

Royal Household Flour

The best for Bread and the best for Pastry



"The Little Brother of The Rich"

NOW, this is *not* a talk about money.

It isn't a contrast between the rich and the poor, for in some things we are all equally rich and there are no poor brothers.

The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", for there isn't any better.

And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and that is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

And then, a barrel of

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it—makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

Although "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a little more per barrel than ordinary flour it contains so much more nourishment and makes so much more bread of superior quality it is in reality the most economical of all flours.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" comprises 125 pages of splendid Recipes which have been tested and tried. Every woman who is interested in good things to eat should send and get it.



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it did not affect the brightness of his wit, nor the clearness of his convincing argument. When his pleased and grateful client was seeing him on board the night train—which made quick connection at Banville—"Why, Mr. Manning," he exclaimed, "you handled that case like a hockey player his stick." And the K. C. smiled.

"Hello!" ejaculated Bob Manning, some days later, looking up from the morning paper, "listen to this!" It was an account, taken in abridged form from "The Banville Mercury," of the final hockey match between the Banville Tigers and the Tarlton Terriers. "Largely instrumental in winning the game for the Tigers," ran the journalistic comment, "was the stellar play of a substitute, a stranger who gave the non-committal name of Smith, but who, we have every reason to believe, was no less

than Bob Manning, late star of the Royston team, junior champions, and now of the University Seven."

"Some bally fool must have been using my name," cried the youngster hotly; "what would you do about it, Cousin Dick?"

"Oh, I fancy I wouldn't bother about it if I were you, Bob. *Cui bono*"—for he was the barrister once more—"or, in the vernacular, what's the good?" But as he went to the office he smiled, for from his inmost sporting spirit the reproach had been lifted.

And to this day, as the Lanky One lounges over the desk of the Banville hotel and discusses the town gossip with his friend the clerk, he chuckles heavily over that famous night when he won victory for the Tigers by producing the star city player, Bob Manning.

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Disappointment.

BESSIE A. MOTTER.

ONCE, when I's out at Uncle Bob's we saw a great big fire, The smoke, it was jest awful thick, the flames was shootin' higher, So Aunt M'ri, she hustled round and Uncle Bob and me, We hitched old Whitey to the rig and galloped out to see. 'N'en Uncle Bob, he said he thought 'twas Mr. Beebe's place, But Aunt M'ri, she told him that he better make more haste, 'Cos she thought it was nothin' else but Grandpa's cider-mill; 'N'en I could hardly wait a tall to see above the hill.

But when we got to where 'twas clear and we could see around, An' I was ready to sing out, then what d'ye think we found?

Jes' nothin' but a bonfire, as sure as you are born!

Jes' boys a-playin' Injun an' roastin' ears o' corn!

An' Uncle Bob was awful mad, and Aunt M'ri, she said

She thought such silly folks as them much better be abed;

But when I ast 'em if they wished it had been Grandpa's mill,

They said, real cross, that boys my size best keep their questions still!

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

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The Princess' Blue Tie-Ups.

A COLD STORY WITH A WARM ENDING.

BY HELEN REID CROSS.

ONCE on a cold winter's night there were two little Icicles, and they were very unhappy; unhappy, not for their own fault, for they were both as good as they were cold—and beautiful. Their trouble was that they loved each other, and were parted. For though they both hung from the same window sill (that of the Princess' bedroom) yet one of them was quite at one end, and one was quite at the other; which to you may seem near, but which is an enormous distance to an Icicle, who always counts everything by snow-flakes; and more enormous still to these two poor little lovers, whose only wish was to sit quite close together and squeeze each other's hands.

"Fifty snowflakes at least between me and her," sighed little Man Icicle; "how can Jack Frost be such a beast!"

Little Girl Icicle glanced along the broad window-sill that divided them, and decided that the distance was far too great for them ever to meet.

"Oh, Mr. Moon!" she murmured,

"please don't shine so brightly; perhaps if I could not see him, I might in time forget."

"No use winking at her from this distance," thought Little Man Icicle, "but I may as well try."

But he was right—it was no use.

When the sun rose he shone straight in at the Princess' window.

"She'll be glad to see me," he said, "for she's going to the tournament to-day, and wants to look her best;" and he never thought of the two poor little Icicles he was melting all the time.

Drop by drop each of them dissolved, and drop by drop two little pools of water on the path beneath them increased, till gradually both he and she turned into a tiny twisting stream, and trickling gently together, they met at last.

... Now, was it the reflection of the blue morning sky overhead, or was it just a fairy tale? Anyway, it is certain that when the Princess looked out of her window she found, upon the path outside, a dainty blue tie-up lying there, and it was in the shape of a true-lover's knot. — *Pall Mall Magazine.*

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The Siege.

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER.

DEEP in the hold of a curtained crib

A warrior, robed in white, With head held high and dauntless eye,

Was sore beset, last night.

A foe in the land that must be feared.

A watchful ward to keep— Camped in the gloom of the darkening room,

The grey-clad captain Sleep.

A wooden soldier, a woolly dog,

These were his garrison;

And never a trick in the arts of war

Their leader left undone.

Quiet feigned on the pillow, now;

Now, with a sudden fling,

Holding hard to his bodyguard,

On ramparts rollicking.

Dark made a tent for all the world.

And set far lights aglow;

The clock was like a sentinel,

Slow pacing to and fro;

The warrior, nodding, drooped awhile

In his beleaguered town;

Across his eyes, surrender wise,

Two white flags fluttered down.

Close crept the grey-clad captain

Sleep

With all his men of might—

Wee brownie folk and downy folk,

And elves and fairies bright.

With little garments dusky-grey,

With little wings a-gleam,

They bore their captive far away.

To Land of Happy Dream.

VASELINE IN TUBES

Vaseline Camphor Ice

Heals chapped hands, cracked lips and skin.

White Vaseline

Invaluable internally for coughs, colds, sore throat, croup.

Capsicum Vaseline

Better than mustard plasters; does not blister.

Borated Vaseline

A valuable remedy for catarrh.

Mentholated Vaseline

Allays neuralgic pains, nervous headache; cold in head.

Camphorated Vaseline

Eight per cent. gum camphor; for rheumatism, gout, etc.

Carbolated Vaseline

Best antiseptic dressing known.

Vaseline Oxide of Zinc

Quickly heals eruptions, sores and wounds.

Pure Vaseline

Known world wide as the best and safest family remedy.

OUR FREE VASELINE BOOK

tells the special merits of each Vaseline preparation and gives directions for its proper use. Send us your name with street address, mentioning this paper, and we will mail you a copy, postage prepaid.

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