

Buy High-Grade Flour

MAKE the best bread and pastry you've ever tasted. Prices of flour and feeds are listed below. Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to 5 bags buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over 5 bags we will prepay freight to any station in Ontario east of Sudbury and south of North Bay. West of Sudbury and New Ontario add 15 cents per bag. Prices are subject to market changes. Cash with orders.



Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

GUARANTEED FLOURS	Per 98-lb. bag
Cream of the West (for bread).....	\$3.50
Queen City (blended for all purposes).....	3.20
Monarch (makes delicious pastry).....	3.00

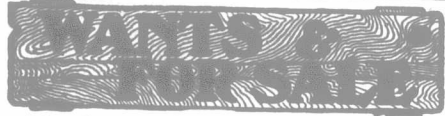
FEED FLOURS	
Tower.....	1.85

CEREALS	
Cream of the West Wheatlets (per 6-lb. bag).....	.35
Norwegian Rolled Oats (per 90-lb. bag).....	3.20
Family Cornmeal (per 98-lb. bag).....	2.90

FEEDS	Per 100-lb. bag
Bullrush Bran.....	\$1.35
Bullrush Middlings.....	1.45
Extra White Middlings.....	1.55
Whole Manitoba Oats.....	2.00
Crushed Oats.....	2.05
Chopped Oats.....	2.05
Whole Corn.....	2.05
Cracked Corn.....	1.80
Feed Cornmeal.....	1.85
Whole Feed Barley.....	1.80
Barley Meal.....	1.90
Oatmeal.....	1.95
Geneva Feed (Crushed Corn, Oats and Barley).....	2.15
Oil Cake meal (old process).....	2.05
	1.90

Special prices to farmer's clubs and others buying in carload lots.

The Campbell Flour Mills Company Limited
(West) Toronto



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock.

TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

FERRETS.—Rid your place of rats; drive rabbits. Calvin Jewell, Spencer, Ohio.

FARMS WANTED.—Want to purchase a farm of from one hundred to two hundred acres. Must be in fair state of cultivation and situated within eight miles of Toronto. On or close to Dundas Road in the vicinity of Islington or Dixie preferred. Will pay cash for right place. Apply Box No. B, Farmer's Advocate, London.

FARM FOR SALE.—Two hundred acres, ten miles from the city limits, in the township of Toronto, three miles north of Dixie—One of the best stock or dairy farms in Ontario. Large bank barn with stables fitted up in most modern fashion. Four acres of orchard in full bearing. Price twenty-five thousand dollars—Half cash, balance may remain on mortgage. Will exchange for good central city property. Apply Box No. B, Farmer's Advocate, London.

WANTED.—Yearly engagement on farm; 3½ years experience; references. Watmore, care of Mr. Sheppard, Nile, Ont.

WANTED.—A good farm not less than 100 acres, with stock and implements to work no shares. Western Ontario preferred. Apply Box R, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

Mention The Advocate



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

A CHOICE lot of Silver Wyandotte Cockerels at a bargain. Frank McDermott, Tavistock, Ontario.

MAMMOTH Bronze Turkeys, bred from best imported prizewinning stock; heavy toms and hens. Order early; get first choice. Mrs. W. R. Armstrong, New-Market, Ontario.

MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys, bred from prize stock; also pure-bred Collie pups. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ont.

FOR SALE.—Pure bred stock of White Indian Runner Ducks, White Embden Geese, White Holland Turkeys. Apply H. Sider, Marshville, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

WHITE Wyandottes and White Rocks—Prizewinning, heavy-laying strains. Large, vigorous cockerels \$2 each. George Buttery, Strathroy, Ont.

WHITE Holland Turkeys for sale. Toms \$4.00. Miss Mary Caldwell, Box 10, Shanty Bay, Ontario.

Custom Robe and Fur Tanning

Send your cattle and horse hides, furs and other skins to me and have them tanned soft and pliable for robes, coats, furs, etc.

B. F. BELL, DELHI, ONTARIO

Dorothy's Mustn't.

I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D—
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.
From early morn till the close of day,
I hear a "mustn't" and never a "may."
It's "You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,"
And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed."
"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls,"
"You mustn't play with those noisy girls,"
"You mustn't be silent when spoken to,"
"You mustn't chatter as parrots do,"
"You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud,"
"You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud,"
"You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress."
"You mustn't nod in place of a yes."

So all day long the "mustn'ts" go,
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin "mustn'ts" with great big eyes
That stare at me in shocked surprise.

O I hope I shall live to see the Day
When someone will say to me, "Dear,
you may";
For I'm sick of "mustn'ts" said Dorothy D—

Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The Red Geranium.

By M. Forrest.

It was an old cigar box the man who drank beer and composed music had left behind on the first floor when he did his moonlight flitting. She had been trying to make friends with the unhealthy yellow cat from next door when she found it, and a little grubbing in the strip of backyard under the dripping lines of this week's nondescript wash filled it with doubtful-looking earth from the corner where the tiles were broken, and then, wandering in the public gardens, in fear of her life and the caretaker, she managed to steal and secrete a cutting of the scarlet geranium that flared hard by the white bougainvillea near the east gate.

The skimpier blouse that hid it passed to shrink her guilty secret to the passers-by. It bulged so about the waist part, but she slipped in through the hole in the fence and up the back stairs, which smelled of cabbage water when they didn't of soup, into her own garret, near the sky, and friendly with the sparrows.

She loved the sky much as she loved her garden, as she now called the cigar box. For here when the sun was dipping behind the black interrogations of church spire and factory chimney, the birds drifted like leaves against colorless horizons. Here at the dawn a cloud like a rose petal sometimes floated, rimmed with the gold of the sun that leapt from the sea, spilling his largesse about the waking world.

She had always been oversized; delicate, different from other children. When the law had obliged her to attend school she had dreaded the rough games of the sturdy, unimaginative youngsters. Her first day at school was a nightmare to be ever remembered. It seemed to her that every pair of eyes, including those abnormally large ones of the teacher, were turned upon her in a hard, unblinking stare. Her thin knees appeared to strike through her threadbare stockings; her bony chest to immodestly burst its tight holland jumper. But play-hour was worse. O! worse than anything.

She was orphan niece to the stout person who took in lodgers, and was (more than occasionally) taken in by them. A sickly, unwanted babe, a quiet, strange child, not unkindly treated, but simply overlooked. There was a lodger who bought her bull's-eyes, that satisfying sweet of chalky bulk and pink stripes, and the morning that he was found with the top of his head blown off by a revolver shot and his own hand took its place among other unpleasant memories that made milestones for her short life.

But it was not an unmixed horror like

that of the first day at school, because it gave a certain air of distinction to her amongst her class-mates, nothing so positive had happened in one or other of their sordid homes, and they went so far as to offer her chewing-gum that had only been sucked once, and half a doubtful orange for fuller information. She found that by piling on the agony and making the blood run under the door, and even some way down the staircase, she could sometimes get a dab of chewing-gum with the first bloom still upon it, and the whole of a sound orange. This was obtained by a hint of divulging details unknown to the police, and "kep out" of the newspapers.

The teacher wondered why the children were so quiet during recess now. It never entered her blonde head—centered entirely on the doings of the head master, who was a sad flirt—that the absorbing subject was "blood and bones." After a time the interest died, or the things not so vivid, but more healthful, came upon the tapis. But the little girl was less molested. She had taken her niche for good and all, as the girl, "whose lodger blew his head off him," and rested at that.

Now-a-days her colorless existence was brightened by her window garden, for the geranium slip had struck and flourished exceedingly. It got plenty of morning sun and not too much water; that suits geraniums. But steadily it refused to bloom. This was her trouble, for she had thought to have a window full of scarlet blossoms, and she used to run down to the public gardens on Saturdays, and gaze with envy and hatred upon the riot of color the mother plant wore. She decided the smuts from the high chimney were bad for it, and she washed stalk and leaf with tender fingers daily. Sometimes she was caned for neglecting her home work, often for "wagging it," as she was an incorrigible truant, and when the teacher remonstrated with her she answered vaguely, and (as teacher thought) impudently that she "couldn't help it," which was Gospel truth, for the child was pixie-led.

She "couldn't help it." There was the green harper in the bamboos, thrilling and thrilling all day long; there were clover elves in the hillside grasses. There were pert, red-bonneted gnomes behind the plate glass of florists' windows, and not one of them ever came to the ill-ventilated, germ-laden school-rooms. The only flowers there were some artificial abominations, whose mission in life was attracting the speculative house-fly.

When the cold winds and the bad drains brought diptheria to the town, she was the first to fall a victim. The teacher was upset, consequently annoyed. School was closed for a time, and the head teacher went to the mountains (and who could tell what he might not do in the mountains?), and left her desolate.

It was "just like the brat" to fall sick and spread infection—just like her! But the teacher relented, and rang up the hospital. "Yes. She was getting on fairly well; but her heart was affected." What chance had she against the diptheria poison? However, die she did not. Only she lay very still in the isolation ward, and watched the shadows of leaves the sun cast like a water wave along the walls. It was very fascinating. Pixies came here through the ever-open windows from where the gum boughs soured in the disused quarry below the hospital.

One of the nurses gave her a doll. She was never very friendly with that doll. It lay all day with hard, blue eyes turned to the ceiling. Its legs and arms were stiff. Its petticoats were sewed to its sawdust-filled body. In the end she hated it. But the pixies were live things. They flitted to and fro. They danced a saraband in a pool of sun on the bed quilt. They brought her news of the outer world of elfland, and of what the flowers were doing in the parks. They were doing a good deal just at present. Preparing for spring.

The day came when she was back in her little attic, gazing upon her own special garden. The earth was horribly dry about the roots, but it lived—lived greenly with several new leaves; though the smoke grime was thick upon it.

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