Don't Lose a Good Cook Through Poor Flour

A GOOD cook, Madam, is a rare jewel and precious scarce nowadays.

And because *scarce* all the more precious.

It is this very condition which induces Mrs. Neighbour to win over your Sally by honeyed words and fulsome flattery, cunningly intermingled with promises of a *free kitchen, higher wages, evenings off.*

So that the way of a man with a maid is smooth compared with the thorny path of a mistress with the modern kitchen queen.

An unfortunate remark let drop brings forth a cutting "*Here's me notice.*"

Why not place the blame where it *rightfully belongs*, Madam?

Don't lose a good cook on account of *poor* flour.

Why, fully half the "baking accidents" are the fault of the flour.

Even the highest salaried chef in the sunny land of France itself could not turn out an appetising, nourishing batch from a *cheap* brand.

It is not fair to expect it. Is it, Mistress Housewife?

* * * *

If there's something wrong in *your* kitchen, try FIVE ROSES before increasing the cook's temperature.

Give her a "square deal," as the business man would say.

Buy her just a small bag to test her *real* efficiency. Next time you'll want a *barrel.*

The real "reason why" of FIVE ROSES popularity is its *Responsiveness.*

The least care and attention given to a *good* recipe, backed by FIVE ROSES, will accomplish marvels of culinary art.

For *cunning* cookery is really a rare art, Madam.

FIVE ROSES fits in surprisingly with every page in your favorite cookbook, *even Mrs. Rorer's tested recipes.*

How many flours can do *that*, really and truly?

Very few indeed, Madam.

* * * *

And—

What about that "square deal" to *your* folks?

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

(4)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A CAPE TO WEAR TO THE PARTY

A delightful party cape may be made at so little expense that it seems a pity to deprive any small maid of the privilege of a wrap of this sort. This cape is of rose pink broadcloth, lined with white messaline silk over thin sheet cotton, to give extra warmth over thin party frocks. The hood is shirred over a pink silk cord and the ends of the cord tie the cape at the front. Military blue and scarlet cloth make more serviceable—and quite as attractive capes for the little girl who may not attend the festivity in a carriage.

When You Buy H.P. Sauce

look for the letters H.P. and the view of the Houses of Parliament, which appear on every real bottle of H.P. Sauce.

Remember there are plenty of imitations, but only one H.P.

The letters stand for the Houses of Parliament—and the sauce is used on the dining tables in these buildings both in Canada and England, in fact, it's the sauce of the 20th century.

But be sure you get

H.P. SAUCE

Special Sale of HOSIERY

Wool and Cashmere

35c Ladies' Plain Cashmere Hose : : : **19c pr.**

50c Ladies' Llama Hose **35c pr.**

35c Boys' Heavy Wool Hose **25c pr.**

35c Ribbed Cashmere Hose **25c pr.**

40c English Worsted Hose **29c pr.**

35c Men's Light and Dark Grey Wool Socks : : : **25c pr.**

30c Men's Black and Heather Worsted Socks : : **22c pr.**

I. CHESTER BROWN

32 and 36 King Square

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

Five minutes later, with the letter in his pocket, Millington re-entered the cab, and had himself driven to Millington, where he took the elevator to the second floor, and rang the bell of Carita's apartment.

When the maid opened the door, he stepped quickly inside. As he did so, he was sure that he heard the rustle of garments, as if someone scurrying away.

"Where is your mistress?" he asked.

"She is away, sir," the maid answered, somewhat disturbed by the visitor's imperious manner.

"Do you know where I could send a letter so that she would receive it?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know when she will return?"

"No, sir."

"Well," Millington remarked, after a deliberate pause, "can you give me a sheet of paper and an envelope? I'll leave a note for her." He slipped a bill into Marie's had, and walked into the parlor, where the girl presently brought him writing materials.

"There," he said, when he had written and sealed the note, "when your mistress returns, give her that." Without another word, he rose, and passed out of the house and was dirven to Lathrop's fwyp house and was driven rapidly to Lathrop's apartment.

For some reason, young Millington seemed to be very greatly pleased with him self. There was a smile on his face, and he chuckled audibly several times during the ride.

"Smart girl, that," he muttered aloud, "But not smart enough to fool me; not quite? Caught on in a minute? Clever though—deucedly clever? One thing's certain. I must look somewhere else for a wife. But, after all, I guess I'm not so hard bit but what I can get over it. Whew Morris has got himself into a mess all around, and—good God?"

As he looked from the window of the cab his glance had fallen upon no less a personage than his own father, who was quietly strolling along the street.

"Foxy old duffer!" continued Millington, a she drove on. "Left those cables to be sent when he was three or four days out—probably sent half-a-dozen others, too. Fooled the whole Street. Good heavens? He'll have his claws on Morris, if I don't do something to interefere Maybe it would have been better if I had let him know that I did hear what Trevor said last night."

The cab came to a stop just then, and bidding the driver wait for him, Millington darted into the house, and up the single flight of stairs. As he reached the landing, he collided with a lady.

"Beg pardon!" he exclaimed, drawing back. Then he started. "Hello!" he continued. "I'm blessed if it isn't little Edna Trevor—leastwise, you were little when I saw you last."

"Well, I'm grown up now, Jack Millington," was the spirited retort, and the girl tossed her head defiantly.

"So you are, to be sure. Well, I'm glad to see you. You're just the person I want. Come in here." Without more ado, he hurried the girl to Lathrop's door, unlocked it, and thrust her inside. Then he closed the door door with a bang.

"Do you think that this is exactly the proper thing to do, Mr. Millington" Edna asked, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Bother propriety!" Millington exclaimed. "I've got something a heap more important to think of than that, just now. Look here, Edna: You and Morris are friends, aren't you?"

"What do you mean?' the girl questioned, completely mystified by the young man's manner and words. "Certainly, we are."

"Well," Mellington continued, speaking very rapidly, "are you willing to devote your afternoon to keeping him out of a scrape? It's uncommonly serious, Edna, and I am in dead-earnest about this."

"I can see that you are," the girl agreed, with a smile. "What is it all about?"

"I haven't time to explain now," was the reply. "You must follow my directions, and you will understand everything a little later. I have a cab at the door. You must take it, and drive to your father's office. You'll find Morris there. When you get him bring him here."

"Shall I tell him that you are here, Jack?" Edna asked. She had already absorbed the contagion of Millington's excitement, and her volatile nature was aglow with eagerness to undertake this bewildering adventure.

"Yes, yes," the plotter cried, with enthusiasm at the suggestion. "That's the idea! Tell him, I have met with an accident, been run over by an automobile. I'll have an ambulance outside, and two or three doctors in attendance. He'll come fast enough, if he thinks that I am in any danger. You must make me out as almost dead."

"But how am I supposed to know all about this?" Edna queried.

"Oh, you saw the accident. You were there when they picked me up. You were the only one who knew me, and had me brought here. Bring him here as soon as over you can. Look here, Edna, I'll tell you this much: My governor has got home. If once he gets his clutches on Morris, he'll send him to jail."

"Send Morris to prison?" cried Edna. "Good Lord! What have I said? Anyhow if you don't get him out of that office and away from that part of the city inside of an hour, he will be ruined. Can you do it, Edna?"

"I can do it, and I will do it!" the girl declared, firmly. "But suppose I can't find him?"

"You must find him! Follow him all over the city, but get him."

"Shall I tell him that your father is in the city, and that there is danger of—?"

"No, no; not for the world!" Millington commanded. "Just bring him here. Don't on my account, let him go elsewhere." While speaking, the young man had thrown open the door, and now, without another word exchanged between the, the girl hurried forth on her mission of salvation."

CHAPTER XXI.

Old Sam Millington had arrived in the city, on a French line steamship, about three o'clock that same morning. He had traveled across the ocean incognito, and had, as his son shrewdly guessed, left the cable-message in Paris to be forwarded several days after his departure, in order that he might arrive in New York much sooner than he would naturally be expected. He had received reliable information that George Trevor had hypothecated a large block of X. L. stock with the bank with which he did business, and, inasmuch as he believed that he knew accurately where every share of the stock was located, he had been greatly puzzled and troubled by the news. He was intensely angry as well, and, the more he thought of the matter, the angrier he became, so that, finally, he determined to cut short his visit abroad, and, returning quietly, to investigate the matter for himself. First, however, had made the submarine wires warm with messages, and for some time half a dozen detectives had been investigating in his behalf. In that work, they had been materially assisted by Henry Chapman, who had been old Millington's principal informant. From the evidence he had received, the wily old capitalist drew his conclusions; and these covered the essential facts of the whole transaction.

He went ashore as early as he could, and was driven at once to an uptown club where he had wired Chapman to meet him. Then, after a long talk, during which everything was accurately planned, the capitalist started down-town. He had left the club-house and was getting into a cab when his son saw him. He was driven at once to the Westmorland Safe Deposit vaults, and it so happened that the superintendent with whom Jack Millington had talked this same morning was, at the moment, off duty, so that the old man heard nothing of his son's visit there. He passed through the grating, opened his vault, and discovered at a glance that every scrap of the X. L. stock was missing—three or four times the amount he believed Lathrop had taken—and he became proportionately angrier. He closed the door with a bang, and hastened to the nearest magistrate, before whom he swore out a warrant. Then, accompanied by an officer in citizen's clothes, he returned to the Westmorland.

"Do you know Mr. Morris Lathrop?" inquired the capitalist of the assistant superintendent, who was in charge.

"Yes, sir."

"He will come here today. He has been here before, hasn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, he'll come again today—as soon as he finds out that I am in the city; and I shall very soon have him informed of the fact. When he comes admit him inside the grating, and let this man follow him in."

"Very well, sir," the official promised; "it shall be done."

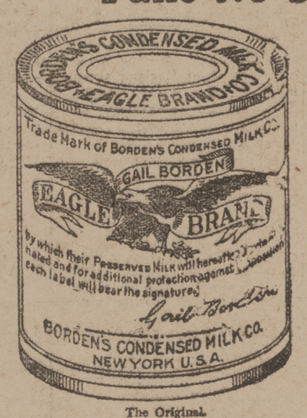
"And you," Millington continued, turning to the officer, "will wait until he has the door of the vault open before you serve your warrant. The minute that you see him coming, call up 75,346 Cortlandt, and say, 'Stock's booming!' afterward, keep him till I get here. I want my instructions carried out to the letter."

He went out then, got into his cab, and was driven away. Fifteen minutes later, he walked into Trevor's office, with that alert, imperative manner that was characteristic of him, and pushed his way, unannounced, into the presence of the broker, who was engaged in an animated conversation with Morris Lathrop. Both men looked up quickly when he entered, but neither showed the amazement he felt. One had passed through many years of training in surprises of the Street; the other had himself under perfect control.

"How are you, Trevor?" exclaimed the capitalist, in exactly the same manner he would have said the words had he been in the habit of dropping in every day at the same hour. "Good morning, Lathrop. Just got back this morning! Well, Trevor, did you get my cable?"

(To be continued.)

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

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

It is some time since James O'Neil played in this city, but he still has many well-wishers who will be interested in the fact that the famous Monte Cristo veteran celebrated his birthday last Monday night, and in spite of the fact that he had that day passed his sixtieth milestone, the sterling player gave a splendid performance with Viola Allen in "The White Sister." Mr. O'Neill was the recipient of many congratulatory telegrams expressing the earnest wish that he might live for many years to come.

Next May, after the conclusion of the regular theatrical season, the greatest musical organization in the history of the stage will make a trip from New York to the Pacific coast under the direction of the Messrs. Shubert, playing limited engagements in all the large cities. Both Lee and J. J. Shubert will travel with the company and will give personal attention to the undertaking. The company will include every musical comedy star now appearing under the management of the Messrs. Shubert—Lew Fields, Sam Bernard, Frank Daniels, Eddie Foy, James T. Powers, Andrew Mack, William Norris, Lulu Glaser, Louise Gunning, Blanche Ring and Marguerite Clark.

The Edison Company announce that during the course of the winter they will release a series of grand opera subjects. Their repertoire includes all the famous operas, planned and written for motion pictures by special arrangement with one whose mastery of the technique of grand opera has been gained by years of experience.

Harry Davenport, one of the prominent members of the cast in Charles Klein's new play, "The Next of Kin," made his New York debut at the age of thirteen, as the Admiral in John T. Ford's juvenile Pinafore Company, at Wallack's Theatre.

Edith Decker, the well-known actress with James T. Powers, in "Havana," at the Lyric, admits she uses no other tonic to enrich the beauty and color of her hair other than the water of the green cocoanut. Miss Decker says the hair never falls out or turns grey.

Edmond Hayes, who can hark proudly back to the days when he supported some of the greatest tragedians that the American stage has ever known, and who for many years was the "Wise Guy" of burlesque, is appearing this week at the New York Bijou in "The Umpire." It is a sort of new departure for him, but he is as funny as in the "Wise Guy" days, and as popular as ever.

Archie Bell, the dramatic reviewer and editorial writer of the Cleveland News, has resigned his position on that paper to accept an engagement as press agent for Olga Nethersole.

William Faversham, who is now playing the final week of his notable engagement as "Herod," at the Lyric Theatre, New York, announces that next season during his regular New York engagement and also on tour, he will give a series of special matinees of "Hamlet."

Last Saturday night the Boston theatres had their bi-annual sell-out consequent upon the throngs who trooped to town to be in attendance at the Harvard-Yale football game. There was not a theatre in town which had even standing room to sell early in the afternoon and many thousands had no choice but to walk the streets and watch the antics of the imitation students celebrating their victory.

Montreal is improving as a show town. "Havana" played a week at the Princess to nearly $12,000. Charles Cherry, with "The Bachelor," in the same house in the same length of time, attracted a trifle under $8,000, while Mary Mannering was seen by audiences representing a little over that amount. "The Blue Mouse" did nearly as well as "Havana," while Marguerite Clark in her new play, "The Wishing Ring," and George Arliss in his new comedy, "Septimus"—new stars and untried plays—did business of over $7,000.

Margaret Anglin's admirers are finding this favorite star at her brightest and best in "The Awakening of Helena Richie," which is being seen by large audiences at the Savoy nightly. This play gives Miss Anglin opportunity not only for the emotional work of which she is pastmistress, but also, in the earlier scenes, to show her rare quality as a depictor of the lighter phases of character. Her production is beautifully mounted and her support more than adequate.

Charles M. Hill, of the Western "The Third Degree" Company, was a member of the Peary Relief Expedition of three years ago.

THE WATER IS FINE

Following the advice sent out some months ago that the Northern Pacific Railway had secured a poultry farm of its own in the state of Washington, and was operating its own bakeries in Seattle, comes the word that this same company has arranged to secure the entire supply of water used on all of its dining cars from springs located at Detroit, Minnesota. The water is filtered before being bottled and is distributed to various points on the system by a special refrigerator car, which makes a trip every ten days over the line, unloading full bottles on the outgoing trip and picking up empties on the return.

No other water will be used for drinking purposes on any of the Northern Pacific dining cars.

With eggs and chickens from its own poultry farm, bread, cakes and pastry from its own bakeries, a special brand of unsalted butter from the Yakima Valley creamery, its mammoth selected potatoes, which have won a reputation of their own, and lastly its Pokegama water bottled at the springs, the Northern Pacific is making some unusual bids for patronage in its dining car service.

A newly designed menu card, in green and gold, presents these toothsome attractions and serves as a dainty souvenir of the trip.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the hauton (a patient) "As you ladies will use them I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Why Cough

Ask your doctor if all coughs are necessary. If not, then why cough? Ask him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Stop coughing! Coughing rasps and tears. Stop it! Coughing prepares the throat and lungs for more trouble. Stop it! There is nothing so bad for a cough as coughing. Stop it! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a regular doctor's medicine for coughs and colds.

Thinks Swearing is All Right

Providing the provocation equals the offence of Jones stepping on Smith's corns. Far better to use Putnam's Corn Extractor:—it does cure corns and warts in one day without pain. Try "Putnam's," free from acids, and painless.

7,500,000 pairs of CATSPAW RUBBER HEELS will be sold and worn this year. That's some Heels. All dealers.

SALVIA

WILL GROW HAIR, CURE DANDRUFF

and make the hair soft and fluffy. Restores the hair to its natural color. Salvia is not a dye; made exclusively from herbs. Every bottle is sold with a guarantee. Price 50c. and $1.00 a bottle. For Sale at The Drug Store, 100 King Street, Chas. R. Wasson.

HERE'S A MESSAGE TO ALL WOMEN

Madame Letourneau Tells Them to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Read Why She Gives This Advice and How She was Relieved of Her Sufferings

St. Paul du Buton, Montmagny Co., Que., Nov. 24—(Special)—It is a message of hope that Madame F. X. Letourneau of this place sends to the suffering women of Canada.

"After my last child was born," she states, "I suffered with Kidney Disease which developed into Rheumatism, Sciatica and Backache. I was fearfully nervous. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins and pains in the back of my head and through the eyes. I was a perfect wreck.

"Chancing to read that my symptoms were those of Kidney Disease I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills and began to improve almost at once. Six boxes worked a complete cure."

Diseased Kidneys are the cause of nine-tenths of the ills that make life a burden to so many women in Canada. Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure diseased Kidneys.

A pessimist is a person who has lived with an optimist."—The Critic.

ST. JOHN PIPE BAND

The following excellent programme was given on Tuesday evening in Carleton City Hall by the St. John Pipe Band:—

Selection—"Campbells are Coming,"
St. John Pipe Band.
Vocal Solo ... ... Mrs. L. M. Curren.
Reading ... ... Mr. Robertson.
Scotch Reel .. Pipers McDonald, Willet, McLeod and Gordon.
Vocal Solo ... ... J. P. Cruikshank.
Piano Solo ... ... Miss Gladys Wilson.
Selection—
(a) 79th's Farewell to Gibraltar.
(b) O, Susanna.
St. John Pipe Band.
Vocal Solo ... ... Miss Wetmore.
Highland Fling .. Pipers, Willet, McDonald and McLeod.
Reading ... ... Mr. McGinley.
Flute Solo ... ... W. G. V. Stokes.
Vocal Solo ... ... J. D. Wood.
Sword Dance ... ... Piper McLeod.
Piano Solo ... ... Miss Toole.
Piccolo Solo ... ... Piper Ross.
Selection—"Haughs O. Cromdale,"
St. John Pipe Band.
God Save the King.

Hot Water Bottles replaced the warming pans and foot stones of our grand parents: now even the old-fashioned cemented water bag is out of date; they won't stand hot water anyway. The WALPOLE HOT WATER BOTTLE, newly patented, all one piece of Rubber, is the only one sold which will stand boiling hot water, they are guaranteed for two years. Sold by all first class Druggists.

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

CURED OF CONSTIPATON

Mr. Andrews praises Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.

Mr. George Andrews of Halifax, N.S., writes:

"For many years I have been troubled with chronic Constipation. This ailment never comes single-handed, and I have been a victim to the many illnesses that constipation brings in its train. Medicine after medicine I have taken in order to find relief, but one and all left me in the same hopeless condition. It seemed that nothing would expel from me the one ailment that caused so much trouble, yet at last I read about these Indian Root Pills.

That was indeed a lucky day for me, for I was so impressed with the statements made that I determined to give them a fair trial.

They have regulated my stomach and bowels. I am cured of constipation, and I claim they have no equal as a medicine."

For over half a century Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills have been curing constipation and clogged, inactive kidneys, with all the ailments which result from them. They cleanse the whole system and purify the blood. Sold everywhere at 25c. a box. 2

For the quality of pure interest and a thrilling plot a book by LOUIS TRACY never fails—his latest

The Stowaway

is a rattling good sea story, wrought around an amazing series of adventures. **Cloth $1.25**

Hudson Douglas, the author of "A Million a Minute," has written a corking new story,

The Lantern of Luck

The cover, which is a beauty, isn't half as good as the story, which is one of the kind you can't afford to miss.

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