Yes

ALL teas may look alike to you—but the difference in Red Rose Tea is in the taste and the smell. Another marked difference is the agreeable strength that puts real quality in the cup with less tea in the pot. Will you try it.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

NEVER SOLD IN BULK

Your Grocer Will Recommend It

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Juggling has been recommended as a desirable form of mental and physical exercise for persons of sedentary habits and those afflicted with nervous troubles.

There are 500 American women in Europe who left their native land as the brides of so-called noblemen. Out of these 200 have been divorced or are separated from their husbands.

At the beginning of the present year there were 26,845 lunatics in the County of London, an increase of 469 over the previous year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over SIXTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold all over the world.

Just One Word To Ladies

What is the chief beauty of a lady, the dress or the hair?

The Hair of Course!

No matter how much you spend on dress, it never can beautify you as much as hair can. No hat will fit without hair. If in doubt, just come to us, and we will give free demonstration.

We carry a large stock of Human Hair Goods.

Bring your combings and have them made up into Switches, etc., at very small cost.

PROF. MICHEEL

221 DUNDAS STREET.

East of Clarence.

MODERN COAL METHODS

prevail here because we find it pays us to be up-to-date.

MOST MODERN coal-cleaning devices.

MOST MODERN carting and delivery system.

MOST MODERN civility of our employees.

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Page of Interesting News for Women

IS LETTER WRITING A LOST ART?

[By Cynthia Grey.]

The art of letter writing is supposed to be in a bad way in these days of telephones and telegrams, of post cards and hourly deliveries of the mail, but as most persons have relatives in distant parts of the country they are compelled occasionally to adopt a more discursive style than is necessary; messages which form the bulk of modern communication.

It is wise when writing with the intention of entertaining and gratifying one's correspondent to remember the sort of letter one likes to receive. The perfect letter writer must contain a morsel of the egoist, because he must imagine the chronicle of his own experiences will be interesting to another person. We all like our friends to write about themselves—in moderation. What can be duller than the letter which is a string of questions and comments relating to matters which concern the recipient and which he knows all about? This is treating him like a child to be amused by games in which the grown-up playmate takes no personal pleasure, and, as he is not a child and unsophisticated, he is more annoyed than flattered by what he calls humbug.

Women Write Better Letters.

Women admittedly write better letters than men. The women of the family respect the anniversaries, write the birthday congratulations, keep up all the correspondence other than business. One woman, whose talent in this line was acknowledged, wrote such entirely different letters to such entirely different persons as her straight-laced mother-in-law, her learned husband, and her romantic feminine crony, that one could hardly believe they all proceeded from the same person.

It is this power of adaptability, so distinct from hypocrisy, which creates the charm of women's letters as of their conversation. No woman would commit the blunder a man did of despatching letters which were a mere record of sports to an elderly invalid relation, for the average woman possesses a deeper knowledge of human nature than the average man. The exceptional man, such as the poet or author, usually possesses feminine qualities as well as masculine, and the art of writing sympathetic letters is part of his heritage from his mother.

When Duty Dictates.

The hardest letters to write are those in whose sincerity no one believes, because propriety demands they must be written in a certain manner, such as letters of condolence, congratulation and thanks for hospitality. In most of these letters the truth ought to be used with discretion, because the truth is so often tactless. If one writes to a man to condole with him on the loss of a relation whose fortune he has inherited, it is as well to avoid such an expression as "all is for the best."

The poor relation, after enjoying the entertainment provided by the rich relation should not say, "Very good of you to trouble with me." This conveys the rich relation's sentiments so exactly that it sounds ungracious. When the enjoyment has not been overpowering a safe way out of it for conscientious folk is the following. "I knew forehand how much pleasure I should have with you, and my expectations were fully realized." This sounds well, and means really nothing.

WHITE ROSES

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN.

Charming, on my word. I had no idea that you ranchers lived so—so decently, you know. Hot-and-cold, and trained servants, and all that. Really quite civilized, I call it."

"Ms. house is honored by your approval, sir." Morgan's steady lids did not twitch. But the hard little line beside his mouth sharpened to a faint sardonic groove.

"And it shows worthy enterprise. Few men, obliged to live in this wilderness, would have the spirit to keep up a home as a gentleman might do it."

Morgan acknowledged this graceful tribute with fitting unction. The tiny groove deepened beside his mouth.

Corinna glanced around her, her eyes studied face after face of the scattered groups on the great veranda. Coolly, it seemed as if the whole great beautiful house and all within it had grown lighter, more eagerly joyous and alive, since Morgan had stepped foot within. For every face was turned to him, smiling, concerned, as if turned unconsciously to the light. Small Jimmy, frolicking with an excited terrier in a distant corner, suddenly looked up and saw the man. With a gleeful whoop he dropped the puppy and came clattering down the gallery, fat arms outstretched. Fondly he pounced upon Morgan, violently hugging his booted knee.

Morgan stooped and lifted the child on one arm. The movement was curiously significant of his great strength, he tossed the chunky little fellow up with one hand, steadying him with a light, instinctive grip. Jimmy perched squirrel-fashion on his shoulder, and swung, crowing, rapt.

"That is the—ah—the pauper child, which we have already seen?"

Milly's soft eyes turned on him with a glare of irate disgust. Corinna's lips twitched.

Morgan did not reply.

"We have been listening to the accounts of your benevolence," Sir Augustus flowed blandly on. "You are indeed Arabian in your hospitality." His slight gesture indicated not only the child, but the scattered groups on the veranda. "Hospitality in truth, and quite Utopian in its scope. Recklessly Utopian, if I may say so."

That flick of patronage struck home. Morgan looked back at him, half-smiling. His dull pallor gave way to slow rising color. Eye to eye, the two men stood like duellists; magnificent in their young power, they seemed, to Corinna's thought, poised like two wrestlers, each swiftly weighing his opponent's might. In one sense they were evenly matched, yet they gave a keen contrast, nevertheless. Sir Augustus was superb in his gross, ponderous force. Yet against Morgan's lan, panther face, thin-flanked, sun-browned, he was too huge, too ox-like, in his brawny perfection. And there were other differences, subtle, potent. Corinna looked at Sir Augustus—affable, insolent, bland, then at the silent, falcon-eyed man beside her, the dim irony glinting in his steady eyes; his hard mouth set, sardonic, wistful, infinitely controlled.

"We had best start, Mrs. Leonard." Sir Augustus escorted Milly down the steps, and helped her into his car. Then, with deliberation, he inspected his engine, and gave orders to the old major-domo. Corinna followed them. Morgan walked slowly beside her, with small Jimmy chortling on his lofty throne. From the vine-bound portico arose the voice of the exacting Mr. Jones, hoarse and querulous, then veering into sudden pettish strength.

"No, I don't want nary beef tea. Nor barley water dope, neither, thank you. No hammocks, nor sofa-pillers, nor hot water bottles, nor egg-nog, nor camphire. When Morgan he come along an' roped an' hoisted me into his buzz-wagon, why, I reckoned I'd never live to git as far as this front stoop. The blamed old pig-headed Samaritan, I told him I'd ruther die at home, in peace. But he wouldn't so much as listen. And now I have got here alive, why all I ask is, jest to stay right here, settin' in this one chair, an' breathe, an' set!"

Corinna rippled out. Then she bit her lips. Morgan, flushed darkly crimson to his hair, stood glowering at the horizon; his hand gripped steely on Jimmy's fat leg, till the child screamed with astonished pain. Never did wretched man look more piteously abject, more agonizingly bored.

"I—you—you mustn't mind what Mr. Jones says." The words came halting, fairly screwed out of him by his torturing embarrassment. The primeval shame of the Anglo-Saxon, caught red-handed "doing good," lay on him, scorching, intolerable. "He—doesn't mean anything. You—you'll think I'm a sentimentalist, and a blithering Samaritan, and all that—just as he says." He forced the words out, gulping. "It's merely a fad of mine. Always did enjoy having people around me——"

Corinna's lashes had a faint little dancing glow. The poor, well-meaning stupid mortal that he was! That he should seize this flying precious moment, and saddle it with his forlorn apologies!

"I'm almost sorry that you came. For you'll think that I'm just the softest ever. While, as a matter of fact——"

"I'm not particularly interested in facts." Corinna ceased to ponder upon the tips of her shoes. She took her seat beside Sir Augustus, but her face was turned to Morgan, and even his dark face, sulky with infuriated embarrassment, lighted suddenly beneath that swift, exquisite understanding gaze. "I am far more interested in—in white roses, say. And I'm coming back to your house—and coming soon. And—if you don't know how to make white roses grow, perhaps, I can teach you then!"

With a purring growl the great car backed out and swung away down the driveway. Sir Augustus turned on Corinna, with his bland smile of amused question.

"How very—ah—quaint of you, Miss Corinna! I only wish that I myself might be the object of so charming a whim!"

"Whim, indeed!" sighed Milly, from the tonneau. Before her eyes, the last shining rainbow vision of tower and turret was fading like mist away. "You hopeless, helpless, British innocent! Whim!"

"Yes, I'll give him one more chance. Because I promised Aunt Caroline. Though the stupid, cold-blooded, sawdust thing doesn't deserve it." Milly told the Chief that night, in the seclusion of the preserve closet.

Consequently, rather late that evening, Corinna and Augustus found themselves sitting alone upon the soap box veranda, beneath Corinna's now wilted garlands of paper flowers.

It was a moonless night, but lit by stars like torches, hung low from the darkling velvet of the sky. From Manuel's cabin drifted the faint, far melody of his guitar; the prairie, wind, heady with warm, mysterious fragrance, rose and fell, murmured and was silent, a dreaming echo to the guitar's far plaintive cry.

Presently Sir Augustus turned to Corinna and began to speak.

Now, it was Sir Augustus' decorous habit to do all things formally and in order. But tonight—tonight was different. Perhaps it was the starlight; perhaps it was the dim music; perhaps the line of Corinna's fair throat and lovely gold-crowned head as she leaned, listening, beside him. At all events, he found himself bending to Corinna, quite tensely. His handsome, arrogant face was rather pale.

"Really, you know," he began in his cool, arrogant tones. Yet into his voice there had crept a sudden gruff, boyish note. Its deep vibration betrayed not only his quick, self-conscious shyness. It told, too, of a hidden thrill of honor, of a reverence that made him tremble and speak slowly, lest his stammering tongue should utterly fail him.

Now no woman could hear that boyish, shaking voice, without listening, caught in a world-old mystery of gentleness and understanding. Yet Corinna sat silent, unmoved by its eagerness, its proud, grave appeal.

"Really, you know," his husky plea began again. Then his eye fell upon a flower, tucked into her sash. It was an odd flower for her to be wearing; a tiny, faded white rose, shrivelled to a mere knot of brittle petals.

"I say," the words came rather dizzily. Then he clutched at the first straw. "I say, Miss Corinna, why do you persist in wearing that dilapidated little rose? I'm riding into the town tomorrow. I shall bring you some roses then, of the—ah—Beauty variety you know. The brilliant crimson blossoms I mean. Quite superb, you know. Really, I—I am sure that you will like them, far better than that forlorn little white flower."

"So you think that I'll like your red roses better than white ones?" queried Corinna, indolent lashes half lifted. "Are you quite sure?"

"Quite so. Indeed, I—I intend that you shall like the red roses—not only now—but always. And with all your heart. And that you shall wear them always. For me. Quite so."

"Fancy, now!" said Corinna, very softly, indeed.

To Be Continued.

Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption: but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

They are expelled and the whole system is renovated, strengthened and toned by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar.

USE OF HOT WATER BAG

Never Fill It With Boiling Water—Press All Air Out and Cover With Flannel.

To make a hot water bag last as long as is possible never fill it with boiling water. The water may be quite hot up to 200 degrees Fahrenheit, but not boiling, as it swells and cracks the rubber. Never fill the bag while the kettle is on the fire or gas, thus bringing the bag close to the flame and risking burning it.

Take the kettle off. Stand it on one side for a few minutes, or quicker, add a little cold water and then fill the bag, first taking care to press the air out so as to avoid the splashes. The bag must then be put in a flannel cover and applied wherever required.

If the patient is quite conscious and able to move her limbs, etc., freely she may, if she wishes, have the bag with its flannel cover next to her night dress. But in cases where the patient is paralyzed, unconscious, under, or just coming round after an anaesthetic, the bag should never be next her, but must have a good thick fold of blankets between.

Latest Fashions

Very large buttons and very small ones will both be used.

Shetland veils are very fashionable.

"Breast" turbans are ultra-modish.

Suede and suede-finish sheepskin ar to be used for hats, plumes and trimmings.

Little vests are trimmed with buttons of black or colored velvet.

Spanish and Chantilly laces are fashionable, the Chantilly in black and the Spanish in cream, white and dyed tones. Dyed Escurial laces are well spoken of for winter, and a novelty lace shows a combination of silk and wool dyed in brilliant colorings.

For coat sleeves the sit-into-the-arm-holes style is generally accepted.

The new fashions have much in them which resembles the fashions of that brilliant French period under Louis XVI. The lines of that day were slender, straight lines, suggestive of a delicate femininity in the clothes, which, when used in the present-day modes, give us delightfully simple lines.

Knitted jackets, short and long, show improvements in form and in finish.

Long satin coats, cut on the same slender lines as heretofore, apparently, but with subtle differences that clearly mark them of the last word, have their edges that slope back from the bust trimmed with three or four-inch wide shirred bands of silk, and show a sleeve that appears as a decided novelty. Gathered over fine cords to a small, plain cap, a few inches in depth, it is gathered again into a much wider space at the lower edge, and both edges are finished in a tiny frill, making a novel sleeve.

Some of the latest suits have wool embroidery applied to the skirt as well as the coats. The broad velvet collars have elaborate wool embroidery, which nearly covers the velvet, this elaboration also being introduced on the revers and cuffs in more simple designs, representing braided patterns.

New evening gowns shown in the most exclusive shops are extremely rich, the materials brought out showing patterns in metallic threads, embossed velvet designs, sombre shades and rich East Indian colors.

Game Gossip

Hen birds are usually tender and juicy.

Game should be hung in muslin bags dusted with pepper.

Do not wash game after it is plucked and drawn. Simply wipe it with a clean damp cloth.

Woodcock, snipe and plover should not be drawn, and for this reason can only be hung for a short time.

Game should be slightly undercooked. If overdone the flavor is spoiled, especially in the case of wild duck and woodcock.

Use as few skewers as possible, as they allow the juice to escape. String is a good substitute.

In choosing game see that the birds have soft quills, smooth legs and soft round spurs, and that the under part of the bill snaps easily. These are characteristics of the young bird.

The length of time for hanging game depends upon the weather and the individual taste. It is always sufficiently "high" when a tall feather can be easily drawn out.

When cooking protect the birds from drying by tying a piece of fat bacon across their breasts and keep them well basted. Remove the bacon five minutes before the bird is done, that the breast may brown nicely.

Teacher Cured of Barber's Itch

TELLS OF CURES AMONG HIS PUPILS THAT WERE REMARKABLE.

RAW, INFLAMED, ITCHING SKIN IS SOOTHED AND HEALED BY

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Barber's Itch is a form of Ringworm, which, when once started, is most annoying and unsightly, and most difficult to cure. Barbers often refuse to shave anyone having this disease, for fear of passing it on to other customers.

But you can cure Barber's Itch and keep the skin wonderfully soft and healthy by applying Dr. Chase's Ointment. Just read what this teacher has to say about the healing power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mr. Chas. C. Poirier, Upper Caraquet, N. B., writes: "Two years ago while teaching at Shippegan I caught Barber's Itch. A friend told me Dr. Chase's Ointment would cure me, as it had him. When I went for a box I thought it dear, but when I found how good it was I thought it cheap.

"Not only was I cured by that single box, but it also cured two of my pupils, and this too quickly to be believed. One of them, a girl, had a running sore on the chin, which the doctor had tried in vain to cure. The other had a sore on the ear; water running out of it all the time. I can certify to the cure of these cases."

Wherever there is itching skin or a sore that refuses to heal you can apply Dr. Chase's Ointment with postive assurance that the results will be entirely satisfactory. The soothing, healing power of this great ointment is truly wonderful. 60c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey

Making Pin Money.

Dear Miss Grey,—Please answer the following in your columns in The Daily Advertiser: 1. What is Mr. Carnegie's address? 2. Is Lord Strathcona is Canada, and if so, what is his address while here? If not, his address in England 3. Can a lady make in little pin money in the country? I enjoy your writings very much. Wishing you success, I am, yours, CONSTANT READER.

A.—1. Skibo Castle, Scotland. 2. Lord Strathcona recently paid a visit to Canada, but returned on Wednesday. His address is Canadian's Commissioner's Office, London, England. 3. Ways and means of making a little pocket money seem limited in the country to certain lines. Considering the price we city folk have to pay for eggs and poultry, it would seem that there is nothing more profitable than the raising of fowl. You could make a start with very little capital. Anyone understanding the care of bees can make not only some extra money, but a livelihood from the sale of honey. I have two friends who have proved this by actual experience. If you are near a good-sized town or city there should be no trouble in marketing garden stiff in the spring and summer.

The Daily Menu . . .

BREAKFAST.
Canteloupe.
Cereal. Cream.
Fricasseed Eggs.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Chicken Soup.
Tomato Soup.
Johnnycake. Maple Syrup.
Cocoa.

DINNER.
Celery Soup.
Lamb Chops.
Potatoes. Peas.
Chocolate Souffle.
Cafe Noir.

FUR FASHIONS.

Fashion is more conservative in the matter of furs than in any other department of feminine dress.

Again this year ermine, skunk and moleskin are the leading pelts.

Sable is, of course, perennially popular—for those who can afford it—and the same may be said of that most delicate of pelts, chinchilla, while a comparative newcomer is otter, which is being used for millinery purposes.

Fox will still be much worn, but the too popular seal musquash coat has formidable rivals in caracul, kid and moleskin.

There are slight changes in cut. The fur coat of the coming season continues to be long, but last year's round collar has given place to a square collar.

The long wide scarf so universally worn last year is now cut with a square collar effect at the back, and is worn draped round the figure and under one arm.

The muff has taken a squarer outline, and the fur toque will be succeeded by the fur bonnet. Small as these changes in line may seem, they mean a busy time for the renovators.

The dainty lawn jabot frill, which has given such a well-groomed air to the woman who affects tailormades, is to survive and will be worn with the long fur coat of the winter, giving that touch of white at the neck which is becoming to every woman.

Ermine, which has enjoyed a high degree of favor for several seasons now, is, if possible, to be more fashionable than ever.

Perhaps one explanation of its popularity—apart from its being a very becoming fur—is the fact that ermine cannot be successfully imitated.

NO RISK AT ALL

Cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, boils and such mishaps carry no risk of blood poisoning whatever, and cause very little discomfort, if you promptly apply that sure cure, "Mecca" Ointment. None should be without it. Big 3 ounce jar 25c, at all druggists.

You Can Never Tell

If your family will get the full benefit of your estate, unless you appoint an Executor upon whom you can place absolute reliance.

This company offers you experience, financial responsibility, technical knowledge, and continuity of service, for the same fee as that awarded the private individual.

Write for booklet on "Descent and Distribution of Property."

The London and Western Trusts Co., Ltd.

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Baggage to and from Station Free

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"For An Advertising Medium We Consider the Electric Sign Absolutely Indispensable"

The Manager of a well-known hotel feels warranted in making this statement without reservation or qualification. He says further:

"We regard our Electric Sign as one of our very best investments because it places us before the public in a manner that we could not obtain otherwise, and at such a nominal cost that we could not afford to be without it."

This is convincing evidence, but hundreds of expressions like this may be secured from satisfied patrons of Electric Advertising.

City Hydro-Electric

14u xt

POTS & PANS

WITH

Old Dutch Cleanser

NEVER BE WITHOUT IT IN THE KITCHEN

Its many uses and full directions on large Sifter-Can 10¢

TALK TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourself at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down sensations, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness, and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

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Effect the following classes of Insurance on the most up-to-date plans: FIRE, ACCIDENT, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, PLATE GLASS, AUTOMOBILE, BOILERS, SPRINKLER LEAKAGE, RENTS, MARINE, GUARANTEE BONDS, LIVE STOCK.

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OFFICES—BANK OF TORONTO CHAMBERS.

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Trying to light the gas with ordinary matches.

"Eddy's Gaslighters"

Are for that purpose. The lighters are 4½ inches long, and have the same tips as our famous "Silent" matches.

You'll find these the ideal matches for lighting gas ranges and lights.

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AT ALL GOOD GROCERS.