

RED ROSE TEA "IS GOOD TEA"

200 Cups of Tea

All from one pound of the Blue Label. The Tea will be as strong as you will want it—and it has that rich, pungent flavor for which Red Rose Tea is noted.

Prove it by ordering a package from your grocer.



A WONDERFUL HELP

to the busy housekeeper is a flour which is easy to use. "Five Roses" Flour is exceptionally easy to use, because it is always uniform. There is no waste of time, flour or money; no trials of temper over spoiled bakings when you use "Five Roses" regularly every baking day.

Ask your grocer for it to-day, and learn what easy baking is.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO.,
LIMITED.

The Advice of Experts:

"It is always a mistake to plant old seed, and often it is well to procure a supply from a different part of the country, but not very remote nor too different in climate. Seeds of weeds that are hard to kill out are sometimes found in field and garden seeds, and precautions must be exercised against them."

The above is a quotation from *Farmer's Bulletin, No. 94*, of the *United States Department of Agriculture*, and its application to Canadian Growers is this:

Rennie's Seeds are fresh. They are Northern grown
and adapted to the Canadian climate. They are care-
fully selected and free from weeds. This is a plain
statement of facts,

and we stand behind it with a record of thirty-seven years' honest service to the Canadian farmer.

W.M. RENNIE CO. LIMITED.
Toronto. Montreal. Winnipeg. Vancouver.

Ask your dealer for
RENNIE'S SEEDS

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

I am afraid that, owing to the long gaps between the appearances of my letters in our Home Magazine, and the exigencies of a limited space, they must have a somewhat patchworky aspect to our readers. I can but again ask their indulgence, and just pick up the dropped threads as best I can.

To-day I find it difficult to choose my topics, for I have had many delightful little trips around and about South Devon since I last wrote, and I want to tell you about them; but then, again, there have been many eventful happenings in the political and social world, and I should like to tell you just a little about them, too, or at least try to pass on to you what those who have been in closer touch with them all have thought or said about them. There are some very grave considerations before Parliament this session, each having its turn for discussion, but first of all, on the opening day, came that of the bill for "The Enfranchisement of Women," a bill which met, not its final doom, but its postponement, by the well-known process of being talked down, the last man holding the floor in spite of cries of "Vide! Vide!" and interruptions, until the relentless hand of the clock reached the exact moment which, by Parliamentary rule, made further discussion impossible.

Under the heading, in a London daily, of "A Great Debate," the writer says: "Never has the cause of woman suffrage been more ably presented, whilst the old jibes were conspicuous by their absence, and, in spite of its temporary defeat, to-day's debate has helped forward powerfully the whole question, which has been lifted up to a higher plane of thought and feeling. Woman suffrage has now taken its place definitely in the sphere of practical politics. There can be no recession. It won't come in this Parliament; but it will come as certainly as the sun will rise to-morrow." The Premier voted for the bill as "a declaration of his opinion that the exclusion of women from the franchise is neither expedient, justifiable or politically right." "We have outlived the idea," he said, "that woman is an outlander by predestination"; but, all the same, as it was in the case of others who as strongly favored the principle, he felt that there were many changes needed in the details of this especial bill before it could be accepted as a whole.

Whilst it was inevitable that the actions and utterances of what is known as the physical-force group of suffragists, for whom the title of "Suffragettes" has been coined, should provoke just criticisms, as well as witticisms, they have not very seriously or permanently injured the movement. Even those who deplore their methods, say, in kindly excuse, that even the worm will turn; and as the quiet and dignified efforts of fifty long years have produced so little effect, it could hardly be wondered at that the patience of some would fail them and the protestation take a more turbulent form.

It seems next to impossible to judge of any subject which is brought up for legislation solely upon its own merits, whether it be the enfranchisement of women, the abolition of barmaids, or the building of the Channel tunnel; self-interest, political reasons, and, with many of the Members, a seeming impossibility to make up their minds once for all, and then to abide by their convictions. Let me tell you of a story which will illustrate my meaning: A lady had a pet chameleon that changed its colors in sympathy with its environments, and did so with wonderful rapidity. It was in charge of an old and faithful man-servant. "James, bring me the chameleon, I want to show it to Lady May." "Sorry, I canna, ma'm." "Why not?" "Well, you see, ma'm, it's this way. One o' your lady friends called while you were out. To amuse

her, I just showed her your pet." "Yes, there is no harm in that." "No, ma'm; well, I put it on a blue cushion, and it turned blue." "Yes?" "I put it on a pink cushion and it turned pink." "Yes, very good." "I put it on a yellow cushion and it turned yellow." "Yes?" "I put it on a gray cushion, and it was just as gray as your lady's dress." "Well, well?" "Then (in saddened tones), I put it on a tartan plaid, and it just bust itself!"

I see I am not going to get upon the subject of my wanderings in this letter; that must wait for next time. Instead, let me pass on to you an item clipped from the Daily Mail of 22nd February, which, being another added link between the Old Land and Canada, may be of interest to you. The lady mentioned, Mrs. Scholes, is a personal friend of my own landlady at Teignmouth, who tells me that she has not one, but two large provision stores in the neighborhood of Torquay. The item was headed, "Message in a Cheese":

"While cutting through a Canadian cheese on Tuesday, Mrs. R. D. Scholes, of St. Mary Church-road, Torquay, found a small glass bottle containing a piece of paper, on which was written the following:

"Westport, Ont., Aug. 14, 1906.

"Am enclosing a small note in this cheese, trusting the receiver will kindly answer and let me know where it was bought, the price, and also how they liked it. This cheese was made to-day, August 14, 1906, by my husband, W. C. Taylor, in Salem factory. Waiting for a reply,
"MRS. W. C. TAYLOR.

"Westport, Ont."

"The cheese is of excellent quality, and Mrs. Scholes intends to communicate with the writer to that effect."

I sincerely hope that Mrs. Taylor, whose cheese has met with such high commendation, has already heard from Mrs. Scholes, according to promise.

CASES OF LONGEVITY.

I believe I have already alluded, in a previous letter, to many instances mentioned in the public press of the great ages reached by people of both sexes in the Old Land. Since then I have come across some most interesting records, all within the last month. The Church Guardian, in a late weekly obituary list, which covers only from February 7th to February 18th, inclusive, gives the names of twenty-three who have died within those dates—all over 80, but thirteen over 90, one being 96, and three 94 years of age. Other papers of the month tell as follows of Mrs. Ann Marshall, of Liskeard, who has just died, celebrating her 103rd birthday a fortnight ago. She distinctly remembered the national rejoicings after the Battle of Waterloo. "Granny" Hudson has passed away, aged 105 years, in Lambeth Infirmary. Of Mrs. Willis, nee Frances Rayley, of Burton, North Westmoreland, who, had she lived another five weeks, would have attained her 101st birthday. The parish register at Shinfield, Berkshire, shows that she was born there on April 7th, 1806. Deceased had lived in five reigns, and was in London at three coronations. She saw Queen Caroline thrust aside at George IV.'s coronation, and remembered the city watchmen, the running of the first London omnibus, and Lord John Russell's first experience at the hustings. The Iron Duke only lived three miles from her native place. She was an enthusiastic whist-player. Of William Horne, who still lives at Swanmore, near Bishops, Waltham, Hampshire, and who retains most of his faculties at 104. Of Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Jennings, who is about to celebrate her 103rd birthday at King's Lynn. She has a son living, aged 83; has lived in five reigns, and also remembers when, as a child of five years, her parents took her to Russell Square to see Queen Caroline, who, Mrs. Jennings says, "was never Queen, because the King