

Come again, Pie Time, and often. For wholesome, digestible "eats" -give us PIE.

At its very best wrapped in a FIVE ROSES crust.

Upsets Pie Prejudice without upsetting the Eater's Insides—FIVE ROSES flour. Great for Pie Crust - top and bottom. And Puff Paste and Difficult Things. Close-grained — melting — even textured. Flaky, too, and crinkly - crisp yet tender. Put into your bake things the rare nutlike sweetness of Manitoba wheat kernels. All soppy with the rich red juice of the cherry-or lemon pie-or apple-or healthy

custard-meat, may be, or mince-Put the FIVE ROSES "crust end" about 'em. See the hungry wedges fade behind busy milk teeth. At Pie Time-Use FIVE ROSES.



the old fellow stoop and smooth back their hair with his rough hands. shaking his head the while, and murmuring, "Pshaw!"

"They always get me when they're small and delicate like that," he said. "Of course I like you, but you're strong, more like a hearty boy round camp here. I seem to hanker for 'em, kind of sweet and helpless like that."

At sunset the storn three in the morning Billy came with his kegs of water. Even the greeting and chat that followed did not waken Frieda or her mother. "What's their name?" asked Billy.

I answered, sheepishly, "I don't know. The mother was so sick, and the little girl so tired that—Wait!" I pulled an envelope from my blouse. "Here are the papers the older one wanted me to show you. She thought you might help her find the place."

Billy and Jim gave one glance at the legal-looking paper, then fell to shaking hands. "Folansbee! Folansbee! The mine-owner!" They managed to explain to me. The heirs of The Last Hope were sleeping on the two bunks!

And this is how the Folansbee-Hasbrook Mining Company was formed. We nursed the little mother back to health. and then Billy and I prepared to move onward. I had thought, from her fearful introduction to the desert, that the older Frieda would leave as soon as possible. But, to my surprise, she decided to stay at the mine.

"You will be lonely!" I said to her. She looked off at the unspeakable reaches of the desert levels and at the tender, brooding sky, that Arizona sky that touches the heart like the smile of God.

"Yes, I may be lonely, but I shall stay," she said.

And I, who also had the charm of the trail upon me, understood.

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sad disillusion most cases, that

The Wisdom of the Foolish be wise have not any more than ourselves the secret of life. They can give judicious advice, they have thought much and deeply about things, but we cannot help observing in their private character vey suffer like ourselves from the save

to the society of the conspicuously wise people, and more to that of the ordinary foolish human being who thinks it quite sufficient achievement to get through life decently with the aid of good luck. Often the wisdom of the former is chiefly self-confidence, or a kind of cleverness that snatches at worldly success, or the gift of tactful speech. I heard it remarked of a woman: "You would think she was very wise and clever to hear her talk, but she does the most foolish things!" And, "she is a very sensible, wise woman, but do you think she manages that son of hers very well?" None of us dare risk having our bits of wisdom put to a neighbor's test. And, again, wise people have to be extremely tactful and humble-minded to avoid rousing resentment. In our segret hearts we hardly ever like those who know better than ourselves. We may profess to admire them in the pulpit, on the platform, or in the pages of a book, but as our familiar friends we see their faults, their inconsistencies, their superiority which is a silent reproach to ourselves. But where human wisdom disappoints me most is that it always fails to meet my case. What is right for you might be wrong for me. I have made serious mistakes in life through following unquestioningly the counsel of really wise people, who spoke out of the fulness of their own experience, but who could not possibly enter into mine.

The plain people who have no wisdom to spare, so to speak, these are the ones whom I now find helpful. In ordinary talk, as they are telling me humble details of their family life, they are unconsciously teaching me many good lessons—all the more because they would not pretend that they had anything to teach. The common wisdom—the wisdom that cries aloud in the marketplace-is what we are glad to turn to at last: something which we can all in derstand, and which meets the com-

mon lot -Scottish Farmer.

