

ant you to. It would have changed  
pinion of you."

He puffed and looked sober, nod-  
ding his head. "I understand, I  
think. We will call it a lost pleas-  
ure."

"Yes," she whispered, "I always  
thought a kiss too sacred to become  
common, to be given without the  
part."

"You are right," he answered. "I  
should not have liked you as well if  
you had been perfectly willing."

That night Amy wondered how much  
Kittie Sinclair was to Cliff, and was  
guided. The next day at school she  
found out for certain. Kittie bluntly  
told her that Cliff Leighton was her  
husband and to leave him alone. Amy  
simply ignored the girl and her as-  
sertions, but trouble was brewing,  
and all through Kittie. The books  
were new to Amy and she soon had  
trouble with some mathematical prob-  
lems for Kittie. Because she could  
not do them promptly, Kittie told her  
mother, who was on the prudential com-  
mittee, that she could not do them.

Cliff learned of the difficulty and  
aid the problems for Amy. This put  
them on more intimate footing, and  
they saw much of each other. Kittie,  
fed by jealousy, kept at work upon  
her father, until he notified Amy that  
he had decided to discontinue with her  
services. When Cliff heard of it and  
realized that it would mean to Amy  
to be turned out of her first school,  
he went to Mr. Sinclair and tried to  
reason with him. But Sinclair was a

pompous, opinionated man, and flung  
up his help to Amy, which had leaked  
out some way. Then Cliff lost his tem-  
per.

"See here, Mr. Sinclair, perhaps  
you don't realize what it means for  
a young teacher to be turned out of  
her first school. We have always been  
good friends, but I don't mind telling  
you I am interested in Miss Dean, and  
if you turn her out of this school, on  
the slim excuse you have, I'll give you  
the damndest licking you ever had."

Mr. Sinclair took in the square out-  
lines of this husky youngster, and  
noted the resolute light in his eyes, and  
decided he would keep Miss Dean.

It was several days before Amy  
learned of Cliff's championship, then  
her heart that she had been holding  
in restraint broke its leashes, and she  
fully realized she loved this big resolu-  
te lad, and she felt it was returned.  
It was hard to thank him, but she  
found courage one evening. "I want  
to thank you for interceding with Mr.  
Sinclair in my behalf."

"It's nothing," he lightly replied:  
"he decided to reconsider his decision  
under my recommendations." Then  
he tactfully changed the conversation  
to other matters.

Cliff might never have spoken if  
Billy Sinclair had not assumed a sud-  
den interest in Amy. His attentions  
went to such a length that they were  
almost intolerable, but rather than  
make more trouble she meekly bore  
his importunities. The rupture came  
one night after school; Amy had stop-

ped to do some school work, and Billy,  
finding her alone, attempted to kiss  
her. Fighting him with all her  
strength, she screamed loudly. Cliff,  
coming by, heard the cry and sprang  
from his wagon to her assistance.

Billy heard him coming and attempt-  
ed to escape, but Cliff met him at the  
door and promptly proceeded to kick  
him across the school yard and into a  
sprawling heap in the road. Then  
he opened on him. "If I ever catch  
you insulting Miss Dean again, Billy  
Sinclair, I'll ridage your worthless  
carcass until it resembles a wash-  
board."

Relieved of this warning Cliff strode  
back to the school house. Amy was in  
tears, and they were what made Cliff  
speak. Quickly he crossed the room  
to her side. "Don't cry, Miss Dean;  
it shall not happen again. Let me be  
your protector; you need someone."

She lifted her wet eyes to his, and  
there must have been more than grati-  
tude in them, for he deliberately took  
her in his arms and said: "Dear  
heart, I did not mean to speak now,  
until I made a way for myself in the  
world; but you need me and I love you  
so dearly. May I hope?"

She nestled closer in his arms and  
lifted a shining face through the tears.  
"There is only you, Clifford, just you,  
and it will always be you to eternity,"  
and shyly pulling his head down she  
placed her lips on his in the first kiss  
—the long deferred kiss they both had  
so ardently desired, and which now  
sealed their betrothal.

## The Upward Look

### Glory Amid Tribulations

Last summer there was a long, un-  
expected wait, at an uncomfortable,  
lonely little station, nestled in  
among mountains. Peaks rose up on  
every side, so close and so high, that  
one felt shut in, confined, and it  
seemed as if there were no way out.  
At the same time the heart of the  
weary traveller was depressed and dis-  
couraged. Life seemed to hold so  
many sorrows, troubles and problems  
and seemingly there was no way from  
which comfort and gladness and help  
would come. On every side, which-  
ever way she looked in the life trials,  
there also seemed no way out.

Suddenly tired of looking around,  
she looked up, and there, one of the  
lofty peaks was shining and gleaming  
in the radiant light of the setting  
sun. In a few seconds the next peak  
was aglow, and on and on until all  
were alight, and her own heart  
throbbed and exulted, at the sight of  
that wonderful beauty.

It was as if God Himself had sent a  
special message. What if in the  
valleys it was gloomy and confined,  
yet her God had control of all the  
grandeur and beauty and space.

Into her bruised heart shone the  
thought, that the Maker of all had  
planned her life. Out of the sorrow



**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—*sudden—soggy—indigestible.***

**Years 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