

Important to Grocers and Consumers!



Registered Trade-Mark

The absolute purity and healthfulness of

BAKER'S COCOA and CHOCOLATE

are guaranteed under the pure food laws of Canada. Made by a perfect mechanical process, they are unequalled for delicacy of flavor and food value.

The New Mills at Montreal are now in operation and for the convenience of the Canadian trade we have established Distributing Points at
Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Canadian Mills at 1000 ALBERT STREET, MONTREAL

Some Subscribers have not yet renewed their subscriptions for this year. Better attend to it as soon as possible.

\$3,600

in Cash Prizes for Farmers

Your Photograph May Win a Prize

AMONG the prizes we are offering in our big Prize Contest is one of \$100.00 (Prize "C") for the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with a photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement. For this prize, work of every description is included.

Now just as soon as you finish that new silo, barn, feeding floor or dairy, that you've been thinking of building, why not photograph it and send the picture to us? The photograph doesn't necessarily have to be taken by a professional or an expert. In fact, your son's or your daughter's camera will do nicely. Or, failing this, you might use the kodak of your neighbor's son nearby. In any event, don't let the idea of having a photograph made deter you from entering the competition. Particularly as we have requested your local dealer to help in cases where it is not convenient for the farmer to procure a camera in the neighborhood. By this means you are placed on an equal footing with every other contestant. Get the circular, which gives you full particulars of the conditions and of the other three prizes. Every dealer who sells "CANADA" Cement will have on hand a supply of these circulars—and he'll give you one if you just ask for it. Or if you prefer, you can use the attached coupon—or a postcard will do—send it to us and you'll receive the complete details of the contest by return mail.

If you haven't received your copy of "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete," write for that, too. It's a finely illustrated book of 160 pages full of useful and practical information of the uses of concrete.

Write us to-night, and you'll receive the book and the circular promptly.

Do not delay—sit right down—take your pen or pencil, and fill out the coupon NOW.

Canada Cement Company, Limited,
National Bank Building, Montreal

Please send Contest Circular and book.

Name.....

Address.....

After tea they walked in the garden—the sweet, old-fashioned, rose-scented garden, and the June Rose explained to him the program for the season.

"I've found out her idea. She wants to give the town a bicycle. And she means to pay for it by her boarders. Not out of the profits, mind you, she isn't going to charge herself with the expenses; she is going to turn over to the town every cent we pay her. She says, 'Lor, child! What with all this garden sauce, and the well, and the apples, and the corn, it won't cost anything to keep you.' What troubles her is the meat question. Meat in the country is dear, and not always to be had even at that. No you must tell her to-night that you Sever eat beefsteak for breakfast, but prefer just coffee and a 'biscuit.' Then we must manage to be away a great deal at dinner-time bicycling, you know."

"Together?" interrupted the young man joyfully.

"And then we can come home to an early tea"—the June Rose ignored his allusion to companionship—"and have cold ham and sardines. You see she will get on beautifully."

"She," murmured Grahame.

"Yes, she. It's no matter about us. I am determined the town shall have that bicycle—I mean, those bicycles, for she wants two. Then we must arrange to stay till very late in the season—"

"I will," assented Grahame eagerly.

"And then, when we get ready to go, we must present her with our bicycles!"

At this culmination the June Rose looked triumphantly at the new boarder, as if she had achieved a master diplomacy.

"Well, really—"

"Yes, really. We can assure her that they are in good condition, and I'm sure she will not mind their being second-hand, she admires them so. Papa is going to give me a new bicycle for Christmas anyway, and I'm perfectly sure you will never be satisfied with a '96 when you see what improvements a '97 will have; so you see we might as well be generous with the old ones."

"Perhaps she would want a '97, too," murmured Grahame feebly.

"Oh, no! I'm quite sure she would be satisfied. And if you shouldn't want to give yours away, surely you would let her have it very cheap under the circumstances?"

"Certainly, certainly!"

"Then it's a bargain," and the June Rose tripped away—to ask Hiram about something.

And the next evening they walked a little in the garden. Grahame had generously lent Hiram his bicycle, and had been astonished to see him mount it with ease and ride away.

"I wish young Lochinvar would ride back to the West," he thought, and he added to the June Rose:

"They're not so innocent as you think. Hiram knows all about a bicycle."

"Hiram? Of course Hiram knows. The only reason he hasn't his own bicycle is because he was generous and left it to his younger brother when he came East."

"Well, you needn't be so sarcastic. I haven't any younger brother to leave mine with."

"No, you are to leave yours with Miss Matilda. Even if Hiram can ride, the town can't. Miss Matilda wants the town to ride."

An amused fancy kindled Grahame's imagination. He projected a cartoon for some comic weekly, representing a town on a bicycle. Yes, he was getting rural material for literary purposes; only, as he thought with another inward smile, he was getting it, not from the country people, but from a city visitor. However, he conquered his smile and asked: "Do you think the experiment is succeeding?"

"Succeeding? Of course it's succeeding. I hope you don't mind very much about the beefsteak?"

"No, I don't mind very much so far. Hiram is probably used to cultivating literature on a little oatmeal, and you seem to be as much of a June rose as ever. Only I'm a little afraid of turning myself into a Grahame 'biscuit' before the season is over."

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