MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Five Roses Appeals to You, Madam, as Final Judge

Do you know what they're saying about you, Mistress Housewife?
That you don't know *good* stuff from *poor*.
That *price* is your only guide; that because "Pigs is Pigs" you think flour is flour—"only that and nothing more."
Even say you wouldn't know *good* flour if you saw it, and wouldn't take it except it were *cheap!*
In short, anything labelled "FLOUR" is good enough for you.

We deny this libel on *your* discrimination.
And appeal to you, Madam, to nail the impeachment.
Nothing short of the *very best* is good enough for YOU.
If you have been getting miserably bad flour, it wasn't *your* fault—we know that.
Just because you didn't know about FIVE ROSES.
When "baking accidents" vex your soul, and hubby across the breakfast table mutters darkly about "bread and projectiles, concrete rolls, the vileness of some (?) baking, lunch downtown——"
Don't scold the cook; maybe she didn't know about FIVE ROSES either.

* * * *

But all this is over now.
We're going to tell you about good flour, so that you may be self-reliant, using your own *actual knowledge* and discretion.
Trusting no longer to the tender (?) mercies of cheap brands, whose *sole* claim on existence is mere cheapness married to the average housemaker's ignorance of flour values.

Isn't that so, Madam?

* * * *

Just think, Mistress Housewife, it has taken *all of twenty-one years* to perfect FIVE ROSES—to attain our majority in *quality* milling.
You surely admit we *must* know how to make good flour, don't you?
And we make it as good as we know how.
FIVE ROSES, Madam, is the flour you should try, and all the other busy housewives who want their money's worth.
You get it when you buy FIVE ROSES—and *keep on getting it.*
Because it is "standard value," the same to-day as yesterday.

* * * *

You can prove them wrong, Madam, *wrongfully wrong*, who say *you* don't appreciate good flour.
If you see your grocer to-day, and he should show you, *at your request*, a neat cotton bag of FIVE ROSES—
Will you tell him "send it up"—for the sake of a *better* table?
Madam, we know *your* answer already.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A WARM, YET INEXPENSIVE, SCHOOL COAT.

The furry materials are legion, and not the least attractive of them are the striped plushes, which, despite their moderate cost, have quite a dressy style when made up into well-cut coats. Silver-gray striped plush gives somewhat the effect of silvery chinchilla here, and the comfortable little coat is built with the low opening and two sets of buttons fancied this winter. There is a high collar to keep the throat warm, and the revers may be crossed over the chest on very cold days. The coat is attractively trimmed with blue and silver braid.

H.P. SAUCE

YOU will enjoy H.P. and H.P. will agree with YOU.

Bread and cheese, with a few drops of thick, fruity, luscious H.P. on the side of your plate, becomes a new delight—an appetising, enjoyable and nourishing meal in itself.

H.P. is prepared from oriental fruits, aromatic spices, and pure malt vinegar—blended *just so*

Try it—you'll say its reputation is *deserved.*

Made in England

SALE OF Bed Comforters

Reversible Comforters, covered with fine English Silkoline Covering. Large Range of Patterns.

$2.00 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, **Sale, $1.59 each**

$2.50 Comforters, 60 x 72 inches, **Sale, $1.98 each**

$3.00 Comforters, 66 x 72 inches, **Sale, $2.19 each**

Large Shaker Blankets, grey or white, **$1.15 pair.**

I. CHESTER BROWN
32 and 36 King Square

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

His friends in St. John will be pleased to hear that in one night last week in Atlanta, Robert Mantell played Hamlet to a $1,600 house, and the indications were that his receipts for the week would closely approximate $10,000. This is in the nature of "going some" for a city of the size of Atlanta, and with the Shakespeare as the attraction at that. But it has ever been true in this country that, while it required more time and money to establish a classic star than any other, once fixed such a star could not readily be dislodged. The process of building up Mantell has been slow and infinitely laborious, as it was with Booth, Barrett, McCullough and Mansfield. But like those who traveled the paths before him, quite possibly Mantell has come to stay.

Col William F. Cody, known to the public as "Buffalo Bill," gave a box party at Maxine Elliott's Theatre last week to see the performance of Forbes-Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." After the second act, Col. Cody, accompanied by the four ladies who were his guests, went behind the scenes and had a little chat with the noted English actor-manager. The entertaining of Col. Cody and his party at Maxine Elliott's Theatre was a courtesy extended by Forbes-Robertson in return for various courtesies extended by Col. Cody to him when "Buffalo Bill' had his Wild West Show in London.

Kate Elinore advertises herself as "the woman who made King Edward laugh."

The W. S. Harkins' company are being greeted with large houses in their productions at the Opera House. Tonight their double bill success of last night will be repeated, "The Queen of the Circus," and "Divorcons.' They will close their engagement on Saturday evening, but will return after a visit to some of the smaller towns of the province, and open an indefinite stay on December 16. Their opening bill will be a dramatization of "The House of a Thousand Candles."

In "The Fourth Estate," the newspaper play, the last act is a composing room scene, with the paper about to go to press, with the front page devoted to an exposure of the corruptness of Judge Donald Bartelmy. The last thing the audience sees before the fall of the curtain is the front page of the Advance being rolled over to the steam table. Each night now as the audience files out of the theatre, newsboys stationed at the doors hand each person a copy of the New York Advance, with the story of Bartelmy's shame plastered all over the front page, with a four column cut of the judge seeking to bribe the editor to suppress the story, and with all the headlines and different colored inks which make for the sensational. The complete story of a judge's guilt is told in metropolitan newspaper style.

There will be "nothing doing" at the Opera House next week.

"A Merry Widow" hit is what many people have called "The Dollar Princess" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and the expression is not much of an exaggeration. With the exception of "The Chocolate Soldier," this merry operetta is the most successful musical play which has come from Europe since the Franz Lehar play.

About once in so often out-and-out farce swings into a period of popularity from which nothing seems capable of dislodging it. This time seems to be one of the ripe moments for laughter-making plays. Beginning with "The Blue Mouse," there have been "The Man from Home," "The Traveling Salesman," "Going Some," "Is Matrimony a Failure?" 'The Fortune Hunter," 'Inconstant George," "The Girl from Rector's," and a number of others, and now comes "Seven Days," which, at the Astor Theatre, has vastly surprised everybody but the authors and management. This piece, with its practically unknown cast, made the first-night audience laugh itself almost into fits, and seems likely to run on for a long time. Yet not so long ago an author with a farce under his arm might as well have tried to find a market for a well developed case of smallpox.

An Italian theatre with an Italian stock company is the latest for Chicago. All of the productions will be those of the mother tongue, including D'Annunzio's sordid melodramas and the comedies which attracted Duse in the years gone by.

"They Loved a Lassie," in which Charles E. Evans has scored an unmistakable success in Chicago, is an amplification of the vaudeville act formerly produced by this actor, and called "There and Back."

As a courtesy to John Mason, who has scored so pronounced a hit in Augustus Thomas' big success, "The Witching Hour," Charles Frohman gave a special professional matinee Friday afternoon, playing "The Harvest Moon," Mr. Thomas' latest play, at the Garrick Theatre.

The opera performances at the New York Theatre, New York, which are to be given there twice a week for twenty weeks, began on Tuesday evening with the revival of Massenet's "Werther," with a case of which the larger number of singers made their American debut on this occasion. The one familiar figure among the principals is Geraldine Farrar.

The Olga Nethersole version of "Sapho" will be the attraction at Payton's Bijou Theatre next week, and Mr. Payton is of the opinion that this much discussed play will create something of a furore in the western section of Brooklyn, where it was never before undertaken by a stock company.

One of the late attractions booked to appear at the Opera House is Helen Grace, the well known American actress, who will play here in repertoire of leading successes during the latter part of April or early in May.

Monte Thompson's "Final Settlement" company will come to the Opera House on Nov. 29, playing for three nights.

Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder of Bridges," has the biggest success enjoyed since he appeared in "Raffles."

LIBERALS GET ONE SEAT WITHOUT SIGN OF STRUGGLE

Halifax, Nov. 17—Nominations took place today for provincial by-elections in four counties in Nova Scotia. In three of them there will be contests, Victoria (C. B.) allowing the Liberal nominee, Mr. Buchanan, to be returned by acclamation.

In Lunenburg, Hants and Cumberland there will be contests, in the last named county the Labor party running A. L. Landry as its candidate, making a three-cornered contest ,the Conservatives and Liberals nominating respectively T. Sherman Rogers and H. J. Livingstone. The election there was rendered necessary by the death of Hon. W. T. Pipes, attorney-general.

In Lunenburg the Liberals nominated A. K. MacLean, who resigned from the house of commons to accept the attorney-generalship in the Murray government. As his opponent the Conservatives nominated J. W. Margeson, barrister.

In Hants the election is rendered necessary because of the death of C. S. Wilcox, the Conservative leader in the house of assembly. At Windsor today the Conservatives nominated Albert Parsons, a business man of Walton, and the Liberals W. M. Christie, K. C., of Windsor.

Phosphonol—The Electric Restorer for Lost Manhood.

Restores every nerve in the body to its proper tension; restores vim and vitality. Premature decay and all sexual weakness averted at once. Phosphonol will make you a new man. Price $3.00 a box, or two for $5.00. Mailed to any address on receipt of price. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont., or at your druggist.

Canada is the most progressive country in the world today, and the most progressive men and women in Canada are wearing CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS; that's why they are alive in the game.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on every box. 25c

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"No, oh, no!" came the eager answer. "My name is not the name of my parents. The Holy Mother gave me my name, at the cathedral in Mexico, so it is truly mine; but it is not the name to which I was born. That is hidden. It is lost! I do not know how, nor why. Even my first name was changed, for I remember, when I was a child, I was called Carlotta; but, when I was taken to the cathedral, it was made into Clarita. I like it better. I think. Morris says that, some day I shall know who my parents were. Sometimes, I think that he knows now, and will not tell me. If that be so, I do not complain. He knows what is wisest and best for me. I am assured of that."

"Carlotta—Carlotta!" Trevor exclaimed. "It is the name of one of my daughters: it is Carla's name. It was—was it your mother's name?"

"I do not know," Clarita answered.

The financier sat staring at the picture he held in his hand. For the moment, he was utterly oblivious to everything else around him, and Morris, raising his eyes, regarded the old man sadly and steadily.

"Have you anything else that belonged to your mother," asked Trevor, presently. "Is there anything else that was hers that you would care to show me?"

"I think not, senor," the girl said. "But stay!" she added. "There is one thing more that was hers, as I have been told. You will think that it is a very strange thing to exhibit. I do not know why it was given to me as a keepsake, only that, when Senor Llorente, in whose family I resided while in Mexico, gave it to me, he said: "You will take this with you also, 'Rita. If your father is living, and you should meet him, he will wish to see it.'" At this announcement, Lathrop looked up in surprise, and, perceiving it, she continued: "I do not think that Morris even knows about this keepsake. I have never told him, because I had forgotten. He shall see it now at the same time that I show it to you. It is not pleasant; it is not nice. It is a very strange hting to give to a child as a keepsake, and Ihave kept it hidden in my trunk. I will get it. You will excuse me"

Again she left the room, and again Trevor's eyes wondered in the direction of the young man; but he did not speak, and their eyes did not meet, for Lathrop was once more apparently absorbed in the pages o fthe book.

Clarita was some time absent, but, at last, she returned. Her hands were behind her, ad she came quite close to her guest before she exposed them. Then bringing them suddenly forward, she said simply:

"It is—this!"

George Trevor, who had risen at her entrance, stood like one entrancer. Catalepsy could not have held him more rigidly still than he was then, with wide-open, distended eyes, drawn and haggard features, parted lips and bated breath.

At last, slowly, mechanically, he extended one hand and took the thing she held out to him—a double sheath made of one piece of wood, skillfully carved and inlaid with gold and silver and precious stones. He did not speak. He held it in his hand, and stared at it as though it were a serpent that had fascinated him.

"It is not pretty," she continued, not heeding his perturbation. "It is deadly. I do not admire it."

Slowly, and with familiar precision, Trevor stretched forth the other hand, and withdrew the knives from their sheaths, one after the other. It was as though he were forced to do so against his will. He seemed to have forgotten hns surroundings, to see only athose two curiously-wrought weapons that he now held in his grasp ;one, a short, dagger-like instrument, sharpened only on one side, but keen as a razor and pointed like a needle; the other, long, slender, deadly, venomous in every curve, glitteringly bright, sinister, murderous. It glinted flashes of light from its polished surface, and the tiny, graceful curves along its back seemed to move up and down, as though possessed of life — and hatred.

Trevor was so long silent, that, at last, 'Rita looked up, inquiringly. As she beheld his face, she started back, affrightedly.

"Morris!" she called, in a panic of fear.

The young man sprang to her at sound o fthe terror in her voice.

"Look," she whispered, pointing toward the old man — now old indeed! "What is it What is the matter? See! Quick! My God, he will kill himself!"

It is true that he would have done so. The mysterious knife seemed to have compelled him to the act, for, with startling suddenness, the cataleptic condition left him. He laughed aloud, wildly; raised the weapon in the air; and would have plunged it into his breast had not Lathrop's hand seized his wrist and held it. Then, the fingers loosened their hold, and the evil knife fell to the floor, point downward, piercing the carpet and penetrating the board beneath. And there is stood, quivering.

For an instant, the old man stared down at it dazedly; hen, he hid his face in his hands, dropped back into his chair, and sobbed aloud.

'Rita looked up wonderingly into Morris's face, but he offered her no explanatnon. Instead, he put one arm gently arond her, and led her into another room.

"What is it?" se asked again. "What does it mean?"

"I do not know, dear," was the answer. "Perhaps, he will tell me. I must take him home now, but I will return."

"Oh, Morris," she pleaded; "you will come back? I am frightened. You will return? Promise me that you will!"

"I promise, 'Rita. As soon as I have seen the pater home, I will return. You need not go to bid him good-night; it is not necessary."

Then, he touched her forehead with his lips, and left her. In the parlor, the knife was still maliciously swaying to and fro above the carpet, like the head of a cobra, waiting to strike. Lathrop plucked it from the floor, ad returned it, together with its fellow, to the sheath. This done, he touched Trevor gently on the shoulder.

"Come, pater," he said gently. "Let us go now."

"Yes, yes! Let us go, now." the financier assented with pitiful anxiety. "Yes, I muts get away, at once. I must think. My God, Morris, do you understand what this thing means to me? Do you know who this girl is?"

"Hush! hush! Not another word here!" the young man commanded. "Let me help you on with your coat. Now, are you ready, sir?"

"Yes, I am ready," was the answer. Nevertheless, Trevor still stood expectant, his eyes roving toward the door by which Clarita had gone out of the room. "Where—?" he began.

But Lathrop interrupted the question, ere it was formed.

"Never mind," he urged. "I said good-night for you, pater."

Thereat, the old man sighed wistfully; and then the two went into the street, and entered the carriage, without another word spoken between them. And in utter silence they drove homeward, and in silence they parted.

CHAPTER XIII.

It is a remarkable thing that the very people whom we regard as the most self-contained under trying circumstances are the very ones, who, when they do give way, lose lose all vestige of self control, and plunge head-foremost to the opposite extreme. The fires that burned within the breast of Carla Trevor had hitherto only smoldered. They had been confined within herself, their presence unsuspected, and, therefore, the danger of them was unheeded. But, when she had recovered from the shock of Lathrop's abrupt departure, the smoldering embers burst forth into flame, and consumed her reason, her judgment and her faith. When she returned the ring to Morris, she did not really doubt his loyalty to her. The act was based upon her idea of the principle which, as she believed, was involved; she had broken the engagement because he had refused to confide in her, and for no other reason. She was not, in any sense of the word a coquette. Nevertheless, she had coquetted with him then, for she had no suspicion, when she offered the ring to him, that he would accept it. She could not know anything of the self-abasement under which he hourly struggled since he had taken the step downward, which, in his own opinion, forever removed him from the realm in which he had lived all his life — that of unqualified uprightness. Therefore, his calm acquiescence in her decision prostrated her, overwhelmed her, shocked her out of herself into another being, whom she had not known, whom she did not recognize, but who now dominated every impulse within her. She had asked for an explanation — she had demanded it. And, all the time, in her own heart, she knew that there was a sufficient one. She had spoken naught but the truth when she said she was not jealous. She did not doubt him when he told her what he did; her one cause of indigation against him was that he did not tell her all.

Now, however, she say things differently. Her recollection of the scene distorted everything out of all recognizable shape, and she discovered motives which she had not imagined at the time, and fancied reasons which were utterly unreasonable. His refusal to explain further than he had, was not attributed to guilt or shame. His statement concerning the purity of Clarita Ortega, she now regarded as a lie. The high value that he had placed upon her own love for him had become a subterfuge. His pretense of mystery degenrated to a contemptible deception; and, with it all, she moaned in pain while she assured herself that he no longer loved her, and convinced herself that he was at heart rejoiced because she had severed the bond between them. Still, she made no outward sign. The fierce warfare that raged within found no visible expression; but she was transformed from a calm, serene, loving woman, abounding in faith, into a hard, suspicious relentless being who saw only evil in the association of Morris Lathrop and Clarita Ortega.

So, the demons entered and took possession of Carla Trevor. After hours of agonized thought, she determined on a course of action, and she forthwith set out toward the consummation of her purpose with a resolution that was not to be denied. Shortly after eight o'clock on the night following her dismissal of Lathrop, she visited Edna's room, outwardly as calm and self-possessed as ever, and she even smiled contemptuously when she found her sister in tears. She knew well the cause of these tears, but she forbore any reference to them. It seemed to her rather in the nature of a presumption that Edna should thus weep when she could not.

"I wish you to tell me again concerning your encounter with taht woman at Morris's apartment," she said, without any hesitation.

"There is nothing to tell," Edna returned. "I saw her there, that is all. She had just as much right to be there as I had, and it would be just as consistent for you to think ill of me for going there as to think ill of her."

Carla smiled. There was no sign of softening in her manner, no hesitation.

"You are vehement, Edna," she said; "too vehemtn, I think, in your defense of Miss Ortega. Do you know the present address of the woman you so ably defend?"

(To be continued)

Women

Cannot be Strong and Healthy Unless the Kidneys are Well.

Weak, lame or aching backs are the first sign of Kidney Trouble.

Under ordinary conditions they ought to be strong and ready to bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with a weak and aching back. Backaches come from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Weak back is simply a warning from the kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible suffering from kidney troubles.

Doan's Kidney Pills will cure you in the same ways as they have cured thousands of others.

Miss Alberta B. Clarke, Stoney Creek, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with kidney trouble for several years; my back was weak, I had such terrible headaches, and was so restless I could not sleep at night and tried everything without any benefit. Meantime a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got four boxes and they completely cured me. I now feel as well as I ever did and would advise everyone suffering from Kidney Disease to try them."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

In ordering specify "Doan's."

Take No Substitute

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BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

IT HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD

The Original.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.,
"Leaders of Quality."
Wm. H. DUNN, Agent

BOYCOTT FAVORED BY FEDERATION

Peace Between Labor Body and The Warring Electrical Workers

Toronto, Nov. 17—At the American Federation of Labor convention today a report was presented that aims to reunite 40,000 electrical workers of America and terminates the eighteen months' struggle.

President Gompers patted the committee on the back for boldly coming out and suggesting a 1910 convention at which the fighting factions could shake hands and reorganize. Gompers clinched matters by demanding of President Reid that he declare before the convention whether he and his fellows would stand by the Denver agreement.

Mr. Reid pledged that he and his fellows would be loyal, thanking the committee for its report. He even offered to give bonds to get back into the ranks.

The committee on boycotts presented the report for adoption. In its concluding paragraphs it said:

"Under the present conditions the boycott is a necessary legal and moral weapon when other remedies fail and the occasion demands an unusual and drastic antidote. Employers associations, medical societies, scientific bodies, even fraternal societies all resort to the boycott to achieve the legitimate and in some instances illegitimate ends."

A tremendous ovation was accorded Delegate Mitchell, who ably supported the report.

An Honest Opinion

"I never felt right," said a grocer, "in selling a little bar of soap for 5c. I consider Colis Soap honest value and I push the sale." 16 ozs. for 6c. instead of a small bar for 5c.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

VERY TRUE.

Clip for thyself; one good idea
From fields by others sown
Is better than some hum old thing
You know to be your own.

Find an editor.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Left side down, against back.

ADMONISHED.

Clarence was usually so restless and fidgedy in church that his mother was obliged to reprove him from time to time. One Sunday he was so quiet and well behaved that his mother noticed it and spoke approvingly:

"What a good little boy Clarence was in church today," she said. "Mamma was so proud of him."

"Well," said Clarence "I had to be. The choir looked right at me, and sang over and over again, 'Please be still, please be still.'"

What becomes of the two cents a woman saves when she buys a dollar article for 98 cents?

A Tonic

Make no mistake. Take only those medicines the best doctors endorse. Consult your own doctor freely. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Tired? Just as tired in the morning as at night? Things look dark? Lack nerve power? Just remember this: Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a strong tonic, entirely free from alcohol. It puts red corpuscles into the blood; gives steady, even power to the nerves; strengthens the digestion.