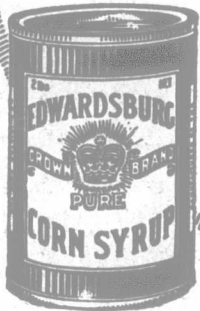


Give the "Kiddies"
All They Want of

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP



It is one of the delicious "good things" that has a real food value. A slice of your good homemade bread, spread with "Crown Brand", forms a perfectly balanced food, that is practically all nourishment.

So—let them have it on biscuits and pancakes, and on their porridge if they want it.

You'll like it, too, on Griddle Cakes—on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples. And you'll find it the most economical sweetener you can use, for Cakes, Cookies, Gingerbread and Pies.

Have your husband get a tin, the next time he is in town—a 5, 10 or 20 pound tin—or a 3 pound glass jar.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.
Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup—Benson's Corn Starch—
and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

220



Our new recipe book, "Desserts and Candies", will show you how to make a lot of really delicious dishes with "Crown Brand". Write for a copy to our Montreal Office.

Lang Syne.

BY THOS. J. TAYLOR.

The cows stand close by the pasture gate
Under the buttonwood tree,
And watch my coming while they wait,
Lowing impatiently.
The western sun is sinking low,
The summer eve draws nigh,
As homeward through the lane we go,
Daisy and Nid and I.

The busy insects' strident hum
Pales with the afternoon,
But in the brook quaint jug-gur-rum
Soundeth his weird bassoon.
The shadows deep the thickets stain,
Sweet warblers nestward fly,
As we meander down the lane,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Along the field where the grassy plumes
Shelter the mole's dark lair;
Beside the grove whose locust-blossoms
Sweeten the drowsy air;
The cows lead on, the boy behind—
Familiar path we ply—
Till through the farmyard bars we wind,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Within the barn, to the stanchions tied,
Dreaming their bovine dreams,
The cows, content, stand side by side,
Yielding their milky streams.
The falling dusk makes soft appeals
The whippoorwill makes cry,
Night's peaceful benison we feel,
Daisy and Nid and I.

The storms and stress of the flying year,
Glance from the child's fresh soul,
The stings of pain, the April tears,
Faintly impress the scroll;
But happy hours bid fond review
How deep in time they lie,
And we were chums, and gladness knew,
Daisy and Nid and I.

Ah, many years have those bonny cows
Cropped in celestial grain,
And other cattle now may browse
Clover-tops in the lane;
But memory lingers o'er the charm
Of boyhood days long by,
When we so loved the dear old farm,
Daisy and Nid and I.

The "Ists."

Mother is a suffragist—
She states the fact with pride;
A motorist is father,
And he travels far and wide;
Big Sister Julia laughs at care,
An optimist is she,
While Brother Will's a Socialist—
He's for equality.
Wee sister's a somnambulist—
She walks round in her sleep;
And Cousin Nell's a futurist—
Her pictures make you weep.
My Uncle Jim's a pessimist,
Whose croaking never ceases;
And Uncle Ike's a specialist
In brain and nerve diseases.
I guess I'm 'bout the only one
Left out in all the list:
But when I'm grown I'll write my name—
"Ted Jones, a farmerist."
—Helen Metzger, in American Agri-
culturist.

To Our Readers!

Keep your subscription paid
in advance

97%

of our readers renew their
subscriptions in advance and
of their own accord!

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine is sent to paid-in-advance subscribers for \$1.50 a year, fifty-two issues.

When not paid in advance, the price is \$2.00 a year. Some subscribers pay in advance for a year or two years, then allow their subscription to run behind. On these we are compelled to charge \$2.00 a year, even though the paper was sent for \$1.50 a year when paid in advance.

This has caused a few readers to think that the price of The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine has been raised, whereas the price remains as always, \$1.50 a year in advance, or \$2.00 a year when in arrears.

Keep paid-in-advance and save 50c.

The William Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont.

New COAL OIL LIGHT BEATS ELECTRIC OR GASOLINE

10 Days FREE—Send No Money



TWICE THE LIGHT
ON HALF THE OIL

Men With Rigs Make
\$100 to \$300 Per Mo.

Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home and small town home will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writes: "I sold 64 the first seven days." Christensen says: "Have never seen an article that sells so easily." Norring says: "92 per cent of homes visited bought." Phillips says: "Every customer becomes a friend and booster." Kemmerling says: "No money call necessary. Sell itself." Thousands who are coining money endorse the Aladdin just as strongly. NO MONEY REQUIRED. We furnish stock to reliable men to get started. Ask for our distributor's plan, and learn how to secure an appointment and make big money in unoccupied territory. State occupation, age, whether you have rig or auto; whether can work spare time or steady; when can start; townships most convenient for you to work.

Tom's Folk.

(BY "JUNIA.")

Marian went to her new home with "ideas." She had always had a number of ideas and theories, many of them floating about in her mind like a partially adjusted landscape on a camera plate; but when Tom Sinclair asked her to leave the city "for good" and go out to be the light and soul of the fine new house he was building at Inglevale, every notion in her head came to a focus.

To go back—all her life she had rebelled in a more or less decided way against restraint and conventionality. To be obliged to put on a collar and walk primly down street when one wanted to turn in the neck of one's dress and run, for sheer joy of living, had always seemed to her a bordering on slavery,—and there were many other things. Of these were keeping one's voice decorously modulated when one wanted to sing aloud, free as the birds, in the open air;—and sitting up on the front porch in dainty frills and ruffles when one wanted to lie on one's back on the cool grass under a tree, and gaze up and up through the rustling leaves to the blue sky.

... The softly moving leaves always seemed to whisper to Marian at such times, and the clear-blue sky above to look right down through the greenery with an assurance that, this world is, after all, just the very best place for mortals to be in. But there was no tree in the Bertram back-yard, nothing but a clothes-line and a most uninteresting view of the Smith's and Robson's kitchen windows and coal sheds. True, Marian had planted morning-glory vines at the clothes-post and wild cucumbers by the fence; but the maid was always grumbling that the morning glory got in the way of the clothes and kept the reel from working, and the cucumber-vine by no means shut out the sight of Smith's back-stair window with a broken shutter, or Robson's with a patched blind. So there was nothing for it but to sit on the front porch in filmy frills.

Marian was, nevertheless, by no means a "new woman." On the contrary she was, except when with her immediate friends, a rather shy specimen of femininity, giving way to her "wild Indian" impulses and unconventional doings only when no one was about to see; yet to quote one example, she believed as strongly as any dress-reform stump speaker in skirts, in the wisdom of loose and comfortable clothing, and she had, upon various occasions, expressed her opinions in regard to this all-important matter at the Alpha-Beta Club, whereat the young ladies of her set were wont to congregate once a fortnight for the righting of wrongs in general. At the same time, for all this happened in the not long past era of long skirts, she sailed to and from the upholding thereof in a skirt that "touched" whenever she let go of it, a hat that protected from the sun not at all, and a pair of shoes with heels which she detested,—all of which goes to show that Marian was really shy and timid, though not at all deficient in solid good sense.

As regards her other less fully defined notions,—these referred almost exclusively to house-keeping, and, as we have said, within twenty-four hours of the time Tom Brownlee had asked her to be his wife they came suddenly to a focus.

"I'm not going to have any curtains on my windows out at Inglevale, mother," she remarked the next evening, as she and her mother sat out on the porch in the mild spring air watching the people go by and talking over this new strange thing that had come into their lives.

"Not have any curtains" exclaimed Mrs. Bertram pausing with uplifted needle.

Marian complacently smoothed down the ruffles which she had spent two solid hours of the morning in ironing.

"No, mother," she said, "you know things like that always gather up dust and microbes and make so much work. You know I don't believe in doing quite unnecessary things,—do you?" It seems to me that life just