



Peep again in your oven.
See those loaves, those *pleasing*
loaves you've made.
How *fat—rounded—substantial*.
No, they *won't* fall when colder.
Because the *Manitoba strength* that
is in FIVE ROSES will hold them up
till eaten.
This sturdy *elastic* gluten has kept them
from dropping *flat* in the oven.
No unsightly holes 'twixt crust and crumb—
neper.
All risen *evenly—to stay risen*.
Never heavy—sodden—soggy—indigestible.
Yours are the FIVE ROSES loaves—
Crinkly and *appetizing* of crust.
Golden brown and tender.
Snowy of crumb—*light as thistledown*.
FIVE ROSES helps a lot.
Try it *soon*.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

BY

REBECCA ROWENA RANDALL

This house is dark and dull and drear
No light doth shine from far or near
Nor ever could.

And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as seraphim
Though not so 'good.

My guardian angel is asleep
At least he doth no vigil keep
But far doth roam.

Then give me back my lonely farm
Where none alive did wish me harm,
Dear childhood home!

Dear Mother,—I am thrilling with un-
happiness this morning. I got that out
of Cora The Doctor's Wife whose hus-
band's mother was very cross and un-
feeling to her like Aunt M. to me. I
wish Hannah had come instead of me for
it was Hannah that was wanted and
she is better than I and does not answer
back so quick. Are there any peaces of
my buff calico. Aunt J. wants enough
to make a new waste button behind so
I won't look so outlandish. The stiles
are quite pretty in Riverboro and those
at Meeting quite elegant more so than
in Temperance.

This town is stish, gay and fair,
And full of wealthy riches rare,
But I would pillow on my arm
The thought of my sweet Brookside
Farm.

School is pretty good. The Teacher can
answer more questions than the Temper-
ance one but not so many as I can ask.
I am smarter than all the girls but one
but not so smart as two boys. Emma
Jane can add and subtract in her head
like a streak of lightning and knows the

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speling book right through but has no
thoughts of any kind. She is in the
Third Reader but does not like stories in
books. I am in the Sixth Reader but
just because I cannot say the seven
multiplication Table Miss Dearborn
thretens to put me in the baby primer
class with Elijah and Elisha Simpson
little twins.

Sore is my heart and bent my stubborn
pride,
With Lijah and with Lisha am I tied,
My soul recoyles like Cora Doctor's Wife,
Like her I fear I cannot bare this life.

I am going to try for the speling prize
but fear I cannot get it. I would not
care but wrong speling looks dreadful in
poetry. Last Sunday when I found
seraphim in the dictionary I was
ashamed I had made it serafim but
seraphim is not a word you can guess
at like another long one outlandish in
this letter which spells itself. Miss
Dearborn says use the words you can
spell and if you cant spell seraphim
make angel do but angels are not just
the same as seraphims. Seraphims are
brighter whiter and have bigger wings
and I think are older and longer dead
than angels which are just freshly dead
and after a long time in heaven around
the great white throne grow to be
seraphims.

I sew on brown gingham dresses every
afternoon when Emma Jane and the
Simpsons are playing house or running
on the Logs when their mothers do not
know it. Their mothers are afraid they
will drown and Aunt M. is afraid I will
wet my clothes so will not let me either.
I can play from half past four to supper
and after supper a little bit and Satur-
day afternoons. I am glad our cow has
a calf and it is spotted. It is going to
be a good year for apples and hay so
you and John will be glad and we ca