

## Buy High-Grade Flour

### Direct From the Mill

**MAKE** the best bread and pastry you've ever tasted. Prices of flour and feeds are listed below. Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to 5 bags buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over 5 bags we will prepay freight to any station in Ontario east of Sudbury and south of North Bay. West of Sudbury and New Ontario add 15 cents per bag. Prices are subject to market changes. Cash with orders.



## Cream of the West Flour

*the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread*

GUARANTEED FLOURS	Per 98-lb. bag
Cream of the West (for bread)	\$4.05
Toronto's Pride (for bread)	3.80
Queen City (blended for all purposes)	3.70
Monarch (makes delicious pastry)	3.70

FEED FLOURS	
Tower	2.00

CEREALS	
Cream of the West Wheatlets (per 6-lb. bag)	.35
Norwegian Rolled Oats (per 90-lb. bag)	3.40
Family Cornmeal (per 98-lb. bag)	2.30

FEEDS	Per 100-lb. bag
Bullrush Bran	\$1.40
Bullrush Middlings	1.50
Extra White Middlings	1.62½
Whole Manitoba Oats	2.10
Crushed Oats	2.15
Chopped Oats	2.15
Whole Corn	1.85
Cracked Corn	1.90
Feed Cornmeal	1.85
Whole Feed Barley	1.85
Barley Meal	1.90
Geneva Feed (Crushed Corn, Oats and Barley)	1.90
Oil Cake Meal (old process)	2.05
Cotton Seed Meal	1.95

These prices are not guaranteed for any length of time owing to the unsettled condition of the market.

Every bag of Flour ordered entitles purchaser to two bags of bran or middlings at 10 cents per bag less than the prices given above. Special prices to farmers' clubs and others buying in carload lots.

You can get a free copy of "Ye Olde Miller's Household Book" (formerly Dominion Cook Book), if you buy three bags of flour. This useful book contains 1,000 carefully selected recipes and a large medical department. If you already have the former edition, (Dominion Cook Book), you may select one book from the following list each time you order from us not less than three bags of flour. If you buy six bags you get two books, and so on. Enclose 10 cents for each book to pay for postage. Remember at least three bags must be flour.

### BOOKS

Helen's Babies  
Lorna Doone  
Mill on The Floss  
Tom Brown's School Days  
Adam Bede  
David Harum  
Innocents Abroad  
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm  
The Lilac Sunbonnet  
The Scarlet Pimpernel

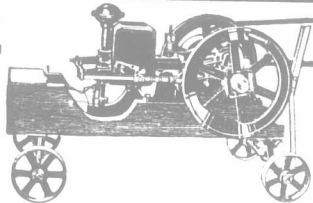
Beautiful Joe  
Little Women and Good Wives  
The Story of an African Farm  
Black Beauty  
Quo Vadis  
The Three Musketeers  
The Mighty Atom  
Mr. Potter of Texas  
Jess  
A Welsh Singer

**The Campbell Flour Mills Company Limited**  
(West) Toronto

## ENGINES 1/2 PRICE

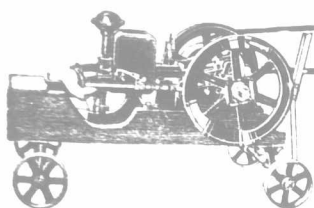
1½ horse-power	\$ 39.00
1¾ " "	46.50
3 " "	68.00
5 " "	113.50
6 " " (with magneto)	168.00

(Truck—\$6.00 to \$10.50 extra)



**DIRECT From PAGE Freight PREPAID**

**Highest Quality—Lowest Price**



PAGE Engines are built of the very finest materials—by expert workmen—in an up-to-date plant. Many valuable features—found only on other engines at twice its price. Buy DIRECT from PAGE—at half-price—and put the "middlemen's profits" in YOUR own pocket.

Write for FREE Illustrated Folder.

Dept. 101 B  
**PAGE, 1137 King W, TORONTO**

Now a message tells of a battalion checked in front of one of the enemy's trenches by barbed-wire and machine-guns—which means heavy losses. Perhaps the next is to the effect that some brigadier has sent his last reserves forward to work round the flank of the enemy holding a certain position. A third may notify the capture of prisoners, of signs of demoralization shown by the enemy in a certain quarter of the field, of our troops being in hot pursuit. A little later another announces the capture of a hostile trench by a bomb party, and of its conversion for the use of our side."

There is a lull for a short space, the cannonade dies down and becomes fitful, and in the comparative stillness can be heard the distant fire of rifles and machine-guns. Then suddenly our artillery begins to speak afresh and a message comes through: "The enemy are massing for a counter-attack. Louder and louder swells the volume of sound as the fire of one battery after another is directed on to the target offered, and the throb of the Maxims grow more insistent. For those who cannot see what is going on, there is now a period of suspense, until the next report states laconically that the counter-attack has been repulsed. To picture what has happened at the scene of action between the receipt of the two messages demands little imagination.

The day wears on and the night comes. Throughout the hours of darkness flares go up into the sky over the battle-field and the beams of searchlights occasionally wander across, lighting up in their chilly radiance the battered parapets, the dark patches of blood, the still forms of the dead lying among the ruins and debris, or half immersed in the water which fills trenches, ditches and shell craters.

Near at hand the darkness is pierced by the flashes of rifles, while far away to the front and on the flanks the discharge of the guns are reflected in the sky like the play of summer lightning. Although there is no cessation of fighting at night, it becomes possible to communicate more freely with the fighting troops, to discover the exact situation and make plans for the following day.

Such are the conditions by day and night in which a divisional commander and his staff have to think and construct their plans and to act. The distracting influences are many, for above all does the atmosphere of a battle breed wild rumors. They are brought by the wounded, by tired, overwrought men from the trenches who have just been relieved, and by others who have not been in the fighting, but have been affected by what they have seen daily.—Telegraph, London, Eng.

### CANADA SAVED THE DAY.

The following splendid tribute to the Canadians who fought so bravely at Langemarck, in the vicinity of Ypres, is taken from the New York "Independent:"

Every American's heart beat faster when the news was flashed across the ocean last Sunday.

The greatest battle of the war was raging in Flanders. The Belgians, the French and the British were facing 500,000 of Germany's bravest, heavily entrenched, in the arc-shaped battle front above Ypres. The Canadians held the British left, next to the French. It might be the turning point of the war.

The Germans threw grenades of asphyxiating gas. A yellow cloud of vapor blew over the French trenches. The French fell back. The Germans charged. The Canadians were forced to give way in order to keep in touch with their line. Then reforming, the whole Canadian division countercharged. They drove all before them. They recaptured their guns. They remanned their trenches. They took one hundred of the foe prisoners. They left a thousand dead. But the tide of defeat was turned.

Said a wounded Canadian officer: "Our boys were more than magnificent; but there are very many of them whom we will never see again. The shelling started soon after one o'clock. It was directed mainly to the French lines north of us, but huge shells came behind our trenches every few minutes. It was literally hell for the poor French beggars who were joined up to us.

Our artillery was splendid and caught the Germans with raking shrapnel side fire. It was lucky for the French, but unlucky for us, for it drew a part of the attack on our front.

The Germans were mowed down by our machine guns, but they came solidly over 200 yards and over our entanglements. Several mines were let off at just the right time by our engineers, but still they came on, yelling taunts in English, which were meant particularly for us Canadians.

We had some shells of this asphyxiating kind earlier, and thought we knew what to expect. Our men were staggering around almost in delirium a few minutes, but then they absolutely ran amuck among the Germans.

The United States is neutral. But the United States will ever applaud the valor of men who are not afraid to die. Such are they who fight under the banners of the eleven nations of the earth now at war.

But beyond all, the United States must applaud the heroism of Canada. Canada is our kith and kin. Canada is our neighbor. Once we invited her to join our Union. For a hundred years neither cannon nor fort has frowned over the 3,000 miles of frontier between us. We have shown the world the way to peace and disarmament.

In this supreme and solemn hour of victory, when the blood of her sons redens like the maple leaf, the clay of Belgium, we realize more than ever that Canada's heritage and civilization are ours also. The Canadians are Americans.

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Russia has given an order to the Canadian Car and Foundry Company to \$83,000,000 worth of shrapnel, and lesser contracts have been given to thirty-seven manufacturers in the United States. The Westinghouse Air Brake Company has a shrapnel order of \$20,000,000 from France, and within a few days there have been orders for \$1,000,000 of aeroplanes. In addition large orders for field and machine guns, benzol, uniform cloth and beef are being distributed among various American firms.

### That Horse Trade.

A TRUE STORY.

By Agnes Hunt.

"Well Meg, I've decided to sell old Nell."

It had come at last; the thing I had long feared.

John went on calmly: "Old Mr. Winters offers to trade me a young mare for her, and you know he would be good to her."

"Why should he offer to trade a young horse for an old one?" I asked, my suspicion at once aroused.

"You see, it's just this way. Winters is an old man and hasn't the right use of himself. This young mare is rather high-spirited, and sometimes kicks; only by spells, he says, and he would much rather have a quiet horse than one like that."

"How about you?" I asked, ironically.

"I'm a young man, and since I know her fault, I can be watching out; you see, and ready for just such emergencies. I never yet saw the horse I was afraid of."

John threw back his broad, capable-looking shoulders, inflated his chest, and smiled down at me.

How a young man does glory in his strength!

"What about the children?" was my next query.

"They'll just have to keep away from her in harness, and they say she is perfectly quiet in the stable. I hope you won't kick up a row. I think I would be bettering myself a whole lot, and I simply won't keep old Nell much longer. Her age of usefulness is past."

"Very well John, have your way, but I only hope when my age of usefulness is past, I may die rather than be thought in the way. It's lucky old folks can't be traded off like old horses."

"Now Meg, don't be silly. Horses and people are different things. There's no comparison at all in fact, and don't let foolish sentiment run away with your common sense. You know as well as I