DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Be Your Own Doctor.

When you meet with an accident—a cut, a burn, a scald or a bruise—don't spend money needlessly in doctor's bills, but apply Zam-Buk at once. This herbal balm will end the pain, stop the bleeding, prevent festering and heal quickly. Keep a box handy.

For skin troubles Zam-Buk is equally invaluable. A skin disease cured by Zam-Buk does not break out again, because Zam-Buk cures from the "root" up.

Zam-Buk is best for eczema, boils, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers 50c. box.

Zam-Buk

HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Infants
A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract.
Canada Food Board License No. 14-385.

FEEL FINE! TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER, BOWELS

Spend 10 cents! Don't stay bilious, sick, headachy, constipated.

Can't Harm You! Best Cathartic for Men, Women and Children.

Enjoy life! Your system is filled with an accumulation of bile and bowel poison which keeps you bilious, headachy, dizzy, tongue coated, breath bad and stomach sour—Why don't you get a 10-cent box of Cascarets at the drug store and feel bully. Take Cascarets tonight and enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. You'll wake up with a clear head, clean tongue, lively step, rosy skin and looking and feeling fit. Mothers can give a whole Cascaret to a sick, cross, bilious, feverish child any time—they are harmless—never gripe or sicken.

BISURATED MAGNESIA
For Dyspepsia, Indigestion.
Heartburn, Belching, Sour, Acid Stomach, Gas in Stomach, etc., take a teaspoonful of Bisurated Magnesia in a half-glass of hot water after eating. Is safe, pleasant and harmless to use, and gives almost instant relief. It neutralizes stomach acidity and sweetens the food contents so that digestion is easy and painless. Sold by druggists everywhere.

LUX
Won't harm anything that pure water may touch—Won't shrink.

Quick, Painless Way To Remove Hairy Growths

(Helps to Beauty.)

Here is a simple, unfailing way to rid the skin of objectionable hairs: With some powdered delatone and water make enough paste to cover the hairy surface, apply and in about 2 minutes rub off, wash the skin and every trace of hair has vanished. This is quite harmless, but to avoid disappointment be sure to get the delatone in an original package.—Advt.

Cuticura Heals Pimples On Face
That Itched and Burned. Scratched Constantly.

"I had pimples and blackheads on my face which were caused by bad blood. They came to a head and were hard and red causing disfigurement for the time being. They itched and burned so much that I constantly scratched and made them worse.

"I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and afterwards bought more. Now I am completely healed." (Signed) Miss Josephine A. Wetmore, 35 Sheriff St., St. John, N. B., Aug. 10, 1917.

Keep your skin clear by using Cuticura for every-day toilet purposes.

For Free Sample Each by Mail address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

Words are very much like people. They all have histories behind them. Many English words have foreign ancestors, some French, some Latin and some Greek grandfathers. For example: Dynamite is the Greek for power. Good-by is short for "God be with you.' Marmalade is the Portuguese word, meaning "made from quinces.' The Portuguese word came from two Greek words, mell melon, which meant "honey apple." School is the Greek word for "leisure." One does not think of school as leisure now, but in the olden times people worked so hard during the day in the fields they could only find time to read and learn lessons after work.

Try TETROL, 25c
To clean spats, white kid shoes, gloves, etc. You will be surprised.
BRUCE WALLACE
419 RICHMOND STREET.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Diabetes Seldom Due to Excessive Sugar Eating

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG.
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

"Sweets to the sweet, farewell," henceforth takes on a new meaning. Sugar is absolutely necessary for human life as it is at present constituted. Its importance to babies is found in the fact that it supplies in mother's milk nearly one-half, or 48.7 per cent of the heat and energy units—calories.

Too much sugar in milk, as it is in condensed milk, makes an excess of fat. Over-weight of this sort is a rich source of food for disease germs, if they once take hold of the child.

A baby takes relatively much more sugar than does its elders. It is able to digest and absorb more than grown-ups.

Diarrhoea, dysentery, fermentation and other stomach or intestinal troubles in hot weather arise at times from too liberal a diet of sugar. Bacterial infections in various parts of a baby's anatomy are more quickly healed and eliminated if there has not been much sugar feeding. A sugar-rich diet nourishes the germs, and the malady may become serious.

Diabetes, the sugar disease, however, is seldom traced to too much candies or sweets. It is more apt to be caused by disease or injury of the internal structures which have to do with storage, assimilation and accumulation of a human sugar reserve.

The intestinal juices help to convert sugar into sweet fluids to be stored away or crystallized in the muscles, liver and elsewhere.

Babies, like adults, vary immensely in the amount of sugar they can take with comfort. Mothers' milk contains seven per cent of an easily digested lactose, or milk sugar. The milk of the cow contains only four per cent of a less digestible lactose.

Many instances of troubled digestion, or even joint pains labelled with that defunct cognomen, "rheumatism," may be controlled by a simple omission of all sugar from the diet for ten days or so. Castor oil alternated with Epsom salts and a dilution of the sugar afterward will prove to be an effective measure.

If your doctor by indefatigable tests and attention discovers that your baby receives too much sugar it should be eliminated for a few days and bicarbonate of soda in 20-grain doses administered.

When the kidney fluids are discovered to be alkaline it means that the child is at last in good shape. Chalk and bismuth are also among the remedies.

Answers to Health Questions

B. R. J.: Q.—Kindly give me something for high blood pressure.

A.—You should get more rest and sleep and try not to overexert yourself. Keep your intestines open and active. Taboo hot dishes, those which are highly seasoned, salt, pepper, condiments, nuts, peas and beans. Take a bulgaria tablet with each meal, and drink lots of milk, cream and water. Take one-half grain of nitrate of soda in a little water every four hours for a few days.

Roughly, your age plus 100 is a normal blood pressure.

Correct Habits of Mind and Body Best Beauty Aids

BY LUCREZIA BORI
The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

Three years ago I was considered a beauty. I had lovely auburn hair, a smooth, white skin, my eyes were bright, and, altogether, I was healthy. Then many things happened to cause me to worry, and since that time all my good looks seem to have fled.

My eyes are lustreless, my skin is rather yellowish, and even shows blotches frequently and, strange as it may seem, even my hair seems to have lost its lustre. What can I do to get my good looks back?"

Very often such letters reach me—sometimes less extreme in their depressing tale, and sometimes even exceeding this woeful plaint. Curiously, also, these letters are not always from women advanced in years. The writer of the above letter tells me she is only 19, and usually the complaints of this sort are from young girls between 18 and 22.

In this case the author touches at the core of her own predicament. Worry will make more depredations on good looks than any other one thing. Yes, even the hair will lose its lustre, for lustrous hair proceeds from a healthy scalp, fed by active glands and good circulation. If you worry, your entire constitution is affected. The depressed person is recognizable by veiled, lustreless eyes, sagging mouth, struggling coiffure.

Treatment Through the Mind.

These things cannot be cured by external beauty lotions only. Not even a physician can prescribe a compound, for the only way to treat disfigurements that proceed from worry is through the mind. Some years ago there appeared a book in which was given the advice that to eradicate worry, the best way is to adopt the attitudes and expressions that spell content.

In other words, no matter how angry you get, don't clench your fist nor wrinkle your forehead. Instead, exert your will and smile, compel your muscles to relax. Not only will you thereby prevent the wrinkles of worry to pencil lines around mouth and forehead, but the very effort of smiling will minimize your anger and cause you less nervous disturbance.

When a particular feature discloses some disfigurement then external and local treatments are usually helpful. But when good looks proceed to depart in a body, then local treatments will only help slightly. You must get down to some deep, underlying cause.

If it is worry, then you must eradicate the worry habit. Solve your difficulties with your mind as best you can. Don't fret over them, for fretting will not aid you, and it will certainly leave its marks on your features and physique.

Sometimes a serious physical ailment affects the entire constitution, and if you will consult your physician and follow a regular course of treatment your good looks will return with returning good health.

Chief among the causes of lost good looks is lack of exercise. The baby's good looks may persist until early maturity in spite of sedentary habits, too rich or poorly selected food and late hours. But all these evils bring their consequences, and in many cases at a very early age.

Develop Correct Habits.

Examine your present habits. How much outdoor exercise do you get each day? Do you drink two quarts of water each day? Do you sleep in a well-ventilated room? Are you fond of too much sweets? These things represent habits, and the things you do habitually to your body each day will sooner or later mar beauty.

The younger you are the easier it is for you to develop correct habits. Drink plenty of water, make a hobby of some outdoor game that exercises all your muscles and compels deep breathing. Eat sparingly of the right foods, rightly balanced. This is the best beginning program for restoring good looks.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4.

Several of the planets under Lunar affliction make this a day for the exercise of extraordinary good judgment and wise handling of the affairs. Uranus in opposition to the Moon makes traveling, removal and change hazardous, while Mercury adversely placed urges to care and discrimination in the signing of contracts, documents and even letters. Business does not thrive under this influence, and speculation, investments or money risks of any description should not be attempted under Moon semi-square Jupiter. It is a day for conservatism, and for deferring all activities possible or for using them with wisdom and insight.

Those whose birthday it is should protect their money, risking it neither in speculation nor investment. A child born on this day will be intelligent and clever, but probably unsettled and unconventional. If born in the afternoon it will be successful.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Madge Took Things Into Her Own Hands and Arranged to Meet Harry.

I tried to conceal it from Lillian and Katherine, but I was trembling with nervousness when they left for their shopping trip. The prospect of an interview with Harry Underwood, especially one as trying as this conference promised to be, was most unsettling.

There was no deceiving Lillian's keen eyes, however. She turned back at the door, sending Katherine ahead to the waiting taxi, in order to have a parting confidential word with me.

"You've got to brace up, Madge," she said, and the edge of her voice was calculated either to stiffen my backbone or to crush me completely. "I wouldn't ask you to do this if I had and choice in the matter. Frankly, I'm counting upon Harry's interest in you—I would better put it his infatuation for you—not only to get him out of this mess he is in, but to secure from him information we in the service need sorely. So keep your eyes, mental and physical, wide open, your nerves under control, and don't you dare miss a trick. Young Gates, in the library, will be at your call if Harry should turn ugly, which is the last thing I expect. So long!"

She was in the taxi before I recovered my breath. I mechanically returned the wave of the hand she gave me, and then went slowly back into the big living-room.

During the next hour, which seemed to stretch out interminably, I tried to knit, to sew, to read, and abandoned all three as hopeless. Though I dreaded the sight of Harry Underwood, I was actually relieved when Betty called me to the telephone.

"It's that limb of Satan, Mis' Lillian's husband, Mis' Madge," Betty announced indignantly. "Mis' Lillian, she tell me 'fore she went that he'd probably come today while she was gone to see about some of his trash upstairs, an' that she had asked you to tend to him. I know what I'd tend to him with if I was you—just the sharpest razah I could get hol' of. But he's waitin' at the telephone, so shake your foot, honey."

"It's Imperative."

I followed her to the telephone, resolved to follow Lillian's advice and "brace up." I had always felt myself at a disadvantage when talking to Harry Underwood—had been unable to parry the pointed, stinging conversational shafts he was wont to direct at me, or to avoid what I feared more—his sentimental moods. Now I made up my mind to take command of the situation, even if in doing so I violated some of my old ideals of ethics and behavior. The situation was desperate, or Lillian wouldn't have asked such a service of me. I didn't intend to fail her.

"Mr. Underwood?" I hardly knew my own voice, so cool and controlled it was.

"Ah, Lady Fair! So glad to hear your voice. That old woolly chimpanzee was so frigid I was afraid perhaps she'd locked you up in your room on bread and water and wouldn't give you my message."

"What can I do for you?" I asked, dodging the question of Betty.

"Haven't you seen the Era?"

"Not until this morning. We have had a death and a burial here."

"Yes, I know," hurriedly. "I saw an announcement.

Did I fancy it, or was there something akin to remorse in his tone? I hoped so. Surely he had reason to be remorseful, for I knew how bitterly he had opposed Lillian's giving a home to poor old Mrs. Morton.

"When and where can I see you," he continued. "It's imperative. I ought to have seen you two days ago."

"Pretty Smooth——"

A new dilemma faced me. I was sure that Betty was listening to my end of the conversation. I mustn't let her suspect that Mr. Underwood had no idea he was to come to his old home.

"Yes, I understand," I replied. "Lillian told me this morning that you would probably be here today to look after your things upstairs, and asked me to help you. How soon will you be here? I'll tell Betty to be on the watch for you, although she knows you're coming."

"Pretty smooth, little petticoated Machiavelli," he chuckled. I'll be at your door in exactly fifteen minutes. Is Lill there?"

The question was elaborately careless, but I knew he anxiously awaited the answer—that he had no desire to see Lillian.

"No, Katherine and she went shopping," I replied.

"Well!" and I knew him well enough to detect the relief in his tone, "farewell, child, for fifteen minutes, the longest quarter of an hour in my life."

It was his old tone of burlesqued sentiment. There was something in the quality of his voice, a certain suspicion of thickness in the tones that made me suspect he had been drinking. My heart almost failed me at the prospect of the interview I had set myself.

HER GARDEN :: :: :: By Juanita Hamel

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Fair are the flowers of HER garden, but to her eyes there are none so fair as these rollicking children she likes to amuse, and who love to help her make the posies grow. And to HIM who sends his Captain's cap as a calling card by an elfin messenger, who startles her, she—the adored of his heart, the sweetest vision of his eager dreams—SHE is the very essence, the composite beauty of ALL the blossoms of the earth, and to her he brings the perfect flower of LOVE.

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "Our Soldier's Mothers."

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Winifred Black

She has given seven sons to her country's service, and the citizens of the little city where Mary J. Wyman lives are raising a fund to buy for this brave widow a home—a bungalow in a garden of flowers, with a tree or two by the door. She has eight sons, and Harry, the youngest, is only 15 years old, yet she says she has to "tie him up to keep him from running away to fight the Huns."

Seven blue stars are emblazoned on "the Widow Wyman's" service flag, and the little mother glories in the ambitions and achievements of her boys—even as the tears stream down her cheeks. Her sacrifice, she says, is the greatest joy of her life.

Cheer and Courage.

The people of her city and her state are taking pains to show how much they appreciate the mother's story. And that is one of the features of our time. The mother whose sons have gone to the war are now, more than ever before, the object of popular love and veneration.

Our young men—the jewels in the crown of the nation—are on the field of war for a glorious cause. And for every boy of them all the heart of the country beats warmly.

And never is forgotten, for one moment, the motherhood of the nation.

Most of these mothers are brave; some of them are faint-hearted and smiling bravely or in tears, are held close in our loving hearts.

One star differs from another in glory, but when the books are balanced and the count of noble souls is made, the mother who gave her son for the war for human liberty will have her share of honor, no matter how she bore the ordeal.

For what a trial it is—the long days and nights of uncertainty and apprehension.

Keep Lonesomeness Away.

One brave woman said, the other day, that she could bear it only as the sailor's wife of old bore her husband's absence on long voyages. "I don't know when to worry," she said, "for when it is storming here it may be fair where my Robert's ship is sailing."

There is sound philosophy there. Good cheer is in order until some real calamity comes, and then courage is the only thing.

Courage! It is two-thirds of the power of life, if not three-fourths.

Our boys have given proof of endurance, love of adventure and unstained loyalty to the greatest flag in the world.

A home their mothers have the courage of endurance, patience and a love which is stronger than death.

I am glad that the mother's day has come. I love to see, in the bearing of our soldiers, what they feel toward the mothers of soldier sons, and I love the spirit in which the public looks upon the heroines of real life.

The stories that come from the front testify to the soldiers' feeling. As the compass turns toward the pole star, the wounded soldier, or he who is just going into battle, turns his thoughts to his mother, as whispers some last message for her.

We at home—are we doing all we can for the soldier's mother, next door or in the next street? We must not let her get lonely—the soldier's mother.

Incidents in the Lives of World-Famous Women

By ELOISE FARRINGTON

How Queen Bertha Won the Deathless Love of the Swiss People.

In French Switzerland there is still an expression currently used—"le bon temps que reine Berthe filait"—which is equivalent to our saying "in the good old days." For no days were ever quite so perfect in that country as in the reign of good Queen Bertha. She stands as the ideal of womanhood, noble, unselfish, industrious, and no queen was ever more greatly beloved.

Bertha was the daughter of Duke Burkhard of Alamannia, and she began her queenly career by bringing to her husband through gentle means what he had failed to secure by the use of the sword. In those days kings increased their territory either through conquest or by marrying a richly-dowered princess.

Industry Always Pleased Her.

It happened that for a long time King Rudolph the Second of New Burgundy (French Switzerland) had kept covetous eyes on the rich lands of Alamannia, nearby. These lands belonged to Duke Burkhard, and, naturally, he had no intention of yielding them to his royal neighbor. So, according to custom, Rudolph attempted to wrest it from him by means of conquest. With his superior army he invaded the country, and for a long time there were many bloody conflicts.

Nevertheless, Rudolph could make no headway, and in the year 919 he was finally defeated and retreated to his own country, foiled. Curiously, however, the feud which this warfare engendered did not last very long. For only three years later Burkhard and Rudolph were as good friends as though there had been no conflict between them, and Burkhard proudly gave his daughter, Bertha, in marriage to King Rudolph.

Whether the people of Alamannia enjoyed being transferred as a dowry from one kingdom to another we do not know, but certainly King Rudolph's people profited by the acquisition of the new queen.

Bertha was lovely to behold, gentle of spirit, charitable and kind to the poor. But chiefly she was noted for her industry. Idleness for even a moment was intolerable to her, and by every means in her power she encouraged her people to occupy themselves constantly in some useful labor.

She was never without some occupation herself, and even when riding about on her palfrey she kept spinning from a distaff which she carried with her.

One day she was making her rounds from farm to farm, mixing cordially with her people, as was her wont, when she met a young shepherdess and observed that she was spinning while watching her flock. Highly pleased at this evidence of industry, Queen Bertha called the young girl to her and gave her a rich present.

The news of this action soon spread not only among the peasants but among the ladies of the court. They, too, determined to ingratiate themselves with the queen. So a few days later all the ladies in waiting appeared in court with distaffs in hand. They waited for the queen to acknowledge their new virtue with some suitable reward as she had favored the peasant girl. But smilingly the wise young queen addressed them:

"My ladies," she said, "you come too late. The young peasant girl came first, and like Jacob, she has taken away my blessing."

Industry Always Pleased Her.

The big war revival in agriculture is producing many interesting experiments in the growing of new crops on land not in use for growing human food. For example, a big area in the country is now, on the suggestion of the food production department, planted with sunflowers, the seeds of which are valuable both as a source of oil and for poultry food. Small cultivators are also urged by the Government to sow sugar beet as an important food for stock, especially for pigs. Farmers whose cereal crops have failed, owing to attacks from different kinds of parasites, are advised to grow linseed.

It is proposed to use rubber sponge molded to fit the inside of motor car tire casing, and in this manner produce a puncture-proof tire. The car will still ride on air, but this air will be confined in innumerable little sacks.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvey

Illustrated by Gruelle.

MISS JENNY WREN GIVES A PARTY.

There was quite a stir in Birdville when it was learned that Jenny Wren was planning a party. Everyone who lived in the big forest wondered if they would be invited.

Jenny Wren delivered the invitations herself to every house in Birdville, except two—those in which lived Johnny Crow and Jessie Blue Jay.

"I simply can't stand Johnny Crow's dingy black suit," chirped Jenny Wren to her friends, Downey Woodpecker and Mrs. Robin. "And as for Jessie Blue Jay, I can't bear her chatter."

"Neither can I!" exclaimed Downey Woodpecker.

"I guess no one likes them very much," ventured Mrs. Robin. "Jessie Blue Jay's so conceited! Why, no one gets a word in edgeways when she's around. And Johnny Crow is as gloomy as a thunder shower. They'd spoil any party."

"Just the way I feel about it," chirped Jenny Wren, and begging her friends not to forget, she flew away home.

At last the eventful day arrived, and Jenny Wren, dressed in her best feathers, welcomed her guests.

Birds of every size and color were there, from tiny Titmouse to Mme. Brown Thrush, all but Blue Bird, Johnny Crow and Jessie Blue Jay.

There was a twitter of relief when Blue Bird flew into the tree. Jenny Wren suggested that they fly down into the farmyard where she had seen the housewife shake out the tablecloth, and away they flew, all chattering at the top of their voices.

They were all so busy picking up crumbs none of them saw the farmer's cat sneaking along the side of the house until a loud cry of alarm sounded from the fence rail, where Jessie Blue Jay and Jimmy Crow were watching the party, and they just had time to scatter before the cat dashed around the corner of the house.

"It never pays to judge a bird's heart by his feathers or the amount of chattering he does," said Blue Bird when the danger was past. "I think we all owe those two uninvited guests an apology, for if it hadn't been for them some of us would now be missing."

"You're right!" exclaimed Jenny Wren. "I for one am sorry and ashamed, and mean to right my wrong if I can."

Then she flew down beside Johnny Crow and Jessie Blue Jay and apologized for slighting them.

Two Uninvited Guests.

"And also to thank you for saving my guests," chirped Jenny Wren, holding out her claw.

Johnny Crow and Jessie Blue Jay shook it warmly and joined the happy party, where everyone made them welcome.

Jenny Wren never passed hasty judgment on any of the feathered folk again, for she found it didn't pay to judge birds by their feathers or their chatter.

Four Selected Cake Recipes

BY ANN MARIE LLOYD.

Malted Sultana Bread.

Required—One quart of water, three and a half pounds of fine wholemeal; half a pound of flour, about one ounce of salt, one ounce of yeast, one pound of sultanas, one ounce of malt extract. Warm the water to 108 deg.; stir the extract in it well, then dissolve the yeast; stir well, then add the salt; mix in the wholemeal and white flour, and last of all the sultanas. Knead well, put in a bowl well covered up, let it stand for one hour to rise well, then knead it well again, and let it stand for 45 minutes, knead it again and divide it into 18-ounce pieces, roll up, put in tins, prove for 20 minutes, and bake in a hot oven in which are placed jars of water to make steam.

Arrowroot Cakes.

These are very nice eating, and it would be difficult to find better plain cakes. Fourteen ounces of flour, two ounces of cornflour, half a pound of arrowroot, half a pound of margarine, six ounces of sugar, half an ounce of cream of tartar substitute, a quarter of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda, half a pint of milk, and a gill of water, essence of lemon.

Sieve the flour, cornflour, arrowroot and the chemicals together, rub the margarine and sugar in it, and mix the whole up to a cake batter with the milk and water, fill into large papered tins, and bake in a hot oven, or it can be baked in small patty pans; but the larger cakes of this kind are the best.

Martha Washington Pie.

Cream together one cupful of sugar and half a cupful of butter. Add one cup of milk, one teaspoonful of baking soda, four beaten eggs, and flour enough to make a medium cake batter. Bake in two layer tins. For the filling use one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, two eggs and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. The eggs, sugar, and cornstarch are melted together, then the boiling milk turned into them, stirring one way until the cream is smooth and the right consistency, then the flavoring is added.

Split the cakes, and when the cream is cool lay up the "pie," dusting the top with powdered sugar.

Martha Washington Pie.

Beat four eggs with a half-pound of sugar, and sift into it a quarter-pound of flour. Pour in two buttered, shallow pans and bake.

When cold split with a sharp knife and fill with a boiled lemon custard that has been allowed to cool, and sift powdered sugar over the top of the pie.

The Japanese are probably the only civilized people in the world who eat ice in the way they do. Blocks or small cakes of ice crushed into tiny, pebbly pieces are eaten with sugar and lemon or any other mixture one may fancy. But by far the commonest way of eating ice is to shave it into snowy flakes by means of a plane and swallow it with sweetened water into which various appetizers may be thrown, such as fruit juice of sweetmeats of different kinds.

GILLETT'S LYE
CLEANS—DISINFECTS—USED FOR SOFTENING WATER—FOR MAKING HARD AND SOFT SOAP—FULL DIRECTIONS WITH EACH CAN.

TRADE MARK
For 30 YEARS watch cases bearing the "Winged Wheel" trade mark have been the recognized standard of quality in Canada. For your own satisfaction make sure that it's there.
THE AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. OF TORONTO, LIMITED
Largest makers of watch cases in British Empire

Robert's SYRUP OF
35¢ A bottle **Cod Liver Oil & Tar**
Is a scientific remedy in which the powerful curative properties of Cod Liver Oil and Tar are combined. The nauseous effect of the oil having been removed, the extractive principles remain to build up vitated strength and remove the irritation set up by Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other affections of the respiratory organs. Try it, for it
does stop coughs

GIRLS! BEAUTIFY YOUR HAIR AND STOP DANDRUFF

Hair becomes charming, wavy, lustrous and thick in few moments.

Every bit of dandruff disappears and hair stops coming out.

For a few cents you can save your hair. In less than ten minutes you can double its beauty. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and charming as a young girl's after applying some Danderine. Also try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.

Women Should Take

special care to keep free from headache, backache, constipation, weakness and depression. For these recurring ailments and other conditions peculiar to women, Beecham's Pills are a tested and effectual remedy. They act gently and promptly on the stomach, liver and bowels, and exert a tonic, strengthening effect on the bodily functions. These famous pills are purely vegetable, contain no habit-forming drug, and produce no disagreeable after-effects. Women the world over, find needed help and strength in

Beecham's Pills
"Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"
Worth a Guinea a Box
Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U.S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

THE SAFEST MATCHES IN THE WORLD
also the cheapest, are
EDDY'S SILENT 500's

SAFEST because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

CHEAPEST because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.

War-time economy and your own good sense will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.
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