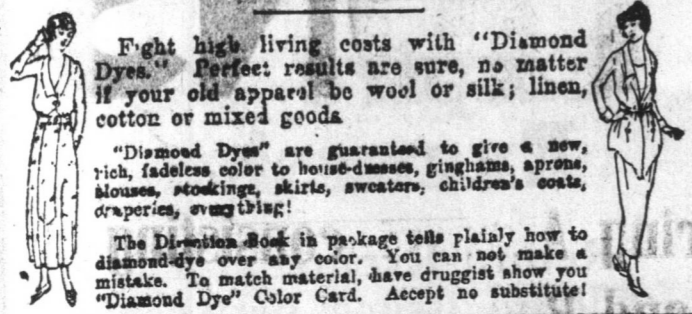


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Chinese Progenitors of Mexican Race.

The problem which has perplexed historians and archaeologists for centuries, as to the true origin of the Mexican nation, may be solved by the recent discovery of hieroglyphics on the foundation stones of the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan, twenty-seven miles northeast of Mexico City. These strange carvings are said by some authorities to be Chinese, thus tending to bear out the old tradition that in the dim past wandering tribes from China crossed to a new continent, settled within the present boundaries of Mexico, and became the progenitors of the race which now dominates this Mexican republic. So interesting are the recent discoveries that the Bureau of Anthro-

pology in Mexico City has been instructed to conduct a vigorous research, and in this connection Feng Tsiang Kuang, Charge d'Affaires of the Chinese Legation in Mexico, visited the pyramids and stated that the hieroglyphics were similar in many respects to certain symbols now in use by the Chinese.

He declared the words "Sun," "City" and "Eye" were clearly depicted. Mexican anthropologists who have interested themselves in the discovery have declined to pass final judgment until further excavations are made and more evidence obtained.

Colossal Monuments.

The pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan as well as those in Cholula, in the State of Puebla, are among the oldest marks of primitive habitation to be found in the republic. They stand as colossal monuments to peo-

ple whose history was as obscure to the conquering Spaniards in the sixteenth century as to present day historians.

Because of their general construction some authorities believe they are the handiwork of the Egyptians, who in some mysterious manner crossed the seas, and denoted their place of permanent habitation with these stone and cement structures, which are even larger than the more famous pyramids of Egypt.

The little village of San Juan Teotihuacan, which in the Aztec language meant "City of the Gods," was in the early days of Aztec history the scene of extraordinary religious ceremonies. The two pyramids, one dedicated to the sun, the other to the moon, are known to have been the tombs in which hundreds of tribal dignitaries were buried, and excavators have exhumed wrought stone containing human bones, obsidian knives, terra cotta heads with broad faces and flat noses, fragments of rare pottery and great numbers of arrowheads.

One of the most recent and most valuable discoveries was an adobe mask of some past monarch, with the brow covered with the diadem known to early Mexican history.

The pyramid to the sun measures 761 by 721 feet at the base and is 216 feet high; the one to the moon is 511 by 426 feet at the base and is 151 feet high. They both contain numerous chambers and their several stories are complete temples in themselves, but connected by winding stairs.

A charming bodice for the evening gown is silver metal cloth veiled with black chiffon.

The Coming Woman.

(From the Odd Volume.)

It is a mistake to talk of the Women's Movement, either as if there were only one of her in it or none of her living outside it. The obvious fact is that there are a good many of her in it, and out of it, and that all the angels are not on one side; there is a fair proportion of them on both. But there is, perhaps, room to doubt whether the movement is going to make the world a happier or a less ideal place than it is. Man is, of course, a shocking bad character; the women say so themselves; our old philosophers have always said so; even the Bible says so. Nothing could make him much worse than he is, but by going to work in the right way, it should be possible to reform him a little, and many of us oppose the movement because we honestly think it the wrong way, and are afraid that if it succeeds, and woman achieve her ambition, and comes to take an equal share with man in the stupor and squalid struggle of everyday business, she must lose touch of her femininity, her womanliness, and that the effect of this on his already selfish and hard enough character will be disastrous. Many of us, on the other hand, support the movement because we are honestly convinced that it will produce not only a new woman but a better one, and that as she climbs to a higher level man will, as usual, pursue her, and so had himself a little nearer heaven before he knows where he is going.



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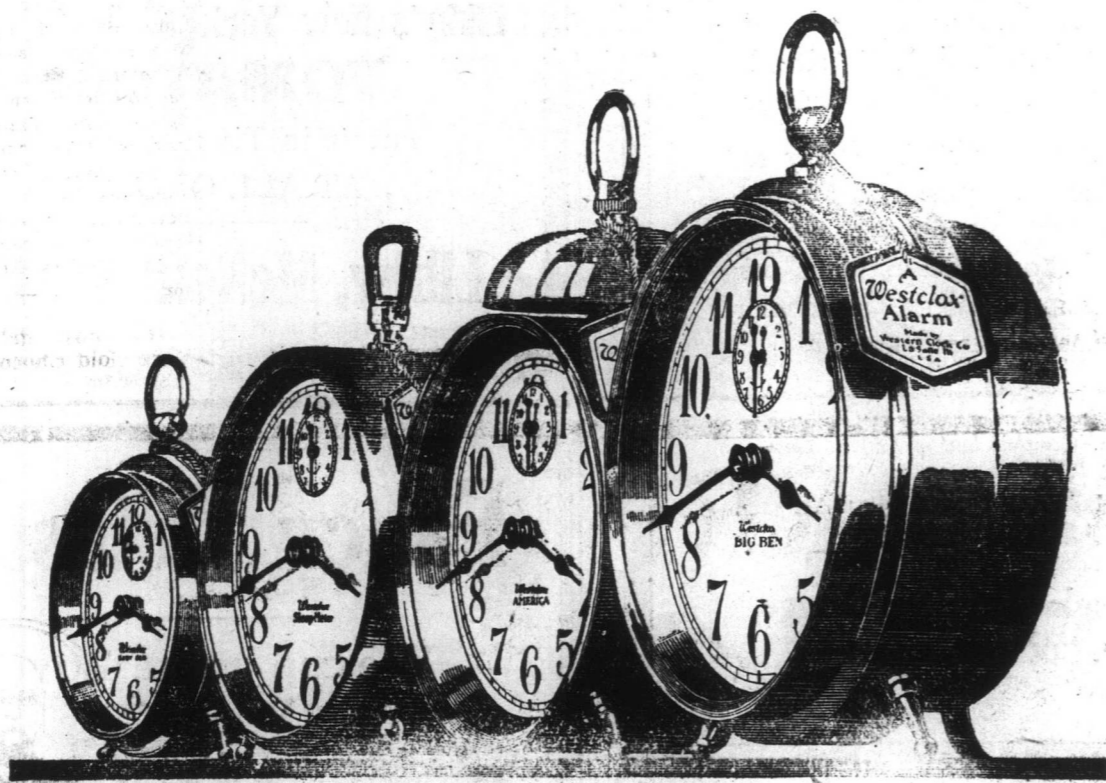
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Fate of Jewels.

Never perhaps in the history of the world have there been so many gems "loose" as there are in the present day. The treasures of the Serbian kings, the royal treasures of Russia, the jewels of private individuals whose homes were invaded—are to-day in the hands of unknown persons in various part of the world. Few of the precious jewels of the European monarchs have appeared on the market.

Already the police of foreign countries are troubled with reports of frauds connected with these jewels. The impostor who professes to have a part of the "loose" loot is already offering to sell the treasures at a "ridiculously low price" if the purchaser will advance a certain sum "as evidence of good faith." And the police of foreign countries are surprised at the number of people who are caught in the little fraudulent game (says the Kansas City "Star.")

The same fraud was practised when treasures were reported lost in the French Revolution, in the Peninsular War, and in the Franco-Prussian War of 1871.

While the political pot boils in Russia with such intensity that an outsider takes his life in his own hands to enter the country, treasure seekers or their agents are already browsing around seeking the precious things that may come cheap among the sackers of the royal treasure houses. Whispers have spread of the stealthy passing of the wondrous gems concealed in fifty rags in the vile drinking dens of the criminal quarters of Petrograd. The agents of jewel seekers who have ventured into these criminal haunts for jewels stolen from the treasure houses of Russia are many. Decrees of death against the thieves have failed to restore the treasures.

The contents of the Kremlin, the greatest Russian royal treasure house, were alone estimated to be worth more than one hundred million dollars. In it were the thrones of the past emperors, the royal crowns, the collection of hundreds of years of Russia's barbaric splendor.

In the Winter Palace, the Petrograd residence of the court, were the crowns of the Czar and the Czarina, and the renowned room full of diamond, emerald and ruby ornaments. The royal residence outside of Petrograd, Tsarkoe Selo, with its famous lapis lazuli room of which the floor was of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl was a third treasure house despoiled by the pillagers.

And the Serbian monarch's jewels—treasures that no common eyes had even looked upon—were looted as the

invaders beat back the Serbian army late in 1916. In a secret vault within the grim walls of the ancient monastery of Vesoki Dechant, far up in a mountain gorge, the jewels had remained hidden as they accumulated through the ages. The monastery had been guarded by a superstitious reverence where the holy dead would take vengeance against any one daring to raise predatory hand against it.

The royal jewels of Germany—their owners better able to take precautionary measures against their loss—have been secretly conveyed to places of security in Holland and Switzerland, and the jewels of the Hapsburgs are understood to have been preserved and in the hands of the government that has superseded the old regime.

The Belgian and French governments have received claims amounting to millions of pounds from private persons, pleading the loss of jewels during the German invasion and seeking compensation from the enemy, into whose hands they are supposed to have fallen. A huge amount of jewelry was buried in secret hiding places, many of which, it appears, have been rifled.

His Own Grandfather.

No doubt some of our readers like to study relationship puzzles. Here is an interesting one. It is seldom that a man claims to be his own grandfather, but that is the position of an Italian sailor, who, some years ago, married a widow with one child, a girl. His father fell in love with this girl, and married her. Consequently, his own father became his son-in-law, and his step-daughter his mother. In a short time his wife gave birth to a son, who, naturally, was his father's step-brother, and, at the same time, his own uncle, since he was his step-mother's brother. In due time his father's wife also gave birth to a boy, who was his brother and also his grandson, as he was the son of his daughter. His own wife was now his grandmother, as she was the mother of his mother. Thus he was at one and the same time his wife's husband and grandson. Now as the husband of a person's grandmother is naturally that person's grandfather, he is forced to the conclusion that he is his own grandfather.

The Coffee Drinker

who finds grounds for discomfort in his coffee cup, welcomes a change to

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