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The Home Circle.

**The Man From Cum-
brae.**

Sir Theophilus Ivimey has always seemed to me a most extraordinary person. As you know, he is President of the Anthropometric Society, and his power of distinguishing different physical types and assigning their origin almost borders on the miraculous. I didn't know what anthropometry meant myself till I met Sir Theophilus in a hotel at Oban. Before we had been talking ten minutes together he observed to me abruptly: "Of course, you come from North Somerset?"

Now, I flatter myself I haven't a shadow of Somerset accent, so I answered at once: "Well, I am a Cleveland man, if it comes to that; but how on earth did you know it?"

"O, by the shape of your ears," he answered, "and by the curve of your eyebrows. Those eyebrows—I find are distinctive of North Somerset, eastward of Bridgewater. But you're Welsh blood as well; Glamorganshire, I fancy."

"This is wonderful!" I exclaimed. "My mother was a Swansea woman. What made you guess that? What Welsh trait do you detect in me?"

"Your lip and chin are South Wales," Sir Theophilus replied, "and the shape of your skull shows Silurian affinities. Must have come originally from the Peninsula of Gower."

Well, this was a lucky guess, as it happened but I hardly thought it more; so to test him I asked: "What do you make of my wife, then?"

He looked fixedly at her for a moment. "Mrs. Wallis," he said, "has an Aberdeenshire head, and could get no little more difficult to place quite accurately. She might be from Cumberland, but I think it more probable she comes from Dumfriesshire."

"You are wiser in my wife's case," I was born in Dumfries, and my father belonged to the county by origin, but my grandmother on my father's side came straight from Keweenaw."

After that everybody in the room wanted Sir Theophilus to guess where he or she came from and he did it in most cases with wonderful accuracy. On old clergyman he said, "had an Aberdeenshire head, and could get no hat to fit him except in Aberdeen. And this turned out to be so, for it seems some Aberdeenshire have bigger skulls than any one else in the island."

Another man he instantly detected as a Gallowegian, and a third as an East Anglian. He was equally successful with two young ladies from the Isle of Wight, though he failed over a Devonian, and not quite unjustifiably took an Orkney man for a Shetlander. It appears there is some slight difference between these two types, for the Orkney man is a farmer who owns a fishing boat, while the Shetlander is a fisherman who owns a farm.

For the next week, as chance would have it, we saw much of Sir Theophilus. He went with us around Loch Lomond, and stopped three nights at the same hotel in Glasgow. So we got quite friendly, and at the end of that time we decided to go up to London together.

When we stepped into our carriage at St. Enoch station we saw a tall and more-looking man very comfortably seated in the corner opposite us. He was apparently absorbed in his local paper, which he held before his face somewhat obtrusively, as if he desired to escape observation. But Sir Theophilus, who has a perfect mania for observing faces and heads, determined to get a good look at him, and I could see him staring hard with all his eyes at our neighbor whenever he moved the paper on one side. This evidently annoyed the stranger, but Sir Theophilus was not in with you sent me across for them."

"Then he's not going on to St. Pancras?" Sir Theophilus asked, eagerly.

"No, sir; he's changed his mind, and he's going on by Northwestern."

Sir Theophilus looked hard at me.

"This is queer," he said, "devilish queer. I don't half understand it. What's up?" I said, looking across at him.

"Why, now I see what the fellow meant by denying Cumberland! Sir Theophilus cried decisively. "But he won't escape me! His head betrays him. Just look at this paragraph and you can see the whole truth of it."

He handed me over The Times with

A most singular expression broke suddenly over the stranger's face. He knitted his brows and looked extremely angry. It seemed to me, too, that he was alarmed or frightened. "You are mistaken," he said curtly raising the paper once more so as to screen his features. "I come from Stirling."

Sir Theophilus glanced at me, pursed his lips, and shook his head. The stranger, behind his newspaper, could not see this little pantomime. "Won't do," the man of science murmured gently in my ear. "Try again; must fathom it. Excuse me once more. You may come from Stirling, but your father and mother must surely have been Cumberland people."

The man opposite replied, without looking up from his paper. "My mother and father were both of them from Perthshire. I never in my life was nearer Cumbræ than Glasgow."

Sir Theophilus was not to be beaten. "I should have thought myself," he said, "beating through his spectacles, 'you came from Great Cumbræ or Little Cumbræ, and not, as the saying goes, from the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. But, of course, you know best, though I must say—the spoke most deliberately—you have all the marks of the Cumbræ physiognomy. The shape of your skull the peculiarity of your eyebrows and the unusual texture of your hair are distinctly—"

The stranger glared at him. "Good God, sir," he cried, "are you a detective, or a madman that you can't let a peaceable fellow-traveler alone without questioning him in this way?"

Sir Theophilus smiled blandly upon him. "Neither, my dear sir," he answered, with his courteous deference, endeavoring to soothe the stranger's irritated feelings. "I am the President of the Anthropometric Society and I merely desired to ask this question from a scientific interest in the races of Britain."

The stranger who had turned deadly white at first seemed mollified for a moment. But though Sir Theophilus explained to him at some length in his very lucid way the nature and meaning of the science of anthropometry, it was clear he desired no further conversation. Sir Theophilus tried again once or twice, and when lunch time came offered him some of our cold greens and claret; but his wiles were in vain; the man from Cumbræ—or from Stirling, if you will—refused to be snared by them. Sir Theophilus only approached the subject of Cumbræ once or twice, but whenever he got anywhere near the mouth of the Clyde the stranger's wrath and indignation grew visible. When at last we reached Carlisle, and the more-looking man descended from the carriage, Sir Theophilus turned round to me with a beaming smile. "E pur al muove," he murmured half to himself; "he did come from Cumbræ. I could swear to that type of skull among ten thousand."

He leaned out of the window and watched the retreating figure. "Hi! what's this?" he cried. "The fellow's going across the line. He's left all his things here and has gone to the 'looking office.'"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "he's going no farther than Carlisle."

"No, no," Sir Theophilus answered; "as sure as my mother's primrose shoes are made in my country."

He had a first-class through ticket from Glasgow to St. Pancras. I saw it myself when I passed it to the guard just now to punch it. And didn't you notice how angry he was when I spoke about Cumbræ. Depend upon it, for some reason or other he wants to avoid us."

In another minute a porter crossed the line and came over to our carriage. "Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but will you please show me which of these things are not yours? The passenger who was in with you sent me across for them."

"No, sir; he's changed his mind, and he's going on by Northwestern."

Sir Theophilus looked hard at me.

"This is queer," he said, "devilish queer. I don't half understand it. What's up?" I said, looking across at him.

"Why, now I see what the fellow meant by denying Cumberland! Sir Theophilus cried decisively. "But he won't escape me! His head betrays him. Just look at this paragraph and you can see the whole truth of it."

He handed me over The Times with



Stanfield's Underwear

(Chapter I)

A Talk by the Maker to the Wearer.
The Wool

The founder of the Stanfield mills did more than anyone else to develop the wool industry throughout the Maritime Provinces. For half a century, the farmers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island have saved their best wool for the Stanfields—first for C. E. Stanfield—and now for his sons, John and Frank, the President and Treasurer of Stanfield's Limited.

The wear of a garment depends on the quality of wool from which it is made. Underwear may be PURE WOOL, and ALL WOOL—and still shrink, ravel and wear out in a single season. Because the underwear is not made of good wool in the first place.

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There can be no unraveling, because every stitch is locked. Garments can't shrink, because of our perfected process of treating the wool BEFORE garments are woven, thus insuring absolutely Unshrinkable Underwear. Stanfield's Underwear is right from start to finish. It is planned right, made right and wears right. In all sizes from 22 to 70 inch chest measure. In three winter weights—RED label for light weight—BLUE label for medium weight—BLACK label for heavy weight. Your dealer probably has all sizes and weights in stock. If not, he can easily get whatever you wish.

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Hanging Pictures.

Don't mix up oils, watercolors, etchings, or engravings. Oil paintings suffer by too close contact with etchings or engravings. Don't hang water-colors with oil paintings unless they are framed in gold, but never place them together when the water-colors are framed in white. The white margins used on etchings and engravings do not go well with oils. The main light should be on the picture. Anything white distracts the eye.

Don't forget that each picture consists of two things. It is either light or dark. The lighter the picture, the more light. Put sombre pictures where the light streams in. Don't forget to take into consideration the prevailing colors of the room, wallpaper and furniture. Then buy a good picture, and put it in the best position. In almost every case a picture will suggest its own frame.

Don't forget that no matter how good a picture is, it can be spoiled by placing it in an unsuitable light or close to pictures or pieces of furniture which do not harmonize with it.

The Shabby Wicker Chair.

That wicker rocking chair is shabby, yet it is such a comfortable old thing that no one in the family will think of giving it up. Why not freshen it up a little? Four boiling water, with a little washing soda in it, over and through the wicker work for at least 10 minutes; let it dry, go over it with flannel wet in either turpentine or naphtha. Leave in the air and next day rub down with sandpaper. Wicker, rush and bamboo things are better dyed than painted.

Unpainted wood or raw wicker can be dyed almost any color with good domestic dyes. Red is particularly effective. Wet the surface to be dyed with clear hot water before dyeing. The wetting makes it take color evenly. For white enamel a clean dry surface is requisite.

A. R. McLean of Wentworth, recently gathered 22 bushels of Alexander apples from one tree and 15 bushels from another.—Truro News.

A New Dinner Dish.

The flank steak will be found an economical piece. In a large animal it weighs from two and a half to three pounds and is solid lean. Have the butcher strip the thick, tough muscle from each side and it is ready for use. As suggested for dinner, stew for 20 minutes 1 can-of-tomatoes, adding a spoonful of chopped onion and salt and pepper to taste. Thicken it with one heaping tablespoonful of flour rubbed to a thin paste with cold water, boil for five minutes, then rub through a sieve. Score the steak closely on both sides, sprinkle with salt and pepper and add, if desired, a pinch of ground clove or any spice preferred. Roll loosely and place in a deep earthen dish, pour the sauce over and around it, cover closely and cook in a moderate oven for from three to four hours, according to the thickness of the meat.

Don't get a mushroom hat unless you want to be out of date before the new year. The latest models all turn up somewhere if not all around. An attractive walking hat of light grey felt has the left brim broader than the right, and the edge rolls the least bit from the right side across the front. The edge is unfinished. The wing of white felt, with curved part finished by the insertion of very glossy black feathers, is placed at the front of the hat, being placed upside down, with the ends extending out over the left brim, slanting toward the back behind it, to the right, in a large, quiet flat chou of black satin, and back of this a shorter gull wing ribbon and goes out across the rather low crown. There is no band about the crown or other trimming than that indicated. It is to be fastened with two large headed shell hatpins.—Boston Paper.

The British hen laid 19,500,000 worth of eggs last year, according to Mr. Edward Brown, the secretary of the National Poultry Conference. He estimated the poultry population of the country at 24,000,000. A Danish delegate to the conference said there were about 800 egg and poultry societies in Denmark, and a member who brought in a bad egg was fined five shillings.

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Some of the newest sleeves are full length and made of lace, but draped in one way or another with the material of the bodice. A great many of the shoulders overhang the sleeve tops in some way, but when this is not done and the sleeve is set into the armhole, the sleeve, if the waist makes any pretensions to dressiness, is in almost all cases in two parts, one that goes to the elbow, and the other, the under, of gauze or lace.