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 packet

Even if the one piece frock has come in for an unusual amount of attention this season, the separate blouse will continue to receive its share. It is easy enough to keep up interest in this "stand-by" of the average woman, because, in the office of this publication

3 Teaspoonful of Red Rose Tea go as far as 5 Teaspoonful of ordinary tea

Cheap Tea Not Economical!

Many people complain about the poor flavor of the cheap tea they are using, but are trying to put up with it because they think they are saving money.

In reality, cheap tea is rarely more economical, often less economical, than Red Rose Tea.

While Red Rose Tea may cost a few cents more, or even 10 cents more per pound, than common tea three teaspoonful of Red Rose Tea are equal to five teaspoonful of common tea.

Less Red Rose Tea is required in the tea pot, because this master blend of Indian-Ceylon teas consists largely of the famous hill grown teas of Assam, India.

These Assam teas excel in vigor, richness and strength. Their leaves yield more liquor and a fuller flavored liquor. Blended with Ceylons they make the ideal tea for flavor and economy.

Try a sealed package of Red Rose Tea and keep count of the extra number of cups it yields in comparison with cheap teas. You will find that Red Rose is worth every cent asked for it—and that it costs no more to use this delightful tea.

Sold Only in Sealed Packages

Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason

THE WAY OUT.

The cost of grub's beyond all par-don; it makes me rend my duds! and so this year I'll have a garden, and raise my greens and spuds. Like others I have formed the habit of buying all my cats, from cauliflower to potted rabbit, from succotash to beets. My spreading lawn has been devoted to grass, and still more grass, but after this it will be coated with blooming garden sass. I cannot eat the lovely roses that scent the country-side; they're gratifying to our noses, but are no good when fried. If I should boil a mess of lilies, in place of cabbage-head, the dish would give my guests the willies and set them seeing red. I buy my cabbage from the grocer, my tulip bulbs I raise; and that is why the wolf draws closer, and howls, these dismal days. This year I'll raise my prunes and onions, on these, my fertile lands, and ply the hoe till I have bunions upon my snow-white hands.

OUR DAILY PATTERN SERVICE

Valuable Suggestions or the Handy Homemaker—Order Any Pattern Through the Courier. Be Sure to State Size.

LADY'S WAIST.

By Anabel Worthington.

keeping to the plain, comfortable lines that admit of a waist being cut out and made at home in one evening, the designers have seen to it that novelty effects were provided.

There is plenty to talk about and admire in the shirt waist design illustrated.

An interesting feature is having the centre front and front yoke cut in one piece. A box plait in each half of the back below the back yoke and again in each side front is a new style development. Then there is a handsome collar, cut in a point at the back and tassel tipped, although trimmed with braid. The sleeve is pretty, gathered at the wrist to a flare cuff. Hand embroidery at either side of the front closing speaks style and gives an attractive finish.

Satin, silk, wool batiste and linen may be considered for developing this model. The selection of material will be according to the kind of skirt with which the blouse will relate to complete a costume.

The waist pattern No. 8102 cuts in 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material, 4 1/2 yards of braid.

Even if the one piece frock has come in for an unusual amount of attention this season, the separate blouse will continue to receive its share. It is easy enough to keep up interest in this "stand-by" of the average woman, because, in the office of this publication

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING

suffers more than anyone else. Nevertheless, her husband has to bear some of the burden.

To be sure he ought to be patient when she is suffering, because that is one of the deencies that Christian civilization imposes. But surely one cannot blame him for being a bit resentful afterwards when she does it again and again.

It is not fair to take other people's strength unnecessarily, and that is just what this woman is doing when she overdoes. She is using up all her strength and then some of his.

And when he, who has doubtless been through this experience innumerable times, shows that he does not think she is fair, her feelings are hurt!

Doubtless She Adopts the Martyr Pose.

Perhaps she tries to put him in the wrong by saying aggressively, "If you feel that way, I would rather you wouldn't wait on me; I'll take care of myself somehow." And then she thinks of herself as a martyr.

Instead of a martyr she is a coward, for it is a cowardly trick to parry a just resentment in that way.

These things should be looked at in a just and reasonable way. And we who commit the sins of unnecessary illness should acknowledge them just as we acknowledge other sins, and try to overcome them.

And He is a Busy Man
 When this happens, of course she

THE CANDLE-HOUSE.

Once upon a time an elf built a little house at the top of a candle, and there he lived in peace and happiness until the candle saw a bigger candle. "Oh dear," sighed the candle, "if only I could be as big as that! If I only could."

"You can," said the foolish, elf. "I know a wizard who can make you grow with his magic. And I'd like it too. For then my house would be bigger."

So the elf found the wizard, a queer, tiny old man most a million years old, who wore an acorn for a hat, and he struck the candle with his hand, muttered some strange words, and right away it grew. So did the elf's candle-house. And everybody was delighted. Trouble was the elf wasn't satisfied.

"It can be even bigger," he said, "it can be even bigger."

So he went again to the wizard.

"Old wizard," he said, "make the candle and the candle-house bigger."

Now the wizard, for all his magic, had no wings, and so he glanced cunningly at the elf.

"Give me your wings," he said, and I will give you a magic stick. Then whenever you strike the candle

and the candle-house with the stick it will grow for you."

So the elf gave up his wings for the magic stick. And the minute he was safe in his candle-house he struck it and wished it would grow even bigger. He struck it again and again the candle and the candle-house grew bigger. The end of it was that the elf went on striking the candle and the candle-house until it towered off among the tree-tops, and then all at once he remembered that he had no wings.

"What am I to do?" he cried, turning suddenly pale. "What am I to do? My wings are gone, and I can find neither food nor drink up here so high above the tree tops."

Now in the morning the little wizard flew up upon his wings.

"Well," said the wizard, "how do you like your big house, friend elf?"

"I like it not," said the elf, sulkily, "for it is but a jail without my wings."

"Then," said the wizard, "give me your house, and I will give you back your wings, for with my magic stick will find food and drink."

So the elf through his foolish greed lost his candle-house, and the wizard went to live in it.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

The February meeting of the Onondaga Women's Institute was held on the evening of Feb. 7th, in the Township Hall.

The members of the Langford Women's Institute were present and furnished a very enjoyable program. In the absence of Mrs. Vanderlip, president of the Langford Branch, Mrs. M. N. Simpson presided. Two excellent papers were read by Mrs. Frank Adams on "Russia," and "The Life of Pauline Johnson."

Miss Pollard gave a paper on France, and papers on Roumania and Ireland were given by Mrs. Shaver and Mrs. Langs.

Vocal and instrumental music was given by the Misses Mulligan and a reading "The Rural Telephone," was given by Miss Blanche Kendrick.

The March meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. S. J. Simpson. The program being supplied by the young ladies of the Institute. It was also decided to hold a bazaar in the interests of the Red Cross.

The regular meeting of the Alford and Park Road Women's Institute, was held on Thursday after-

WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

TONING UP THE BLOOD

Hood's Sarsaparilla, a Spring Tonic-Medicine, is Necessary.

Everybody is troubled at this season with loss of vitality, failure of appetite, that tired feeling, or with bilious turns, dull headaches, indigestion and other stomach troubles, or with pimples and other eruptions on the face and body. The reason is that the blood is impure and impoverished.

Hood's Sarsaparilla relieves all these ailments. Ask your druggist for this medicine and get it today. It is the old reliable medicine that has stood the test for forty years—that makes pure, rich blood—that strengthens every organ and builds up the whole system. It is the all-year-round blood-purifier and health-giver. Nothing else acts like it, for nothing else is like it; so be sure to get Hood's.

LENTEN RECIPES FOR HOUSEWIFE

BOILED SALMON

A piece weighing six pounds should be rubbed with salt, tied carefully with a cloth, and boiled slowly for three-quarters of an hour. It should be beaten with egg or caper sauce. If any remain it may be placed in a deep dish, a little salt sprinkled over, and a teaspoonful of boiling vinegar poured over it. Cover it closely and it will make an appetizing breakfast dish.

SALMON SALAD

One large can of red salmon, one cup of chopped celery, one cup of chopped English walnuts, four or five sweet pickles (gherkins). Mix well with cream mayonnaise.

BAKED SALMON LOAF

One can salmon, one pint mashed potatoes, one cup browned cracker crumbs, two cups parsley sauce. Grease a good-sized mould with butter, sprinkle with cracker crumbs, and line with mashed potatoes. Drain oil from salmon and remove skin and bones. Season with pepper and salt and pack in mould. Cover with potatoes and then cracker crumbs, two cups parsley sauce, on top, and bake one-half hour in fairly hot oven. Turn out and pour parsley sauce over.

SCALLOPED SALMON

One can salmon; remove all bones and bits of skin; mince fine. Roll one dozen crackers fine. Put in a buttered baking dish in alternate layers, adding bits of butter and a sprinkling of salt and pepper to taste. Have the top layer of crackers, and add sufficient milk to moisten the whole mass (about one pint). Bake thirty minutes and serve hot.

A MOTHER'S WORK

Mothers as a rule spend so much time in looking after their children and in household work that they overlook the absolute necessity for the rest and relaxation upon which their health depends. The consequence is that soon they find their health breaking down. The daily humdrum of household life as a mother knows it, with hurried meals and family and household cares quickly thin the blood and weaken the nerves. Then follow headaches, pains in the side and back, swollen limbs, palpitation, a constantly tired feeling, and often an inclination to fretfulness. These symptoms are the sign of poor blood, and are the inevitable penalty of overwork and over anxiety in the care of children and the affairs of the household.

Whenever a mother finds her health falling and household duties becoming more than she can comfortably manage whenever extra demands are made upon her strength, she should adopt the safe and simple expedient of enriching her blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are especially valuable to the nursing mother and the woman worn out with household cares. They renew her blood supply, strengthen her tired limbs and drive away the headaches and backaches that have made her so miserable. They have restored thousands of despondent women to good health and bright spirits, and will do for you as much as they have done for others if you will give them a fair trial.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table.

BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

SUTHERLAND'S

February Sale

Commences

Saturday 17th

Jas. L. Sutherland

"If advertising space in newspapers could be sold at standardized rates—based upon a fixed price per line for each thousand of circulation—space buyers would rejoice. At least, some of them seem to think that they would. But advertising space does not have a standardized VALUE, therefore cannot be sold at a standardized rate. IN THE CASE OF NO OTHER COMMODITY DOES QUALITY PLAY A STRONGER PART."—Editor and Publisher.

The Courier rightly claims "Quality" circulation in Brant County. Its subscribers are people of real purchasing power.

Hunger Stalks Through Belgium NOW!

While we in Canada are bringing in the harvests, filling our store-rooms and stocking our pantries with an abundance of good food—our Allies in overrun Belgium are facing another winter of near-starvation.

Women and children there by millions have gone for two years on short rations, for the Belgian Relief Fund has never been sufficient to provide full fare. Consequently they are in no condition to stand the still greater privations threatened on account of the growing number dependent on the Fund. Anything less than the present meagre allowance of bread and soup would, in thousands of cases, fail to hold bodies and souls together.

Shall we—can we—go on eating our three square meals a day—living well if not luxuriously—while Belgian children, pinched and cold, sobbingly beg their mothers for bread enough to stop the gnawing hunger?

\$2.50 a month in the hands of the Belgian Relief Commission, will feed a Belgian family. A cigar less a day—a night missed from the theatre—simpler refreshments after an evening's cards—the price of any one of a dozen such habitual luxuries would provide the food that means life for a Belgian mother and her children till the end of the war.

Won't your own meals taste better when you know some little Belgians also are enjoying the food which you provide? Whatever you feel that you can spare, send your subscription weekly, monthly or in one lump sum to Local or Provincial Committees, or send Cheques payable to Treasurer

Belgian Relief Fund

59 ST. PETER STREET, MONTREAL.

\$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month.