

OVER \$1000.00 IN PRIZES

The Second Annual Distribution of Prizes to the Users of

# HOLBROOK'S

## WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

The Gifts consist of the following articles:—

6 Gentlemen's Rolled Gold Watches,	
6 Ladies' Rolled Gold Watches,	
These watches are Waltham movement guaranteed for 10 years; semi-hunting case. Value \$25.00 each.....	
48 pairs Opera Glasses, celebrated Colmont, Paris, make, perfect lenses.	\$300.00
Value \$6.00 each.....	288.00
60 Sets of Handsome, Complete Leather Bound Books, 4 volumes in each Set, 20 sets Shakespeare (complete), 20 sets Dickens (4 works), 20 sets Essays by Lamb, Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin. Value \$2.50 a set	150.00
180 Single volumes of poems (60 each of Longfellow, Burns and Scott), bound in padded leather. Value, \$1.50 each.....	270.00

300 PRIZES

TOTAL CASH VALUE \$1,008.00

The conditions are so simple that every one may enter—all that it entails is a little thought, and anyone who used Holbrook's Sauce, or is willing to give it a trial, is eligible. Simply fill in the last line to the Limerick and send in accordance with the rules published below.

### IMPORTANT

There will be three different Limericks published, as follows:

Opens	Replies must be received by	Prizes mailed and names published
First Limerick....Sept. 26.	Oct. 24.	Nov. 4.
Second Limerick...Oct. 17.	Nov. 14.	Nov. 25.
Third Limerick...Nov. 7.	Dec. 7.	Dec. 19.

The above list of prizes will be equally divided between the three competitions.

### RULES—Read These Carefully

- 1.—Cut out coupon below and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, but each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:  
The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.  
The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.  
The Manager Wood-Norris, Limited, Advertising Agency, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication, "Holbrook's Limerick," care Wood-Norris, Limited, Toronto.

Canadian Courier, Sept. 26, 1908.

### CUT OUT THIS COUPON

### LIMERICK

Said John Bull at his dinner one day,  
I'll get rid of my cook right away,  
He's served up this course,  
Without Holbrook's Sauce,

Fill in last line here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of Judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature.....

Address.....

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Oct. 24th, 1908.

## HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND

is a necessary article on any complete dinner table. It adds zest and piquant flavor to soups, fish, poultry, steaks, chops, etc., and can be obtained at all good grocery stores. It contains no artificial preservative whatever.

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE

Cut this advertisement out and keep it for reference.

1136

## Tailor-Made Clothes by Mail

The great business of the Scotland Woolen Mills Co. was mostly built up by our great Order by Mail System. Any member of the family, even a child, can take your measure. Expert cutters to tell when measures are correct.

Made to  
Order  
Suit of  
Clothes  
or  
Overcoat

\$15

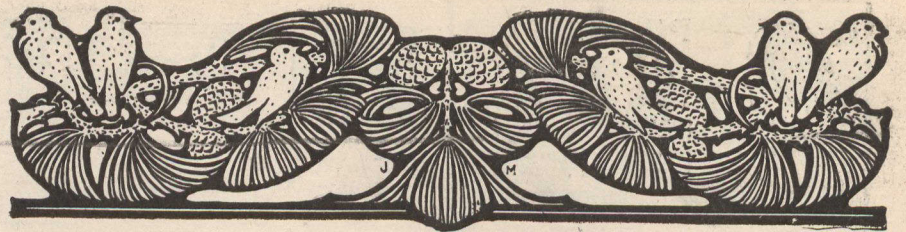
NO  
MORE  
NO  
LESS

REGISTERED.

FIT IS GUARANTEED TO MAIL ORDERS

Thousands of patterns from which to choose—cloth just received from the mills. Only new patterns and best texture. Write for book of samples, fashion plates, self measuring charts, tape line and instructions—all free.

**Scotland Woolen Mills Co.**  
139 Yonge Street, Toronto



FOR THE CHILDREN

A FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY FANNIE WILDER BROWN.

PETER O'BRIEN was happy. He was a ten-year-old boy, with a freckled face and patched clothes. His feet were bare, his cap was torn; but the sun was warm, the sky was blue, and he was gay as the robin singing in the maple-tree across the street. Peter was digging with a stick in the bare, brown earth by the side of the little board walk that led to his front-yard gate. He was pretending to make a flower-bed.

Down the street came Miss Ray, Peter's teacher when school kept. It was the spring vacation now.

"Good morning, Peter!" she said. "What are you planting?"

"Roses," said Peter, "and pansies. This stick is a rose-bush—red roses. These stones in a row are pansies."

"Why don't you plant some seeds?"

"I haven't any money to buy them," said Peter.

"You may come over this afternoon for an hour to clear up my yard, and I'll pay you ten cents," said Miss Ray. "Then you can buy a package of mixed flower seeds—'Wild Garden Seeds' they are sometimes called. I'll show you how to fix the ground and plant the seeds. You can't get roses and lilies that way, but you can get pansies and ever so many other kinds of flowers."

Peter's whole face smiled as he said, "Thank you, Miss Ray." Then he looked doubtfully at the stick he was digging with. "It won't make a very big hole," he said.

"It doesn't take a big hole to plant seeds in," said Miss Ray, "but the ground has to be dug up first to make it loose and soft, so the tiny rootlets can push through it. I'll let you take my spade and rake this afternoon, and we'll see what you can do."

Every day after that Peter worked in his garden, and every day Miss Ray came to see how he was getting along. First, he spaded up every bit of the garden so it was loose and soft as far down as his spade could reach. Next, he sprinkled on some plant-food which Miss Ray let him pay for by working for her. Then he raked his flower-bed until it was smooth and fine. Then, O joy! it was ready for the seeds.

The seeds were of all shapes and sizes. There were more than twenty different kinds. Miss Ray and Peter sorted them by their size, and separated those that had many of a kind. There were a great many kinds which neither Miss Ray nor any of the neighbours knew.

Peter planted the big seeds far apart along by the fence; he planted the middle-sized ones in rows or clusters through the middle of the bed; the fine, tiny seeds he planted near the walk. For the big seeds he made a hole one or two inches deep, and dropped one seed in each hole. The middle-sized ones he put in little holes near together, from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch deep. The tiny ones he mixed with a handful of earth and sprinkled on the ground, then covered them with a newspaper held down with stones until the sprouts appeared.

Over the big seeds Peter pressed the ground with his foot, to make it firm on top, so the air could not get in to dry the seeds. Over the middle-sized seeds he firmed the earth with a little board like a shingle. Over the tiny seeds he patted the ground gently with his hands.

One of the neighbours, seeing how hard he was working, gave him a small watering-pot, and Miss Ray explained that he must sprinkle the ground night and morning, enough to keep it damp, until the plants were up, then water it every day unless it rained.

When the flower plant sprouted, weeds came up, too, and these Peter had to pull up without disturbing the flowers. Miss Ray showed him which were weeds—chickweed, pigweed, sorrel, dandelion, plantain, clover and witch-grass. "These are the most common," she said, "but there are others that will show they are weeds as they grow. We can't be sure at first which are weeds where mixed seeds are planted."

It was hard to have to pull up some of the seedlings, too, but Miss Ray explained that the middle row must be thinned out to as much as three inches apart, to give each plant room to grow.

By the end of the third week buds had begun to form on some of the plants, and in only a few days more blossom-time had come. Oh, what a garden it was! Candytuft, coreopsis, lantana, larkspur and lupine, marigold, mignonette, nasturtiums, petunias, pinks, poppies! All the alphabet, Peter thought, was in the names. Some of them were hard to remember, but he learned them all—that is, every one that anybody could tell him. There were some strange, odd beauties of flowers that could not be named because no one round had seen any like them before. Peter loved these best of all.

All summer long the seedlings grew and blossomed, and when frost-time drew near Miss Ray helped Peter dig up a dozen budded plants, put them in pots, and carry them to the schoolroom, where they bloomed nearly all winter long.

"I didn't suppose you could buy a whole flower-garden for ten cents," said Peter.

"You can't," laughed Miss Ray, "but ten cents' worth of seed, a bit of land, and a boy who is willing to work, all together, can make a garden that is fit for a king."—*Youth's Companion*.

\* \* \*

It was Molly's first circus, and she enjoyed it, but was very tired at bedtime. When she was almost asleep her mother said, "What part of the circus did you like the best, Molly?" "Oh, I don't know, hardly," she said. "It was all the best, but the punkey riding the money was the cutest."