



Always the cookbook says:  
"Sift Your Flour."

No lumps, you see. Aerates the flour, making it lighter.

Put FIVE ROSES in your sifter.

Never soft and sticky—never lumpy, musty, woolly.

Never coarse.

Milled superfine from Manitoba's grandest wheat.

Fine, granular, very dry.

Nothing remains in the sifter—FIVE ROSES is free, heavy.

And your bread is more porous, more yielding, more appetizing.

And more digestible.

Because the particles are finer, easier to get at by the stomach juices.

Use this very fine flour—superfine.

FIVE ROSES.

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# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

It was that of a colossus of finance—a man who played with millions as other men play with pennies. "Was he from here?" I asked wonderingly.

The doctor nodded. "One of her boys," he declared. "Left here twenty years ago without a penny. The little schoolmistress was disappointed when he became a mere millionaire. She always said she had expected better things of him. I wrote him the other day—without much hope I'll admit. But he's coming and is bringing Curtis. You know Curtis, of course?"

"Yes!" Of course I knew Curtis—Curtis, the wonderful surgeon with whose triumphs the country had more than once rung; Curtis, with his dark, stern, grave face and long, beautiful, strong, capable fingers. Yes, I knew Curtis. More than once in my newspaper experience I had interviewed him.

"This despatch has been delayed in transmission." The doctor was still speaking. "They ought to be here soon. Will you meet them, Zeke?"

They came an hour later, the millionaire pale, excited and anxious, the surgeon cool and deliberate, scanning the snow-clad, crystalline heights with eyes in whose depths a startled wonder lurked. With them they brought nurses and all the paraphernalia of the sick-room—enough to furnish a small hospital. They waited for nothing—not for rest nor food. Time was the great element, and the surgeon wasted none. Quickly the operation began.

I shall never forget how the time dragged until the famous surgeon came out of the sick-room again. It seemed hours of physical torture to all of us. I tried to talk to the millionaire—once in a while my newspaper instinct rising to the surface at the thought of a "beat" on the other boys—for the life story of a millionaire is always good news. But try as I would I could not talk shop.

Zeke and I and the millionaire, waiting in the outer room, took it very hard. I wondered at myself. Why on earth should I be so interested—I, who for years had studied the human heart, shaping its little histories into newer and newer forms until through much feeling I seemed to have lost the power to feel? Perhaps it was the sight of the millionaire's suffering that set my frequency-staled heart-strings to throbbing. We can't help—I can't at any rate—we can't help feeling that millionaires are metallic creatures, set above all human emotions. I learned differently that day. Then and there I made up my mind never again to question that all men are really brothers.

Dr. Curtis came at last to tell us that the operation was over and that it had been successful. I understood what that meant, knowing the shibboleth of the profession. But Zeke had to be told that at least two days must pass before it could be known whether the little schoolmistress would live.

Two days do not seem very long as you set them down, but those forty-eight hours that we waited in that little community will live forever in the memory of a man hardened by his profession as I am. Many times I have waited for a story in a setting far more gorgeous—in the lobbies of famous hotels, in the drawing-rooms of millionaire homes, in floating palaces; but none of them left an impression to be compared to this little log cabin in its grandeur and love of humanity. Men and women for miles around traveled on foot if horses were not available, through snow-clad fields and over ice-capped hills, to hear the fate of the little schoolmistress. And there I saw such love and deep devotion, such sympathy and true friendships as we never could see in a city where each man is for himself.

Somehow we got through those two days. We were all present, all of us, on the third day, ranged against the side of the room in a row like school-boys, charged not to speak or move. The doctor sat by the bed. The nurse stood ready.

The little schoolmistress was talking again. Her words were much the same as those I heard on the day I came; but her tones were different—cool, unfevered.

"Don't go away from the cabin, Harold," she repeated again and again. "Don't go away from the cabin, little son. Mother'll be back from the spring soon!"

"I won't, mother! I won't!" Startled, I heard the doctor speak. He was bending over her. The sweat was gray on his temples; his eyes were wide; his jaw was set like steel. But his voice was soft as any woman's.

"Stay close, little son. If a bad man comes and tries to take you away, call for Mother and she'll come. You're mine, Harold! you're mine. He has no right to you. Call to Mother if he comes."

Lower bent the doctor. "I did call, Mother," he said dreamily. "I called, once, twice; then he carried me away. I couldn't help it, Mother dear. He carried me away, and I couldn't find my way back—till to-day—not till to-day."

The little schoolmistress' eyes opened. "Where is he now, little son?" she asked composedly.

"He is dead, Mother. Through all those long years he did the best he could for me, but he would never answer my questions about you. Only at the very last, when suffering had softened his heart, did his love for you bring repentance. Then he tried to tell me where to find you, but he had waited too long. He could not finish. But I

have found the way back anyway, darling Mother."

Feebly the little schoolmistress raised her arms and twisted them around the great, strong neck that bent so willingly to the embrace.

"My Harold!" she murmured. "My little, little son!"

The editor objected to my heart interest story. He said it hurt my style to let my sympathies become engaged. But I didn't care, for I knew that the little schoolmistress was happy and that no mixed metaphors or boggled connotations of mine could rob her of her joy.—Crittenden Marriott, in Pictorial Review.

## The Windrow.

Some of the large department stores in New York are closing their stores all day Saturday during the months of July and August. According to the Hebrew Standard, one of these firms intends to lengthen these rest periods for employees, as the years roll around, and thus, eventually, its employees need labor only five days a week.

A new automobile has been invented which runs on two tandem wheels like a bicycle. It is built on the principle of the gyroscopic railway recently invented, and the advantages over the ordinary automobile claimed for it are the diminution of shocks caused by bad roads, and the consequent ease for the passengers, and lessening of wear and tear on the parts, economy of fuel, and the high rate of speed which is possible.

The volcanoes along the Alaskan peninsula and on the Aleutian Islands are in violent eruption. A new crater has been