

Spoiled Cakes Cost Money

Flour, eggs, milk, butter and sugar are high in price. A spoiled cake or batch of biscuits costs money.

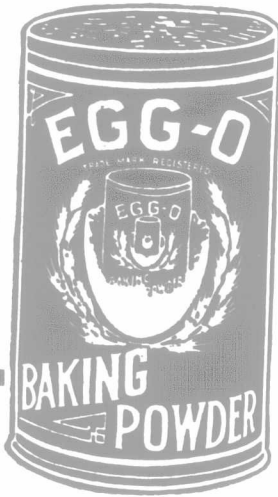
To make sure of baking success use pure, strong, double-acting

EGG-O Baking Powder

The heavy Government Standard flours need the strength of Egg-O to make a light baking. Egg-O has two actions. It rises in the mixing bowl when cold water or milk is added and continues to rise in the heat of the oven, thus making a light cake doubly certain.

You can use sweet milk, sour milk, buttermilk or water with Egg-O—a different and better baking powder.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co.
Limited
Hamilton, Canada



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For over twelve years the original Red, White and Green corn flake package has been a familiar combination of colors to all Canadians.

During all these years millions of Canadians have enjoyed

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

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CHAPTER XX.

The Way the Wind Blows.

November 15th, 1837.

THIS afternoon I am writing my journal in the little office of the apothecary shop, the reason being that in the first place all the other work which Uncle Joe left me has been done, and in the second that the day is so stormy no one is coming in. Through the window I can see the sleet and snow coming down in a steady drive, lashed at times by the wind so that it beats against the glass like a shower of hail-stones. No wonder the streets are quite deserted.

For my own part I am very glad of the storm, for there is much that I wish to set down in my book, the chronicling of events having become a sort of diversion to me, so that I miss it, if I am long hindered from it, as I would any other employment or source of comfort. Both of these my journal has become to me. In writing the occurrences that have given me joy I live them over again, while in recording those that have given me sorrow I seem to find relief such as one might find in pouring out one's woes to a dear friend.

To-day I have so much to tell that I scarcely know where to begin, and yet I must proceed somewhat in order.

To begin with since last writing, just three days ago, I have had two surprises,—but of that in due time.

There is a chap next door whose name is Clinkenbocker. He is substituting for a few months for the clockmaker, who has gone home to the Old Country on a prolonged matter of business, and although for upwards of three weeks we have spent our days so near that we have run into each other at every turn, we have had but little to do with each other until yesterday.

At first sight of him I thought of a sea lion, which I once saw slithering about and "honking" without ceasing in a tank at a travelling circus, and to me, ever since, he has been "The Sea Lion," so much so that I have been in mortal terror of accosting him some morning with "Good morning Mr. Sea Lion," or calling to him "Say, Sea Lion, will you give me the right time of day?"

He has a big head with beetling brows, beneath which his eyes look out at you in curious fashion, and his moustaches are so heavy and long that they droop down in a curve right below his choker.

At first I tried to be friendly with him, as is the custom of us plain folk from the country, but it was soon enough clear to me that he regarded me with either dislike or suspicion, and I did not find out the reason until yesterday.

"Good morning, Mr.—er — Clinkenbocker," I would say to him.

"Morning, sir," he would snarl, and immediately dive into his shop among his clocks and watches.

"Good luck to you, sir, is the swimming fine?" I would fain have called to him many a time, but then reflected that he would have lost the point of my joke. I do declare, however, that the fellow's fishiness got so on my subconsciousness that I would not have been surprised any day if I had heard him "honk."

Well, yesterday evening, after supper, I returned as usual to the apothecary

shop, and was about to shut up for the night when there came a tapping at our back door. I opened it and there stood the Sea Lion.

"Are you about through, sir?" he said, in his deep growling voice.

"Just going to shut up," I said.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

It seemed to me that he looked friendlier than usual, and in his countenance there seemed to be a gleam of something that looked perilously like animation.

"Yes," he replied, abruptly. "I'd like you to step into my workshop for a few minutes."

With my eye I measured him up and down, and a good, thick stocky specimen he was. "What's up now, old fellow?" I said to myself. "Well, here goes! I guess I can look out for my skin as well as you can for yours."

So in I went.

The place was very dimly lighted with but a single tallow candle, and at first I saw nothing but the little speck of red flame in the midst of a jungle of ticking clocks, short and tall. Then from the long dark shadows of them someone stood up, taller and taller, and at the next breath I had taken one bound across the shop, sending a lot of loose wheels and clattering from something that I bumped against.

It was The Schoolmaster.

"Highly—tightly!" he exclaimed, and then he thumped me on the back and nearly wrung my hand off, and I swear I could have hugged him.

"Where did you come from?—When did you get here?—How are they all at home?" I asked, all in a breath.

"Slowly, boy, slowly!" he laughed.

"One at a time!—I came straight from the Corners, at least as straight as the very bad roads would allow. I got here an hour ago. They are all perfectly well at home, and I am the bearer of a letter to you.—There," taking it out of his pocket, "sit down and read it."—Which I did without stopping to make apology, finding it filled with all the little home happenings that I most wished to hear about, and ended with the few words of love that I well know how to measure.

While I read The Schoolmaster and Clinkenbocker conversed in a low tone, and when I had at last finished they both turned to me. The Schoolmaster with a glad smile, the Sea Lion with a twinkle beneath his bushy eyebrows that promised to develop into one with proper coddling.

"And you were here a whole hour!" I said, somewhat reproachfully.

"You'll forgive me," said The Schoolmaster, "when I tell you that it was only a few minutes ago that I learned you were next door. I asked the way to your Uncle's and my friend here had a chance to tell me you were nearer to me than I had thought."

"You saw father and mother?"

"Of course.—Just before I left. When I have time to turn out my carpet bag I'll get you some warm socks from your mother, and give you all her warnings about what you are to do in case you take cold."

I laughed, and then I thought of Barry. "There's no especial news?" I asked.

"None at all,—no, nothing in particular. I've been trying to get Jimmie and Hannah to come down to The Corners for the winter, but there's difficulty of course, about housing the oxen and the cow and pigs and hens. . . . Red Jock's fine—working long and late these days. . . . Big Bill's drinking harder than ever.—You didn't know Nick Deveril had married his housekeeper did you?—A wild old charivari the boys gave him! He's so mad over it they say he's going to move away soon. There's some talk of Big Bill renting the tavern—in which case 'Good-bye Bill.' Too bad, too! There's some good in the fellow if only he'd leave the drink alone."

"And what about old Hank," I demanded. "What's he doing these days?"

"Why, bless my soul, how did I forget Hank?—Why he's in fine fettle. I've a letter from him too—a whole roll—so I put it in my carpet-bag. He's fine, fine! But busy,—very busy! He's been helping with the drillings, you know. A born soldier, that boy! Takes to it like a duck to water!"

"A born orator, too," I added, "Hank's got a head on him, hasn't he?"

The Schoolmaster nodded, in his quick way. "A fine head! A fine head! There's a boy that's going to get to the

top some if our plan

I glance sitting with stomach a motionless of the expressive I said to drawn down I felt, at I had de consoled n but as ever The Sch misinterpre "Oh, C said, "You At which "I wasn't ing wheth home with The Sc genially. just where come to a we expect, self in when "You th 's bound to He glanc my glance straighten hands on l eyes glarin "Do you master, "r down for Naturally, The glar long droop then the Sc which I s But never "He tell master, "r better shap its seven the Lieut timided, no sign of more stubb "Stubbo deep growl so sudden!

"I was ago," I sai very few the troops The Sc swear that comfortabl at all to r wonder j without l friends, w to the old enough, p a realizati had place that June me, "Look two stools.

For a l, in tryin lost track not a word although I on. Then itself. "If it said to side of priest good t on the squ Yet I ho would not position. I need for before was careful "Clinken saying, wh "that the under Col "That t than once them, and a Reforme 'what blam as I intend and the B me to have Again Tl you've had former.—W for the soul "Of cou totally disc the Times, Baldwin, M