



Give me a chance to PROVE my flour

I WANT folks to know what a splendid flour Cream of the West is. I want you to buy a bag at your grocery store. Use it for a couple of bakings and see the result.

Cream of the West Flour is guaranteed for bread

With Cream of the West you will have success or your money back. Your bread will do you credit or you don't pay one cent for the flour. Bring back what you have left in the bag and your grocer will refund your money in full.

It's an absolutely straight guarantee, madam, and all the best dealers co-operate. A strong, nutritious, light-rising flour, unbeatable for bread. That's Cream of the West. Try it.

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee—money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Co. Limited, Toronto.
Archibald Campbell, President

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SAFE

SURE

SILENT

THOSE ARE THREE FEATURES OF

EDDY'S

ROYAL GEORGE MATCHES

The most perfect, "strike anywhere," matches you ever struck.

Your dealer can supply you.

Always, Everywhere in Canada, Ask for Eddy's Matches

MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS.

'Maister Evan, I'm done on weemin. They're a' that feekle and flutterin' that a mon can neersomever ken where they'll licht next. I'm weel cleart o' them.'

"Good as gold is a true sayin' Mr. Evan, and that without reference to the eight hundred pounds he's got in bank from twenty years' service. His rheumatics is much improved since I made up those proper flannels; 'tis the hawful shrinkin' of the others (no one to wash them thinkin' like) that's had much to do with crump- lin' his figger; not that I hold it bad, legs and arms all bein' there, but a mite disarranged, as it were. As for women bein' changeful, they generally his so, and worse; and how could he halter his mind until he'd seen different? Has you can certify, Mr. Evan, and Mrs., too, I never flutters, and where I puts down my foot, there I stands."

"Does Tim know that you are going to marry him?" asked Evan, to my horror, for I expected that Martha would retire in high dudgeon, and we should altogether miss the dramatic particulars. But she was too desperately in earnest to heed his meaning.

"Yes, Mr. Evan, I told him this day come twelve of the clock, when, lackin' 'ome-brewed, I give him a cup o' broth to hearten him for goin' across country with the doctor to a conversation or a crowner's quest or summat. He standin' outside my window where the geraniums be, me inside, and to token it we both is now wearin' a flower, chance he hasn't lost his in the jolting." And Martha pointed to a red geranium surrounded by a tuft of parsley that garnished her belt.

"Sit down and tell us about it," chuckled Evan, fairly pulling her into a chair with a genial determination that was infectious. "It is all in the family, you know."

"Yes, that it is, and who else should I tell? And what's the good of having news an' ye must coop it? It's like cold veal pie upon the chest for supper, the same being over old, under done, and dry o' gravy."

"Yes, Mr. Evan, and Mrs., too, not to be partial, Tim'thy Saunders didn't have an idea o' marryin', and though aillin', didn't know of what, so he had to be told, that he had; and me knowin', I had to take the leadin', bein' my plain duty to a fellow creature, so to speak."

"Two months gone Tim'thy fell backward in his eatin', for they fry meat to rags up at the farm he bides at. He'd come outside my window when I was dishin' stew, dressin' kidneys, or turnin' out a loaf, and sniff and breathe heavy-like, and say, 'Mrs. Corkle, they don't handle victuals 'ere like they did at 'ome. E'en the mouthful o' bread rises to the nose and leaves the belly empty.'

"There are some, 'owsomever, that doesn't like the durable bread, so to speak, tastes differin'."

I could feel the scorn wave settling on my guilty head, but Martha never paused.

"It's terribly piteous to 'ear a man sigh on account of poor victuals, and it shook my vitals. So now and again I offered him a tit-bit, knowin' you'd not object, and he always eat them hearty."

"Next I noticed he's sit in the stable at night, his 'ead on his arms; and the same bein' lonesome and un- healthy, I bid him be free of the settin' room, and have a game with Eliza and Delia, me mindin' my needle that he needn't think I was wishful o' the sight of him."

"Then, one day when he flung down his coat to take in some firin', I minded it lacked every button, and his braces was tied up with strings, the same which when I took notice of he turned very distant and sour and drew a long sigh which would start one a-shiverin'."

"So it dragged along, and never a good word he said in return for the flannels which I gave on your hand, Mrs. Evan, but just hintin' the sew- in' was mine, only growling out that one woman is tormentome enough, but two's like the fire that never quenches."

"He hadn't passed a word with me since Sunday, when to-day, me work- in' by the window, he stops and stands glowerin' in. I passes him the cup o' broth, which he didn't touch at first till I called out, for it burned my fingers; and when he did, his hand shook till some spilled over."

"What ails ye, man?" I calls, me grabbin' to catch it, bein' inside pantry china that I'd snatched up heedless."

"I dinna ken, Martha Corkle, un- less it's death a-beckonin' me," he said most doleful. Then I seed my duty plain, which I never shirks, and I up and says, 'Timothy Saunders, I know what ails you; it ain't death, its marriage! You needs a home to sit in after hours, and good cooked victuals, and buttons instead o' strings, and roomy flannels; you needs a sip o' hot Scotch well sweetened of a winter night, and a fire o' yer own to take it by, shut from remark. Tim'thy Saunders, you needs 'Ome Brewed! You needs a wife!'

"It may be as you say, Martha Corkle," he says, meek-like, 'but there's not one as would take Crum- pled Tim, lest to make sport of him.'

"God guide you," said I, 'but is your pate thick as a Christmas pud- ding? Don't you know I'm aillin', too, for need o' a man to do all those same things for? I'm goin' to marry you, Timothy Saunders!' and says he, 'If ye will, ye will, and it's no for me to contradict ye, Martha Corkle; and I'll go further to say I'm weel content.'

"Now wasn't that just grand o' him, Mr. Evan, and Mrs., too, with no disrespect intended? I trowed he'd need more convincin' and circumventin'."

"With that he fetched a grand, loud laugh, and give his word, and, Mrs. Evan, I'm sad to tell that china cup is broke! clean parted, and I've made bold to say we each has kept a 'half!'

Martha paused for breath, while Evan shook her hand and poured out some incoherent words, mingled with compliments on her generalship.

A moment served her for recupera- tion, and she began anew in answer to Evan's statement that, as she had married before, she probably knew her own mind, which was an advan- tage.

"Before has no concern in the matter, Mr. Evan, for a body, man or woman, hits the real marriage but onct; gin it be first or last, there's only reely one. My own mother hadn't her own mind till her third, and her step-aunt's brother was never rightly suited till his fourth, and he over seventy."

"I am lucky, as ye say, Mr. Evan, to get my choice, early in life, as it were, which might pass for the first, as Corkle, though fairish while he lasted, wasn't o' my choosin', it be- in' brought about by the cattle-show and cousins, with me too tender- hearted to say no."

"When are you to marry Tim- othy?" I ventured, with visions of domestic change.

"Two weeks come Wednesday, if it's approved, Mrs. Evan. I worked that all hout in my mind before I spoke to Tim'thy. An' the doctor's agreeable, we could take up house in the floor by the stables for the time, the same bein' quite a cottage, hav- in' as good a settin' room as needed, if cleaned well and freshened up a bit with a red rose paper. I've told myself many a time these years that if I'd ever a settin' room again, it's red roses I'd choose."

"There's a good bit o' unused meadow on the north side where I could raise fowls and a goose or two; please Heaven, I'll have one fatted o' me own next Michaelmas, and spread the linen to bleach. There's no such pleasure as doin' laundry when you've the time to coax it clean, so to speak."

"Laundry? what laundry?" I asked, amazed.

"Why, yours and the master's and the doctor's, to be sure. I've rat- tled on that heedless that I've brought it out end first. I thought,