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IS IN A CLASS BY ITSELF!

It surpasses all others in quality and flavour because the process by which it is made differs from others.—It is deliciously sweet and non-irritating.

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ROCK CITY TOBACCO Co., Manufacturers, QUEBEC

Tremendous Overcoat Sale

We have just received a very large shipment of Overcoats, which represents the overproduction of one of our best manufacturers, and which we bought at a ridiculous low price. They must be turned into cash at once, regardless of cost. Come in and see for yourself.

E. H. THAMER & SON

THE GENT'S. FURNISHING EMPORIUM. COR. KING & SCOTT.

What more fitting Presents can you buy a Smoker that a Box of

CIGARS

made by C. BLANKSTEIN,

In One Minute! Clogged Nostrils Open==Colds and Catarrh Vanish

STOPS NASTY DISCHARGES, CLEARS STUFFED HEAD, HEALS INFLAMED AIR PASSAGES AND YOU BREATHE FREELY.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."

Get a small bottle anyway just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged up nose and stopped-up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By the morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake to-night struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucuous dropping in the throat and raw dryness is distressing but needless.

Put your faith—just once— in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear. Agent E. O. RITZ & CO.

Efficient Housekeeping

BY HENRIETTA D. GRAUEL
(Domestic Science Lecturer)

WRITE TO McKELLAR

A recent report from cold storage men shows that thirty-three million dozen eggs are now held in storage and that a large percent of these must be moved immediately.

This report is encouraging to housekeepers everywhere who have watched with interest the boycott started by housewives in New York City and eagerly joined by Mrs. Woodrow Wilson wife of the President of the United States, Mrs. William J. Bryan, and wives of nearly all cabinet members.

With fresh eggs selling at sixty-five cents a dozen in city stores and storage eggs at thirty-seven to forty cents, it is the duty of every woman, with her family's welfare at heart, to take a active part in this campaign.

In Chicago the school children have joined the movement for lower priced eggs and when conditions are such that our little ones must feel the necessity of adding their little mite to lower high priced food, it is time that gambling in eggs and butter be stopped and butter be stopped.

It is doubtful if any city or state can permanently check the evil methods of the so-called cold storage "combine," but the federal government can. Representative K. D. McKellar of Tennessee, has introduced a measure in the House to regulate gold storage shipments in every state.

You can boost this McKellar bill and get your friends to help and this will be much better than starting boycott that deprive you of the food that you need and should have.

Regulation of cold storage food is properly a national matter and Congress can handle it by placing a definite time limit upon the storage of food.

We have no greater blessing than that of cold storage, but nothing is so much abused. As conditions are now, we housekeepers have no way of knowing whether the food we buy is fresh or stored, nor can we ascertain how long it has been stored if our dealer is honest enough to admit it has been in storage.

This new bill, which should go before the House commerce committee at once would remedy this. It provides a maximum storatge period, for instance Beef and its products, seven months veal, lamb, fish, two months; pork four months; eggs, three to six months. It proposes labeling cold storage articles with date of storage and date of release from storage.

Best of all, it says that food shall not be removed from cold storage, offered for sale, and returned to storage. What this last means to our health a moment's reflection will show.

So great is the evil power of the interests that control our food product that Congress may not be able to act in this matter, but this aim of the McKellar bill is so reasonable and good that every one should do their best to make it a success.

NOTE.

We invite our readers to correspond with Henrietta D. Grauel regarding any questions of the home and household management. Enclose stamped envelope for reply. Because of the heavy volume of mail which is received in department of "Efficient Housekeeping," replies to correspondents will not reach them until four or five days after receipt.

In Honor of Christmas

By RUTH CAMERON

On the day after Christmas last year I met a dear old friend of mine who is the proud and adoring grandmother of six fine grandchildren.

I mention that fact about her because it describes her so completely. For her vocation, her avocation, in short her whole life nowadays consists in being a grandmother. And for the last two months she has spent every spare moment—and manh she could ill spare from sleep and rest, for she is a delicate little person—in making Christmas gifts for her daughter and these wonderful children.

She is not well off in this world's goods and her gifts also represented many painful bits of self-denial. And yet I should not call them painful for all her labor and denial was sweetened and blessed by her love and by her anticipation of the children's pleasure in her gifts.

Two or three days before Christmas I saw her light in her sewing room burning long after eleven o'clock. When I asked her the next day what kept her up so late she explained that she was finishing Ruth's doll. It was a wonderful creation dressed in the latest Parisian style with a beautiful evening gown and a complete set of the most elaborate lingerie. She showed it to me as it loy in state in its tissue nest, ready to be sent, with a touching delight "I can hardly wait to hear what Ruth says when she sees that on the tree," she said. Her eyes shone and her delicate old face was beautifully lit up with her tender anticipation of another's delight.

So it happened that my first question the day after Christmas was, "And what did Ruth say when she saw her doll?"

A shadow crossed my dear old friend's face, throwing the tired lines into pathetic prominence. "I wasn't there, she answered. "They had the tree before I got there. The children were so impatient and Gertrude wanted to get things cleared up so they could be ready for the dinner party. You know we couldn't get there before eleven. I was disappointed but of course it was all right. Gertrude telephoned to ask me if I minded and I understood perfectly how it was."

All the courage with which the brave little grandmother bore her disappointment could not hide its keenness. All the forgiving love with which she defended her daughter could not quite cover the hurt. And as I listened to her I could have wept if that would have done any good.

Gertrude "married well." She has plenty of money at her command. She gives her mother handsome presents. That year she gave her an expensive set of china. A beautiful present, was it not? But in the eyes of the Lord of Christmas how much do you think it coutned against that thoroughly selfish deed?

Tomorros is Christmas. It is the one day of all the year when everyone ought to be happy. Suppose you and I do our part in making our housemates so, not only by gifts but by unusual tenderness and thoughtfulness. Suppose we celebrate by making an extra effort not to speak one hasty word or do one thoughtless, tactless thing on Christmas day.

"All Christmas pleasures," someone has said, "are imperilled by the anxiety and rush of antecedent preparation, and it is high tribute to the influence of the day that so many are able to survive it without losing digestion and temper as a result of over training."

Here's hoping that you and I may be among the many who pay that worthy tribute to the Lord of Christmas.

Tango's Latest Defender

The latest of the public prints to be invaded by the tango is the Independent of New York. Here is its gallant defence:

The Kaiser has set the seal of his disapproval upon the tango. Throughout the Fatherland the edict has gone forth. The tango must go. Well, so much the worse—for the Kaiser. His vibrant spirit is wont to hesitate before no Herculean task. But even Hercules would have been no match for the task of making the world stop dancing.

The world will dance. It always has danced. It always will. And so long as it does, it will dance the best dances on tap.

The simple truth of the matter is that the new dances are better than the old. Now we would not be quite so iconoclastic as to aver that anything can be better than a sensuous, dreamy waltz, well written, well played, and well danced. But take the thing by and large, the dances of the new day are immeasurably better than the dances of our youth.

For this there are several reasons. In the first place we have discovered a new dance rhythm. The good old waltz went one two three, one two three, one two three—perfect rhythm of its kind. The two-step may it rest in peace—went one two, one two, one two—a perfectly good rhythm as devoid of beauty as a bass drum. The one-step has reduced the rhythm to its lowest terms—one, one, one, one, one, one one, one— rhythm as fascinating as it is primitive. When the world feels that rhythm pounding through the strains of "Too Much Mustard" or other tune of the moment it cannot help but dance.

Then, too, the new dances are as various as human nature itself. There is the one-step, appearing in a score of modifications from grape-vine to castle walk. The waltz, perennial in its sensuous beauty, is transformed into the Boston, the hestiation, even the lame-duck, as odd in execution as in name. Then the tango, a difficult dance of stately measures, a kind of minuet a deux, until it becomes infected with the speed mania of the age and emerges as the tango of Argentina.

In this very quality of the nwe dances which fascinates, their variety lies their difficulty. You must have danced with your partner before if you would be successful. You must know his style or hers. Unless, of course, you are that wonderful and too rate object, a natural and perfect dancer. Then, if you be masculine, your partner will find herself compelled hypnotically to follow; if you be feminine, you will follow any leading.

Dancing is a gift of the gods. It sets the blood to racing, drives away black care, exhilarates body, mind, and spirit. It is the one sport that brings the sexes together on an equality of execution. It makes them equal partners with just that shade of difference in responsibility that keeps the male primus inte pares.

The new dances, par excellence, give oxygen to the blood, vigor to the muscle gayety to the spirits, refreshment to the mind. Already their early exuberances which squinted toward vulgarity, are toning down. They have received no fiercer denunciation than did the waltz when it appeared.

On with the dance!

Pure and Genuine

E. D. Smith's Jams & Jellies

—have passed the most rigid and exhaustive tests "with honors." The Government Bulletin 244 reports them to be Absolutely Pure. The price, too, is reasonable. *Ask your grocer.*

E. D. SMITH & SON, Ltd Winona Ont.

E D S

WHAT ABOUT POOR MOTHER?

She sat down in a chair with a thud and a sigh.

"My, but it feels good to sit down," she exclaimed. "I have been up since six o'clock, and have been hard at it for 12 straight hours. Talk about the tired shopgirl at Christmas-time. Why does someone not start a campaign for suffering mothers?"

Have you ever noticed them? The weariest of the weary at Christmastide, the mothers. Perhaps you have been too busy to notice the fagged faces and dragging feet. Or, perhaps, your mother has been of the bright-faced kind; there are many of them, who never let their families feel that they have just reached the last verge. And it's mother this and mother that. They are the Christmas pies, cakes, and puddings to be made. There is the Christmas turkey to be bought, there is the house to be put in order, there is the Christmas shopping generally to be done, Gladys wants new furs, and Bob would like a motorcycle; the youngest of the family has set his heart on a bobsled, and mother just can't stand dogs in the house; Gladys has a list a yard long of the things Santa Claus might bring her. She also declares she's going away for a week at Christmas, and just must have a new tango frock, and oh, her evening coat's a disgrace.

Poor mother tries to look after it all. She even thinks she'll save a few dollars by making that coat herself, for he'll have a little more money for others. For there is her church chat. They've discovered some families that will not have a bit of Christmas cheer. Mother's going to do her share there. Then there's the paper boy, and the postman, and all the little nephews and nieces. Oh! Mother's got such a wonderful memory!

As for the rest of the family, most of them have got sort of used to having things done for them this time of the year. And they all are so busy having a good time, they just do not notice who is doing it all. The probably think it's just some wonderful magician. And mother just goes on, for it's such joy to her. Just think, she'll have all her family with her on the Day of Days. Twelve people may gather round her table. Does anyone ever think just how much work or effort that means to mother?

Why, yes. Do damilies not think of mother? Do they not give her a new rug for the living room, or a beautiful electric iron, that makes those new crepe de chine blouses of Gladys' look so well? Or, perhaps, she may get a new dinner set or some silver ware. Oh, yes, the family all think of mother at Christmas time.

FATHER NEVER FAILS.

It is done. The last parcel's in tissue
And ribbon and holly and seal;
Decided is each Christmas issue,
Concluded in each Christmas deal.
There are books, there are soldiers and dollies.
Anb booties and neckwear and hoods,
There are gifrs for our Jennies and Mollies,
For Father delivers the goods.

There are tokens of linen and cotton,
And satin and velvet and lace;
And none that we love is forgotten,
There's something for Mabel and Grace.
There are bits of the jeweler's fancy,
The products of mines and the woods
And though father may rear up and prance, he
At Christmas delivers the goods.

Has he told us he couldn't afford it,
HSs he grumbled abuot the expense,
Mentioned money, and threatened to horard it?
He has, I'll say in defence.
It is only his manner of jesting.
Just one of his Christmassy moods,
And the gifts we have bought are attesting
That father delivers the goods.

It is done The last parcel's in tissu
And ribbon and holly and seal;
Decided in each Christmas issue,
Concluded in each Christmas deal.
Today they will send him with bundles
To tramp through the gay neighborhoods,
And to prove, as gift-bearing, he trundles,
That father delivers the goods.

SING HO! THE MISTLETOE

Sing heyr Sing ho!
The mistletoe!
When it hangs above them,
Ye maidens may
Not say us nay
If we truly love them.

In a parlor chair sat Molly,
In another Master Joe.
From the chandelier hung holly
And—a spray of mistltetoe.
Master Joe bethought him: "Surely
That was fastened there for me."
Mistreess Moolly sat demurely.
Feigning that she did not see.
By and by, toward her leaning,
"Sweet," he whispered, "you must know
There's a wealth of blissful meaning
In that pendant mistletoe."
Molly tossed her silken, yellow
Tresses and assumed a frown.
Really, you're the boldest fellow—
Most impertinent in town."
Master Joe, thereat affrighted,
Sat a moment, stricken mute;
Then, by deep remorse incited,
Called himself a "thoughtless brute"
Rising, he advanced to show that
He was penitent—and there
Saw a sprig of mistletoe that
She had fastened in her hair.

Sing hey! Sing ho!
The mistletoe!
When it hangs above them,
Ye maidens may
Not say us nay
If we truly love them.

A PERSONAL QUESTION.

(Detroit Free Press.)

Would you hang onto a dollar
If you knew some little kid
Would on Christmas morning "holler"
In real anguish if you did?
Could you keep your fingers on it
With a tightward's selfish clutch
With a kid's joy stamped upon it?
Did I hear you say, "Not much"?

Could you eat your Christmas dinner
And enjoy your Christmas stuff
If you knew some little sinner
Found the going mighty tough?
If you knew that, broken-hearted
Was a kid, who sobbed and wept,
Don't you think you'd wish you'd parted
With the dollar that you'd kept?

There's a kid that just a dollar
From the wad that you possess
Would, on Christmas, make him wallow
To his neck in happiness.
I would buy him far more gladness
Than 'twill ever bring your way;
Will his Christmas day mean sadness?
It is up to you to say.

WE HAVE THE AGENCY FOR

Sageine Hair Tonic, Anti-Uric Pills, Rheumo for rheumatism. All genuine B. V. Marion preparations bear that name and we can gladly recommend and guarantee them. Agents E. O. Ritz & Co., and E. M. Devitt, Waterloo.

THE LAUGH LINE.

Good talkers are usually poor quitters.

Gossip is a deadly gas that is fatal to friendship.

Undertakers are men who follow the medical profession.

The unexpected happens about as often as the expected fails to.

There is as much kicking in baseball as there is in football, but it's diffderent.

Blessed is the peacemaker, in the estimation of the chap who is getting the short end of it.

Some children are spoiled in their raising because that is the easiest way to raise them.

A Christmas Ultimatum.

No phrase could
Stronger be or bolder,
I do not want
A necktie-holder.

Drmatic Progress.

"What became of that play you wrote five years ago?"

"The managers decided it was too daring to produce."

"Send it on again."

"I did. They say it is too tame now"—Pittsburgh Post.

Saving of the Soap.

"Willie, did you wash your hands before sitting down to table?"

"One of 'em, ma. The other didn't need it."—Boston Transcript.

Ready for Everything.

Mother—Now, Freddie, at the party when asked if you'll have something you must say, "Yes, thank you," and if you don't want it, you must say—

Freddie—Don't bother ma. I don't expect to refuse anything.—Boston Transcript.

Not Given Away.

Dolly—Mean thing! You said you wouldn't give away that secret I told you!

Daisy—I didn't. I swapped it for another secret and an ice cream soda.—Chicago News.

Believed in Economy.

"Driving to the jeweller's, are you? Don't you remember I said we must retrench this winter?"

"Quite right, dear, so we must. I'll walk."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Officer Wanted.

"I believe I'll go in for the uplift. Everybody ought to go in for the uplift, don't you think?"

"I s'pose so. What office do you want?—Pittsburgh Post.

His Occupation.

Lady—Ah, you must have been a literary man! You say you were doing story work—short story?

Convict—No'm. Second story.—Baltimore American.

A gang of robbers visited the Robson street branch of the Bank of Ottawa, at Vancouver, Saturday, and two began shooting at the teller, but they had to decamp, leaving behind a $10 bill of their own.

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John Joseph Sidney, editor of The Welland Tribune since 1865, died after five months' illness.