



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
—never.
All risen evenly—to stay risen.
Never heavy—sodden—soggy—indigestible.
Yours are the FIVE ROSES loaves—
Crinkly and appetising 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

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and the magnificent airs which she puts on when we come down late to breakfast on Sunday mornings."

"And tell them about the potatoes," interrupted Ruth.

"Oh, that was disgraceful, but it really could not be helped—we had greasy fried potatoes until we could not stand them another day, and Bolton found them in the kitchen late one night ready for the skillet the next morning, and filled them with tooth powder, and that ended it."

"I'd have set you fellows out on the sidewalk if I'd been Mrs. Hicks," laughed Morris. "I know that old lady—I used to stop with her myself when I was building the town hall—and she's good as gold. And now tell me how MacFarlane is getting on—building a railroad, isn't he? He told me about it, but I forgot."

"No," replied Jack, his face growing suddenly serious as he turned toward the speaker; "the company is building the road. We have only got a fill of half a mile and then a tunnel of a mile more."

Miss Felicia beamed sententiously when Jack said "we," but she did not interrupt the speaker.

"And what sort of cutting?" continued the architect in a tone that showed his entire familiarity with work of the kind.

"Gneiss rock for eleven hundred feet and then some mica schist that we have had to shore up every time we move our drills," answered Jack quietly.

"Any cave-ins?" Morris was leaning forward now, his eyes riveted on the boy's. What information he wanted he felt sure he now could get.

"Not yet, but plenty of water. We struck a spring last week" (this time the "we" didn't seem so preposterous) "that came near drowning us out, but we managed to keep it under with a

six-inch centrifugal; but it meant pumping night and day."

"And when is he going to get through?"

"That depends on what is ahead of us. Our borings show up all right—most of it is tough gneiss—but if we strike gravel or shale again it means more timbering, of course. Perhaps another year—perhaps a few months. I am not giving you my own opinion, for I've had very little experience, but that is what Bolton thinks—he's second in command to Mr. MacFarlane—and so do the other fellows at our boarding-house."

And then followed a discussion on "struts," roof timbers and tie-rods, Jack describing in a modest, impersonal way the various methods used by the members of the staff with which he was connected, Morris, as usual, becoming so absorbed in the warding off of "cave-ins" that for the moment he forgot the table, his hostess and everybody about him, a situation which, while it delighted Peter, who was bursting with pride over Jack, was beginning to wear upon Miss Felicia, who was entirely indifferent as to whether the top covering of MacFarlane's underground hole fell in or not.

"There, now, Holker," she said with a smile as she laid her hand on his coat sleeve—"not another word. Tunnels are things everybody wants to get through with as quick as possible—and I'm not going to spend all night in yours—awful damp places full of smoke—No—not another word. Ruth, ask that young Roebling next you to tell us another story—No, wait until we have our coffee and you gentlemen have lighted your cigars. Perhaps, Ruth, you had better take Mr. Breen into the smoking-room. Now, give me your arm, Holker, and you come, too, Major, and bring Peter with you to my boudoir. I want to show you the most delicious copy of

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