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some fine farm pictures by Challenger; portraits by Forbes; marines by Manley, of Nova Scotia; big war pictures, dashing impressionist pictures in the light coloring which one has to get used to before appreciating as they deserve—but why enumerate? One has to see to understand, and most assuredly anyone who goes to the Toronto Fair, and omits seeing the Art Gallery, has missed one of the very best features of the whole exhibit, and one of the most educative.

THE WOMEN'S BUILDING.

In the Women's Building, white work was everywhere in evidence, embroideries and laces in every design, all beautiful and dainty. Lady Aberdeen's collection of Carrick-ma-Cross laces attracted much attention, as well they might, since no braids, of course, were used in them, every stitch being made by the fingers of the soft-voiced Irish women who love her ladyship so much. In color work, perhaps, the most beautiful was the Bokhara embroidery. Judging from it, the Orientals certainly have something to teach the more aggressive Westerners yet in regard to artistic coloring. Surely no one who saw their handiwork could ever go home and perpetrate with unalloyed satisfaction a black velvet cushion-top with pink raised roses, or a wool afghan in yellow and green.

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

The children's exhibits were most interesting. In one case marked "work done by children under 10," we saw some very good maps, amateur photography, raffa baskets, crocheted laces, small doilies and dressed dolls. Another department showed drawings and work in design; while up at one end of the big building, fairly besieged by eager on-lookers, a dozen earnest little men—averaging fourteen years of age, perhaps—were working away like bees, turning out photo-frames, key-racks, etc., "while you wait." These were lads belonging to the Broadview Boys' Institute—a sort of club designed to develop "all sides of the boy nature: mental, physical, social and spiritual." These laddies have a small "township" on Broadview Ave., with a club-house for their municipal building. They farm their township, govern it, hold a fall fair, and carry on a course of studies in nature and agriculture. Manual training is, of course, one of the principal features of the Institute, but domestic science, basketry, wood carving, brass band and other music, designing, lettering, etc., are also taught.

"We learn to cook, too," one little fellow said, proudly, and one thought of what jewels of sons and future husbands these lads would be. There always comes a time when someone is sick, or a maid can't be had, and then what an invaluable boon to an otherwise half-starved, crabbed head of the house, the ability to cook must be. While watching the Broadview boys, one thought that the day of one-sided development is on the wane. May it wane as fast as possible, for the all-round people are certainly "the" people. Specialists we must have, but the specialists need not be warped all to one side.

QUEEN MARY'S HAWKING GLOVES.

And did you see Queen Mary's gloves, and her old yellowed prayer-book? Did you imagine her riding out in all her beauty and gayety with the hawk perched on her wrist, and the little hands gayly holding the rein and riding whip, the little hands that were so soon to hold, trembling, the executioner's warrant? Really there was nothing in the whole Fair that impressed the writer of this so. And just here may it not be queried as to whether, by beginning in good time, the directors of the Fair might not manage to collect more objects of historic interest for the Exhibition.

But we must stop. In writing of the Fair, one must stop somewhere, and, since to tell of everything would necessitate one's going on like the brook, "forever," as well here as anywhere else. May we close, then, by advising you, if you have never been to the big Toronto Exhibition, to save up your dimes and go next year.

Suggestion to the Exhibition Directors

If the unuttered or whisperingly uttered wish of the women at the Toronto Exhibition had been carried out, the proportion of the exhibits to the exhibits

itself, the howl would have raised the hair of Dr. Orr and his colleagues. "I wish there were more seats!"—one heard it everywhere in low exclamations, and saw it everywhere in tired faces. Might it not be possible next year to have a thousand or more lined up, if there were no other available place, closely around the buildings? Possibly men do not think of these things, but if they knew how tired the women and the old folk at the Exhibition get, the matter of providing adequate seats would be one of the first to receive attention.

The Intercolonial and New Ontario Railway Exhibits.

A very interesting part of the Exhibition was to be found just inside the Natural History Building—to the right, the exhibit of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Ry. Dept.; to the left, that of the Intercolonial. Both of these rooms were handsomely lined with bark, and were adorned by fine engravings, stuffed fish, etc., showing the resources of the Maritime Provinces and New Ontario. Such enterprise is very creditable to those who had the work in hand, and the result was decidedly educative to the crowd of sight-seers who surged through these rooms on their way to the birds and butterflies.

Current Events.

Soufriere Volcano in the Island of St. Vincent, B. W. I., is again in eruption.

General Trepoff has been placed on the retired list by the Czar. The action is looked upon as very significant, as it will leave Premier Stolypin with a freer hand.

An Imperial decree lately issued in China pledges the country to certain reforms in education, legislation, finance, militia and police, which are to be followed up, when conditions are ripe for it, by Constitutional Government.

By a Bill introduced into the Commonwealth Parliament of Australia, tariff preference is to be given to Great Britain and New Zealand, while duties are to be placed on several Canadian commodities. Steps may, however, be taken to forestall the latter arrangement.

Waiting.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time and fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways;
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my barque astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

Recipes.

Black Cake.—One lb. sugar, 1 lb. butter, 1 lb. "Five Roses" flour, 10 eggs. Beat well, and add spices and fruit as desired. Bake in a slow oven. Will keep a year.

Cup Cake.—One cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 2 heaped cups "Five Roses" flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, flavoring to taste.