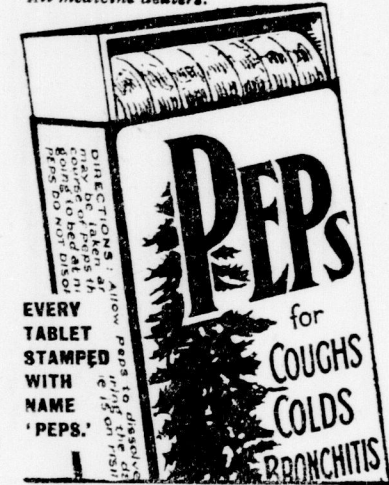


THE SAME GENUINE THROAT & CHEST MEDICINE Now 25c Box

At this season everybody needs the Peps breatheable tablets to ward off cold and chill dangers. As Peps dissolve in the mouth, their rich medicinal fumes carry soothing and healing benefits direct into chest and lungs. Inflammation or soreness in throat or bronchitis is quickly allayed, coughs and colds are nipped in the bud, and the entire breathing system is strengthened and fortified. Carry Peps with you wherever you go!



She Says:
"I Am Thin"
Her Friend Says:
"She Is Skinny"

If she only knew that she could put on at least 5 pounds of good healthy flesh in 30 days she wouldn't be worrying about her peaked face, hollow cheeks and neck and run-down looks.

She has tried Cod Liver Oil, but the ill-smelling, nasty tasting stuff upset her stomach and made her feel worse than before.

Doctors and good pharmacists know that Cod Liver Oil is full of vitalizing vitamins that make the flesh, creates appetite, restores vigor, builds up the power to resist disease and chases away nervousness.

But it's horrible tasting stuff and every day fewer people are taking it for doctors are prescribing and the people are fast learning that they can get better results with McCoys' Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablets, which Standard Drug and druggists all over the country are having a tremendous demand for.

It is a wonderful rebuilding medicine for skin, back and bones, especially after sickness, and 60 tablets only cost 60 cents.

One woman gained 10 pounds in 22 days, and if any skinny man or woman can't put on 5 pounds in 20 days your druggist will gladly return the purchase price.

But be sure and get McCoys', the original and genuine Cod Liver Oil Compound Tablet—Advt.



MOTHER!
Clean Child's Bowels
"California Fig Syrup" is Dependable Laxative for Sick Children

Hurry, Mother! Even a fretful, fussy, bilious or constipated child "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today will prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup—Advt.

Hotel BRIGHTON
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
ESTABLISHED 1875
In the centre of the exclusive beach front section. Spacious open and enclosed sun decks. Hot and cold sea water in private bath rooms. New fireproof addition. Orchestras of soloists. Private garage on premises. American Plan.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Still Thinks Men Should Surrender Seats In Cars

Julia Hoyt Points to Fact That
Women Are Physically
Weaker Sex.

CHIVALRY LIVES

By JULIA HOYT.

I saw an amusing caption under a cartoon the other day in which one man asked another (the scene was in the subway), "Why did you give that girl your seat? Was she on your feet?" "No, she was on my mind!" We have all, I think, heard many discussions as to whether or not a man should give up his seat to a woman. We have heard the arguments that the man may be equally as tired as the woman; that now that women are competing with men they deserve no favors; and that chivalry has been killed by women's own actions, and there is no longer any reason for it. All this sounds very logical and, except for possibly one argument, is irrefutable from the purely logical sense. But just the same there are many things to be said against these logical statements.

Though I have always been a believer in most so-called feminist movements, I have never been one of those who claim that women are physically stronger in the same way as men. I believe firmly that mentally women are as capable and efficient as men, but even there they are not equal. That is what makes them so extremely valuable. Some of them are physically as hard as men and some, through amazing mental force and will-power, make themselves seem as strong and accomplish as much physically as men.

Women Not as Strong.

But the average woman has not been endowed by nature with the same amount of day-in and day-out physical endurance as a man, nor is she as well able to defend herself from a mob as he is. Certainly I am not exaggerating when I call the rush hour crowd a mob and so, granting that a man is equally as tired as a woman standing in front of him, he is certainly better equipped for protecting himself from the onslaught of the crowd around him.

As long as men are men and women are women, irrespective of what fields the latter may enter, the average man instinctively wants to do the courteous thing where women are concerned. The timid feminist can kick all she wants, but as long as every girl and woman is a potential mother, she is going to be thought of and treated with greater consideration than is the man.

About Older Men.

Naturally, I do not mean that I think that an older man should give up his seat to a strong, healthy young girl. That would be entirely absurd. But in general men should be willing to stand and allow women to sit, and the poorer the women are treated with greater consideration than is the man.

But one rarely sees this happen; it is much more apt to be the "tired businessman" who has often been sitting in his office most of the day, who hides behind his paper and pretends to be totally unconscious of the standing in front of him. In business or out of business it is generally harder on a woman to stand than on a man, and there is not much excuse for any able-bodied man who does not appreciate this fact and offer his seat to a woman.

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WEDDINGS

ARNOLD-McDOUGALD.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. David McDougald was the scene of a pretty but quiet wedding on Tuesday, Feb. 4, when their only daughter, Mary, was united in marriage to Mr. Ralph Arnold of Mount Brydges.

The youthful bride, who looked charming, gowned in maiden blue and gold, entered the drawing-room to the strains of the wedding march played by Mr. Alexander McDougald of London, brother of the bride.

The bride was attended by Miss Rosina Morrow, who wore a gown of henna crepe, trimmed with gold, while Mr. Archie Arnold attended the groom. Little Miss Dorothy Sinker, gowned in honeydew crepe and carrying a basket of carnations, made a charming flower girl.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Graham, pastor of the Presbyterian church. The groom's gift to the bride was a string of pearls; an emerald bracelet to the bride; and a pair of cuff links to the groomsmen.

The bride and groom were the recipients of many beautiful gifts and many substantial sums of money. After the wedding dinner the happy couple left amidst showers of confetti for Detroit and other western points.

The guest present included: Mr. and Mrs. Albert Arnold and their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Arnold, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrow, Mr. Earl Morrow, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Sinker.

MILADY HAS SMOKING JACKET.

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Feb. 10.—Since women now smoke as much, or more, than men, Paris designers have brought out a feminine smoking jacket. It is a tailored garment of black velvet, silk faced, cut much on the style of a man's dinner jacket.

THE

West Floral Co.

249 Dundas St. — Phone 2187 353-37

Let Your Valentines Be Flowers



MISS RUTH LAWTON.

of the South London collegiate, who was the winner in the oratorical contest held yesterday in that school, when she defeated the gold medalist in the W. O. S. S. A. oratorical contests. This means that she will be in the W. O. S. S. A. competition this year.

Dorothy Dix

It's Hard to Believe, But
Love is the Basis of Most
Nagging.

A much-harassed man wants to know why women nag. Oh, for various and sundry reasons, the principal one of which is love. This is a hard saying, and difficult of belief by those who are the victims of the nagger, but it is true, nevertheless.

The more the average woman loves her husband and children, the more she torments them. All of her thoughts and interests and anxieties are centered on them so exclusively that she cannot let them alone for a minute. She is just bound to be a Special Providence watching over them, guarding them, directing their every movement.

It is love, not hate, nor the desire to make herself disagreeable and a spoil sport, that makes a wife nag her husband for forty years about smoking; that makes her ruin every meal by telling him how bad everything he likes to eat is for his stomach; that makes her raise the same objection to his going out every time he puts on his hat; that makes her warn him every morning of his life not to get run over by an automobile; and to be sure to change his shoes if he gets his feet wet.

It is the overdone, overcautious wives and mothers who are the chief naggers and who drive their families wild with their incessant warnings, objections and advice. A woman who grants her husband and children any liberty of thought or action is either indifferent to them, or else a Solomon in petticoats, and feminine wisecrackers are few and far between.

Another reason why women nag is because they pin their faith to the moral taught by the parable of the persistent lady and the unjust judge in the Bible. They have ascertained from personal experience that it works out in real life, and that you can worry people into doing almost anything. If you harp long enough on a single string it will break. And a woman's voice is a powerful weapon.

This is why a woman will nag her husband about a bad investment he made, and on which he lost money. It is twenty years ago, even if he has made a million by good trade since. It is why a woman will nag her husky, middle-aged man about eating highly seasoned food because he had a delicate stomach when he was a teething infant. It is why mistresses nag cooks out of the kitchen by telling them over every day of the week just what particular spoon to use in stirring the oatmeal, and not to forget to wipe out the sink.

Finally, women nag because they are human, and only the fewest number of people have the strength of mind to say a thing once and let it go at that.

A woman rarely does this. She feels that she strengthens an objection by repeating it a million times, and she accounts to herself for nagging by saying that she is helping her family to forget their mistakes and for keeping their weaknesses ever before them. So she becomes that pest of society, and bane of the home, a nagger.

There is no more pernicious vice than nagging. A woman can have no possible fault that will so surely kill love and alienate her husband and children from her. There is no weapon like a jaxbone for breaking up the peace and comfort of a home.

But there is little hope of ever curing any woman of this bad habit. For the nagger never admits that she nags.

DOROTHY DIX.

DRESS

By MARY MARSHALL

Match Your Slippers to Your Frocks

is the New French Dictum.

The shoes worn with an evening dress should match exactly either dress or trimmings, says a fashion dictator in Paris. And this means, of course, that silver or gold slippers should not be worn save with a metallic frock or one trimmed with metal. For the light flower-trimmed pastel frock the smart selection is a slipper of matching pastel shade or one a trifle darker.

By way of something a little unusual there are satin slippers, with a hand-painted floral design—rather pretty—pretty for this day and generation—but an acceptable novelty nonetheless. Slippers to match one's flesh-colored stockings come as another novelty, and should correctly, of course, be chosen to wear with a flesh-colored frock.

In this country the silver slipper persists as suitable accompaniment to the colored evening frock. Mrs. Coolidge wears silver slippers and silver-colored stockings with a frock of blue velvet—and many women here still solve the matter of evening footwear by wearing metallic slippers with silver high-heeled shoes. One of the shoe designers smiled or looked perplexed if you asked for a shoe of that description. Obviously high heels didn't go on sport shoes. High heels would be shooed off any tennis court, and no one could play golf in high-heeled shoes. But there are countless sport frocks and hats that never get any nearer to a tennis net or a putting green than the country club veranda—and with clothes of this description the high-heeled sport shoe is well chosen.

One of the shoes shown in the sketch is of brown and white kid—a shoe of the type now known as a "high-heeled sport shoe." Once of course, the shoe designer smiled or looked perplexed if you asked for a shoe of that description. Obviously high heels didn't go on sport shoes. High heels would be shooed off any tennis court, and no one could play golf in high-heeled shoes. But there are countless sport frocks and hats that never get any nearer to a tennis net or a putting green than the country club veranda—and with clothes of this description the high-heeled sport shoe is well chosen.

Gray satin evening slipper with hand-painted design in mauve, flesh-colored more slipper with diamond stripes and high-heeled sport shoe of brown and white kid.

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