



Between Good Flour and Flour That's Good Enough

THE DIFFERENCE between good and bad, Madam?

Just as great as between eggs fresh from the "cackle" and others of more ancient vintage.

Just as great as between "all-wool" and "art and 'art."

Might add that good flour and poor flour are divided by a price difference and, incidentally, a baking difference.

Which explains why you would gladly pay just a little more to get FIVE ROSES certainty.

Because it's worth more, and practically all cheap flours are faultful flours.

FIVE ROSES, Madam, is worth the money.

We are convinced that nothing so rich in the dear-to-the-taste flavor of the ripe, red Manitoba spring wheat berry, so entirely different in general merit has ever been offered to discriminating housewives.

A pound goes farther—its positive strength and absorption powers would make its use economical at much above the price your grocer asks.

Even if all other millers knew where to get the same plump, sun-ripened, wholesome berries—of course, merely a supposition, you know.

And they had the same facilities for receiving and storing the golden grains, to prevent possible spoiling before reaching the rolls.

And they had mills as perfect as the Keewatin Pure-Flour plant to grind the golden grain—

Yet their product would not begin to compare with FIVE ROSES.

Because FIVE ROSES, Madam, is all of these plus the scientific know-how, expert skill and long-continued care which no other flour contains.

You must expect to pay for something more than raw material. This will explain in some measure why many prudent housewives are irrevocably wedded to the FIVE ROSES habit.

They have declared it the only flour really "good enough" for them and the hungry faces around the board.

It is a fact known to connoisseurs of the feminine persuasion that once FIVE ROSES enters a home, that family is forever spoiled for any other flour.

You know how hard to please your own folks are, Madam. They'll all like FIVE ROSES.

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

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



FUR AND FABRIC COMBINED IN THIS SMART SET

While both muffs and neckwear made of fur are huge in size this season, many of these sets show combinations of the fur with velvet or other fabric, reducing the price substantially. In this handsome set of fichu, or shawl, and barrel muff lynx

has been combined with a rich embroidered banding, and the brocade satin, lining of both pieces matches the banding in color effect. The hat is of white felt and royal blue velvet, and shows the high crown of velvet shirred on cords, so fashionable this year.

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"Wait, please; let me finish," Clarita insisted. "Then, perhaps, you will think better of what you were about to say for I see in the expression of your eyes that it is not pleasant."

"Say on; I will hear you to the end," Carla said.

"It is, perhaps, natural," Clarita continued, "that you should feel as you do toward me, since he was—and, I trust, will be again—your accepted lover. I do not know, but I think that I might feel the same, if I believed that I had reason to do so. I might be angrier than you are, for I am very impetuous—I do not always think before I speak! But now, Miss Trevor, there is no cause. For the harsh things you have said since you came here, I forgive you. Can we not be friends?"

She put one hand out hesitatingly, and took a step forward. There was entreaty in her eyes and in her voice. She really desired to be friends with this girl whom Morris loved, for, as yet, she had not guessed the horrible conviction that was in the other's mind.

"Friends with you?" exclaimed Carla, with such withering contempt that Rita involuntarily shrank away. Of a sudden now, she understood, and, before the realization, she covered as from a blow. It was a gesture which Carla misinterpreted, for she regarded it as an acknowledgment of guilt. "Do you suppose that I do not know?" she continued, with increased scorn. "And why else do you suppose I broke the engagement? Who supports you? Morris Lathrop! Whose money purchases the luxuries with which you are surrounded? Morris Lathrop! Who hires your apartments for you? He does! Who has moved you about from place to place, from apartment to apartment, lest your address and your existence should be discovered? Always Morris Lathrop! And you dare to stand there with your baby face and innocent air, and ask me to be your friend! I would sooner fondle a snake than touch your hand. You talk about your soul belonging to God! It belongs to Morris Lathrop, for you sold it to him in return for jewels and dresses, a luxuriant home. And you have the effrontery to propose friendship with me!"

Still Rita did not speak. She could only gaze upon her accuser in a wide-eyed horror too profound for expression; and she shrank farther and farther away, until at last she placed her hand upon the back of an upholstered chair, and leaned upon it, utterly overwhelmed.

"I wonder if you realize how I despise myself for coming here," Carla continued. "It lowers me for the moment to your own level, and that is beneath contempt. But I wished to see you; I wanted to see a woman who would sell herself for cash. I wanted to see a woman, who, although devoid of heart and soul and decency, yet possessed the witchery to make men mad."

"Stop!" cried Rita, suddenly, and her voice rang clearly. There was no more shrinking in her attitude. Her light form seemed to grow taller, as she left the chair against which she had been leaning, and with firm tread approached near to Carla. The pathetic tenderness and sorrowful sympathy were gone from her eyes, now. The horror was still there, but through it sparkled indignant protest, righteous anger, and unalterable resolve. "You go too far, Miss Trevor," she said, with emphasis. "You are bad, cruel, bitter. It is you who should feel the shame, not I! You came here, uninvited, to my house—and for what? To insult me! Is that the act of a lady? You accuse me of things that I cannot mention, and you know in your own heart that they are

false. I will not discuss them with you. Why should I? I care not for your scorn, for I despise you. When you came into my apartment, you left without something for Mr. Lathrop, valued more than my dresses, and supported me; it is my own. It was my father's; it is now mine. For the rest, I shall not argue with you. Such a thing would be to insult myself. Oh, no! The shame is yours, not mine. At first, I was sorry for you, and I would have forgiven—but not now! You have gone too far. At first, I would have done all that I could to reunite you with Morris, for I love him, and I would see him happy. But it would not be for his happiness to unite with you; it would be to his despair. No, I would not have him make you his wife, now; it would not be well. You are not a good woman."

Her words came so fast, so impetuously, that Carla could do nothing but stand and listen to them. She tried several times to interrupt the torrent of rebuke that fell from Rita's lips, but she could not succeed. There was something in the manner of the girl that silenced her, that silenced her, that silenced her to listen, even against her will.

Neither of them had heard the doorbell, although it rang sharply while Rita was speaking. Now, as Carla opened her lips to reply, the portieres were thrust apart, and Morris Lathrop stepped quickly into the room, and paused, overcome by astonishment to see these two together.

CHAPTER XV.

Both Carla and Clarita discovered Lathrop's presence at the same moment, but the discovery affected them very differently. To Clarita his coming was a godsend; to Carla it was only confirmation of her worst suspicions. The former uttered a glad cry of welcome; the latter smiled contemptuously.

Lathrop looked from one to the other, in unqualified amazement. He could not understand that illusion of the attitude of the two was obviously hostile. But the young man concealed his dismay as best he could.

"Good-evening, Carla," he said, quietly. "It is a surprise to see you here. Why don't you sit down?"

"At the apartment and the furniture yours, that you are so quick to place them at my service?" the girl retorted, her lip curling.

"Should I be infringing upon your hospitality if I requested a lady to take a seat in your drawing-room?" he asked in return, speaking as calmly as before.

Then, he turned to Rita, in whose face traces of her recent excitement were still plainly to be seen, although her anger was forgotten since the moment of his coming. "What is the trouble, Rita," he said.

"Is anything wrong?" "Everything seems to be wrong, Morris—everything!" was the passionate reply. "I don't know what it is; I don't know what is the matter, but it is terrible! Miss Trevor came in unannounced; she has been very unkind—very unjust. Ask her. Perhaps, she will tell you—I cannot!"

She turned away and walked to the window, crying silently, for her overwrought nerves, so sorely tried by the two scenes through which she had passed, could no longer bear the strain, and now that this man in whom she had perfect trust came down to defend her, she at last broke down.

Carla did not wait for questions. She seemed to have thrown all sense of discretion aside. She believed that Lathrop had admitted himself with a key, for she had not heard the bell, and in that moment she hated him as intensely as she had loved him in the past.

"Do you wish me to repeat to you what I have already said to this woman?" she demanded coldly, yet with such suppressed wrath that it robbed her voice of its clearness and rendered it husky and unnatural.

"Carla, hush!" Lathrop exclaimed warningly. "I will not hush!" the frantic girl stormed. "Why should I? I only half-believed it before; I know it now. I saw you when

you left this house in the company of my father. You have returned; you enter the room with the air of a master—you are master here! Do I need a greater assurance?"

With a slow gesture, she turned then, and pointed one finger at Clarita. "She has not denied it," she continued. "She could not—she dare not, for it is the truth! When I accused her of it, she could only cover, like the guilty thing she is. She could not say no! Oh, she loves you—yes, she admits that much. I do not doubt that she will continue to lavish her love upon you, such as it is, until she finds another who has more money to give her, or who wins her fancy for the moment. Why, she thinks, now our engagement is broken; that you will make her your wife, that you will—"

"It is false, Morris! Do not believe her," cried Rita, whirling and facing them. Her cheeks were flaming red, and her eyes shone like stars. To have the love she had striven so hard to conceal, revealed in that wanton manner was to her the climax of disaster. So long as the accusations made against her were untrue, she could bear them, but when the holiest truth of her life was thus cried abroad, it was more than she could bear, and she stood there trembling, not knowing which way to turn, utterly bereft.

Lathrop stepped to her side instantly, and gently put an arm around her. She nestled close to him, and grew calmer. Then, very quietly, but very firmly, he spoke, and his face wore the smile that it had shown when he struck down Chapman in the billiard-room of the club.

"Carla," he said, "you have decided for me a question that I should have settled for myself long ago. I cannot understand what actuates you tonight. You have said things and done things which may be forgiven, but which can never be forgotten. I regret particularly that it is you who have said them, for the day will come when you must repent them with much more bitterness than you use in giving utterance to them now."

Carla smiled disdainfully. "You mean, I suppose, that my repentance will come too late," she said. "I have said nothing that I regret—noting! I am sorry that I came here, for you have exhibited a depth of degradation of which I had not believed you capable, and I regret such a spectacle as this for her—"

"Stop, Carla!" Lathrop commanded, sternly. "Even from you I will listen to no more. If you have no consideration for others, recall some of your own self-respect—and go!"

"You order me out—like that?" the girl exclaimed, aghast at the extremity to which she had forced herself.

"I do not order you out," Lathrop rejoined. "I have neither the inclination nor the right to do so, but it is best for you, and best for all concerned that you do go, and at once. Your presence has already worked harm enough to us all. So, go, please. I ask it for your father's sake, for Edna's sake, for your own—not for Rita's or for mine. You cannot injure me, and I can and will protect her."

"By giving her your name, I suppose," Carla suggested, maliciously. "It would be a fitting end."

"Yes, by giving her my name, if she will accept it," Lathrop agreed, and his voice was tender.

For a moment, there was silence. Then Carla spoke, falteringly:

"I will go."

She did not deign another word, but, with head erect, crossed the room, and disappeared through the portieres.

Lathrop still stood with one of his arms around Rita. For a little after Carla had left the room, both continued silent. Presently, however, the young man looked down at the face on his breast and saw that the girl was crying silently.

"Rita," he said, softly, "is it true?" "Is what true, Morris," she murmured. "Is it true that you love me?" "Yes," she whispered. "It is true. I love you. I have always loved you, Morris, and I always shall love you."

"And tomorrow morning, dear, will you stand before a minister, here in this place and say the words that will make you my wife?"

She broke away from him and fled to the other side of the room, where, with a table between them, she stood panting, frightened, wondering.

"No—no—no!" she cried. Not that! I could not do it. It is impossible. It would not be right. It would be a sin."

"Why, Rita?" he asked. "If you love me, why do you refuse to be my wife?" "Because you do not—love me!" she replied, slowly.

"That is not true," he declared, with great earnestness. "I do love you, with all my heart."

But she shook her head. "You do not love me," she repeated. "I am very dear to you—I know that, and I thank God for it—but you do not love me! You have given all your love to Miss Trevor, and you cannot take it away in a moment, and bestow it upon me. Hush! Do not speak," she said. "For I am not strong against you. Let me complete what I have to say. You offer to make me your wife, because of what has happened here, because you regard it as your duty, because it will forever put an end to the slanders which were provoked by my visit to your room. If you loved me, I would fly to your arms. As it is, no! I cannot, I cannot be your wife."

"Rita," Lathrop said, stretching out his hands toward her, "come here. You need not run away from me, for you are altogether wrong. I do love you! I had determined to ask you to be my wife while I was on the way back here after taking Mr. Trevor home—long before I had any idea that Carla was here. You certainly believe me now, do you not?"

"Yes," the girl admitted. "You have never deceived me—I do not doubt you now."

(To be continued)

COUNTER PROPOSITION.

"Look here, uncle," said the impecunious young man, "you've promised to give me all your money when you die, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, why wait? Give me a little of it now, and I'll pray every night that you may live long and be happy."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. You pray every night for six months that you may develop a liking for work and if at the end of that time it appears that your prayers are worth bargaining for, I'll take your proposition under consideration."

Chicago Record-Herald.

The handiest and most useful thing in the house is a Hot Water Bottle, but the most dangerous thing is a leaky or unreliable one. You are warned by all other makers of Hot Water Bottles not to use scalding hot water, because they know their bottles won't stand hot water. The WALPOLE Hot Water Bottle made by us, has been tested with 80 pounds of live steam and is guaranteed for two years against boiling hot water or any possible accident. We know they can't go wrong. Your druggist can supply you. Be sure and ask for WALPOLE'S RUBBER CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

Many a man's wife prevents him from losing a lot of money in speculating by not allowing him any to speculate with.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. See

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

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

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Wm. H. DUNN,

Agent

CHRISTMAS TOYS

Thousands Find Employment in Their Manufacture in German Cities—Millions Exported

(Washington Post.)

While few persons are yet thinking of the coming Christmas, although it is less than two months distant, the toymakers have been busy for a long time, and American dealers are preparing to meet the demands of the boys and girls of the country. Thousands of small hearts will soon begin to warm up to "Old Christmas," and it may interest them to learn something of the home of the real Santa Claus—the German toymaker.

For many years, reports an American consul, Nuremberg has been the centre of the toy trade of the world, the principal products being metal toys of infinite variety—tin soldiers, engines, railways, musical instruments, swords, rattles, etc., and to some extent wooden and painted board toys, blocks and puzzles. About 12,000 persons are employed in this industry in the twin cities of Nuremberg and Furth, the half of whom are women and girls. The workshops, with their so-called trade secrets are very closely guarded, and it is difficult for a stranger to gain admittance. The wages of female employees are 5 1/4 cents per hour, while those of male workmen are about 10 1/4 cents. They work nine and one half hours a day, with one hour less on Saturdays.

The total value of the toy output of this district during 1908 was \$4,000,000, which is 25 per cent. under that of 1907. The toys were exported to every land on the globe, but considerably more than one-third came to the United States. Our imports of toys from Nuremberg were: 1904, \$838,477; 1905, 1,137,157; 1906, \$1,478,060; 1907, \$2,309,805, and 1908, 1,566,845.

In addition to the total given of exports to the United States during 1908 must be added marbles, celluloid toys and rubber balls, the value of which was \$40,619. It will surprise most people to know that marbles valued at \$21,160 were bought in Nuremberg last year for the amusement of the American boys. More than three times as many celluloid toys were bought in Nuremberg for the United States in 1908 than in 1907.

COLL'S SOAP

What a grocer said:—"I don't make as much money on Coll's Soap as on others, but I enjoy giving out a pound instead of the small wrapped bars."

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



CAN YOU RAISE THE PRICE?

The saddest words of tongue or pen: "The price of coal has risen again."

Find another consumer.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

O plus X plus I plus D equals Oxide.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days.

on every box 25c

Swiss Food Law

regulates the kind of material and what proportions may be used to make Chocolate. These regulations were adopted by "Toblers" many years before a standard was set, but added to this there is the secret of "Tobler" taste possessed by none other. Manufactured by wonderful electric machines in clean, spacious, spotless buildings. Sold in 5, 10, 20, 40c. packages, and at 50c. per lb.

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