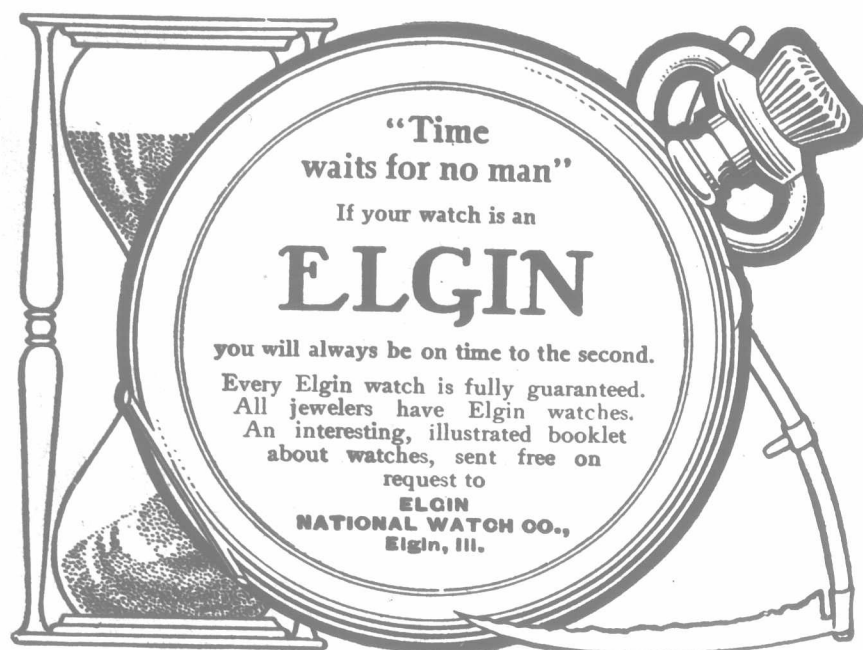
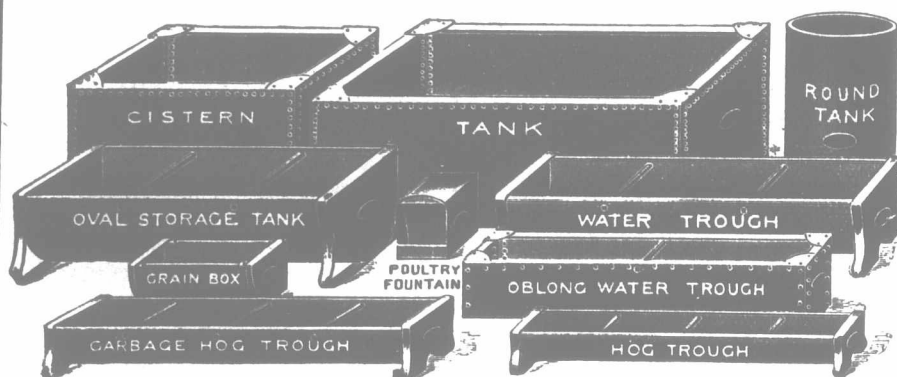




OUR AIM

is to make "Five Roses" Flour as pure as it is possible for flour to be made. It costs us more to insure this high standard of purity, but the enhanced reputation which "Five Roses" has achieved compensates us for the extra cost. "Five Roses" Flour is the first essential to all who require the purest bread and pastry, and as pure food is a necessity to all who value good health it will pay all housekeepers to ask their grocers for "Five Roses."

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO.,
LIMITED.



Besides the above lines, we also manufacture **Steel Threshers' Tanks, All-Steel Cheese Vats, Steel Whey Tanks, Stable Fittings, Feed Cookers, Steel Mangers, Storage Tanks to Hold Grain, Machinist Lathe Boxes.**

Get our prices on Galv. Steel Water Bowls, double and single Stable Trough. Our price is very low on these.

Steel Trough & Machine Co., Ltd., Tweed, Ont.

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

OF REGISTERED

HOLSTEIN CATTLE THURSDAY, Oct. 18th, '06

At Lot 14, Con. 13, Blenheim, Oxford Co., FRANCIS STAUFFER offers his entire herd of Holstein cattle, consisting of 15 females and 4 males, and other **Farm Stock and Implements.** Cows averaged over \$70 at the factory the last two seasons. Morning trains will be met at Drumbo station, at the junction of G. T. R. and C. P. R. Sale at 1 o'clock. **Terms:** One year's credit on approved notes, or 5 per cent. off for cash. For catalogues apply to either

D. RUDY, Tavistock, Ont.
Auctioneer.

F. STAUFFER,
Washington, Ont.

firm, when the tomatoes can be peeled without trouble.

Tomato Mincemeat.—One peck green tomatoes (chopped), 2 lbs. raisins (seeded and chopped), 2 lbs. brown sugar, juice and grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons cinnamon, two-thirds tablespoon cloves and allspice, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 pint vinegar. Boil tomatoes, sugar and vinegar three hours, adding remaining ingredients twenty minutes before done. Seal for future use.

The Golden Corn.

The Army of the Corn across the mould Comes marching now in all its wondrous bloom:

By day a fire of yellow and of gold,
By night a cloud of tassel and of plume.

Its ranks with bayonets bright keep back the suns,
And holds at bay the cossack wind and breeze;
It boasts a thousand friendly Marathons,
A thousand thousand bloodless victories!

So shall it march to fulness of increase,
Till soon in field of harvest there appear

Its rustling tents of plenty and of peace—
The bivouac of the Autumn and the year!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.

If He Wears.

By Adelbert F. Caldwell.

He may wear the latest clothing,
Have silk stockings and all that;
He may wear "Prince Louis" collars,
And the very softest hat;
He may wear a coat and trousers
Of the newest, latest style,
But he's not the boy one cares for,
'Less he wears a happy smile!

He may wear the oldest clothing,
Shoes and stockings, tie and hat;
He may also wear "patched" trousers,
And one doesn't care for that!
He may go without an ulster,
And bareheaded all the while,
If he wears (all can afford it)
On his face a merry smile.

Might Have.

By Edith M. Thomas.

I have lived my life, and I face the end—
But that other life I might have led?
Where lay the road, and who was its friend;
And what was the goal, when the years were fled?

Where lay the road? Did I miss the turn?
The friend unknown? Our greetings unsaid?
And the goal unsought? Shall I never learn
What was that life I might have led?

As the spring's last look, for one dear day
From skies autumnal on earth may bend,
So lures me that other life—but, nay!
I have lived my life, and I face the end.

By the Way.

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God!

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green
Were grace unmet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs, thank God!

After the lark the swallow,
Blackbirds in hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales, all roads I trod,
As though one bird were not enough, thank God.

Not one flower, but a rout,
All exquisite, are out,
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As though one flower were not enough, thank God!

Farming in Norway.

(From the Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.)

Think of a country that has but 740 square miles of plowed land! More, indeed, might be tilled were it not needful to keep it in meadow. In some places, the Norse farmer has actually carried back to overlying slopes the soil which rains, in the process of tillage, have swept down upon the lower fields. No crop seems more luxuriant than potatoes, seen in garden patches, planted in rows not more than twelve or eighteen inches apart, and covering the ground completely when midsummer has come.

No agricultural process is of more interest than the haying. The dairy is the staff of life, and scythes, like a small sickle or a corn cutter, are carefully wielded over rough and hummocky ground where the American farmer would turn loose his sheep. Yet in the better meadows the growth is rank and full; not tall, but soft, thick and fine, and matting so close that there is added reason for drying, as the people do, upon hurdles or trellises. Much too moist are the air and soil to cure grass in the way of other latitudes. It would become fertilizer rather than forage if left to cure on the ground. On the hurdle, its fine texture turns the rains effectively so long as sun and air need to continue their work. Thus haying proceeds along the fiords, while the saeter, the mountain dairy, is in operation on the heights, whither the cattle and the dairymaids have migrated for the summer period.

Sometimes from these heights a taut wire is stretched to the homestead below, down which, three thousand feet or more, the products of dairy and forest are transported. I did see haystacks at Ole in American fashion, and there are mowing machines in Romsdal; but, in great part, the cow standing docile in a small boat crossing the lake at the head of the Hardanger is a type of the primitive life of man and beast on the farms of Norway.

English as She is Spelt.

"I am not a spelling reformer," said Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, "but a friend of mine named Turner nearly made one of me once."

"Turner and I were travelling together. We came to a certain hotel, and there, to my amazement, the man registered:

"H. C. Phtholognyrrh."

"What is the matter with you?" I exclaimed. "Why do you adopt that remarkable alias? Have you committed some crime?"

"No, indeed," said Turner.

"Then why don't you register your own name?" said I.

"That is my own name," he answered. "Phtholognyrrh"—"Turner." That's my name."

"Well," I said, "I can't see how you make 'Turner' out of 'Phtholognyrrh.' What is your object, anyway, in using such a peculiar spelling?"

"Oh," said my friend, "when I used to register plain 'Turner,' I attracted no attention. Now, though, my name excites a great deal of wondering comment. People study it. They ask one another what my nationality can be. Even now, you will notice, there is a little crowd buzzing over the register. 'Phtholognyrrh' is good English spelling for 'Turner,' too. In the 'phth' there is the sound of 't' as in 'phthisis.' In the 'olo' there is the sound of 'ur' as in 'colonel.' The 'gn' is 'n' as in 'gnat.' Finally, in the 'yrrh' there is the sound of 'er' as in 'myrrh.' There you have it. Phtholognyrrh—Turner."

All Her Sons.

A Japanese war vessel stopped at Cork, and a number of sailors were given shore leave. On the same day a country woman was in Cork seeing the sights, and for the first time saw a native of the Mikado's land. All Japs looked alike to her, and after she had observed a street car half filled with them, she exclaimed:

"Glory be, but she was a wonderful woman that had all thim sons."