

### Your Fingers, Madam, are First to Touch Five Roses

Last week at a five o'clock tea a young hostess exclaimed:

"I do love to make cakes; it makes my hands so clean!"

And she ate her cakes alone.

Did you ever consider, Madam, why the best surgeons wear rubber gloves when performing a critical operation?

They say it's impossible to so wash the hands that they will be absolutely free from danger of germ-infection.

How many hands, think you, have handled the flour you are NOW using?

Out in the sun-dried Koevatin mills, Mississauga Housewife, we make a flour which never comes in contact with hand or finger.

"FIVE ROSES" is the name you know it under.

It is an automatic water-power plant which cleans this flour under the eye—but not under the hand—of milling experts with 21 years of "know-how" behind them.

From field to sack and barrel every bit of machinery that FIVE ROSES touches is bright and polished like those piano keys of yours.

Then the finished product is prepared, Madam.

Special devices exclusive to FIVE ROSES are employed so that no hand need ever touch your flour.

It is hand good, germ-free, prepared with health and wholesomeness. Different from any other flour made, you see.

For nearly one-half century FIVE ROSES travels through hygienic automatic processes, getting cleaner and finer the while, until in the cheery parlour of your home it flows in a clear creamy stream into sacks and barrels of our own make.

Here likewise purity is paramount, and the high-grade quality packages are filled full-weight by infallible machinery and sealed by automatic process.

All this for your folks' protection and yours, Mississauga Housewife. So that your own white hands are the first to touch FIVE ROSES even from the time it was hidden in the heart of the field-blended Manitoba berries until delivered in your kitchen.

You know this positively when you read "FIVE ROSES" on the label.

Because it is an absolute guarantee of purity backed by a responsible company whose fair reputation is at stake in every sack.

Are you particular enough to look for the name, Mississauga Housewife? Strong-willed enough to insist on getting what you ask for?

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### Fashion Hint for Times Readers



EACH FEATHER A DIFFERENT TINT

The "Inferential" hat is the latest. A few of these pastel toned hats appeared at the horse show in November and now they are frequently seen with dressy evening costumes. The hat pictured here is of silver lace over pale rose pink silk, the brim being covered with golden brown velvet. Half a dozen full, rich ostrich tips form the trimming and these tips are in the various pastel shades of pale rose, old blue, apricot, tea rose yellow and warm biscuit tan. Such a hat may be worn with a gown of almost any color, so delicate is the blending of tints.

### The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

(Continued.)

At other times, half famished and superhumanly alert, she was roving that limited theatre of life for meat, visiting her nooses of creeping stealthily upon some unsuspecting victim, her sling-shot silent circles her head and ready at a second's notice to discharge its half-dozen pebbles with astonishing violence at the timid creatures of the brush.

All day, when not otherwise engaged, she labored with mind and hands to produce new engines of destruction with which she must wage a struggle for life against the birds, the beasts, the snakes, and the insects of the oasis.

She became like a wild thing, cunning, deadly, and fierce, as she crept and glided through the undergrowth. Her clothing was daily being shredded from her person. Her hair was unkempt and fastened it up as best she might, but she wished for a pair of scissors with which to remove it once for all.

If either she or Ghent ever paused to reflect upon the results of remaining here indefinitely, it was not for long. The two entertained the same vague hope of final escape; but while Ghent's desire took a definite shape, Judith's was the merest shadow of a dream.

She had looked upon the barren land that stretched so far in the withering heat of every day, and she had seen within her had sunk it despairingly. With amazing rapidity her whole scheme of existence had settled down to the day-to-day problem of obtaining food.

Ghent, only barely less hungry than Judith, and even more acute of animal instinct, had become an apparition of animal life. He had no clothing, like hers, was tattered. Like Judith, he was hatless. His beard had become an ugly stubble that failed to conceal the scar upon his jaw. His eyes glittered sharply and aggressively.

He was thinner. The look of the famished was upon him, creeping close upon some object of his need, or in camp, crouched above his fire to roast some bit of raw meat on a spit, he typified nothing so much as a savage of the neolithic age, trained to match the wolves and leopards in their craft.

Now in and Judith met at the spring or in pursuit of creatures of the brush, never a word passed between them. They faced each other for a moment in unabated hatred that was daily increased rather than diminished by the plight of living to which they had both been reduced. By tacit agreement, Ghent remained almost exclusively in possession of the upper half of the oasis, while to Judith fell the lower extent of the narrow realm of greenery—the slender bridge of life.

Out of sheer necessity, Judith had constructed or gathered only for a few days. Ghent, beyond his shelter and his bow and arrows, he had made himself nothing at all. Judith, at the end of a period of feverish employment, had accumulated an astonishing number of properties.

In addition to her burning glass and the lamp which the lantern had afforded, she had two woven traps, several large balls of cord, two knives, her heavy stone hammer, a bushel of seed with which to lure the quail, a fireplace with a large flat stone to fry her meat, her sling and a heap of selected pebbles for ammunition, the skins of two snakes and one rabbit, dried and cured by the sun, many nooses and triggers, her knitting-needles, her hair-sticks, a large reserve of cordage, and a hollow stone of considerable size, which she had found upon the hill, and in which she was able to carry fully two quarts of water from the spring.

Ghent had scorned all thought of provision save that of sufficient food to assure his escape. As if at last the gods of chance smiled benignly on his enterprise, he had the singular good fortune to kill three quail and a grouse on an evening when Judith finally completed and set the most skillfully contrived of all her traps.

He therefore determined to delay no longer, but to make a particular effort towards securing another brace of birds at dawn, and with all his meat and his can of water to leave the place forever—and Judith to her fate.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE LAND OF THE LIFELESS.

Up and silently haunting the greenery with bow in hand, before the day had fairly broken the following morning, Ghent roved from one end to the other of the canon's growth without securing so much as a shot. Impatient and determined to start upon his migration with the one grouse and quail that would still remain after eating his breakfast, he presently emerged from one of the thickets and discovered Judith's latest trap, with two live quail beneath it, striving vainly to escape.

#### A Sign of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Hair, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. It has stood the test of 30 years, and is so famous for its taste to be sure it is the best of its kind. It is the only one of its kind that is not only safe, but also economical. Dr. T. Felix Gouraud, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

### Good Blood

Means good health, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unapproached record as a blood-purifier.

It effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than 20 different ingredients. There is no real substitute for it. If urged to buy any preparation said to be "just as good" you may be sure it is inferior, costs less to make, and yields the dealer's larger profit. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla, today.

a rapid pace, for the shadow was cool and the air amazingly refreshing. A mile up the titanic channel he came upon a singular feature of the canon. It widened out to a veritable amphitheatre of stone.

The floor of the vast ravine was almost level here; the walls, which were fully two hundred yards apart, were almost perpendicular, except at the farthest end, masses of rock, strewn all about, and tons of gravel, slanted from heights above, attested the violence with which the elements had striven to reduce peaks and valleys to one great plain of desolation.

Not a shrub or a wisp of growing stuff had foothold here. It was nothing but rock and ground-up rock, red, black, gray and yellow. To such a theater the gods might come, in their age-old austerity, to hold solemn counsel of the tragedies of life. What a cauldron of heat the place would become when the noon sun should beat down within it, Ghent could faintly imagine.

The stillness was terrible. He walked ahead hurriedly beneath the vast shadow of its eastern wall. Half-way along the solid barrier he found a rift, where two rents had washed away a substance softer than the cliffs themselves. And here he paused, for, dug in the bank on the northern side of nature's excavation, was a hole that none but men could have made. It was the mine where the two men long since dead had delved in the rock for gold.

Ghent understood the story of two men's labors here as well as it could see it in the hole—gold as pure as the earth's great alchemist can make, bedded in a crooked seam, like a prisoned stroke of lightning, tracking down the wall.

Fascinated and marvelling, Ghent gazed on this treasury, locked in this vast bulk of mountains like the lifeless desert guard ed so forbiddingly. He all but forgot his own desperate mission, and was slowly approaching the magnet of metal, when he saw at his feet a gleaming plate that, once held in a bag, now lay heaped where the elements had strewn it when the substance of the canvas pocket had frittered away in wind and rain.

Somewhat the mere ghostly fabric that still remained of the cloth drove the man's meditations to the pair of bleaching skeletons, lying far back there at the door of their final camp. He shook his head at the worthless gold, and started once more on his way.

Long before noon he had come upon the summit of the range, and was looking down upon a rugged valley, towards which he must toil across a second low barrier of mountains. In the clear, still air far off the mountain peaks, it seemed to Ghent that he beheld a hint of green, stretching east and west, with promise of life, and nature's verdure.

Field or forest or river's path, any world of green where houses were plaited and men made their homes, would all be to Ghent as a mirage. He hastened down the rocky slope, eager to hasten the lesser range below, and so reach the valley that stretched away to greenery beyond.

The sun had climbed the cloudless vault, and all the earth was shimmering. With his head protected by only a square of cloth, on the north side of which some leaves had been secured, Ghent found the heat almost insupportable. He was a strong man, however, with a will exceptionally forceful. When the withering heat forced him finally to drink he took but a sip from his precious supply and forged ahead persistently.

Glare and quiver and hell itself seemed blended together in the parching air when he came at length to the summit of the lower range of hills and made his way across their flat plateau. On the farther side he descended through a series of ravines, some of them shaded. His emergence upon the plain below was remarkably abrupt. At one moment shut in and unable to behold an open space a hundred yards before him, he was suddenly out of the pass, upon a gentle slope, with a vast plain spread flatly for miles.

No sooner had he seen it than a sound of gladness broke from his lips. Down the slope, and looming above the stunted brush that grew upon the desolate land, was apparently the figure of a man, who was slowly moving backward and forward in the glare. Too far away to be signalled, the figure could not be seen to overtake Ghent as it moved towards it in a fever of joy and excitement.

Presently he halted. The figure was hardly two hundred yards away. It had now become singularly still. Puzzled, and beginning to feel some sickening doubt, Ghent went onward, stung by a trifle in his eagerness, and panting with heat and breathlessness.

It must be a man! It had to be a man! But fifty yards from the thing that had lured him down this slope he was ready to sink in disappointment to the earth. It was merely a cat's-paw, grotesquely like the figure of a man. The dancing air of the desert had seemed to impart the motions of life to its form.

It was almost unbelievable that the thing could have mocked him so utterly. He had seen it move—walk—turn round. Its identity, however, was no longer doubtful. It was less than the ghost of a man; it was merely the ghost of a plant—the effigy of a tree, dry, lifeless, and bearing the same relationship to a growing, living thing that a skeleton bears to a living, breathing man.

Ghent did not approach it nearer. The truth had jared upon him with a shock. In the heat and dancing of the air he had needed to pause and make an effort to remember what it was he had been striving to achieve when the vision of this desert companion had been thrust upon him. Yes—he remembered—he had been hunting northward, for the sake of a better hunting ground, his desperate hope to reach some haven of men and open farms.

From time to time he sipped from his can of tepid water. A mile farther on he came to a shelving terrace in the valley, above a lower floor. Down in that sunken depression, the air took on a newer, more populous manner of dancing, and the land was populous with cacia, near and far, that resembled human beings.

Had the pain been some new inferno, where the spirits of the desert's dead had come to abide eternally, the region could scarcely have seemed more haunted and weird. It was almost incredible to Ghent that the things he beheld could be anything but men. Some of the cacia stood in groups, as if several stalwart Westerners were traversing the plain in a company. Others were alone. Some appeared to be walking a pick and gun. One group

## Dress Goods Remnants At Half Price

This great offering consists of Tweeds, Serges, Panamas, Venetians, Cashmeres, Poplins and Striped Suitings in ends from one to seven yards, will make very suitable Christmas gifts.

We have had our profit so are willing to sacrifice these remnants in order to clean up our stock.

## I. Chester Brown

32 and 36 King Square.

### THE BEVERAGE FOR ALL WEATHERS.

"Epps's" means Excellence. EPPS'S COCOA. A delicious food and drink in one.

Grateful A cup of "Epps's" at breakfast Warms and Sustains you for hours. As a supper beverage it is perfect. Comforting

resembled a man and a burro. All of them moved. All were terribly silent. Ghent felt that they would drive him mad. He was mocked as no man had ever been mocked before. They were not to be ignored. As he moved, so they moved. When he halted, they moved less certainly, but some appeared to turn about, or to sway in their tracks, or to change their positions while his eyes were turned away. He knew they were grisly yucca plants—mere Joshua trees—like the one he had approached yet they took on such monstrous and looks of life that his one crazed impulse was to run from one to another of the parched, forbidding things, crying for companionship and guidance.

He tried to proceed on his way. More and more of the stalks, made animate by the quivering of the atmosphere, loomed out of the brush on every side. A great fear began to possess him. Some of them might really be men, and he would pass them, in his baffled state of mind, unable to distinguish a living fellow creature from these terrible effigies that danced and swayed in the overpowering silence of the desert.

Among them all, there was one on his right that he was certain was a man. Rev-sion informed him it was like the rest; doubt of his own mental steadiness assailed him and warned him; nevertheless, he raced towards it—only to be mocked again and lured in another direction by yuccas that bore even greater resemblance to his kind.

(To Be Continued.)

### Everybody Admires a Beautiful Complexion.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

An Indispensable and Delightful Toilet Requisite for Fashionable Women.



Gouraud's Oriental Cream has been highly recommended by physicians, actresses, singers and women of fashion for over half a century and cannot be surpassed when preparing for daily or evening toilet.

Diseases and relieves Sunburn, Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy Skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires. No. 11 For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Ferd. T. Hopkins, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

### The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



ENTER 1910

Find Father Him. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

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



### Gold Dust Stands Alone

in the washing powder field—it has no substitute. You must either use

### Gold Dust Washing Powder

or something inferior—there is no middle ground.

Buy GOLD DUST and you buy the best.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass-work, cleaning bath room, pipes, etc., and making the finest soft soap.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

### GOLD DUST makes hard water soft

### ACROSS ICELAND

#### Tale of a Summer's Explorations Amid the Geysers and Glaciers

Two hours scarcely sufficed for the telling at Huntington Hall last night, of the interesting story of how W. S. C. Russell of Springfield spent his summer vacation in a study of the people of Iceland and their surroundings. Although the story was told at a meeting of the Appalachian Mountain Club, and although the objective of the trip was the climbing of the volcano Mount Hekin, the lecture was devoted more to a general description of the island and the islanders, with something of their fascinating history and adventure. It was evident, however, that the trip was not devoid of extraordinary events. One cannot travel 400 miles on horseback across a roadless country, with glacier torrents to ford, to say nothing of climbing to snow slopes of a volcano, without finding more or less exciting adventure. While Mr. Russell now and then enlivened his talk with modest references to the party's struggles with the floods, ice and lava, the keenest interest was found in his description of the country as a whole as he found it and of the sturdy Icelandic farmers and their doings.

For people who think of this isolated is-

### FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found the cure.