

DE LAVAL SEPARATORS

Cost less than others because they secure the greatest amount of profit from a given number of cows, separate more rapidly and last a lifetime.

The De Laval stands to-day as it has since the principle of centrifugal separation was first evolved, head and shoulders over imitating machines.

Exclusive Highest Award
ST. LOUIS 1904. PORTLAND 1905.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.

14-16 Princess St., Winnipeg.

MONTREAL
TORONTO

NEW YORK
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CHALK dust is fine and white, but it won't make good bread. Fine, white flour is all right as far as it goes, but if it lacks nutrition its other qualities amount to nothing as far as baking is concerned.

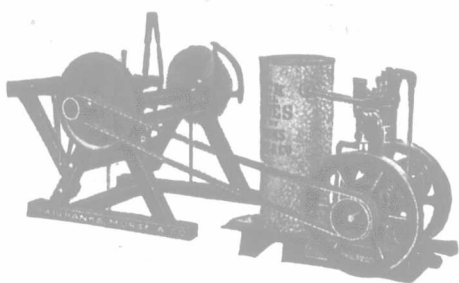
Royal Household Flour

is not only the finest and purest of flours but also the most nutritious. It is milled by a process which gives you all of the nutritious properties of the wheat in the best form for your use. You can get it from your grocer.



Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL.

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook," contains 130 pages of excellent recipes, some never published before. Your grocer can tell you how to get it FREE.



For Farm Use

A Fairbanks-Morse 2 H. P.
Jack-of-all-Trades
GASOLINE ENGINE

will saw wood as fast as two men can handle it. It also pumps water, shells corn, grinds feed, makes butter, runs cream separator, in fact furnishes power for all farm purposes. Every farmer should have one.

Cut out this complete advertisement and send it to
The Canadian Fairbanks Company, Ltd., 92-94 Arthur St., Winnipeg, Man.
Please send me (without charge) particulars about Jack-of-all-Trades Engine for farm use, Catalog E. 102.

I may want a H. P. Name
Engine for Address Prov.

man, woman and child. Will he not call us to account if we keep this knowledge selfishly to ourselves? We have no more right to withhold the good news than those lepers had. Do we realize our responsibility as they did? Certainly the world has its eyes open to the fact that each of us is his brother's keeper. We all—or nearly all—give something in the way of time or money to help others. But is the gift of a little money to the mission fund all that is required of us in the way of missionary effort? Any kind of knowledge is a stewardship, and we are bound to use it for the world. It is like seed grain—to hoard it up is to waste it. Every servant of God is called to be a witness for Him. Missionary effort is not always preaching to savages; it is far more often letting the light of a holy life glorify God before men.

The Master still "proves" His disciples by saying to them as He draws their attention to the hungry multitudes: "Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" Shall we answer as they did, "Send them away . . . that they may buy themselves bread"? To whom should they go for any really satisfying spiritual food? Don't we know quite certainly that Christ, and He alone, can satisfy their soul-hunger? and he still repeats the command: "Give ye them to eat." As it was then, so is it now. He is ready and waiting, longing to show His compassion toward the weary and heavy-laden in all lands. He, and only He, can supply their need—but notice how He did it. The food used was provided by His own company, it is carried by the disciples to the multitude. They must work the miracle by His power, beginning with the placing of the crowds expectantly to be fed. "Make the men sit down," He says, and we must not seat them at an empty table, but be quick and eager to carry them the food their souls need so terribly. The multitudes are so great and so needy that we should lose heart and confidence if we were not careful to return continually to the only One who can be in any degree rightly called "The True Bread." There are so many souls, and they have such different needs it seems hardly possible that even He can fully supply everything. The Apostles must have felt that, as they set out to feed the whole world, but if they had shrunk from the heavy, glorious responsibility think how different the world would have been to-day. Let us never be content to do nothing for the souls of others, just because we have only five loaves and "what are they among so many?" Without God they would, indeed, be worth little, but with God all things are possible. You can do something, if you have only one loaf to

offer, God can work wonders with that. But your talent, whatever it may be, must be consecrated, placed in His hands to be used as He may choose. The more utterly it is consecrated, the greater will be the result—though, perhaps, the result may be hidden from sight for a while. There are hungry souls everywhere, children, young people and old people too, need just what you can give them. The great thing is to make a beginning and reach out somewhere. You have a work to do that no one else in the world can do as well as you. Are you doing it, or even trying to do it? If not, now is the time to begin.

"Launch out into the deep,
The awful depths of a world's despair;
Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide

Bears on its bosom—away,
Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft for Me!'

He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
And sweet and royal is His command.
His pleading call
Is to each—to all:

And wherever the royal call is heard,
There hang the nets of the royal Word.
Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
Trust to the royal Master's will!

Let down your nets each day, each hour,
For the word of a King is a word of power,
And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
'Let down your nets for a draft for Me!'

HOPE.

Dear Hope:—I have been reading "The Quiet Hour" for about six months now, and I want to say that I've been helped and cheered by the very encouraging "talks" that it contains. I might mention a number of articles that I have appreciated more than others, but I won't take up your time and space but would say that the poems in last number, June 21st, "Keep Well Thine Heart" and "Apart with Christ," by Mrs. Hayward, have been of special blessing. They seem to come in time of need. I think I allowed the cares and duties of every-day life to rob me of that quiet place, alone with the Master. I would like to thank Mrs. Hayward for giving the readers of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE these beautiful verses.

Yours truly,

MAY VIRTUE.

INGLE NOOK CHATS

A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.

Dear Dame Durden:—This is one of those evenings when even the effort to breathe seems labor. It is extremely warm and the mosquitoes are very numerous.

I wish you could have been with us at our annual Sunday school picnic which was held on the banks of the Little Red Deer river, a few rods from a very fine bridge. To a lover of nature and out-door life it could not fail to appeal. We arrived at ten o'clock, and about half past one we sat down to a table that for beauty of decoration and quality of food would be difficult to surpass. But over and above all was the kind and courteous greeting which each and every one received. I was an entire stranger to all but a few. Yet in five minutes that fact was forgotten. The children gave a short program and then they had races and other sports in which all joined. Age did not seem to count as all were young at heart. Over all a spirit of benediction seemed to rest, so peaceful and calm and quiet were the entire surroundings. I hope to be able to send a photo which was taken while we were part on the bridge and part in the river. Some were on horse back and some knee deep in the water. But no photo could do justice to the happy faces brim full of life and enjoyment. What beautiful places there are on this earth, which never have

been or never will be sung or praised in story. The graceful deer eating beside the water's edge, the rabbit with its paws digging up the moist soil, and the wild fowl swimming on a pond whose beauty and location would please an artist,—all this, and oh, so much more which must be seen to be appreciated, is right here in our midst! If only our fellow creatures were happy, I for one would think life well worth living. My little son has just brought in a bunch (no other word describes it) of the wild orange lily. There must be at least two hundred blossoms in the cluster. The men were plowing the field, and as he loves flowers he could not bear to have them plowed down.

Oh, by the way, I made a molasses pie for the picnic according to the Ingle Nook recipe and it was splendid. I wish I could send you a piece.

Mrs. B. S.

[Thanks so much for the enjoyable letter. It must have been a beautiful outing, and you tell it well. Perhaps some of the other members will follow suit and tell us of outings they have enjoyed, or give us little descriptions of the pretty spots surrounding their homes. It is a delightful way to add to one's geographical knowledge, and we can't know too much about this great country of ours. A piece of that molasses pie would prove most acceptable at this very minute, for I've decided