



With Every Bag of Flour There Goes A Guarantee

That guarantee means that I believe Cream of the West to be the best bread flour on the market. If your bread doesn't beat any you ever baked before, if it fails to rise or doesn't give extra satisfaction in every way, your grocer will pay you back your money on return of the unused portion of the bag.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If people will fairly and honestly try Cream of the West they will have success with it. That's why we guarantee it. We are sure of it.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, President

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It is True Economy

to use the highest
grade of sugar like

St. Lawrence Sugar

It is brilliantly white and sparkling—looks dainty and tempting on the table—and goes further because it is absolutely pure sugar of the finest quality. Make the test yourself. Compare "ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED" with any other.



The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited
MONTREAL

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TWELFTH INTERNATIONAL LIVE STOCK EXPOSITION

December 2nd to 9th, 1911

The World's Greatest
Live Stock Show

Union Stock Yards
CHICAGO

The International Horse Show, embracing all that is paramount in horse world, will be held evenings during the Exposition. Thirty National Live Stock Association Conventions. Premiums over \$75,000. Entries more than 11,000 animals. Grand carload exhibit. Numerous new attractions.

DAILY AUCTION SALES OF PURE-BRED LIVE STOCK

Wednesday, Dec. 6th, 1 p.m.
50 CHOICE ABERDEEN-ANGUS

For catalogue, write:

CHAS. GRAY, Secretary,
Union Stock Yards, CHICAGO.

Thursday, Dec. 7th, 1 p.m.
50 SELECTED SHORTHORNS

For catalogue, write:

B. O. COWAN, Assistant-Secretary,
Union Stock Yards, CHICAGO.

Friday, Dec. 8th, 1 p.m.
50 HIGH-CLASS HEREFORDS

For catalogue, write:

R. J. KING, Secy, Kansas City, Mo.

On Tuesday, Dec. 5th, at 1 p.m., the Rambouillet Sheep Association will hold a sale. For further particulars write Dwight Lincoln, Secy., Milford Center, Ohio. Shropshire sale, Wednesday, Dec. 6th, 10 a.m.; for further information apply to J. M. Wade, LaFayette, Ind. Also on Thursday, Dec. 7th, at 1 p.m., the American Hampshire Swine Association will hold a sale. For catalogue, write E. C. Stone, Sec., Peoria, Ill.

EDUCATION ENTERTAINMENT PLEASURE TRIP ALL IN ONE
LOWEST RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

Place a small lump on each spot and rub in well, then put the clothes into the boiler.

* * * *

"Economics changes man's activities. As you change a man's activities, you change his way of living, and as you change his environment, you change his state of mind. Precept and injunction do not perceptibly affect men; but food, water, air, clothing, shelter, pictures, books, music, will—and do."—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

PLANTS IN WINTER.

Harper's Bazar says that morning-glories, nasturtiums and cobaea scandens may all be grown nicely in the house in winter. Put tumblers over them until they get started.

The Kindly Fruits of the Earth.

By Annie Oakes Huntington, in Youth's Companion.

In the small vegetable garden overlooking the white cottage farmhouse, where Leah Fay and her aunt, Miss Susan Fay, kept house together, Leah was picking out stones. It was just before planting-time in spring, and the pleasant afternoon sunlight had drawn her out, with the same sure touch that was quickening into growth the little green blades of grass on the bank at the south side of the house, and was swelling the flower-buds on the elms in the front dooryard. Leah, with her strong back and arms, worked as a boy works, without consciousness of fatigue. Now and then she cast a glance toward the side door of the house below, and sometimes stopped a minute to listen.

There was something about Leah Fay that made you like her at once. Her neighbors were discussing her one evening down at the store, and one of them, a man who lived on Temple Hill, remarked:

"Most everyone's got two sides. You see one side and like 'em, and I see round the other way, and don't like 'em any, but I tell you what 'tis, Leah's just got one side, and everyone in town sees her just one way, and likes her, from the minister down to Susan Fay's pigs."

It was not so much that she was pretty—although a fresh complexion and waving hair and kind, brown eyes, did much to make her seem so; it was rather her manner, which expressed ready good feeling and latent force of character. Even strangers felt her lovable quality.

At the house a door closed. Looking up, Leah saw a man go into the barn, lead out his horse, and drive slowly up the road. She dropped her rake, crossed the field, and climbed over the wall just as the wagon passed behind the hill, out of sight of the house.

"Mr. Allen!" she called, and the man drew up. While the bluebirds flew overhead and the shadows lengthened and the old horse pawed holes in the road, the two stood in earnest talk. Long suspected by Leah, although bravely kept from her by her delicate, impoverished aunt, it was the old story of one debt and a small mortgage on the farm, then more debts and a larger mortgage, until, after her father's death, a crisis had come, and foreclosure stared them in the face.

"But there," Mr. Allen concluded, "I don't know as I'd ought to tell you this, Leah. I guess Susan doesn't mean you to know. Maybe something can be done before September, and you're smart enough to hire out down to the Flat, if worse comes to worst."

"To hire out down to the Flat!" The words rang in her ears. To hire out, and leave her frail aunt stranded among well-meaning relatives who did not understand her ways, to see her dear home sold at auction, the hens given to the neighbors, and the old family horse, Tug, carried off to be sold—the tears blinded her eyes as she pictured it all.

That evening, in the intervals of talk during supper, and while she washed the dishes, the question, "What can I do?" burned in her brain. To Miss Susan she gave no outward sign, although she glanced whistfully at the thin, pale face of her aunt as she sat with her knitting unheeded in her lap.

"Good night, Aunt Sue!" she said, at bed-time. "Let's you and me go to the Center to-morrow morning; it will do you good to ride out and get a change, and

you know Mrs. Moulton's been counting on your coming for ever so long."

The suggestion sprang from a definite plan which had been slowly taking shape in Leah's mind, and which she wished to discuss with Mr. Atwood, the lawyer, an old family friend and counselor.

Alonzo T. Atwood, attorney-at-law, justice of the peace, superintendent of schools, and deacon of the First Parish Church, sat swinging in his office chair the following morning, when he heard a knock. The next moment Leah Fay stood before him, her eyes glistening, her cheeks flushed.

"Good morning, Miss Fay! What can I do for you? Have you come about your will, or to discuss the new minister's salary?"

"O, Mr. Atwood, please don't joke!" said Leah, and she hurriedly told him what she had heard the day before, while Mr. Atwood listened with an attention that was all kindness.

"And what I came to see you about was this," Leah continued. "You know I've raised all the green stuff in our garden for two summers. I thought that if I could only borrow enough money to plow up another piece this spring, and buy some dressing, I could raise vegetables to sell round to summer people, and pay off the back interest, if I don't make enough to pay any more. We've only got till September, and it's all the home we have in the world"—and she broke off abruptly, not trusting herself to speak.

Unlike many jovial men who make a practice of being funny, Mr. Atwood knew the point at which to stop, and his heart was easily touched.

Crossing the room to an open safe behind Leah, he took from it some bank-notes, which he placed before her on the desk.

"My dear little girl," he said, "your father and I were friends from the time we were boys at school together, and I don't understand why Susan has never told me about the state of things at home. I believe that you have it in you to make this scheme of yours a paying one, and I want you to take your start in business as a present from me. No, my dear," he interrupted, "don't try to thank anyone in this office,—we don't allow it here,—but come in often and see me, and tell me how you get on."

Busy days for Leah followed this talk in Mr. Atwood's office. Every spare hour was devoted to her undertaking, and she not only consulted the successful farmers of her neighborhood, but also those in near-by towns who could give her advice.

On a large sheet of brown paper she drew a plan of her garden to scale, and here she arranged the different vegetables, with planting dates two weeks apart, to allow for a succession of crops.

It was done with such system that later in the season, after the dressing had been spread on the ground, and the rich, brown earth had been plowed and harrowed, it was a simple matter to direct the planting. When the fertilizer and seeds, and the work of the hired men had been paid for, there was still enough money left to buy a wheel-hoe, which reduced the amount of Leah's manual work in weeding and cultivating between the rows.

It was a wonderful spring that year. The rains came in warm showers at frequent intervals, without rough winds and storms, and the sunshine quickened Leah's seeds into thrifty little plants, while she weeded and thinned out and encouraged each kind to do its best. Up and down the rows of beans she scattered nitrate of soda to hurry them along and make the string beans tender and snappy.

She had been warned to give less than a handful to each plant, for too much would burn them. At the roots of the green peas Leah mixed in wood ashes, but no nitrate of soda. Old Mel Plummer made her wise on that point.

"Sody'll run 'em up, all leaves," he cautioned her, "and if you ain't calculating to turn them vines into shade-trees, you'd better feed 'em ashes."

She loved her work, and her garden showed it. Never were there lettuce so crisp, never sugar-peas so melting, never cress and radishes with such a peppery snap, never rows so straight and free from weeds. Her ability was discussed of an evening in the country stores beyond the limits of three villages.