

Dr. Maria Montessori

FEBRUARY 12, 1914

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

287

# SUGAR AS YOU LIKE IT

## Fine Grain — Medium Grain — Coarse Grain

To have every grain alike, size of dots at left, each one choice extra granulated White pure cane sugar, get the St. Lawrence in bags, with red tag — 100 lbs., 25 lbs., 20 lbs.

In the bags of St. Lawrence "Medium Grain" — blue tags — every grain is choicest granulated sugar, about size of a seed pearl, every one pure cane sugar.

Many people prefer the coarser grain. The St. Lawrence Green Tag assures every grain a distinct crystal, each about the size of a small diamond, and almost as bright, but quickly melted into pure sweetness.

Your grocer's wholesaler has the exact style you want—grain, quality and quantity all guaranteed by

St. Lawrence  
Sugar  
Refineries  
Limited,  
Montreal.

# St. Lawrence Sugar

12

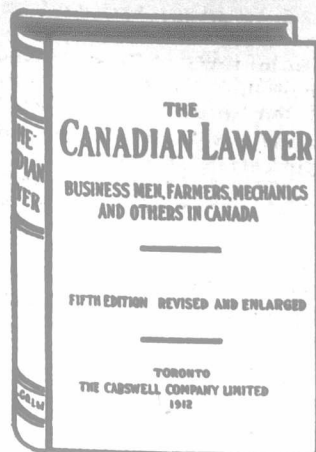


## Black Victor Meat Foods

Meat Scrap, Meat Meal,  
Chicken Scrap, Poultry  
Bone, Bone Meal, Blood  
Meal, Blood Flour, Red  
Blood and Bone Tonic.

Write now for complete price list, while the price of eggs is high.

MATTHEWS-BLACKWELL LIMITED, TORONTO



## The Canadian Lawyer

How the Farmer can keep out  
of Law Suits

The "Canadian Lawyer" is a book that will protect the farmer against the sharp practice of agents or any person else, who might like to get him into a tight place. It is just what farmers of Canada have been looking for, for some time. It gives the most important provisions of the Laws of the Dominion and of each of the Provinces. The information is given in simple, every day language, so that

farmers will be able to do a great deal of their own business strictly in accordance with the law, without having to pay each time for a little bit of ordinary advice.

It also gives simple and correct Forms for the preparation of all kinds of legal documents that a farmer would ever have occasion to use. Chattel Mortgages and Bills of Sale are explained fully—how to make them, the law in regard to them, and when to use them. Similar information is given regarding Cheques, Liens, Notes, Land Mortgages, Promissory Notes, Receipts and Wills; Instruction as to Exemption from Seizure for Debt; the Law in regard to Line Fences; the use and form of Powers of Attorney; the Law in regard to Trusts and Trustees, and in fact everything else that a farmer would require to know.

The book contains 453 pages, price \$2.00 in good cloth binding, and will be sent, postage paid, when cash accompanies the order. Send your order direct to the publishers:

THE CARSWELL COMPANY, Limited, 19 DUNCAN ST., TORONTO, CANADA

declared between his master and the school children.

Pincher lived beautifully up to his name whenever he got a chance, by pinching the tails of their pet cats as they raced up trees to escape him, and by snarling and barking at their own heels, with all sorts of deep-throated growls and dark threatenings to do dreadful things.

The children had got into the way of retaliating upon Captain Ben, whenever they got a chance, by sending him anonymous parcels containing all sorts of old rubbish; while occasionally some of the most daring would risk the chance of being caught by Pincher, and steal in and help themselves to apples, or even chase his pigs and geese.

They did not mean to be wicked, but considered it a sort of pay-back for all his unkindness and gruffness to them. "He started it," they always stoutly maintained when questioned about the matter.

But now they had the best of him; at least they thought they had, as the news had gone around the village that Pincher was dead. In fact, Captain Ben had told Joe Harper so himself, saying in his gruffest manner as the boy passed by to school, "Pincher is dead; he'll not bother you no moah," with such a fierce look, "just for all the world as though we had killed him," said Joe, when repeating the old man's speech to his chums.

"They had not killed him; oh, my, no! although they had threatened to do so often enough. He had been run over by an auto, late in the autumn, and never had recovered from it."

So they had begged Mabel to make them a valentine in the form of a little booklet, each leaf having on it a ludicrous and ugly sketch of Pincher and his master, from the time when the dog had been a puppy, ending with the last page, the burial scene, where Captain Ben was heartily shedding tears over the grave. On the grave-stone they had placed the following epitaph:

"Here lies the tawny, yellow brute, The sneaking cur, the fierce galoot, A fitting mate for his master gray, Whom we sincerely hate more and more each day."

The children did not realize how much the old man loved his dog, or they would not have thought of doing anything so heartless.

Later in the day as Mabel was showing the valentines she had made all ready to send to her friends to Mildred Jones, Mildred said, "Oh, my, but aren't they just lovely! I just wish I could draw like you; but then I'd have no money to get the materials with even if I could, so I might as well cry for the moon at once and be done with it," she finished with a little laugh.

"The first one I'd send a valentine to, if I had one to send, would be old Captain Ben," she said, looking out of the window across the fields to where the smoke from the little cottage could be seen making its way up into the clear, frosty air.

Forgetting her promise to the boys to keep silent about it, Mabel said, "He's going to get one."

"Is he!—oh, let me see it. I hope it's all roses, and violets, and blue ribbons, and gold lace, like the one I've been admiring in Simpson's window every day I passed," said Mildred, her eyes dancing in pleased expectancy.

Mabel turned rosy-red as she said, "Mildred Jones, are you crazy? Roses and violets and ribbons for Old Ben! I guess not. Why, he's perfectly horrid to us all the time; as horrid as"—here Mabel stopped as though searching her brain for a fitting comparison.

"As horrid as the Jones crowd," said Mildred, with a gleam of mischief in her eyes. The Harpers, Jones crowd, Kemps and Scotts, were inseparable friends now, ever since the episode of the Christmas-tree, and the remodelled slide.

"Oh, no, indeed," said Mabel hastily, "that is, I mean you are not horrid now, and never would have been, had we been inclined to be friendly with you all at first."

"Perhaps Old Ben's the same," said Mildred. "If we'd do him a kindness, now and then, perhaps he would not be so grumpy. But come, show me the valentine anyway. What is it like?"

"I can't show it to you, the boys have

it; but I'll have to confess, it's not at all like the kind you would have sent him—just the opposite."

"Well, then, we must not let the boys send it," said Mildred firmly.

"Poor old Captain Ben, I've always felt a sort of pity for him. You see, I know how it feels to be lonely, and how cross and horrid it makes one to feel and know for certain that no one loves us." Here Mildred's voice trembled a little, her loneliness was of such recent date that she had not forgotten it yet.

"You poor darling," said Mabel warmly, "you're not lonely now, are you?"

"No; not since you and Lillie and May, and all your other chums have taken me up and have been so kind to me; even our housekeeper seems to be finding out that we have hearts, and are human. But still all these little things I have to be thankful for only make me long to help Captain Ben more and more. I should like to send him something bright and pretty, just to let him know that someone cares."

Mabel looked at her friend's flushed face and tender eyes in surprise, as she said, "And to think that we ever called you heartless and mean. Why, you're a better girl than any of us. We've all been rejoicing over the thought that he was going to get a valentine that would make him more unhappy. But come, we'll hunt up the rest of the girls, and get them to help us persuade the boys to give up the idea of sending it."

In the meantime, a similar consultation was being held amongst the boys. They had shown Mabel's work of art to Len Jones, expecting him to admire it as much as they had done themselves.

Judge their surprise when he handed it quickly back to them as though the touch of it burnt his fingers, his face reddening as he said:

"Don't you think it a bit rough on the old fellow, lads?"

"Course not. Why, we're sending it to pay him out for all his scowls and threats, and the times Pincher has chased us."

"I thought," said Len slowly, "that you lads did not believe in kicking a fellow when he was down."

"Neither we do,—but I don't see that Old Ben's down. He's lost Pincher, but he's too hard-hearted to care about anything," said Joe Harper.

"I don't know about that. Pincher was all he had in this world to love, and although he looked ugly to us, I've no doubt the old fellow thought he was a beauty; in fact, I am sure he did, because I passed there last night after dark, going to the store, and Captain Ben was outside digging a grave for Pincher. He did not hear me, but I could hear him sobbing to himself, and saying, 'Poor old Pincher; poor old dog, you're gone, and the old man's all alone now.' It made me feel so badly that I had to run all the way to the store to keep the sound of that lonely old voice out of my ears."

"You see, lads, I know what it feels like to be down and out, and I would not send a valentine like that to Old Ben for a pocketful of gold."

The boys looked at each other a little shamefacedly. This, from a so lately despised Jones.

"Say, fellows," said Johnnie Kemp, "let's not send it, even if we can't be friends with the old chap, let's not give him anything more to be mad at us for."

"John's about right," said Bob Scott, "we've done some mean things, too; things we need not have done. Let's make a ship-shape resolution, as Captain Ben would say. For instance, Jones here, being the starter of the thing, will write it out, and we'll all sign it; something like this," scribbling with a pencil:

"We, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly promise to abstain from playing Capt. Benjamin Leamont, in all such ways as sending him ugly valentines, stealing his Duchess apples (which, by the way, only makes us want more and more all the time), chasin' his swine, and old tuff-neck, his pet gander."

Signed this day, February 10th, 1914.

Len Jones,	Paul Jones,
Bob Scott,	Joe Harper,
John Kemp,	John Harper,
Dick Kemp,	Alan Harper,
Grant Scott,	Carl Jones.