

SEED CORN

"That Will Grow"

We can supply raised-cured corn, on the cob or shelled, from the following varieties:

Improved Learning, Wisconsin No. 7, Early Beryl, White Cap Yellow Dent.

This corn was grown and cured by specialists in seed corn, and is therefore of a very superior grade of seed.

Let us quote you on all kinds of garden and field seeds, including mustard, sugar beet, turnip, carrots, butter beans, white beans, seed potatoes, buckwheat and field peas.

Cotton Seed Meal, Oil Cake Meal, Gluten Meal, Bran, Florida Feed Oats, Whole Oats, Pure Linseed Meal, Good Luck Brand, California Meal, and a complete line of Good Luck Brand Poultry Feeds. Write, please or wire for prices.

CRAMPSEY & KELLY
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A CHANCE FOR THOSE GOING WEST.

Homeseekers' Excursions to Western Canada at low fares via Canadian Pacific each Tuesday until October 30th, inclusive. Particulars from any Canadian Pacific Agent or W. B. Howard, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS



MAY 8th TO OCTOBER 30th

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TUESDAY

"ALL RAIL" - also by
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The fertile prairie here put Western Canada on the map. There are still thousands of acres waiting for the man who wants a home and prosperity. Take advantage of Low Rates and travel via

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HOME CLUB

The Educated Girl, the Ideal.

THE article on the educated girl versus the butterfly girl has rather amusing. In reading them one would think that all "A Mere Man" had to be to select, choose, and demand the hand of any young lady. That is rather a primitive performance. In nine cases out of ten "The Educated Girl" positively refuses him because she considers him far from being a suitable life companion for her. There can be no doubt as to which would make the better wife for any man. The educated girl most decidedly would.

It is rarely that a young woman has gained her education by idleness. She the majority of cases she has had to work, and work hard too, in order to get her present standing. She knows the trials, the brain and nerve fag, the discouragements and worries which one encounters in dealing with the public in one's daily work. Is it not worth something to a husband to know that there is one at home who can give him the ready sympathy, the kind word and look? Can the "butterfly" do this? Only those who have gone through like trials understand.

The educated woman has had ambition enough about her to want to earn her own bread and butter. She knows how to earn the penny and understands its real commercial value. As a consequence, she knows how to spend it to the best advantage. If she becomes the mistress of a home, don't you suppose she will know how to spend her husband's money carefully? She will put first things first. The faddy new hat and gown will be put aside without a murmur, for something more necessary in the home, or that a little nest-egg may be laid by for the rainy day.

As a Housekeeper.

In the business world the educated woman has been taught to keep accounts, to know when her expenses are over-running her cash accounts. This will be brought to bear in the home when she becomes a wife. Her whole life has been systematized. She moves, thinks, and works in an orderly manner. Her home will be run on the same principles. There will be no losing the head or nerves, when things become a perfect confusion, for the simple reason that they will never arrive at that state. The evenings will always be reserved for her husband and family. Any one capable of acquiring an education is quite likely to soon learn the art of housekeeping. It requires brains and common sense. "Who can find a virtuous woman, for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no trust in her, so that he shall have no need of evil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

When the bread-winner is away among his fellows, he naturally is

getting new ideas, new views of old ones, etc. His mind is constantly developing. The average "butterfly" never dreams of keeping her mind awake with that of her partner. Not so the educated girl! She is ever striving upward and onward, making home the ideal place for companions. The husband is proud to bring his friends to meet such a wife, for he is confident that she can entertain, whether as a musician, a brilliant conversationalist, or an attentive and sympathetic listener. Her thoughts are for the happiness of others and not settled on her own selfish vanity. Physical beauty fades with age, but mental and spiritual remain through life.—"Corinne Mae."

Men Not to Blame.

MAYBE I'm foolish, but I can't help butting into the interesting discussion in the Home Club about educated men and women. I'm glad to say the question doesn't bother me much for I feel like the would-be poet who wrote:

"Gee whiz, I'm glad I'm free,
No wedding bells for me."

There! I hear "Sister Molly" saying she reaches her collar grapes. Well, I might as well admit that I was stung—and by one of your "educated" girls, too. Of course it is all over now, but no more ventures for me. Suppose I begin as well spin the yarn. Daisy, (we'll call her that) and I, were brought up on nearby farms. About the time I was ready for an average start on a farm of my own, we had decided to unite our fortunes. Her dad, however, insisted that as we were both young enough and he could afford it, that Daisy should have a year and a half or two years at college. I had to agree of course, but when Daisy finished her college course she decided that she would have a "broader outlook" on life in some other sphere than that of a farmer's wife and dropped me. I didn't blame her unduly for I never had much education, as a "turn" leaving public school I had to turn in and help dad on the farm. I have told this incident, just to show that some fellows would take an "educated" wife if they could get one.

Of course "Here's Hoping" is right to some extent. By all means let us have all the education possible for both men and women. But don't put all the blame on the poor men who have never had much of a chance and cannot hope to have this "super" class of girls smile approvingly upon them. Most educated "girls" won't marry, except to men who are their equals as far as education goes. Besides, most of them get high falutin' notions when they go off to the city to finish their education and won't go back to the farm. And then "Here's Hoping" wonders why so many of these girls don't marry and, forsooth, blames the men. Just like a woman, isn't it? Did she stop to think that the average man and average woman in the country are about equal as regards education. It is only natural, then, that the girls who are super-educated and who will accept only a super-educated hubby, should have fewer chances of marriage, and this is at least one explanation why some of them are left on the shelf.

There's one satisfaction about the ordinary sort of girl, even if she is the butterfly kind. While she likes a good time, she is usually willing to take a man as he is, whether educated or otherwise, and does not feel that she is descending to ladder if she does so. Yes, education is all right and let us have more educated men and educated women—but to tell the truth I've had about enough of the latter class to last me a lifetime.—"Brother Jonathan."

Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from page 16.)

tones of the landscape, overturning now by a storm-driven sky.

"This prairie belongs mostly to John Jacobs now, and it is just as it was when the Indians called it the Grand Prairie, and the old Pawnee came down here every summer to hunt buffalo. Some day, soon, there will be a sea of wheat flowing over all that level plain," Thaine said.

"And up here a home with nothing to cut off a fragment of the whole horizon. Think of seeing every sunrise and every sunset from a place like this," Leigh said, her face aglow with an artist's love of beauty. "It's farther to China than I used to think when I dreamed of a purple velvet house, decorated with gold knobs, beyond these three headlands."

"I always did want to live on the Purple Notches," Thaine said reminiscently. "I'm glad we came up here today."

The sound of singing came faintly up from the valley far away.

"The crowd is mobilized. See the wagons crawling out of the grove and the civilians in carriages," Thaine said, as he watched the picnic party pushing out towards the eastward. "I'm so glad we aren't with them."

Leigh sat leaning forward, looking at the immense distances lost in purple haze, overpaved by purple clouds with gold-bordered edges of sunlight.

"The world is all ours for once. We see all there is of it, and yet we are alone in it up here on the purple notches I used to dream about," she said softly.

Thaine leaned back in his duster and looked at Leigh with the same impetuous expression on his countenance that was always there when she was present.

"Leigh," he said, at last, "if you didn't have Uncle Jim what would you do?"

"I don't know," the girl answered. "I never knew one of the fellows who didn't want you, but you, you don't seem to care for any of them. Don't they suit you?" Thaine asked.

"Yes, but I can't think much about them."

"Why not?"

Leigh drew a long breath.

"Thaine, you have always been a good friend to me. Some day I'll tell you why."

"Tell me now," Thaine insisted gently.

Leigh looked up, a mist of tears in her violet eyes.

"Oh, little girl, forgive me. It's because because," Thaine hesitated. "Because deep down where nobody ever knew I've loved you always, Leigh. I didn't know how much until the night of my party and the day we were at Wycliffe."

"Thaine! Thaine! you mustn't say such things," Leigh cried, gripping her hands together. "You mustn't! You mustn't!"

"But I must, and I will," Thaine declared.

(To be continued.)

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Your favorite dish, as you like it, may be enjoyed at reasonable cost amidst ideal surroundings, while travelling on the Canadian Pacific.

The

Butterflies visited the prairie, and the butterflies were seen to be seen.

Light on

SPARKS in a situation of affairs in the north, Martin Burrell, Agriculture, nation, H. follows:

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