



"Uniformity is a big word, Bud."

"I 'spect it's because it means a lot, Rose."

Steady—Regular—Dependable Quality, there's the FIVE ROSES idea.

No bad dreams bakeday eves—the morning batch "flat" instead of "up."

So very exasperating, you know, to get less loaves this week than last from the same quantities.

FIVE ROSES is the sure flour—reliable, you see.

No wrinkling worries over bread, or cakes, or pies, or anything.

Bake things always up to the mark of your happy expectations.

Disappointment—never.

Four times Uniform—Strength, Color, Flavor, too, and Yield.

FIVE ROSES—trouble-proof flour.

Use FIVE ROSES always.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED MONTREAL

—written in all seriousness—to Christine Neilson on the occasion of her purchasing a dairy farm in Illinois:

Christine, Christine, thy milking do
By the moonlight's silvery sheen,
And not by the dim, religious light
Of the fitful kerosene.
Or the cow may plunge
And the lamp explode
And the fire-fiend ride the gale,
And toll the knell of the city's doom
Mid the glow of the molten pail.

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Great success is being obtained in the treatment of tuberculosis by exposure to the sun's rays. According to Dr. Hinsdale, while the open-air treatment is well known, enough attention has not been given to the effect of sunlight. Dr. Rollier, one of the first to practice this treatment is credited with 1,000 cures out of 1,200 cases. Dr. Hinsdale describes the treatment as follows, (from The Literary Digest):

"The patient is clothed in linen or white flannel, according to the season; he wears a white hat and is protected from direct sunlight on the face by a screen, and wears smoked or yellow glasses.

"And now comes the peculiar and interesting method of exposure. It makes no difference where the disease is located, whether in the hip, the spine or the cervical glands, the invariable rule is to begin with the feet. The next day the legs will be exposed; the third day the thighs. On the fourth day the abdomen is exposed; on the fifth the thorax. Finally on the sixth or seventh day he exposes the neck and head with careful supervision.

"The action of solar rays are antagonistic to the tubercle bacillus, and the whole system of heliotherapy aims at acquiring a progressive pigmentation of

the skin; this is the underlying basis of the whole matter; it is nearly always proportional to the resistance of the patient and enables him to bear the sunlight and cold air in a most surprising manner."

Miss Latymer's Pride.

Mrs. Todd's lodger stood looking out of the diamond-paned window of her neat cottage, over the tops of the gay geranium blossoms, across the patch of garden ground, at the passers-by.

The golden glory of a brilliant summer shone on the village street, and the old weather-beaten houses seemed to wake to a new beauty beneath its warmth and brightness. The pigeons on the dovecote of the old inn wheeled joyously around and darted hither and thither in sheer exuberance of happiness; the village dogs trotted busily about and forgot to quarrel. It was so lovely that even old Hawkins, who was over ninety, and spent most of his days by his granddaughter's kitchen fire, sat sunning himself in the porch.

Everyone who came into sight wore a look of content and well-being, except the lady who lived in the little house opposite Mrs. Todd's.

The lodger had watched her for two or three days, and it seemed to him that every day her sweet face grew thinner and more careworn, her gait a little less alert.

This morning, as she stood at her gate looking upward at the pigeons and the few white fleecy clouds that trailed slowly across the blue, blue sky she looked almost ethereal. Her skin shone ivory white in the strong light of the sun, and the pure outline of her delicate features was so sharp-cut that it looked like chiselled stone.

"Who is that lady?" the lodger asked, without turning his head; and

Fanny, Mrs. Todd's youngest daughter, who was clearing the breakfast-table came to the window with alacrity.

"Where?" she asked, eagerly looking up and down the street.

"Opposite, child, opposite—just before your eyes!"

"Oh! her," Fanny's face fell. "That's only old Miss Priscilla Latymer."

"Old, child! Why you'll be calling me old next!" the lodger said, looking at her with a twinkle in his eye. "Ah! now you have! I see it in your face!"

Fanny, rosy red with confusion stammered something about "not intending" it, and vanished.

Mrs. Todd, with a concerned expression on her comely face, came in to remove the cloth. The "Let" was one of the best she had for a long time (visitors to the village having been few this season). A very easy-going, genial sort of gentleman the lodger was, paying his rent in advance, and quiet and regular in his habits. It would be a grievous pity if she lost him just through a slip of that careless girl's tongue. He was still staring over the geranium at the house opposite, and he did not turn round to speak to his landlady as he usually did when she appeared in his room.

Mrs. Todd grew more and more uneasy as she brushed the crumbs carefully into the tray and slowly folded up the cloth.

The silence, still continuing, she ventured on a tiny, deprecating cough, and the lodger started and put one hand to his brow like a man who is awakened from dreams.

"Good morning, Mrs. Todd," he said, abruptly.

"Your daughter tells me that the lady opposite is old Miss Priscilla Latymer," the lodger said, with a slight emphasis on the old.

"Then she ought to be ashamed of

herself not to know better!" Mrs. Todd answered, indignantly. "Why I nursed Miss Priscilla when she was a baby, and I don't reckon I'm an old woman yet. The young girls nowadays don't seem to have no sense, and, for all she's my own daughter, Fanny is about as dense a one as you'd find, search the country through and let the other be who she will!"

"She certainly looks rather feeble," the man said thoughtfully, as Miss Latymer came out of her garden and went slowly along the rough cobble stone path which was all the village boasted in the way of pavement.

The tears started to Mrs. Todd's kind eyes.

"That's not with weight o' years! It's sorrow, an' hard work, an' want o' proper comforts, that's the matter with Miss Prissie. The old squire took things too easy, an' that's made 'em hard for the daughter. Borrowed an' borrowed, he did, an' when he died all that was left for my missie were her mother's jewels an' some pieces o' old plate. The man that lent squire the money shut down the mortgage, an' Miss Prissie had to leave her old home, an' crust hard she felt it."

Mrs. Todd paused, breathless with speed and indignation.

The lodger stirred restlessly, but his eyes never left the slender figure clad in soft grey that looked almost girlish in the distance. When it had vanished he turned to Mrs. Todd with a suddenness that made her drop the crumbs she had so carefully swept into the tray on the carpet.

"How does she live?" he blurted out, almost savagely. "Was there nothing left? Surely—"

He bit his lip and turned back to the window.

"Only the plate an' the jewelry," Mrs. Todd went on, as she stooped to gather