

KNOX GELATINE is served alone as a dessert or as a part of many courses including Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc.

KNOX ELATIN

Top off your Thanksgiving Dinner with a Knox Plum Pudding

ner with a Knox Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine.

4/4 cup cold water.

5/2 cup currants.

1 cup sugar.

1 /2 squares chocolate.

5/2 teaspoonful vanilla.

1 pint milk.

1 cup seed raisins.

6/2 cup dates or figs, if desired.

6/3 cup sliced citrons or nuts, as preferred.

7/2 cup sliced ci

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TO HIS MAJESTY

ed the Freiherr, "judging from the condition of the streets."

"It is a resolution on the existing situation," went on the troubled Neumann, and it—er—emphasises the desirability of the—er—appointment of a popular Regent. Shall I read the resolution, my lords?" he continued, unravelling the many convolutions of the formidable parchment.

"For Heaven's sake, no!" replied the Lord of Kraag. "I know those resolutions! They are invariably specimens of execrable grammar, and of even more execrable taste. We are aware of the pith of the resolution—the appointment of a popular Regent—and that is quite enough."

"May I hope——" began the Mayor.

"May I hope--" began the Mayor. "May I hope—" began the Mayor.
"You may hope, if you like. I do
not propose to stimulate your hope,
or to extinguish it, by giving you the
vaguest forecast of our impending
decision. The province of the Town
Council is the administration of the
municipality—a province which, to
judge from the amount of snow outside my front door it shamefully side my front door, it shamefully neglects."

Herr Neumann bowed low. It did

not seem in the least unnatural or improper that the elderly nobleman with the aquiline nose should treat with the aquiline nose should treat him like an underfootman. The atavism that was responsible for the Freiherr's hauteur was equally responsible for the brewer's subservience. He was a successful tradesman, and a not unsuccessful mayor, but he was not—in the fullest sense of the word—a man.

After he had taken his departure, in less noisy fashion than his predecessor, the bell rang again.

"I'm tired of these men," said the Freiherr, when his butler appeared again.

again.
"It is not a man, my lord, it is a

lady."
"A lady! What lady?"
"She refuses to give her name, my

lord."

"Well, well; let her be shown in," conceded the Freiherr, yawning.

A lady, tall, of elegant figure, and arrayed in the finest sables, entered the room. Her face was covered with a dak veil, such as is commonly worn by women in countries where strong sunlight is intensified by abundant snow. The herren remained seated, and for a moment there was silence. was silence.

Then the Freiherr spoke.

"I will not ask your business," he began, "because it is apparently everybody's business to advise, counsel, or threaten the Rathsheeren; but we should be glad to know from whom are about to be instructed in our

duties."

The lady's answer was to remove her veil.

In an instant the Rathsherren rose to their feet as one man.

"I did not know we were honoured by a queen," said the Freiherr.

"An ex-queen," corrected the visitor, a singularly beautiful woman, as was now apparent. "I have not come to advise or threaten, but merely to entreat." entreat.'

entreat."

"The world is indeed topsy-turvy," said the Freiherr gallantly. "A man of the people threatens, and a queen entreats. What is it that Your Majesty desires?"

"In the first place, your condonance of an illegal action. I am an exile. My late husband, the King, who is no more, drove me from his side. I was proscribed, and the legal penalty for my temerity in returning is imprisonment. I appeal to the generosity of the present rulers of my country—the Rathsherren—to give me my freedom."

"The Rathsherren, Madame," said the Freiherr, "only exist by the favour of the sovereign, who is the fount of all honour. Were your husband alive, it would be our painful duty as loyal subjects to inform him of your presence in the capital. But Karl is dead, and the King that is to be is not yet upon the throne, and Your Majesty has no more devoted servants than the gentlemen you see around you."

The red lips of the ex-Queen parted

the gentlemen you see around you."

The red lips of the ex-Queen parted in a gracious smile, giving a most attractive display of faultlessly white teeth. She had striven with the only two weapons in her armoury







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