

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Is rich in food value and easy to digest. It is just Cocoa, pure Cocoa, ground from the choicest Cocoa beans.

Nurses and Doctors recommend its use in sickness or in health.



Do You use Cowan's Cocoa?

SCRUBS
Floors
Wood, Stone
& Linoleum
QUICKLY & EASILY
Many other uses and full directions on Large Sifter-Can 10¢

Old Dutch
Cleanser

BLACK
KNIGHT

STOVE POLISH

You don't have to mix "Black Knight" Stove Polish.

There is no black watery liquid to stain your hands or dirty the floor.

There is no "hard brick" to scrape—no trouble—no waste—no hard rubbing.

"Black Knight" is a firm paste—ready to use—quickly applied—and shines quick as a wink.

It's as simple and easy to use as shoe polish, and a big stove can be shined with it almost as easily.

Perhaps your dealer does not handle "Black Knight" Stove Polish. If so, send for a big, free, postpaid.

THE F. F. DAILEY CO. LIMITED,
Hamilton, Ont.

Try this Pinex "Sixteen Ounces of Cough Syrup"

A Family Supply for 50¢, saving \$2. The Surest, Quickest Remedy You Ever Used or Money Refunded.

A cough remedy that saves you \$2, and is guaranteed to give quicker, better results than anything else, is surely worth trying. And one trial will show you why Pinex is used in more homes in the U. S. and Canada than any other cough remedy.

You will be pleasantly surprised by the way it takes right hold of a cough, giving almost instant relief. It will usually stop the most obstinate, deep-seated cough in twenty-four hours, and is unequalled for prompt results in whooping cough.

A 60-cent bottle of Pinex, when mixed with home-made sugar syrup, makes sixteen ounces of the best cough remedy ever used. Ready-prepared in five minutes—directions in package.

The taste is pleasant—children take it willingly. Stimulates the appetite and is slightly laxative—both excellent features. Splendid for croup, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and other throat troubles, and a highly successful remedy for incipient lung troubles.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of Norway White Pine extract, rich in quinine and other natural healing pine elements—simply mixed with sugar syrup or strained honey, in a 10-cent bottle, and it is ready for use. Pinex has often been imitated, but never successfully, for nothing else will produce the same results. The genuine is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Certificate of guarantee is wrapped in each package. Your druggist has Pinex or will gladly get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

INSIDE COMPOUND

is a reliable old English Home remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS,
Asthma, Bronchitis, &
all Lung & Throat Troubles.

Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

Street
Costume
With
Australian
Chinchilla

From far off Australia comes the grey fur that is one of the fashions of this season.

This pretty animal skin is used effectively on a dark brown street costume. The material is slightly flecked with cream, giving the mixed effect when seen at close vision.

This costume has a bias air from the slash of the skirt. The coat is lapped well on to the side where it fastens and the buttons of this garment extend on a diagonal line with those on the skirt.

The Australian chinchilla is formed into a collar on the coat and a deep rever of the brown cloth goes to the line where the jacket is fastened.

The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by
VAUGHAN KESTER
Copyright, 1911, The Holt-Merrill Company

"I reckon I can manage that young rip-staver; you go back after Sherrod and the nigger," he said.
He conducted his captives up the bank and they entered a clearing. Looking across the river Betty saw where a cabin window framed a single square of light. They advanced toward it, and presently the dark outline of the cabin itself became distinguishable. A moment later Sherrod paused, a door yielded to his hand, and Betty and the boy were thrust into the room where Murrell had held his conference with Pentecost and Ware. The two women were now his only occupants and the mother, gross and shapeless, turned an expressionless face on the intruders; but the daughter shrank into a shadow, her burning glance fixed on Betty.

"Here's you! guests, old lady?" said Mrs. Sherrod, Mrs. Hicks rose from the three-legged stool on which she was sitting. "Hand me the candle, Bess," she ordered.
At one side of the room was a steep flight of stairs which gave access to the sleeping quarters. Mrs. Hicks, by a gesture, indicated that Betty and Hannibal were to ascend these stairs; they did so, and found themselves on a narrow landing enclosed by a partition of rough planks, this partition being pierced by a low door. Mrs. Hicks, who had followed close at their heels, looked the candle to Betty.

"Wait!" whispered Betty.
"No," said the woman with an almost masculine firmness of tone. "I got nothing to say. She pushed them into the attic, and, closing the door, fastened it with a stout wooden bar.

Beyond that door, which seemed to have closed on every hope, Betty and the boy stood at a loss, and by its uncertain and flickering light surveyed her prison. The briefest glance sufficed. The room consisted of a shakedown bed and a stool, there was a window in the gable, but a piece of heavy plank was spiked before it. Betty, however, was always wanting to do that, only Mr. Mahaffy never lets him— but now he won't be able to stop him.
"Oh, Hannibal, Hannibal, what can he do there—what can anyone do there?" And a deadly pallor overcame the girl's face. To speak of the blind groping of her friends and served to fix the horror of their situation in her mind.

"I don't know, Miss Betty, but the Judge is always thinking of things to do; seems like they was mostly things no one else would ever think of."

Betty had placed the candle on the stool and seated herself on one of the beds. There was the murmur of voices in the room below; she wondered if her fate was under consideration, and what that fate was to be. Hannibal, who had been examining the window, returned to her side.

"Miss Betty, if we could get out of this loft we could steal their stuff and row down to the river; I reckon they got just the one boat the only way they could get to us would be to swim out, and if they done that we could pound them over the head with the same old—least little thing sinks you when you're in the water." But this murderous fancy of his failed to interest Betty.

Presently they heard Sherrod and Bunker come up from the shore with George. Sherrod joined them and there was a brief discussion, then an interval of silence, and the sound of voices again as the three white men moved back across the field in the direction of the bayou. There succeeded a period of utter stillness, both in the cabin and in the clearing, a somber hush that plunged Betty and the boy into a deeper gloom. But a sleep—betty's thoughts against which she struggled with all the strength of her will.

saw his patron's powerful and picturesque intelligence and to solving the mystery of their disappearance from Belle Plain; it was inconceivable that this could prove other than disastrous to Mr. Sherrod, and he endeavored to share the confidence he was feeling with Betty, but there was something so forced and unnatural in the girl's voice and manner when she discussed his conjectures that he quickly fell into an awkward silence. At last, and in a second, the candle burnt lower and lower and finally went out and she was left in darkness, but again she was conscious of sounds from the room below. It was only a word or a sentence, then the guarded speech became a steady monotonous hum that died into the night, and Betty sobbed.

At length points of light began to show through the chinks in the logs. Hannibal roused and sat up, rubbing his eyes with the backs of his hands.
"Wasn't that a sleep head?" he inquired. Betty shook her head. He looked at her with an expression of troubled concern. How soon do you reckon the Judge will know?" he asked.

"Very soon now, dear," Hannibal was greatly consoled by this opinion.
"Miss Betty, he will love to find us."

"Hark! What was that?" Betty had caught the faintest of coughs. Hannibal found a chink in the logs through which by dint of much squinting he saw a partial view of the bayou.

"They're fetching up a keel boat to the shore, Miss Betty—it's a whopper!" he announced. Betty's heart sank; she knew the purpose of that keel boat was brought into the bayou, or that it nearly concerned herself.

Half an hour later Mrs. Hicks appeared with their breakfast. It was in vain that Betty attempted to engage her in conversation; either she dismissed some personal feeling of dislike for her prisoner, or else the situation in which she herself was placed had little to recommend it, even to her dull mind, and she was content to express in her attitude toward the girl.

Betty passed the long hours of morning in dreary speculation concerning what was happening at Belle Plain. In the end she realized that the day could go by and her absence occasion no alarm. Steve might reasonably suppose George had driven her into Raleigh or to the Bowers' and that she had kept the carriage. Finally all her hope centred on Judge Price. He would expect Hannibal during the morning, and perhaps when she did not arrive he would be tempted to go out to Belle Plain to discover the reason of his non-appearance. She wondered what theories would offer themselves to his ingenious mind, for she sensed something of that indomitable energy which in the face of rebuffs and laughter carried him into the thick of every sensation.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

What's the Trouble?

Dear Miss Grey, I have been going to write to you for some time, but I have been so busy that I couldn't find time. I love you very much, and I should like to see you very much. I have been thinking of you a great deal, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy. I have been thinking of you a great deal, and I have been wondering how you are getting on. I hope you are well and happy.

A—I can't get at what you are trying to tell me, Mary. Doesn't he want you to go about with his sister? Yes, I might call him up. It seems to me, however, that he has lost interest in you. If he has, it's pretty hard to revive it. Running after him certainly will not do it.

He Got So Angry!
Dear Miss Grey, I have been keeping company with a young man for the last six months. He says he loves me dearly, but dislikes my name, which is an Indian name. He asked me to change it, but I refused, and this made him angry. To be so angry with me because I won't change my name, he calls me his Indian baby, etc. I have asked him kindly to discontinue it, but he does not do so. Will you please tell me how to break him of such a habit? Do you think he can really love me and dislike my name?

A—Yes, I think maybe he does. He likes to tease you a bit, I think. Better laugh it off.

Shall He Marry?

Dear Miss Grey, I am 20 and am in love with a young woman two years my senior. I should like to see her very much, whether or not to get married next fall. I am only making \$11 a week at present, but I have a position there is a future to. This young woman loves me, and I love her. I have never mentioned getting married together steadily for almost two years.

A—Yes, I think you had better ask her to marry you. With economy you could manage on \$11 a week.

Dear Miss Grey, I have gone with a young man on the sly, because my mother will not let me go with him, although my father has no objections. I hate to do this. What shall I do? 2. Is it right for a young man to give a girl a jewel case? 3. What is a suitable gift for a young man for birthday? 4. What shall I do to indicate my appreciation to a young man who has quit the use of tobacco for my sake? RAINBOW.
A—1. If your father has no objections, the young man must be all right. If your mother's objections continue, the only thing to do is to try to win her over. Don't deceive your mother—you will be sure to regret it some day. Be frank with her, tell her that you care for the young man, ask your father to help you by expressing his approval, enlist the youth himself—if he cares for you he'll be glad to do it—and maybe mother will be won over in time. 2. If her parents approve. 3. A book, a picture or cushion for his room, a sash or scarf with his birthstone. 4. Express it frankly.

DODGING HEIRESSSES

It isn't with the young man who is so anxious to make his way in the world that he would marry money, but the girl who is so anxious to do it. It is to point out the troubles of the man with money who is angling for heiresses, who have need for him, financially, whom he is constantly dodging. There are many sensible men who believe that not all of the fairest flowers bloom in the rosebud garden of girls; that the modest, wayside violet found by the side of a lonely path, is sweeter by far.

Heiresses invite only the men of their social set to their drawing-rooms and to their gardens. A clerk in a girl's father's office may be far superior, nobly in heart and principles to that of the millionaire. The clerk could love her for herself alone, despite her wealth. The millionaire wonders how long it will be ere he grows weary of her.

Even the heiresses find great difficulty in winning the right kind of a lover. In more instances than the world suspects those whom they can get they don't want; and those who want them they sometimes would not have. In any case, the heiress who chooses rightly if the choice were only left to her. But the girl who is the daughter of a poor man, who is drawn towards each other irrespective of the almighty dollar. He shuts his eyes to the fact that wealth too often brings its possessors unhappiness. They have so many alluring enjoyments outside of the home that it becomes a second nature to find them. Outside companionship seems the only delight worth living for.

It is not always that those in the higher walks of life are suited for each other. They may be as un congenial and far apart as the cold moonbeams and the fiery sun's rays. Many a poor girl would have been better fitted to preside over his table as his wife had he succeeded in dodging an heiress who had successfully set her cap for him.

Most heiresses tread upon life's rose leaves. They are not used to denying themselves any pleasure or gratification for another's sake. The poor girl is accustomed to making every sacrifice. It is the joy of her heart to do this for the one she loves.

No doubt heiresses possess good points, but they do not possess all of them. I am thankful to say. Heiresses are not always successful in winning a wealthy young man whom they think they might fancy. When they send him invitations, which he declines, they realize that there is a good reason for his absence. He may be one of the many whose preference for love is a poor girl. Her mode of living, her pleasures may not appeal to him, as calculated for future happiness. He acts the nobler part when he does not encourage her, but pleads a pressing engagement. Thus it will be seen that poor girls who think that only heiresses win love are decidedly mistaken.

DISCOURTESY

"I was so angry yesterday that I wanted to bite a man's head off!" snapped Peggy.

Everybody looked up in surprise. Peggy seldom condescended to losing her temper on her companions.
"Yes, I did. It knocked the good will spirit entirely out of my system. What happened? I went into a store and asked for a certain article. I wanted a book. The saleswoman called across to another, who returned the question to a third. I saw the manager at the other end of the shop, apparently doing nothing in particular. I repeated my request, and the manager, without looking at me any more than if I had been the office boy, he said: 'No!'"

"I hesitated an instant, thinking I should express my displeasure in some way. I was so angry that I wanted to bite a man's head off!" snapped Peggy.

"Theodore, being present, contributed an item from her recent experience.

A Car Incident.

"I was getting on my way with a box of slides under my arm. The conductor rang the bell just as I stepped on. The motorman started the car instantly. I was thrown against the side and received a bruise from the box of slides. I was so angry that I wanted to bite a man's head off!" snapped Peggy.

"Well, you're on now, ain't you?" "Yes, I said, but no thanks to your courtesy!"

Peggy took the floor again.
"Well, you've something to be proud of, anyway. If you had the last word with the street car conductor. It doesn't often happen."

"Seems to me the habit of discourtesy is becoming more and more pronounced. I wonder why? Probably because everybody is in a hurry and quicker than a rabbit. Now to be commanded to do a thing rouses the 'I will not' spirit in me instantly, and its monstrous ramifications, was lost sight of for the moment. She was the inspiration for it all, the goal and reward toward which he struggled.

"The girl's eyes were clashing with a mute horror, for by some swift intuitive process of the mind, which asked nothing of the logic of events, but dealt only with small strings of variegated beads, dropped by the same strings an inch long from a heading that is composed of two rows of the bead strings twisted together. It is extremely dainty, brightening up a darker shade of the blue or green or brown with which it is put, surprisingly.

I dare say doesn't affect me differently than it does thousands of others.
"Possibly one reason why cut orders instead of courteous requests are the rule is because so many employees are foreign born, don't understand our language very well, and are supposed to comprehend an order more readily. There may be something in that, but it doesn't excuse us from courtesy to our equals. There is no law, legal or social, to enforce courtesy, more the pity, but it is a grace that is becoming to all of us. There is no excuse for introducing factory manners into the home and family. But people do it. They speak to their children as they do to the maids and the men, and the brand of courtesy a man shows his wife is apt to be the same brand he uses in his business."

"There is nothing I despise more than the people who have two sets of manners, one for those they regard as their inferiors and another for those they consider their equals or superiors. It's contemptible. Advantages of wealth or position lay obligations on us that are as binding in the case of those who serve us as in those who don't. A man who is selfishness to the women of his own set, or to his business associates, and is rude and domineering to those under him is a cad, a snob, anything else that is low and presuming."

"The nicest man I ever worked for never gave a peremptory command. His orders were couched as requests: 'Will you?' 'Nobody disobeyed—not more than once, anyway, and no one was more faithfully served."

"Oh, yes, we need an education in manners. I wonder the school board doesn't introduce a course. It would be as valuable as some things they have put in."

Frills and Fringes

Not the least interesting note concerning the new fashion is the re-entry of old-fashioned trimmings, box-pleatings and the many others. They serve a double purpose; for, not only do they help swell the list of garments, but they help not inconsiderably in the process of renovation. They invariably give to a costume, however modern it may otherwise be, a touch of the quaint that is very delightful when not overdone.

The popularity of fringe does not abate. One sees it on dresses of every sort, and, not infrequently, on wraps. Sometimes there are wads of it, again it appears only as a touch for the ends of a sash or the end of a tab, but in any case it seems to be exactly the thing required, and every week brings new patterns. One of the last to make their appearance is an importation. Balls are fashioned of small strings of variegated beads, dropped by the same strings an inch long from a heading that is composed of two rows of the bead strings twisted together. It is extremely dainty, brightening up a darker shade of the blue or green or brown with which it is put, surprisingly.

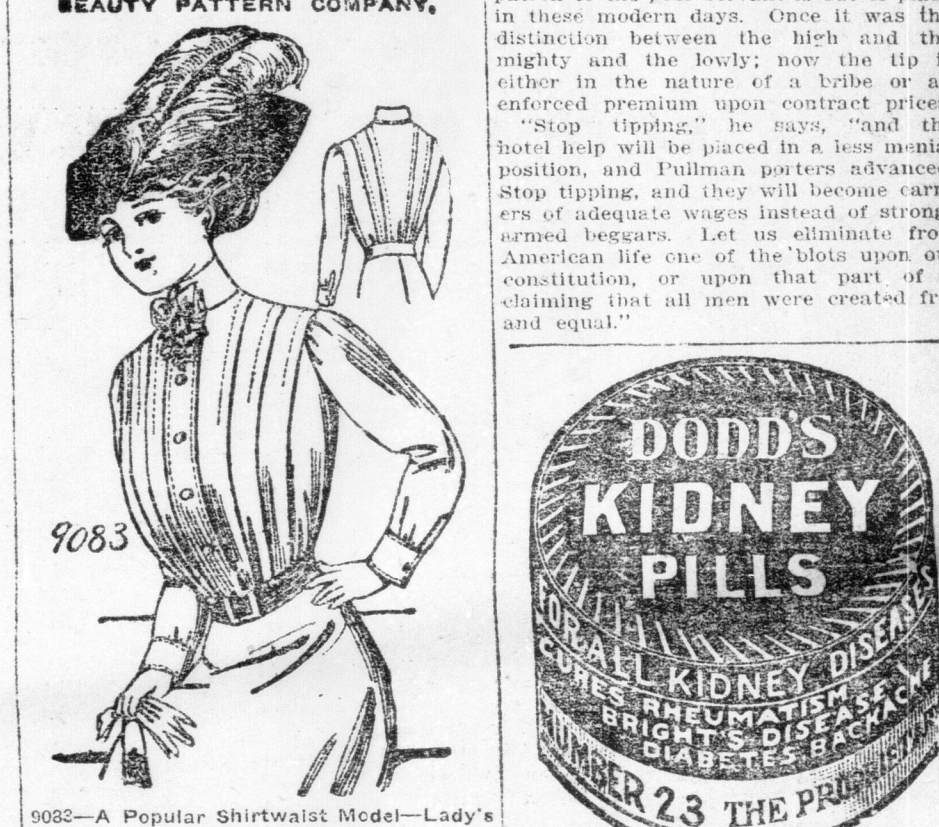
Shiloh's Cure
quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

The best Coffee costs but little more than the poor grades. You get the best that money can buy at moderate price when you use

Seal Brand Coffee
Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only. 124

Don't Worry
Your last Match cannot fail to do its duty, because it's an **Eddy Match**
And therefore failure is impossible.
The E. B. Eddy Company, Limited,
HULL, CANADA.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS
BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



9083—A Popular Shirtwaist Model—Lady's Shirtwaist.
This model has deep neck, 2 1/2 inches, which may be finished with a box plait. The sleeve is finished with a straight cuff. All shirtings, silk, velvet, corduroy, serge and flannel may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in six sizes—20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires two and a quarter yards of 44-inch material for the 36-inch size.
A pattern of this illustration, mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.
PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.
Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:
Name
Street Address
Town
Province
Measurement—Bust Waist
Age (if child or misses' pattern)

FOREST TEACHER TO TAKE NEW SCHOOL
Miss Margaret French Will Join the Staff at Port Arthur Immediately.
[Special to The Advertiser.]
Forest, Jan. 2. Miss Margaret French has left for Port Arthur to accept a position on the public school staff there.
R.B. Crosbie left Saturday for Ridgeway, where Mrs. Crosbie will meet him after spending the Christmas holidays at Leamington.
Dr. and Mrs. McCordie have gone to visit her sister, Mrs. (Dr.) Anderson, of Milton.
Mrs. Jean Campbell returned to Sarnia to visit her daughter, Mrs. F. M. McCordie.
Mr. T. Taylor and sons, John, Lorn, Victor, Joe and Reginald, all spent the holidays with Mrs. H. W. Wardrop, of St. Catharines.

Table Silver
Grace, beauty and quality are all combined in silver articles marked
1847 ROGERS BROS.
This brand, known as "Silver Plate that Wears" is made in the heaviest grade of plate. There are many designs from which to choose.
Sold by Leading Dealers

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE
Imported exclusively

DOCTOR ADVISED HOSPITAL
But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio.—"Three years ago I was married and went to housekeeping. I was not feeling well and could hardly drag myself along. I had such feelings, my back hurt, my sides ached, I had bad, dry trouble awfully bad, and I could not eat or sleep. I had headaches too, and became almost a nervous wreck. My doctor told me to go to a hospital. I did not like that idea very well, so when I saw your advertisement in a paper, I wrote to you for advice. I have done as you told me."

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and now I have my health. 'If sick and ailing women would only know enough to take your medicine, they would get relief.' Mrs. Bena. H. Sparks-Berry, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

"If you have mysterious pains, irregularity, backache, extreme nervousness, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait too late, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once."

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

THE WAR ON TIPPING
President of the Commercial Travellers' League Says It Must Be Wiped Out.
New York, Jan. 1.—The anti-tipping crusade received a state-of-the-art today, when P. E. Dove, president of the Commercial Travellers' National League came out with the announcement that his organization will combat the practice of giving tips to employees of hotels, restaurants, barber shops and Pullman cars. Dr. Dove puts it on the broad ground that not only will the tippers be able to obtain what they pay for regularly, but the tipped will be elevated from a menial place dependent on charity to that of regular wage-earners.

"From today the crusade against tipping will begin in earnest," says Mr. Dove. "The victims of this pernicious system realize that to break the chains which bind it is now or never." He declares that the hotel and restaurant proprietors are making extraordinary