



Is Your Flour, Madam, Milled by Water-Power

When we called last August at the Keenawatin mills, we reminded the Local Manager of that moth-eaten story—

About the mill owner who boasted that though his mill was the dirtiest in five counties his flour was clear.

The Manager laughed heartily, but shook his head most decidedly.

"My only regret," he said, "is that we're in such an out of the way place here. If we could only get more visitors, it would be the best advertisement FIVE ROSES could have."

"You don't hear so much about water-power mills these days," he continued as we watched the men putting in new stop logs, "maybe because they are so few. It certainly gives us a big advantage."

"In fuel economy?" we asked off-hand.

"In cleanliness above all," he quickly added. You see how light and airy, and free from dirt this plant is. The absence of a smoky chimney and steam power plant helps a lot."

The first impression one has of the FIVE ROSES premises is of immense size and spotless brightness and cleanliness.

The ventilation system is really wonderful. The sunlight penetrates everywhere both on account of the large number of double-paned win-

dows and the peculiar construction of the plant. Sunlight, you know, is the fatal foe of germs and bacilli.

When our guide regretfully declined a good Havana cigar which we had saved all the way from Winnipeg, we almost fainted.

It was only then we saw the placards on the walls—"Positively no smoking in the building."

Then the millers all uniformed in white, the spotless machinery with the metal parts polished like piano keys, the floors glistening like a ball-room.

We do honestly believe the FIVE ROSES mills are the most sanitary and hygienic in all America—and we have seen a few.

When you have been through the mills, Madam, you cannot but say to yourself—"FIVE ROSES flour must be pure, and nutritious, and wholesome."

And you are right.

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

(18)

Smokeless Oil Heater

The automatically-locking Smokeless Device is an exclusive feature of the Perfection Oil Heater. This

Automatic Smokeless Device



doesn't allow the wick to rise to a point where it CAN smoke, yet permits a strong flame that sheds a steady, glowing heat without a whiff of smoke.

No other heater in the world compares with the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

[Equipped with Smokeless Device]

Turn the wick high or low—no smoke, no smell. Burns for 9 hours with no filling. Instantly removed for cleaning.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—dampers top—cool handle—oil indicator. Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Your, Write for Descriptive Circulars to the Nearest Agent of

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited.



THE SUCCESS OF THE IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE

In course of a eulogy on the Rt. Hon. Sidney Buxton the British postmaster-general, the London Chronicle says:—"A memorable triumph of Mr. Buxton's administration was the establishment of the penny post between this country and the United States of America—a reform that has done much to facilitate intercourse between the two great English-speaking peoples of the world. The penny post had already been established, as from October, 1907, between the United Kingdom and the colonies. A few months later Mr. Buxton proposed—and obtained for it in due course the cordial assent of the postmaster-general of the United States—an arrangement under which the scale of the British Imperial Penny Post, namely, a penny an ounce, came into operation as between the United Kingdom

and the United States from October 1, 1908. A letter which a few years ago cost 5d can now go through to the States for 1d and one which then cost 10d now costs 2d only. This reduction in postage rates has resulted in a substantial increase in the letters passing between the two countries.

Very gratifying results have followed the reduction of postage on newspapers, magazines and trade journals from England to Canada. The rates were reduced from 4d to 1d a pound. Consequently upon this change the circulation in Canada of British literature, with British advertisements, has already greatly increased. Over 8,000,000 additional copies of magazines went to Canada last year as a result of this change.

Another help to British trade has been the establishment of cash-on-delivery system between the mother country, several of the colonies and Egypt. Under this service a customer pays the postman on delivery for the British goods which he may have ordered by post."

PURITY FLOUR

Baking triumphs are everyday occurrences with Purity flour.

Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.
Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.



More bread and better bread

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE VOGUE OF THE LACE SCARF

Lucky now the woman who has access to a trunkful of attic treasures where very likely reposes a generation-old scarf of Spanish or chintilly lace, all ready to add smartness to this year's afternoon or evening toilette. The craze for these trans-

parent shoulder scarfs increases every day and all summer the gauzy scarfs will doubtless be worn over light evening frocks. The scarf pictured is of black chintilly lace in an especially handsome all-over pattern which almost covers the fine mesh in which the design is woven.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued)

All that day he could not, or did not, speak. He suffered agonies, but his face betrayed no sign as he lay upon the grass of Judith's bed. Some ecstasy within him gave him far more exquisite torture, for such was the way of an overwhelming joy just struggling to its birth. At noon and at sundown Judith cooked more of her acorn cakes and put them in his hand to eat. In her eyes burned some light of exultation, for love had possessed her in its sweetness.

That night she made him almost comfortable in his silent, effective way. He slept in fitful naps, and was often awake. So often as he stirred, however, there was Judith at his side with her shallow stone saucer of water for his needs, or standing above him, or sitting near at hand, her half-clad figure wondrously beautiful in the soft white light of the moon.

Her womanly ministrations had only commenced on that first spring day. With the gaze of healing in his muscles, bone and flesh, John Ghent became a weak and fevered patient, over whom Judith yearned with all the tenderness of her potential motherhood.

He never had occasion to request so much as a drink. Her thoughtfulness was always a trifle in advance of his wants; he could not thank her, for such was not his way. The words that his heart would have prompted him to utter were confined, hence his love was dumb. There was nothing to talk about, nothing to say, so much had always been between them.

It was far more wonderful and joyous to lie there and look upon her face—far more ecstatic and then to feel the wonderful gaze of her eyes on his, as the earth sank away from their two lone selves, taking with it all its heavy burden of sins, mistakes, and woes, and leaving them nothing but nature, the desert, and God.

He mended slowly, for his wounds were deep, and new blood was making in his veins. Day after day of their silent companionship went by with joy to the served and the server. Only souls that have passed through travail such as theirs could be so naked, side by side, in the sanctifying silence that reveals the uttermost of all there could be to reveal.

A week passed, and Ghent was barely strong enough to sit with his back against the wall of Judith's cave, while nature worked at his cuts and injuries. He never complained; not even in his sleep did a groan betray him. His progress now was rapid—his progress in everything save speech. He and Judith seemed farther from speech than before.

At the end of ten days he could be kept no longer on his back—sitting down throughout the day. He got to his feet, from time to time, to limber the sinews and flesh newly knitted in his legs. It was one of these days that some strange oppression came to haunt the very air.

Both Ghent and Judith were affected, they knew not how or why. A sense of impending disaster, or a restlessness of the inner self that was responsive to hidden warnings, took possession of them both, yet nothing seemed to happen.

A second day of the singular feeling followed, then a third. It was a terrible, inescapable sensation that seemed to have nothing wherewith to find expression, for it seemed not of air or earth or sun, yet was singularly present everywhere.

It was nearly at sundown that the awesome silence and the pause of the earth were broken. The thing came not suddenly then. A distant roar, that swept onward with incredible velocity, ushered the mighty cataclysm to the mountains.

Sounds of wrack and devastation made articulate, but concentrated in a tumult such as sea nor gale nor cataclysm may ever create, involved entire creation. On its heels came the dreadful thing itself—the earthquake—rending the very hills and flapping the earth-crust like a rag of rock and sand, and heaving through adamant ledges and gravel like a tidal wave on some molten sea which the earth may no longer contain.

It opened the mountains and closed them again, as if the things had been creatures, gasping for breath of life. It shook and rocked the solid peaks. It split vast walls and tossed the dust of ruins in the air, which, in turn, assumed the awful form.

Ghent had staggered galvanically to his

feet. He reeled about like some grotesque in human form. Judith was flung upon her knees. She got up and was shaken once more to the earth, from which she dare not rise. The rocks all about the two seemed tortured, and the earth to contract itself fantastically. Ghent was cast down at Judith's side, away from the wall of the cave against which he had gone spinning, and with muffled crunching, grinding, and sounds of earth-quaking, the cavern was blotted from being, and only a short, shallow wrinkle in the slope marked the place where the rock and gravel had toppled in to level up the cavity. A half-ton of rock-dust arose to float above the hill.

The tremor was gone, with a few slight tremors like shivers of the earth in flight, and the man and woman gazed at each other, appalled. Ghent was the first to rise to his knees. Judith remained on the earth before him, propped at an angle by one of her strong bare arms. Ghent looked at her peculiarly as his lips slowly parted for speech.

"It must have been God, coming home," she gave a little shudder, but she did not speak for a time, and then she said: "The cave is gone."

Ghent looked at it silently for fully a minute. Judith had risen. He too, stood up, despite his weakness.

"He has shut us out together. He has taken the night and impatience of God to bring us face to face."

He paused in his speaking. His breath was coming fast, his form was shaken. A light of exultation burned in his eyes. Then he looked at him in a tense, silent way, he added:

"I love you, Judith. Though all the tribe of Ghent should writhe in their graves, I love nothing but you."

She looked at him silently. For very emotion she could not speak. The earth-quake had terrified her fearfully; the interpretation Ghent had dared to put upon it frightened her anew. She did not shrink from him, she simply put her hand to her face, as one in doubt, and slowly backed a little away. He made no effort to approach her, or to touch her hand. Thus they stood there, each gazing on the other's soul for a time that seemed eternal.

"I don't know—I don't know—what I must say," she said to him firmly. "I will have to be alone to think."

Ghent could make no effort to give haste to her needed meditations. He was ready to abide by her present desire; he would be equally prepared to abide by her final decision.

"I'll go back to my shelter and wait," he said.

She said nothing more, even at the wringing of her heart, when he went, in his weak, unsteady way, down the slope and up the strip and on to the spring and his camp.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"That Ye Love One Another." For three days and nights the man was kept waiting, and saw no sign of Judith. She had moved her few belongings down the hill to the shelter of the greenery, and there had debated with her nature.

Ghent in the meantime, respecting the mood in which she required to be alone, had made no effort to pierce the slender tapestries of green in which she was housed and there beheld her, much as he hungered for so much as one look at her face.

He lived upon the remnants of his hoard of pinenuts and manzanita berries, for he could not hunt, and the gorge afforded

Hurt by a Flying Cow

Pontiac, Mich.—Louis Barton lies in a critical condition as the result of a most unusual accident. While driving cows across the Northwestern Railroad tracks, one of the cows was struck by a train and thrown three rods. During its flight through the air, the cow struck Mr. Barton, who is now suffering from concussion of the brain.

It is the unexpected that happens. Mrs. P. C. Small, of Ottawa, Ont., says: "I suffered from Rheumatism for years and did not expect to be free from pain, but I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and they cured me."

Hundreds of others write similar stories. After suffering for years, paying heavy doctors' bills, and trying all sorts of remedies without benefit, they are cured by "Fruit-a-tives."

For Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles, Headaches and Backaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism "Fruit-a-tives" may be depended upon to effect a speedy and permanent cure.

50c. a box; 6 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

no more seems to be ground and cooked on Judith's plan.

What the end of it all would be he dared not conjecture. The past, with its deers of rage and murder, lay between them now, and he and Judith seemed held apart by a chasm, deep, black, and impassable. For himself he hated all the past; he hated the horrible sins which his tribe had committed in the name of vindictiveness and folly. It came to a choice between Judith and his own dead kin, he chose the living, and the new, sweet way, which he felt was God's own dictation, unmistakable and mighty.

In belated contrition he combed his beard with his fingers to draw it across that scar upon his jaw, which the world should see no more. From his shelter he fetched the golden tere, and gazed at it long in the sunlight. How little he had known of the subtle working of his nature as he lumbered and wrought to form this massive sword for a mate.

He closed his eyes and again he heard the clear, melodious notes of Judith's voice, and the words that she had sung: "Oh, that we two were mating."

Down the stream of the soft spring breeze, Like children with violets playing In the shade of the whispering trees."

He could not despair, even in the add of lemons which the past three days had brought upon him. His subconscious self was irrepressibly happy.

Meanwhile Judith had undergone a succession of attacks, cold and hot, which had wrought her by their very alternations to a measure of spirit which she scarcely understood. But a woman plans for a life time while a man plans more often for a day.

She was looking ahead, as far ahead as this desert isolation permitted. Should they ever meet? It seemed impossible. If not, then a marriage here would be a marriage for all their lives, however long or brief. It chance should restore them to the world without—then what of a marriage made only in the sight of God?

She looked at her with all her soul and body. In one great passionate outburst of her nature she had utterly repudiated all the past, with its horrors of hatred and rapine. Having given her love to this man once for all, it seemed as if she had given it for ever.

She had not, however, served merely to intensify her passion. A woman could banish all allegiance to such a thing as a family-fief, when a man might cling to it in some sort of mistaken sense of honor.

But she could not so quickly abandon her life-long scheme of chastity, which the man could forget in a moment. It was not the feud that once had been that was haunting Judith's decision; it was a deeper questioning of the rights of love and a mingling with only nature for a witness.

She reviewed in her mind a hundred times the fateful manner of her coming here with Ghent. She thought of the means by which mutual help had first thrown them into a manner of partnership, lasting for the most they must desire to live.

She recalled every detail of their work to save the spring—work which neither could have accomplished alone. She knew that once again, with the coming of the summer, the well would be doubtless dry, and she and Ghent be obliged as before to toil together for their lives.

Even a few short weeks from now their acorns and berries would be gone, and then they must hunt together, scheme together—live together, save together, and alone. She was far from being terrified by the thought that once more they would slay all the newly hatched quail, and pillage the gorge of its every living creature, then undergo that far more terrible ordeal when the spring should again go dry.

These merely material things gave her no fright, for the thought of battling thus at the side of John Ghent was something splendid, and her mothering latent acts and desires for hoarding food and water already stirring in its depths, took a sort of joy in contemplating ways and means by which she would protect her man from want and death.

It was not in response to the process of her mind that Judith at length decided; it was solely in obedience to the urging of her body and soul—those close associates that work in such harmony with God, despite man's crude conventions. The mind is a part of the body, not the body a part of the mind. Reason and logic, even backed by training, were powerless in such a physique as Judith's. Her being clamored its one long reiteration of love—and her decision had really been made from the first. She told herself it was cruel to permit John Ghent, in his half-mended way, to live in his shelter alone. She rebuked herself for lack of sympathy, but she knew these arguments were merely weak temptations and wide of the actual mark.

In a fever of excitement and happiness she completed a task of dressing herself in the panther's tawny hide, and, shaking down her glorious hair, which covered a portion of her naked shoulders and neck, she took her rock-basin in her hands, by way of a feminine excuse, wended her way up through the greenery, and slowly came to the spring.

There she filled her receptacle. It was middle afternoon, and not once before by daylight had she thus appeared where Ghent could behold her since the day when the temblor brought its crisis. She beheld him now from the corner of her eye. He was standing in front of his shelter, looking down where she stood. To her womanly eyes he had never appeared more manly—more like a god. Bareheaded, bare of arms, bare-legged, and clad in his wolf-skin, he was such a lord as any Eve must welcome for her master.

That he did not come down, but remained here he was, keeping his word to wait till she should go to him, endeared him further to her heart. It was like his ways of strength. She lingered for the moment of waiting, thus prolonged was incredibly sweet.

At length she placed her receptacle upon the earth and started up the hill. Her eyes were raised to his, at last, even with the distance still between them. As she slowly climbed the hill, however, the lighter joy departed from her breast, and in its place came a deep and sober happiness which left no smile upon her lips, no

SALE OF MEN'S Underwear and Sweaters

- 50c. Wool Shirts and Drawers 39c. each
- 85c. Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 69c. each
- \$1.00 Extra Heavy Shirts and Drawers 79c. each
- Boys' Fleece Underwear, up to 34 inch 35c. each
- \$1.00 Men's Heavy Cardinal Sweaters 69c. each
- \$1.25 Men's Grey Coat Sweaters 89c. each
- \$1.50 Heavy Sweaters, open neck 93c. each
- 50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors, 39c. each
- 75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size, 49c. each

I. Chester Brown

32 and 36 King Square.

light of idle coquetry within her eyes. Her heart-beat increased tremendously—but her footstools did not falter.

When she drew quite close she could see that his face was very white. The lustre of his eyes was a fire of divinity, not a flame of passion. He made no movement forward to receive her. She halted at last within a yard of where he stood, and they looked long and steadily upon each other, like two strong beings, equal, stripped of all pretense, serious in the contemplation of their mating.

It was Judith who finally spoke. She came towards him slowly. (To Be Continued.)

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"May I trouble you to pass the H. P.?" How many times in one day does this simple request go round the tables of those happy people who have been acquainted with H. P. and know all its distinctive and good qualities.

It is no trouble at all to pass the H. P. provided that you know it will come round to you again—otherwise it's a self-sacrifice not to be demanded of a man with a discriminating taste in sauces.

H. P. Sauce is thick, rich, delicious. Its flavors are the combined expressions of choicest Oriental fruits and spices and pure malt vinegar. Its name, borne out by letters "H. P." and a picture of the British Houses of Parliament upon the bottle, is worth remembering by every man and woman who desires to taste, for the first time, a perfectly delicious sauce.

A Dainty Toilet Article

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the theatre, attending receptions, when shopping, while travelling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL BEAUTY LEAVES.

This is a dainty little booklet of exquisite perfumed powders which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes.

It removes dirt, soot and grease from the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Five Cents in stamps of coin. F. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

Stop Cough

Ask your doctor if he endorses Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the coughs and colds of children. Do as he says. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Those hard night coughs of the children! What shall you give them? Just what your mother gave you, and just what her mother gave her! In some families, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the only cough medicine for seventy years. Once in the family, it stays. Keep it on hand.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



AFRAID FOR HIS HAT

When the chilling winds are blowing And the weather's busy snowing, Just to hear a bad boy's shrilling As his paws he's busy filling With the snow and missiles making And a careful aim is taking, While his way cry echoes wild and glad, Find a bad boy and another victim.

Just to hear his yawning blending With the wind that's busy sending Little chills in waves unending Down his spine the cold is bending Is enough to make a nice old party mad.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down, nose at sleeve.

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

25c