



"What's flour gluten, Bud?"

"It's what makes your dough rise, Rose."

"Yes"—she encouraged.

Added Bud very sagely:

"Makes it rise in the mixer and expand
"in the oven. It's the elastic part of
"flour—absorbs all the water and milk
"—and things."

Rose grew interested.

"FIVE ROSES," said Bud, "is exceedingly
"rich in gluten. I s'pose because it's all
"made from Manitoba wheat. Takes up a lot
"more water—makes those fat loaves—lasts
"longer, too."

"Saves money, doesn't it?" asked Rose.

Bud in a big voice:

"The fat loaf makes the fat pocketbook."

Use FIVE ROSES always.

And Rose said YES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

of the Pasha, the Governor of Jerusalem, as "paying guests."

Among our subscribers we have many of the native officials of Jerusalem, as well as the American, English, German and Jewish residents. Our admirable veterinary surgeon, who from the beginning has given untiring service, unpaid, is a Jew; our inspectors are Arabs, our hospital caretaker is a Moroccan. We have had kind help from the American Presbyterian College in Beirut, including a most welcome gift of a hundred copies of "Black Beauty" in Arabic for use in schools. Even one subscriber, in a new place, makes a little center of interest, and gives a missionary character to our work. Even to know of its existence does good, for

Evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as want of heart.

But alas! there are dark days as well as bright, and dark days came for us, as well as for most in this country, when Turkey plunged into war. The people became depressed, the able-bodied men were taken for soldiers, building-work was stopped, trade and agriculture were at a standstill, poverty became deeper and deeper, and beast suffered as well as man. Moreover, the political difficulties brought unrest and discontent in their train. We found it impossible to enforce fines, we could not get the courts to take up our cases. The police, much reduced in numbers, were afraid to come to our assistance. On several occasions members of our committee were mobbed, and Dr. Sinto Joseph, our surgeon, as well as our inspectors, were in danger of their lives from the violence of the people who were disaffected towards their own government and police. In 1912 it seemed as if our work must be given up, but we decided that so long as we could at least keep the hospital open, we were bound to

do so, even if it were necessary to put an end to work on the aggressive side.

We are thankful to say that the hospital has never been empty. We have had one inspector at work all the time. Our signs, placed on five of the terribly steep hills of Jerusalem, begging drivers to "go slowly," have had some response. The spirit once inaugurated has not died out.

Now—God be thanked—the war is over, a good season is expected. We have now three inspectors once more, and our hospital is full. We hope that we may be able to revive the system of punishment which is a part of the Turkish law, and which we set in motion, but did not create. We are faced with many problems, and we look to our friends abroad to help us, as they have always done, and with renewed vigor. Our men have needed new badges and uniforms, our stables have been repaired, our signposts must be multiplied, they are already in four languages, others are needed if we are to reach the polyglot population of our Holy City. Our accommodation should be at least doubled by the enlargement of our hospital stable.

We are, moreover, sorely in need of a camel-stable. The camel is the most costly possession of the peasant of Palestine, his loss or disablement is a family catastrophe. As a beast of burden, he is liable to many forms of injury; one seldom passes a group of town-camels without hearing the low, sad moan, which speaks of the galling pack-saddle, the spinal injury from over-pressure. But the camel cannot be housed with the horse or donkey, who hold him in such antipathy that they often refuse to pass him on the road. Moreover, his height and bulk require stables of special construction. We could do so much to help him and his owner, if we had the means. Many a one would be willingly brought to us, for the owners are beginning to realize their own ignorance.

The poor Syrian people are not the only ignorant among the nations! Surely the tourists who engage animals without seeing that they are in proper condition, who often refuse to pay a reasonable price so as to encourage care and thought for the steeds they ride or drive, who insist on doing more than a fair day's work in a day—let us hope that their fault, too, is only that of ignorance! They have a great opportunity of spreading the gospel of love and mercy; we have a warm welcome for those who make use of it. Jerusalem is visited by more tourists from America than from all the countries of Europe put together. With the exception of two generous friends, both of them well-known citizens, we have received less help from Americans than from any others. Perhaps the kindly people of the United States have not realized the desperate need, nor that Jerusalem is visibly growing in extent day by day, bringing in mainly added poverty and squalor.

We have here no cruel "sport," no vivisection, no taking of life for dress or ornaments. I have never seen a native set dogs on to fight; the people are fond of cats and birds; they make household pets of their sheep. I may add that in twelve years familiarity with the country, I have never heard of cruelty to a child. But we have ignorance, and the indifference which comes of ignorance, and we have terrible poverty. Jerusalem is not the only field in which help is wanting; we can do a little in the villages, but there is terrible suffering which we have not means to touch. Help will be gratefully received by the writer, or by Stuart Donithorne, Esq., addressed, in either case, S. P. C. A., Jerusalem.—By A. Monica Spoer, in Our Dumb Animals.

The great workmen of history have been men who believed like giants.—C. H. Parkhurst.

Queen Alexandra's Love for Animals.

In the garden at Marlborough House there is a touching evidence of Queen Alexandra's love for dumb animals. It takes the shape of a little cemetery where some of the Queen's four-legged favorites are buried.

The inscriptions on the stones and the care with which moss is prevented from growing in the clearly-carved letters, prove that it is not only a cemetery, but one in which affection is still bestowed. Five pets of Queen Alexandra lie beneath. The inscription on the largest stone reads:

Here, scarce a league from Paul's historic dome,
Where the broad elm trees shade a Royal home,
He lies. Like a true friend—to man or dog what name
Can more win love or more enhance his fame—

Through the parched desert and the mid-night fray,
Where his fond master led the glorious way,
He bravely followed, and with mute caress
Cheered both his labors and his idleness.

A miscreant slew him, none was near to save,
Let kindly tears bedew his honored grave,
And fairest fingers twine his funeral wreath.
A faithful comrade is at rest beneath.

Boxer's master was the Duke of Connaught, who took his four-footed friend through the Egyptian campaign of thirty years ago, and afterward gave him to the Princess of Wales, now Queen Alexandra.