



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 *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

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

The Lady in Green and Gold.

All Paris was talking about her.

Before Evelyn Stair had been in the gay capital twelve hours her friend, Nancy Forbes, insisted on taking her to see the new excitement.

"But, my dear Nancy, I am not in a violent hurry to see her," protested Evelyn. "I have a whole fortnight in Paris before me yet. And besides, we haven't seen each other since the days when we wore pig-tails, and there is far more to interest me in your own doings than in—what did you call her?"

"The Lady in Green and Gold." Her real title is 'Memory,' but since Paris has gone wild over the matter every one calls her 'The Lady in Green and Gold.' And you must see her," insisted Nancy, "if only for the extraordinary resemblance to yourself. It is really uncanny. When you stepped out of the train last night I thought you were 'The Lady in Green and Gold' herself."

"It is flattering, at any rate, if the lady is as wonderful as you say," laughed Evelyn. "And now, as you have roused my curiosity to excitement pitch, when am I to see her?"

"At once. It is a heavenly morning, and besides I have arranged a—little appointment," hesitated Nancy, coloring a little. "I didn't tell you last night, as it was late, and you were tired; but, you see—well—you see," and Nancy held out her left hand, on which a diamond ring glistened in the sunlight.

"Engaged? Oh! my dear, I am so glad," and Evelyn bent down and kissed her friend tenderly.

"He is a dear, and his name is Dick—Dick Wingrave," explained Nancy. "He is American, and an artist, like myself; only, unlike me, he has had many decorations and honors in both France and Germany. You will see him in half an hour at the Salon; we are to meet there

Your Preserves Will Keep

if everything else you use is
of the same high quality as

St. Lawrence Sugar

The genuine "Montreal Granulated" is pure
cane sugar, and is the best sugar on the continent
for preserving.



Your grocer should have
St. Lawrence Sugar in 20 pound
bags—also by the pound and barrel.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited

MONTREAL

36



and—good gracious! it is nearly eleven now. We must really hurry, for I want to introduce you first to 'The Lady in Green and Gold.' To think," she continued a few moments later, as they stepped out into the whirl of the Paris traffic, "it is nearly ten years since the day we said 'good-by' to each other on the steps of Miss Jay's academy. Ten years! It frightens me when I think what a little I have to show for it. Just an odd little canvas here and there at the Salon, and—and yes, there is Dick,"

she broke off, with a note of triumph in her voice, "Dick! He was worth all the years of waiting."

"All the years, Nancy, I am sure—every one of them," said Evelyn, with an inflexion in her voice that somehow brought the tears and a question to her friend's eyes.

"And you, Evelyn. What have you been doing all these years—I mean really doing? Of course I read of your father's death, and how you were one of the richest and most beautiful girls in Eng-

land, and all that sort of thing. But of your real self—the self that said good-by to me on those old steps ten years ago—the one that used to sleep with a bunch of forget-me-nots under its pillow, once upon a time?"

"Oh, don't, Nancy! It was only the usual silly boy and girl affair, and one day, when the boy grew up, he—he changed his mind."

"And the girl?" queried Nancy, impatiently.

"The girl? Oh, the girl never quite changed. It's a silly way girls sometimes have," said Evelyn, a little piteously.

Nancy's brown eyes filled with tears, and she felt for her friend's hand, and squeezed it lovingly, as they entered a quiet street.

"You see, no one was to blame," explained Evelyn. "There was never any real engagement. My father wouldn't hear of it till the boy had made a name. He was an artist, you see, with nothing but promise. So he came away to Paris, and for a time everything seemed to prophesy splendid things. Then a letter came—it was a very brief letter," continued Evelyn, after a pause, "and—and was not even written by himself. A friend wrote it. I suppose he was too busy to do it himself."

"What a horrid thing to do!" burst out Nancy, angrily.

"It wasn't nice. But I suppose there was a reason, and it didn't matter much, anyhow. There was nothing in it but a few lines, to say that something unforeseen had happened which must end our—our friendship. He asked to be forgiven and forgotten, and that was all. There was no address."

"But his friends—his relatives?"

He had no near relatives, and his friends, he dropped them all, as he did me. None of us ever heard of him again."

"Yet, somehow, I can't believe your artist was a cad," said Nancy, after a