



Do You Ever Make "Jelly Roll," Madam?

When we were just about so high, ours was an insatiable sweet tooth for "jelly roll" and such like.

We sought no explanation then whether the tooth tickling came from the jelly, the shape of the cake, or sentimental wonder at mother's creative ability.

Sometimes the cake wouldn't roll right, break on the turns—mother was "unlucky" those days, and the keen critics didn't insist on the biggest piece.

Mother, you see, didn't know flour—took whatever the grocer offered—also took her chances.

Do YOU ever make "jelly roll," Madam?

Is it always a perfect oval, even layers of light porous, golden crumbs, without streaks or holes unsightly?

Why doesn't it roll over the jelly softly and smoothly, why does it crack and break in spite of the careful fingers behind the dainty napkin?

All on account of the innate "couseness" of cheap flour.

There's an elasticity, Madam, a cohesion in FIVE ROSES flour responding to your every effort.

The strength and fineness of FIVE ROSES hold your batter together in the long well-greased pan.

Bakes evenly, giving smooth texture, soft, golden crumbs, spongy, porous and yielding—no holes nor lumps to vex the soul of the finicky housewife.

And when you turn it out on the



damp napkin hot and savory, and you spread the under side with jam or jelly—it doesn't get soggy soon nor crumbly.

And when you roll it gently, carefully, while the kidneys with bated breath watch this most critical proceeding, there is no crack nor break in the perfect smoothness of the surface—it's a perfect roll.

Mighty hard to make "jelly roll" like that, Madam.

Takes an artist and it's impossible with stinky quality flour.

But it's easy to be an artist if you use FIVE ROSES.

Easy to make melting puff paste, flaky pie crust, crinkly fritters, toothsome rolls and goodies galore.

Be flourwise, Madam, join the millions using FIVE ROSES.

If you are accustomed to cheap flour the results will seem like magic. But you must use FIVE ROSES.

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

(30)

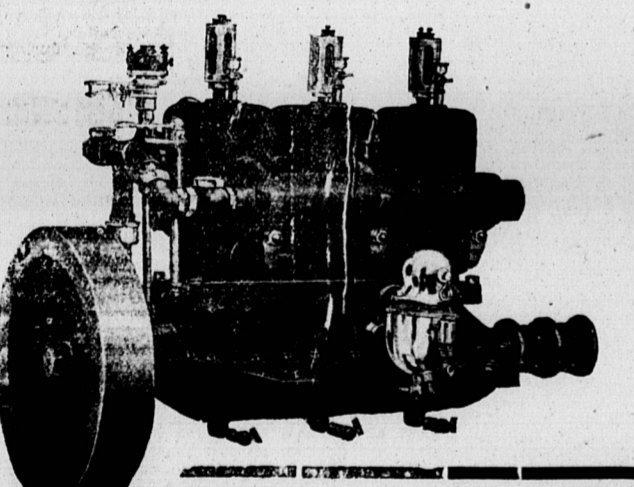
SURE PURE

THE KIND THAT PLEASES THE PEOPLE!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA.

E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.



Make Your Selection NOW

Every day you delay now in procuring particulars regarding our Imperial Marine Motors may mean that many weeks when you want it. We will do our best to give your order prompt attention, but we have placed agencies in different parts of the Maritime Provinces, which will mean a greater demand.

You'll have our undivided attention if you will drop us a card for particulars NOW.

BRUCE STEWART & CO. LTD.
Charlottetown, P. E. I.

DID YOU EVER USE

Sherwin Williams Paints

They are of the very highest quality in durability, appearance and wearing qualities. Ask or write for color card. For sale by

S. W. CRABBE

Hardware Paints and Oils

My First Experience with Dan Cupid

By Elsie Chastain.

She was sweet, susceptible 16. I was one over whom 18 summers lightly passed, leaving his hair untinged with gray, and the gray mat underneath the wavy crop—unhardened. But to her he was all that was wise, noble and desirable; and to him she was perfection. In truth, it has been a case of love at first sight.

They had first met at a party. She had worn white. He was partial to white. Her sunny hair had been arranged loosely on her graceful neck. He never had liked girls who did their hair high. In fact, she had been wholly, seductively charming, and he had succumbed to those charms.

He had worn the regulation black suit, of course! But, ah! how broad his shoulders were; how merry his eyes. A strange, incomprehensible, ecstatic emotion had taken possession of her soul. He had asked to take her home, but she had not thought best. "May I call?" he had asked.

She had felt the hot blood leap to her cheeks. If she only dared say "yes!" But no; there was mamma to consider. Mamma, who was so awfully, uncompromisingly set on the proprieties. Mamma, who thought her far too young to have masculine admirers. And to have one call! Oh! A shiver ran down her spinal column. The young man, waiting, for an answer, divined her thoughts.

"Perhaps your mother would object?" he had suggested, and with sad conviction she had answered: "Yes—she would."

"But I must see you some time," he had insisted. Dear insistence! She had thought for a moment, then:

"Mamma is going calling to-morrow afternoon and I can meet you down the river, right behind Blake's greenhouses, at three o'clock. Will that do?" He had been enraptured with the plan, and the following day they met as they had agreed a boat ride. She acquiesced, and he rented Mr. Blake's boat. He assisted her to a seat, then took his place at the oars. Something was wrong about his way of handling them, and the boat refused to move.

"Don't you know how to row?" she ventured, after some moments of frantic, red-faced, but vain endeavors on his part.

"Well, I—never did before," he replied, then blurted out: "Can you?"

"Why, yes," she said. "Suppose you do, then." They changed places and she rowed him up and down the river until her tender hands were blistered and her heart was sore. She was woefully disappointed in him. Never before had she met a man who could not row. But he talked entertainingly, and she forgave him. True love overlooks many imperfections.

After that afternoon they met frequently. Sympathetic young friends discovered how the land lay, and came gallantly to the rescue, as young friends will do at all times.

One evening she retired to her room early, telling her mother that she must study. Not so, however. She had, instead, promised him to take a moonlight stroll. Her window was not far from the ground, and with the aid of a foreordained cracker box she managed to escape from the house.

During that stroll he proposed. Told her how he loved her. Fell on his knees in impassioned tones to fly with him; to leave her cruel mother and her unhappy home for a life of honey and roses and—himself.

She blushed, suffered him to kiss her hand, and consented. In one week she could make the necessary preparations and then they would fly. Ah! the unutterable bliss of that meeting!

Finally they parted, and she crept stealthily around the house. As she neared the parlor window she heard sounds of merriment. She peered in. A peculiar scene revealed itself to her view.

There sat her usually dignified mother, laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks. On his knees before her, with clasped hands and a ridiculously sentimental expression spread over his pug nose and freckles, was her small brother. He was speaking, declaiming, and as the sister realized the import of his words she turned cold with dread.

"O-o-o-o, Celeste, darling, angel, listen to me! I love you! I love you! Promise me that you will be mine! Oh, do-o-o-o! Leave your cruel mother, your happy home, and fly with me! Life won't be nothing without you-o-o. My heart is breaking. Ouch-ouch!"

Waiting to hear no more, realizing that her secret was discovered, the young victim of unsympathetic kin made for her room with all possible speed, hoping to get there before the "cruel mother" should decide to visit it. She had just mounted the cracker box and was cautiously raising her head over the sill when the door opened and mamma, not laughing now, but stern and white, made her appearance, bearing in her hand a lamp, whose rays fell directly on the horror-stricken face at the window.

There was a moment's awful silence, then mamma set down the lamp and came to the window. "Allow me to assist you, Celeste," she said in tones of ominous quiet. Celeste allowed her, and then—

But I will not attempt to describe what followed. Some things are better left to the imagination. And, besides, you see, my dears, I—was Celeste.

ST. STEPHEN BARROOMS ORDERED CLOSED. ST. STEPHEN, March 10.—The town is dry this morning because of the action of the town council last night calling for a strict enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act.

"FRUIT-A-TIVES" — THE FAMOUS FRUIT MEDICINE

Performs Another Miraculous Cure in the City of Toronto.

Mrs. Lizzie Baxter was a helpless cripple from Rheumatism. She suffered tortures for a year in spite of the best medical treatment. Five boxes of "Fruit-a-tives" completely cured her.

4 HOME PLACE, TORONTO, ONT., December 15th, 1909.

"I was a terrible sufferer from Rheumatism for nearly a year, and my right arm was swollen and the pain was fearful. All down the right side, the pain was dreadful and I could hardly move for the agony. I was treated by two physicians but their medicine did me no good, and I tried numerous other remedies but received no benefit. I was simply a helpless cripple and suffered from Rheumatism all during last winter.



MRS. LIZZIE BAXTER

I saw "Fruit-a-tives" advertised in the "Telegram" and decided to try this remedy. After I had taken one box, I was much better and the pain much less, and I continued the treatment with good hopes. When I had taken three boxes, I was so well that I could use my arm again and the pain was practically gone, and after I had taken five boxes, I was entirely well again—no pain—no suffering—and now I am just as well as I ever was.

The cure of my case by "Fruit-a-tives" was indeed splendid because all the doctors failed to even relieve me of my suffering.

For the sake of others who may suffer from this terrible disease, Rheumatism, I voluntarily give you permission to publish this statement.

MRS. LIZZIE BAXTER.

It may be stated, without hesitation, that "Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy that will actually cure Rheumatism, Sciatica and Lumbago. "Fruit-a-tives" is made from fruit juices, and contains SALTINE obtained from Oranges. Owing to its marvelous action on the bowels, kidneys and skin—"Fruit-a-tives" prevents the formation of Uric Acid, which is the prime cause of Rheumatism. And with the stomach clean, the liver active, the bowels regular, the kidneys strong and the skin healthy, it is utterly impossible to have Rheumatism. "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that acts directly on all these organs and cures them. There is no other remedy "just the same" as "Fruit-a-tives" or "just as good as Fruit-a-tives." Insist on having "Fruit-a-tives" for only by taking "Fruit-a-tives" can you cure yourself of Rheumatism. At all dealers, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa. The original of Mrs. Baxter's letter—as well as the original of all other testimonials published by "Fruit-a-tives" may be seen at the office of Fruit-a-tives Limited, 386-390 Bank St., Ottawa, Ontario.

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One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

YES, in the old way there was one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Now, OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is an all around flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" saves money and trouble. Instead of having two barrels of flour in the house you can get along much better with one. And you can be certain that it is always uniform—will always come out right whether for Bread or Pastry.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR makes better bread and better pastry than any other flour because it is better flour—made from the finest grade of wheat in the world, Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, and milled by the

very finest machinery, in mills that are a model of cleanliness.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a trifle more by the barrel than ordinary flour but this trifle extra proves real economy when the loaves are counted. For "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" goes farther than ordinary flour—farther in actual quantity of baked product.

Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a great deal more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more nourishing.

You can't afford to buy impoverished flour at any price. You can't afford to skimp on health. And you do skimp on health when you buy flour just because it costs less than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook" sent free to any woman who will send in her name and address to The Ogilvie Flour Mills Co. Limited MONTREAL.



HORSE NOTE

Expedition (2151) the greatest of the Electioneers is hale and hearty and adding new performers to his list with regularity. He stands before the public as the greatest descendant of Electioneer and can rightly lay claim to the title as the

sire of more 2.15 trotters than any sire of his age living or dead. Like many descendants of Electioneer the Expeditioneers are born with overwhelming natural speed and much beauty. It is said that when Ed Bither gave the great sire Expedition his record of (2.15) the son of Electioneer had only been in training a few days previous to the performance. Expedition (2151) is now owned by Harry Hopper, of Indianapolis, and is credited with 64 trotters and 8 pacers in the standard list. Littleton Stock Farm Washington, Pa., has a green trotting mare by Expedition

(2.15) that Scott McCoy recently worked a quarter in 30 1/2 seconds a 2.02 clip. Expedition (2151) is the sire of Eutaxia dam of the trotting stallion Aquiri owned by J. M. Nicholson, Charlottetown.

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