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SUNLIGHT

contains no free acids or alkalis to make fabrics sticky or smelly or to cut them to pieces—leaves your laundry white, clean and sweet.

We will give \$5,000 to anyone who can find adulterants in Sunlight Soap.

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Electric Restorer for Men Phosphonal restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness arrested at once. Phosphonal will make you a new man. Price \$3 a box, or two for \$5. Mailed to any address. The Solecist Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont. For sale at Mahood's Drug Store.

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Carriage Painting
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E. J. DUNPHY,
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GRAND UNION HOTEL
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Rooms \$1.00 to \$3.00 a day and upward
Travellers to and from Station Free
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THE FATAL BANQUET
The food which the rodent is so eagerly devouring is COMMON SENSE Rat Baiting. This bait not only clears a building of rats and mice but by drying up the carcasses absolutely prevents the unpleasant results attending the use of inferior preparations. 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1. at all dealers.
Remember! 1. Common Sense Rat Baiter. Two Kinds. 2. Baiting and Baiting. 10 Common Sense Bait, Ca. 381 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal-barbarous-unnecessary. **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**
Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, stimulate bile, and soothe the delicate membranes of the bowels.
Care Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, no matter how Small Pills, Small Doses, Small Price
Genuine must bear Signature
Wm. Carter

COAL!
The kind you are looking for is the kind we sell.
Scranton Coal
Is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery.
BOOTH & CO.,
FOOT WEST STREET.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA
"Great for Breakfast."
A day started on Cowan's Cocoa is a day with a clear head and a steady nerve—a day full of snap and life. Cocoa nourishes the body. It is rich in food value and easy to digest.

DO YOU USE COWAN'S COCOA?
The season in which both bride and groom were held. Among them was a set of sterling silver teaspoons, from the Epworth League, of which the bride was an active worker. That morning the happy couple left for St. Catharines, where the groom has a cozy home awaiting his bride.

NEWS OF NEIGHBORS

WHAT WHIG CORRESPONDENTS TELL US.

The Tidings From Various Points in Eastern Ontario—What People Are Doing and What They are Saying.

At Dead Creek.
Dead Creek, March 14.—G. Vandy is tearing down the old schoolhouse. J. Walker, Watertown, N.Y., is visiting at Robert P. Halley's, S. Peterson is home from the woods. J. A. Newton made a business trip to Kingston this week. Mrs. A. Watson and son, James, of Arden, called on relatives here. Miss Alma Lloyd visited her aunt, at Arden. Nelson Smith and G. Hall are visiting at William Veley's.

At Leo Lake.
Leo Lake, March 14.—The young people are anxiously looking forward to the ball to be held in Masonic hall, Seely's Bay, on the 17th. Dr. Spankie visited the school recently and reported everything satisfactory. Messrs. Simpson and Blackman were through here last week sawing wood. Mrs. M. Forrester is daily improving. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bower spent the past week with friends at Athens, Portland and Perth. M. Berrigan and mother, of Kingston, spent the weekend with Mrs. M. Webb. Several of the young are contemplating going west this spring. Some have already begun the making of maple syrup.

Died at Atkinson.
Atkinson, March 14.—One of the oldest and most respected residents of this place, Mrs. James Atkinson, passed away in the eighty-seventh year of her age. A short time ago she and her husband celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the wedding. The late Mrs. Atkinson was a friend to everyone and was beloved by all who knew her. Besides her husband, she leaves these children: Miss Annie and James at home; Hiram at Kilbriemie, Mrs. Thomas Anglin, Brewer's Mills, and Mrs. W. J. Franklin, Joyceville. The funeral service was conducted at the house, by Rev. Mr. McConnell, and the remains were placed in the Ganoune vault to be interred in the family plot, later.

Notes From Macdonald.
Macdonald, March 15.—Rev. Mr. Miller gave an impressive address in the interest of temperance at Bethany church on the 5th inst. Miss Ina Miller spent a week visiting her cousin, Miss Gertrude Dean, Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. William Miller and daughter, Oleta, of Bradford, returned on the 2nd after spending a week visiting friends near Roblin. Clayton Cranston moved last week to Switzerville, where he has purchased a farm. Mrs. George Hawley spent a few days in Napawan recently. Miss Gertrude Outwater spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Outwater, of Hay Bay, returning on Monday last week to Toronto. Miss Milligan, of Centerville, visited recently at Hay Bay, the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Oscar Williams.

Leland Locals.
Leland, March 15.—The funeral of the late Mr. Glasse was largely attended on Friday last to the Holiness Movement church of this place. The service was conducted by Rev. E. J. Bishop. Deceased had been ailing for some time with cancer.
A number attended the bee of E. Johnson on Saturday, hauling wood for the factory. Mrs. H. Keller was called to Chaffey's Locks to attend her mother, who is very low. A little boy has come to stay at W. Kennedy's. Mrs. S. Dickinson and Mrs. T. Young are convalescing. Visitors: Mrs. R. Ferguson and little Thelma, at T. Young's; Mrs. M. Young at William Randall's; A. Wright at M. Convery's; Mrs. J. Buck and Miss A. Campbell, Battersea, at S. Dickinson's; Miss Georgia Cumpson at her father's; Mr. and Mrs. J. Young at E. Johnson's; Miss Mabel Buck at Miss Edna Dickinson's.

Harlowe Happenings.
Harlowe, March 14.—Most of the farmers are hauling logs to the saw mill. Charles Hillier made a business trip to Tweed this week. Rev. Mr. Ervine visited the village, to-day. Malcolm Thompson met with a slight accident while harnessing his horse, which kicked him. Thomas Thompson made a business trip to Ardendale. Visitors: Miss Sadie Scott, visiting friends at Cloyne; Ezra Thompson, spending a couple of weeks at Napawan; Mrs. Fuller, of Brockville, spending a few weeks at her mother's; Mrs. Ellen Neal; Miss Eva Miller spent Tuesday at her grandmother's, Mrs. John Earl; Miss Lottie Spicer spent a few days at her grandfather's, O. Cole; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Whitman spent Sunday at P. Whiteman's; Mr. and Mrs. D. Spicer spent Sunday at G. Cole's; Mrs. Percy Whiteman spent Tuesday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Thompson; Rev. Mr. Sturgeon at T. Thompson's; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller spent Sunday at Cole Vanless'; Mr. and Mrs. G. Bradshaw at J. Miller's; Mrs. S. Thompson at N. Miller's.

Wedded at Pleasant Valley.
Pleasant Valley, March 14.—A pleasant event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Whitty on Wednesday, March 8th, when Miss Nellie Watson was united in marriage to Charles Whitty. The bride looked charming in a gown of white silk lining, with wreath of orange blossoms. Her only ornament was a gold locket and chain, the gift of the groom. At eight o'clock she entered the drawing-room on the arm of her uncle, T. H. Watson, to the strains of "The Bridal Chorus," from Lohengrin, played by Miss Marie Watson, sister of the bride, and took her place beneath an arch of evergreen and flowers, where the nuptial knot was tied by Rev. J. A. Waddell. After congratulations, they repaired to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was enjoyed by fifty guests. The presents were numerous and costly, showing the season in which both bride and groom were held. Among them was a set of sterling silver teaspoons, from the Epworth League, of which the bride was an active worker. That morning the happy couple left for St. Catharines, where the groom has a cozy home awaiting his bride.

A YOUNG SMOKER.

Edward Herbert, of Windsor, Nova Scotia is Attracting Attention.

By what curious freak of Nature is a youngster of three able to smoke big, fat, black cigars and enjoy them as much as if he were eating delicious chocolate? That is the question which is puzzling Canadian doctors just now in regard to Edward Herbert, the three-year-old son of a Canadian fisherman who lives near Windsor, Nova Scotia.
"Young Ted is a 'corker,'" says his father. "He started his smoking habits twelve months ago by taking a pull on the sly at my pipe, and he seemed to enjoy it, too, although I smothered him with the strongest kind. Didn't it trouble his 'Little Mary'? Not a bit, and although we tried to break him of the habit by punishing him, he would have his smoke if he could get half a chance. And when his mother took him with her to the hotel where she worked, he would purloin any pipes he saw lying about, take them into a dark corner, and smoke them."
"We made a final effort to cure him by giving him a big black cigar, but, bless your heart, it didn't make the slightest difference, so we have given up trying to cure him as a bad job. Now we let him have a cigar when he wants one, and it is really a comical sight to see him sitting in an arm-chair with his arms crossed and a big weed crowding in his mouth, pulling at it for all he is worth and listening to the conversation."
Edward is only a baby in size, thought, and action, but to him a big black cigar has more attractions than a gaudy red cart. He will lay aside his toys at any time of the day to smoke, and the strength of that smoke has no terrors for that infantile stomach. Color and shape cut a figure, however, as Edward is partial to cigars with a bright-colored band.

The doctors say that the cigars Edward smokes are strong enough to upset a full-grown man, but they don't seem to trouble Edward, who is very much alive and kicking, and whose greatest punishment is to have his cigar taken away from him when he has been naughty.—London Tit-Bits.

Hadn't Been Fixed.
Sam Charters, the Brampton editor who sits in the Ontario Legislature for Peel County, is the first Conservative who has done so for a long time. That the father of the Ontario Telephone Act knows well the people's need is undoubtedly due to the fact that he seldom misses a chance to travel through his own county and meet his constituents. Just before the last election he was canvassing in a municipality in his riding where the local leaders decided at several cases a personal call from the candidate was necessary. So Sam, accompanied by the local chairman, started on the roads.

"In this family that we're going to call on now there are three sons and a father, and they're a slippery bunch," said the chairman during the course of the forenoon. "I haven't much use for them myself. They've never voted our way. But the other crowd have always had to buy them before they got them."
Nothing daunted, Sam led the way to the home of the doubtful voters. Father and sons all declared that "like as not" they would vote for Mr. Charters. Any declaration more positive than that they would not make. Finally, to find out, if possible, exactly how they stood, Mr. Charters said, "Well, you won't vote for the Jones crowd anyway, will you?"

Jones was the local chairman of the opposing party. "No," declared the father with emphasis. "He hasn't got us them potatoes yet."

Sharks.
Within the past few weeks one of Toronto's prominent financial institutions closed its doors; its manager has been sent to board in Kingston; its doughty president has taken at last to the fall of timbers; and other officials have dropped out of sight—added to all this Professor Coleman, of the University of Toronto, persists in informing Toronto people that their city was once the "Home of Fishes."

The geologist who, for some time, has been investigating the rock formations in the Scarborough Heights locality, well-known to scientists the world over, on the east side of Toronto, talks familiarly of life in Toronto half a million years ago. The climate was sunny in those days. Deer, beetles, mammoths, mastadoons, and shellfish were the corporation. Bees—their young, four hundred. A mighty torrent, like Niagara, rushed from the Upper Lakes into Lake Ontario, which was sixty feet higher than it is now.
Dr. Coleman expresses his opinion that America has gone one-third of the way to another ice-age—and he is not criticising the "Sins of Society," which are 40,000 years since Toronto was under ice before.

Verigin, B.C.
British Columbia is to have two thousand more Doukhobors. To know Peter Verigin. He ought to know. He is the high priest. Three years ago, on the Columbia River, near Nelson, the Douks, appropriated 10,000 acres of land. They planted fifty thousand trees—apple, pear, plum, peach, and cherry. The white blossoms will be out in the spring. Fruit is promised later on. This fruit-growing will mean a great industry. It will mean that half the Doukhobor nation of Canada must give its attention to it. Peter Verigin has a great state problem on hand. He has decided that there shall be two communities of his subjects—two Verigins. Verigin in the valley of the Saskatchewan and Verigin on the Columbia. Verigin, B.C., will raise a lot of fruit. Like George Bernard Shaw, the Douks don't eat meat. Prairie Verigin will fill the granaries with wheat and sweet herbs and grasses.
You can't always tell how glad a man is to see you by the way he shakes hands.
Beware of the man who is ashamed to admit that he enjoys his bread by the sweat of his brow.

THE REAL WILDS.

British Columbia Mountains Are Genuine Primeval Nature.

The wonderful upper valley of the Fraser River in British Columbia is graphically described by Frederick A. Talbot in The World's Work. We quote sections of this well-told story of "Life on the Trail in the Rockies."
The Fraser River winds up at the headwaters, where its headwaters are swelled by the outfall from Yellowhead Lake, and thence onward it was our companion for over four hundred miles. This, the second largest river in British Columbia, has an evil reputation from source to estuary, with its narrow channels through which the water thunders like a mill-race, and which either completely defy navigation, or render it extremely hazardous. It was already boiling and bubbling, tumultuously when we struck it, as it writhed and twisted its tortuous way through the narrow valley hemmed in by two parallel towering mountain ridges. After crossing the Pass the land falls gently to the western end of Yellowhead Lake, but from that point it drops very sharply for a considerable distance, and it is this declivity which causes the Fraser to run along so viciously. It swerves round sharp corners with fierce velocity, the rapids are treacherous, like the whirlpools and eddies are like boiling pots.
And the trail is every whit as bad as the waterway.
You look ahead and it is like peering through a narrow, wedge-shaped fissure or passage. It is just the same when you look behind. On either hand rises the eternally snow-capped serrated ridge to a height of 7,000 feet or so. The river simply threads its way through a deep cleft in the mountain range. The flanks of these sombre mountains have been swept extensively time and again by fire, and in their gaunt nakedness exercise a most depressing effect, even under the most congenial atmospheric conditions. The only time when they do assume an individual beauty is at eventide, when the slanting rays of the setting sun strike rock, forest, and snow, producing those remarkable sunset effects and strange blazes of color for which the Rockies are so famous, and which change with startling suddenness every minute, until the sun has dipped below the ridge. Not a sound is heard beyond the tumbling of the river, or the dull reverberating thud, thud, and roll of a landslide or avalanche. Even the birds, and they are few and far between, are mute, save perhaps now and again when you hear the hollow croaking of the raven, or the eerie screech of an eagle.

Here and there the fissure-valley opens out to a width of a mile or so, and then the river spreads out, forming a lake. Moose Lake for instance, is really an expansion of the river-bed over a length of about ten miles. It is a pretty stretch of water with the densely forested mountain slopes on the southern bank, which have not yet been ravaged by fire, stretching down unbrokenly from the timberline to the water's edge. At places the prevailing expanse of green is torn by an angry jagged wood, the result of a slide on the mountain which let loose a few thousand tons of rock, and sent them, sweeping everything before them, hurtling into the lake below. This is one of the freaks of nature which occasion the railway engineer considerable anxiety, and he will exert no end of ingenuity in avoiding such capricious outbursts.

Taken on the whole, this stretch of country offers but little attraction to agriculture in any form. The dense woodlands will attract the lumberjack, for there are some excellent stretches of big timber. Mining may also develop upon an extensive scale, but investigations have not yet betrayed many indications of mineral wealth. In this direction, however, it is but fair to state that the country has only been indifferently scoured by unscientific prospectors who have not wandered far from the trail. No can be said to exist among the mountains on either side, and no one will have the pluck to penetrate their fastnesses until the iron road communication is in close proximity.

The fact is that the country is too broken to permit of extensive invasion. The trail is a narrow one, and more than that it has been a forgotten pathway, and it has become littered with the huge trunks of many a timber giant, who has come to an untimely end through fire, and has reeled or collapsed across the badly distinguished path. Then again, the trail wanders up and down in an apparently aimless manner. Now you are crawling cautiously along the side of a high ridge. The highway is no more than a narrow ledge, which falls down abruptly for a hundred or two feet. If you lose your step, or make a false step, you can confidently expect a meteoric flight. You have to exercise constant vigilance so as to be able to cast off from your ship of the bush at an instant's notice. The safest plan is to walk.

History at Toronto.
Again it has been demonstrated that Toronto lacks the proper historical sense. In Toronto, at the Normal School, there is a museum full of tomahawks, skulls of red men, and other curios, sometimes gazed at by country folk at an exhibition in the park. Among other relics of the past, for many years there has been a block of stone. This stone is distinguished from other good Ontario rock by a hole cut right through it. The old "plighting stone" of Laird, Scotland—that is how this stone has been described to sightseers. They have been informed that it is probably of Druidical origin. Undoubtedly, the hole proves that—the ancient custom of the Druids being to plight truth by clasping hands through this hole. Mr. Hugh Nichol, of St. Catharines, it was who presented this interesting stone to the museum. He bought it from a Scotchman. It has been disclosed that the stone is not of "Druidical origin." It is an ordinary meal-grinding stone. And they say a Scotchman has no sense of humor—surely not when his porridge is in sight.

Progressive Vancouver.
Vancouver is robbing San Francisco and California generally of good men. The Chicago Public refers to the terrible stagnation on the Californian coast and wonders why Vancouver should be different.
A Californian merchant, Campbell Pomeroy of Santa Rosa, California, boldly attributes the difference to the progressive spirit of the Vancouver people.
He says: "The city is so alive and enthusiastic it will vote money for anything needed," and "they have the single tax in operation."
That enables them to vote money without embarrassment. — Toronto World.
Peevish about it.
Montreal in 1910 exported 20,000,000 bushels of wheat; New York only 6,000,000. Railroad differentials that foster Canadian export at the cost of American ports may suit the greed of railroad owners but they are hard upon trade.—New York World.
A man may be working for all he is worth and not be worth much at that.
Swindle a man out of hundreds and he despises you; out of thousands and he admires you.

HOW OLIVER STARTED.

The Edmonton Bulletin Was the Outgrowth of a Telegrapher's Idea.

The story of how Hoi. Frank Oliver (then plain Frank Oliver) happened to bring into existence The Edmonton Bulletin, the first newspaper published in Alberta, was told at a re-union of old time telegraphers held in Edmonton the other day.
Alex. Taylor, the dean of Western telegraphers, was associated with Mr. Oliver in the venture and told the story for the benefit of other old-timers who were present at the gathering, held in Mr. Taylor's house.
Mr. Taylor was holding down the Edmonton end of a wire which was connected with Winnipeg, and had an office in the old Hudson Bay Co. trading fort, which is now the oldest building in town and owned by the Provincial Government. He had been the means of having the line extended to Edmonton and had sent and received the first telegraph message sent or received there. This was in 1879.

Every day, Mr. Taylor took over the wire from Winnipeg from 800 to 1,000 words of general news, and posted a copy on the door of the old fort, for the benefit of the few settlers. Four other copies he distributed among the four most prominent men of the place.
Frank Oliver then kept a store in the little settlement, and as he had been a printer in his earlier days, one day Taylor suggested to the trader that he get some type and a little press and start a news sheet. Mr. Oliver agreed, and when the following summer, he made his annual trip to Winnipeg in an ox cart, he brought back with him a case of type and a small hand-press. It is said that The Bulletin was started on a capital of \$22.50.

Mr. Oliver found, when he got home, that he had neglected to get any large type for a heading. Mr. Taylor was resourceful, so out of a piece of wood he carved the heading "The Bulletin." The wood had a tendency to warp, and finally it had to be cut into three pieces. One day the pieces got mixed, and the paper came out under the heading "The Tin Bule."
The paper was supported, and as the town grew it made steady progress. It has grown now into a modern daily, with morning and evening editions.

Fun at the Opera.
During the visit of the Montreal company to Toronto for the grand opera season, which was only too short, many persons gave as their reason for not going to hear it that they visited the theatres to be amused. One Toronto lady suggested a way in which to get amusement out of grand opera. She said that anyone who read the book beforehand, and then listened to the comments and surmises of the people sitting near by who had not done so, would be given many opportunities to smile.
A little scrap of conversation which is typical occurred before the commencement of one of the performances. A young lady, who evidently followed the doings in the grand opera world, had brought two friends with her. Her conversation indicated that she knew something about the grand opera organizations which had visited Toronto in the past, and she was searching for old friends in the program. She looked through the casts for the name of Signor Torre, but could not find it, although she had apparently seen it among the pictures in the lobby.
"I noticed in the lobby that Torre is singing with this company now," she said at last.
"You don't say so," replied one of her companions. "That certainly is odd, and last time Torre was here it was at Massey Hall with Alexander."

Indian Baby Carriages.
Indian babies are carried in a great variety of ways, but none of them go in baby carriages like white children. Some mothers, such as the Sioux, carry them in shawls on their backs. When the babies of the plains south and east of Calgary go to town they are placed on a framework of poles hitched to the saddle of a horse. The Cree of the Saskatchewan, and the very northwestern part of Ontario, carry their babies in "baskets." The little one is cased snugly from head to foot, and laced in like a foot in a boot. The case is fastened to a board at the baby's back; and over the baby's head there is an iron frame, on which the mothers hang leaves and twigs to brush away flies and mosquitoes.

The basket is usually padded with moss, and the baby is quite as comfortable in its own way as any city or town baby in a baby carriage. Indian babies don't, as a rule, cry very much. If they do, their mothers usually let them cry till they get tired or go to sleep. It's quite likely a white baby would be very uncomfortable in an Indian "basket"; but then an Indian baby might be quite as unhappy in either a baby carriage or a high chair.

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can only be built up by easily digested strength-producing elements.
Cod Liver Oil is acknowledged by every authority to be the greatest strength-producing element in the world.
Scott's Emulsion
is Cod Liver Oil scientifically prepared for immediate digestion, and so palatable that any one can take it. Nothing in the world equals SCOTT'S EMULSION for making good, pure blood; strong, steady nerves; solid, healthy flesh; and it is entirely free from alcohol, narcotics or any other harmful ingredient. It invigorates and builds up the entire system.
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I am using it this year, too."
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