LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO. LTD. KEEWATIN

Is Your Flour Erratic, Madam?

Often a woman will talk like this:

"Pretty well all the flours I've tried are good *once*. But they're "not reliable. Every time I go to the grocer's I've got to change "my recipes. What's the matter? I don't want a *better* flour "under the *same* name; I don't want a *worse* flour. I want a "flour that's *regular, so that I may know how to handle it all the "time*".

Maybe, Madam, you think *all* milling is erratic, ununiform.

You have *four* kinds of irregularity to flirt with:

Strength, Color, Flavor, Yield.

It's conducive to sound sleep at night for a baker (of both sexes) to know *in advance* her times, temperatures and elbow drill.

Conducive to bad dreams on bakeday eve to find the morning batch *galloping* when you expect a *trot*, or *walking* when you expect a *gallop*.

Exasperating, you know, when you expect a Free Trade loaf to find a Tariff Reform one.

Positively insulting to expect 320 pounds of bread from your flour barrel and get 287.

* * * *

And so YOU say:

"If the miller can't maintain a regular "quality, then I'll select my own irregu- "larity by hopping from flour to flour".

But, Mistress Housewife, we who make FIVE ROSES have adopted the motto of the Derby family—"*Sans Changer*".

Meaning—"Absolute Uniformity".

So you *can* buy *steady quality*, if you really want to.

If you try FIVE ROSES, Madam, *you'll keep to it.*

* * * *

For there's nothing like system if you want *regularity*, and you'll find you can do your work much *better* and *quicker* when you *know* your flour and how it requires to be handled.

And you'll get *identical* results with every using.

Don't YOU want a *dependable* flour, a *serviceable* flour, true as steel?

Always the *same*, yesterday, to-day, next week?

Then get FIVE ROSES, Madam.

And get it NOW.

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

(33)

10 cents Well Invested

Kellogg's 10¢

A 10c box of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes contains more nourishment than any other cereal.

Just think of it—Kellogg's is 90 per cent. food value, and the flavor is a delight to the palate.

Try Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes tomorrow morning. Serve with milk or cream and sugar.

"The Sweetheart of the Corn"

TOASTED
CORN FLAKES

10c. a package At all grocers Made in Canada

HORSE NOTES.

That splendid stallion Brazilian, owned by T. G. Ives, Montague, is to be stationed at different points of Prince County during the coming season. His owner has been up west completing arrangements and fuller particulars will follow later.

STOCK NOTE

Mr. Macdonald, Glasgow and Burns Bros. have purchased from John Walker, North River, a short horn Durham bull which tipped the scales at 1800.40 lbs. Mr. Walker owned the sire and granddam of this fine animal.

Sauce for the Goose

"Herbert," she said, abruptly, "I've made up my mind what I'm going to have you do after we're—after June."

"You'd Better Go."

"I happen to be a lawyer, already," he reminded her. "I trust your plans for me after we're married won't conflict with that fact."

"Oh, no, it isn't anything of that sort. It's the kind of man I intend you to be; the kind of a—husband I must have."

Just then he noticed a little button pinned to the front of her gown. The legend it bore was "Votes for Women."

"Where have you been to-day?" he asked, irrelevantly.

"At the club. We had a splendid program. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, only—well, I can't help noticing a—perhaps I'd better not say it."

"What do you mean?"

"You won't like it if I tell you."

"I'll have to hear it now you've begun, whether I like it or not."

"Well, it's this, Florence, if you will have it. I'm afraid of the influence of these women's clubs. I always notice a different spirit after you've been there—a spirit of running things independently."

"What things, for instance?"

"Well, me—for instance. Now, don't look that way. You made me tell you."

"Herbert! As if my listening to a paper on the Canterbury Tales and then drinking a cup of tea with a lot of bright women could—I'm very sorry I impress you in that way," she broke off, with a sudden drop to freezing point. "It isn't at all necessary, however, for you to remain in my company."

"Florence!"

"You're quite welcome to go, or, if you insist on staying, I can go upstairs."

"Nonsense! I'm not saying that I should wish you to give up your club after we're married."

"Indeed! How magnanimous!"

"Florence, you misunderstand—"

"On the contrary, I understand only too well. You want your wife to be a woman with no ideas except those you dictate."

"You know better!"

"I thought I did, but I find I'm mistaken. Of all the unreasonable, childish—it's just like a man, that's all I can say."

"There, now, that's exactly what I mean. You see, I'm afraid you get that feeling of superiority to man at the woman's club."

"Oh! I've had that feeling of superiority to man all my life, whenever I saw a person of your sex act as you're acting to-night. When I think what started this whole thing"—her voice broke. "You'd better go!"

"Now, Florence, listen to me. Don't cry, darling—don't! You know I'd do anything in reason you'd ask me, but a man doesn't like to be told what his wife is going to 'have him be,' as if she meant to control him."

"But if you knew what it was I was starting to say!"

"Well, come out of that sofa pillow and tell me."

Silence broken by sobs.

"Florence."

"No—keep away!" More sobs.

"Won't you tell me?"

"Yes, I will, just to let you see," she decided, tearfully, half uncovering her face, but not letting him have her hand. "I've been noticing ever since we—I've noticed that some men start off to work in the morning without looking back at all, and others look up at the window and touch their hats or wave their hands, and I—I've thought a man would not feel like looking back at his wife unless she'd been sweet to him—given him a good breakfast and all that—and I just made up my mind that—oh, I just can't tell you now!"

"Tell me, Florence." He had her hand at last.

"I made up my mind that—I'd be nice enough to you so that you'd be one of the husbands that looked back—but it's all spoiled, now!"

"I was a brute," he declared, as soon as he felt that he could spare time to articulate words. "How could I ever think you'd want to interfere with my personal liberty! It was this ridiculous thing that made all the trouble. Here!" And he began to unfasten the equal-suffrage badge.

Quick as a flash she caught his hand away.

"Why, Florence," he protested, blankly. "Surely you're joking. I'm not going to have my little wife to be—"

"You're not going to have me to be?"

"Well, I mean—but can't you see how different that is?"

BORN.

NEWSON—In Vancouver, March 11th to Arthur and Mrs Newson, (nee Miss Ida McNair, City), a son.

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

By the Constant Use of

CUTICURA SOAP

Assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve, purify and beautify the skin, scalp, hair and hands of infants and children, prevent minor eruptions becoming chronic, and soothe and dispel torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings. Peace falls on distracted households when Cuticura enters.

Sold throughout the world. Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Maruya, Ltd., Tokio; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 135 Columbus Ave., Boston.

32-Cuticura Book, post-free, 32 pages of valuable information on Care of the Skin, Scalp and Hair.

Dainty Silver

Possessing a charm equalled only by its fine wearing quality, silverware marked

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

is the ready choice of those who want the best in knives, forks, spoons, etc.

Best tea sets, dishes, waiters, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITA CO.
SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

CANON ELLEGOOD'S RECIPE FOR A LONG LIFE

Don't smoke.
Don't eat meat.
Eat plenty of fruits and uncooked foods.
Take plenty of outdoor exercise.
Live the simple life.

Declaring that he is going to live to be 120 and that he will "beat Moses yet," Rev. Canon Ellegood laughs at the story that he is going to resign from the pastorate of St. James the Apostle church on account of his advanced age.

"The time will come when I will have to hand in my checks," he laughingly told a Herald reporter this morning, but not for a while I can tell you. I don't look much as if I were going to die, do I?" he asked in a full round voice that backed up the evidence of unfailing vitality and vigor that were shown by his ruddy cheeks and the clear complexion.

"Moses lived until he was 120, why shouldn't I? Do you know I have some sort of a presentiment that I will beat Moses yet.

"I believe David said those much-quoted words of his in regard to a man's natural age being three-score and ten in a fit of depression at the way the people of those days lived. He did not mean that men could not in the natural course of events live the way they did.

"Would you believe that when I was a boy I was given up for dead and here I am as good as ever. Yes, they told me I had not a year to live and that I had better get ready for the next world as soon as possible. They told me in a nice consoling manner that a man without lungs couldn't live and that I was a goner.

"But in spite of their kindly predictions I made up my mind that I would live to do some good in the world yet a while, and live I did.

"That was fifty-five years ago and I guess all the doctors who gave me up are dead now. The simple life is what did it. During the last fifty-five years I have not been sick a day and I contribute my health to the simple manner in which I have lived. I have not smoked or eat meat in my own house for the past fifty years. I live for the most part on fruit and uncooked food.

"I have always passed a most active life. I have been a great horseman in my day and a cricketer of some repute.

"I remember when I came to Canada first,"—and the speaker laughed with great pleasure at the reminiscence,—"one of my wardens with Puritanical zeal came to me and, with great horror, told me of a person who played cricket. You should have seen the gentleman's face when he saw me on horseback.

"If I retire I intend taking up golf. I have not done much lately as I find it interferes with my work. However, as soon as I retire I will play golf for I believe it is one of the best games that a man can play."

With a keen sense of humor and evident pleasure in telling a good story, the venerable canon continued to chat with the interviewer for upwards of half an hour, showing in all of which he spoke a keenness of intellect and breadth of knowledge of the world's happenings that he was far from losing his grip on affairs and was still a young man for all his eighty-six years.

He spoke of Prof Macnaughton's article in the University Magazine that has lately roused so much controversy and said he thought that had Prof Macnaughton visited Palestine he would perhaps appreciate the spirit of the new Testament more fully.

He spoke of many topics with a lightness of spirit and vigor that presaged well for the fulfilment of his determination to live to 120, "and you know," he said, "that I think a great part of living depends on making the determination that you will live."

Do You Realize?

That despondency in women is a mental condition often traceable to some distinctly female ill!

Women who are well do not have the blues, neither are they irritable and restless. Derangement of the female organism breeds all kinds of miserable feelings such as backache, headache, and bearing-down feelings. **Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** There is no doubt that it has made many remarkable cures of female ills after all other means had failed. There is hardly a day that some woman does not write us that this simple old medicine, made only of roots and herbs, has cured her of a severe illness after several doctors had done their best and failed.

Here are two such letters—read them—they are genuine and reliable.

Belleville, Ont.—"I was so weak and worn out from a female weakness that I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took several bottles of it, and I gained strength so rapidly that it seemed to make a new woman of me. I can do as good a day's work as I ever did. I sincerely bless the day that I made up my mind to take your medicine for female weakness, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letters, as I certainly profited by them. I give you permission to publish this any time you wish."—Mrs. Albert Wickett, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Rockland, Me.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side and was miserable in every way. I had doctored until I was discouraged and thought I would never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it.

"After taking three bottles I never was so well in my life. I am recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. Will Young, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

Royal Household Flour

The best for Bread and the best for Pastry

"The Little Brother of The Rich"

NOW, this is *not* a talk about money.

It isn't a contrast between the rich and the poor, for in some things we are all equally rich and there are no poor brothers.

The poorest woman in the land can have just as good bread as the richest. The children who walk can have just as delicious pies and cakes and "goodies" as the children who ride in carriages.

All the money in the world cannot buy better flour than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD", for there isn't any better.

And the woman who does her own baking can have just as good bread as is served to the Royal Household of England, and *that* is made from ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR sent to England from Canada.

And then, a barrel of "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" produces many more loaves than a barrel of ordinary flour. The bread is better—sweeter, nicer to eat—and more wholesome—has more health and strength in it.

Also, it makes more delicious pies, cakes, biscuits and doughnuts. Children, whose mothers use "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" at home, can have just as good baked things as the Princes and Princesses of England.

When it comes to "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" there are no rich or no poor. *All* can afford to buy the finest flour in the world, OGILVIE'S "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD".

For though "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs more per barrel than ordinary flour it contains so much more nourishment and makes so much more bread of superior quality it is in reality the most economical of all flours.

6

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook"

Comprises 125 pages of splendid Recipes which have been tested and tried. Every woman who is interested in good things to eat should send and get it.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is made in Canada by the largest millers in the British Empire.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED,
MONTREAL, FORT WILLIAM, WINNIPEG.

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD