

If You Test

Five Roses Flour against any other brands on the market you will find that for bread or pastry, cakes or biscuits, it gives better results, with less trouble and expense.

As it also contains more nutriment than ordinary brands, it is the ideal flour for general household use.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, Limited.

"Clarke's" Gloves, Mitts, Moccasins, etc. are Branded



The unstamped, unknown value Nugget

You know the value of a piece of gold or silver by its stamp or brand—the stamp is the government's guarantee of its worth; without the stamp you would doubt its value, and would not accept it.

Leather values, unstamped, are just as deceptive as gold or silver values unstamped, and in order to protect the people who buy and wear our goods, we have stamped our name on every article. Our stamp means our guarantee of value to you, just the same as the government's stamp.

If you insist on buying gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc., with "Clarke's" stamp you will know exactly what kind of leather you are buying, and have our guarantee of its value.

Only the best materials, finish and workmanship are used in "Clarke's" lines.

Sold by all dealers. Catalogue free for the asking.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited Toronto Canada

Tanners and makers of gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc., for outdoor hard wear



Stamped Coin, showing exact value



For a delicious meal, open and dish a tin of

CLARK'S Corned Beef

As nutritious as it is tasty and labor saving. Contains no bone, no waste. The most economical meat to buy—TRY IT. If your dealer cannot supply you write me and I will see that your order is filled.

CLARK, MFR., MONTREAL.

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band, because she loves and has confidence in them, and she feels that what interests her will be interesting to them. Or, perhaps, if the so-called secret is very interesting or important, it may be just a touch of vanity, a desire to show to someone that she is the repository of valuable information that leads to her violation of confidence.

What do you think about it? Should a wife's confidence to her husband include the telling to him of other people's secrets?

Bulwer Lytton says: "Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties;" and Shakespeare in Julius Caesar makes Portia say: "How hard it is for women to keep counsel;" while other writers say equally hard things on this same subject. Hard they are, but the question is, are they true?

Don't think Dame Durden has gone back on her sex in writing thus. Not a bit of it. But, if these things are not so, we will not mind seeing them in print; and, if they are, we ought to see them, and think about them. We might excuse ourselves by saying that many men are equally untrustworthy, and apt to violate confidence. No doubt of its truth, but we want to be better—not his equal, but his superior. Free your minds on this topic in the Ingle Nook, will you?
DAME DURDEN.

Dear Dame Durden,—I wonder if you can admit one more member to your Ingle Nook? I will promise not to trouble you any more than I can help. I would like a little help to find a way to render beef dripping so as to be able to make pastry with it. I saw, some time ago, what to do with it, but, much to my sorrow, I forget. I have tried heating the flour and dripping before using, but still it is brittle. I will promise to send some hints later on, and you will

do me a great favor if you will help me in this request. Trusting I have not written at too great length, and with all good wishes.
MOLLIE BAWN.

There is always room for "one more," Mollie Bawn; that is one of the chief beauties of the Ingle Nook. Trouble? The person doesn't live who could trouble the Ingle Nook by asking for help. We will be glad to have those hints you promise us, and will expect them. Have you tried shaving the beef dripping very fine before putting in the flour, and then working it up well with the hands? That may do, and is better than heating the flour, for the secret of good pastry is to keep all the ingredients as cool as possible. The most satisfactory way to use up the dripping is to melt it down with an equal amount of lard, and use the mixture, for then you get the mellowness of the one and the sweet flavor of the other.
D. D.

Recipes.

Lunch Biscuit.—4 cups "Five Roses" flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons currants, 1 rounding teaspoon of soda, and 2 of cream tartar. Beat butter and sugar to a cream; add the beaten eggs and milk; sift cream tartar and soda with the flour three times; add the currants, then the liquid, and mix soft. Bake in a quick oven. This makes 24 biscuits.

Patty Cakes.—1 cup sour cream, 1 cup (chopped) raisins, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon mixed spices, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups "Five Roses" flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg; add cream and sugar; stir into the flour and soda, which has been well sifted; add the spice, raisins, and flavoring. Bake in tart pans in a moderate oven.



A Fellow's Mother.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and merry blue eyes.

"Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump or bruise, or a fall in the dirt."

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Bags and buttons and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top."

"She does not care—not much, I mean— If a fellow's face is not quite clean; And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch you'd never see!"

"A fellow's mother is never mad, And only sorry, if you are bad; And I'll tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive you, whatever you do."

"A fellow's mean who would never try To keep the tear from her loving eye, And the fellow's worse who sees it not That his mother's the truest friend he's got!"

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

"The New Boy."

For a long time we heard a great deal about the "new woman." She must be dead and gone now, for no one ever speaks about her. But who has heard about "the new boy"? He has surely come to stay, and may his tribe increase very rapidly. In the first place, the "new boy" is one that can look after himself a little. He can put his own clothes away in their proper place, and knows where to find them when he needs them. He can keep his room almost as tidy as his mother or sister could. If it is necessary, he can make his own bed, sew on buttons, cook his breakfast, and even wash the dishes. And he doesn't feel ashamed of himself for doing it, either. He is polite to his sister, even if she is younger than he is; above all

else, he is kind and thoughtful about his mother. When his father is away he helps to keep things straight, just as if he were "the man of the house." He doesn't think much about his clothes, of course, but yet he keeps himself clean and tidy. He even plays with the girls sometimes, and he has all the more fun in his game of ball or "shinny" because he isn't rough or rude like a heathen.

A Cheap Soul.

From the "Young Churchman."

A few years ago, says a gentleman, I was sitting in a large dry goods store in Chicago, waiting for a friend. It was storming a little outside, and the clerks were not very busy. Not far from me stood a cash-boy, with his back against a pile of prints, and his elbows carelessly resting upon the same. I noticed his handsome face, set with dark hair and eyes so expressive, his cheeks bespeaking perfect health. A lady at an opposite counter, while paying a bill let fall some fractional currency, such as was then in circulation, that fluttered and fell to the floor, and was picked up by the gentlemanly clerk in attendance, except one, a twenty-five-cent piece, which noiselessly skimmed along and fell near the cash-boy I have alluded to. Without changing his position, he set one foot upon the money, and seemed unconscious of everything except the sky-light, and stood gazing up into the open space while search was made for the money.

I watched him, with a sickening thought in my mind, "What will be the end?" I went swiftly to him, and whispered in his ear: "Boy, will you sell your soul for a paltry twenty-five cents? Don't you know perfectly well that the money is under your foot? Restore it, and never, never do such a thing again." The boy turned pale, stooped and picked up the money. "Sir," he gasped, "don't tell on me, I pray—I beg—and I will never do so any more. Think of my mother!"

I presume he thought I knew him. I did not then, but afterward found out who he was; and from the fact that he