



Children Under 13 Should Drink Lowney's

Why? As children begin to grow up, they often tire of milk and water and want to drink what Papa and Mamma drink—including tea and coffee.

The best dietetic authorities in England and elsewhere say that children under 13 should never touch tea or coffee. But after seven years of age, cocoa is recommended.

Lowney's is made from the finest cocoa beans the tropics produce. Our Montreal factory is a model of neatness and up-to-dateness.

Lowney's Cocoa is thoroughly wholesome, with a delicious flavor that quickly appeals to both children and their parents.

Sold by grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.

Lowney's shows you how Cocoa ought to taste

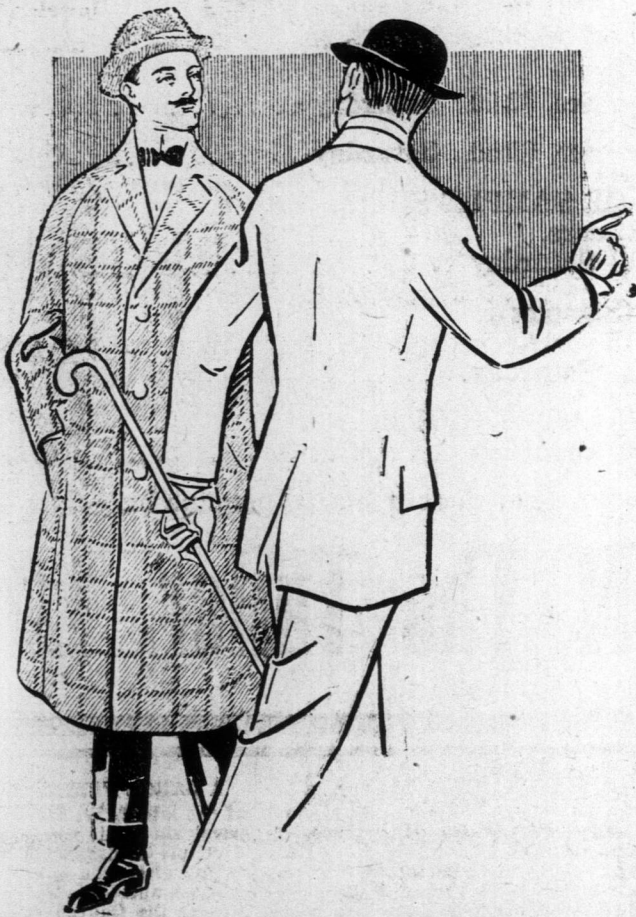


The Best Way to Make Cocoa

Mix two even tablespoonfuls of cocoa with two of sugar. Add 1/2 tablespoonful of salt. Mix gradually with two cups of boiling water. Stir to a smooth paste. Boil 5 minutes. Add two cups of scalded (not boiled) milk, and beat with an egg beater until frothy.

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A Good Appearance



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Salmon, etc.

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Grown Up Children.

BY RUTH CAMERON.



There are several kinds of grown up children in this world.

There's the kind that everybody loves, the folks whose hearts have refused to grow old with their body, who have somehow miraculously avoided the cynicism and disenchantment which usually come with the years, and have kept all the fine enthusiasm and optimism of youth.

And there is the kind of people who really have grown old but refuse to admit it by their manners or their clothes. Too often we laugh at them when we really ought to pity them.

And then again, there is the kind of grown up children, who, while they have lost all the fine qualities of youth, have still kept its prettiness—and as for these, well, to me, at least, it's pretty hard to remember that they aren't big enough to deserve dislike.

In our neighbourhood there is a person with the outward semblance of a man. People who see him on the street or know him casually think he deserves to be called one. People who know him better usually come to realize that he is simply a grown up child of the least desirable class. Here is a little example of the tricks by which he has earned this reputation. In company with several other young couples he and his wife used to play cards two or three evenings every week. One very lovely Summer evening the rest of the company felt dis-

inclined to card playing and voted for a walk. He preferred the card playing and said so with all the imperiousness of a spoiled child. The rest of the party naturally saw no reason why they should all give in to please one member, and pleasantly responded that they would walk and he might play cards if he preferred. So angry was he at this refusal to yield to his preference that he not only stayed at home and played cards, but he actually "got mad" and refused even to speak to the offenders any more.

What do you think of that? He saw them constantly, on the street, at social gatherings and at the restaurant they all frequented, but he passed them by in stony silence. The other day he found himself on the street car sitting next to one of the women, and although she was quite ready to say good morning and pass the time of day, he hid behind his paper and hugged his "mad." And all because they wouldn't play what he wanted to!

Do you remember what Portia says of one of her lovers? "God made him and, therefore, let him pass for a man." That is a very expressive description of some people, isn't it?

Again, I know a hostess of a boarding house who says she has to be very careful to have all her helpings exactly alike, because there are some of her guests who would be much upset if they thought anyone else was getting an ounce more of pudding or more plums in their sauce than they.

To have grown up and lost all the glories of childhood, and not to have compensated one's self by getting rid of its pettiness and petulance, surely this is one of the tragedies of life.

Ruth Cameron

WOMAN'S WISDOM.

The worried mother wakes up to hear her baby's heavy breathing—a little cough—perhaps the croup or whooping cough. She does not want to send for the doctor when perhaps the trouble does not amount to much. Finally she thinks of that medical book her father gave her, The Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D. She says "just the thing to find out what is the matter with the little dear." Two million households in this country own one—and it's to be had for only 31c. in stamps—1,000 pages in splendid cloth binding. A good family adviser in any emergency. It is for either sex. This is what many women write Dr. Pierce—in respect to his "Favorite Prescription," a remedy which has made thousands of melancholy and miserable women cheerful and happy, by curing the painful womanly diseases which undermine a woman's health and strength.



Mrs. ZUBERT AND BABE.

"My desire is to write a few lines to let you know what your valuable medicine has done for me," writes Mrs. MARGARET ZUBERT, of 323 S. Benton Street, Baltimore, Md. "Before the doctor came to my house I was a very sick woman. I wrote you for advice which was kindly given and which made me a different woman in a short time. After taking the first bottle of 'Favorite Prescription' I began improving so that I hardly knew I was in such a condition. I did my own housework—washing and ironing, cooking, sewing, and the worst of all nursed three children who had whooping cough. I hardly knew of the advent ten minutes before—so easy was it. The baby is as fat as a butter-ball. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best medicine for any woman to take when in this condition. I recommend it to all my friends."

Bald Jack Rose.

Says Becker Hired Him to Kill Rosenthal.

New York, Oct. 12.—Long hours of cross examination by suppleless lawyers before a supperless court and jury failed to-night to make "Bald" Jack Rose vary his story of the part he says Police Lt. Becker played in the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler.

"Becker told me," he said, "that he wanted Rosenthal murdered, shot, croaked or dynamited. At his bidding I got the gunmen to kill Rosenthal. After the murder I saw Becker in the morning and later talked with him over the phone. I gave the gunmen \$1,000 for Becker and told them he said not to worry, but lay low. I gave myself up and became a state's witness because Becker deserted me like a dirty dog and was getting ready to throw me to the wolves."

A Long Session.

Justice Goff convened the afternoon session at 2:25 o'clock. Shortly before 9 o'clock to-night he declared it adjourned until Monday morning, after John F. McIntyre, Becker's lawyer, protested he was on the verge of collapse. Court, jury, counsel, witnesses and the accused had been without food since noon luncheon. Justice Goff, white-haired and of venerable appearance seemed the least fatigued of all in the court room.

"I warned you," he told John F. McIntyre, Becker's lawyer, "early in the evening, that we would finish this

cross examination if he had to sit till midnight. I meant it."

"I am on the verge of collapsing," pleaded Mr. McIntyre.

"Proceed with the case," was Mr Justice Goff's reply. Not for three hours thereafter was the court adjourned.

Becker Cool.

Becker, cool and stoical, leaned on the table at which he sat, his chin in his hand, his elbow on the table during the long cross examination. Twenty feet back, in the first row of seats usually reserved for spectators sat his wife, her eyes were for her husband, rather than for the court. Once, only once, he glanced back at her and smiled.

Rose Is Unruffled.

"Bald Jack" Rose, thick lippled, wide-eyed and without a hair on his glowering head was unruffled by the ordeal. Once he faltered when Becker's lawyer hurled question after question at him. Each ended with "And you said you lied, didn't you?" Once he leaned forward, buried his face in his hands and tottered on the stand. He seemed about to faint and the court quickly ordered a pause in the proceedings and windows were lowered to revive him.

Within a few minutes he was refreshed and the cross examination was continued. Rose admitted time after time, that he had lied, perjured himself, had been a gambler and had been engaged for twenty years in illegal business. He admitted he was testifying to save his own life, but he said he was telling the truth now.

He said he had concluded to become a state's witness only when the electric chair stared him in the face, and added that he was not ashamed of his determination. Without emotion, in a slow, deliberate drawl, he said he had deliberately planned, at Becker's request, to put Rosenthal where he would never worry anybody else. He knew, he added, that it was a terrible deed to plan.

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15, 20, 25, 30, 40c. pair.

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Phone—480.

"Where was your conscience," thundered Becker's lawyer.

"I never consult my conscience," he replied, slowly and evenly, without a tremor or break in his voice.

"Have you got a conscience?" demanded the lawyer.

"I don't know," he said, measuring his words and facing the lawyer squarely. "I never saw it."

Was Becker's Tool.

Throughout Rose declared that he had no motive of his own for killing Rosenthal, but had acted solely on Becker's directions. Time and again, Mr. McIntyre quoted alleged conversations between Rose and men of the underworld, apparently in an attempt to prove that Rose himself desired the gambler's death. "No such conversations ever occurred," was his stock reply to these questions.

"But you were Becker's graft collector so you say."

I was.

Not once during the day were Rose's methods of collecting alleged graft the subject of a question.

Why Who's Who.

BY H. L. RANN.

A yellow hound dog and a full-fledged, bled-headed nemesis are enough to put a crimp in a n y m a n ' s chances for the presidency. At least, so thinks the Hon. Champ Clark, from his vantage point on the rear seat of the Wilson bandwagon.

The coral of the houn' dog was bad enough, but it was a mere fly speck compared to the six-cylinder nemesis of William Bryan. Mr. Bryan has one of the most formidable and blood-thirsty nemesises which ever stalked ruthlessly over the prostrate physique of a foe. When he went to Baltimore he packed his nemesis in his grip, along with his toothbrush and a clean shirt, but he hadn't been in town fifteen minutes before he took it out and shook it in the faces of Messrs. Murphy and Taggart, et al.

When Mr. Clark caught sight of the Bryan nemesis, which was biting large holes in the atmosphere in the effort to purify our politics, he became highly peeved in the region of the temper and made several important contributions to profane history. He called Mr. Bryan an ingrate and various other forms of animal life, and said he wasn't afraid of any nemesis that had been licked three times head running.

The rest is history. The nemesis triumphed on the forty-sixth ballot and has been glowing in bright purple gloats ever since. But speaker Clark has rigged up a pretty fair nemesis of his own and is camping on the trail of his Nebraska brother with a choice collection of Missouri cuss words. He is anxious to pit his nemesis against Bryan's for the gate receipts, and when this happens, hold your horses.

Speaker Clark is somewhat of the Abe Lincoln type, but is built more on the order of a dirigible balloon. When he is not thinking of the Baltimore convention he is a genial man, with a smooth, artesian well flow of Pike county anecdote. He is one of our most vivacious chewers of tobacco, and knows the political game from baseball to cupola. From present indications, he will preside over the house for some time to come.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills
A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold at 25c. per three in tin. Mail order ready address: The Hebbell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

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