

Give Me a
Chance to Prove
My Flour



Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

For several months we have been selling flour direct from our mills to the farmers of Ontario. Have you taken advantage of our splendid offer? If not, you will find it profitable to do so now. Read our prices:

GUARANTEED FLOURS.

	Per 98-lb bag.
Cream of the West Flour [for bread].....	\$ 2 90
Queen City Flour [blended for all purposes]..	2 50
Monarch Flour [makes delicious pastry]	2 50

CEREALS.

Cream of the West Wheatlets [per 6-lb. bag]..	25
Norwegian Rolled Oats [per 90-lb. bag].....	2 50
Family Cornmeal [per 98-lb. bag].....	2 25

FEEDS.

	Per 100-lb bag.
"Bullrush" Bran.....	\$ 1 35
"Bullrush" Middlings.....	1 40
Extra White Middlings.....	1 50
"Tower" Feed Flour.....	1 60
"Gem" Feed Flour.....	1 75
Whole Manitoba Oats.....	1 50
"Bullrush" Crushed Oats.....	1 55
Manitoba Feed Barley.....	1 35
Barley Meal.....	1 40
Oil Cake Meal (old process, ground fine)....	1 70
Chopped Oats.....	1 55

Prices on Ton Lots: We cannot make any reduction on above prices, even if you purchase five or ten tons. The only reduction from the above prices would be on carload orders.

Terms Cash With Order: Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to five bags, buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over five 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

Any One of These Books Free When You Buy Three Bags of Flour

The Dominion Cook Book has 1,000 recipes and large medical department. The books by Ralph Connor, Marian Keith and J. J. Bell are full of absorbing interest. Start now to build up your library with these books. You may choose a new book each time you buy three bags of guaranteed flour from us (any brand). If you buy 6 bags, you get two books and so on. Enclose 10 cents for each book to cover postage. To get a book remember that at least three bags must be flour.

Dominion Cook Book
Books by Ralph Connor:
Black Rock
Sky Pilot
Man From Glengarry
Glengarry School Days
The Prospector
The Foreigner

Books by Marian Keith:
Duncan Polite
Treasure Valley
'Lisbeth of the Dale
Whither Thou Goest
By J. J. Bell

The Campbell Flour Mills Company, Ltd.
(WEST) TORONTO, ONTARIO

allowed to bring the old proverb to its logical conclusion. Anyway, this seems to me to be the reasonable solution of what sometimes becomes a difficult problem, and if married men, and especially farmers, will give the method a trial I don't think they will be disappointed by the results. A "square deal" brings out the best qualities that a man has been endowed with, and it is none the less effective in the case of a woman. Take her into the firm, give her a share in its management, and don't let her think you want to pay her off with a share of the income or a weekly salary. It's her business as well as yours, yours as well as hers, and if there's a profit over living expenses, showing at the end of the year, it should go into the improvement of that business, not into the pocket or private bank account of either partner. As they say over in our neighboring republic at election time, "Let us have progress, prosperity and peace." These desirable conditions can, I think, be brought about by means of what I have tried to outline, that is, a co-operative partnership on the farm and in the home.

J. E. MAC.

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Fairy Music.

Oh, you shall play a seaweed harp,
And you, a beechnut violin,
Till your thin music silver-sharp
Invites the vagrant fireflies in.

And you shall play a moonbeam flute,
And you, a mullin-stalk bassoon,
Till all the crickets gather mute
To criticize beneath the moon.

And you shall play the shepherd horn
That calls white fancies home like sheep:
And you, the oboe all forlorn
That Oberon gave you to keep.

For you will both be fairies then:
And one shall sound a coiled shell
To pilot fairy sailormen,
And one shall ring a crystal bell.

And you with yellow hair will need
A willow whistle cut at dawn:
But you shall play a river-reed
Like any little nut-brown faun.

And Syrinx will forget to flee,
And Pan, what mischief he had planned:
And she with you will dance while he
Pipes up the moon of Fairyland.

—By Grace Hazard Conkling, in The Craftsman.

Kettle Talk.

"I don't feel well," the kettle sighed. The pot responded. "Eh? Then doubtless that's the reason, ma'am. You do not sing to-day, But what's amiss?" The kettle sobbed. "Why, sir, you're surely blind. Or you'd have noticed that the cook is shockingly unkind. I watched her make a cake just now— If I'd a pair of legs I'd run away! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How she did beat the eggs, Nor was that all, remember, please, 'Tis truth I tell to you— For with my own eyes I saw Her stone the raisins, too! And afterwards—a dreadful sight! I felt inclined to scream! The cruel creature took a fork And soundly whipped the cream! How can you wonder that my nerves Have rather given way? Although I'm at the boiling point, I cannot sing to-day."

—The Child's Hour.

Funnies.

The teacher was instructing the youngsters in natural history. "Can any little boy or girl," said she, "tell me what an oyster is?" The small hand of Jimmy Jones shot into the air. "I know, Miss Mary! I know! An oyster," triumphantly announced Jimmy, "is a fish built like a nut."—Christian Register.

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear," her mother replied.

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I am afraid they don't."

"But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

Little Alice was to speak in public for the first time at a Sunday-school concert. When it came her turn, she arose and walked across the platform very bravely, but being seized with a sudden attack of stage fright, she could not find her voice. Something came up in her throat, making her gulp and swallow, but no little poem was forthcoming.

Finally, turning a frightened face to her teacher, she gasped, "I've swallowed my piece."—Nettie Rand Miller.

A little boy of five was invited to a children's party. The next day he was giving an account of the fun, and said that each of the little visitors had contributed either a song, a recitation or music for the pleasure of the rest.

"Oh, poor little Jack!" said his mother. "How very unfortunate you could do nothing!"

"Yes, I could, mother," replied the young hopeful. "I stood up and said my prayers."

"What became of that little kitten you had?" asked a visitor of the small boy.

"Why, haven't you heard?"

"No; was it drowned?"

"No."

"Lost?"

"No."

"Poisoned?"

"No."

"Then whatever did become of it?"

said the visitor.

"It grew up into a cat," was the reply.—Crescent.

Chickadee.

(Written for Beaver Circle by Mrs. E. A. Winter.)

The ground was all covered with snow one day
When two little sisters were busy at play,
And a snowbird was sitting close by one
And merrily singing his "Chick-a-dee-dee!"

He had not been singing that tune very long
Till little Emily heard him, so loud was his song,
"Oh, sister, look out of the window," said she
"Here's a dear, little bird singing 'Chick-a-dee-dee.'"

"If I were a bare-footed snowbird I know,
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.
I wonder what makes him so full of glee.
He is all the time singing his Chick-a-dee-dee."

"Oh, mother, do get him some stockings and shoes,
And a nice little hat and a frock if he choose
I wish he would come into the parlor and see
How warm we would make him, poor Chick-a-dee-dee."

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread
And he heard every word little Emily said.
"How queer I would look in that dress," thought he,
And he laughed as he warbled his Chick-a-dee-dee.

"I thank you dear child for the wish you express,
But I have no occasion for such a fine dress;
I should rather remain with my limbs all free
Than to hobble about singing 'Chick-a-dee-dee.'"

"There is one, my dear child, though I cannot tell who,
That has clothed me already and warm enough, too,
Good morning; oh who are as happy as we?"
And away he went singing Chick-a-dee-dee.