

S.A. Veterans' Scrip.

Our specialty is S.A. Veterans' Scrip. We sell Scrip at the current market price, whatever that may be from time to time. We advise the purchase of Scrip now by those who have opportunities for Homesteading, because not only are good Homestead locations being rapidly taken up, but S.A. Scrip is rapidly disappearing from the market. On January 18th, 1911, there were 1510 Scrips outstanding. On March 25th, 1911, there were only 1271 Scrips outstanding. In that time only 239 new Scrips were issued—against the 239 that were taken off the market. This was during the three winter months before homesteading started. If you have any thought of taking up a Scrip write or wire us. The present market prices are more of an opportunity now than they will be later on.

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under the edges. It used to seem as if Mother Goose on the plates tried to help the children keep their bread-and-butter secrets.

"Not a crumb there," said Grandma. "I guess that story was just what they needed!"

Oh, Grandma! If you had only looked under the table, or if the table-legs could have talked the way the bread-crusts did in your twilight story!

Every two or three days after this the twins watched their chance to slip into the dining room when no one was looking.

"We'll have to keep moving 'em along, or the piles will get too big right in front of our chairs," suggested the Girl Twin. "I wonder if mother knows how to make dry bread-crusts can get. Seems too bad some nice little mouse can't have 'em."

"If a mouse wanted to," the Boy Twin said, "it could have a nest right up in here, under where Norah puts the big platter; and it could get things for the mouse babies to eat just as easy—only if it fell into anybody's lap it wouldn't be nice for anybody but us. Wouldn't it be lots of fun to see Grandma jump?"

"Wouldn't it though!" laughed the Girl Twin. "Kind of silly story, wasn't it, about the crusts that talked?"

"Our crusts will never tell!" declared the Boy Twin.

"Course not!" exclaimed the Girl Twin. "I wish everybody that don't like crusts could get along as easy as we do nowadays. No sir, crusts don't tell!"

The Girl Twin and the Boy Twin were both mistaken. The very next day the crusts told. Fifteen, twenty, thirty, fifty, and ever so many more, crusts told at the same time. It happened as it did because the next day was the twins' birthday.

"We'll give them a surprise party," said Mother.

"Certainly. Twins should always have a surprise party on their birthday," added Grandma.

Norah made the cake, and it was twins—two round, frosted, candy-trimmed cakes, side by side, with candles on both—a most beautiful birthday cake!

After dinner the twins were sent with the pails and shovels to play on the beach.

"Now we will set the table," said Mother. "It must be long as we can make it, because all the children on our street are invited."

"Let me help," offered Grandma.

Norah had removed the tablecloth and the cloth beneath it. She took hold of one end of the table, Grandma and Mother the other, and they pulled.

"Seems to be stuck pretty tight," said Norah, as she gave a little jerk and kept on pulling.

Then, with a creaking noise as if it hated to give up its secrets, the table suddenly spread apart—and down tumbled the crusts! Long crusts, short crusts, big, round crusts, and slim, little crusts, brown crusts, white crusts, smooth crusts and ragged crusts, straight crusts and crooked crusts, all went crackling to the floor with little crispy noises that reminded one of bread pudding!

Grandma, Mother and Norah laughed until the tears rolled down their cheeks, because every crust said plainly as crusts ever said anything, "Beatrice did it, Joseph did it; they did, they did!"

This is what happened next. The children came to the party, and it was a beautiful party. And after it was all over, and time to go to bed, Grandma called the twins into the dining room.

The table was cleared, but heaped up in a big pan in the centre were the crusts. "They told!" said Grandma.

"Have we got to eat 'em?" demanded the Boy Twin, when he could do so—you see, for a minute he was too greatly surprised at what had happened to even so much as speak, and his face looked remarkably solemn.

"Oh, no," replied Grandma, "but—they told!"

The Girl Twin looked at the Boy Twin and grinned.

"Grandma," she promised, "we'll never hide any more bread-crusts—even if we always have to eat just pancakes!"—Frances Margaret Fox.

How to Help.

Said Peter Paul Augustus,
"When I am grown a man
I'll help my dearest mother
The very best I can.
I'll wait upon her kindly;
She'll lean upon my arm;
I'll lead her very gently,
And keep her safe from harm

But when I come to think of it,
The time will be so long."
Said Peter Paul Augustus,
"Before I'm tall and strong,
I think it would be wiser
To be her pride and joy,
By helping her my very best
When I'm a little boy."
—Exchange.

The Angels.

By Mary Katharine Neely.

Bella and the five little Donahues, were "making angels." Della was only a little Donahue herself—just eleven. But one day when Missy Mayberry's father, who lived with Missy in the big house next door, met Della on the sidewalk and said, "is this the little Donahue girl?" Della answered gravely: "No, sir, I'm the big Donahue girl. There are five littler than me, counting the twins as two." Missy's father had gone home laughing. Della did not know why. And ever after he had talked about the little Donahue girl and the five littler Donahues.

Missy and her father had moved into the big house in the spring, and for that long summer the Donahues had Missy for a playmate. It was the happiest summer any of the Donahues could remember—even Della, and she could remember a good many of them now that she was eleven. But winter came, the snow fell and things were different.

The two aunts who lived with Missy and her father and took care of them had ideas. One of them was that they must take very good care of a little girl who is not strong and rosy like other children; so that they were very careful of Missy, and this meant that she must be kept indoors. Other children like the Donahues might play in the snow, but not Missy! Oh, no! They might race with their sleds and snowball each other. That was very well, but such things for Missy? Oh, my, no!

On very bright days, Missy, wrapped up in coat and furs, was bundled into a sleigh and taken for a ride—a very short ride. "We must be careful," the aunts said.

When Missy came back from her ride she sat at her window and watched the Donahues. "I just wish I was poor," she said to herself. "It must be such fun to play in the snow."

And Aunt Agnes, who was watching her, said to Aunt Jane, "She doesn't look at all well, I am afraid there was too much wind to-day."

Missy sat at the window the day the Donahues made angels. Now to make an angel as everyone knows, one must first lie down carefully on a fresh bed of snow, place the arms high above the head, sweep them slowly round to the sides; then, when one rises, behold the angel!

This is what the Donahues did. And because there were a great many Donahues, there were a great many angels in the little yard.

The two aunts had always called Missy "such an obedient little girl." But Missy did not remember that now.



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