

Your Fingers, Madam, are First to Touch Five Roses

Last week at a five o'clock tea a young hostess exclaimed: "I do love to make cakes; it makes my hands so clean!"

Out in the "Keweenaw" Keweenaw mills, Madam, we make a flour which never comes in contact with hand or finger.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



EACH FEATHER A DIFFERENT TINT. The "Innocent" hat is the latest. A few of these pastel tints had appeared at the horse show in November and now they are frequently seen with dressy evening costumes.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall. (Continued.) At other times, half-famished and superhumanly alert, she was moving that limited theatre of life for me, visiting her...

Good Blood

Means good health, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unapproached record as a blood-purifier.

It effects its wonderful cures, not simply because it contains sarsaparilla but because it combines the utmost remedial values of more than 30 different ingredients.

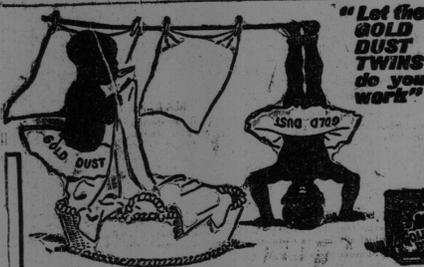
Dress Goods Remnants At Half Price

This great offering consists of Tweeds, Serges, Panamas, Venetians, Cashmeres, Poplins and Striped Suitings in ends from one to seven yards, will make very suitable Christmas gifts.

We have had our profit so are willing to sacrifice these remnants in order to clean up our stock.

I. Chester Brown 32 and 36 King Square.

THE BEVERAGE FOR ALL WEATHERS. EPPS'S COCOA. A delicious food and drink in one. Grateful! A cup of "Epps's" at breakfast warms and sustains. Comforting you for hours. As a supper beverage it is perfect.



Gold Dust Stands Alone in the washing powder field—it has no substitute. You must either use Gold Dust Washing Powder or something inferior—there is no middle ground.

For a moment the man stood there astonished at the sight. The cave-woman's craft awoke some slight tribute of his admiration even as he hungered for her prey.

He hesitated for a moment only, then killed the quail and took them to his trap in a way of sardonic reasoning, if not of self-justification, he reflected that inasmuch as he was leaving the place, all to be presently the possession of Judith alone.

While he stood there Judith had come for the spring, now beheld the man, and passed to his actions. On his back she saw a bundle wrapped in grass, and in his hand he held a empty canteen.

Not for the first time of a kingdom would she have raised her voice to call him back. Succeeding the momentary pain she felt at a realization of all that it meant, she would tell no living soul of her plight in this meagre oasis, but would rather rejoice in the thought of her perishing here in utter loneliness.

CHAPTER XIII. THE LAND OF THE LIFELESS. Tip and silently haunting the greenery with low in hand, before the day had fairly broken the following morning, Ghent roved from one spot to the other of the canon's growth without securing so much as a shot. Impatient and half-determined to start up his migration with the one grouse and quail that would remain after setting his breakfast, he presently emerged from one of the thickets and discovered Judith's latest trap, with two live quail beneath it, sitting vainly to escape.

Not a shrub or a wispy of growing stuff had foothold here. The cave-woman's craft awoke some slight tribute of his admiration even as he hungered for her prey.

He hesitated for a moment only, then killed the quail and took them to his trap in a way of sardonic reasoning, if not of self-justification, he reflected that inasmuch as he was leaving the place, all to be presently the possession of Judith alone.

While he stood there Judith had come for the spring, now beheld the man, and passed to his actions. On his back she saw a bundle wrapped in grass, and in his hand he held a empty canteen.

Not for the first time of a kingdom would she have raised her voice to call him back. Succeeding the momentary pain she felt at a realization of all that it meant, she would tell no living soul of her plight in this meagre oasis, but would rather rejoice in the thought of her perishing here in utter loneliness.

CHAPTER XIII. THE LAND OF THE LIFELESS. Tip and silently haunting the greenery with low in hand, before the day had fairly broken the following morning, Ghent roved from one spot to the other of the canon's growth without securing so much as a shot.

Not a shrub or a wispy of growing stuff had foothold here. The cave-woman's craft awoke some slight tribute of his admiration even as he hungered for her prey.

resembled a man and a burro. All of them moved. All were terribly silent. Ghent felt that they would drive him mad. He was mocked as no man had ever been mocked before. They were not to be roused towards it—only to be mocked again and lured in another direction by yuccas that bore even greater resemblance to his kind.

Everybody Admires a Beautiful Complexion. DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S Oriental Cream OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER. An Indispensable and Delightful Toilet Requisite for Fashionable Women.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture. HAPPY NEW YEAR. ENTER 1910. Find Father Him. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Upside down, above arm.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" this is Luxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Crisp in 2 Days.

ACROSS ICELAND. Tale of a Summer's Explorations Amid the Geysers and Glaciers. Two hours scarcely sufficed for the telling at Huntington Hall last night, of the interesting story of how W. S. C. Russell of Springfield spent his summer vacation in a study of the people of Iceland and their surroundings.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER. I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will cure you of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 170 WINDSOR, ONT.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier. Removes Tan, Pimples, Redness, and Skin Diseases. For sale by Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" this is Luxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Crisp in 2 Days. E. W. Brown.