



Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup.

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

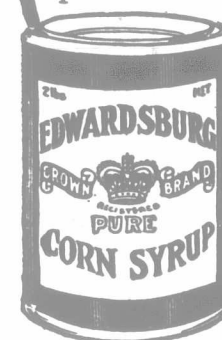
Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "Crown Brand"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"LILY WHITE" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand". You may prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—IN 2, 5, 10 & 20 LB. TINS.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
Makers of the Famous Edwardsburg Brands.
Works—Cardinal—Brantford—Fort William.
Head Office — Montreal



Start Now to Raise Poultry

THE supply of first grade poultry and eggs in Canada and Europe is far short of the demand. Get busy right now and benefit by obtaining the year's top market prices.

We will show you how to begin, help you after you start and will buy for the highest cash price all the poultry and eggs that you can produce.

In selecting your incubator make sure that you get the best that money can buy—it will prove cheapest in the end.

Prairie State Incubators

are guaranteed to be absolutely as represented or your money will be refunded upon return of incubator in good order.

Canadian Agricultural Colleges are using Prairie State Incubators; write them for their results. Hundreds of others, beginners and experts, are having great success in hatching strong, healthy chicks that live.

Send for our Free Book

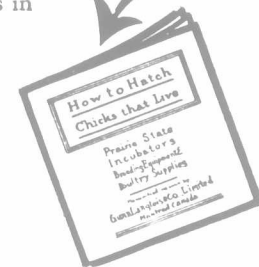
"How to Hatch Chicks that Live"

It gives reasons why the Prairie State is best—shows the right kind of hover—tells how to build your own brooders—the kind of feed to promote quick growth, and how to obtain the experiences of successful poultrymen. Write for it today.

GUNN, LANGLOIS & CO. LIMITED
11, ST. VINCENT STREET, MONTREAL



Endorsed
by
Beginners
and
Experts



You Should Have Adams' Furniture Catalogue No. 7

Contains hundreds of photo illustrations of the best selected values in Furniture, Rugs, Draperies, Electric Fixtures, Stoves, etc., all priced freight free to any station in Ontario. Write today to

The Adams Furniture Co.
Limited - - - - - Toronto

Type and Production combined is what our herd bulls have proven over and over. In Tillsonburg sale, Feb. 9th, we offer five sisters to "Colantha Butter Girl," now under test with 23 lbs. butter with first calf. Some choice, straight young bulls, the kind that will improve your herd.

M. L. HALEY, M. H. HALEY, Springford, Ont.



Buy St. Lawrence Granulated Pure Cane Sugar in original packages, and get pure, clean, perfect sugar.

Locharbar Poultry Yards

Have a nice flock of M. Bronze Turkeys for sale at prices to suit the times; some fine yearling birds. Pairs furnished not akin.

D. A. GRAHAM
Wyoming :: :: Ontario

Save a half-cup of yeast for the next setting, and as long as it doesn't get sour you can keep a setting each time. It is a great saving on yeast cake, and an easy way to make bread.

I will close by wishing you all one of the happiest and brightest New Years.

Now it is "up to" Peter, isn't it? I am sure he will accept your suggestion. What he will say, heaven only knows! For my own part, I can't possibly imagine a petticoat brigade—except at a peace conference. What if a few field-mice should appear?

Our Serial Story. PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero.

Copyrighted by

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Chapter XXX.

Jack strode out into the night, his mind in a whirl. No sense of elation over the money had possession of him. All his thoughts were on Isaac. What manner of man was this Jew? he kept asking himself in a sort of stunned surprise, who could handle his shears like a journeyman, talk like a savant, spend money like a prince, and still keep the heart of a child? Whoever heard of such an act of kindness; and so spontaneous and direct; reading his heart, sympathizing with him in his troubles—as his friend would have done—as his own father might have done?

And with the thought of Cohen's supreme instantaneous response there followed with a rush of shame and self-humiliation that of his own narrow-mindedness, his mean prejudices, his hatred of the race, his questionings of Peter's intimacy, and his frequent comments on their acquaintance—the one thing he could never understand in his beloved mentor. Again Isaac's words rang in his ears. "It is because I am a Jew? Who taught you such nonsense? Not your Uncle Peter—he loves me, I love him." And with them arose the vision of the man stretched to his full height, the light of the lamp glinting on his moist forehead, his head-like eyes flashing in the rush of his anger.

As to the sacrifice both he and Ruth had just made, and it was now final, this no longer troubled him. He had already weighed for her every side of the question, taking especial pains to discuss each phase of the subject, even going so far as to disagree with MacFarlane's opinion as to the worthlessness of the ore lands. But the dear child had never wavered.

"No!—I don't care," she had answered with a toss of her head. "Let the land go if there is no other way. We can get on without it, my darling, and these poor people cannot." She had not, of course, if the truth must be told, weighed any of the consequences of what their double sacrifice might entail, nor had she realized the long years of work which might ensue, or the self-denial and constant anxiety attending its repayment. Practical questions on so large a scale had been outside the range of her experience. Hers was the spirit of Joan of old, who reckoned nothing of value but her ideal.

Nor can we blame her. When your cheeks are twin roses; your hair black as a crow's wing and fine as silk; and your teeth—not one missing—so many seed pearls peeping from pomegranate lips; when your blood goes skipping and bubbling through your veins; when at night you sleep like a baby, and at morn you spring from your bed in the joy of another day; when there are two strong brown hands and two strong arms, and a great, loving, honest heart every bit your own; and when, too, there are crisp autumn afternoons to come, with gold and brown far a carpet, and long winter evenings, the firelight dancing on the overhead rafters; and 'way—beyond this—somewhere in the far future there rises a slender spire holding a chime of bells, and beneath it a deep-toned organ—when this, I say, is, or will be, your own—the gold of the

Indies is but so much tinkling brass, and Cleopatra's diadem a mere bauble with which to quiet a child.

It was not until he was nearing Corklesville that the sense of the money really came to him. He knew what it would mean to Ruth and what here eyes would hold of gladness and relief. Suddenly there sprang to his lips an unbidden laugh, a spontaneous overflow from the joy of his heart; the first he had uttered for days. Ruth should know first. He would take her in his arms and tell her to hunt in all his pockets, and then he would kiss her and place the package in her hands. And then the two would go to Corinne. It would be late, and she would be in bed, perhaps, but that made no difference. Ruth would steal noiselessly upstairs; fast where Garry lay, the flowers heaped upon his coffin, and Corinne would learn the glad tidings before to-morrow's sun. At last the ghost which had haunted them all these days was banished; her child would be safe, and Corinne would no longer have to hide her head.

Once more the precious package became the dominant thought. Ten bonds! More than enough! What would McGowan say now? What would his Uncle Arthur say? He slipped his hand under her coat fondling the wrapper, caressing it as a lover does a long-delayed letter, as a prisoner does a key which is to turn darkness into light, as a hunted man a weapon which may save his life.

It did not take Jack many minutes we may be sure to hurry from the station to Ruth's home. There it all happened just as he had planned and schemed it should—even to the kiss and the hunting for the package of bonds, and Ruth's cry of joy, and the walk through the starlight night to Corinne's, and the finding her upstairs; except that the poor woman was not yet in bed.

"Who gave it to you, Jack?" Corinne asked in a tired voice.

"A friend of Uncle Peter's."

"You mean Mr. Grayson?"

"Yes."

There was no outburst, no cry of gratitude, no flood of long-pent-up tears. The storm had so crushed and bruised this plant that many days must elapse before it would again lift its leaves from the mud.

"It was very good of Mr. Grayson, Jack," was all she said in answer, and then relapsed into the apathy which had been hers since the hour when the details of her husband's dishonesty had dropped from his lips.

Poor girl! she had no delusions to sustain her. She knew right from wrong. Emotions never misled her. In her earlier years she and her mother had been accustomed to look things squarely in the face, and to work out their own careers; a game of chance, it is true, until her mother's marriage with the elder Breen; but they had both been honest careers, and they had owed no man a penny. Garry had fought the battle for her within the last few years, and in return she had loved him as much as she was able to love anybody; but she had loved him as a man of honor, not as a thief. Now he had lied to her, had refused to listen to her pleadings, and the end had come. What was there left, and to whom should she now turn—she without a penny to her name—except to her stepfather, who had insulted and despised her. She had even been compelled to seek help from Ruth and Jack; and now at last to accept it from Mr. Grayson—her almost a stranger. These were the thoughts which, like strange nightmares, swept across her tired brain, taking grewsome shares, each one more horrible than its predecessor.

(To be continued.)

Bix—I see there's a report from Holland that concrete bases for German cannon have been found there.

Bix—Don't believe a word you hear from Holland. The geography says it is a low, lying country.

The Mistress—I shall take one of the children to church with me this morning, Mary.

The General—Yes'm, which?

The Mistress—Oh, whichever will go best with my new mauve dress.

These of
pected c
come to
some of
prize wi
Sample
Sample
These a
darker i

Selected
we offer
\$1.15 p

BU

Prices l

Stand

per

Stand

as

inc

at \$13.

Alsike,

Northe

inc

Selected

per

"You

of these

All sec

25c. ea

satisfac

HEWE

Bright

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d

Q

d