



I always use
WINDSOR
Table Salt.

When Baking

are you as careful about the salt you use, as you are about the flour or baking powder?

Poor salt will ruin a baking, just as surely as poor flour.
In the kitchen and on the table, use the fine, pure

WINDSOR TABLE SALT



The food that enjoys the universal recommendation of medical men.

For use during illness and convalescence.

For weakly infants and overgrowing children.

As a supplementary food in cases of malnutrition, and in all cases of dyspepsia and impaired digestion.

Benger's Food

is soothing and comforting, when other foods cause pain. It is the most easily digested of all foods, but is not pre-digested.

A full descriptive booklet may be obtained post free on application to
BENGER'S FOOD LTD., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

Blackwood's

Black Cherry Wine, Ginger Wine, Peppermint Wine, and Hot Todd,

Guaranteed Non-Intoxicants

Price **40 cents** per quart bottle

Ask your dealer for them

The Blackwood's Limited, Winnipeg

WALL PLASTER

The best will not cost you any more than the inferior article or so-called substitutes.

Ask your dealer for the "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters—the highest grade wall plasters manufactured.

Shall we tell you something about "Empire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

a mental inventory of the widow's jewelry.

"Do you think I could?"
"Well, there's the old Perkins' place for sale, and three miles east of here is a large farm just been offered last week."

"But I would be so lonely, Mr. Titewadd."

"Lonely?"

"Why, of course. I must have some company. Oh, let me tell you my secret!"

Her voice dropped to a whisper, and she bent forward till the blond curls tickled the bachelor's nose. "I want to marry—and at once. Read this," and she slipped a small folded paper into his hand. "That is going into all the city papers next week. Don't think me bold. This is leap year, you know, Mr. Titewadd. I got my first husband that way and he was all that one could desire—so kind and loving and—oh dear!"

Here, after a vain search for the lace-edged handkerchief, she was about to seize on a crocheted wool lamp-mat to apply to her eyes when Walter spied the missing article and thrust it into her hand.

The perspiration started out on Jasper's brow and his heart skipped a beat as he read:

"Wanted — By widow of means, not yet 35 and attractive, a gentleman correspondent. Must be of suitable age and steady habits — farmer preferred. Object matrimony."

Just here the Patton clock rasped out eleven strokes and Mr. Titewadd, hastily returning the slip of paper, rose. He seemed to have lost the power of speech.

"What! Not going surely?"

"It is my usual time. I am a man of regular habits, and never keep late hours."

"Oh, are you?" she broke in. "Then perhaps—er—you would like to answer this advertisement yourself?"

Jasper's back was toward the bridge players, but Mrs. Wood could see that the play was suspended.

"I beg your pardon—what was that?" asked Jasper.

"Would you care to—to—reply to my advertisement? I mean, couldn't you and I join interests—er—that is—settle down together and—oh, you know?"

"I! oh! Why, Great Scott!"

"Ladies' prerogative, Mr. Titewadd. Leap Year, you know. Excuse bluntness. Get me right? Have I given a knockout blow?"

"Not at all, but—perhaps you are not aware that Calamity—Miss Patton and I—er—you see—"

"Not engaged!" shrieked Mrs. Wood. "Well—I've never got up the steam to whistle yet, but—"

"Calamity, is this true? Come here, you sly puss."

Calamity Jane drew near in alarmed doubt.

"What's all this I hear?"

"All what?" asked innocent Calamity.

"Are you and this gentleman engaged? Why didn't you tell me?"

Jasper looked helplessly from one to the other.

The Patton family listened breathlessly. Calamity was silent.

"When is the wedding to take place?" Mrs. Wood continued relentlessly.

"Next week!" at length burst from Jasper.

"Why, good gracious sakes alive!" cried Mrs. Patton. "There's the cake and the invitations and the—"

"Hush, mother," said Mr. Patton in a whisper. "Let them play the game out."

Mrs. Wood sank into a convenient chair, but in so doing her long coral chain caught on the arm and a shower of beads flew over the room.

"Oh, my necklace!" she groaned.

This was a diversion which had not been arranged for, but which proved most timely, for while the Patton family went down on their knees and crawled about the rug, Jasper found occasion to draw Calamity aside.

"Can you be ready by then, Cally?"

"Oh, Jasper!"

"Well, in two weeks, then? Say the tenth?"

"Well—maybe—oh yes, Jasper."
"Somebody fetch Mrs. Wood a glass of water and a fan. She's fainting," cried Walter.

But Mrs. Wood, protesting vigorously, aimed a blow at that young man, and, snatching off her beautiful golden hair, threw it up and caught it dexterously on the toe of her boot.

"Hip—hip—hooray!"

And the Patton boys joined in with the "Varsity yell."

"Each For All and All For Each"

Written for the Western Home Monthly.
By Rev. D. S. Hamilton.

It is right to give attention To yourself and to your own; Home and wife and children claim you Lest the loved ones should be lone. But a larger family circle, Too, has needs that you should reach, In fulfillment of the motto: "Each for all and all for each."

It is well to earn a living, In an upright, honest way; It is wise to save a portion, 'Gainst a cold and rainy day. But, beware amid the market, Where so much is bought and sold, That you barter not your manhood, For the sake of shining gold.

It is good if fortune favors, And your treasure grows apace, To remember those less prospered, Struggling members of the race. But a higher service calls you Than to give with ready hand; 'Tis to strive for highest welfare Of your own and every land.

Truth and justice long have waited, And, 'twould seem, are waiting still, For the men of soul and vision, Men of mind and heart and will; Who shall turn from sordid standards, And with clear prophetic call, Teach their fellowmen the motto: "All for each and each for all."

'Tis so easy for the preacher To expound the golden rule; And for saints to sing in chorus Of the Master's perfect school. But if selfishness still governs, And injustice dulls the song, Yours to aid the cause of freedom, Rectifying every wrong.

And methinks the day is dawning, When the Lord, by clamant word, Shall awake His saints to action, Through some prophet yet unheard. Who shall come with message mighty, And with mighty purpose he, Turning thoughts of many backward, To the Man of Galilee.

Till again men see Him walking, In the streets or by the shore; Witness gracious acts of healing, As are told in sacred lore. For He fain would teach the teacher, Lead the leader in the way, Of a self-denying service Bringing in the better day.

When with cruel wrongs all righted, With injustice overthrown, Masses fed and clothed and sheltered, Come with gladness to their own. When the people live in earnest, And men practice what they preach, And the motto bears full meaning: "Each for all and all for each."

Charlie.

'Tis Charlie gets the tumbles, 'Tis Charlie gets the bumps, And worse than these, the measles, The chicken-pox and mumps; And if the scarlet fever Or whooping cough's about, Oh, Charlie's sure to have it Before the month is out. But Charlie's such a darling, So full of pranks and fun, Another thing he catches Is smiles from everyone!