DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letters can be answered privately]

Polly's Paragraph.

Dear Miss Grey.—Would you kindly tell me on what day September 21, 1855, came? This would oblige a constant reader of this paper. I am, yours sincerely. POLLY.

Ans.—A Monday.

Another Blue Eyes.

Dear Miss Grey.—Would you please answer a few questions for me?

1. What day did February 6, 1898, come on?
2. Could you have a nice pattern printed for a silk dress?

I remain, BLUE EYES.

Ans.—1. Sunday.
2. Shall try and have a pretty design printed soon.

Meaning of S. A. E.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am much indebted to "Brown Eyes" and yourself for a copy of the song "The Sinner and the Song," recently asked for, and enclose stamp in envelope.

Inclosed please find copy of "There's a Dear Spot in Ireland," asked for by "W. O."

Also, without wishing to appear trivial, I would suggest that the mysterious letters S. A. E. stand for "Send answer early," a homely variation of R. S. V. P. I remain, yours truly, E. S.

Ans.—The song has been mailed to you. Will "W. O." send his or her address for the Irish selection. Your interpretation is accepted.

Delicious Recipes.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been a faithful reader of your column for some time, and I enjoy it very much. I am sending two recipes which I think are good, and I have not as yet noticed them in your column.

Divinity Candy.—Put four cups granulated sugar, one cup golden syrup, one and one-third cups water; boil until it strings. Have ready whites of three eggs beaten stiff; pour in, and add one cup chopped nuts and vanilla flavoring; beat until stiff and pour on buttered platters to cool.

Raspberry Cake.—One-half cup butter, two-thirds cup white sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon water, one teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon cream of tartar dissolved in water, one cup canned raspberries, two small cups flour. Bake in layers.

Filling.—Pit fourteen or fifteen dates, add two-thirds cup brown sugar, half cup water. Boil until thick; cool.

Icing—One cup confectioner's sugar, one-half teaspoon butter, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon cocoa, wet with coffee until it will spread smoothly.

This being my first letter, I hope it is not too long. With my very best wishes to you, Miss Grey, and all other readers. DORIS.

Ans.—It is very nice that your interest in this column has taken such a practical form. I think we have had a recipe for divinity fudge, but it is always nice to add one slightly different. The cake recipe with filling and icing, sounds delicious.

How Old Is Ann?

Dear Madam,—I would be very pleased if you would answer the following questions for me.

1. Where was Thomas Edison born? Was it at New Sarum, Ontario?
2. How do you tell the day a certain date fell on? Perhaps this is a secret of yours, if it is it wouldn't be fair to ask you to tell, would it?
3. If Mary is 24, and at Ann's age she was twice as old as Ann, how old is Ann now? I am told the answer to this is 18, but I figure it out to be 16. We are not quite sure which is right. Could you tell us?

Thanking you in anticipation, I remain, Yours very truly, PEACE-MAKER.

Ans.—1. No. Milan, Ohio, on February 11, 1847. Was probably employed at New Sarum as a telegraph operator on the Grand Trunk.

2. I don't mind telling you, at all. A very reliable chart came into my possession and from this the days can be estimated. Hope you didn't think I was able to give them from memory—especially the early "eighty" dates!

3. I absolutely refuse to be inveigled into any argument as to how old Ann is. And I doubt if you're really a "Peace-Maker" to introduce such a bone of contention into our quiet realm. Who is Ann, anyway?

Prince Albert Cake.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to your mail box. Would you please answer a few questions?

1. What is the best way to clean black marks off tan shoes?
2. What will clean a blue corduroy dress that has become mussed?
3. What day of the week did September 3, 1904 come on?
4. I am sending the recipe for Prince Albert cake asked for by a Hensallite: 2 eggs beaten together, 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1-2 cup sour milk mixed with 1 teaspoon soda, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 1-2 cups flour, 1 grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Bake in two jelly tins.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.

Ans.—1. If any good tan polish which the shoe stores sell does not remove the marks, why not have your shoes blackened? If converted into black shoes they may be made to look like new ones.

2. You might try wiping it over with cloth wrung tightly out of alcohol or benzine, but I fear that little can be done with it.
3. Saturday.

A Fine Sentiment.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to you. I enjoy your page very much. I am sending some verses called, "Be careful what you say." I would like very much to see them in print, as I would love to have a new clipping of them. I think they are so nice. If this doesn't reach the W. P. B. please let me know what you think of them. Thanking you in advance and wishing you every success, Yours truly, CONSTANT READER.

Ans.—I agree with you as to the merits of the sentiment; shall be glad to use the verses as soon as I can.

Enjoys Company.

Dear Miss Grey—Another one to bother your mail box. I always read your page with interest. In reading your paper the other morning I noticed a letter from a "Nine years married Woman." I really think her very foolish to ever have given up all her old friends for a husband's silly whim. I have been married nine years. My husband does not care for company, but I invite my friends to tea or for evenings, and always go myself. We have two children and when we are invited any place and he will not go I go alone and let him keep the children; of course at first this did not work very well, but now he never says a word. I do not think a husband has any right to choose his wife's friends or to object to them coming to see her. He always has his own friends and goes when he likes, and I do the same, and must say that we are nearly always pleased. Now I am going to ask you a few questions:

1 Do you think there is any harm in a lady going to card parties just among the neighbors when her husband does not go?

2. What would be good to clean a brass lamp stand?

3. Where can one purchase patterns for stamping linen?

I guess you will think this, my first letter, quite long enough.

FROM A WIFE THAT LIKES A GOOD TIME AS WELL AS HER HUSBAND.

Ans.—1. No, I do not think so, if she did not go too often. The danger would be in that, and if you start by going to one neighbor's party, you cannot very well refuse to attend all the rest, and this might take you from home too many evenings. It is small matters like this, I think, that opens the tiny breach between husband and wife—one which is only too apt to widen with the years. Therefore I would bid you be careful. While we all believe that "Married Nine Years" made a mistake in dropping all sociability, do not make the error of going to the opposite extreme!

Some use vinegar and salt to clean brass; mix together, and apply with a cloth dipped into the mixture. Then take a good cleansing powder on the same cloth and rub the brass; wipe with a fresh cloth wrung out of warm water and polish ith dry rags. Others use sour milk in place of the salt.

Several of the local stores have a "fancy-work" department, where these may be purchased.

A Generous Offer.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been a subscriber to the daily Advertiser for many years, but as as much interested in your department as any of the young ladies who submit their love troubles or other problems for your solution. I admire your wise and in every way helpful answers, but think you must get out of patience with girls who keep asking you such questions as "How long should I wear my dresses." I think if I had to answer I should be apt to tell them "As long as you live." I believe your department is the most interesting feature of The Advertiser, and is regularly read with the keenest interest by the great majority of your subscribers. Now, for my own affair. Can you furnish me with the words of the old song entitled, "Never Push a Man Because He's Going Down the Hill." It begins as follows:

In this sensational century good songs
are very few,
The words are little cared for if the
music is but new.

It is a favorite song which I and others used to sing in the north of England about forty years ago, and although I still remember the tune. I have forgotten the words except the first verse and chorus. If you can find it for me I will forward you $2 towards any charitable fund you may recommend. Yours, OLD SINGER.

Ans.—This is surely a kind offer of Old Singer, whose letter comes from far away Saskatchewan. I hope we may be able to locate this old song. No doubt it is familiar to some of our readers.

Quite a Budget.

Dear Miss Grey,—Could you through the columns of your valuable paper, by some other of its readers, obtain for me the following old-time songs. Any of them would be very acceptable:

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother,
I must cross the wide, wide sea.

Following are lines of chorus:
"I won't be your wife," said Mary;
"I don't care a rap, said John.

There are many sad and weary
In this bitter world of ours.

I think you've had enough of Joe.
And go I really must—

These are lines in the song:
When I first met charming Nora,
It was on a summer's eve.

Part words of last one are:
Tarry, Tarry, Tarry, do not weep and
sigh,
But lay your head upon my breast
My blue-eyed Irish boy. D. A. C.

Ans.—Referred to readers.

Shoes for Skating.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am in trouble again and come to you for help. Please excuse the writing and pencil.

I have a pair of hockey skates but no shoes. Would button shoes be all right, providing you buy a pair of ankle supports? FISH AND CHIPS.

Ans.—The trouble about buttoned boots for skating is that the straps are apt to press the buttons into the foot. Then, too, the buttoned boots cannot be tightened enough for skating, like the laced ones can. I think you had better try and get a stout pair of laced boots.

Old Songs and Poems

Never Take the Horseshoe From the Door.

Sent in by J. A. M.

There's a story handed down in Irish
history,
Far beyond the days of King Boru.
For the best of luck is always waiting
on you
If you pick up on the road a horse-
shoe.

Chorus:
Then gather the family around you
Sunday morning,
Let the babies roll upon the floor;
So, one and all, I give you timely warn-
ing:
Never take the horseshoe from the
door.

When first I set my eyes upon Cardealia,
The many years we're married seem
but few.
It was in my father's but in Tipperary,
I was nailing on the door a horse's
shoe.

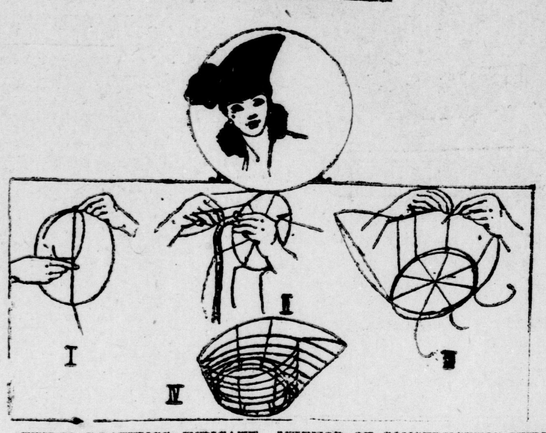
The only time I had domestic trouble
Was with my little wife that I adore;
She was bringing in a crowd of her re-
lations,
And I found the horseshoe lying on
the floor.

I never gave away to superstition;
Her relations kept me in an awful
stew,
Until I gathered courage and I whaled
them;
It came from finding of the horse's
shoe.

I offer ye a bit of consolation,
Ye husbands who are keeping up a
crew
Of a lazy set of vagabond relations;
I offer ye this horse's iron shoe.

It's the Tilt of Your Hat That Tells, This Year

The London Advertiser's First Lesson in Home Millinery Explains How Wire Frame Gives Proper "Set" of Hat On Head.



THESE DRAWINGS INDICATE METHOD OF CONSTRUCTING WIRE MOLD FOR GRACEFUL HAT SHOWN HEREWITH.

[By Clarissa Chesley.]

You're ready for another hat, of course. Every woman wants something natty to tide over the time till Easter styles arrive.

But if you can't afford to buy a new hat, don't sit idly at home and wish for it to come drifting down on a snowflake. Why not try your hand at millinery? Start with the right materials, add brains and a little care—product: a smart late-winter chapeau!

A hat, like a house, depends largely on its foundation. You must make first of all a mold of wire. It is the poise of the hat on the head, which is primarily important in present styles, and to obtain the correct poise, your wire frame should be carefully fitted.

Buy a bolt of frame wire and a pair of nippers. With a tape measure get the head size for your hat. Cut and fasten the wire with the nippers and then bend it so that it is a little longer than wide. For the average size head and worn in the prevailing style the hat will measure eight inches front to back and seven inches across.

Fasten a wire lengthwise front to back, another from side to side and two more diagonally across to the foundation wire. The ends of all these wire are left quite long. As you work with these wires run your finger smoothly over each one to straighten it. This is very important as a means of keeping the shape accurate.

Bend back one inch on each wire. This bend starts the crown band. (See Fig. 2.) A second wire is then tied around at this point.

The wire going around the edge of the brim of the hat pictured measures 36½ inches. The loose wires are brought up to meet it and tied as in Feig. 3.

Directly in front the height measures 4 inches, at the back 5½ inches, at the left side it is 6½ inches, at the right side 2¾ inches. Of course, if this brim proves too high for becomingness it can be made a little narrower.

Where the dents in the brim are made and this can be done by placing the frame on the head and following the picture (Fig. 4), stay wires are run up and tied.

The frame proper, made of rice net or willow cloth, is formed on this wire mold. Directions for making it will be given in the next lesson.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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What now? Which way should they turn? He had accomplished all he had planned for himself back there in the coach, but now he became aware of other problems awaiting solution. In less than an hour it would be daylight; he almost imagined it was lighter already over yonder in the east. With the first dawn those watchful Indians, creeping cautiously closer, would discover the stage deserted, and would be on their trail. And they had left a trail easily followed. Perhaps the hard, dry ground might confuse those savage trackers, but they would scour the open country between bluff and river, and find the dead warrior in the gully. That would tell the story. To go west, along the edge of the river, wading in the water, would be a useless precaution; such a trick would be suspected at once, and there was no possibility of rescue from that direction. They might as well walk open-eyed into a trap. There was but one hope, one opportunity—to cross the stream before dawn came and hide among those shifting sand-dunes of the opposite shore. Hamlin thoroughly understood the risk involved, the treacherous nature of the Arkansas, the possibility that both might be sucked down by enguling quicksand, yet even such a lonely death was preferable to Indian torture.

The girl at his feet stirred and moaned. In another moment he had filled his hat with water from the river, had lifted her head upon one arm, and using the handkerchief from about his throat, was washing away the blood that matted her hair. Now that his fingers felt the wound, he realized the force of the blow stunning her, although its outward manifestation was slight. Her figure trembled in his arms and her eyes opened, gazing up wonderingly at the black outlines of his shadow. Then she made an effort as though to draw away.

"Lie still a while yet, Miss McDonald," he said soothingly, "until you regain your strength."

He heard the quick gasp of her breath and felt the sudden relaxing of her muscles.

"You!" she exclaimed in undisguised relief at recognition of the voice; "is it really you? Where are we? What has happened?"

He told her rapidly, his face bent close, realizing that she was clinging to him again as she had once before back in the stage. As he ended, she lifted one hand to her wound.

"And I am not really hurt—not seriously?" her voice bewildered. "I—I never realized I had been struck. And—and you carried me all that way? I—I can hardly comprehend—yet. Please explain again. They are back there watching for us still, believing we are in the coach; they will follow our trail as soon as it becomes daylight. Why—why, the sky is brighter even in the east already, isn't it? What was it you said we must do?"

"Get across the river; once hidden in those sand-dunes over there we'll be safe enough."

"Across the river," she repeated the words dully, sitting up to stare out toward the water. Then her head sank into her arms. "Can we ever do that?"

Hamlin bent forward on his knees, striving with eyes sharpened by his night's experience to learn more of what lay before them. The movement, slight as it was, served to frighten her, and she grasped him by the sleeve.

"Do not leave me; do not go away," she implored swiftly. "Whatever you say it best I will do."

CHAPTER IX.

Across the River.

He dropped his hand upon hers, clasping the clinging fingers tightly.

"Yes, we can make it," he answered confidently. "Wait, until I make sure what is out there."

He had slight recollection of the stream at this point, although he had crossed it often enough at the known fords, both above and below. Yet these crossings had always been accomplished with a horse under him, and a knowledge of where the trail ran. But he knew the stream, its peculiarities and dangers. It was not the volume of water, nor its depths he feared, for, wide as it appeared stretching from bank to bank, he realized its shallow sluggishness. The peril was in quicksand, or the plunging to some unseen hole, where the sudden swirl of water might pull them under. Alone he would have risked it recklessly, but with her added weight in his arms, he realized how a single false step would be fatal. The farther shore was invisible; he could perceive nothing but the slight gleam of water lapping the sand at his feet as it flowed slowly, noiselessly past, and beyond the dim outline of a narrow sand ridge. Even this, however, was encouragement, proving the shallowness of the stream. He turned about, his face so close he could see her eyes.

"We shall have to try it, Miss McDonald; you must permit me to carry you."

"Yes."

"And whatever happens do not scream—just cling tight to me."

"Yes," a little catching in her throat. "Tell me first, please, just what it is you fear."

"Quicksand principally; it is in all these western rivers, and the two of us together on one pair of legs will make it harder to pull out of the suck. If I tell you to get down, do so quickly."

"Yes."

"Then there may be holes out there in the bottom. I don't mind those so much, although these cavalry boots are no help in swimming."

"I can swim."

"Hardly in your clothes; but I am glad to hear it, nevertheless. You could keep afloat, at least, and the holes are never very large. Are you ready now?"

She gave him her hands and stood up. The Sergeant drew in a long breath and transferred the haversack to her shoulder.

"We'll try to keep that from getting soaked, if we can," he explained. "There is no hotel over in those sand-dunes. Now hold on tight."

He swung her easily to his broad shoulder, clasping her slender figure closely with one arm.

"That's it! Now get a firm grip. I'll carry you all right."

To the girl that passage was never more than a dim memory. Still partially dazed from the severe blow on her head, she closed her eyes as Hamlin stepped cautiously down into the stream and clung to him desperately, expecting each moment to be flung forward into the water. But the Sergeant's mind was upon his work, and every detail of the struggle left its impress on his memory. He saw the dark sweep of the water, barely visible in the gleam of those few stars unobscured by cloud, and felt the sluggish flow against his legs as he moved. The bottom was soft, yet his feet did not sink deeply, although it was rather difficult wading. However, the clay gave him more confidence than sand underfoot, and there was less depth of water even than he had anticipated. He was wet only to the thighs when he toiled up on to the low spit of sand, and put the girl down for a moment to catch a fresh breath and examine the broader stretch of water ahead. They could see both shores now, that which they had just left a black, lumping, dim outline. Except for the lapping of the water at their feet all was deathly still. Even the Indian fire had died out, and it was hard to conceive that savages were hidden behind that dark veil, and that they two were actually fleeing for their lives. To the girl it was like some dreadful delirium of sleep, but the man felt the full struggle. There was a star well down in the south he chose to guide by, but beyond that he must trust to good fortune. Without a word he lifted her again to his shoulder, and pushed on.

To Be Continued

I. O. D. E. STILL "GREY KNITTING" FOR SOLDIERS

Report Fine Collection of Articles on Hand—Interesting Session.

At a meeting of the Municipal Chapter, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, held yesterday afternoon, the members decided to avail themselves of the kind offer of F. G. Kilmaster, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, to give a recital on Jan. 30 to aid the soldiers' comfort fund of the I.O.D.E. Mrs. Whitwam and Mrs. Young were appointed to secure a suitable hall, and Mesdames Ernest Smith, E. H. Johnston, Beddome, W. A. McCrimmon, Wright, Duffield, Burke, and McClary Moore, were appointed as a representative committee of the primary chapters, to look after arrangements. It is intended that the concert be of a patriotic nature.

Patriotic Exhibit.

A letter was read from the Canadian Artists' Patriotic Fund Exhibition, asking for co-operation with the I. O. D. E. when the exhibit visits this city, April 15 to 24. Quite a number of Canadian artists have contributed a picture each to the display, the admission fee to which is devoted to patriotic purposes. It was decided that the members be tea hostesses for three days during the exhibition here.

To aid the work of the National Chapter, which has been approaching the different departments of education in Canada, in an effort to introduce books on the war, $10 was voted.

"Grey Knitting."

Representatives of the primary chapters reported energetic and enthusiastic work for the soldiers' field comforts, a large number of knitted articles and garments now being on hand. Some members are working for the Red Cross Society, and others for the C. W. C. A. The Princess Patricias have been working for the sailors and have forwarded over $400 for them from the vaudeville concert. A committee, formed to collect and distribute the knitted goods from the different chapters, to the London men in camp here, includes Mesdames W. A. Young, T. H. Smallman, Whitwam, A. E. Miller, Duffield, Callard, Johnston and Miss Smart.

A letter was read from H. Prudhomme acknowledging a consignment of goods sent by the Municipal Chapter. Mrs. Niven presided in the absence of Mrs. Hodgins, to whom a resolution of condolence was passed in the death of her brother-in-law.

After the business was disposed of, tea was served the ladies present by the Lord Roberts' Chapter members, Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Dillon acting as hostesses.

A NEW DISCOVERY

Roman Meal is made in Canada for Canadian people from Canadian grains, the whole berries of wheat, rye, completely deodorized and tasteless flaxseed compounded according to a doctor's prescription.

It is more palatable than wheat or oats, and much more nourishing, will not ferment and turn acid like oats. It may be served in a great variety of ways, especially as porridge, pancakes, gems and bread.

It is a great natural aid to digestion and positively relieves and prevents constipation or money back.

Demonstrated at Smallman & Ingram's all this week.

BELGIAN RELIEF CAR GOES NEXT WEEK

W. C. C. Officials Decide to Postpone Shipment a Few Days.

Owing to requests received from various quarters to hold for further donations the carload of goods and provisions which the Women's Canadian Club proposed shipping to Halifax this week, the officers have decided not to send the car until the middle of next week. Some $200 worth of biscuits have been purchased for the shipment, together with a large quantity of other foodstuffs. This postponement in the date of forwarding the consignment will enable bales of food and clothing to be sent from various places in the district. Mrs. Edwards, the treasurer, has received $5 from St. John the Evangelist Church, $5 from J. W. Reid, per Free Press; $33.25 from the combined Anglican and Presbyterian Sunday schools of Camlachie.

Mrs. Edwards is also in receipt of the following letter from Col. Shannon, Militia Headquarters:

"Dear Madam,—I am inclosing you in this, check for $6.25 contributed by the military guard at Tobermory, for the benefit of the Belgian Relief Fund, of which I understand you are the secretary. This amount was the extra ration allowance granted to the guard by the Government for Christmas Day, and which they unanimously decided to contribute for the Belgian Relief Fund."

MUSICALE FOR BELGIANS.

Music-lovers should not forget the musicale given by local talent tonight at the home of Mrs. George Copeland, 325 Richmond street, in aid of Belgian relief. An excellent program has been arranged, and this, together with the worthiness of the object, should attract many. The program opens at 8:15.

ARTISTIC PROGRAM AT MUSIC CLUB

Opening Recital Marked by Some Unusually Brilliant Numbers.

The first recital of the Woman's Music Club since the holiday season, held yesterday afternoon in the Normal School, was marked by a record attendance, the large assembly hall being well-filled. A most excellent miscellaneous program was presented by members of the club, Mrs. Frederick A. Stuart, having arranged the numbers.

The opening selection "Overture to Rienzi" (Wagner), rendered on two pianos by Miss Burwell, Miss Burns, Mrs. Sidney Little and Miss Raymond, was delivered in a most finished style. Many of the members who had not previously heard the singing of Miss Nancy Niven were delighted with her rendition of two songs "Sky Blue Water" (Cadman) and "The Song God Sang Me" (Herman Lohr). A pianist new to the club was Miss Elva Giles, of St. Thomas, who in Liszt's Sixth Rhapsodie displayed remarkable technique and much interpretative ability, for so young a player. As always, Lady Beck delighted with her numbers. She sang dramatically "Habernera" from "Carmen" (Bizet) and gave a sweet rendition of "Prelude" by Landon Ronald. The playing of Miss Muriel Saunders never fails to elicit applause from her audience and yesterday her number Beethoven's "Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3," rendered entirely from memory, was marked by brilliancy of technique, fine intellectual grasp, and the beauty of her singing tone. The selection "Briar Rose" (Vierling) by the Ladies' Chorus under the direction of Miss Minnie Raymond, was one of the artistic features of the program. Mrs. Ernest Smith was in charge of "Current Events," and in a brief but interesting paper, discussed the nationality of Beethoven, Wagner, Handel and other great composers. The program was closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

For delicious flavor and all-round fine quality there is no tea equals Salada. And then it is not cheapened with dust, as many teas are.

Red Cross Column

RED CROSS CONTRIBUTORS.

Mr. Hale, Memphis, Mich	$ 3 50
Shortbread Money	5 00
Miss A. Farncomb	5 00
A friend	25
A friend	50
Pelee Island Woman's Patriotic Association, per Mrs. Henderson, president	100 00

DONATION ACKNOWLEDGED.

Mrs. Boomer gratefully acknowledges a donation of $5 for the Belgian Relief Fund of the Local Council of Women from Mrs. Mary Durst.

Kingsmills

English All-Wool Serges. Per Yard 50c

Another lot just received of these special Pure Wool English Serges, the same quality that was on sale before Christmas. Navy, copenhagen, dark red, brown and black. A fine quality serge, recommended for wear. This is the last lot we will be able to procure at this price. On sale while it lasts, per yard 50c

$1.25 Yard Pailette Silks, at 89c

Yard wide, Duchess Satin Finished Paillette Silks in 32 choice colors, including all the evening shades—sky, grey, mauve, pink, yellow, maise, white, etc., and all the staple colors of browns, tans, greys, cadet, rose, greens, navy and black. A splendid wearing, fashionable silk which is guaranteed not to cut or crush. Full 36 inches wide. Regular $1.25 yard value. On sale at..... 89c

100 Dozen Women's 35c Black Cashmere Stockings. Now, Per Pair 28c

This is one of the greatest Hosiery Bargains we've ever offered. Our standard English make I. & R. Morley's Pure Wool Cashmere Hose, fast black, unshrinkable, seamless, full-fashioned. 100 dozen which arrived late for this winter's trade. Regular 35c pair. On sale all this week at, per pair 28c

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CLEANS EVERYTHING.

Unequalled for washing painted woodwork and finished walls, dishes, glassware, windows, floors, enamelware, tile and porcelain.

Better Than Soap Goes Twice as Far

Price 10c a Package

ASK YOUR GROCER. 33c

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MAIN & COLLYER

Telephone 2331. P. O. Box 275.

An Old Family Cough Remedy, Home-Made

Easily Prepared — Costs Very Little, But Is Prompt, Sure and Effective.

By making this old-time cough syrup at home you not only save about $2, as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a much more prompt and positive remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly—and is excellent, too, for bronchitis, bronchial asthma, hoarseness and spasmodic croup.

Get from any drug store 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Full directions with Pinex. Keeps perfectly and tastes good.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. It quickly loosens the dry, hoarse or painful cough, and also heals the inflamed membranes. It also has a remarkable effect in overcoming the persistent loose cough by stopping the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes.

The effect of pine on the membranes is known by almost every one. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, combined with guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements.

There are many worthless imitations of this famous mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and do not accept anything else.

A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Richards QUICK NAPTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP

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—there's no food that equals Grape-Nuts in concentrated food-strength.

A pretty big claim, but listen—

"All-wheat food" sounds good to most people, but Grape-Nuts goes one better. It not only contains entire nutriment of wheat, but also the rich nourishment of barley.

More! Grape-Nuts is long baked and digests quickly. Most wheat foods—bread for instance and some so-called breakfast foods—require 2½ to 3 hours for digestion.

Grape-Nuts food digests generally in about one hour.

Being highly concentrated, there's more actual food value, weight for weight, in Grape-Nuts than in some other foods sold in bigger packages.

Grape-Nuts contains the vital bone, muscle and nerve making phosphates necessary for health and life, but lacking in most wheat foods—white bread especially. A daily ration of Grape-Nuts readily makes up for this lack.

Ready to eat from the package, appetizing, nourishing, economical—

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

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