

LIPTON'S Orange Marmalade

IN ONE POUND CLEAR GLASS JARS

with Patent Metal Air-Tight Caps.



The Glass shows up the quality of this superior Marmalade—you can see plainly how beautiful and clear it is. A taste proves the excellence of the beautiful golden oranges—that are alone used in its manufacture, and which give it that wonderfully clear golden color.

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LIPTON'S MARMALADE!

Put up in 1-lb. Clear Glass Jars, with Patent Metal Caps, easy to open and no wastage. This Jar with metal Cap can later be used by each housewife for Home-made Preserves with the utmost satisfaction.

LIPTON, LTD.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

CALLING ONE'S FRIEND A FOOL.

Can you imagine any friend or friendly acquaintance saying to you in all seriousness in the course of a friendly conversation: "I think you are a good fool. If you were as bright as you would be able to run your business better."

Of course you can't. You know some people may think it but you don't expect them to say it. And yet how often people do say it by inescapable inference!

A Brilliant Thought. I have a boat. Instead of keeping it out of the river of your house, keep it at some little distance behind a bridge. When your friends see what the first thing they say is: "What a fine boat you have! Keep it out of the river." You explain that it is too high to go under the bridge. But others look at the bridge, and say: "Why don't you get them to take the draw?" Then you explain

patiently that there is no keeper of the draw and that it is only opened for emergencies—which your wish to get through on an afternoon's ride would hardly be called. They say: "Oh."

Too Deep For Your Intelligence. They are satisfied now that you really have thought things out as well as they themselves could have. But they didn't take that for granted at first. They plainly thought that the idea of going through the drawbridge was too absurd for your intelligence and that unless they suggested it to you, you never would think of it.

Or you have some relative in the family who has been going deaf for several years. Your friends come in contact with her and they say sympathetically, "It's too bad isn't it when she's so young?" And then they ask brightly, as one who is inspired: "Don't you think it would be a good thing to consult a specialist?"

The Inference Is Obvious. Of course they know that if any member of their family began to go deaf the first thing they would do, being people of ordinary intelligence, would be to consult a specialist in ear troubles. The inference is obvious.

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As the name indicates, the palmy days of Plaster are Gone, and all other brands of Wall-board have also had their day and are Gone—or Going. PLASTER-GON alone remains the

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WHY? BECAUSE—

It is the world's Best Wood Fibre Wallboard. It is manufactured of long fibred Spruce. It is Lumber Reconstructed—Perfected. It is heavily sized front and back, ready for the Painter. It is packed in strong Export Wrappers, ready for shipment. It will not damage in transshipment. It is a Better Board and sells at a Lower Price. It is PLASTER-GON—THE WORLD'S BEST!

Horwood Lumber Co., Ltd.

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To be sure if you taxed them with insulting you they would doubtless reply that they do not really mean what they so plainly infer. . . . In one way of course, they don't. . . . The point is that they just didn't stop to think that you have doubtless used ordinary acumen on your own problems and that if you have not been able to solve them by simple ordinary means there is a catch behind the apparent simplicity that they cannot see.

Wedding-Day Luck

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BRIDES-MAIDS.

It would seem that little credence is given nowadays to the time-honoured legend, "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride." Witness, for instance the temerity with which a certain young lady of Royal birth recently disclaimed this hoary fancy. It is true that her daring caused a flutter in the dove-cots of the ultra-cautious, but what is of greater significance is that these dove-cots were found to be sadly depleted.

Most people, if the truth were told, accepted her superior intelligence as a marked sign of the times, and put it down as being really very much to her credit. And who will deny the good sense of this popular verdict?

The old ways doubtless served our fathers well according to their light and leading, but new generations must of necessity find new standards both of thought and action, and nothing is more certain than that the lingering conservatism of the aforementioned dove-cots is doomed to an inevitable extinction.

By no stretch of imagination can we conceive of a bridesmaid-to-day crying her eyes out because she chanced to meet a black cat on her way to the marriage service. Indeed, with us the whole black cat tradition is more a matter of pleasantry than an article of faith. Yet it was the cause of endless heartbreak in the old days.

Neither would a modern bridesmaid, who forgot something in the flurry excitement of the wedding-day, worry very much about having to turn back for it, and she would be considered childish if she did. But among our forbears such turning back was a provocation to malignant spirits which no girl in her senses would have hazarded.

In the same way, if anything went wrong with the bridal attire, or if any part of the festive celebrations for which the bridesmaid was responsible fell through, all the witches of the underworld seem to have joined forces in precluding any possibility on her future happiness in love or wedlock. To the modern view, such grim realities of the past are fit merely for our entertainment.

Take, for example, the superstition concerning the proverb, "Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride." The wedding celebrations, or "bridal gale," as it was then called, lasted for several days, and often for more than a week. It was the duty of the principal bridesmaid to superintend these prolonged festivities, her function being that of deputy hostess during the honeymoon of the bride.

It will be seen that she had thus very favourable opportunities of exhibiting her good qualities before the guests, and had, of course, the special facilities of her office for making friendships with the young bachelors among their number, utilizing and directing their individual and joint contributions to the gaiety of the festival, and generally being much in their company. On the whole, it will be admitted, a diversion which few young women willingly forego!

A Hopeless Case.

Now, if we remember that these wedding celebrations, happening in days when the means of communication and travel were in their crudest stages, were about the only opportunities then existing for social intercourse on any large scale, we shall begin to see the significance that was openly attached to them.

Cecilia and Algy met for the first time, and were mutually impressed. Jack was introduced to Jill and became infatuated. Small wonder, then, that if the principal bridesmaid, enjoying so many privileges not open to the other young women guests, failed to improve her chances of striking up a love affair of her own she was frankly put down as lacking the necessary charm, adroitness, or luck!

And this is precisely what happened; Moreover, should she be fortunate enough to enjoy this favourable situation a second time and still fail to carry off a young gallant, her friends—and even herself—gave up her case as hopeless. Hence the superstition.

But even this specimen of the crude logic of former days is mild in comparison with some other examples that are worth noticing. If they do not instruct, they at least amuse. One of these was known as the ceremony of dancing in the hog's trough. It concerned an elder and unmarried sister who acted as bridesmaid at a younger sister's wedding, and was designed to serve a twofold purpose.

Penalty of Spinsterhood.

Primarily it was the penalty she had to pay for allowing her junior to outstrip her in the matrimonial race, a thing which, apparently, she had no business to do! Its secondary function was to ensure, by what means we

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Roaches—Spray liberally into the wallscotings and under the wash boards or wherever they harbor, and on the floors where they are seen.

Bed-Bugs—Apply on infested beds, slats, springs and mattresses and into the crevices about the room.

Moths—Spray into closets where clothes are hung.

Fleas on Animals—Apply directly on the animal, rubbing well into the hair, spray rugs on which animals sleep.

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Gallon tins, each \$4.50
Sprayers, each 60c.

Death Certificate

Clerk's Own Record

PARIS—Before committing suicide at Nevres, Ernest Desbrières, 63, wrote out his own death certificate.

He was secretary at the town hall, and his duty was to write out birth, marriage and death certificates.

A letter left on his bedroom table read: "I have prepared my own death certificate, which will be found lying on my office table."

know not, the culprit's future success in the marriage market—a worthy object, beyond any question.

The ceremony itself was a simple one. It consisted solely in the laggard maiden getting into a hog's drinking-trough and dancing a jig, usually to the accompaniment of much boisterous raillery from a crowd of excited spectators.

In what fanciful way this quaint performance influenced her star of destiny we are not told, nor have we any means of finding out, though it is easy to see that as a form of penance it may well have been embarrassing enough.

Certainly no hard and fast rules guided the custom, and there is just as certainly no historical data to prove that it was ever justified! Latterly, indeed, it developed into a mere occasion for rollicking fun, when a lively young swain usually got into the trough beside the fair delinquent, on a mock pretence, of course, of helping her through the ordeal, but in reality to heighten the merriment of the crowd.

The Chaplet of Myrtle.

But this one thing is known about it, that in various parts of the country, and particularly in the West of England, it was considered essential that the hopeful spinster should wear green stockings during her "turn." Why green stockings? Here we rub shoulders with one of the enigmas of the antiquarian world. But it may help us to surmise if we recollect that about this same period Shakespeare was writing in blank verse, "Green indeed is the colour of lovers."

Another curious old custom had to do with the chaplet of myrtle with which brides were formerly crowned. This chaplet was invariably the gift of the bridesmaids, who carried it in state to the bride's home on the eve of her wedding. Here they participated in a little family pre-marriage banquet, when all and sundry showered their dutiful praises on the garland of evergreen foliage.

As has been said, these quaint superstitions died out in jest, and their passing is not to be mourned for the plain fact is that among our ancestors superstition had assumed the role of tyrant, and it was more than time that its power should be broken.

Those unable to visit Belvedere Garden Party in the early afternoon are cordially invited to come along for "Tea". The ladies have many good things in store for all who want nice things to eat. You will like shirriff's delicious Jelly and the many other tempting dishes provided.—July 14.11

Stitching cotton broadcloth is used on pull-on gloves or dogskin.

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Uncle John Hare and Little Jack Rabbit were on their way to the old gentleman Hare's bungalow, when all of a sudden as they passed the Fairy Bunny Forest a loud voice shouted:

"Stop a while and give a smile to your friend, the Giant Bunny. You might say a word to his little birdy. Be sure to make it funny."

and bending over the treetops the face of the Ragged Rabbit Giant smiled down on the two little rabbits. The next minute he pushed through the trees and stood before them, his pretty Yellow Bird perched on his shoulder. It was mighty lucky that Uncle John Hare had brought the Bunnymobile to a stand still on hearing the giant's voice, otherwise he might have run right into his high top boots.

"How are you, my big friend?" laughed Uncle John Hare, politely lifting his brown derby hat. "Am I not a lucky old hare to have my little bunny nephew with me?"

"You'll be still more lucky if you can keep him with you for a week," answered the Ragged Rabbit Giant with a grin. My goodness, it was a broad grin—something like a cavern in the side of a mountain.

"Want to hear the secret?" went on the giant, bending over to whisper to the little bunnies.

"A Lollypop Party?" shouted the little rabbit, hopping up from the seat. "Is it a Lollypop Party?"

"No, my little bunnikins," answered the old giant, with another grin. "Follow me, I'll show you," and he turned about and took the road through the forest. Carefully guiding the Bunnymobile, Uncle John Hare kept close to the heels of the old giant as he strode along in his seven league boots until, by and by, after a while, and almost a mile, he stopped beside a big log cabin. Up from the chimney curled a long feather-like line of smoke, and there stood the Circus Elephant.

"What? What are you doing here?" gasped the little bunny. Then with a happy laugh he jumped out of the Bunnymobile right into the arms—I beg pardon, right into the outstretched trunk of that kind old friend. How that big beast managed to catch the little bunny is more than I can tell. But he did, as neatly as you please, right around the waist, and hitting him gently on his back, the kind old Circus Elephant gave a loud trumpet of delight.

"Want to hear the secret?" asked the Ragged Rabbit Giant, sitting down on a tree stump.



The kind old Circus Elephant gave a loud trumpet of delight.

"Out with it," laughed funny Uncle John Hare, fearing that the old giant might burst with excitement if not allowed to tell the wonderful news. But the little rabbit was so busy feeding his big circus friend with peanuts that he hardly noticed that the Ragged Rabbit Giant was whispering in one of Uncle John Hare's long ears. And in the next story, my little Jack Rabbit Fans, you shall hear what happened after that.

THE NEW CHRYSLER FOUR

WALTER P. CHRYSLER TELLS ABOUT IT.

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"We have built, in the Chrysler Four chassis frame, a body foundation that is unusually sturdy. In addition to the customary design of strong, stiff cross members, there is a stout torque tube at the front, and at the rear, a wide, strong, integral brace of heavy gauge metal. This frame does not weave and distort—and those are the two actions which loosen body bolts and set up squeaks and rattles. The radiator, too, is bolted rigidly to the side members of the chassis frame.

"You can drive the new Chrysler Four all day with hardly a sense of fatigue. It is hardly ever necessary to shift gears—except for starting from a dead stop. When shifting is necessary, it is made clean and noiseless by the matched transmission gears and easy clutch action.

"Steering on any kind of road and at any speed is but the merest effort. In the Chrysler Four, the steering king pins—which usually have only plain thrust-bearings—are provided with ball thrust-

bearings, and the entire steering mechanism is designed especially for balloon tires.

"Any attempt of mine to describe the wonderful riding qualities of this car could not possibly do them justice. It is enough to say that a ride in it will amaze and delight you.

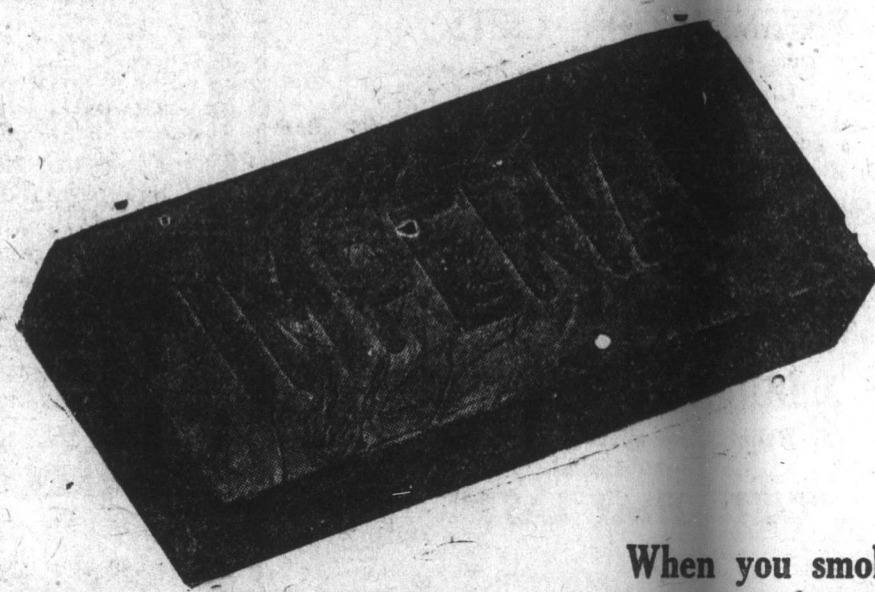
"The dynamic symmetry which Chrysler engineers were first to translate into beautiful motor car design in the Chrysler Six, is the basis, of course, for the beauty of the Chrysler Four.

"Height, length, breadth, curve, beading, fender design, even window size, are all calculated and plotted with scientific precision, so that the final result may be beautiful and in good taste. The closed car bodies are built by Fisher.

"The Chrysler organization is just as proud of the Chrysler Four as of the Chrysler Six. It presents this new car as the most modern and soundest expression of the four-cylinder principle in the world, and with the conviction that the Chrysler combination of four-cylinder results will have no equal for years to come."

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.
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