

WORST ECZEMA DOCTORS EVER SAW

Spread Rapidly Over Body—Limbs and Arms Had to Be Bandaged and Scalp Looked Dreadful—Suffered Untold Misery for Three Years—Better in Two Months.

MARVELOUS CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"My son, who is now twenty-two years of age, when he was four months old began to have eczema on his face, spreading quite rapidly until he was nearly covered. We had all the doctors around us and some from larger places, but no one helped him a particle. The eczema was something terrible, and the doctors said it was the worst case they ever saw. At times his whole body and face were covered, all but his feet. I had to bandage his limbs and arms; his scalp was just dreadful. I used many kinds of patent medicines before trying the Cuticura Remedies, all to no avail.

"A friend teased me to try Cuticura. At last I consented, when my boy was three years and four months old, having had eczema all that time, and suffering untold misery. I began to use all three of the Cuticura Remedies; the Cuticura Soap helped as well as the Ointment. He was better in two months; in six months he was well; but I gave him the Cuticura Resolvent one year, using twelve bottles. I think, and always used the Cuticura Soap for bathing, and do now a good deal. He was four years old before he was well, and his skin became perfectly fair when cured. I give you permission to publish this letter for I am always glad to do good when I can. I think I have told you all there is necessary to tell." Mrs. R. L. Risley, Oct. 24, 1905. Pierson, N. H.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for every form of Eczema, Scabies, Psoriasis, and all other skin diseases. Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. A single set often cures the most chronic cases. When all other remedies fail, Cuticura Remedies will cure you. Write for full particulars. Cuticura Remedies, Inc., 100 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

DREADNOUGHT IS FLAGSHIP.

New Home Fleet Now More Than a Mere Reserve.

London, Nov. 2.—The announcement that the first-class battleship Dreadnought will be welcomed in naval circles and by the general public, as proof that the new fleet will by no means be a mere reserve.

It is learned that the home fleet will be quartered in three divisions—at Sheerness, Portsmouth, and Devonport—with a big nucleus of the crews on the ships on board, and that they will be kept in such a constant state of readiness that they may be brought up to their full war strength, and be in readiness to go to sea within a few hours.

The first division, at Sheerness, will have the Dreadnought and four other battleships, to be taken from the present seagoing squadrons, which, according to yesterday's information, "will equal, both in gun power and speed, any vessels that can be brought against them by any foe."

WOVEN TO SHAPE NO ROUGH SEAMS

If you knew it was going to rip you wouldn't buy the kind of underwear that gives out at the seams after you have worn it a couple of times, would you?

Besides, seams are rough and chafe the skin.

Ceetee UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR is what they call "Full Fashioned."

The machine weaves and narrows the piece as it makes it and builds the garment to fit the limbs. Even the ends are made right on the garment and not sewed on.

Not sewed on the sewing machine; there are no irritating seams.

Is not all as clean as the back and your desired will be a full-fledged Ceetee.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. LTD. GALT, CANADA

STOP TAKING DRUGS

All Diseases Successfully Treated by Osteopathy, Chiropractic, and Electro-Therapy. Particular attention given to nervous and mental troubles with both men and women. Consultatory Free.

R. C. WEESE, D. S. T. WELLINGTON ST. WEST, CHATHAM, ONT.

SAMUEL GELLER

Proprietor Chatham Iron and Metal Yards

(Magnolia Hotel, near G. T. R. station), Chatham, Ont.

Highly priced for Scrap Iron, Metal and Rubber. Phone 503.

"THE JOURNEY OF LIFE"

TRUST IN MATERIAL POSSESSIONS NOT BEST EQUIPMENT.

THE CALL TO WORLD SERVICE

Work For the Lord Is Insistent, Inasmuch as One May Not Boast of Having Other Time Than the Present to Do It In—None Know What a Day or an Hour May Bring Forth.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Diver, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 28.—In this sermon the preacher shows the folly of trusting in a continuance of material blessings as a means of happiness. The text is Proverbs xxvii, 1, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

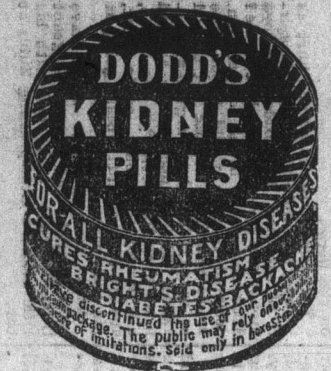
One of the most impressive pictures I have ever seen was one entitled "The Journey of Life." It depicted a rowboat being pulled out to a ship in the offing. A large family with their household goods were in the boat. In the stern were the gray-haired grandfather and grandmother. Like the great picture of Napoleon leaving France, these two old folks were earnestly scanning the receding shore. Their lives were nearly ended, and their thoughts were in the past. They were living entirely in the sweet memories of the days that were gone. At the foot of the old folks their grandchildren were playing with their toys. Like two little kittens, they did not seem to care what was happening. They thought world had not yet been entered. Just beyond two young lovers were plighting their troth. They were walking for a little while in the cloudlands. They were sipping for a short time the sweet nectar from the flowers which bloom only for a day during the making of the birds. But at the prow of the boat stood the strong man of the world, with his wife by his side. His eye had an eagle glance. His brow rested on his hand. He seemed to be looking into the dim future, at his home which was yet to be built in a foreign land, at the vineyard fields which were yet to be tilled and at the fortune which he was yet to make. The picture was suggestive to my mind of that momentous journey which we call the voyage of life.

Not all of us reach the stage typified by the grandparents. Some come, to the end of the journey in the period of childhood, some in youth, some in mature life. It is very uncertain, but it is well in our early years if we plan carefully for the future instead of spending the time in idle dreaming or in pleasure. The foundations of our career are laid earlier than some of us imagine, and whether that career be long or short, those foundations should be laid well.

These plans are very different from the presumptuous boasting condemned in my text. Here King Solomon describes the lazy man, the indolent man, the procrastinating man, the man who is giving free license to his evil passions, the man who is blinding his eyes to the magnificent opportunities of the glorious present as he says to himself: "I know I am not doing as I ought to do. But what is the difference? Rome was not built in a day. A life is not spanned by the short bridge of twenty-four hours. This day I will eat and drink and be merry, and to-morrow I will do as I ought to do." "Ah," says the great king, "to-day is thine. This coming twilight may be thy last eventide. Perhaps the moon which will arise to-night will shine through the open window and touch thine aching cheek as the attendants are preparing thy body for the burial. To-morrow may come to thy neighbor, but this day may usher in for thee an endless and unchanging eternity." Let me read for you again the sentence, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

These words are a timely warning to those who are slowly, yet surely, allowing the fatal coils of an evil habit to intertwine about them—timely because these poor deluded victims seem to be going to their destruction with wide open eyes, as an ox to the slaughter. But somehow they feel that, no matter how deep their feet may be sinking in to the quicksands or how thick the slimy seaweed may be wrapping themselves about the swimmer's body, yet they can come safe to land and break loose from their evil habits whenever they will. Now, my friend, I would tell you that an evil habit instead of growing weaker with age grows stronger. If an evil habit has you in a tight clutch to-day it will have you in a tighter vise to-morrow. It is folly for a man to say, "I will break away from this evil habit to-morrow." If you cannot break away from that evil habit to-day you cannot to-morrow. If you are not willing to break away from an evil habit to-day, in all probability you will be weaker still to-morrow. The law of the increasing moral weakness of the wrongdoer and the increasing strength of an evil habit is irrevocable.

A man becomes more and more helpless in the grip of an evil habit, just as in the clutch of the quicksand. I am glad I used that illustration. It is one that you will feel if you have ever been caught in those treacherous depths. I remember some time ago when driving through the western country we came to a rather wide creek. I was about to drive through it when the gentleman with whom I was riding said, "Wait; let me test it." He took off his shoes and stockings and started for the other side. "Come on!" he cried. "It is shallow all through." I shook the reins as a signal to the horse, and he started. He went only a few steps and then stopped, frightened. No sooner did he stop than the wheels of the wagon began to sink. "Come on! Come on!" cried my companion. "The quicksands are catching you. Come on! But come on I could not. In a minute or two the wheels had sunk a third of the way to the hubs. The horse could not pull the load. It was no time for argument. We leaped out of the wagon and plunged into the water, clothes and all. Then every hand took hold



of a wheel and began to lift and push, and we just saved the wagon and the horse. "Ah," I said to myself as I came dripping out of the water, "how like the deceptive influence of the quicksands are evil habits! When we first drive up to them they look so harmless and innocent, but no sooner do we allow these evil habits to grasp us than, like the dangerous quicksands, they will creep up to the ankle, then to the knee, then to the hip and then to the heart. Then the more we struggle the deeper we will sink and the more helpless we will become."

My friend, what right have you to say that the evil habit which is working such dangerous havoc in your life now will be more easy to eradicate to-morrow? If it is difficult to chain a little cub as he snarls in your hand and bits and scratches and tears your bleeding flesh to get away, will it be easier to tame and cage the Bengal tiger after he has gained his strength and his claws have grown as sharp as rapier and his jaws have the vigor of a steel trap? If the Alpine climber is so benumbed by the cold that his eyes become heavy with sleep, will that cold cease to continue its deadly work when he lies down to slumber and the whistling winds cover his shivering flesh with a soft quilt of snow? I see now three travelers lost upon the western prairie. A biting blizzard is cutting through their clothing like a knife. One of these travelers, physically weaker than his companions, becomes exhausted. Drowsily he falls to the ground and goes to sleep. His two friends jerk him up and begin to pound him and to rub the cold snow upon the frozen flesh. "Oh," he says, "let me sleep! Let me sleep just a little while, and then I will go with you." "No," they say; "you must not sleep. If you do it will be the sleep of death. Every minute this cold will benumb you more and more. You must walk. You must throw off this lethargy, or you must throw off this lethargy, or you will die." Thus these two friends drag him round and round all night until morning breaks and safety is theirs. In this benumbing way our evil habits affect us. We say, "To-morrow we will change. Now, just one more glass, one more carousal." But

there are pleasure-finders on the journey. There are grumblers there too. Now, my faithful friend, if you also find the burdens of to-morrow awaiting you when you awake in your bed. The joys and the happiness of life are not to be decided by what a man has, but by the condition of his own heart. If you do not learn to be happy to-day and if you persistently postpone your happiness you will be miserable as long as you live, and there is no exception to the rule. If you are not happy in a humble home you would never be happy in a palace. If you are not happy as a clerk you will not be happy as an employer. If you are not happy as a young girl you will not be happy as a woman. This living in the joys of the future is all the more to be regretted when the guiding its deluded followers are led to the "gardens of the gods," but into the quagmires and the swamps, where every step you take will make you sink deeper and deeper into the mud of the "slough of despond."

But this gospel is also a brake. It would put the conservative hand upon the shoulder of the optimist and say: "Brother, be a little careful about trusting too much to your future. Do not rate your assets too high. All your future days may not be flooded with sunshine. It is always well for a man to be ballasted before he gets out from harbor. And yet some men, because they have made a success in the past, think success will always be theirs. Therefore they live up to the last cent of their income and have their properties mortgaged to the hilt and buy their stock upon margin, and when the wheel of fortune turns a little the superstructure goes down with a crash. Now, my brother, in order to have a happy future you must be like Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt. In your seven years of plenty you must prepare for your seven years of want. Though bright days will come, dark days of adversity will also surely be yours.

This fact is well illustrated by the life insurance business. Some years ago I was talking with one of the leading insurance superintendents of Chicago. He said: "I suppose you think that my chief object is to get people to carry all the insurance possible. That is a great mistake some people make. I always say to my agents: Men, do not persuade your people to take any more insurance than they can carry. A man should always be able to make his payments easily. If you persuade a man to pay too large a premium within a few years he will have trouble and trouble may come to his home. The man may be thrown out of his work temporarily. Then he drops his insurance, and he will never take it up again. Then the man not only loses the man, but also the life insurance business." And yet in many ways there are thousands of men making the same mistake as does the man who overinsures. These men bank too much upon the perpetuity of the future. Therefore they lose their all when these properties fall.

I never think of a man's future but as a kaleidoscope. You remember when as a little boy your mother bought you one for a Christmas present. You went to the window and lifted the little apparatus to your eyes and looked through it. All the brightly colored

each intoxicating cup, each debauch, each yielding to sin, renders us more and more helpless to fight sin. My brother, if you do not conquer your evil habits to-day, you will not conquer them to-morrow. If you cannot put out a spark to-day you cannot quench the great conflagration. If you do not step on the smoldering fuse you cannot snuff out a gunpowder magazine after the explosive has reached it. Now is the time for you to set your emancipation from that destroying, debasing, evil habit—now, now, now! Oh, the importance of that infinite word now!

But this gospel motto gives a scathing rebuke to the visionary seeker after happiness who always repine at the present and have their eyes focused upon the dubious blessings of the future. Yet some people never see a beautiful sailboat unless it is shining on the edge of a distant horizon, nor a happy home unless it belongs to a neighbor, nor smell a sweet perfume unless it is wafted to them from the visionary gardens which shall bloom five or ten years hence.

The journey of life might be compared to a summer camping trip. There is an old proverb which says, "You never know people aright unless you eat with them at the morning breakfast table." But I tell you that the breakfast table may prove deceptive in reference to your acquaintance's true characteristics. A camping trip—never. There the true nature of a man or a woman can be read by all as an open book. Now, on an average camping trip some people are like bees—they can find honey wherever they may. They are like song birds—they can sing no matter where they place them. They are like sunbeams—they will sparkle and dance, no matter whether they are up in the mountains or down in the valleys. Everything they eat is the most appetizing of all foods. Every person they meet is a kind person. No travelers pass them upon the road but they stop to chat and joke with them. Their beds of pine needles are the softest. The water that leaps out of the brooks is the purest. The sunsets and the sunrises are the most glorious. They laugh and play and make merry every day of their lives. And during all of their winter's work they never tire of telling the pleasing incidents of the past summer's trip.

But, though all the members of your camping party pass over the same roads and meet the same difficulties, there is nearly always one member who does nothing but grumble. Like an owl who never sees well unless the darkness envelops him, this fault-finder sees nothing but misery. He is always dreading a dig. He grumbles at the heat and grumbles at the cold. Now, mark you, my friend, these people of a camping party breathe exactly the same air, drink the same water, meet the same people, camp under the same trees, and yet four of them will find nothing but blessings and the fifth nothing but troubles. Such is the greater journey called life. There always are pleasure-finders on the journey. There are grumblers there too.

Now, my faithful friend, if you also find the burdens of to-morrow awaiting you when you awake in your bed. The joys and the happiness of life are not to be decided by what a man has, but by the condition of his own heart. If you do not learn to be happy to-day and if you persistently postpone your happiness you will be miserable as long as you live, and there is no exception to the rule. If you are not happy in a humble home you would never be happy in a palace. If you are not happy as a clerk you will not be happy as an employer. If you are not happy as a young girl you will not be happy as a woman. This living in the joys of the future is all the more to be regretted when the guiding its deluded followers are led to the "gardens of the gods," but into the quagmires and the swamps, where every step you take will make you sink deeper and deeper into the mud of the "slough of despond."

But this gospel is also a brake. It would put the conservative hand upon the shoulder of the optimist and say: "Brother, be a little careful about trusting too much to your future. Do not rate your assets too high. All your future days may not be flooded with sunshine. It is always well for a man to be ballasted before he gets out from harbor. And yet some men, because they have made a success in the past, think success will always be theirs. Therefore they live up to the last cent of their income and have their properties mortgaged to the hilt and buy their stock upon margin, and when the wheel of fortune turns a little the superstructure goes down with a crash. Now, my brother, in order to have a happy future you must be like Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt. In your seven years of plenty you must prepare for your seven years of want. Though bright days will come, dark days of adversity will also surely be yours.

This fact is well illustrated by the life insurance business. Some years ago I was talking with one of the leading insurance superintendents of Chicago. He said: "I suppose you think that my chief object is to get people to carry all the insurance possible. That is a great mistake some people make. I always say to my agents: Men, do not persuade your people to take any more insurance than they can carry. A man should always be able to make his payments easily. If you persuade a man to pay too large a premium within a few years he will have trouble and trouble may come to his home. The man may be thrown out of his work temporarily. Then he drops his insurance, and he will never take it up again. Then the man not only loses the man, but also the life insurance business." And yet in many ways there are thousands of men making the same mistake as does the man who overinsures. These men bank too much upon the perpetuity of the future. Therefore they lose their all when these properties fall.

I never think of a man's future but as a kaleidoscope. You remember when as a little boy your mother bought you one for a Christmas present. You went to the window and lifted the little apparatus to your eyes and looked through it. All the brightly colored

each intoxicating cup, each debauch, each yielding to sin, renders us more and more helpless to fight sin. My brother, if you do not conquer your evil habits to-day, you will not conquer them to-morrow. If you cannot put out a spark to-day you cannot quench the great conflagration. If you do not step on the smoldering fuse you cannot snuff out a gunpowder magazine after the explosive has reached it. Now is the time for you to set your emancipation from that destroying, debasing, evil habit—now, now, now! Oh, the importance of that infinite word now!

DIET NOT THE WHOLE THING.

Your table is loaded with food—digestible and wholesome, yet you may gain strength. What's the trouble? Look within, and what do you find? A lazy liver, stomach overloaded with work—useless work because the bowels and liver are not sufficiently active. Relief is quickly supplied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They make weak folk strong by removing the cause of the weakness. Digestion improves, constipation leaves, liver takes new life, kidneys wake up, the whole system is enlivened by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No better medicine for the sick or well, 25c. at all dealers.

FLORENCE.

Mrs. Chas. Jerome, of Bothwell, spent a few days with friends in town last week.

Mrs. Sylvester, of Windsor, is visiting her mother, Mrs. McLevy, in town.

Mrs. W. H. Wood spent the holidays with relatives in Toronto.

Miss Edna Law has gone to Chatham, where she will remain for some time.

Mr. El. Webster and wife, of Harrow, visited his parents here a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wright and daughter Winnie spent Thanksgiving with Mr. H. Landon and family, in Leamington.

Quarterly meeting of the Florence Circuit will be held at Croton Church Sunday, Nov. 4th, at ten o'clock.

Miss Hattie McDonald and mother have moved to Croton, where they will reside.

Mrs. Emory has moved into their new house.

Mr. A. Vansickle has purchased Mrs. Cammer's property. His intent is occupying it.

Miss Clark, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Laird, for some time, returned to her home in Michigan last Thursday.

Mrs. Laird accompanied her sister, Mrs. Graham and daughter Annie, River road, have rented the Hutson house and moved in last week.

The Directors of the Electric Railway, Mr. H. D. Smith, crown attorney, Chatham, Messrs. Wilson and

pieces of glass at the other end formed themselves into most fantastic shapes. You studied them long and carefully. "Beautiful, beautiful!" you said. "Why, I see rainbows and towers and meadows and farmhouses!" Then your sister said, "Charley, turn it." You turned the kaleidoscope, and all the glasses jingled. Then you looked again and said: "Why sister, all the pictures are different. Look and see. How did this all happen?" Then you turned it again, and there were other combinations of colors. Wonderful are the changes of a kaleidoscope, yet not more strange than will be the changes in your future. The fact that you have a \$5,000 income this year does not prove you will have even a thousand dollars next. Because you are in good health now does not think that your lungs will be stout next week. The fact that you are riding upon the wave of prosperity to-day does not prove that the flood tide will not ebb away. Do not bank too much upon the temporal successes of the future. Do not count too surely on a long earthly life. Because you are living in a palace on "Easy street" does not spend your time planning what you will do in your gardens for next summer. Your future is all surrounded by fogs and mists. Within twenty-four hours your whole life may be changed. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

If it is necessary to be careful with our earthly opportunities, how much more is it essential for us to be careful of our heavenly opportunities! I warrant that there is not among us all one who intends to ultimately refuse the offer of eternal salvation. But this is such a busy world. It is filled with such busy people. The engagements of men, boys, and girls, and what do you find? A lazy liver, stomach overloaded with work—useless work because the bowels and liver are not sufficiently active. Relief is quickly supplied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They make weak folk strong by removing the cause of the weakness. Digestion improves, constipation leaves, liver takes new life, kidneys wake up, the whole system is enlivened by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No better medicine for the sick or well, 25c. at all dealers.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

Mr. Allen has taken charge of the Methodist service here and at Providence and Shrewsbury.

Mr. Forbes and daughter, Miss Lizzie, were in Watford a few days last week.

Mrs. Gilbert Smith spent from Thursday until Monday with relatives in Detroit.

Miss Teeter, P. S. teacher, spent the holidays in Sarnia.

Mrs. Bert Howe and daughter, Miss Amy, of Chatham, were guests of Mr. Charlton for Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. Atkinson, of Toronto, spent the holidays here the guest of his cousin, A. G. Atkinson.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Garbutt and family spent from Saturday until Monday in Odara Springs the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Woollet.

Miss Edith and Flora Peck spent the holidays with their parents here.

Mrs. Rachael Atkinson spent the holidays with friends in Chatham.

Only a few fish were shipped on Monday.

Mrs. A. Garbutt spent Saturday in Chatham.

Mr. Colby, of Chatham, and Engineer Lamb, of London, were here one day last week.

RHEUMATISM ALMOST KILLED HER.

For years Mrs. S. Stahlenschmidt, of Hammondsport, Ont., was a martyr to rheumatism. "I was so stiff and lame I could scarcely walk," she writes. "An attack striking my limbs made walking impossible. Friends and doctors gave prescriptions but I only got relief from Ferrozone. I took twelve boxes and gained from the first. To-day I am well, feel stronger, weigh heavier and look the picture of health." Whether muscular or inflammatory, chronic or otherwise, Ferrozone does cure rheumatism and sciatica, 50c. per box at all dealers.

LONELY.

I am content in the knowledge that my poems will live after me. But then, won't it be a very lonely existence?

—a little better flour
—a little richer butter
—a little finer bakery
—a little more care in baking
—a little more attention to details—make

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

a whole lot better.
Are you getting the best?
Your grocer has Mooney's.

District.

CHARING CROSS.

Mrs. John Wilson, of Ridgetown, spent Thanksgiving at Charing Cross. Mr. Jewell completed painting the church and parsonage on Saturday. School section No. 2, 1-2, Harwich and Raleigh, will give its annual concert next Friday evening.

We are glad to know that Miss Annie White, who has been ill for some time, is improving.

Mr. Henry Russell and family have returned to live on their farm, 13th concession, Raleigh.

DIET NOT THE WHOLE THING.

Your table is loaded with food—digestible and wholesome, yet you may gain strength. What's the trouble? Look within, and what do you find? A lazy liver, stomach overloaded with work—useless work because the bowels and liver are not sufficiently active. Relief is quickly supplied by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They make weak folk strong by removing the cause of the weakness. Digestion improves, constipation leaves, liver takes new life, kidneys wake up, the whole system is enlivened by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. No better medicine for the sick or well, 25c. at all dealers.

FLORENCE.

Mrs. Chas. Jerome, of Bothwell, spent a few days with friends in town last week.

Mrs. Sylvester, of Windsor, is visiting her mother, Mrs. McLevy, in town.

Mrs. W. H. Wood spent the holidays with relatives in Toronto.

Miss Edna Law has gone to Chatham, where she will remain for some time.

Mr. El. Webster and wife, of Harrow, visited his parents here a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Wright and daughter Winnie spent Thanksgiving with Mr. H. Landon and family, in Leamington.

Quarterly meeting of the Florence Circuit will be held at Croton Church Sunday, Nov. 4th, at ten o'clock.

Miss Hattie McDonald and mother have moved to Croton, where they will reside.

Mrs. Emory has moved into their new house.

Mr. A. Vansickle has purchased Mrs. Cammer's property. His intent is occupying it.

Miss Clark, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Edward Laird, for some time, returned to her home in Michigan last Thursday.

Mrs. Laird accompanied her sister, Mrs. Graham and daughter Annie, River road, have rented the Hutson house and moved in last week.

The Directors of the Electric Railway, Mr. H. D. Smith, crown attorney, Chatham, Messrs. Wilson and

RED ROSE TEA

"Through all the room from flowery tea ex-hales a fragrant fume."

"IS GOOD TEA"

St. John, N. B., the home of Red Rose Tea, imports more Indian and Ceylon Teas than any other city in Canada.

Test Red Rose Tea in the teapot and you will help increase the imports.

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets. Black, Green, and Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, 3 Wellington St. E.