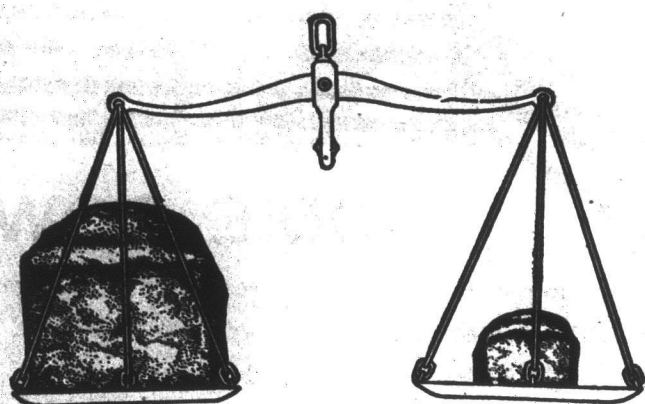




The light bread or the leaden loaf is a matter of *choice*—not luck. Choice of method—choice of yeast—but, above all, in the choice of the *flour*. She who chooses

Royal Household Flour

will not have to bargain with fortune for successful baking.—It is made from the finest, selected Manitoba wheat, which contains more gluten (that quality which makes bread light) than any other wheat.

It is milled under the most sanitary conditions—absolute purity is one very important quality which the Ogilvie System of milling guarantees. There is no other flour in Canada upon which so much is spent to insure its perfect purity.

Ask your grocer for Ogilvie's Royal Household—the flour that makes light bread.

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Toronto, Ontario.

In Lighter vein.

When Sally Had Her Tin-Type Took

When Sally had her tin-type tuk,
I'll bet a pint o' liquor
Thar warn't a man but whut wuz struck
On her a leetle thicker.

She wuz the belle o' Jink's Cove,
But dangerouser nor pizen
By reason o' the web she wove;
Oh, she wuz tanterlin'!

An' ev'ry feller fur an' wide,
From Begum to Carliny,
Would ruther had her fer his bride
Than be the King o' Chiny.

'Twuz at the annual meetin' when
A feller from the valley
Seed me ez he come up the glen
A-walkin' round with Sally.

He said ez how he'd like ter git
Miss Sally and her feller
Ter pose together jist a bit
Beneath her umbereller.

Now, this jist suited Sal, you bet,
An' I had no objection.
An umberella's the best place yet
For showing one's affection.

Then jist as he wuz tek'n' aim
I slipped my arm about her.
You ax me wuz I feelin' game
To kiss her? Yes, I mowter.

Did she fly up with a look o' scorn,
Her cheeks with anger burnin'?
Wal, no! That's her a-hoeln' corn,
An' that's our gal a-churnin'.

Only Once.

"Can you honestly say that you were never afraid in battle?" asked the tactician of the old veteran with a wooden leg.

"Well, no, I don't think I could say that," was the reply.

"Then you were afraid?"

"Yes, but only once."

"Have you any objections to giving me the particulars?"

"Not at all. I had lent the captain of my company ten dollars, and when we were rushed into a fight and I saw him taking the lead and exposing himself I was afraid he'd get killed and I'd lose my money."

Changing Daniel's Quarters.

A clergyman, recently engaged with another of a different belief in a controversy regarding some question of religion, sent to a newspaper office a long article supporting his side of the question.

The manuscript had been "set up" in type for the next day's issue.

About midnight the telephone bell rang furiously, the minister at the other end asking for the editor.

"I am sorry to trouble you at such a late hour," he said, "but I am in great trouble."

"What can I do for you?" was asked.

"In the article I sent you to-day I put Daniel in the fiery furnace. Please take him out and put him in the lion's den."—Exchange.

A Selfish Request.

A certain Irishwoman, on her death-bed, called her husband to her side. "Patrick," she said, "I've a last ray-quist to make of ye." "I couldn't rayfuse ye annything, Mary, darlint," responded the sorrowing husband. "Patrick," said Mary, solemnly, "I want ye to lave mother ride in the carriage beside ye to me funeral."

"'Tis too much ye're askin' of me, Mary!" cried Pat, springing to his feet in desperation. Mary, however, was determined on this point, and Pat finally yielded to her "last ray-quist." "I'll lave her ride be me side," he promised, weeping bitterly. "but mark ye, Mary, darlint, 'twill shpohl the day fur me entoirely, that it will!"

A Way to Advertise.

A little child was crying miserably one afternoon on Fourth street. He walked slowly, and his howls soon brought a big crowd around him.

"What is the matter, my child?"

What troubles you," every one asked. The boy paused finally. He looked at the multitude which had assembled; then, lifting up his voice, he shouted in a shrill treble:

"I'm lost. Will somebody please take me home to Abe Silverstein, Sixth street, the champion clothier, south of Market, who has just got in his new stock of spring overcoats, suits, neckties, shirts, hats, and umbrellas, which he will sell cheaper than any one else in the city?"

Translated It For Him.

At the Coates house there is a negro boy who runs an elevator in the day-time and studies English literature at night. A few days ago he was given his envelope with a small fine deducted for some breach of the regulations. Quite indignant he went to the cashier and began:

"Mr. Gardner, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wage for some trivial act, alleged to have been committed by myself, I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation."

The cashier, tottering, reached for his chair, but managed to ask what was meant.

In othah words, if yo' fine me ag'in Ah'm goin' to quit."

Had Quite Enough.

A very subdued-looking boy of about twelve years of age, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, went to the master of one of the board schools and handed him a note from his mother before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in a book.

The note read as follows:

"Mr. Brown: Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played trooant, but you don't need to thrash him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy fought him, an' a man they throo at cought him an' thrashed him, an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him also. Then his father thrashed him, an' I had to give him another one for being improoient to me for telling his father, so you need not thrash him until next time. He thinks he better keep in school in future."

His Last Harangue.

A group of Cyrusville's citizens had gathered around the stove in the corner store and, as often happened, James Corning was holding forth on the trials of his kind.

"What do women-folks know of care and trouble?" he demanded of his audience. "Sheltered in their homes, with just a few little household duties to make the time pass, and when night comes the privilege of sitting down to the evening lamp, while the man of the house puts on his hat and goes out into the darkness and often into the storm, and walks maybe half a mile, to fetch home the paper, so's his family can have the news next day. No need for them to think of earning money—no—"

Mr. Corning's mouth dropped wide open as a stern-visaged woman stepped in at the door and up to him.

"I've heard you'd been giving these little talks," she said, clearly, "and I've come down to wait for the mail, so's you can go home and take my place sitting by the evening lamp. You'll find a basket of your socks there with holes in 'em large as hen's eggs, and your overalls and Sammy's trousers."

"If you get those done," she added, relentlessly, as her husband tried to look at ease and as if it were all a good joke, "when you gets 'em done,