DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

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dissolves readily in hot water, forming a smooth, cream-like lather that cannot injure the finest fabrics or the daintiest hands. LUX preserves the original softness and fleeciness of all woollen garments. Try LUX.

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Cauliflowers, snow-white	20c
Tomatoes, ex. fcy., hothouse, lb	30c
Spinach, choice handpicked, pk.	30c
Cucumbers, extra fancy, each	35c
Rhubarb, fine, bunch, 15c, 2 for	25c
Whitloaf, or Imperial Chicory, good in salads, bunch 15c, 2	25c
Br. ssels Sprouts, select, 15c, 2 for	25c
Lettuce, head, fine	20c
Lettuce, Paris "Cos"	20c
Radishes, fine, bunch	5c
Horseradish, lb.	15c
Lettuce, leaf	5c
Celery, extra large	10c
Celery, fine	5c
Celery Hearts, six in bunch	10c
Salsify, bunch	8c
Sage, Savory, Thyme, bunch	5c
Parsley, Watercress, Gr. Onions,	5c
Cabbage, White, Red, large, 10c; medium	5c
Parsnips, Carrots, peck	20c
Potatoes, Beets, Turnips	15c
Onions, peck	30c

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Orders received 7 a.m. to noon delivered same afternoon. Noon to 6 p.m., following morning. Minimum 25 cents.

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—well done?
—medium?
—or rare?

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It's disappointing—isn't it?—to have the meat all dried up and the juices lost through shrinkage. Only when cooked by electricity is Roast Beef perfect. There is practically no shrinkage. The meat never dries up, and it requires no basting whatever. All the rich, red juices are retained, and the meat thus given an added flavor.

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MOFFAT Electra

—is an efficient and practical electric Range, combining practical stove construction with efficient electrical equipment. It's made by the MOFFATS at Weston, Ontario, and carries their guarantee.

Write for a free illustrated booklet, telling all about the conveniences and advantages of ELECTRIC COOKING.

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See the MOFFAT Electric Range Demonstration at the Hydro Shop, London

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.]

Dreams Not Always Best.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have often thought of writing to your interesting column, but until I saw "Rannochite's" letter, it always ended in a thought. Well, Rannochite, I think I could name you if I liked, even if I do live a good many miles away. I was sure of one imagination in your little village anyway. I do not think anyone whose letter I have seen is too hard on the languishing maidens of sixteen. It is all very well to dream, but in some cases the dreaming is not the end of it, and some young life is ruined. Even if a girl of sixteen gets married, ten to one she marries a man she could never have loved when she was twenty or thirty. I was married at nineteen, and I have seven children, the eldest fifteen, and the youngest, my baby girlie, two. Of course, I love my husband and children. But by marrying so young, I missed the fun of young womanhood. All my sisters enjoyed pleasures that were denied me, as I was always tied at home with my children. I know some young marriages turn out all right. My mother was married at seventeen, and I know she thinks her "John" is just about the best man in the world. He was also the best father, as any one of their thirteen children would say.

Now for an original recipe for bean soup. For a large family, cook three cupfuls beans very soft, and add the liquor that a couple of chickens have been boiled in, and one cup thick sweet cream; season to taste with salt and pepper, and serve. It is delicious; it touches the right spot as the boys would say.

With best wishes, F. O. R. EST.

Ans.—Another interesting letter, this. I am sure you will excite Rannochite's curiosity. The soup recipe is indeed original; we'll all paste it in our cookbooks, I am sure.

Great London Fire.

Dear Miss Grey,—Will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. Do you think that an ounce of lemon juice mixed with a drachm of powdered borax, as a lotion applied to rather a brown neck, would bleach it white if persisted in?

2. In what year was the plague in London, Eng., and after which the following year the great fire took place. Was it not in Charles the First's reign?

Thanking you, I remain yours sincerely, REGINA.

Ans. 1.—Yes, I believe it would help whiten the skin very nicely. Another good whitening lotion is composed of two ounces rosewater, juice of a lemon, and one-half ounce tincture of benzoin.

2. In 1666, during the reign of Charles II.

Maggie's Music.

Dear Miss Grey,—1. Do you think a child of seven is too young to take music if she has an ear for music?

2. Is there any way to take the stain from a varnished surface left by a hot dish?

Thanking you in advance, MAGGIE.

Ans.—1. It seems to me too young, but many teachers say the sooner the music lessons start, the better for the pupil later. I should say wait a year or two, but you would get better advice from a teacher, I guess.

2. Mix a little sweet oil and turpentine; apply to the spot with a soft rag, rubbing hard, then wring a clean cloth out of lukewarm water, and rub; polish finally with a piece of silk or soft muslin.

Embroidered Sheets.

Dear Cyntha Grey,—1. When embroidering sheets is it necessary to do both or only one of each pair?

2. Which is proper to say when a man introduces his wife: "This is my wife," or "This is Mrs. B.," or is either correct?

I wish to tell you that I followed your directions for breadmaking given to an inquirer some months ago and turned out five lovely brown loaves today that I was quite proud of. I feel I owe you many htanks. JUST ME.

Ans.—1. No, only the one to be used on top. Generally the hemstitching and embroidering are worked so as to be displayed right side out, when the sheet is spread and turned down from the top of the bed.

2. Either way is correct. Many prefer the former phrase, as it at once establishes the lady's identity. She might be "Mrs. B." and be a sister-in-law, or cousin's wife.

This is blissful news indeed, that the bread turned out good. Had I known you were about to make the attempt I should have been sitting in fear and trembling for the result. Peep in again, Just Me.

When to Get Up.

Dear Miss Grey,—Here I come for the first time. Hoping to see this in print soon and that this escapes the W. P. B.

1. What day of the week did the following dates come on: January 28, 1900; October 1, 1904; February, 14, 1906; October 13, 1908?

2. What time should a girl or boy of 15 years rise in morning and retire at night?

3. I am quite fat; how could I reduce some of it?

4. What should a young lady say when a gentleman helps her to get out of a carriage?

5. I am five feet tall and am nearly 15, am I short for my age? Also how long should I wear my dresses?

6. What is the meaning of the following names: Mildred, Ernest, Eddie, Helen, Drury, Norman, Ralph, Maurice, Clayton, Vera, Genevieve, Roberta, Duncan, Sophia, Jessie and Jean?

Thanking in advance, "A WANDERER."

Ans.—1. Sunday, Saturday, Wednesday, Tuesday.

2. As soon as mother calls.

3. Don't eat many sweets; don't eat between meals; study hard, and take heaps of exercise every day.

4. Simply say "thank you."

5. An average height for your age. Almost to your shoe tops.

6. Mildred, mild speaker; Ernest, earnest; Eddie, guardian of happiness; Helen, light; Norman, a native of Normandy; Ralph, famous hero; Maurice, Moorish, or dark-colored; Vera, uncertain; Genevieve, foaming water; Roberta, bright in fame; Duncan, brown chief; Sophia, wisdom; Jessie, wealth; Jean, gift of God.

Chair for Old Lady.

Readers who are interested in this column will be pleased to learn that through the kindness of a city subscriber, the offer of H. W. S. to give a used invalid chair to some man or woman requiring the same, the chair has gone to a dear old lady, who has not left her home for some two years. She is now looking forward to warm weather, when she will be able to get out of doors once more. To H. W. S. for the offer, and also the city reader, for his interest, I am more than grateful.

This for A. W.

In reply to A. W. who wrote regarding a cure for thick neck, I could not accept such an arrangement. The best way to introduce your remedy is through our advertising columns, which never fail to "bring results."

A Welcome Visitor.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am coming again to bother you, this time to ask a few questions.

1. What day did May 13, 1858 come on?

2. And what is the meaning of Jean, Arthur, Tabitha, Joseph, Mandus and Elwer?

3. I have a sealette coat and some spots look as if it got wet, could you tell me anything that I could do to bring the nap up like it was before?

For your kindness I will send you a couple of recipes as I have never seen them in print, but the E. M. B. cake was before it came out in The Advertiser:

Bakers' ginger snaps: 1 cup each molasses, sugar, butter (or lard and butter mixed), 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon of ginger, nearly 1-2 teaspoon black pepper, mix the ingredients, dissolving the soda in a little hot water, then add as much flour as can be stirred in, not kneaded; pinch off pieces the size of marbles, roll in the hand slightly, flattening; put in small greased tins with space to allow for spreading and when done let remain till cool.

Watermelon cake, white part—1 cup pulverized sugar, 1-2 cup butter, 1-2 cup sweet milk, 1 1-2 cups flour, whites of 2 eggs, 1-2 tablespoon baking powder.

Red Part—1-2 cup red sugar, 1-4 cup butter, 1-4 cup sweet milk, 1 cup flour, 1-2 tablespoon, baking powder, 1-2 lb. raisins; put the red part in the centre of the pan and the white part on the outside. B. B.

Ans.—1 Thursday.

2—Jean, gift of God; Arthur, high or noble; Tabitha, a gazelle; Joseph, he shall add; the remaining two names are new to me.

3—It is pretty difficult to bring up the nap on seal or sealette. Try this: Hold the wrong side of the goods near the steam of a tea kettle, then spread the coat out, quickly, and brush against the nap with a stiff brush, not too coarse. This should help some.

Your recipes sound simply fine, and I am so glad to pass them on to other readers. The E. M. B. cake recipe (which you sent) has met with much praise from many readers.

Thinks It Fine.

Dear Miss Grey,—I enjoy reading your mail-box very much. I think it is just fine. And I am going to ask you some questions for my first time, if you don't mind.

1. Do you know anything that will remove the hair off my neck and arms, or is there anything excepting an electric treatment?

2. I have never had a nice head of hair; it is awfully thin and short. I have noticed several hints in the paper, but have never saved any. Now I will be glad if you can tell me again what to do for it?

3. What color do you think would become me, as I have blue eyes and light brown hair, and am fair complexioned?

4. What day did July 18, 1895, come on?

5. What will whiten one's teeth? CAMEO.

Ans.—The persistent use of peroxide helps a great deal. Apply it every night for several months. Some drug stores sell a peroxide preparation for this purpose. If you get the plain peroxide, it is a good plan to wet the superfluous growth first with ammonia, then when this dries, use the peroxide. The combined action helps results. Some use ammonia one night, the peroxide the next.

2. I feel sure that if you give this tonic a good trial, you will be pleased with the results. Rub it in every night, or every second night, massaging the scalp vigorously: One part glycerine, one part alcohol or bay rum, one-quarter part castor oil, one-twentieth part tincture cantharides. Rub into the scalp with the fingers. While using this, you may need to wash the hair every two weeks.

3. Most girls of your type look particularly well in bright shades of pale blues, tan, grey, and black mixtures.

4. Wednesday.

5. Have them cleaned twice a year by a dentist, and use a good paste or powder. Your dentist will recommend one.

Thanks to Reader.

May I add another to your list of correspondents? Like all the rest, I find your page very interesting and also instructive.

I would like to thank "Lover of Good Butter" for the explicit directions she gave for butter making in cold weather. I have followed them and had splendid success—butter coming in 20 minutes, instead of one or two hours, sometimes even longer, when my poor brain would be nearly turned trying to figure out just what had gone wrong.

However, I hope this is a thing of the past now, as I have tacked up those directions right over the cream crock, where they will surely jog my memory in case I forget.

I sympathize very much with some of your correspondents in their troubles, but sometimes I feel that if we could hear hubby's side of the story a different light might be thrown on the suoject.

If one could only impress on "newly-weds" a few points some of these troubles might be avoided. For instance, so many say, "My husband never takes me to any place of amusement now", and the question arises, "Why?" Newly-weds, listen! When your husband takes you out anywhere make up your mind that he is going to have a good time. Be cheerful and good-natured, and do not find fault with anything; also taboo all subjects liable to cause argument, and you will be surprised how much more enjoyable your outing will be. DON'T NAG! If hubby has done or left undone something that you feel will simply burst if you don't tell him about it; then tell him. But when you have said your say, drop it, and never refer to it again. GUARD YOUR TONGUE, and if you are angry, guard it most carefully, as a word that will hurt forever may be dropped and cannot be recalled. Never tell him you wish you had never married him, etc., no matter how angry you are, as he will likely believe you and then a barrier will arise between you that will never be broken down.

I hardly expect to see this long letter in print, but will leave it to your good judgment to do so or not, as you think best. I feel like writing a great deal more, but know it would only reach W. P. B., so I won't venture. TEN YEARS' PRACTICE.

Ans.—How glad "Lover of Good Butter" will be to hear that her methods brought about such an improvement, and were such a help to you.

The rest of your letter is most interesting. Perhaps some of the "newly-wed" readers will adopt your style, and pin up the clipping where they cannot fail to see it.

A Dear Child.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to your corner, so I hope I will escape the W. P. B. I will send a cake recipe for the benefit of others who read The Advertiser, and especially your valuable corner.

May I come again? Hoping I have not bothered you,

A TILBURY EAST GIRL.

Puff Cake.—Cream 1 cupful butter and 1 cupful sugar; then add the yolks of 2 eggs (well beaten), ½ cupful milk, 1½ cupfuls flour, sifted with 1 teaspoonful baking powder and the whites of 2 eggs (well beaten); add any flavoring desired, and bake in a loaf.

P.S.—Will send more recipes some time again if you will allow me to come again, A TILBURY EAST GIRL.

Ans.—Of course I'll allow you to come again, and welcome. You are a dear child to bring a recipe, and offer more another time. And if you ever have any perplexities that our readers or myself can help solve, do not hesitate to write the mail-box.

Citron Peel Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey,—Please give me a recipe for making citron peel at home. ROSE MARIE.

Ans.—Pare the fruits and cut into quarters; cook until tender in just enough water to cover, drain the pieces well, and then cook half an hour in a preserving syrup made in the proportion of a pint of sugar to one cup of water; add also the juice of several lemons, sliced, without the rind. Set away in the preserving kettle for a few weeks; then remove the fruit, drain it, dip in powdered sugar and dry on plates, preferably in the sun. Keep wrapped in wax paper and pack in tin boxes.

Old Songs and Poems

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT.

A sequal to "Good-Bye Dolly Gray." (Copy sent by "An English Lass.")

Just a line to let you know I've been
fighting with the foe,
And a bullet's laid me low, Dolly Gray.
I must also tell you, dear, that the
fighting was severe,
And you may shed a tear, Dolly Gray.
When you read this little note, that
your lover lately wrote,
It's the last you'll hear from him, who
fell today,
So place it near your heart, and with
it never part,
Until we meet in heaven, Dolly Gray.

Chorus—
Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you,
Leave you all forlorn.
Do not let my troubles grieve you,
When they tell you I am gone.
Thousands they have gone before me,
It's a debt we all must pay.
Something seems, dear, to assure me,
We shall meet in heaven some day.

When my comrades they return, from
their lips you then will learn
How my heart for you did yearn, Dolly
Gray.
I would dream of you each night, you
would cheer me in the fight,
For your vision led me on, Dolly Gray.
And I think I see you now, with a smile
upon your brow,
But my memory's failing fast, Dolly
Gray.
I'll think of you till the last, and I hope
as in the past,
That you will think of me, Dolly
Gray.

LONDON ADVERTISER COUPON.

I hereby subscribe the sum of..... for the work of the Red Cross Society .....for the work of the Canadian War Contingent Association.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Subscribers are asked to indicate with an X the channel through which they wish their gifts to go. The Red Cross donations go towards providing comforts for the sick and wounded. The work of the C. W. C. A. is to send warm garments for the men in action. Will you not help?

Clip, fill out, and mail with your donation, to treasurer of either society, Hyman Hall, London.

FINE PATRIOTIC WORK OF LOCAL I. O. D. E.

The Soldiers' Field Comforts Committee, I. O. D. E., reports the following work done by the primary chapters up to date:

Lord Roberts Chapter: 50 dozen handkerchiefs, 126 pairs socks, 109 pairs wristlets, 2 helmets, 220 shirts, 69 scarfs, 2 cholera bands.

Lord Elgin Chapter: 34 pairs socks, 66 shirts, 15 dozen handkerchiefs, 148 pairs wristlets, 36 scarfs.

Seventh Regiment Chapter: This chapter is very grateful to those who so generously assisted the members with contributions towards 95 dozen pairs mitts sent to the Eighteenth Battalion.

Princess Patricia Chapter: 7 scarfs, 6 pairs wristlets, 9 helmets, $435 sent to the soldiers' relief fund.

Trafalgar Chapter: 28 dozen handkerchiefs, 7 scarfs, 8 pairs wristlets, 5 pairs socks.

Scott Memorial Chapter (children): 40 handkerchiefs.

Selkirk Chapter, Wallaceburg, Ont.: 5 dozen cholera bands.

These chapters will, of course, continue to work steadily for the field comforts along the same lines.

Mrs. Fred White, regent of the Lord Elgin Chapter, has forwarded two large packing cases containing warm clothing for needy Belgians, to Mr. H. Prudhomme, of Montreal, honorary treasurer of the relief work in Canada. The consignment consisted of donations from Bethel and Bryanston Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. St. Lawrence, Miss Brammer, Miss Mamie McNeil, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. McAlpine, Miss McBride, Miss Sangster, Mrs. Hargreaves, Mrs. Wilkinson, the V. V. Club (per Mrs. Willis), a friend from Newbury (per Municipal Chapter), $5 from London friend (per Lord Elgin Chapter), Bethel and Bryanston Ladies' Aid, $5.

With the money donated, Mrs. White purchased new flannel underwear. The clothing donated was nearly all new, and of splendid quality.

A largely attended meeting of the Seventh Regiment Chapter was held at the home of Mrs. A. A. Campbell on Wednesday afternoon, when quite an amount of routine business was discussed and disposed of. It was decided to vote $50 towards the mitten fund. The treasurer also acknowledged $15 received for this purpose from the Lord Elgin Chapter.

Following the business session tea was served, Mrs. Cl. T. Campbell presiding over the tea-urn. The tea-table was prettily centred with yellow tulips.

The Seventh Regiment Chapter originated the idea of providing every man of the battalion with a pair of the special lined leather mitts, and have made special efforts for this work.

Red Cross Column

In order to show what kind of work is being done by the Red Cross Society in France, an excellent report has been prepared by Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon, who recently made an extensive tour of inspection in the places where the society now has hospitals, ambulances, etc. The famous surgeon speaks in the highest terms of the excellent work being done by the nurses and doctors, and shows in language that speaks for itself how essential and important is this branch of the service.

"The Red Cross stores at Boulogne," says Sir Frederick, "are contained in a vast building close to the town station. Here are disposed in the most perfect order some hundreds of tons of bedding, drugs, instruments, and medical comforts, clothing, tobacco, screens, fire extinguishers, hospital appliances, lamps, knives, spoons, cups, and the infinite variety of articles which come under the heading of Red Cross supplies. This is a model of efficiency.

"The fleet of motor ambulances provided by the society represents, in my opinion, the most valuable service rendered to the army medical department in the form of voluntary aid. In Boulogne a number of our ambulances stand ready day and night for whatever transport may be required."

Sir Frederick continues: "In addition to the motor ambulances the society has many other cars, which are of great service in dispatch work, and the conveyance of goods; a large number of these have been lent to the society by generous owners. The chauffer who was kind enough to drive me to Le Touquet was Mr. Kennerly Rumford, the famous singer. Another driver of note is the vicar of a quiet country village in England. Wounded passing through are supplied with cocoa, tea, soup, bread and butter, bacon, chocolate and cigarettes. The largest number of wounded fed on one day by this excellent corps was 2,300, while the total number ministered to in five weeks amounts to 30,000."

Sir Frederick Treves says this is a fine piece of Red Cross work, inexpensively administered, and the very greatest boon to the poor fellows who reach the base after a long and exhausting journey.

In speaking of the hospital service, Sir Frederick says: "The efficiency of the voluntary hospital depends upon (1) the suitability of the building for hospital purposes, (2) the qualifications of the senior medical officer and matron, and (3) the freedom from lay influence. Applying these criteria to the hospitals in question, I would venture to give the first place to the Duchess of Westminster's hospital at Le Touquet. This hospital occupies the famous casino of the place, a building singularly well suited for hospital purposes. It contains 270 beds."

Sir Frederick goes on to say that the British hospital occupies the Hotel Belle Vue at Wimereux and this has 102 beds. He remarks that the building is not very well adapted for a hospital, although the best has been done with it. It has a very perfect X-ray department in an adjoining house. The Australian hospital is established at the Golf Hotel, Wimereux, and has at present 166 beds.

"The British hospital at Furnes," says the eminent surgeon, "has passed through many vicissitudes, but it is now well established and in excellent order. It deals solely with Belgian wounded. In the main ward, a fine hall, is a little boy in a bed very much too big for him. He is a refugee from Ypres. In one of the many attacks upon that unfortunate place his foot was smashed by a shell, and as a result the limb has had to be amputated. He is doing very well. What has happened to his parents is not known. He is probably alone in the world. In a basket on the floor by the child's bed is another refugee from Ypres, a puppy of very indefinite breed. He was probably thrown down by some compassionate soul into a cart which was flying in haste from the burning town.

"It is a curious picture," concludes Sir Frederick, "the whitewashed refectory full of gravely-wounded men, some still groaning with pain, some nearing death, with, high upon a wall, a kindly statue of the Virgin looking down upon the scene, and, in the centre of the room, the stove, the ridiculously puppy and the one-legged boy."

Such a description will clearly show to some, who little know what kind of work is now being carried on by the Red Cross Society behind the battle-line, how necessary it is for the society to have all the available materials necessary for carrying on the work. All kinds of medical supplies are needed, and these, as well as comforts for the troops and cash contributions, will be warmly welcomed at the Red Cross Society rooms, Hyman Hall.

Old household linen of any description, any old cotton (not colored) sheets, etc., will be gladly received at the Red Cross rooms, where it will finally be packed and shipped to the Northern France hospitals. The nurses of Victoria Hospital, under the leadership of Miss Stanley, the superintendent, are making bandages of the material thus supplied, and will roll and sterilize them. Thus they will be in perfect order when shipped to France.

Hood's Pills

Best family physic. Do not gripe or cause pain. Purely vegetable, easy to take. 25c.

Linen Sale!

Don't forget our great Linen Sale. Now on. Great reductions in prices.

MILL ENDS

Half a ton of Mill Ends of Table Linens. In all lengths, from ¾-yard to 4 yards. Regular 40c to $1.50 yard. Selling at from 29c to 79c yard. Sold by the End only.

SECONDS

179 "Seconds" in Tablecloths. All sizes, and a very exceptional range of qualities. Selling at from ¼ to ½ Off regular prices. Ranging from 98c to $5.49 Cloth.

Wool Challies and Striped Dress Goods Reg. 50c for 29c yd.

3 Pieces Bordered All-Wool Challies, Bedford cord effects, in navy, brown and tan grounds, with small white polka dot, 27 inches wide. To clear at ..... 29c yard

2 Pieces Bordered All-Wool Challies, in two-toned stripes, in blue and brown, 30 inches wide, at .....29c yard

5 Pieces All-Wool Striped Dress Goods, in black and white and grey and white, 36 inches. Regular 50c, for 29c yard

Dress Goods—Second Floor—New Store.

Saturday Specials READY-TO-WEAR

SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS 50c each

Black only. Special Sateen Underskirt, 10-inch pleated frill, at ..... 50c each

KIMONOS, $1

Ladies' Full-Length Crepe Kimonos, plain color, soft crepe, trimmed with flowered challic. All sizes, in red, navy, pink, old rose, mauve, alice and copen blues. Special at .....$1.00 each

Housedresses $1.00

We have a very special line of House Dresses, in a good range of colorings. An extraordinary value. All sizes, at ..... $1.00 each

Dress Skirts, Special $3.25

We have a special line in New Serge Dress Skirts, made in a plain flare style, trimmed with military braid and buttons. All sizes. Colors navy, copen and brown, also black. Special at ..... $3.25 each

OPERA CLOAKS, $10

7 only, New York Evening Cloaks. Regular $25.00 and $35.00 cloaks. Special value to clear Saturday,

$10.00 each

ALWAYS THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR THE LEAST MONEY

GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES

180 DUNDAS STREET. Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery.
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GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES

DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT

25c Bottle of "Danderine" Keeps Hair Thick, Strong, Beautiful.

Girls! Try This! Doubles Beauty of Your Hair in Few Moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, 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.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine.

LUNDY'S CHOCOLATES

"A REPUTATION IN EVERY PIECE"

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 could the woman possibly want of him? To explain the past? To justify herself? He knew enough already, and desired to know no more. Could she hope—natural coquette that she was—to regain her hold upon him? The man smiled grimly, confident of his own strength. Yet why should she care for such a conquest, the winning of a common soldier? There must be some better reason, some more subtle purpose. Could it be that she feared him, that she was afraid that he might speak to her injury. This was by far the most likely supposition. Molly McDonald—the woman was aware of their acquaintance, and was already alarmed at its possible result.

Hamlin stood up, resolved. He would meet the woman, not from any desire of his own, but to learn her purpose and protect the girl. The meeting could not injure him, not even bring a swifter beating of the heart, but might give him opportunity to serve the other. And Le Fevre—surely she could tell him something of Le Fevre.

Leave was easily obtained, and the Sergeant, rejoicing in a freshly-issued uniform, dressed with all the care possible, his interest reviving at this new point of view. It was nor far down the bluff road to the squalid little village which had naturally developed in close proximity to the fort—near enough for protection, yet far enough removed to be lawless—a rough frontier outpost town, of shacks and tents, most of them dispensing vile liquors. Among these, more enterprising spirits—hopeful of future development—had erected larger buildings, usually barn-like, with false fronts facing the single main street, filled with miscellaneous stocks of goods, or used for purposes not so legitimate. One of these housed the "Poodle Dog" saloon, with gambling rooms above, while a few doors below was a great dance hall, easily converted into a theatre if occasion arose—a grotesque, one-storied monstrosity. Below these was the stage office, built against the three-storied wooden hotel, which boasted of a wide porch on two sides, and was a picture of ugliness.

By daylight all was squalor and dirt, dingy tents flapping in the ceaseless wind, unpainted shacks, wooden houses with boards warping under the hot sun, the single street deep in yellow dust, the surrounding prairie littered with tin cans and all manner of debris. But with the coming of night much of this roughness departed. Soldiers from the garrison on pass, idle plainsmen, bullwhackers, adventurers of all kinds stranded here because of Indian activity, stray cowboys from the nearby valleys, thronged the numerous dives, seeking excitement. Women, gaudy of dress, shrill of voice, flitted from door to door through the jostling crowds. Lamps blazed over the motley assembly, loud-voiced barkers yelled, and a band added its discords to the din. The "Poodle Dog" glared in light, resounded with noise; lamps gleamed from the hotel windows, and the huge dance hall stood wide open. Out from the shacks and tents crept the day's sleepers for a night of revelry; along the trails rode others eager for excitement; it was the harvest-time of those birds of prey in each saloon and gambling hell.

Hamlin saw all this, but gave the surroundings little thought. He was of the West, of the frontier, and beheld nothing unique in the scene. Moreover, the purpose for which he was there overshadowed all else, left him indifferent to the noise, the jostling, drunken crowd. Some he met who knew him and called his name, but he passed them with a word, and pressed his way forward. At the hotel he mounted the steps and entered. The office was in one corner of the barroom. The proprietor himself, a bald-headed Irishman, sat with feet cocked up on the counter, smoking, and barely glancing up as the Sergeant asked for Mrs. Dupont.

"Who are yer?" he asked.

"My name is Hamlin; I am here on the lady's invitation."

"Sure, that's the name all right, me boy. Yer ter go out on the east porch there an' wait a bit while I sind her word yer here. Ol'm imaginin' she hed sum doubts about yer comin', the way she spoke."

"How do I get there?"

"Through the winder of the parlur over thar—sure, it's a nice quiet spot for a tate-a-tate." He got up and peered through his glasses across the room. "Here, Molke; damn that slappy-head. Will one o' ye gents wake the lad—that's it. Now come here, Molke. You run over to the Palace an' tell Mrs. Dupont the feller is here waitin'. Hold on now, not so fast; wait till Ol'm done tellin' yer. Say that to her alone—do yer moind that, ye sap-head; stay there till yer git a chance ter whisper it to her. Now skip."

Hamlin hesitated, watching the boy disappear.

"At the Palace—the dance hall across the street?" he asked incredulously.

"Sure," indifferently, relighting his pipe. "Officers' ball; couldn't break in with a can-opener unless you had a invite. Guards at both ends, sergeant taking tickets, an' Third Regiment Band makin' music. Hell of a swell affair; got guests from Leavenworth, Wallace and all around. Every room I got is full an' runnin' over—say, there are fellars over thar in them fool smaller-tail coats; damned if there ain't. If the b'ye ever git sight of 'em on the street there'll be a hot time. Say, ain't that the limit? Injuns out thar thick as fleas on a dog, an' them swells dancin' here in swaller-tails like they yere was Boston."

He was still talking when Hamlin crossed the narrow hall and entered the dimly-lighted, unoccupied parlor. The side window was open, a slight breeze rustled the heavy curtain, and the Sergeant stepped outside on to the dark porch. There was a bench close to the rail, and he sat down to wait. A gleam of light from the Palace fell across the western end, but the remainder of the porch lay in shadow, although he could look up the street, and see the people jostling back and forth in front of the Poodle Dog. The sound of mingled voices was continuous, occasionally punctuated by laughter, or an unrestrained outburst of profanity. Once shots echoed from out of the din, but created no apparent excitement, and a little later a dozen horsemen spurred recklessly through the street, scattering the crowd, their revolvers sputtering. Some altercation arose opposite and a voice called loudly for the guard, but the trouble soon ceased with the clump of hoofs, dying away in the distance, the regimental band noisily blaring out a waltz. Hamlin, immersed in his own thoughts, scarcely observed the turmoil, but leaned, arms on railing, gazing out into the darkness. Something mysterious from out of the past had gripped him; he was wondering how he should greet her when she came; speculating on her purpose in sending for him.

(To Be Continued.)