



How Big Is Two Cents?

The average consumption of flour, per year, by each person in Canada, is about one barrel (196 lbs.).

Suppose you use an inferior flour at a saving of say 75 cents over the cost of a barrel of Royal Household Flour, that is just 6½ cents a month—less than two cents per week.

But an inferior flour can yield only a portion of the nutriment you get out of "Royal Household" because cheap flours are poorly milled, contain a greater proportion of bran and shorts—the granules are not uniform—the bread is heavy—the texture is coarse—the flavor is tasteless or poor—the nutriment is not in it.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR, being perfectly milled, is uniform in texture—makes bread that is light and waferlike—white as snow—finely flavored—highest in nutriment

"Royal Household" is electrically purified and sterilized—backed up and guaranteed by its makers' reputation.

Ogilvie's Royal Household Flour.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

is often asked by many people. There is a lot in it when that name is "**Five Roses**" on a bag of flour, for it is synonymous with the product of the finest wheat and the most scientific milling of the times. Ask your grocer for it and a package of our Breakfast Food, and accept no substitutes.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED.

denly lifted from within, and Mary stepped out.

"Mary!"

"Eleanore!"

The ring of those voices told everything. I did not need to hear "My sin against you is too great; you cannot forgive me!" followed by the low: "My shame is great enough to lead me to forgive anything!" to know that the lifelong shadow between these two had dissolved like a cloud.

Yet when, a half hour or so later I heard the door of the reception-room into which I had retired, softly open, and looking up, saw Mary standing on the threshold, I own that I was surprised at the extent of the softening which had taken place in her haughty beauty. "Blessed is the shame that purifies," I murmured, and held out my hand with a sympathy I never thought to feel for her again.

The action seemed to touch her. Blushing deeply she came and stood by my side. "I thank you," said she; "I have much to be grateful for; but I cannot speak of it now. What I wish is for you to help me persuade Eleanore to accept this fortune. It is hers, you know, was willed to her, or would have been if—"

"Wait," said I, in the wild trepidation which this appeal to me on such a subject somehow awakened. "Have you weighed this matter well?"

Her look was enough without the low: "Ah, how can you ask me?" that followed it.

Mr. Clavering was sitting by the side of Eleanore when we entered the drawing-room. He immediately rose.

"Mr. Raymond," said he, drawing me to one side, "allow me to tender you my

apology. You have in your possession a document which ought never to have been forced upon you. Founded upon a mistake, the act was an insult which I bitterly regret. If, in consideration of my mental misery at that time, you can pardon it, I shall feel forever indebted to you; if not—"

"Mr. Clavering," I interrupted, "say no more. The occurrences of that day belong to a past which I for one have made up my mind to forget as soon as possible."

And with a look of mutual understanding and friendship we hastened to rejoin the ladies.

Of the conversation that followed it is only necessary to state the result. Eleanore remaining firm in her refusal to accept property so stained by guilt, it was finally agreed upon that it should be devoted to the erection and sustenance of some charitable institution, of magnitude sufficient to be a recognized benefit to the city and its unfortunate poor. This settled, our thoughts returned to our friends, especially to Mr. Veeley.

"He ought to know," said Mary. "He has grieved like a father over us." And in her spirit of penitence she would have undertaken the unhappy task of telling him the truth.

But Eleanore, with her accustomed generosity, would not hear of this. "No, Mary," said she; "you have suffered enough. Mr. Raymond and I will go."

And leaving them there, with the light of growing hope and confidence on their faces, we went out again into the night, and so into a dream from which I have never waked, though the shine of her dear eyes has been now the loadstar of my life for many happy, happy months. (The End.)



The Angel's Nosegay.

An Angel flew down one day to earth on an errand from Heaven. He had been bidden to gather a nosegay for Paradise, and only the sweetest and fairest blossoms was he to pluck. So he wandered about the garden of earth, searching for flowers.

As soon as it was known that an Angel was in the garden, gathering a posy for Paradise, all the flowers began to put forth their brightest blossoms, and, holding up their heads, strove to vie with one another. "Surely he will be attracted by my sweetest scent and tasteful garb," said the Rose, as she shook the glistening dewdrops from her petals. But the Angel passed her by, for the wilful thorns grew so thickly together on her stem that he could not gather her.

"He will admire my faultless purity and smooth stem more than the wilful Rose," said a tall, fair Lily, as she held up her head in the sunshine. And the Angel, pausing, would fain have gathered the Lily, but lo! he found a small green caterpillar of jealousy hidden beneath her beautiful petals, ready to eat her heart out. So he passed by.

Then the Tulip, in gorgeous array, proudly drew herself up, and said: "I am the best arrayed flower in the garden. None can compare with me for grandeur of garb; surely the Angel will take me." But the Angel, again pausing, rejected the flaunting Tulip, for, looking not at her garb but into her heart, he beheld there a canker worm of rancor, hidden deeply within, and so passed by. Thus the Angel wandered on through the garden, from one flower to another, until he began to despair of ever gathering a nosegay fit for Paradise, for each bore at its heart some worm or canker.

At last he came to a shady part of the garden, where grew Forget-me-nots, and Pansies, and Lilies of the Valley, and sweet Mignonette. Although these had seen the Angel coming through the garden, and knew his errand, it had not disturbed them, but they said: "We will continue in quietness to find the object with which we were planted here, for we are not worthy of Paradise." So the blue Forget-me-nots continued to gaze up, wide into the sky, and as they grew they became increasingly more like the blue expanse. And the Lilies of the

Valley continued to ring their tiny bells, and to make sweet music for the rest. The Pansies continued to cheer their companions with comforting and kindly words; while the sweet Mignonette, having no beauty of garb to boast, constantly sent forth such rare fragrance for the refreshment of those around, that the subtle odor stole far out into the garden.

Then the Angel drew near, and stooping low, looked wistfully to see if the canker-worm had marred these fair flowers also. But to his joy he saw that the delicate petals were perfect, and at length he had found some blossoms fit for a nosegay for Paradise. So he gathered of the blue Forget-me-nots, for he said, "They will grow more celestially blue in Paradise;" and he took of the kindly Pansies, for he said, "They will thrive yet more luxuriantly above." He gathered also of the gentle Lilies of the Valley, as he whispered, "They shall ring a peal of joy in Paradise;" and gathering largely of the fragrant Mignonette, the Angel rejoiced, saying, "This shall be the incense of Paradise." Then, clasping his sweet-scented nosegay, the Angel flew home, and lo! as the gates of Paradise swung open to receive him, a soft, sweet chant stole forth upon the air, "He hath exalted the humble and meek"—E. M. Dawson.

Mountain Gap, July 18, 1905.

Dear Editor,—I never wrote to your paper before, so I thought I would drop you a few lines.

I thought that was a very interesting story that A. F. Knowles sent to your paper.

I go to school, and I think it is great fun.

My teacher's name is Mr. Grant. He is a real good teacher; I like him very much.

We live on a farm, eight miles from the village of Grand View. My sister has a pony; his name is Top; he is quiet, and his color is black.

I would like to correspond with Amy Knowles, if she would write first.

I will now close, hoping to see my letter in print, and wishing the "Farmer's Advocate" success. I remain,

Faithfully yours,

HAZEL REID (aged 14).

Is not "Mountain Gap" a rather interesting address? Hazel?

C. D.

In answering any advertisement on this page, please mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.