, and she completed the ensemble by sticking a large single glass in her eye and by surveying the whole scene with cold disdain. She had done it on purpose, having determined to "put up a front," and the eye glass was a final personal insolence ad-dressed to New York in general. It was useful, certainly, since she must sketch from a distance, but in Seattle she had found double eye-glasses quite sufficient. She took out her sketching sufficient. She took out her sketching block at last and began, rather savagely, on the well-fed women, making their faces all alike, round and like a French doll, but paying the most careful attention to each detail of their clothes. (To Be Continued)

The Child's Teeth (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

of your teeth comes from the rotting or decay of food left about the necks of the teeth and in between them. Since that is so, don't you think it would be better to try and get rid of that food before it decays? I do. If you do not get rid of it but just leave it there, after a while you will have little holes in your teeth and they will Intile holes in your teeth and they will grow larger and larger, like the hole in your stocking, until they get so large you will have a toothache. And we agree that nobody wants toothache, especially at Christmas time. So, if you want to be able, little friends, to eat lots of candies, all the sweets, old Santa will bring and mother will make, without getting even a *little* toothache, begin NOW to wash your teeth after eating, so they just can't decay.

Our Thanks

"No time to read the daily news," Said Mrs. J.--- "I'm sorry To see you lose so many hours; 'E.W.' does it for me."

Toronto, Ontario.

(M.3)

