



Note the Color of *your* flour—  
And the Bread it makes for you.  
Delicately *creamy* is FIVE ROSES flour.  
Because it is *not bleached*, don't you see.

Clear—Immaculate—Desirable.

A *pure* Manitoba wheat flour—FIVE ROSES.

And the healthy sun-ripened spring wheat berries are *naturally* of a *golden glow*.

And the *meaty heart* of the polished kernels is *creamy*.

Milled from *this* cream, FIVE ROSES is delicately "creamy."

The only *natural* flour from Manitoba's prime wheat. Which gets whiter and whiter as you *knead* it.

And *your* bread is most appetizing, *unusually* attractive in appearance.

Looks good.

And *is* good.

Bake this purest *unbleached* flour.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

and chair stood on a platform in one corner; there was an uncouth stove, never blackened oftener than once a year, a map of the United States, two blackboards, a ten-quart tin pail of water and long-handled dipper on a corner shelf, and wooden desks and benches for the scholars, who only numbered twenty in Rebecca's time. The seats were higher in the back of the room, and the more advanced and longer-legged pupils sat there, the position being greatly to be envied, as they were at once nearer to the windows and farther from the teacher.

There were classes of a sort, although nobody, broadly speaking, studied the same book with anybody else, or had arrived at the same degree of proficiency in any one branch of learning. Rebecca in particular was so difficult to classify that Miss Dearborn at the end of a fortnight gave up the attempt altogether. She read with Dick Carter and Living Perkins, who were fitting for the academy; recited arithmetic with lipping little Thuthan Thimpton; geography with Emma Perkins, and grammar after school hours to Miss Dearborn alone. Full to the brim as she was of clever thoughts and quaint fancies, she made at first but a poor hand at composition. The labor of writing and spelling, with the added difficulties of punctuation and capitals, interfered sadly with the free expression of ideas. She took history with Alice Robinson's class, which was attacking the subject of the Revolution, while Rebecca was hidden to begin with the discovery of America. In a week she had mastered the course of events up to the Revolution, and in ten days had arrived at Yorktown, where the class had apparently established summer quarters. Then finding the extra effort would only result in her reciting with the oldest Simpson boy, she deliberately held herself back, for wisdom's ways were not those of pleasantness nor

## Echo

## GUITARS

### \$20

RICHLY  
DESERVE  
THEIR  
POPULARITY

¶ The Echo Guitar is the premier instrument in its class—a position accorded it solely on its merits.

¶ Exceptionally well constructed—the back and sides of Rosewood, the top of selected spruce, solid mahogany neck—all put together with the care that makes for life long durability.

¶ Its tonal qualities are remarkably pleasing, harmonizing splendidly with the mandolin, violin and piano. It is easy to play, too, with our free course of instruction and a little practice you will astonish your friends.

¶ Send for name of your local dealer and Catalogue H. 7 of "Musical Instruments for the Home," which gives illustrations, descriptions and prices of . . . .

ECHO MANDOLINS. VARENI VIOLINS. ECHO GUITARS.  
ARTIST FLUTES. PRINCESS ACCORDIONS.

**THE WILLIAMS & SONS CO.**  
**R.S. LIMITED.**  
143 YONGE STREET TORONTO

308 Eleventh Ave. E. 59 St. Peter Street 421 McDermott Ave.  
Calgary, Alta. Montreal Winnipeg



BEST RESULTS ARE OBTAINED FROM ADS. IN "ADVOCATE."

her paths those of peace, if one were compelled to tread them in the company of Seesaw Simpson. Samuel Simpson was generally called Seesaw, because of his difficulty in making up his mind. Whether it were a question of fact, or spelling, or of date, of going swimming or fishing, of choosing a book in the Sunday-school library or a stick of candy at the village store, he had no sooner determined on one plan of action than his wish fondly reverted to the opposite one. Seesaw was pale, flaxen haired, blue eyed, round shouldered, and given to stammering when nervous. Perhaps because of his very weakness Rebecca's decision of character had a fascination for him, and although she snubbed him to the verge of madness, he could never keep his eyes away from her. The force with which she tied her shoe when the lacing came undone, the flirt over shoulder she gave her black braid when she was excited or warm, her manner of studying,—book on desk, arms folded, eyes fixed on the opposite wall,—all had an abiding charm for Seesaw Simpson. When, having obtained permission, she walked to the water pail in the corner and drank from the dipper, unseen forces dragged Seesaw from his seat to go and drink after her. It was not only that there was something akin to association and intimacy in drinking next, but there was the fearful joy of meeting her in transit and receiving a cold and disdainful look from her wonderful eyes.

On a certain warm day in summer Rebecca's thirst exceeded the bounds of propriety. When she asked a third time for permission to quench it at the common fountain Miss Dearborn nodded "yes," but lifted her eyebrows unpleasantly as Rebecca neared the desk. As she replaced the dipper Seesaw promptly raised his hand, and Miss Dearborn indicated a weary affirmative.

"What is the matter with you, Rebecca?" she asked.