



Fairy Soap produces a rich, free lather in any kind of water; its cleansing qualities are most agreeable and refreshing.

Fairy Soap is white—pure—made with expert skill from carefully selected materials.

The oval, floating cake fits the hand and wears down slowly to the thinnest wafer.



THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"

THE appetizing fresh-from-the-oven crispness in which McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas reach you is retained by packing them in wax-lined sealed boxes.

Sold fresh everywhere in different sized packages.



McCormick's Sodas So good that butter seems unnecessary

BREAD

BIG, wholesome, nutritious loaves, of delicious nut-like flavour, downy lightness and excellent keeping qualities.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR
For Breads-Cakes-Puddings-Pastries

God still demands that we shall trust Him without understanding all His dealings with us. He still answers our amazed expostulations by saying—"What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." If we only believe when we can see that our prayers are answered, we are not trusting Him but our own judgment.

He who wept beside the grave of His friend Lazarus, who mourned with patriotic fervor over the coming sorrow of Jerusalem, is not unfeeling over the present agony of men and women. If He can endure the pain of those whom He "loves to the uttermost," it must be because He knows that only in this way can they be perfected—as He Himself was (Heb. 2:10).

It may be that the divine pity of our God goes out even more to the selfish, worldly and hard-hearted than to the suffering. The rich man in the parable was more pitiable than Lazarus—as he discovered, when death showed him that character was infinitely more valuable than money. The "rich fool," whose one thought when crops were good was not to use but to hoard his wealth, discovered his desperate poverty when called to leave his earthly "goods" and answer (as a steward) for the use he had made of them.

Yesterday I saw, in an American fashion magazine—rightly called "Vanity Fair"—advertisements of fur coats for ladies, which ranged from eight thousand to seventeen thousand dollars each! (I am writing out the figures, for fear you might think there was a printer's error and that thousands had been put down in mistake for hundreds.) Are there women, in these days of terrible need, who will squander such sums for their personal adornment? How God must pity them! Perhaps He is pitying us, too, for our selfish hard-heartedness.

Our Lord loved St. Peter to the uttermost, therefore He rebuked him sternly when the disciple—in love for his Master—tried to turn Him aside from the road to Calvary. Probably St. Peter thought he was showing true affection when he said (in reference to the Crucifixion) "Be it far from Thee, Lord: this shall not be unto Thee." He must have been amazed, as well as cut to the heart, when his loved Master turned suddenly and faced him; hurling at the disciple (so heartily praised shortly before) the tremendous denunciation: "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou art an offence unto Me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of man."

What a mistake the bystanders would make if they thought those words were a proof that the Master did not love St. Peter! We sing about "gentle Jesus, meek and mild," forgetting that the anger of the gentle is more terrible than the anger of the fierce. It is from the wrath of the "Lamb" that the kings, chief captains and mighty men shall seek to hide, when "the great day of His wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand."—Rev. 6:15, 17.

And yet, even God's wrath is a proof of love. He will not spoil His children—as David, in weak tenderness, spoiled his sons—and so allow them to go unhindered along the path leading to destruction.

"Far better we should cross His lightning's path, Than be according to our idols heard, And God should take us at our own vain word."

Great gifts of faith, patience and courage are to be won only in stern battle-fields. Some day we shall thank God for the hard bits of our lives. Why can't we thank Him now, while we are wrestling with them? When He calls souls into the wilderness it is in order to bestow upon them the rich gift of His friendship. Ezekiel explains the mystery of the weary march through the wilderness, saying that the Lover of man brings "His own" into the wilderness that He may plead with them "face to face." Surely we can see that it is a high privilege to be called to a private interview with the King of kings. He wants our friendship—let us try to rise above the trifling pleasures of earth and find the joy of His friendship. How strange it is that we can see how our Leader endured the Cross, despising the

shame, and yet we—who claim to be following Him—"Should wince and fret at this world's little loss."

DORA FARNCOMB.

The Little Wooden Gun.

It's hanging on the wall
(How red the setting sun!),
In the deserted hall—
His little wooden gun.

When hollyhocks were kings,
And poppies gallant knights,
On Fancy's golden wings
We scaled heroic heights.

Ah! those were purple days;
In plenty dragons grew,
And things that would amaze
A Henty we could do.

I was an autocrat
When I was not a slave,
And in my tallest hat
He made a fearsome "brave."

As Frobisher and Drake
We sailed the Spanish Main;
Now quiet (for mother's sake),
Now chanting loud again.

And presto! he was I
And I was he, for change,
And day was night and night
The ghost!—the moated Grange!

Ah! in those happy years,
Glad times of make-believe,
I knew not these chill fears,
Who trembled to deceive.

I'm in the silent hall,
I and his little gun—
God grant he does not fall
Where fields are lost and won.

ERNEST H. A. HOWE.

"The Little Wooden Gun"—given above—was written by a reader of the Farmer's Advocate. I am sure it will go straight to the heart of each father of a soldier.—HOPE.

The Beaver Circle

The Fox and the Crow.

BY CAROL VOX.

Sometime ago a Crow, who found A piece of cheese upon the ground, Perched high upon a neighboring beech, And held the prize well out of reach. A sly old Fox, who watched her flight, Remarked, "That whets my appetite." He winked his eye and scratched his head, And then to Mistress Crow he said:

"My dear, you are a handsome bird, Your voice is very sweet, I've heard. Your lovely song, so rich and clear, Is just the thing I long to hear. I'm sure it must be passing fair, And one with which none can compare. So let me hear you sing, I pray, For I am feeling blue to-day."

The Crow, when Reynard thus did speak, Began to "caw," which opened her beak. The cheese at once dropped down below. The Fox to seize it was not slow. He laughed at Mistress Crow's distress, And thus the bird he did address: "Give ear to flattery, if you must, But always listen with distrust."

Little Bits of Fun.

As He Knew It—Teacher—"Tommy, can you spell 'fur'?" Thomas—"Yes, sir. F-U-R." Teacher—"That's right. Now can you tell me what fur is?" Thomas—"Yes, sir. Fur is an awful long way."—Cornell Widow.

"Come on, Bobby, let's play house," suggested four-year-old Betty to her twin. "All right," he agreed, "you get the broom and be the mother, and I'll get the newspaper and be the father."—Nell Van Kirk Morgan.

Her mother had been trying to teach little three-year-old Dorothy to spell her own name, but met with poor success. At last she scolded her, and said that no one would think her very smart if she couldn't spell her own name. "Well," she exclaimed, "why didn't you just call

me a cat, and spell? Big n

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Dear Puck girls write le I would like has taken nineteen hun to be withou a dog whose years old. I every day I Miss Shephe I have an u in France for the Royal Ca his horse "N come home. I will close. ETHEL R. R. No.

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R. R. No.

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[Rules for co Departments: (1) paper only. (2) with communicat the real name w enclosing a lett place it in stamp (4) Allow one answers to quest

A Won Pat P

To the E everything th subject, Patri been said, b question, th coming up. What does p to me patriot much the sar There are m loyalty to ou the most loy eyes to our saying "It's us of our fa as ever it did thing which c real good ho friend who is we make mi enough to war