



The "Chemics" of Bread

LET us look a bit into the chemistry of bread. For we want our bread not only to seem good but we want it to actually be good. And as bread is a question of flour and flour a question of wheat we see that wheat is where we have to begin.

Gluten, starch, water and phosphates, are the principal component qualities of wheat. And in proportion as these qualities are more or less present is the wheat more or less valuable so far as nutrition is concerned.

The nutritive and bread-making qualities of wheat are the things that make it more valuable than rye or oats or barley or corn as human food.

The quality of nutrition, too, is what makes one brand of flour more valuable than another.

If it were not for nutrition

and bread-making qualities any flour would be as good as any other. We wouldn't have to care whether it was made from good wheat or poor wheat, from Spring wheat or Winter, from all wheat or part other cereals.

A chemist will tell you that ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is richer in high quality gluten than flour made from low grades of wheat. And for that reason it is better for food, hence more valuable than ordinary flour.

And actual tests in your kitchen will tell you that it produces more and larger loaves to the barrel than ordinary soft wheat or blended flour, the reason being that flour made from hard Red Fyfe wheat is more expansive and more absorbent.

It is plain, common-sense that flour made from the finest hard wheat in the world and scientifically milled must produce the finest bread in the world. And it does. Try it. Prove it.



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Would Prefer N. B. to the West.

Andrew Elliott, who returned last week from a farmer's institute session in New Brunswick, presents a somewhat gloomy picture of agricultural conditions in that province.

"There is," said Mr. Elliott to the Sun, "200,000 acres less under cultivation in New Brunswick now than there were twenty-five years ago. That statement becomes all the more significant when it is remembered that the total area under cultivation in New Brunswick is only about one and a half million acres. There are abandoned farms everywhere, while many are selling at less than the cost of the buildings.

"The condition is further illustrated by the fact that New Brunswick, which should be an exporter of agricultural produce, is compelled to import immense quantities of feed from other quarters. The town of Sackville last year imported \$100,000 worth of feed, largely grain and flour, while Elgin, not far away, imported to the extent of \$60,000.

"The chief cause of this seems to be found in the fact that the original settlers were not farmers, and that the country was poorly laid out. The first settlers were United Empire Loyalists who were granted lands, so many chains fronting on a waterway, with a somewhat indefinite extension to the next watershed. The result of this is that there are many farmers there to-day who do not know just how far back their land goes from the water. I found one man whose farm extended seven miles back, and other farmers, in going to their land, had either to go around his man's holding or trespass upon it. The chief cause of the trouble, as I say, is that the original settlers were not farmers, and did not seem inclined toward agricultural pursuits. Here in Ontario, the sons of pioneers, after assisting to clear up the homestead, went and took up bush farms of their own. In New Brunswick, instead, they seem to have gone to the towns and cities.

"There is no lack of opportunity in New Brunswick, in fact, if I were a young man I would go there rather than to the west. Lands, as I say, can be bought for less than the cost of improvements; and the price at which products are sold are considerably higher than those ruling in Ontario. I have seen cows sell there for butchering at \$5 which would not fetch over \$4 in our markets."

Campaigning For Roads.

I'll never forget the night I called on the Widow Yarn. She owned 40 acres on the main road which I hoped to have improved. In practically every house in the county I had been hospitably received because I was a human being. A pioneer citizen, member of the Good Roads Club, took me in a carriage to see the widow. I'll watch the horses," this wise old citizen said.

"I don't know what would frighten them. I suggested, but he seemed to expect a brass band or some other unusual sight, although it was 8 o'clock at night. I soon knew why he preferred to sit out there in the cold.

"Mrs. Yarn, I believe," I began, ingratiatingly, when the door was opened. "Well," the person who stood there observed, "I've been here forty years; you ought to believe it."

"This," thinks I to myself, is a strange place for curbstone humor. And then aloud: "I have been talking for good roads, madam. We have decided to run a rock road by here and as—"

"Who has decided?" This in the voice of a conductor uses when he asks how old your little boys is.

"Why," I stammered, "the Good Roads Club, and—"

"I don't belong to it, do I? They wouldn't have a woman member, would they?" "I'm sure I don't know. I have been chiefly—"

"Sure, you don't," the Widow Yarn snapped. "You're chiefly concerned about taxing my forty acres into the county Treasury without letting me vote on it. What right have you to come over here to build roads? Are you a road-builder? Did you ever build a road or pay for one?"

"Madam," I said, you really do have a vote on this question if a road district is organized. You have forty votes—one for every acre you own, and—"

He face lighted up with a light that never was seen before on human face, unless perhaps in riding on an old transfer or getting rid of a bad nickel. She opened the door wider—I had not been admitted up to that moment—and asked me to enter.

"You say I have forty votes?" she inquired. "You have," I assured her, feeling like the bearer of good news.

"Well, glory be!" the Widow Yarn sighed, rocking herself comfortably. "Glory be, say I; I'll cast them all against your old rock road. Now I must be getting ready for prayer-meeting."—Charles Dillon in Harper's Weekly.

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plain—it's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder.  
ALL DRUGGISTS

Skip a Meal.

In these days of specially manufactured breakfast food, the subject of human diet is a daily discourse. In the olden days, no man who was a man, knew he had a stomach, nor cared. All foods looked alike to him.

To-day, however, amidst our complicated existence, dietetics has become a sort of religion. There are those among our friends who will prescribe a change of diet as a panacea. We have tried the prescriptions of our friends out of loving kindness, but the high price of foodstuff precludes further experimentation. We have struck "something just as good," as they say at the stores, and it is skipping a meal.

If you don't feel in tone, if you can't smile as you see the sun rise, if you can't laugh with the birds under an April shower, if you are grouchy and snooty, skip a meal. And if that doesn't make you feel fit, skip another. As a system, this can't be beaten. If you don't believe it, you need to try it.

Not Real Religion.

(New York Times)

Mrs. S. of New Orleans has for many years been faithfully served by two negro women, who although, bound by the ties of common devotion to their mistress, yet detest each other cordially, so that the kitchen is the scene of continuous battle. Martha, the cook, is a leading light in the church. At revival meetings she was always the first to occupy the mourners' bench, the first to shout "Hallelujah!" and to fall into those contortions of body and outflinging of limbs that to the African means "getting religion." Eliza, the maid of all work, on the other hand, had always been an unregenerate heathen, scoffing at religion, jeering at Martha and declaring no power on earth could induce her to go inside a church. Great, therefore, was Mrs. S.'s surprise on the occasion of the last revival to find that it was Eliza and not Martha who was attending the meetings.

"Why, Martha," she exclaimed, "are you going to church?" "No'm," answered Martha, sullenly. "Why?" "Cause dat Liz' she goes now."

"But isn't there room for both of you?" "No'm, dey ain't."

All Martha's pent-up indignation emphasized the answer: "Cause, Miss Mary, dat Liz' she jes' goes ter spite me. No sooner I gits up to go to de mo'ners' bench dan Liz' she follers me and sets down c'ost beside me, and befo' I have a chaunst ter git 'ligion, Liz' she begins ter girate around and shout 'Glory hallelujah!' and she out wid her fists and hits me a bim in de jaw, and she out wid her footose and kicks me spang in de shin. But, I tell you, 'tain't 'ligion Liz's got. Miss Mary; hit's debility."

The experiment of tobacco growing in Ireland is now meeting with success.

Your Head Aches

Tongue is Coated  
Mouth Tastes Bad  
Stomach is Sick

The Gastric Juices Are Not Doing Their Duty and You're in the Grip of Nervous Dyspepsia.

A hot bitter fluid and sour undigested food rise in your mouth. Your vision is crossed with specks that float before the eyes. Very shortly you'll have nausea, rank breath, and sleepless nights. What you need is Ferrozone.

It regulates the gastric juices, puts new life into the stomach, braces digestive powers, gives the aid that's so badly required.

If you want proof, read the experience of Mr. E. P. Davison, a well-known resident of Portland, who writes: "Ferrozone is beyond doubt a most powerful cure for indigestion and weak stomach. Food so badly disagreed with me that I was almost afraid to eat. Pastry and starchy foods fermented, caused sour risings, and gave me headaches, brown taste, offensive breath. I grew weak, my weight ran down fifteen pounds, and my looks fully indicated all that was wrong. Ferrozone put me on my feet again. It braced me up, renewed my digestion, and made me a well man."

Doctor and patients alike speak of the merit of Ferrozone; it is different from other remedies, different because it cures so you stay cured. Try it; sold everywhere in 50c boxes, 6 for \$2.50, by mail from the Catarrozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

NOTICE OF SALE

To John H. McElhinney, of the Parish of Richmond in the County of Carleton, Farmer and Mill Owner, James H. McElhinney, of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, William J. McElhinney, of the same place, Farmer and Mill Owner, and all others whom it may concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Fifteenth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one made between John H. McElhinney, James H. McElhinney and William J. McElhinney of the one part, and J. Norman W. Winslow of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, Barrister-at-Law of the other part, and entered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton in Book No. Four on pages 629, 630, 631, and 632, and also in the County Records, which said Mortgage was subsequently assigned by the said J. Norman W. Winslow to the undersigned, Clara A. Leighton of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, Spinster, by an Assignment of Mortgage bearing date the Thirtieth day of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one, and registered in the Office of the Registrar of Deeds and Wills for the County of Carleton in Book No. Four on page 632 of said County Records, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by the said Indenture of Mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the same, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Office of J. C. Hartley, of the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton, on SATURDAY, THE NINTH DAY OF APRIL next, at eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises mentioned and described in the said Indenture of Mortgage as follows:

All that certain Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Richmond conveyed by Richard O'Callaghan to the late Mary Ann McElhinney by Deed dated the Fifth day of November A. D. 1872, and recorded in Book "L" Number Two, of the County Records on pages 409 and 410, containing two hundred acres, more or less. Also all Mills and Machinery including Rotary, Shingle and Lath and cut off saw machines and attachments, shafting, pulleys and belting, boilers and engines now on or about above described land. Also all that certain other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond being part of Lots Number Seven and Eight in the fourth tier granted to one John Bell and being the same Lot of land conveyed by one William Bell to the late William McElhinney, by Deed dated the nineteenth day of April A. D. 1847, and recorded in Book "E" on pages 489, 490 and 491. Also all the other Lot, Piece or Parcel of land situate lying and being in the said Parish of Richmond known and described as part of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Tier in the Grant to one William Bell and situate on the West side of the Main Road from Richmond Corner to McKenzie Corner, containing twenty acres, more or less, and being the same Lot of land conveyed by Allen Bell to the said William McElhinney by Deed dated the Eighth day of April A. D. 1857, and recorded in Book "E" Number Two of the County Records on pages 314 and 315. Also all other lands owned by said Mortgagees situate in said County of Carleton and not hereinbefore described. Together with the buildings, improvements and erections thereon standing and being, and the privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging.

Dated at the Town of Woodstock in the County of Carleton this Seventh day of March A. D., 1910.

CLARA A. LEIGHTON, Assignee of Mortgagee.

J. C. HARTLEY, Solicitor. The above sale will be postponed and take place on the Eleventh day of June next at two of the clock in the afternoon at the place above mentioned. Dated this 2nd day of April A. D., 1910. CLARA A. LEIGHTON, Assignee of Mortgagee.

Wanted

A Representative for Woodstock, N. B.

This is the time to sell nursery stock. We pay liberally and offer steady employment. Our list of SPECIALTIES embraces a rare and choice list of ready sellers in both FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL STOCK, SEED POTATOES, &c. Write for terms and catalogue.

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