

Of Interest to Women

Refused.
Beauty of figure, whiteness of brow,
Dimples or eyelashes, mouth, cheek or chin?
Answer: you're only to lose or to win;
Neither will trouble the universe. Hasten,
And tell me if really
You love me sincerely,
Or if it is only a matter of taste.

Lowliest figures shrivel with years,
Dimples will merge into wrinkles, and
tears.
The gems by which every child of earth
is dowered and crowned at the hour of
birth,
Dim the lightest of eyes. Now tell
Whether the creature
With perishing feature,
Or simply the spirit, you love so well?

"The spirit," you whisper. Well, here is
a test.
To prove whether body or soul be loved
best.
If I were ugly and old and gray,
With the self-same soul in another clay,
Would love be faithful? Stammering lies,
You make no answer.
I will, and can, sir;
One word for both of us; that is—No!

Do You Use Powder?

One day this summer I was very
much amused. There were three girls
and a man in the party and the other
two girls started to discuss a fourth
girl. After they had accused her of
various things, one of them said, "and
I know she 'makes up.'"
I had managed to keep quiet thus
far but I burst forth now. "Well, I
know she doesn't. I can swear she
doesn't, if you like, because I have
watched her dress and I know she
never uses anything but powder."

"Well," said the other girl, triumph-
antly, "isn't that making up?"
"If it is, there isn't a girl on earth
who doesn't 'make up' because there
isn't one of them who doesn't use pow-
der," I retorted.

"Oh, such nonsense!" said the other
girl, "I never put powder on my face
in all my life."

I looked at her reflectively for a min-
ute. She is a nice, sensible girl,
healthy-looking, but not remarkable
for beauty, and I was within an inch
of saying, "It would be a good deal
better for you, if you did." But I re-
frained.

Since that I've often noticed that a
great many girls and women hesitate
to admit that they do use powder or
any other complexion beautifiers.
In a drugstore the individual matron
or maiden will stand up to the
counter with a shamefaced look,
and hesitatingly stammer that she
wants some powder and then, when
the clerk says, "What kind of pow-
der?" it nearly kills her to say: "Face
powder." When she does get it home,
she keeps it in the top drawer or be-
hind the photographs on her dressing-
table, rather than have it out in full
view.

Now, why is she ashamed of it? One's
complexion is subjected to winds
and blistering sun and hard water and
bad soap and it needs care just as
much as one's stomach. The woman
who eats chocolates and pickles and
charlotte russe and pastry and "all
that sort of rot," for luncheon is dis-
tinctly rotten and women, yet a woman
who sits down and moans over her
bad complexion when cold cream
and common-sense will save it for her.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

Have you begun to make Christmas
presents? If not, you are a little
late, even now, for the new Christmas
gifts take time, if they do not take
money.

There is one thing about a Christ-
mas present that it has to recommend
it. It is given and received with the
sweet spirit of Christmas interwoven
into it. And this makes up for a
multitude of other things which may
be lacking.

If you are going to give a Christmas
present, modern, yet without price,
you can take and make a nice little
bag, using silkoline. It will make up
nicely, and on the outside you can
embroider a monogram and can pepper
the bag with French knots. It is for
fancy work. And, if you so desire,
you can work the words "Fancy work"
upon the reverse of the bag.

Your gift will be pretty, acceptable
—and cheap.

But if you want to put a little more
time and a little more money into it
you can get up something a great deal
nicer. Suppose you make a Parsee
bag. It should be 8 inches across and
12 inches long. The Parsee bag is to
hold fancy work, and must be large
enough for a big piece of embroidery.
This bag is unlined and its foundation
is a piece of satin. You can use cloth,
if you prefer, and for this a sort of
shiny-faced ladies' cloth is good. Let
it be thin, and have it of an Oriental
color.

Good Oriental tones are dull brown,
about the shade of strong coffee, deep
red, the color called watermelon pink,
a ripe green and a purple that is rather
too vivid for western ideas of beauty.

Your groundwork does not matter
so much, for you are going to work
your bag almost entirely over with
fancy stitches, and the background
will disappear.

Remember that your Parsee bag is
to be unlined and that therefore its
reverse side must be done neatly—no
long stitches and no mixed-up threads.

is applauded when she ought to be
ridiculed just as much as the other
woman.

One woman said, "When my husband
laughs at me for putting cosmetics on
my skin to make it smooth and lovely,
I ask him why he doesn't stop shav-
ing. It is vanity that makes a man
shave. The well-dressed, well-groomed,
up-to-date woman considers beautify-
ing a necessity, and why should she
not? No woman wants to grow old and
have people say, 'Dear me, poor Mrs.
So-and-So is getting withered-look-
ing.' With a complacent little look
that makes Mrs. So-and-So grind her
teeth with rage, because, even though
she can't hear what the other women
are saying, she can see their pretended
commiseration, really triumphant
glances.

Now, it isn't that I mean that a woman
should plaster paint and powder
on her face until she looks like a third-
rate actress. Very far from it. There
are lots of things that women should
do that they don't. How many women,
do you suppose, ever read really good
books?

Most of them "haven't time to read,"
because they have church meetings and
afternoon teas and evenings and so
much sewing, and all the rest; and, if
she does read at all, she reads trash,
whereas, if every woman would take
one little half-hour out of the day, and
read poets and philosophers, and good
standard novelists, she would begin
on a process of inward beautifying,
right away.

"Take, for instance, 'Les Miserables.'
It will take you a long time to read it,
but you will have more charity from
the story of Fantine than you ever
would any other way. Stevenson, too,
with his high ideals and sentiments;
Emerson, with his love of the beauti-
ful. It is the best way of getting rid
of your troubles, to forget yourself
in others. Marcus Aurelius says:

"Today I have got out of all trouble,
or rather I have cast out all trouble,
for it was not outside, but within, and
in my opinions."

So you see, because you make your
complexion lovely is no reason why you
should neglect yourself spiritually or
mentally. You can keep yourself well
and strong and healthy and clean,
both bodily and mentally, and retain
your self-respect, rather, increase it.
Then why shouldn't you make your
face lovely as well, without any loss
of self-respect?

Get your cheeks red, your eyes
bright. Get away from hollow litera-
ture and learn to appreciate good,
sound books, the kind that bring into
play ambition and sympathy and a
love of work and all generous emo-
tions.

We've gotten a long way from pow-
der, but just one word more. Don't
you think that it is every woman's
duty, and should be, her pleasure,
to make herself as charming to look up-
on as possible? And don't you think,
when you look at the flowers and trees
and stars, and all the beautiful things
in nature, that we are intended to
harmonize with them? Beautifying is
nothing to be ashamed of. Beautifying
more beauty there is in humanity, the
more will we be like unto the angels.

The heavy sackings, the coarse
linens that cost little, the great heavy
weave canvases, such as are used for
chair coverings, and for chair shields
in the summer time, all make good
and up-to-date art table spreads.

Let them be cut about two yards
long and rather narrow for the length;
and then, with facile needle, let the
woman who is getting ready for
Christmas go to work upon them.

The new art table covers are all re-
markable for the fact that their back-
ground is almost completely covered
with mandarin. There are all sorts
of strange figures, cut out of the goods
and applied to the covers; and there
are strange veenings and stranger
combinations of colors and patterns.
The beauty of this kind of work,
from the standpoint of the worker, is
that it is not critical work. Any kind
of stitches will do, for there is no
chance to study any one of the de-
signs critically. All are mixed in with
the general scheme, which is that of
completely covering the background
with a pattern of small figures.

There is less of the actual patchwork
done this year than ever before. The
gray quilt designs have largely gone
out, but bits of silk are placed to-
gether to make new art covers of a
different kind. A very large "block"
is made and pieces are sewed on the
outside until the "block" has reached
the right size. This is the up-to-date
Nouveau art cover, or spread, or chair
back.

The making of a scrap box is one
of the things which the girl who is
making Christmas presents must not
forget. The scrap box has taken the
place of the scrap basket, and a very
worthy substitute it is.

To make a scrap box you take heavy
pieces of pasteboard about four inches
wide and gradually widening toward
the top. They can be about twelve
inches tall.

Three or four pieces of pasteboard are
laced together at the sides so that,
when laced, they form a perfect box.
The bottom is lined by using very
heavy strips of brown paper on the
inside. Or the bottom can be lined in
the outside is now decorated with
water-color sketches or a little rough
art work in the way of the applica-
tion of pretty pictures.

But there are more artistic scrap
boxes, and these require the assist-
ance of a capable carpenter. The ma-
terial is very thin wood, which is
beautiful white in color, or it can be
dark if you prefer the deeper woods.
Any color will do. "The sides, which
are about four inches by ten inches,
are cut out by the carpenter and
gradually sloped toward the top, so
that the scrap box will be wider at
the top than at the bottom. The car-
penter now bores holes in the wooden
pieces. And finally they are laced to-
gether with stout leather strips, which
are as tough as straws can be. They
are laced from the bottom to the top
and tied in a stout little knot. The
bottom is done in the same way.
Any boy could make such a box and
if he is artistic or has an artistic in-

table use, carving a watermelon from
it.

The new art collars and cuffs are
well worth a place in the Christmas
worker's work basket. They are made
out of canvas, or denim, or scrim
or coarse linen. The coarser the material
the better the result. And they are
cut in the shape of a wide, turnover
band for the neck. And there are
wide turnover cuffs for the wrists.

After the linen, or canvas, or scrim
or whatever other heavy white material
is employed, has been cut into collar
and cuff shapes the hand of the worker
takes hold. The collar and cuffs are
drawn with open work is desired.
But, if open work is too difficult or
too trying to the eyes, there are other
ways of managing.

One lovely pair of Christmas cuffs
is made of very heavy plain white
linen, deep and beautiful in texture.
Around the edge of the cuffs there is
wrought a deep border in the shape
of an embroidered scallop, with a de-
sign below. This is done in a gauzy
red, the brightest tone being chosen.
The same is done for the collar.

A heavy white canvas turnover col-
lar was embroidered with a band of
blue embroidery at least three
inches deep, and the embroidery was
of the coarse kind, with long, running
stitches. The collar was a beauty,
and now lies in a sachet casket, to
come out perfumed on the day of
Christmas giving.

The embroidered or drawn stock
decorated pair of linen cuffs and the
handmade belt are all numbered very
high in the list of popular Christmas
gifts.

A Christmas art set makes a nice
Christmas gift. The art set consists
of a white canvas belt with brass
harness buckle. The belt is an inch
wide and is worked in cross-stitch de-
sign. These same ideas are followed out
for the collar and cuffs. The whole
set, laid in a pretty blue paper box,
with the name of the owner lettered
on the outside, makes a delightfully
personal Christmas present.

The latest acquisition to the family
of Christmas table covers consists of
a strip of heavy stuff about a foot

Progress of Education.



London Punch.

Fond Mother—Why are you so late,
Babage? I've been quite anxious about
you.
Babage—No necessity for alarm,
mother. My professor detained me for
a short period because he fancied I was
slightly imperfect in my logarithms.

wide. This is trimmed at each end
with a crocheted edge, done in colored
twine.

Twine, by the way, will be largely
used in Christmas decorations. It
makes a nice border, instead of fringe,
and can be worked with a croch-
et hook and yarn, or the material
used in the crocheting is all sorts
of small wheels. These are done in
different sizes, from the size of a dime
to the size of a nickel, and are made
of the wheels are applied to the table cover,
the chair backs and the spreads of all
kinds, and very nice ornaments they
make.

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linens that cost little, the great heavy
weave canvases, such as are used for
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are laced from the bottom to the top
and tied in a stout little knot. The
bottom is done in the same way.
Any boy could make such a box and
if he is artistic or has an artistic in-

ter, the box can be decorated with
poker work or with burnt work of any
sort. Those who have electric light
can purchase a pointed implement and
do some very nice burnt work.

The particular virtue of a scrap box
of the wooden sort, with the sides laced
together, and the bottom laced in, is
that it can always be taken apart and
cleaned and that it can never wear
out.

All Christmas gifts must have the
new art touch. Last year's Christmas
presents are way out of date, and they
show at once that they are not all
that they should be.

The Nouveau art set has struck the
realm of Saint Nick, and the domestic
woman with the talented needle must
learn all the tricks of the Nouveau
art school. Harnessing her needle
with a bright thread, she must work
birds and animals and all sorts of
strange flying things. And over all
and through all she must put the
touches of oriental in the shape of
bright colors and their combinations.
If she will do this, and will begin
early enough, her Christmas gifts, in-
stead of going forth with an apolo-
getic for their existence, will be sent with
the proud greeting of the day.

UNCLE SAM IS NOT SO SMART

John Bull Got the Best of Him
Several Times.

The Shipping and Tobacco Trust.
Are Examples—English Mag-
azine's Roast.

The editor of the London Pictorial
Magazine punctures the vanity of the
average American as follows:

On April 30, 1932, the newspapers on
both sides of the Atlantic were red with
headlines announcing the formation of the
great American shipping trust by Mr.
Pierpont Morgan. It was announced that
practically every British line which had
a share of the transatlantic traffic had
been bought up. The Cunard had joined
the trust. The German had joined the
trust. The Dutch lines had joined the
trust. The Germans were coming in.
The trust was to control not only the
British and the United States, but that
of Canada as well. Ten millions of dollars
were to be invested in liners within five years.
Eighteen months have passed, and what
is the position of the vaunted shipping
trust? Where are its dividends? The
Cunarders, subsidized by the British Gov-
ernment, are running full every trip,
while some of the shipping trust vessels
have been reduced to carrying cargoes of
sand. The Cunarders are building ships
far more speedily than anything the trust
owns or can expect to own. The German
and Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines
are flourishing at the expense of the trust,
and the Danish Transatlantic Company
has defied the trust since the American
beat him on his own ground.

Where is that great American tobacco
company which came over with banners
bearing, "Beating and almost gave
away cigarettes, lavishing millions in an
attempt to corner the entire British mar-
ket? Its first move was to buy out
Ogden's, Limited, at the rate of £1 for
preference £1 shares, and £2 for £1 of or-
dinary shares. In the ensuing year the
American company lost a million and a
half in bonuses and price cutting, and in
October, 1932, were forced to capitulate
and join forces with the British Imperial
Tobacco Company, which had successfully
defended British trade against the Ameri-
can onslaught. Ogden's was transferred
back to the Imperial Company, and the
latter was left in undisturbed possession
of the trade of the United Kingdom.

With modern Americans, the old proverb
applies: "Pools rush in where angels
fear to tread." And now that the first
move which was caused by Morgan's
billionaire has failed, the tools are marsh-
alled in their return, returning home poorer, and
we will hope, wiser men. Here is another
case in point: Three years ago a syn-
dicate of American wallpaper manufac-
turers came over to the British and
manufacturers. They filled the country
with travelers; they laid down new plants
to manufacture the 21-inch wide patterns
which we use, as against the 18-inch
American patterns. They even copied the
British patterns. They stuck to it for
two years. Then they issued a circular
to their few British customers, regretting
that they were unable to execute their
orders for next season, and went home.

Such instances might be multiplied. It
will be found on careful consideration
that practically the only American trusts
or big businesses which have made money
on this side of the pond are those which

Deranged Nerves AND Weak Spells.

Mr. R. H. Sampson's, Sydney, N.S.,
Advice to all Sufferers from
Nerve Trouble is

"GET A BOX OF
MILBURN'S
HEART AND NERVE
PILLS."

He says: "I have been ailing for about
a year from deranged nerves, and very
often weak spells would come over me and
be so bad that I sometimes thought I
would be unable to survive them. I have
been treated by doctors and have taken
numerous preparations but none of them
helped me in the least. I finally got a box
of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. Before
taking them I did not feel able to do any
work, but now I can work as well as ever,
thanks to one box of your pills. They
have made a new man of me, and my
advice to any person troubled as I was, is
to get a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all
dealers, or
THE T. MILBURN CO., Limited,
TORONTO, ONT.

HIGH CLASS DRUGGISTS AND — OTHERS.

The better class of druggists, everywhere, are men of scientific attainments and high integrity,
who devote their lives to the welfare of their fellow men in supplying the best of remedies and
purest medicinal agents of known value, in accordance with physicians' prescriptions and
scientific formula. Druggists of the better class manufacture many excellent remedies, but
always under original or official names and they never sell false brands, or imitation medicines.
They are the men to deal with when in need of anything in their line, which usually includes
all standard remedies and corresponding adjuncts of a first-class pharmacy and the finest and
best of toilet articles and preparations and many useful accessories and remedial appliances.
The earning of a fair living, with the satisfaction which arises from a knowledge of the benefits
conferred upon their patrons and assistance to the medical profession, is usually their greatest
reward for long years of study and many hours of daily toil. They all know that Syrup of
Figs is an excellent laxative remedy and that it gives universal satisfaction, and therefore they
are selling many millions of bottles annually to the well informed purchasers of the choicest
remedies, and they always take pleasure in handing out the genuine article bearing the full
name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package.
They know that in cases of colds and headaches attended by biliousness and constipation and
of weakness or torpidity of the liver and bowels, arising from irregular habits, indigestion, or
over-eating, that there is no other remedy so pleasant, prompt and beneficial in its effects as
Syrup of Figs, and they are glad to sell it because it gives universal satisfaction.

Owing to the excellence of Syrup of Figs, the universal satisfaction which it gives and the
immense demand for it, imitations have been made, tried and condemned, but there are
individual druggists to be found, here and there, who do not maintain the dignity and principles
of the profession and whose greed gets the better of their judgment, and who do not hesitate
to recommend and try to sell the imitations in order to make a larger profit. Such preparations
sometimes have the name—"Syrup of Figs"—or "Fig Syrup"—and of some piratical concern,
or fictitious fig syrup company, printed on the package, but they never have the full name of
the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of the package. The imitations
should be rejected because they are injurious to the system. In order to sell the imitations
they find it necessary to resort to misrepresentation or deception, and whenever a dealer passes
off on a customer a preparation under the name of "Syrup of Figs" or "Fig Syrup," which
does not bear the full name of the California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of the package,
he is attempting to deceive and mislead the patron who has been so unfortunate as to enter his
establishment, whether it be large or small, for if the dealer resorts to misrepresentation and
deception in one case he will do so with other medicinal agents, and in the filling of
physicians' prescriptions, and should be avoided by every one who values health and happiness.
Knowing that the great majority of druggists are reliable, we supply the immense demand
for our excellent remedy entirely through the druggists, of whom it may be purchased every-
where, in original packages only, at the regular price of fifty cents per bottle, but as exceptions
exist it is necessary to inform the public of the facts, in order that all may decline or return
any imitation which may be sold to them. If it does not bear the full name of the Company—
California Fig Syrup Co.—printed on the front of every package, do not hesitate to return the
article and to demand the return of your money, and in future go to one of the better class of
druggists who will sell you what you wish and the best of everything in his line at reasonable prices.

have employed British labor in British-
built factories, such as the Westinghouse
Company.
They call us conservative. They put it
more rudely. They term us stick-in-the-
mud. But it is not better to go a trifle
slow-in fact, to carefully consider before
the leap is taken? The rolling stone is
not the one that gathers moss, and,
though the beggar Yankee may be rich to-
day, he is a beggar tomorrow.

How about Mr. Lawson, the Boston
copper magnate, with his millions, his
yacht Independence, which did not de-
fect the American flag, and his Pink,
which he bought for an unheard of sum
and named after his wife? Did he not
hold 10,000 copper shares in October,
1902, and did they not fall from 130 to
20? Mr. Lawson lost it, it is said, two
millions sterling. But the actual shrink-
age in his shares implies that he has
dropped a sum many times in excess of
that sum.

Even on their own ground the despi-
sed Brits have more than once kicked
his boastful cousins out of their boots.
Two years ago Sir Thomas Lipton quiet-
ly bought up 25,000 barrels of pork in Chi-
ago. In October of that year he owned
25,000 barrels out of \$300 in sight. The
price went up from 30 to 87.50 per barrel.
Sir Thomas' profits can be hardly calcu-
lated. The astonishing point about this
pork corner is that such a thing had for
years been considered an impossibility by
the Chicago Board of Trade, and was
carried through under the very nose of
the late Mr. Philip Armour, for long the
undisputed monarch of the pig market.

Over and over again have Chicago
speculators endeavored to corner wheat,
and great and terrible have been the fall-
outs of these foolish persons. The Hutchinson
corner of 1867 was the first. Its engineer
was a poor man within a year. Then
came the corner of 1873, when Mr. Har-
per, a millionaire, and a member of the
president, ruined himself and his bank,
and ended up in prison. The great Lett
failure of 1887 is recent history. Who but
a fool would have attempted the
manipulation of the market for wheat?
In 1887, Mr. Harper, a millionaire, and a
member of the president, ruined himself and
his bank, and ended up in prison. The great
failure of 1887 is recent history. Who but
a fool would have attempted the
manipulation of the market for wheat?

Look at the strikes in America and the
striking losses and misery they have en-
tailed. Who could imagine London in so
terrible a plight as was New York last
winter, when, in bitter cold weather,
coal was unobtainable by any but the
wealthiest? Is this a sign of smartness?

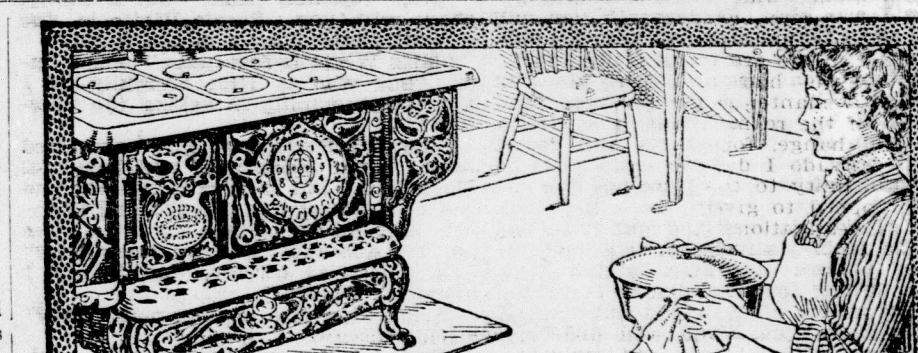
Even as inventors and manufacturers
there are two words to be said about
American smartness. Their locomotives
have failed in this country. Their steam-
ships are not a better to ours. Their navy
is copied from our designs. They jered
at our failures in South Africa. They
themselves have not yet succeeded in
pacifying the Philippines. No, taking
one consideration with another, the
Yankee is not quite so smart as he thinks
himself.

Saved by Clever "Jack."

Belle was only 12 years old, and she
and Jack the Scotch terrier, had always
been warm friends. Recently they met
with an experience which neither of them
is likely to forget, and which has elevat-
ed Jack to an enviable position among
his kind.

One day, when they were upstairs to-
gether, Belle had occasion to enter a
clothes closet filled with shelves. There
was just enough room between the
shelves and the entrance for her to stand
erect, and while she was doing so, Jack,
in a playful mood, stood on his hind legs,
and with his forepaws on the door, closed
it tight.

The closet opened from the outside only,
and in a short time, as Belle's cries
silenced to the inmates of the house, her
danger known to no one but the dog,
Belle was left to die in all the horrors
of suffocation. But, endowed with a rea-
son almost human, although denied the
gift of speech, the intelligent animal, af-
ter some vain efforts at assistance, trod
down the stairs till he found the old
family servant, when he endeavored, by
every possible means, to attract her at-
tention and induce her to follow him.
At first she thought him mad, but at



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