

# Don't Lose a Good Cook Through Poor Flour

A GOOD cook, Madam, is a rare jewel and precious scarce nowadays. And because scarce all the more precious.

It is this very condition which induces Mrs. Neighbour to win over your Sally by honeyed words and flattery, cunningly intermingled with promises of a free kitchen, higher wages, evenings off.

So that the way of a man with a maid is smooth compared with the thorny path of a mistress with the modern kitchen queen.

Any unfortunate remark brings forth a cutting "Here's me notice."

Why not place the blame where it rightfully belongs, Madam? Don't lose a good cook on account of poor flour. Why, fully half the "baking accidents" are the fault of the flour. Even the highest salaried "chef" could not turn out an appetizing, nourishing batch from a cheap brand. It is not fair to expect it.

One "reason why" of FIVE ROSES popularity is its Responsiveness. The least care given to a good recipe, backed by FIVE ROSES, accomplishes marvels of culinary art.

For cunning cookery is rare, Madam. FIVE ROSES fits in surprisingly with your favorite cookbook, even Mrs. Rorer's tested recipes.

How many flours really and truly do that? Very few indeed, Madam.

If there's something wrong in your kitchen, try FIVE ROSES before increasing the cook's temperature. Give her a "square deal," as the business man would say. Buy her just a small bag to test her real efficiency. Next time you'll want a barrel.

And—What about that "square deal" to your folks?



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

# HIS COURTSHIP

By HELEN R. MARTIN, Author of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

COPYRIGHT, 1907, By McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY.

## CHAPTER V.

SO that," mused Peter Kinross as, dressed in overalls and with his hair grotesquely plastered down with Abe Morningstar's pomatum, he strolled about at dusk that evening under the trees of the orchard, smoking his after supper cigar, "is the renowned Miss Georgiana Ellery, the beautiful, the accomplished! Sentimental," he pronounced, "from the crown of her head to the soles of her shoes! And intellectual! It would take a pretty brave man to go in for her! Well," he concluded, bending back his head and blowing out puffs of smoke, "she's a fair type of what the woman's college turns out nowadays. But, by Jupiter, a more stunningly beautiful girl I never saw!"

In spite, however, of this conclusion, he patted himself on the head for his cleverness in having devised so excellent a scheme for the preservation of his liberty. What a boredom it spared him!

There was one phase of his escapade which was not so pleasant to contemplate—the discovery of his deception when he should be obliged to meet these two young ladies in his true character upon his return to college in the fall.

His stroll had brought him to the fence which separated the orchard from the lane, and suddenly he stopped short and took his cigar from his mouth. There, a few feet away, leaning against the fence, stood Eunice. In the deepening twilight he had not seen her until nearly at her side.

Her relaxed attitude betrayed the weariness of her young body at the end of the day's toil, and the droop of her head against her hand suggested the pensiveness of her mind.

He felt glad that he had come upon her; he was so curious to know how his disguise affected her. She had actually been surprised into a faint smile of amusement at the dinner table. It had fairly startled him.

In the lane outside the fence four little boys were playing, children from neighboring farm laborers' cottages, and Eunice was watching them idly.

The dialogue of the little cubs was diverting, so he, too, rested against the fence and listened to them. He thought she must surely have heard his approach, but she did not stir.

"I used to be a towner—I lived at Lebanon," one boy was boasting. "Aw," scorned the other, "I lived further'n that—I used to live out west yet!"

"Aw, why, you couldn't!" The first gave him the lie without ceremony. "The Indians would kill you if you lived out west!"

"I did too! Say, Reddy, didn't I used to live out west?"

"Yes, you did," Reddy championed him.

"But there's 550 Indians out west!" exclaimed the first boy statistically. "A body couldn't live out there!"

"Aw!" sneered Reddy, "come off! You're thick! A body can't hardly learn you nothin'! The Indians ain't wild no more—they're tamed now!"

The dispute ended in a fist fight which led the combatants further down the road and out of earshot.

Kinross took his cigar from his mouth and spoke to Eunice across the space between them.

"Boys are queer animals, aren't they?"

She did not turn to look at him. For an instant she did not answer. Then, low and soft, her voice fell upon the still evening.

"Queer animals? But they are embryo men!"

His cigar almost fell from his hand. He stared at her averted profile in stupid astonishment.

"Are we a pair of cynics?" he at last found his voice to remark.

But the words were not uttered before he realized that the space where she had stood was empty. She had turned and fled like a frightened bird. He stared after her retreating figure, his sense of the mystery which hung about her affecting him strangely.

"Was that the girl Eunice to whom I spoke and who answered me in such a wise? 'They are embryo men!' Embryo. A girl who asks me who this Andrew Carnegie is anyway?"

He turned back to lean upon the fence again, put his cigar to his lips, and meditatively blew a long cloud of smoke into the air.

"By gosh!"

It expressed, as no other comment could have done, the state of his mind.

## CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days later Dr. Kinross, dressed in his overalls and lying on his back in the woods behind a pile of logs, found himself in the enforced position of an eavesdropper and felt it exceedingly awkward. A few feet away, beneath his own favorite shade tree, sat Miss Georgiana Ellery and Miss Daisy Parks. He had not counted upon their penetrating to this resort to which he came daily with his books. His telltale volume and compromising leisure, in the middle of the afternoon, from the farm work in which he was supposed to be engaged made it imperative at the warning signal of their voices that he should scramble out of

slight behind a nearby pile of logs. He had barely had time to conceal himself when they had come into view and presumptuously proceeded to settle themselves for the afternoon in the comfortable spot which their coming forced him to abandon, thus making it impossible for him to move an inch without discovery and placing him in the deplorable position of being obliged to hear everything that was said.

"Have you noticed, Daisy," he heard Georgiana's attractive voice asking, almost as soon as they were seated, "anything about that farm hand, Peter, which has impressed you as singular?"

"He isn't as wooly looking as 'pop' and Abe," Daisy promptly answered. "Daisy! How can you, in the very heart of the country, use that detestable city slang?"

"Well, Georgie," Daisy returned plaintively, "I'm sure I never wanted to go to college. You and uncle made me!"

"Did college do nothing for you but give you a vocabulary of slang?"

"But, Georgie, Pete isn't as wooly looking—I mean," she hastily corrected herself, "he's rather good looking and—as there's nothing else doing out here I'm thinking of flirting with Pete, if you won't kick—object, I should say."

"Why Pete? Why not Abe?" Georgiana inquired tolerantly.

"Abe's too wooly—oh! I don't want to jar you, Georgiana—forgive me. Of course I feel, too, how perfectly dear and sweet it is out here with so much nature around and—everything—but I just thought I'd mention, since there's nothing doing, just to keep up my courage a little, you know, I'd encourage Pete to fall in love with me. Do you know," she said thoughtfully, "I shouldn't wonder if Pete would be quite good looking if he were sported up."

"He has impressed you," affirmed Georgiana, "because there is something singular about him. I feel it, too—the way the family treats him, with an air of uncertainty—I can't explain just what it is—but they don't behave toward him as one would expect to see a hired farmhand treated. And his face—have you noticed? It is usually so remarkably heavy and unattractive, but now and then when I unexpectedly catch his eye I find him gazing at me with an expression so keen and penetrating that I am startled, and then the moment he finds me looking at him he has a relapse—falls back into that hopeless imbecility!"

"Dear me!" said Daisy, surprised. "I had not supposed you would think him worth while, Georgiana."

"Every one is worth while, Daisy, when you get at his real self. As for Peter, he certainly does have intervals when his mind seems to awaken. He isn't quite so crude as the rest of the family either. I dropped a hatpin this

morning, and he fairly sprang across the room to pick it up for me. I was so surprised."

"This," thought Kinross behind the logs, "is profitable. Memorandum—no more gallantry."

He wondered, with consternation, whether even his disguise were going to fail him.

"While he does speak in the provincial dialect," continued Georgiana, with careful discrimination, "his accent and his voice are not so harsh as those of the other people here. And he doesn't have that queer Pennsylvania Dutch inflection. When the others speak I never can tell whether they are asking something or telling something. But you can distinguish when Pete speaks."

"As a success," mused Kinross. "I'm

Most cases of baldness are due solely to neglect. The hair often becomes dry and dandruff forms because the hair glands do not supply enough natural oil. Nothing overcomes this deficiency so effectively as that delicately perfumed, refreshing hair pomade, Bearine. Avoid baldness; apply Bearine to your hair occasionally. All druggists, 50 cts. a jar.

Georgiana had no reply to make to these inane comments, and for a while there was silence between them, the only sound coming to Kinross' ears being the rattle of paper indicating the turning of the pages of books. This continued so long that he began to grow restive. If he moved hand or foot they would hear and discover him. Were they going to sit there and read for the rest of the afternoon? Already he was becoming cramped from being in one position so long. But how get out of his predicament? To make his presence known and reveal the fact that he had heard their discussion of himself—that is, of Pete, the farmhand—would be embarrassing to them, of course. He himself could bear up under it competently enough.

"Something's got to be done!" he thought, feeling an intolerable necessity for stretching his legs.

The two young ladies, engrossed in their reading, were suddenly startled by the sound of a long drawn yawn, coming apparently out of space.

"What was that?" cried Daisy.

"A tramp?" Georgiana whispered

Have you a weak throat? If so, you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another and the last is always the hardest to cure. If you will take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy at the outset, you will be saved much trouble. Sold by all dealers.

DAVIS' MENTHOL SALVE

A thick adhesive ointment, combined with Japanese Menthol and Vaseline, two of the most wonderful healing drugs known. It soothes, heats and tends to restore those who suffer from Piles, Eczema, Rheumatism, Chafing, Irritated and other skin troubles.

The word "Salve" literally means he will or in good health. Try Davis' Menthol Salve and you will be relieved.

All Dealers. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

We print butter parchment in small or large quantities. Good butter makers will profit by using neatly printed wrappers. It's a good advertisement.

**If You** Have a Cough, Have Lung Troubles, Have Lost Flesh, Are Threatened with Consumption. Try **The D.L. Emulsion** (Trade Mark) Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital, Toronto, writes they have used it with the best results. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Montreal.

a failure! Next thing they'll surmise who I am." "By the way,"—Georgiana changed the subject with a disregard for the sequence of ideas that Kinross would have thought not possible to one so philosophical—"how about your letter this morning from Belle Dasher? Aren't you going to read it to me?" "I'm afraid," Daisy answered doubtfully, "it will jar you, Georgiana, it's so sporty."

"Read it," Georgiana urged. "Then don't blame me." Daisy warned. "You know what a coarcted Belle is!"

A rustle of stiff paper suggested to Kinross the opening of the letter referred to.



Georgiana with her serious views.

"I foresee the fate of Georgiana," Daisy glibly read, "when she comes home in the fall and meets our swell new prof., Dr. Peter Kinross. That chaste Diana cannot fail to lose her heart to this Eudymion if for no other reason than that the man won't notice her. He won't take girls seriously. (Georgiana will see that he takes her seriously, won't she?) He seems to think that girls belong only to the holiday side of life, and he hasn't time for holidays. I'm crazy to have him meet Georgiana with her serious views. He'll learn then that some girls can't be taken lightly. I might say mockingly (for he is the most sarcastic pig I ever saw; I can't abide him). I am sure Georgiana will surprise and impress him—Oh," Daisy broke off gleefully, "jilt him, Georgiana, won't you?"

"Do you know, Daisy," Georgiana returned earnestly, "a man like that, who is repelled by the lack of earnestness in the average girl whom one meets socially—"

"(Am I that kind of chump?" Kinross wondered.)

"—such a man," Georgiana continued thoughtfully, "I might be able to welcome on my own line of march, to clasp hands with him, to find a oneness—"

"(Thank God I thought of these overalls," Kinross told himself fervently.)

"One can't trust Belle Dasher's opinion of a man, though," Daisy inserted. "She's such a man hater. She hates men so I wonder she even has a man for a brother-in-law! She says she thinks men, as a sex, are very much overrated."

Georgiana had no reply to make to these inane comments, and for a while there was silence between them, the only sound coming to Kinross' ears being the rattle of paper indicating the turning of the pages of books. This continued so long that he began to grow restive. If he moved hand or foot they would hear and discover him. Were they going to sit there and read for the rest of the afternoon? Already he was becoming cramped from being in one position so long. But how get out of his predicament? To make his presence known and reveal the fact that he had heard their discussion of himself—that is, of Pete, the farmhand—would be embarrassing to them, of course. He himself could bear up under it competently enough.

"Something's got to be done!" he thought, feeling an intolerable necessity for stretching his legs.

The two young ladies, engrossed in their reading, were suddenly startled by the sound of a long drawn yawn, coming apparently out of space.

"What was that?" cried Daisy.

"A tramp?" Georgiana whispered

back with enforced calm. She allowed externals to disturb her inward serenity, for it was possible the soul to live on a plane above outward things. "Where?" demanded Daisy in tragic voice. "I don't know," said Georgiana. Another prolonged yawn and the sound of rustling leaves very near. "Behind those logs?" suggested Daisy fearfully. "Let us go away," said Georgiana, speaking, it must be admitted, nervously. "But in what direction shall we go? I'm not sure he's behind those logs."

"Look and see," begged Georgiana. "It's up to you," declared Daisy with unexpected rebellion. "I'm afraid I admit it!"

Georgiana cautiously rose and took a few steps to the logs. Dr. Kinross stretched his arms above his head and yawned ostentatiously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Georgiana. "It's Peter!"

"My gracious!" exclaimed Daisy's astonished voice. She sprang to Georgiana's side as Peter sat up. "I was a sleepin'—still," he said blinking and yawning.

"Did you hear what we were saying?" demanded Daisy. "And why are you out here, Peter? Why aren't you working with Mr. Morningstar and Abe?"

"I got it so bad in my head, I ast the boss to leave me off this after. I had the headache, now, something wonderful. But," he added, rising, "I slep' it off. I'm some better."

He noticed that Georgiana's eyes were upon the book he held.

"I'm goin' home now," he announced, taking a step away and checking himself in the act of lifting his hand to his old straw farm hat.

"It is getting a little late, we will go, too," said Georgiana, and Daisy followed her as she moved around the logs to the path where Peter stood.

"I got to hurry," said Peter, edging off. "You couldn't walk so fast."

"It won't be good for your headache to hurry, Peter," admonished Daisy, keeping at his side. "What is the book you have?"

Peter gave himself up to the inevitable and walked with them down the hill.

"This here?" he said, holding up a volume labeled "Vedanta Philosophy—Raja Yoga—and Other Lectures by Swami Vivekananda."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Daisy. "wouldn't that rattle your siats? What is it?"

"I'll never tell you. Want to read it?"

"I don't wonder you want to get rid of it. But don't offer it to me! Gracious, what do you take me for, Peter? Miss Ellery might like it."

"Where did you get it, Peter?" Georgiana asked, looking astonished.

"Och," he answered disparagingly, "I borrowed the loan of it off of teacher, but there's too many big words in it."

He found that his disguise was giving him an assurance which he had never before felt in the presence of a girl. To be walking and talking with two young ladies without his customary sense of constraint was indeed a novel experience—and withal a highly agreeable one.

"Teacher?" questioned Georgiana. "The district school teacher? But it is vacation now."

"She boarded at our place and let 'em there over the summer," said Peter, developing a talent for fiction which, if properly utilized, he felt might make his fame.

"How much of it have you read?" asked Georgiana, looking at him kindly.

"Och, I went to sleep the first couple pages a'ready."

"That may be because of your headache," she said encouragingly. She longed to discover a diamond in the rough in Peter.

"I will lend you this," said Daisy, patronizingly, holding up the book she carried. "My uncle thought it would be good mental discipline for me to read it, but—well, I haven't finished it, but no matter. Keep it as long as you like, Peter, I won't be selfish."

Peter received the book and read the title laboriously, like a small boy spelling out his words, "Some Facts About the Great Back-Boned Family." "What for a family's that?" he asked.

Continued on page 6.

# FARMERS'..... ATTENTION!

We are in the market for 200,000 BUSHEL of Oats and any Quantity of Peas, Barley and Mixed Grains

Drive your loads straight to our new elevator and you will receive the highest possible cash price for all kinds of grain. We have every facility for unloading, and we want your custom.

## THE MCGOWAN Milling Company

# McGRATH'S FOR SHOES RUBBERS AND GLOVES

When bad weather comes you can't help but want good shoes if they are not made right you better not have them. The shoes we sell are the best that money and skill can produce. You afford to miss looking over our display of shoes, which shows glance their superior quality, with prices lowest. They are leaders.

We have also secured the agency of the "Life Buoy Rubber," manufactured by the Kaufman Rubber Company, of Berlin, which is the best made for the money, and as we are selling at lowest prices, we ask you to come in and look over our stock. Don't suit you, our "Rubbers" will. REPAIRING AND CUTTING AS USUAL.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR EGGS

## THE BIG SHOE STORE Thos. McGrath - Peel's Old Stand NEAR THE BRIDGE

## Dollars - Dollars Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, G. P. Agent, Montreal. J. D. McDonald, D. P. Agent, Toronto. J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

PROPERTY FOR SALE, one of enlarged and in Grey. Fine farm other, good soil Only West and wants the

Finest veneered brick building. Fine bank barn buildings. Price \$2600.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

## Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, G. P. Agent, Montreal. J. D. McDonald, D. P. Agent, Toronto. J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

PROPERTY FOR SALE, one of enlarged and in Grey. Fine farm other, good soil Only West and wants the

Finest veneered brick building. Fine bank barn buildings. Price \$2600.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

## Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, G. P. Agent, Montreal. J. D. McDonald, D. P. Agent, Toronto. J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

PROPERTY FOR SALE, one of enlarged and in Grey. Fine farm other, good soil Only West and wants the

Finest veneered brick building. Fine bank barn buildings. Price \$2600.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

## Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, G. P. Agent, Montreal. J. D. McDonald, D. P. Agent, Toronto. J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

PROPERTY FOR SALE, one of enlarged and in Grey. Fine farm other, good soil Only West and wants the

Finest veneered brick building. Fine bank barn buildings. Price \$2600.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

## Grand Trunk Railway TIME-TABLE

Trains leave Durham at 7.30 a.m., and 5.0 p.m. Trains arrive at Durham at 10.30 a.m., 1.50 p.m., and 8.55 p.m.

EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY G. T. Bell, G. P. Agent, Montreal. J. D. McDonald, D. P. Agent, Toronto. J. Towner, Local Agent Durham.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

PROPERTY FOR SALE, one of enlarged and in Grey. Fine farm other, good soil Only West and wants the

Finest veneered brick building. Fine bank barn buildings. Price \$2600.

TO BUY VERY CHEAP with H. H. MILLER, Conveyancer

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Trains will arrive and depart as follows, until further notice:—

Read down	A.M.	P.M.	Read up	A.M.	P.M.
6.45	3.00	Lv. Walkerton	Ar.	9.40	12.55
6.52	3.13	" "	" "	9.27	12.43
7.06	3.23	" "	" "	9.19	12.34
7.14	3.33	" "	" "	9.11	12.26
7.28	3.52	" "	" "	8.57	12.12
7.38	4.03	" "	" "	8.47	12.02
7.50	4.17	" "	" "	8.35	11.50
8.00	4.30	" "	" "	8.25	11.40

R. MACFARLANE, - Town Agent.

## DURHAM SCHOOL. STAFF AND EQUIPMENT.

The school is thoroughly equipped in teaching ability, in chemical and electrical supplies and fittings, etc. for full Junior Leaving and Matriculation work. The following competent staff are in charge: THOS. ALLAN, Principal, 1st Class Certificate. Subjects: Science, English, English Grammar, Book-keeping and Writing. MISS DONALD, MCKERRACHER, B.A. Graduate of Queen's University. Subjects: Latin, French, Algebra, Arithmetic.