## **BROKEN ALABASTER BOX**

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD," HIS COMMENDATION.

SELF SACRIFICE NOT WASTED

Christ's Satisfaction of the Woman's Apparently Useless Deed Is Typical of the Master's Attitude Always to Those Who Do What They Can and All They Can - Draw Lessons of Gratitude.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Prederick Diver, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 12.—From the incident of the broken alabaster box the preacher in this sermon draws lessons of the gratitude which men should feel for the self sacrifice of mothers, sisters and wives. The text is Mark xiv., 8, "She hath done what she could."

Some people are like the Dead sea submerging the "cities of the plain." They have no outlets. They would make all the streams of the surround-ing hillsides tributaries to their reser-voirs. They would gather into their depths the waters from the fountains beneath and from the showers overhead. But, though they take in every-thing they can, they never have any outflowings. They would never give anything to anybody else unless they were compelled so to do. Their hands were compelled so to do. Their hands are like steel traps. They keep the palms open only as long as they have nothing on them. But as soon as anything touches their skin their open palms fly shut and every finger becomes a vise and every muscle as rigid as a band of steel. Their doctrine is, "What is yours ought to be mine and what is mine is my own." Truly they hang on to everything they can. Their appetites are omnivorous. But, like great stagnant pools, they become stenchful through their immobility. Their love of other people is completely circumscribed by their love of self.

Selfish love has even a more con temptible characteristic than a mere brutal love for self. As a rule, selfish men consider it a personal reflection on themselves if other people are not just as mean and selfish as they are. When any one makes a sacrifice for another they give themselves to fault finding, are always complaining and always trying to depreciate the good which that person has tried to do. If a man like Andrew Carnegie endows a library they raise a protesting voice and cry, saying: "What is the good of givcry, saying: "What is the good of giving a pile of books to a lot of workmen who never read? Why does he not give them a loaf of bread instead of a printed page?" If a philanthropist ofters to give a loaf of bread every midnight to every person who comes for it they say: "What is the good of feeding & lot of dirty tramps and dead beats? These men ought to be made beats? These men ought to be made to work as I have to work?" Thus wherever we turn we find some men, and, alas, they are many with these two miserable characteristics. They refuse to do anything for any one else, and they find fault with all those who are trying to do what these selfish men,

Wight to do: Some of these carping, selfish, fault-hiding critics were in the home of Si-mon the leper in the thice of Christ, as they are in the homes of our modern Bethanvs. They never give a cent to Bethanys. They never give a cent to any one if they can help it, and they hath to see any one else give away a cent. Thus when the woman of my lext, to show her love for Christ, entered the dining hall and broke an alabaster box and poured the ointment of spikenard, very precious, upon Christ's head they commenced to com-plain. "Absurd, absurd!" they cried. That ointment could have been sold for 300 pence and given to the poor. Why all this waste?" Then said Jesus: "Let her alone. She hath wrought a good work on me, for ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good, but me ye have not always." Then Christ uttered the words of my text, "She hath done what she could." That means to the

very best of her power she had shown her true love for Jesus Christ. Genutthe and significant must have been the act of this Woman of my text to have brought forth such an end from the Saviour's lips. But is Jesus the only being who has had a woman break over his head an ala-baster box of olntment of spikenard Jesus the only being who has had a woman break over his head an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious? Have not some of us been surrounded in our babyhood, in our boyhood, in our young manhood, in our middle age and old age, by just the cardle; we see them at college hall and afterward in the struggles of our professional and mercantile.

such noble self-sacrificing women, who have for us literally done what they could? "Yes. Yes," most of us can answer, "we have. We have." I nswer, "we have. We have." would like to call to recollection som of our obligations, some of the servic that we have received from devoted women, who would have laid down their lives if it had been necessary for our welfare. They literally did all they could to bring us to our truest and fullest mental and physical and

spiritual development, Where shall we begin to find the female characters, who have broken for us their alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious? Naturally we start with that sweet face that hovered about our cradle. When we go back to the dim recollections childhood we remember that mother was always busy. She was either cleaning the parlors, or making the beds, or going out to market, or busy with her needle at a big basket filled with her neede at a big basket filled with the week's clean washing. We never remember her asleep unless she was sick in bed under the doctor's care or unless we crawled under her covers in the early morning when we awoke frightened from dreaming bad dreams She was always busy.

Turn over the portraits in the family album. "There," you say, "is my first picture. Mother told me it was taken just a short time after I was christened. She made that little dress with her own hands, and she thought so much of that dress that she kept it all her life. After she was dead and we were going through her things I found it. The lace was just as you see it She must have thought a good deal of me to put so much work on that dress when she had so much to do And there is my picture taken just after my long attack of typhoid fever My, I look sick there, don't I? They tell me she never left my room for six long weeks. The doctors gave me up, but she never did. They say I would have died but for her. And furthermore they say that it was her devotion o me that broke down her health and

Then you turn over another page of the old album, and you say: "Here is my picture when I was a college boy. We were having a hard time financially, and I used to get awfully discouraged but mother was my support. She used to write and keep on writing to me. She never lost heart, no matter ow black the clouds were. And when I think of her now I can say that a nobler, purer, better or more self-sacri-ficing woman than she never lived. All that I am is the result of her sacrifices made in the crises of my early life.' "Oh," you say, "I had a good mother. She certainly did for me what she could."

Cannot we all say that our mothers have broken for us the alabaster box of cintment of spikenard, very precious upon our heads, and that they did what they could? Cannot we be as eulogistic of our mothers as Sir Thomeulogistic of our mothers as sir Thomas as More was of his? When Thomas More was a very little boy his mother went off on a visit. He wrote to her his first letter and ended it thus:

Your absence all but ill endure,

As he grew o'der and came to great fame he still seemed to feel that he could not do anything unless he had first gone and fold her and asked her advice. He wrote every detail of his life to her. He wrote to her almost every day of the week. At her death there were found over 4,000 letters penned to her by her noble son, And one of the last acts which he did before she died was to send one of his books to her with these beautiful words written upon the flyear. 'For her who was the critic of my first infant productions I have transcribed the few little essays that follow. The critic praises from the head—the mother praises from the heart. With one it is a tribute of judgment, with the other. er it is a gift from the soul." not that tribute of England's great statesman to his mother most beautiful? Yet cannot we all give our mothers the same tribute? Was there in our youth any worthy or meritorious act that was not of her suggesting or

Is not our position in the world today a tribute to her for what she did for us? A great cave, like the Mam-moth cave of Kentucky, has lately been discovered in Tasmania. Travelers tell us that after the torches have been put out some of the caverns of that cave are ablaze with light from the millions of glowworms which are kindling their phosphorescent lanterns up-

No Gas-No Smoke-No Dust in the

"HECLA" FURNACE.

As the mercury in a thermometer

exclands with heat and contracts

ith cold, so does every other metal expand and contract but in different proportions. Steel and from

furnace expand and contract, but

a furnace expand and contract, but in different degrees. When the metals are joined by bolts and cement, the expansion and contractions gradually loosens the bolts and sllows the cement to drop out, and the openings left allow the dust and gas to escape to the rooms above.

In the HECLA, there are no bolts

no cement. The joints are made by fusing the steel and iron together at white heat just as a blacksmith

careers. Wherever we went as long as our mothers were alive, we knew that they were doing for us the best they could. Ah, many and many is the time they broke for us the alabaster box of ointment of spikenard very precious! To-day we lay our garlands of tribute upon the graves of the beloved ers who cheerfully did for us what they

But next to our mothers I would speak of the mothers of our children As I praise the sweet-faced woman who bent over our cradle I would now say a few words in reference to the wives who have stood by us so faithfully and nobly during our struggles of young manhood and middle age and, I hope, will continue so to do in our old age if God will let them live until their hair is whitened and their step becomes infirm. When I look into the oast I see how awful might have be he results if we had had a bad mother instead of a good mother. In the same way I shudder as I think of what our lives would have been if our wives had peen selfish or lazy or unworthy in stead of being the self-sacrificing, de-voted women whom God has given us. The older I grow and the more I see

ien the more I believe that they are, to a great extent, the outgrowths of what their wives have done for them. Every husband, as a rule, appears to me the representative of a wife whom perhaps I have never seen wife whom perhaps I have never seen.
When Victor Hugo reached his sevenieth birthday his friends from all over the world sent to him gifts of flowers. His home was simply deluged with them. Showing one of his rooms filled with flowers to a friend, he turned and said: "Flowers to me have an individsaid: Flowers to me have an individ-ual flavor. They speak the peculiar language of the people who send them. Now, most of the donors of these flow-ers I have never seen, and yet from the flowers themselves I can tell who my friends are. That magnificent lily came from a French florist's green house. The friend who sent me that must have been a well-to-do Parisian.
This bunch of herbs could only grow on the Garonne, and that blue star flower can be found nowhere but in Normandy." Thus he went on, giving the history of the different baskets and uquets and collections of wild flowers which had been sent to him as birthday gifts. As Victor Hugo read the characters of his unseen friends by the language of the flowers, I read the characters of wives by the conduct of their husbands.

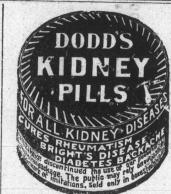
Inevitably when you find a consecrat earnest man working for Christ in church you will find a noble, devoted wife back of that man, who voted wife back of that man, who is chiefly responsible for that man's consecration. Of course there are exceptions to all rules, but exceptions do not destroy the rules. So invariable has been my experience in this respect that when I find a man joining the church whose wife thinks more of card parties and dances and club meetings and dinners than she does of her rups. and dinners than she does of her prayer meetings I have but little ho that man being an active or spiritual church member. I have known many women to stay in the church as faithful, loyal workers in spite of godles husbands, but I have in only two o three instances known a husband to be true to his church vows if he has an erent or a godless wife. My bro ther, I believe, that next to our moth ers the human beings who have had the most to do with our religious con-duct have been our godly, consecrated, Christian wives

Our wives have broken their alabas-ter box of clintment of spikenard, very precious upon our family altars, and made us what we are spiritually. But have they not done more than that? Oh, yes. They have literally sacrificed their all for us and submerged their lives in our life. When Benjamin Distability of the ministribular and submerged their clives in our life. When Benjamin Distability of the ministribular and the minis retired from the ministerial bench Queen Victoria wished to elevate her favorite Prime Minister to the peerage. He declined at that time the honor for himself, with the practically said this, "Your Majes.y, the honor you would confer upon me would gratify me more it conferred on my wife, for all that I have been able to accomish." plish in English statesmanship is due to her devetion and self-sacrifice for the time he remained plain Mr. Disraell, while his wife became Countess of Beaconsfield. Not until some years later did he accept the honor urged upon him and take the title of

Earl of Beaconsfield,
And here let me state something which has been on my mind for a long time. I have been noticing how thred your wife looks of late. Aye, she is beginning to get that tired look your beginning to get that thred look your mother had during her last few years. You have often sald to your brothers and sisters since your mother's death, "Oh, if father had only made her hold up a little she would have been with us now!" Yes, bethaps she would. Your mother was one of those "willing horses" who work themselves to death. Your wife is the same kind of a woman. Her alabaster box of ointment of stiffchard very precious which she is of spikehard very precious which she is now pouring upon you is her life's blood. You had better make her hold blöb. You had better make her hold up or your children may soon be saying about their mother's premature death

what you said about your mother's. Yes, we have all had good mothers. We have all had good wives. But as our minds wander back into the dim past there is another sweet face which arises above the horizon of our memories. Next to the mother and the wife I think this third face belongs to a young girl who has had the most influence in our mental and moral and spiritual development. I allude to that sweet sister who grew up by your side. She was a good girl. You cannot speak of her now without your lips trembling and your eye being moistered with tears. ed with tears. Oh, you say, "If we were not so far apart how I would love to go and have one of the old chats we used to have!"

Truly, she did for you what she Truly, she did for you what she could. She naturally did more for you than any of the other children, because you grew up together. You played your games together, you trudged to school together. She was a little older than you and was always looking after you. When you got into trouble you always went first to her. Cannot you hear her gentle voice saying: "Now, brother, you must not do that, Mother would not like you to do it." Though the older sister when she corrected you would always make you angry, she would always make you feel willing to do what you ought to do. Yes, ing to do what you ought to do. Yes, yes, that dear sister has sacrificed a great deal for you. When you were little she used to give you her pennies. Like the poor widow, she gave you her mite. It was not much intrinsically.



little older she still continued your friend. She gave to you her whole heart. Aye, it was a sad day for you when she married. Cannot you write

to her now and bridge over that awful chasm of separation? Fathers and mothers, have not our daughters always been willing to sacri-flect the results of the sacridaughters always been willing to sacrifice themselves for you? 'Tis true perhaps they have not had to sacrifice the love of some young man, as the heroine of this story I have told you had to do But in every way have not your sweetfaced daughters been willing to sacrifice for you? Why, for years their faced daugnters been willing to sacrifice for you? Why, for years their lives have been spent in trying to please you. Let us beware that as we grow older we do not, as some parents, become more and more selfsh. When our girls want to go with young folks do not shut them up as in a number. do not shut them up as in a nunnery, and when the time comes for them to mate; if that time does come, in God's good way let us be willing to let another step in and share that love, as other step in and share that love, as the mothers of our wives were willing that their daughters should give us their love. Ah, yes, we have had good mothers, good wives, good sisters and, thank God, good daughters.

But I cannot close without mention But I cannot close without mentioning one other bearer of the alabaster box who has come into your life. She may have been an aunt or a grand-mother or, as it was with me, a dear, affectionate Christian woman about sixty years of age. In all probability she came to you in a crisis, You may have gone to her for sympathy; you may have gone to her for spiritual or material help, and she never failed you. Cannot you see her now? I can I

Cannot you see her now? I can. I can remember just how she looked when I first met her. She was the saint of my Chicago church. She was one who always lived to do good. When sickness came into our home she was always there. Our babies was always there. Our bables were her bables, our troubles were her troubles, our joys were her joys. It was a dark, stormy day, the Good Friday before Easter of 1902, that I last saw her. I had been east visiting my sick father. She came down to welcome me home. She was always thinking of others, never about herself. It was a others, never about herself. It was a tempestuous day, and cold. Pneumonia stabbed caught cold. Pneumonia lungs. In one week she was dead, and in two weeks my father was dead. It seemed as though the sorrow of ou home was too great to bear. And ye to-day, as the memories of those pa-tient, loving Christian women arise be-fore us, where do they lead us? Where are they pleading for us to go? They have given to us the best they have. Have they not done all this to lead us to that place where we may at last meet and where we shall never part

again? on, husband, brother, father, friend, thy loved ones are breaking their alaeaster boxes of cintment of spikenard very precious over you in the presence of Jesus, their King. Will you not look up and greet their Saviour as your master? Heaven will never be a per-fect heaven to them unless they shall meet you there. Will you let their sac-rifices lead you to Christ, that in his presence you may dwell with them for ever? Aye, their alabaster boxes of olntment of spikenard very precious would not be too costly if by that sacrifice they could win your immortal souls for eternal companionship in heaven. Truly they have done for us all they could to bring about that glor

It is unprofitable to keep more sheep than one can properly care for.

## EXPERIENCE OF A BIRCH!OWN LADY

Iried in Vain to Cure Her Dyspepsis Till She Used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—They Cured Her Completely and Permanently.

Miss Mary Brown, of Birchtown, Shelburne Co., N. S., relates an experience that is of immediate interest to thousands of people in all parts of Canada. These thousands are the people who face a square meal with mingled feelings of pleasure and dread, in other words the victims of Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

"I on say I had Dyspepsia for some time," says Miss Brown. "I tried many medicines but never met with anything to help me till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"After taking three boxes I think they have made a perfect cure. And as it is over a year now since I took

as it is over a year now since I took them I think I can safely say the cure was a permanent one. If you want to eat three square meals a day and enjoy them use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

A GOOD GUESSER.

What qualifications have you for a position in the Weather Bureau fasked the chief. Oh, well, replied the hopeful applicant, I have once easily won the prize the a guiessing contest.

Sunlight Soap is better than other soaps, but is best when used in the Sunlight way. Buy Sunlight Soap and follow directions. But, suggested Mrs. Goode, perhaps they are not sewed on properly.

That's just it. He's awfully care-

Humor and Philosophy By BUYCAN M. SMITH

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE.

There's heaps of trouble in the world-No use to question why.
We only know there is enough
So no one need be shy,
For never yet was the demand
Quite up to the supply.

It's either love or something else, It's either love or sometiming else,
War, politics or trade,
Trat keeps a fellow's temperature
At ninety in the shade
And hands him with his daily bread
More trouble, fresh hand made.

He dips into a business deal-A winner, he would swear— Which really seems must hand to him A fortune for his share, But all he ever draws is just A dividend of air.

He meets up with a pretty girl, A queen from top to boot; A queen from top to boo Fe opens up his large bazo And straightway starts to toot, And very soon he's mixed up in A breach of promise suit.

Poor man! He's only born to woe, For troubles lightly si Upon his doorstep, waiting him
To see if they will fit,
And all that he can do is groan
And make the best of it.



They Saw It First. "She is going to start a society for the mental and moral uplift of farmnands."

"What's the idea of that? Don't they practice the hire life?"

Rough Edged. "How is she coming with her vocal

essons?" "She is sawing wood right along." "I thought she could find a use for that voice."

Little Slower. "When he asked her to marry him she told him to jump in the lake.

"Did he do it?" "No; he joined the football team."

Needed Reform Speaking of a same Fourth of July, Not have a sane Halloween? Between You and me and the north pole, There is a whole Lot of good sense And immense Possibilities in the idea. See? Why not expurgate the free

And give us a night Q1 peace? The police Would not object Nor expect Extra pay or the next day It we are really grownup, let's put rough house to rout And cut it out. What say.

What say, Little May? Cool Returns, "He is in love with the teacher." "Does she return his affections?"

"Yes, she returns them by the first nail without opening them." No Artist. "She is a self made woman." "Well, I noticed she didn't do a good job in putting the finishing touches on

Needs Her to Make It You have heard of the Adamless Eden. Although you may be a doubter. But as to the Eveless

You'll doubtless believe less— It wouldn't be Eden without her. PERT PARAGRAPHS.

Matrimony is the price that women

pay for their kn wledge of men.

Some neighborhow's are so quiet and espectable that you can hear the rents go up any 'time you care to pause to listen.

You can't guess at the size of a man's hat by the date of the block or quality of the material.

Peace herself would get discouraged



A door that was all keyhole would be a wonderful convenience to some

One of the chief delights of your reations is putting your weak points on

Folly is idiotic when you are serious and delightful when you are gay.

If some people had to live by their wits they wouldn't live long.

If you can't be truthful, be polite,

## COURTEOUS SALESPEUPLE

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The Flower Man In Japan. In Japan when you furnish your house you send for the flower man, who comes and decorates your home with plants. This is always done as a matter of health. The flower man brings his palms, his quince trees, his flowering shrubs and his great spreading oriental flowers and bestows them about the house. If any one is ill he selects the flowers carefully, taking care to get a certain kind of scent, for

there are people to whom scents act as

THIS MEDICINE IS BREATHED. THIS MEDICINE IS BREATHED.

That's why it is sure to cure Catarrh. You see it goes direct to the source of the disease—its healing vapor repairs the damage caused by catarrhal inflammation. "Catarrhozone" always cures because it goes into those tiny cells and passages that ordinary remedies can't reach, goes where the disease actually is Impossible for "Catarrhozone" to fail as any doctor will tell you. Don't be misled into thinking there is anything as good as Catarrhozone—usa thing as good as Catarrhozo it and you'll soon say good-by to catarrh.

Chinese Made the First Paper. Like a good many other modern in dustries, that of paper making had its origin with the Chinese. The papyrus of the Greeks and Romans was not paper at all, but simply the piths of the stem of a plant cut into strips, placed side by side and across each other and pressed into a sheet, to which the natural gum of the plant gave a homogeneous character. But the Chinese in very early times made as genuine paper, in its general characteristics, as that produced by the perfected methods and machinery of today.—William R. Stewart in Technical World Maga-

THAT PALE, TIRED GIRL.

She is in society, in business, She is in society, in business, at home, everywhere you see her, but always worn and fatigued. She has not heard of Ferrozone or she would be perfectly well. How quickly it strengthens — what an appetite it gives—what a glow it brings to pallid cheeks! The nutriment contained in Ferrozone puts strength into any in Ferrozone puts strength into anybody. Laughing eyes, rosy lips, and bright, quick movements all tell of the vitality Ferrozone produces. Thousands of attractive, happy women use Ferrozone—why not you? A box of fifty chocolate-coated tablets costs fifty cents at any dung store. costs fifty cents at any drug store.

The Dog's Sleep. Dogs, which are at once the drowsiest and most wakeful of domestic animals, according to their state of mind and circumstances, seem to sleep light ly or heavily at will. Nothing can be nore slow, reluctant and leisurely than the enforced waking of a petted dog when it does not wish to be disturbed. It will remain deaf to a cat, twitch its and finally stretch and vawn like a sleepy child. But mention something interesting to the same dog when sleeping, such as the word •+•+•+•+•+•+•+<del>•</del> or click the lock of a gun, and it is on

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its feet in an instant and ready for en-

terprise,-London Spectator.

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tion.

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. No cathartic medicine gives such lasting satisfaction or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for head-nohe, biliousness and stomach dis-orders. No griping pains, no burning

scheations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good. Price 25c. a box, at all dealers.

A SMART IDEA.

Yes, whenever I can I bring home my wife the freshest bank bills at the banks can deal out. What's that for? Why, the money is so pretty that she hates to spend it.

A SUCCESSFUL HORSEMAN.

Never allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nerviline, which is noted for curing stiffness, rheumatism, swellings and strains, Nerviline is just as good inside as outside. For cramps, colic, and internal pain it's a perfect marvel. In the good racing stables Nerviline is always used,—because it makes better horses and smaller veterinary bills. Twenty-five cents buys in bills. Twenty-five cents buys large bottle of Nerviline. Try it.

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