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**P**URITY FLOUR is unlike any other brand of flour. No two milling companies follow exactly the same process of milling. In fact, no two different brands of flour in the world are exactly alike in quality.

And here is another fact worth knowing: Every wheat berry contains both high-grade and low-grade portions.

The process of milling PURITY flour costs more than to mill ordinary flour. The low-grade portions are separated and excluded. PURITY is an ALL HIGH-GRADE, hard wheat flour. It has greater strength, greater absorption and greater expansion. It is a thirstier, more elastic flour. It drinks more water and expands into more loaves.

Use PURITY FLOUR for your next batch of bread. Count the loaves. You'll find you have made "MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD" from PURITY than when you've used an equal weight of weaker and cheaper flour.

**PURITY  
FLOUR****"More bread and better bread"**

**I**MAGINE, if you can, how much whiter, and more toothsome, and more nutritious, the bread made from such a HIGH-GRADE flour must be.

And can you imagine yourself enjoying the flaky pie-crust and the light, delicate cake?—your reward for using PURITY flour

When making pastry, please remember to add more shortening than required with ordinary flour—for on account of its extra strength, PURITY FLOUR requires more shortening for best pastry-results

Yes, PURITY FLOUR costs slightly more than ordinary flour. But use it once and you'll say it's worth more—much more—than the difference.

Add PURITY FLOUR to your grocery list right now.



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Helena could clearly hear the ticking of the clock in the hall. Immediately she realized, all of a sudden, in a vague intuitive way, that the bottom had fallen out of things, somehow. She could see Honore impatiently tapping the hearth with her small foot, and realized that in the uncalled-for cough that her uncle gave there was a note of embarrassment or apology. Her aunt was sitting bolt upright, evidently considering, and presently she said:—

"I am afraid, then, that it will be quite impossible for you to remain in this locality, Helena. Board and room would cost you at least six dollars a week; then there would be car fare and laundry extra. You simply couldn't live on it, my dear,"—to which Uncle Gregory added in his blunt way:—

"Eight dollars a week doesn't go very far in the city, Helena."

"I—I see," stammered Helena. "I might have known. But there will be other places, cheaper; nice, respectable places, I mean."

"Oh certainly," rejoined Mrs. Gregory, briskly; "there's the Young Women's Christian Association residence, for instance,—you might try there. We'll look into it."

"Well, to-morrow, mother," interposed Honore, stifling a yawn. "It's an unearthly hour, don't you know? For discussing such a strenuous subject as boarding houses, too! I shall look like a fright to-morrow, and Maud Strong's dance coming off at that! Come,—I must get a beauty sleep in somehow."

"Oh, you can sleep till noon, Honore, as you usually do," said her mother rising. "Helena, don't hurry up. Honore and I sleep ridiculously late; there's nothing to get up for, you see. Your uncle goes off so early,—he's usually in his office at eight, and who could keep up with that?"

Back in the beautiful rose and gray room, Helena tried to collect her thoughts. By all indications she was to see little of these rich relatives of hers, and the outlook of searching along uninteresting streets for an uninteresting, ordinary boarding-house was not pleasant. She had always imagined living on a tree-lined avenue with fine lawns and artistic houses. But—six dollars a week! She was aghast. "I suppose I shall have to go down on one of the grimy streets," she reflected, as she brushed out her hair, "or on one of those toy-bank streets, with rows of little peaked houses, all alike, end to the street! Ugh! It's one chance in a hundred if I can get in at the Association Rooms. . . . Well, after all, perhaps it's as well that I can't stay around here. My clothes really are cheap and common beside theirs, and everyone on the street here seems so fashionable. . . . My, didn't Honore look lovely when she sat on that low stool to-night, in that sweet Alice Blue dress! . . . So she rambled on, finally dropping to sleep, for she was very tired, to the tune of a faint, far-off whistling that no one beside her could possibly have heard, but the tune of it was "I love the name of Mary."

Next day, Helena reported for duty, bright and early, at Miss Giles' shop, and all day found much to do, and much to learn. She was tired enough at six o'clock, but after dinner it was necessary to go out to look about for a boarding-house. Her aunt came with her in the motor-car, and the long search began. The Young Women's Residence proved as she had feared, to be filled to the limit, but the secretary there hastened to supply the names of several places known to be "respectable."

Of these some were found to be quite too expensive for an eight-dollar-a-week salary, at least to leave enough for clothes, music lessons and the few trips home that Helena could not think of doing without; others were dusty and slatternly looking; yet others were houses in "rows" cramped down among taller buildings, hence dark and lacking in ventilation; this girl, used to the sweep of ozone-filled air over the hills shuddered at the very thought of them. At last a place was fixed upon in a house plainly furnished yet scrupulously neat and clean, and Helena knew that her future home was to be in a small hall bedroom, so tiny that she "should have to step outside to think," as she said, with one tiny window overlooking a small field, evidently used as a play-ground or baseball diamond. At the time she did

not pause to ask herself why she chose this room; afterwards she knew that it had been solely because of this field, this one small vista of space and green grass, with its ghost of suggestion of the broad grassy spaces that she had been used to all her life.

That night Helena slept again at her aunt's, so sick at heart that she wanted to cry. During the evening, after returning, all the talk had been of Maud Strong's dance, and Helena and her affairs had been dismissed completely. Her aunt had done her duty by her and could turn to other things. Then at nine o'clock Helena had seen them drive off, her aunt resplendent in jetted net, Honore a vision in fluffs of pink silk and ermine; then she had gone upstairs to the rose and gray room and sat long long, looking into the fire, and thinking, thinking. After all, should she care for this life—this continual whirl of dinner-party, and dance, and theatre, and music; this sleeping until noon and time spent with hair-dresser, and manicure-specialist, and dressmaker? Where did the time to think come in?—there had been so much time to think at home, even while busily working with one's hands. . . . Well, this was only one side of city life. There were other homes, homes where simplicity of living reigned, and where not being "in the swim" left some time for individuality. But should she, Helena, have any part in these homes? She had an intuitive feeling that they did not usually harbor "boarders." . . . Then there was another life, the life to which she was going. Somehow it did not look very attractive, the little third-floor bedroom and the going to work day after day; but of course there would be the music,—she would be taking lessons, and had made arrangements with Mrs. Skimmions, the boarding-house landlady, for the use of the piano an hour a night. . . . Then the fire glimmered slowly out, and a pale shaft of light shot in between the window curtains. Helena looked up to see the big full moon trembling slowly upward, like a great celestial lantern laughing down at the puny lights of this speck of a city so far below. Helena's heart throbbed to see it as though it had been a friend. What an age ago it seemed since she had seen it last, going serenely up above the big dark woods and the pasture field. Were any of them at home looking at it to-night, she wondered, just as thousands of homesick girls have wondered before and since. . . . And then the city, with its lights and hordes of people tramping along granolithic sidewalks slipped away off, off, off into the Land That Never Was, and Helena was roaming over, and over, and over the moonlit fields, and the dark woods, and looking down upon the silvered roofs of the old home, and then in through the window at the cosy little room with its shaded coal-oil lamp. And there was mother at one side of the table, knitting away; and there was father at one side of the stove and Fred at the other, chatting, just as usual, about the homely things that Helena had heard all her life.

Then a fire-truck came rattling past on the street, and Helena came back to earth, a disembodied spirit no longer, but just little Helena, "Saleslady Number 3" in Miss Giles' millinery rooms; to-night just a brown little moth in this house of brilliant butterflies. Yet—she didn't want to be a butterfly, that was clear. What did she want?

As she turned out the light she smiled a bit grimly. "Old rose and gray to-night," she said to herself. "To-morrow night it will be the gray without the rose. . . . But really,—yes, there's a bit of gray to-night too."

## CHAPTER III.

"Do you like it here?" It was Helena who asked the question, after a week of muddy coffee, beefsteak cooked to a leather-like consistency, and poached eggs "done hard." She was sitting on the bed in her little hall bedroom, and the features of the girl on the hard chair opposite looked wan and uncertain in the ghostly light of a flickering gasjet set high up in the wall.

The girl shrugged her shoulders, and smiled a bit cynically: "Oh they're all alike," she said, "unless one can pay higher and go up into one of the swell districts." There was something about this girl that grated on Helena, but she occupied the room nearest, and propin-