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MOIR'S Chocolates are good because only the finest pure food products go into their making. A poor Chocolate simply cannot get into a Moir box. Unlimited care is exercised in the selection of the ingredients—care in the making—care in packing so they will not break or crush. Care in inspecting each box before it goes out.

All this care to make sure that Moir's will reach you fresh and delicious. Have you tried our CHERRY package—24 big juicy Maraschino Cherries, dipped in honey cream and sealed within an extra thick coating of Moir's famous Chocolate.

Take home a box to-day.



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MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX

Moir's Chocolates

MADE BY CHESMAN, St. John's, Nfld.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

SOME DRESS MISTAKES.

There is an old saying that the man or woman who makes the same mistake twice is a fool. It is a good saying to quote. I shall not doubt be moved to quote it some day when it fits in my theme. But it isn't true. Or if it is, there are mighty few people in the world who aren't fools. I doubt if anyone over the age of one day can lay claim to the distinction. In fact the only individuals I know who could honestly say that they hadn't made the same mistake twice couldn't say it at all because they hadn't yet learned to talk.

This Time Is Different.

The man who never learns anything from his mistakes is a fool but with most of us it is a slow process. One forgets so easily and then one always hopes that this time is going to be different.

I wonder if it would help us any to write down some of the conclusions that our most common mistakes lead us to and read them over one in a while.

I am going to try it, or rather I have been trying it. Perhaps you will smile when I tell you in what field. Perhaps you will decide to do likewise. That will probably depend firstly on your sex, secondly on your own liability to mistakes.

Not Just the Right Thing.

I have just made a mistake in the

use of my dress allowance which, though small, is a mistake that I have made so often that I simply cannot excuse myself. And yesterday afternoon when I had brought home to me by not having just the thing to wear for a particular occasion, when I could have had it if I had spent those few dollars differently, I sat down and wrote the following rules for myself.

"Don't get separate skirts. You never get the good out of them. You don't look so well cut in two as you do in a whole frock. You are always tempted by each new style and always sorry when you fall.

"Don't buy a winter suit. They are nice for some occasions but, on the whole, you get far better value out of a good looking coat and separate frocks.

The Dangerous Big Hat. "Don't buy a large hat. You love them but they don't look well on you unless you are looking your best. Love them on other people."

"Don't buy too far ahead thinking you will stock up one year and not need to buy much the next. When the next comes you always want something else.

"Don't wander off from your regular color scheme. It costs too much in accessories to do that."

I wonder if these rules fit your case at all? Or, if they don't, I wonder if they suggest some similar rules for you?

Are you worried? A smoke of Edgeworth Tobacco will help you wonderfully. —sept 19, 21

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The Flag.

By Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher.

In all past history of nations, tribes, clans and peoples, there has existed among them some emblem, token or signal, to declare to others who they are and where they belong; and sometimes their beliefs were signified by colors or by a signal of significance, which was either a rallying point for its members or to proceed them on the march either in peace or at war. This article was called a flag. There is an instinct in the human race that delights in the flying of flags. It seems inborn, from the babe in arms to the man of years. Perhaps its bright and gay colors at first attract the attention of the young, and the music of some sort, when the carrying of the flag, whether it be the drum and war-whoops of the savage or the grand organizations we have in these later days, rendering the most attractive music that draws us together and inclines us to step out to its martial strains and, if duty should call, rally around the national emblem and follow it wherever it leads. We hoist it to show our allegiance, and this instinct in a man of an attachment to a national emblem and display is an evidence of his patriotic fervor. The colors floating on high give us a feeling of pride and incline us to lift our heads higher and stick out our chests, feeling devotion and gratification. Flags are really the teaching of history by sight, and no matter what flag we see flying our mind turns to what belongs to the flag—its traditions, its history and its origin—for we find it even among the most primitive people, those who inhabited this beautiful Canada before the white man set foot upon it. These aborigines were composed of different tribes and tongues, and each had their emblem. As a flag unfolds and is flung to the breeze, we see written upon it its aims and objects, and accomplishments. Above all national flags there is none that bears upon its folds so interesting a story nor has its history so plainly written in its parts and colorings as the flag of dear old Britain. With the red cross of Britain flying over their heads, our sailors have swept the seas, and made the ships of all other nations do obeisance to it. They penetrated the distant oceans and planted it on previously unknown lands as a sign of the sovereignty of their king, and made the power of Britain known throughout the circle of the world. "It flutters triumphant o'er oceans as free as the winds and the waves, and bodemes from shackles unloosened 'neath its shadows no longer slaves." It is indeed the flag of the free. Wherever it floats it stands for and demands that men be free. It is a subject of improper treatment and his rights infringed upon, no matter when or where, men and money are soon forthcoming to assert the "hail" that glorifies the traditions of its greatness. No wonder its subjects love it, for what it has done and will do in the cause of right and fair play. Its mission is a Divine one, and has been transmitted to our forefathers, and by them to us. Our national aspirations are of the highest order. On beholding the emblem of our faith and nation, the eye is gladdened by the sight of the three crosses, especially the red, "on silver white a plain red cross," as indicative of the great Christian, St. George, whose memory all Englishmen revere. The uplifted Cross of Christ offering to all who believe forgiveness of sins, and live everlasting. "So might it be."

I have often wondered why we have no authorized distinctive Canadian flag, as our sister colony Australia, has one. We are often asked by visitors which is the Canadian flag. It will be more difficult to answer now that we have a peace flag, a corner of the Empire flag being used as our symbol. Now, as this is the reconstruction period, let us take advantage of it and move in this important matter. While we cannot overlook the benefits we always have had, and always will have, living under the protection of our glorious old emblem which stands for freedom and fair play, we are no longer colonies, and we now have the sealed approval of nationhood. The very flag of Empire has been transformed into a commonwealth of nations, and we are an Empire within a greater Empire. While as a family our history

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ANGER.

In anger I rose, in the face of my foes, and called them a name; I said they were fit for the bottomless pit, and sinful and dark were their games. My enemies smiled at my eloquence, wild, and said that my statements were idle; they weren't disturbed by my passions uncurbed, for wind doesn't break any ribs. They all went away to their work or their play, to movie or office or home; and if they recalled how I thundered and bawled, they thought I had bats in my dome. But I have been sick since I made the big kick. I'm loaded with three-cornered pain; it's bad for a day when he's withered and gray, if his blood up and boils in his veins. My nerves are unstrung since I brandished my tongue, and sleep has deserted my couch; my appetite's gone and I sit on the lawn, and cherish the ghost of my grudge. The doctor remarks, "I am bringing you back, and buds from a sycamore tree, the which you will boil with a gallon of oil, and fill up your works with the tea. But medicine fails and no potion avails, if anger possesses your heart; be always serene, of benevolent mien, and pains will not rack you apart."

ECZEMA You are not infrequently troubled with itching skin, which is often the result of an impure blood. Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best remedy for this and all other skin diseases. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Do not be misled by cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper and on the tin. Dr. Chase's Ointment is the best remedy for this and all other skin diseases. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Do not be misled by cheap imitations. The name is on the wrapper and on the tin.

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BE PREPARED and keep in the house a bottle of this reliable antidote.

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The Second Battle of Ypres.

By JOHN BUCHAN.

The present writer first saw Ypres from a little hill during the later stages of the battle. It was a brilliant spring day, and when there was a lull in the bombardment, the sun lit up its white towers. Ypres looked a gracious and delicate little city in its tattered green. It was with a sharp shock of surprise that one realized that it was an illusion, that Ypres had become a shadow. A few days later, in a pause of the bombardment, we entered the town. The main street lay white and empty in the sun, and over all reigned a deadly stillness. There was not a human being to be seen in all its length, and the houses on each side were skeletons. While the whole front had gone, and bedrooms with light furniture were open to the light. There a 32 cm. shell had made a breach in the line, with raw edges of masonry on both sides, and a yawning pit below. In one room the carpet was spattered with plaster from the ceilings, but the furniture was unbroken. There was a built cabinet with china, red plush chairs, a piano, and a gramophone—the plenishing of the best parlour in a middle class home. In another room was a sewing machine, from which the owner had fled in the middle of a piece of work. Here was a novel with the reader's place marked. It was like a city visited by an earthquake which had caught the inhabitants unawares, and driven them shivering to a place of refuge.

Through the gaps in the houses there were glimpses of greenery. A broken door admitted to a garden—a carefully tended garden, for the grass had, once been trimly kept, and the owner must have had a pretty taste in spring flowers. A little fountain still splashed in a stone basin. But in one corner an incendiary shell had fallen on the house, and in a heap of charred debris there were charred remains. Most of the dead had been removed, but there were still bodies in out of the way corners. Over all a sickening smell of decay, against which the lilacs and hawthorns were powerless. The garden was no place to tarry in.

The street led into the place where once stood the great Church of St. Martin and the Cloth Hall. Those who knew Ypres before the war will remember the pleasant facade of shops on the south side, and the cluster of old Flemish buildings at the northern corner. Words are powerless to describe the devastation of these houses. On the southern side nothing remained but a file of gaunt gables. At the northeast corner, if you crawled across the rubbish you could see the remnants of some beautiful old masterpiece. Standing in the middle of the Place, one was oppressed by the utter silence, a silence which seemed to hush and blanket the eternal shelling in the Salient beyond. Some jackdaws were cawing from the ruins, and a painstaking stork was rebuilding its nest in a broken window. An old cow, a miserable object, was poking her head in a rubbish heap and sniffing curiously at a dead horse. Sound was a profanation in that tomb which had once been a city.

The Cloth Hall had lost all its arcades, most of its front, and there were great rents everywhere. Its spire looked like a badly whittled stick, and the big gilt clock, with its hands irrevocably fixed, hung loose on a jet of stone. St. Martin's Church was a ruin, and its stately square tower was so nicked and dented that it seemed as if a strong wind would

blow it over. Inside the church was a weird sight. Most of the windows had gone, and the famous rose window in the southern transept lacked a segment. The side chapels were in ruins, the floor was deep in fallen stones, but the pillars still stood. A mass for the dead must have been in progress, for the altar was draped in black, but the altar stone was cracked across. The sacristy was full of vestments and candlesticks tumbled together in haste, and all were covered with yellow pearly dust from the high explosives. In the graveyard behind there was a huge shell crater, 50 feet across and 20 feet deep with human bones exposed in the sides. Before the main door stood a curious piece of iron. An empty pedestal proclaimed from its four sides the many virtues of a certain Belgian statesman who had been also Mayor of Ypres. The worthy Mayor was lying in the dust beside it, a fat man in a frock coat, with side whiskers and a face like Bismarck.

Out in the sunlight there was the first sign of human life. A detachment of French Colonial tirailleurs entered from the north—brown, shadowy men in fantastic weather-stained uniforms. A vehicle stood at the cathedral door, and a lean and sad-faced priest was loading it with some of the church treasures—chalices, plates, embroidery. A Carmelite friar was prowling among the debris, looking for the dead. It was like some macabre imagining of Victor Hugo.

The ruins of old buildings are so familiar that they do not at first demoralize the mind. Far more arresting are the remnants of the pitiful little houses, where there is no dignity, but a pathetic which cries aloud. Ypres was like a city destroyed by an earthquake; that is the simplest and truest description. But the skeletons of her great buildings, famous in Europe for 500 years, left another impression. One felt, as at Pompeii, that things had always been so; one felt that they were verily indestructible, they were so great in their fall. The clock of St. Martin was not needed to cover the nakedness of his church. There was a terrible splendour about these gaunt and broken structures, these noble, shattered facades, which defied their destroyers. Ypres might be empty and a ruin, but to the end of time she would be no mean city.

One of the truest of our younger poets, Rupert Brooke, who died while serving in the Dardanelles, wrote in his last months a sonnet on the consolation of death in war:—

"If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field

that is for ever England. There shall be, In that rich earth a richer dust concealed."

In the salient of Ypres there are not less than a hundred thousand graves of Allied soldiers, sometimes marked by plain wooden crosses, sometimes hidden in corners of fields and beneath clumps of chestnuts. That ground is for ever England; and it is also for ever France, for there the men of Dubois died around Bixchoote and on the Klein Zillebeke ridge. When the war is over this triangle of meadowland, with a ruined city for its base, will be an enclave of Belgium soil consecrated as the hold land of two great peoples. It may be that it will be specially set apart as a memorial place; it may be that it will be unmarked, and that the country folk will lift and reap as before over the vanishing trench lines. But it will never be common ground. It will be for us the most hallowed spot on earth, for it holds our bravest dead, and it is the proof and record of a new spirit. In the past when we have thought of Ypres we have thought of the British flag, preserved there, where, which Clara's Regiment, fighting for France, captured at the Battle of Ramillies. The name of the divisions in our own race and the centuries-old conflict between France and Britain. But from now and henceforth it will have other memories. It will stand as a symbol of unity and alliance—unity within our Empire, unity with our Western civilization—that true alliance and that lasting unity which are won and sealed by a common sacrifice.

Household Notes.

If all the members of your family wear rubber heels on their shoes, not only would it save their "nerves" it would save the floors from ugly scratches.

Cook one cup of rice in milk flavored with sugar and vanilla, place in a baking dish and cover with slices of pineapple cooked until tender in sugar syrup. Cover with meringue, brown and chill.

To six lightly beaten eggs add 1½ cups milk, a little salt, pepper, parsley and onion juice. Stir well, pour into buttered molds, set in a pan of hot water and bake. Serve with cream sauce.

If there are fruit stains on the table napkins, rub with and soak in a little turpentine before washing. For mildew, tie up cream of tartar with the soiled part and boil in clear water or rub with a fresh tomato.

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