LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY KEWATIN

Madam, Stop Buying Your Flour on a Guess

Which do YOU buy, Mistress Housewife?
Flour on a *GUESS?*
Or
Flour on a *GUARANTEE?*
When you hand over *the Hard-Earned*—suppose you *guessed wrong?*

If you *can* purchase flour that is guaranteed *positively*, surely you will not buy a "guess" brand which leaves you no recourse in the event of *dissatisfaction* or *loss of good material*.

As a thrifty kitchen manager, Madam, YOU will buy FIVE ROSES flour every time—the only "money-back" flour where you take no chance since *every sack is warranted*.

We know what FIVE ROSES will do for you, Madam. 'Twill save you *time, trouble, disappointment*—ay, and MONEY, too.

We know what it has done and is doing for thousands of happy housewives, not only in Canada, but in England, Scotland, even in South Africa.

A household help for 21 years.

* * * *

The label on every sack or barrel is your *absolute guarantee, as redeemable as a signed statement*, that the flour is RIGHT, the packing *right*, the baking *right*, the results *right*.

When we say FIVE ROSES is right, we mean it is *all* right. Not one pound, or two pounds at the top of the sack, but the *whole* sack, the *entire* barrel from the first cupful to the very last grain at the *bottom*.

Even if it takes you *six months* to reach the bottom, the guaranty *still* holds—the strongest guaranty ever given by any miller anywhere.

FIVE ROSES, Madam, will "make good" every time. Try it for bread, cakes, biscuits, puddings, pies, puffs—anything you like.

Try it with that *difficult* little recipe which has floored every other flour you know.

Use it down to half the sack. Then if you don't want the flour after *that*, your grocer will take it back and refund the *full* price charging you nothing for the flour used.

Surely, that's fair enough, isn't it?

* * * *

Do you know, Madam, why the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, a responsible and honorable concern backed by 21 years of "square" dealing, *can* give this *binding pledge*, which no other miller in Canada cares to give?

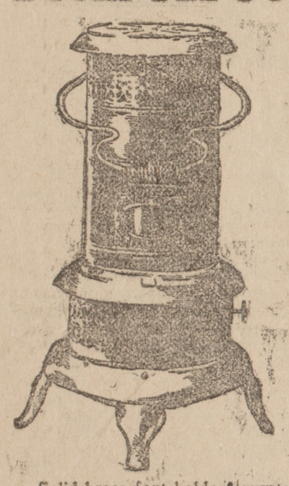
Because FIVE ROSES doesn't need a guarantee.

Decide NOW, Madam, whether you will continue buying on a GUESS—
Or
Will get FIVE ROSES which *guarantees YOUR success every time.*

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

(17)

From Arctic to Tropics in Ten Minutes



No oil heater has a higher efficiency or greater heating power than the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

With it you can go from the cold of the Arctic to the warmth of the Tropics in 10 minutes.

The new **Automatic Smokeless Device** prevents smoking. Removed in an instant for cleaning.

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

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

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited.

TRINIDAD PETROLEUM

Work to Develop the Resources of the Island Begun

(Port of Spain Gazette.)

Mr. Williams, superintendent of the Asphalt Company's oil department, is no easy-chair superintendent; he is practical driller, with great experience gained in drilling for oil in other parts of the world, and as a practical man, is ready for any, and every emergency. We met him on Saturday, he had just emerged victorious with his men from a stiff fight with well No. 4 and was smothered in oil from head to foot. It appears that earlier in the day the drilling tools were lowered into No. 4 but had not sooner touched bottom than the mere contract let loose the pen up gas and with a roar the tools and heavy drilling cable were hurled from the wells, and a solid column of oil and sand was flung 100 feet in the air, almost drowning and suffocating the workmen, who fled for their lives. Four times were the men driven back, but finally a cap with three outlets were fixed over the top of the well, and it was got under control.

To the three outlets, pipes extending 200 feet away from the well were screwed and it was a wonderful sight to see these three pipes belching forth streams of oil and fine sand, with a ceaseless roar, denoting the immense pressure behind the oil.

The well itself is on the side of a fairly steep hill, and the oil was running down the hill, in a perfect cascade being finally coralled at the bottom by a large ravine across which a great earthen dam had been thrown. Thousands of barrels of oil were here pent up and a powerful steam pump was hard at work pumping the oil up hill again into settling tanks, and a huge pit sunk in the ground, this pit alone having a capacity of 23,000 barrels (968,00 gals., was being rapidly filled, and unless the well stops flowing and the bulk of the oil ran out to sea and was lost) all storage facilities will soon be overflowing, and oil run to waste.

From the hill on which No. 4 well stands, a magnificent panorama stretches before one, to the south and east as far as eye can see; one great forest of trees, in which many cocoa estates are hidden, but the whole of the country east and south of Brighton is one vast oil field (by actual geographical survey, and the testimony of practical oil men), in which dozens of companies and thousands of workmen could, and it is to be hoped will find active employment in the near future. To the west across and under stretching, cropping up at Guanaco., where it has found a vent in the 1,000 acre pitch lake at that place, and then on through primeval forests still westward, until the oil outcrops and vents in the Gulf of Maracaibo are reached.

The oil tanks at Brighton are being constructed under the supervision of Mr. J. M. McDowell, specially sent down by the Petroleum Iron Works Company, of Sharon, Pa., whilst the pipe line is being laid under the direction of Mr. Robins, mechanical engineer of the Asphalt Company.

Above only gives a brief glance at the work being done by the New Trinidad Lake Asphalt Company, whilst some 8 to 10 miles to the south of Brighton, the Trinidad Petroleum Company have been at work at Guapo for nearly four years but work there has progressed very slowly and only shallow wells drilled; indications, however, are good, but nothing of consequence has yet been struck. At the moment, owing partly to irrigation, work at Guapo is suspended with the exception of a new house being erected for the accommodation of the superintendent, Mr. May, who went home last June to get married, and, with his bride, arrived last mail. Mr. May unlike Mr. Williams, has had no previous experience in oil drilling, but has been coal mining in China. His work, however, is being directed from London by the firm of Thompson & Hunter, of Lombard street.

At Guayaguayare we hear the oldest and the first formed company, the Oil Exploration Co., of Canada, Ltd., have arranged with the Trindad Oil Exploration Syndicate, Ltd., a London concern, to continue the work of prospecting, (with several stoppages) for the accommodation of the superintendent, Mr. R. H. Trench, and the engineer, Mr. Huggins, and for the European drillers are being erected close to the Pilot river, and a tram line is being laid form the beach to the wells; roads and bridges mended, and ditches and drains cleared for active resumption of operations, so before long it is to be hoped that this old (comparatively) company may be laying down pipe lines and erecting tanks, like its younger brother—the Trinidad Asphalt Company.

We hear on good authority that upwards of $500,000 has already been spent by the three companies concerned, in their preliminary works, and a very large proportion of this has gone in wages and been circulated in the colony, showing that the petroleum industry is no minor affair, and with the British Admiralty, anxiously awaiting to obtain a supply of fuel oil for the British navy on British territory, Trinidad in the near future promises to become one of the naval bases and oil fuel depots of the empire.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days E. W. Grove on box. 25c

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SCHOOL FROCK OF RED LINEN

A very attractive trimming touch is added to this charming little frock by the plastron of braid fabric over which a straight strip of the linen is stitched. This model is developed in dark red linen, but if the material is deemed too summery for the small girl's winter school frock, mohair in a pretty shade would be equally pretty made up in this fashion. The braiding in any case should match the material exactly.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

CHAPTER XIX.

For a week there had been no alteration in the struggle of the two for bare existence. Each day had brought its awful tale of heat and wind, but the water had not yet ceased to flow, at least the basin's capacity in each twenty-four hours.

The oasis was no longer an oasis. It was the merest mockery of a haven, grown to trees and grasses. Stark effigies of willows and alders bent dryly in the withering sirocco of the afternoons. Dry, crisp leaves clung in some of the shrubbery and rattled in the wind. The place was stripped naked of foliage, almost as if a devastating fire had swept the gorge.

Ghent and Judith no longer attempted to search out and slay the few remaining rabbits for their sustenance. They were living on berries, nuts and acorns—and they were gaunt, wild-eyed creatures, roving that nude theatre of death like specters, doomed to haunt the scene of desolation till the end.

The tortures they had both endured were not yet to be concluded. At the end of one of their periods of waiting for the filling of the rock receptacle, in the shade-protected spring, they found it half filled only—and new despair was at their vitals. The precious supply was being withdrawn with a certain, inexorable slowness that nearly drove them mad. That neither had filched the water from the basin in the other's absence both were were aware, for the visible drops that oozed down and hung upon the lip of rock that the man with his pick had laid bare, came so rarely that either of the two human creatures, watching the process in terror of its meaning, could have counted to the hundreds between the crystal jewels fraught with life.

All night was barely time sufficient for a cupful of the drink to gather for their use. In their silent way, with no word spoken between them, the two had come to a thorough understanding regarding the equal division of the fluid. The compact was never violated, no matter how intense became their suffering, or how terribly temptation came to goad them.

On such a night as these had all become—nights of the sleepless agony of those who wait for a terrible end—the man in his shelter and the woman in her cave heard the weird disturbing howl, the yelp and chatter of a band of coyotes, come from somewhere out beyond in the trackless realm of desert. It was a dreadful sound in the silence of the night. Had the human pair been abruptly vouchsafed a glossary of animal expressions, revealing the significance of every uttered sound the beasts may produce, neither could have understood more clearly the cry of these creatures for water.

The rock receptacle was in its place, with nearly half a cupful of water in its hold—water more precious than the blood that flowed in their pulses, to Ghent and Judith, tossing on their beds. The springhouse entrance was open, the better to permit the cool night air to circulate within and encourage the flow. That the famishing coyotes had smelled the priceless liquid and would hasten there and pillage the basin of its contents was the instant conviction of the pair.

Judith was out, with her hammer in hand, and speding towards the spring no less promptly than was Ghent, who, with the old rusted barrel of a rifle in his fist, was swiftly descending his slope. Already, however, the desperate plains-wolves, far more gaunt and tortured than either the man or the woman, had indeed snatched the scent of the water from the air and were racing towards it jealously, each of them snapping at his fellows as they ran.

Ghent was the first upon the scene. The crackling of twigs and the rustling of leaves beneath the feet of four thirst-maddened prowlers apprised him that the creatures were at hand. A moment later he beheld their shadowy, slinking forms, as thin as wraiths, and two more brought up the rear, the six of them halting scarcely twenty feet away when the man who confronted them stirred in his tracks and moved a step forward to greet them.

They had ceased to howl. Indeed, the only sound they made was a low, dry whine of surprise and uneasiness. They darted a little to right and left, leaping each other in the process, and their eyes all blazed coal-like in the darkness as they found themselves halted by the natural enemy before them.

They paused to summon courage for a fight. While they still stood there bristling, dim spectres of want and desperation, two things happened. A wandering night breeze flung them a new, sweet scent of the water in the hole, and Judith came running to the place.

She was panting, her eyes were ablaze with savage emotions. She was half stripped. The figure she presented, with her ugly rock-hammer in her hand, harked back to the dawning of man, the superior brute. She had come without a thought of Ghent, just as he had descended from his shelter with no thought of her, and for no other purpose than to guard the water, precious to himself.

She took up a place at his side, not because he was a man and her companion, but merely because this was the only position left to her to assume between the coyotes and the spring. She did not speak to Ghent in this extremity, nor did Ghent make the slightest sound at beholding her. He knew why she was here.

The maddened coyotes, conjuring a certain sort of courage because of their number, not only smelt water, but they also scented meat. The two human beings were food, if but once they could be dragged to the earth and ripped open to the seat of life.

Tactics of circling and pressing in closer were almost immediately inaugurated. The creatures were exceptionally goaded to attack. It was one of the thinnest of the animals, a tall, almost hairless old cheftain of the pack that was first to leap forward and lead a confusing assault. With a hundred wild bickerings, snarlnigs, and yelps, the six savage bandits of the desert made simultaneous descent upon the guardians of the well. It was an utterly bewildering onslaught, where the creatures leaped swiftly around their intended victims, snapping teeth that sounded out a dry sort of clash, and performing every conceivable manoeuver to harass Ghent or Judith to some move of indescretion.

Their gaunt, active forms could never be distinctly seen; the occasional blazing of their eyes was a baffling, uncanny element in all the confusion.

Both Judith and Ghent were eager to advance to closer quarters for the fray Already they were striking, wildly, viciously, their eyes only hungry for blood. The moment, however, that the man left the spring by a step, one of the desperate animals sped there behind him, ready to leap inside the cave for the water so fragrant and near, or to sink his teeth in the legs of his foe, and so draw their wrath, while his comrades took advantage of the moment.

It was Judith that turned and met the creature. She crashed her stone hammer down upon its back and then upon its head, and then upon its legs, raining her blows like a fury on the form that loy so soon upon the gravel, its lungs heaving fearfully in death.

No sooner had she presented her back to the wolves at the fore, however, than a pair leaped straightway to attack her. With his gun-barrel Ghent broke the two forelegs of the first that came in reach, when he himself was instantly the object for all of the others to assault.

A wild and tremendous melee ensued. More grim, more desperate than the very beasts that beset them, the man and woman swiftly turned the tables of the battle, attacking in a frenzy of activity. They fought like very demons, this cave-pair schooled in savagery; and with lust and love of the bloody work they rushed upon the thirst-crazed coyotes, beataing them down, nd then beating them again, till the brutes were outdone in brute fierceness.

There were presently two that lay lifeless on the sand. A third hobbled grotesquely about on broken legs, making sounds of its pain. A fourth one, struck upon the nose, turned round and round in a circle, till Judith dealt it a crashing blow with her hammer and crumpled it down upon the earth. Of the two that remained one was entirely unhurt, the other had a bruise upon his bony rump, and his tail had been broken. With his one sound companion he turned and fled the scene, howling of woe and tales of suffering to come.

Ghent descended on the creature so helplessly hobbling about in the gravel, and with one blow knocked the very roof from its skull. He could have slain a grizzly in the passion for fight that was upon him. Both he and Judith were panting; both were wild and sinister of aspect. The half cup of water was secure.

"We'll have to watch here—every night!" said Ghent, returning towards the spring. It was the second time he had spoken.

Judith, who had never addressed him a word in all these fateful weeks, broke her silence at last. She said: "I'll watch from twelve o'clock till morning."

There was nothing further said. Ghent moved from one to another of the four still forms, lying in four different attitudes of death upon the sand, and having assured himself that none could commit a belated treachery, entered the springhouse, drank a sip of the water, then emerged and started in silence up the slope.

He paused a rod or more away, and turned to look back on his companion. She stood there, a grim, magnificent figure of strength and courage, veiled in the dimming mystery of night. She was panting; she was weary, from the fight just concluded as well as from all the days of effort, worry, and privation.

Once more the exultation of his manhood swept upon Ghent in a wave of feeling. He had neved so thoroughly felt the bond of his partnership with Judith as he felt it now. She was only a woman. Some pang engendered by his brutish behavior shot through the hardness that the feud had long nurtured in his breast.

He did not know that Judith at last felt one almost insupportable yearning for his companionship—for one word of cheer and friendliness. He fancied the starlight gleamed with coldness in her eyes, and so he went on to his camp.

Judith watched him go. A warm, soft glow that had come in her bosom died away. He had been her fight-mate for a moment—nothing more—but her nature had been stirred to its depths.

At length she sat down upon a rock, her hammer laid close to her hand. The darkness slightly cloaked the four still forms by which she was surrounded, but from time to time the night wind slightly raised the long gray hair upon a stiffened creature, as if some spark of life might be stirring anew, or some unseen fingers toyed with the harmless carcasses.

CHAPTER XX.

The Revolt of Heaven.

At dawn both Ghent and Judith dragged one coyote apiece from the scene of the battle and skinned it for its hide. None of the creatures bore a handsome coat. Two had lost much of their hair.

If any thought that perhaps a piece of meat might be cut from the better portions of the animals had entered the mind of either the man or the woman, it was speedily abandoned when the odor of coyote flesh was vouchsafed their senses in the process of removing the hides.

There was nothing to do but to drag the dead animals far down the ravine past the cul-de-sac, and throw them on the hill. There they would presently desiccate, almost without decomposition, to bleach some day and leave a pile of bones to whiten in the sun.

The skins secured began to dry aat once. It ws only by vigorous rubbing as the heat drew the natural moisture that either Judith or Ghent was enabled to retain any softness or pliability in the pelts. This diversion served to while away another torrid morning. All afternoon the sirocco gushed upward from the open hells below, and the strip was deserted.

There was no abatement of the heat. At the spring the same slow, steady diminution of the water-supply was maintained. For perhaps three days there was no observable change, then once again, as always before, the oozing drops oozed less. In twenty-four hours not one full cup of water could be gathered in the basin.

The two haggered ghosts that Ghent and Judith had become moved twice a day to the spring-house, drank a sip of water, and returned to lie in the shade.

Each night, till the great blazing dipper had swung half its circle in the heavens, Ghent took up his watch at the well, to ward off any famishing creatures that might smell out the all but burned-up moisture.

Each midnight Judith came to take his place, and keep the grim vigil till morning. Once, while she sat before the drying spring a lone coyote, voicing its animal despair, howled far down the canon, but failed to appear at the place. He had perished on his way to the water, even as he wailed.

A week dragged by and scarcely more than a spoonful of water was delivered up by the ledge of rock throughout all a day and night. The pair of wild-eyed beings thta still clung tenaciously to life at the parched oacis could scarcely nibble at the nuts or acorns or berries, since one sip of water a day was all they could hope for at the spring. It was almost a mockery to guard the well when darkness descended, or the moon arose, yet the vigilance was rigidly maintained.

Death, nothing but death lay all about them in the once-green strip. Some terrible, ominous change had come upon the blast of air that took the place of wind. It seemed as if new stillness, far more deep and terrible, lay upon the realm. Portent was rife in the stifling atmosphere.

The hour arrived when the watch at night was no longer kept. There was nothing to watch. Three days had gone by and the two silent specters of the shriveled oasis had taken a bare sip apiece of the water. Doom and the end could apparently be dodged no longer. The two antagonized beings made no pretense of respecting equal rights. Twice, three times, and four times a day or night, either one of them crept stealthily upon the spring, caught up the rock receptacle and held it to drain it of its contents.

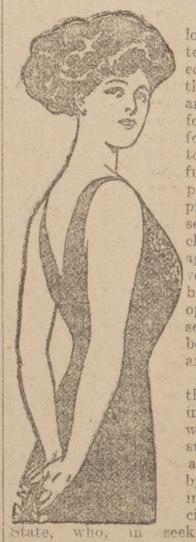
There were no contents.

They laid their tongues to the crevice of the rock which had always been wet with the trickle. It was dry and beginning to be hot with all the other heated things that constituted this hideous region. An enmity deadlier than all the feuds, a jealousy and savage selfishness out-intensifying every possible scheme of vengeance, now claimed the two, as each madly struggled to be the last to die.

(To Be Continued.)

DEVELOP YOUR BUST

50c. Package FREE to Any Woman Who Wants a Beautiful Figure.



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This discovery that is of such vital interest to all thin women, is the result of long study and investigation by one of the leading women physicians in New York State, who, in seeking to overcome the defects of her own figure without the use of "pads" or forms, discovered a happy combination of tissue-building elements that increased her bust some four inches, made her arms round and shapely and her neck and shoulders plump and symmetrical.

This prescription of Dr. Catherine Kelly's is a real discovery on far different lines from the ordinary figure developing treatment, and this explains its almost uniform success.

Dr. Kelly not only gained a beautiful form by her own prescription, but used it successfully with many of her patients. Women, this is a personal message from a physician of your own sex, and all we ask is the opportunity to show you, without any expense on your part, that Dr. Kelly's Form Developer will give you a perfect figure, beautiful complexion and improve the general health.

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Send the little coupon above and 10c. for expenses, and a 50c. treatment will be mailed at once in plain package. Write us today. Dr. KELLY MEDICAL CO. Dept. 326 A., Buffalo, N. Y.

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"I suffered from womb disease for seven years, with dreadful pains over the front of the body, over the back and down the legs. I had indigestion and chronic constipation and the constipation was so bad that I went sometimes for ten to fifteen days without any action of the bowels. I was ill in bed for one whole year. At one time I was so low that everyone thought I was going to die, and the last

MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE.

Rites of the Church were administered to me. I was treated by six different doctons without any benefit. Then I got a sample of "Fruit-a-tives," but I had no faith in them at all, and I would not have taken them only my husband begged so hard for me to try them. As soon as I began to take "Fruit-a-tives" I grew better, the bloating was relieved, the sleeplessness was cured, my stomach acted, and the bowels were moved, but above all the fearful womb pains were made easier.

"I have taken eighteen boxes in all and I am now perfectly well again."

(Signed)
MADAME JOSEPH LIRETTE.

50c. a box—6 for $2.50—or trial box 25c.—at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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50c. Wool Shirts and Drawers 39c. each
85c. Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 69c. each
$1.00 Extra Heavy Shirts and Drawers - - - 79c. each
Boys' Fleeced 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
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50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors, 39c. each
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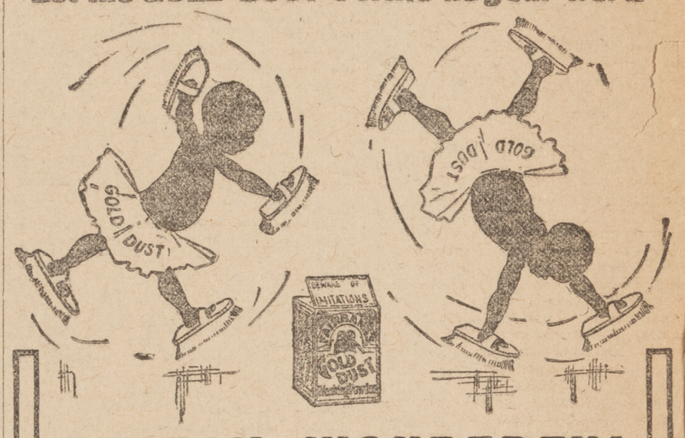

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Hot air is one of the many things it is better to give than to receive.

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Yellow and Muddy skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires.

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