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For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 lbs. SAL SODA.

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Toronto, Ont.



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SUCH a gift would be this Carving Set shown here. The set consists of the carving knife, fork and sharpening steel.

THE handles are genuine Buckhorn and contain the finest Sheffield hand forged steel blades. Enclosed in a velvet lined case

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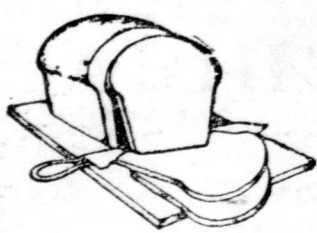
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the new "fast" hair dressing.

Best—Most convenient—Most economical—Most effective.

Full particulars and directions in- valuable to every woman.

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Are you a success as a bread-maker? Is your cake and pastry complimented by your friends?

If not, whose fault is it—yours or the miller's. If you are successful in other lines, your reputation as a cook is vindicated, and it is plainly the fault of the flour.

Look up the good bread and pastry makers of your acquaintance and get their flour experience.

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Royal Household Flour gladly paying a little more per barrel for it and getting for that extra cost a purer, better flour. For bread or pastry, it has no equal.

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Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
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Galvanized Tubs, 85c, 79c and 70c
Wash Boilers, copper bottom
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Oblong Dinner Pails 25c
Carpenter's Aprons, 22c and 15c
Long-Handled Shovels, were 75c, now 50c
Barber Oil Heaters, were \$5.50, now \$4.80
Westman's Special (hand-made) Axes, were \$1.00, now 80c
Cobbler sets 49c

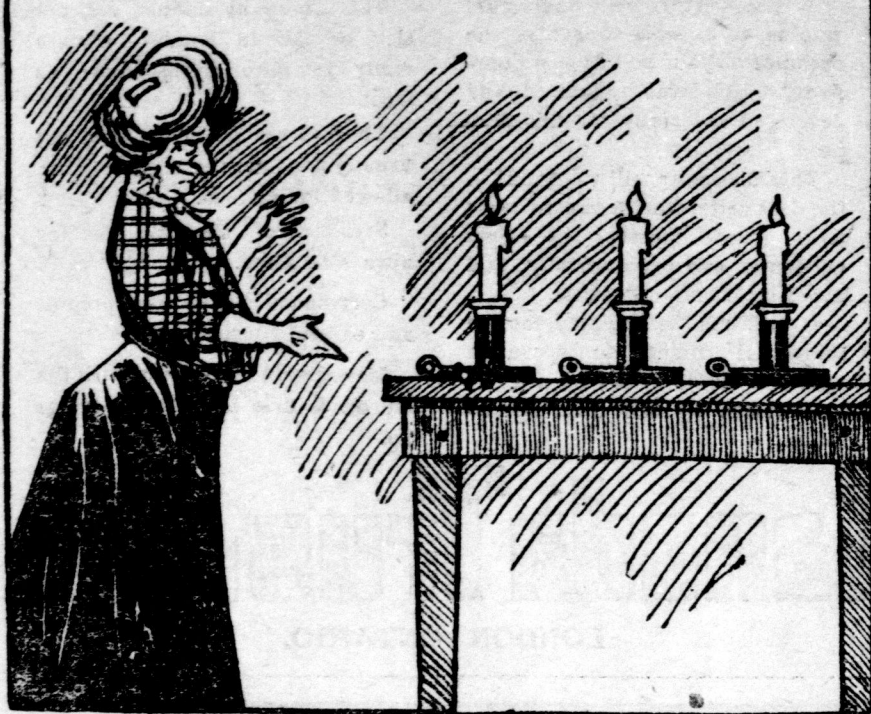
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SAM LOYD'S PUZZLES.

(Copyright by Sam Loyd, New York.)

LANDLADY'S PUZZLE



The landlady has three lodgers. Brown burns two inches of his candle each night, Smith burns three inches, and Jones burns five inches. What is the smallest number of 12-inch candles that the landlady may manipulate so as to serve them out night after night, giving each lodger a candle for his requirements, and have her stock completely burnt out the last night without waste?

SOLUTION TO TELEGRAPH POLE PUZZLE PRINTED WEDNESDAY.

The bewildering feature of the telegraph pole problem turns upon the fact that no matter how many poles you may assume to pass in one minute, the speed of the train varies, but the distance between poles is the same, because we multiply and divide by the same number. Let x represent the number of poles passed and multiplied by 3.5 times 5,280 (number of feet to a mile), and divide by x times 60, and the answer will always be 319 feet between poles.

THE AMETHYST CROSS

By Fergus Hume

"Marriage with anyone concerns me a great deal," said Lesbia coolly, "and I decline to marry a man I do not love. As to the cross, it was my own property, left to me by my mother, and if its production will bring me two thousand a year, I am very sorry it is lost."

"I did not say that it meant two thousand a year to you!" said Hale, uneasily, and with a scowl.

"Pardon me, father. I assume that, since I am the owner of the cross. However, it is lost, and neither I nor you know where to find it. That being the case, I refuse to marry Captain Sargent and shall marry George."

"You have sent him away. You forget that."

"I can bring him again to my feet," said Lesbia. "You are playing with fire."

"Probably, but I shall continue to play until you tell me the meaning of all these things."

"I have told you about the cross," said Lesbia. "I have told you that I now know why George was assaulted and his mother's cottage robbed."

"You dare to say that I am the guilty person?" demanded her father, suspiciously.

"Oh, no. If you were, you would have the cross; and thus being able to get the two thousand a year, you would not oppose my marriage with George. You are innocent!"

"Thank you for nothing," sneered Hale coolly, "but you can reckon on this, Lesbia, that if I could have knocked Walker down and have robbed him of the cross, I would have done so."

"That is candid, father."

"You asked me to be candid. But hold your tongue, or else talk sense. You must marry Sargent. I shall not allow you to throw yourself away on that thief, and—"

"Stop!" cried Lesbia, rising indignantly. "You shall not call George names in my hearing. He is no thief."

"Can you prove that?"

"It was on the tip of the girl's tongue to speak out and accuse him. But she first desired to see Maud Ellis in order to cut her claws, and, therefore, with a selfish restraint far beyond her years, she shook her head."

Hale sneered again. "You are only a silly romantic fool," he scoffed, "and sooner or later I shall force you to my will."

"Never! Never! Never!"

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Hale, baffled by her obstinacy; "then I shall go to London and leave you here. I shall not speak to you, or have any thing to do with you, until you obey me as a daughter should," and turning on his heel he departed in cold anger.

Hale duly kept his promise, and went away, leaving the girl to her own devices. But so clever a man should have known that the punishment—as he deemed it—was no punishment at all. He had never been a father to Lesbia in the accepted sense of the word, and she had but small affection for him. Alone with Tim, she was much happier than when in Mr. Hale's chilling presence, and preferred his room to his company. Also, he was

really playing into her hands, as she wished to be alone in order to see Maud and bring her to reason. It was not Lesbia's wish to call again at Henley, as she thought that she could deal better with Miss Ellis when she was on her native heath. Therefore, now that Hale was out of the way, and she was free to do what she desired, she set to work to concoct a plot whereby to bring Maud Ellis to the cottage at Marlow.

To this end she wrote a letter stating that she and George were to be married shortly, and that Miss Ellis's scheme had failed. This artful epistle she posted to Henley, hoping that Miss Ellis was in London it would be forwarded to her there. She felt certain—since being a woman, she knew a woman, better than a man would have done—that Maud would seek an interview, and would come to Rose Cottage. Of course, there was the chance that Maud might first interview Walker, and then would learn the falsity of the statement. But in that case, George would come to learn the truth, and then she could tell him what Caning had discovered. In fact, owing to the skillful way in which Lesbia played her one trump card, she was certain to bring to the cottage either Maud Ellis or George Walker; and whichever one of them came, she was prepared to deal with the situation. All the same she hoped that Maud would be the one to put in an appearance, as if she could silence her, she could then call at the Medmenham cottage and explain to her lover the reason why she had dismissed him. Then, when the letter setting the trap was posted, Lesbia sat down to think over the behavior of Walker.

It puzzled her that he should so tamely accept his dismissal. On the face of it she had treated him cruelly, and had given no reason for her abrupt breaking of their engagement. All the same, she considered, womanlike, that he should not have acquiesced so readily to her proposal that they should never meet again. But she forgot that George was a proud man, and that the sole reason he could assign for her dismissing him, was the fact that he was suspected of robbery. If she believed him guilty—George, as she might have thought, would have argued in this way—and had not sufficient love to stand up for him, then she was not worthy of the worship he bestowed on her. But Lesbia did not think thus. She only knew that she had sent George to the right-about and that he had gone away without looking back for a single moment. This was not as it should be, said the woman within her, and therefore she secretly felt annoyed with Walker for his ridiculous obedience. It can therefore be seen that Lesbia Hale was intensely feminine. Perhaps on that account George loved her the more, since the unexpected in woman is always what lures the man.

However, think what she would, and argue as she might, the fact remained that Walker kept away from Rose Cottage, and that she had not sufficient courage to face her lover, when under the wing of his mother, Lesbia missed the golden days of wooing and, and in the end, she was anxious to carry on her counterplot, if only to fill in the time. Besides there would be a considerable amount of pleasure in beating Miss Ellis with her own weapons. It was therefore a happy thought to Lesbia that the stockbroker's niece into the trap, as this time the bitter was about to be bitten.

And Lesbia, being a woman and dealing with a woman, determined to show no mercy since Maud had shown none. Besides the two were fighting over a man, and so it was not a matter of cave-life and prehistoric struggle.

Within four days of the posting of this letter, Miss Ellis arrived, and was shown by Tim into the tiny drawing-room. It was empty, as Lesbia had seen her rival coming and therefore had departed to seek her room. Also she hoped to make Maud lose her temper by enforced waiting, knowing that if she did there would be less difficulty in dealing with her. Unsophisticated as Lesbia was, she instinctively knew how to fight. Her tactics were correct, for when she entered quick and spry, and smiling, into the drawing-room, she found Maud fuming restlessly, and quite ready to pick a quarrel on the score of uncivil treatment.

"I have been kept waiting," said Miss Ellis in a Louis XIV. tone, and putting up a lorgnette to glare at her much too beautiful rival.

"I am so sorry," responded Lesbia, politely. "But I was not dressed to receive anyone, and your visit is unexpected."

Maud laughed contemptuously. "You knew that I would come," she declared with conviction. "You have been looking for me every day."

"You say so," said Lesbia, still graciously, for since the last interview at Henley she had changed her tactics with Miss Ellis. "Will you not be seated? This chair is most comfortable—it has its back to the light."

"I don't need to sit with my back to the light," flashed Maud indignantly. "Oh, I beg pardon, but from that lorgnette I thought that your eyesight might be weak. Sit here, then, in the full warmth of the sunshine."

But Miss Ellis knew better than to let the searching light reveal her age too clearly to her hostess. "I'll sit here," she declared abruptly, and came to rest on the sofa.

"That's right," said Lesbia caressingly. "It's a nice shady corner."

Maud bit her lip, knowing perfectly well that Lesbia was casting a reflection on her age. But having taken the seat she could scarcely leave it without laying herself open to further pointed remarks, so she remained where she was and came to the object of her visit at once. "What do you mean by writing me this letter?" she demanded, producing the epistle of her hostess.

"I mean to show you that your plot to part George and myself has failed," Miss Ellis crushed up the letter savagely. "Has it?" she inquired—"seeing that you have broken your engagement?"

"How did you know that?"

"Mr. Walker told me. And very glad she is, I can tell you. Mrs. Walker is an old friend of my uncle's, and has known me for years. She wants George to marry me. She told me so a few days ago."

"As if it mattered what she said," retorted Lesbia contemptuously. "She is George's mother."

"No one denies that."

"And as he is her son, he should obey her."

To Be Continued.

OVERCOATS

With our Garments produced this season that cost as much as \$30, and that justify that price, we have demonstrated our capacity. We have proved how well we can make men's clothes.

Granting that we have tailors and the capacity to make such high-class garments, is it not reasonable to believe that our \$10, \$15 and \$20 Suits and Overcoats are better tailored than similar priced garments made by the tailor whose best product is limited in price and value to \$20?

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We ask you to examine any one of the above lines of coats, and compare them with coats offered at "sale" prices elsewhere, and you'll find Oak Hall still gives the real true value without any juggling of prices.

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PROFESSOR SHORTT LAUDS LEMIEUX ACT

The Best Legislative Effort for Preserving Industrial Peace.

Toronto, Nov. 18.—Converted to the faith in its utility by his experience of its operation, Professor Adam Shortt regards the machinery of the Lemieux act as being the best legislative effort ever made with the object of preserving industrial peace.

Professor Shortt, who before his appointment to his present position on the civil service commission, acted as chairman of eleven conciliation boards, gave an interesting address on its workings before the members of the Political Science Club of the university tonight.

Incidentally he paid a high tribute to the intelligence of the labor leaders with whom he had come into contact, and drew attention to the unions' value as giving education in the art of self-government.

Within four days of the posting of this letter, Miss Ellis arrived, and was shown by Tim into the tiny drawing-room. It was empty, as Lesbia had seen her rival coming and therefore had departed to seek her room. Also she hoped to make Maud lose her temper by enforced waiting, knowing that if she did there would be less difficulty in dealing with her. Unsophisticated as Lesbia was, she instinctively knew how to fight. Her tactics were correct, for when she entered quick and spry, and smiling, into the drawing-room, she found Maud fuming restlessly, and quite ready to pick a quarrel on the score of uncivil treatment.

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"No one denies that."

"And as he is her son, he should obey her."

To Be Continued.

PANDORA RANGE

Train up a girl in the way she should bake, and when she is married she will not depart from it.

"My mother taught me how to bake, and told me why she always used a McClary Range."

"Now I have a 'Pandora', and, as with mother, my troubles are few. After fire is started, I simply bring thermometer to desired heat and leave the oven in charge of the baking. It's built for faithful service."

"While housewives with other ranges are poking fire and changing dampers, I sit and read the 'Joy of Living'."

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Five women have been appointed to the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research—Miss Nellie Goldthwait as chemistry assistant, Miss Maul L. Menteen, Miss Mabel P. Fitzgerald and Miss Wollstein as fellows, and Miss Bertha L. Barker as scholar of the institute.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 583 Richmond street. Phone 997.

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