



**Dainty, Disappearing Doughnuts.**  
Devoured near as fast as you make 'em.

Golden — tooth-teasing — able-bodied nuts of dough.

Made from dough that *Tastes Like Nuts*, you know.

Use **FIVE ROSES** flour.

Get that *individual toothsome*ness of *Manitoba* wheat kernels.

Doughnuts with a *Palate-Pleasing Personality*.

See 'em bob up in the rich deep fat—swelling, soft-textured.

A hole entirely circled with *Light Digestible Food*.

Fat without being *fat*—for **FIVE ROSES** is the sturdy *glutinous* flour that *resists* fat absorption.

Just enough to *brown* deliciously, to *crisp* quickly.

No greasiness, heaviness, egginess.

Filling a vacant place so pleasantly with *never* an *outraged* stomach.

Like these make **YOURS**.

Use **FIVE ROSES**.

# Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

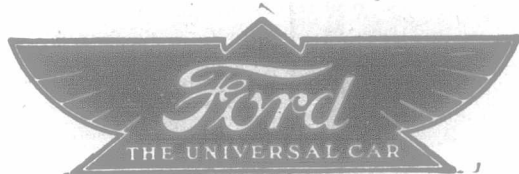
With a laugh at the wild rush with which the colt avoided him, he shut himself into the yard with it, and moved quietly about, sometimes towards it and sometimes from it; at times standing still and looking it over, and at other times throwing a rope or sack carelessly down, waiting until his presence had become familiar, and the colt had learned that there was nothing to fear from it.

There was a curious calmness in the man's movements; a fearless repose that utterly ignored the wild rushes, and as a natural result, they soon ceased; and within just a minute or two the beautiful creature was standing still, watching in quivering wonder.

Gradually a double rope began to play in the air with ever-increasing circles, awakening anew the colt's fears; and as these in turn subsided, without any apparent effort, a long running noose flickered out from the circling rope, and, falling over the strong, young head, lay still on the arching neck.

The leap forward was terrific; but the rope brought the colt up with a jerk; and in the instant's pause that followed, the Quiet Stockman braced himself for the mad rearing plunges that were coming. There was, literally, only an instant's pause, and then with a clatter of hoofs the plungings began, and were met with muscles of iron, and jaw set like a vice, as the man, with heels dug into the ground, dragged back on the rope, yielding as much as his judgment allowed—enough to ease the shocks, but not an inch by compulsion.

Twice the rearing, terrified creature circled round him, and then the rope began to shorten to a more workable length. There was no haste; no flurry. Surely and steadily the rope shortened (but the horse went to the man, not the man to the horse; that was to come later). With the shortening of the rope,



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More than 275,000 Fords now in service—convincing evidence of their wonderful merit. Runabout, \$675; Touring Car, \$750; Town Car, \$1,000—f.o.b. Walkerville with all equipment. Get interesting "Ford Times"—from Dept. G., Walkerville factory. Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

**When Writing Mention "The Advocate"**

the compelling power of the man's will forced itself into the brute mind; and, bending to that will, the wild leaps and plunges took on a vague suggestion of obedience—a going WITH the rope, not against it; that was all. An erratic going, perhaps, but enough to tell that the horse had acknowledged a master. That was all Jack asked for at first, and, satisfied, he relaxed his muscles, and as the rope slackened the horse turned and faced him; and the marvel was how quickly it was all over.

But something was to follow, that once seen could never be forgotten—the advance of the man to the horse.

With barely perceptible movement, the man's hands stole along the rope at a snail's pace. Never hurrying, never stopping, they slid on, the colt watching them as though mesmerized. When within reach of the dilated nostrils, they paused and waited and slowly the sensitive head came forward snuffing, more in bewilderment than fear at this new wonder, and as the dark, twitching muzzle brushed the hands, the head drew sharply back, only to return again in a moment with greater confidence.

Three or four times the quivering nostrils came back to the hands before they stirred, then one lifted slowly and lay on the muzzle, warm and strong and comforting, while the other, creeping up the rope, slipped on to the glossy neck, and the catching was over.

For a little while there was some gentle patting and fondling, to a murmuring accompaniment of words; the horse standing still with twitching ears the while. Then came the test of the victory—the test of the man's power and the creature's intelligence. The horse was to go to the man, at the man's bidding alone, without force or coercion. "The better they are, the sooner you learn 'em that," was one of Jack's pet theories, while his proudest boast—his