MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Does Your Flour, Madam, Contain Only the Cream

While we were busily occupied in munching our morning rolls, we idly watched our Celtic Bridget across the breakfast table skimming the cream from the milk.

Yes, we like a little cream in our coffee—a forlorn weakness of ours, Madam.

"Say, Bridget,"—using all our tact and meekness—"wouldn't the cream be just a little *richer* if you didn't add so much skim milk?"

"Don't hurt nobody nohow," said Bridget. "Thin, there's *more* cream."

Now, this set us thinking.

You see, Mistress Housewife, we make flour—the FIVE ROSES kind. And when we saw Biddy skimming every *little* particle from her pan, we knew at once it *must* contain a lot of "half-cream"; couldn't possibly be as pure and rich as it might be.

But Biddy said it made MORE cream.

* * * *

To be sure, thought we, what a lot of flour makers are like Bridget skimming cream.

You see, in a pound of wheat, there's so much *good* flour and so much *low-grade* flour. The "best" flour is the creamiest part of the wheat (PATENT flour, we call it); the "skim milk" is what's left.

So that, Madam, *other things being equal, good* flour making is a mere matter of *percentage*.

Some flourmen, you know, would like to get rich quicker than most folks. By taking a page out of Biddy's book and adding a little of the "half cream" they get MORE flour from their pound of wheat; but it isn't *all* cream. No, it *isn't* all cream.

"Sure," they say, "the housewife doesn't *know* the difference. Besides, we'll let her have it a little *cheaper* than FIVE ROSES."

* * * *

Now, Madam, FIVE ROSES is the creamiest extract of the wheat, only the pure inside heart of the plump, transparent *spring wheat* berries, *sun-ripened* on the Manitoba prairies.

If *you* only knew (as we know) how really good FIVE ROSES is—its richness of bloom, natural flavor, wonderful bread-life

Why, your grocer could never sell YOU any other flour again.

You'd have *actual* baking proof. You'd be as enthusiastic as we are.

And some day, maybe, when you feel real neighbourly, you'd tell your friends about your marvellous cooking triumphs.

* * * *

For better eating, better living; happier, healthier children; easier bakings—you'll try FIVE ROSES, Mistress Housewife.

And *TO-DAY* is the best day in the year, you know.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

(16)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

FUR TRIMMINGS ARE THE WINTER CRAZE

Fur borders are sewed on everything from velvet to chiffon. Never was so much fur used as this year, and from every attic ancient muffs and boas have been resurrected to appear in a new incarnation as modish skirt, wrist, hat and scarf trimmings bands. The rose pink velvet hat illustrated has a narrow border of skunk all around under the brim and the rose chiffon shoulder scarf is trimmed to match with skunk bands.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONS

At a meeting of the Baptist Foreign Mission Board held yesterday, it was announced that the London board had decided to withdraw from the field in Vizagapatan, a district lying between the two Baptist fields.

A letter from India stated that Miss Churchill, a missionary in Bobili, was prepared to offer $1,00 for the erection of a bungalow. A meeting will probably be held in this city in February next to consider the advisability of uniting with the Ontario Foreign Mission board, and a committee was appointed to meet with a delegation from that province.

The report of the treasurer showed that the expenditures to January were $8,000 in excess of the receipts.

The residence of R. G. Haley, 221 Germain street has been sold to a well known lumberman at present residing in Nova Scotia.

Smokeless Oil Heater

The automatically-locking Smokeless Device is an exclusive feature of the Perfection Oil Heater. This

Automatic Smokeless Device

doesn't allow the wick to rise to a point where it CAN smoke, yet permits a strong flame that sheds a steady, glowing heat without a whiff of smoke.

No other heater in the world compares with the

PERFECTION Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

Turn the wick high or low—no smoke, no smell. Burns for 9 hours with one filling. Instantly removed for cleaning.

Solid brass font holds 4 quarts of oil—sufficient to give out a glowing heat for 9 hours—solid brass wick carriers—damper top—cool handle—oil indicator.

Heater beautifully finished in nickel or Japan in a variety of styles.

Every Dealer Everywhere. If Not At Yours, Write for Descriptive Circular to the Nearest Agent of

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrall.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XVII.

Ghent and Judith, by tacit consent, became a pair, so far as the hunting was concerned. There had been no more speech between them. They had no need for words, and no inclination for companionship. They merely hunted the game in league, as the hungered coyotes had learned from necessity to hunt.

Morning and evening they took up understood positions and beat all the undergrowth towards the wall below, since the ever-increasing scarcity of birds or rabbits had compelled them to this grim and silent partnership of interests.

These were moonlit nights. The cottontails that still existed in the gorge—fit survivals of the warfare waged against them—now remained throughout the day in their burrows, and came forth to feed only by the clear cold light of the moon. Judith and Ghent, having famished for two whole days together, detected the facts in their sinister way. With no word between them they raided the greenery by night, driving the cottontails once more before them to the pen of death.

What a pair they were in the pale soft light, when they finally emerged from the cover, out of which they had driven their game! Half nude, disheveled, gaunt, fierce of aspect, elemental in every thought and action, they were nevertheless a splendid human couple, unmated, yet an Adam and an Eve, obeying the primal instincts of existence, intent upon nothing but to live.

Tall, active, alert, muscular, they represented examples of reversion to type as superb as God had ever created—Ghent with his thick beard increasing on his face, Judith with her hair all fallen on her shoulders and her tragic face alight with elemental passions.

What wonder that the solitary cottontail they caught was torn apart and divided in their silent, savage way.

Despite the arts of capture that they had both acquired, however, and despite the understanding between them, the two could do nothing to replenish the daily decreasing numbers of rabbits and other creatures of the strip. With every night coyotes came more frequently and in larger numbers. It seemed to Ghent they must have traveled hither from other oases more depleted than this. He made every possible attempt at night to find and kill some of these marauders, since the meat was insufficient for all, but without result.

During all this time the heat had grown, if possible, more intense than before. Whether it was Judith or Ghent that first discovered this vital and alarming fact could make no difference to either, for both were presently aware that a new and terrible doom was daily threatened. The spring was drying up.

At first it had seemed the merest fancy. The flow had diminished so insidiously that neither had noted promptly how much less every day seeped downward to sink in the gravel. When the truth was revealed in all its baldness, there was a sickening fear with dread of helplessness in the breasts of each, and nothing to hope for save that enough of the water might remain through the hot autumn weeks till winter should bring a new supply.

It was Judith who thought of the first expedient to protect the hole from the heat. She cut and brought armfuls of willows to thrust in the sand and bend down and weave to form a shelter, since the growth about the spring was insufficient to cast a shade throughout the day.

When, wearied to exhaustion by the heat and labor, she retired from the place, Ghent came, as he had done before, and finished the shelter at the well. He did it merely in a spirit of self-preservation. The partnership between himself and Judith was no more cordial than before. The feud still lived between them. The work they accomplished together was part of their grim scheme of life, and nothing more.

During the next ensuing week the artificial shade thus supplied at the spring appeared to halt the process of its drying. Ghent and Judith had been more and more reduced in their means of securing needed meat. And the respite from the sun's attack upon the water was exceedingly brief.

With alarming abruptness the spring began again to fail. In vain the man and woman heaped the freshest obtainable leaves upon the shelter. The heat from dawn to dusk was terrible. All the oasis was parching. Alders and willows lost their foliage prematurely, especially those below and above the fount of precious water.

The sun beat down upon the rocky sides of the canon with merciless directness. The world of mountains sweltered. The air was dizzily vibrating, hour after hour. No quail where whistling in the brush, the squirrels had disappeared; a very few rabbits remained, and they were supernaturally timid. Man and God together had made the oasis almost a lifeless desolation.

Ghent had realized at last how the two men above at the blackened cavern had come to their end. They had perished for water. The spring had dried as it was drying now, and the men had crawled to their home in some final delirium, there to stretch upon the sand and die. And the awful heat had made steam of their brains and the pressure had burst their very skulls.

He wondered if God had cast himself and Judith Haines together into this horrible place to bring them both upon their knees, their feud foresworn, their pride completely crushed, their prayers united in a common plea for mercy.

The thought brought a grim, mirthless smile to his lips, and as if defiance of the creed of forgiveness, he parted his growing beard above the scar that he would not permit to be concealed and so forgotten. Let him perish here, and Judith perish with him, if this were fate's exaction, but the feud would maintain till the end!

Nevertheless, he could not wholly exercise that spirit of chivalry that had risen unbidden in his nature heretofore with Judith so constantly in sight; and despite his cleaving to the feudal passion, he could not wholly withhold his admiration as day after day went by and established Judith's courage. From time to time some gentler impulse rose and wavered and sank once more in his breast.

Judith underwent these emotions no less regularly than Ghent, but never had his phase of relenting passion been timed to coincide with hers, and no truce had been sped by the glances they exchanged, and no bridge had been cast across their gulf.

Judith, meantime, despairing of meat, had discovered that the acorns were ripening. The manzanita berries also were red and rapidly drying. They contained a white mealy substance, decidedly sweet and undoubtedly nourishing. She gathered a quantity in the torn, wretched folds of her skirt and munched at them hungrily.

The acorns continued to be bitter and apparently useless. Nevertheless, she gathered several handfuls and broke them open on a stone. They lay in the sun before her cave, and presently dried as hard as grains of corn. Like Ghent, however, she was more concerned about the water than the food. Some few wily rabbits still remained unslain—and she knew where a rattlesnake or two could be found should desperation drive her to the last extremity.

It was the spring that became the fetish of the pair. By one of their unspoken agreements they used the water with the utmost care, drinking but little, washing not at all. Ghent slowly labored to put a roof of tree-limbs and earth upon his shelter. In no other manner could he hope for protection from the heat. Much of the work was done at night when the cooler mountain air rendered action possible. Judith remained in the darkness of her cave for hours at a time. The world about them was dead, baked, and intolerable.

They were hungry almost constantly—desperately hungry. It was not in the least uncommon for either to go without meat for two or three days at a time. Ghent, too, had discovered the manzanita berries. The acorns he had not essayed to sample. He cut a cone from one of the stunted pines, however, and by heating it on a bed of coals forced it open and shook out a handful of rich brown nuts, thin of shell and delicious to taste.

Daily the pool of water at the spring was diminishing. There came a noon when there was less than a quart of water in the hole. Ghent had come there for a drink which his body could no longer be denied. He looked at the place in horror, reflecting on what he must expect for the following day. The hungry sands were drinking with a thirst insatiate; the sun and the air licked up the moisture with a greed nothing short of appalling.

That seepage robbed the pool by subterranean processes Ghent was thoroughly convinced. No trees could subsist below and above did not the precious water percolate through all that bed of gravel. He knew he must come there at dusk to dig in the earth anud follow the sinking water to a deeper source.

All afternoon in his darkened shelter he labored with his knife, sharpening sticks for drills and a shovel with which to perform the work of excavating at the hole. He had lashed a number of stout willow stakes, thus sharpened, to cross-pieces, forming a scoop. To the whole he lashed a substantial handle. Other pieces he merely prepared for loosening the earth and rots of plants, for the digging would be no easy task.

At sundown he carried his implements to the drying well, and stood there gazing at the all but vanished pool. His digging, he knew, would so disturb and roil the water that a drink would be out of the question for hours. Nevertheless, it was work he could not neglect. Even since noon the supply had visibly diminished. While he paused to take one last long draft, Judith came walking up her well-trod trail, bearing her hollowed-out stone, in which she was wont to carry water. Ghent turned about and beheld her. In silence they exchanged a long, questioning glance.

Beholding the tools that Ghent had made, Judith was immediately apprised of his intention. The man, for his part, divining the use to which her receptacle could be put, stood aside to permit her to fill it, before operations should commence. She, therefore, filled it carefully, exhausting the spring's deepest cavity in the process. Not much more than half a cupful of water remained in the hole, and none flowed in to replenish the supply.

Judith was intensely thirsty even then. The sight of the water increased her desire for a drink. She would not slake her thirst in Ghent's presence, however, and therefore placed her rock receptacle upon the earth, where both could partake of its contents. She realized that such of the water as now remained was the property of neither one alone.

She retired, returning to her cave. There she could find no comfort, and her craving for food and drink was poignant. On one of the smooth, flat rocks at her feet lay a score of the dried and broken acorns. She took up a kernel and ate it. To her surprise and delight it had lost not a little of its bitterness; it was crisp, nut-like, and agreeable to her palate. She ate half a dozen. Then she stopped to consider a new idea.

It occurred to her that the hard, dry bits could be ground or pounded into a meal, which, mixed with water and cooked upon a stone, might somewhat resemble corn pone, capable of sustaining human life. She ground up all that remained of the kernels thus desiccated in the sun, and even in the darkness descended to the oak-shrubs and gathered a new supply to be broken and dried at her cave.

Ghent, in the meantime, was digging at the spring under great disadvantages. His tools were wretchedly inadequate. The substitute for a spade was promptly broken. The separate sticks of which it was constructed could not be held together. Some were quickly blunted, others twisted awry, and one fell away from the cross-pieces on which they were bound. With his pointed stakes, however, he found it possible to loosen up the sand, which he pawed out with his hands.

He found the gravel packed and hard. There were rocks and roots in it everywhere. Nevertheless, despite his handicaps, he labored unceasingly, succeeding at last in excavating a cavity perhaps a foot in depth. Into this it seemed to him a somewhat increased trickle of water was drained, and the nights being once more moonless, he finally departed to permit the spring to clear.

(To be Continued)

John Morrisey, referred to in a despatch in yesterday's Times, as having been injured in New Hampshire, is believed to be a man of that name who came here from England two years ago. He worked in the Vulcan Iron Works and Campbell's axe factory and played in the Artillery Band.

Mr. Stewart, of Ottawa, dominion inspector of buoys, returned to the city last night on the government steamer Stanley, after making an inspection of the buoys along the bay.

A coat valued aat $25, the property of Porter Price, was stolen from the sleeping car of the Quebec express last night by a man who is thought to have been a passenger on one of the out-going trains.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

PURIFIES as it Beautifies the skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash, and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 60 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayre said to a lady of the haut-ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York.

HARKINS HAS DONE MUCH FOR THEATRE HERE

Names of Big Stage People Whom He Has Brought to St. John

AT THE OPERA

Robinson Company's Plans — Bandmanns and Pollards Playing in India—Some Attractions Booked for St. John Theatre Goers—The New York Stage

W. S. Harkins has been playing with great success through Nova Scotia and last week was drawing crowded houses in Sydney, C. B. Mr. Harkins has many friends in this city, some of them who made his acquaintance on the occasion of his first visit, but by all who know him he is admired as a gentleman, a business man and an actor.

He first brought a company to this city twenty-five years ago, and almost every year since that time he has brought high class artists to the local theatres. In his visits here he has always aimed to present the best shows and to bring with him as fine people as could be secured for this district in the theatrical profession.

Some of those who now figure prominently as stars were here with him. Some of them are William E. Sheridan, recognized as the best exponent of Louis XI. that ever lived; Miss Percy Haswell, a great New York favorite; Bruce McRae who played leads with Ethel Barrymore; William and Dustin Farnum; Miss Jessie Bonstelle, Tom Wise, the popular comedian; Joseph Brennan, Miss Sue Van Duser, who is now playing in the largest cities; the late Orson M. Dunn, Helen Meyer, the Australian actress; Kate Dalglish, Miss Mary Hall, acknowledged to be the most beautiful woman on the stage today; the late Joseph Humphreys, stage manager for Charles Frohman; Miss Eleanor Moretti, Miss Margaret May, Miss Minnie Radcliffe, Messrs Arthur Forest, William Courtleigh, George Barnum, Arthur Elliot and others.

The St. John theatre goers certainly owe much pleasure to genial W. S. Harkins.

The Robinson Opera Co. will conclude their engagement in this city with the presentation of "The Mikado" on Saturday evening. The advance sale for Friday's production of "Martha" is already beyond expectations. In this opera, which is a deviation from the comic opera—all the principals in the company are given opportunities to distinguish themselves. Miss Nola will appear as Lady Harriet, and her fine soprano voice will be heard to advantage in a number of pleasing solos. Miss Nancy, her maid, will be represented by Miss Storm, and with Mr. Nelson as Plunkett, Mr. Fulton as Lionel, and Mr. Darvoe as the sheriff, and last but not least, Jack Henderson as Lord Tristian Mickleford, the opera should be presented in a high class manner. The opera "Martha," contains a number of pleasing solos, duets and quartettes.

George Best, who was well known in the theatrical world several years ago as one of the clever comedians in musical comedy, was to be released on parole this week from San Quentin, a prison in California, where he was sentenced to a term for bigamy, and will join the Kolb and Dill company in San Francisco.

Robert Grau's "Forty Years' Observations of Music and Drama" has passed to its third edition and the demand for it continues.

The opening play of the St. John Permanent Stock Co., at the Opera House here on next Monday night will be "Leah Kleschna," in which Mrs. Fiske won such distinction. This company will open an indefinite engagement on Monday evening, and judging by the class of plays and players, their performances should be well attended. While on tour they have been greeted with success, and a repetition of this is looked forward to here.

C. B. Dillingham announces that his next production will be "The Echo," a musical comedy by William Le Baron and Deems Taylor, two students of the University of New York, which was given a performance by amateurs last year at Berkeley Lyceum. The young librettist and composer have rewritten the piece for professional production.

Gradually authors of renown in America are beginning to recognize the profitable market that the moving picture business affords for their works. A short time ago Richard Harding Davis entered into a contract with the Edison Company, giving them the rights to reproduce his famous novels. And now Rex Beach has been engaged by this same company to write a series of special film dramas dealing with the Klondike regions with which the author is so familiar.

A comic sketch entitled "Cinders," in which Miss May Robson starred for some time with considerable distinction, is now being presented in vaudeville with much success by Chas. Egleston and Margaret Kleinecke. Miss Robson will soon open an engagement in the Academy of Music, New York, and will later appear in Chicago. For next season this talented actress will appear in a new play of three acts, entitled "Ma," a production which is said by those who have witnessed it, to be even funnier than "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

Lionel Barrymore, sculptor, painter and actor, has now turned librettist, and is writing a musical comedy, dealing with life in the Paris Latin quarter.

Laurence Irving and Mabel Hackney inaugurated their first regular New York engagement at the Comedy Theatre on Monday evening, presenting "The Affinity" in New York. Mr. Irving is the second famous English star to come to America this season by arrangement with Messrs. Shubert, he following in the footsteps of Forbes-Robertson, who is appearing at Maxine Elliott's Theatre in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

The Robinson Opera Co., has changed its musical director since coming to this city, as George B. Prietsch, who formerly filled the position was called to Pittsburg to attend to his business there. His place has ben taken by George Lyding, who has had considerable experience in musical companies, and who is, besides, a tenor of first rank, having sung with Froham at one time. After leaving here the company will play in Sherbrooke and Quebec, and will later visit the West Indies. They will rehearse a number of other operas, among them "The Telephone Girl," "The Girl from Paris," and "The Little Duke."

From far off India comes the news that two organizations well known in St. John namely, the Bandmann Opera Co., and the Pollard Lilliputions, were playing last week in opposition to each other in comic opera. A number of the old "standbys" with local audiences are still on deck, among them Harry Coles with Bandmann and Teddy McNamara, the Heinz twins and others with the Pollards. When last heard from the companies were playing in Calcutta.

On account of the increased demand for grand opera in English, Milton and Sergeant Ahorn have perfected arrangements to present their companies in Boston, Brooklyn, Newark, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis and Chicago. Four organizations will play extended engagements in these cities.

Another theatre is to be built in Boston. The house is to be called the National and will be erected just below the Castle Square Theatre in Tremont street. It is announced that the theatre will seat 4,000 and will be devoted to vaudeville, but the likelihood is that it will be a moving picture house with vaudeville.

Edward Beck, who made a hit in this city with the Robinson Opera Co., on their last visit is now rehearsing with the company which will soon go on tour from New York with "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." Mr. Beck was heard to advantage in a number of bass parts in the operas here, though he did not make much of a success as a comedian. He was rather out of his usual line, and no one realized it more than himself. Jack Leslie is also in New York.

Although Charles Klein, the author of "Next of Kin" is several years the senior of Wallace Eddinger, who plays the leading role in that play, it seems that both author and actor began their stage careers in the same company. Many years ago, when Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's first success, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," was staged, Wallace Eddinger appeared in the title role while Charles Klein played the bootblack.

Christine Neilsen, the new prima donna with Frank Daniel's in "The Belle of Brittany," at Daly's Theatre, New York, is already looking forward to the time when she will make a New York debut in grand opera in English. Miss Neilsen has already sung in numerous productions of standard operatic work in San Francisco and the other principal cities of the Pacific coast, and Messrs Shubert have promised to let her make a similar appearance in New York as soon as she can show that she is thoroughly prepared for the undertaking.

Kirk Brown will open a two week's engagement in the Opera House on May 4, presenting his usual first-class dramas.

The Myrkle-Harder Co., will visit here for three weeks late in March.

This is the glad season when the pie-baker proceeds to mince matters.

SALE OF MEN'S

Underwear and Sweaters

50c. Wool Shirts and Drawers	39c. each
85c. Ribbed Shirts and Drawers	69c. each
$1.00 Extra Heavy Shirts and Drawers	79c. each
Boys' Fleeced Underwear, up to 34 inch	35c. each
$1.00 Men's Heavy Cardinal Sweaters	69c. each
$1.25 Men's Grey Coat Sweaters	89c. each
$1.50 Heavy Sweaters, open neck	98c. each
50c. Boys' Sweaters, dark colors,	39c. each
75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size,	49c. each

I. Chester Brown

32 and 36 King Square.

A SECRET OF THE PAST

Revived For Use of Modern Man

For twenty centuries the secret of the wonderful balms with which the gladiators and charioteers of Ancient Greece and Rome healed their wounds lay undiscovered. Zam-Buk is the modern counterpart of these balms, and owes its great success to the same root cause—it is purely vegetable. Since its discovery Zam-Buk has been welcomed in mansion and cottage.

The reasons for this triumph of science are simple and few. Taking a lesson from the Ancients, the proprietors of Zam-Buk first of all wisely decided that the ideal balm must be purely herbal and contain not the slightest trace of rancid animal fats or poisonous minerals. Thus Zam-Buk is made solely from rich and pure essences obtained from certain rare medicinal herbs. These juices and extracts are prepared and refined by ingenious scientific processes and then so skilfully blended that a unique, effective, and yet perfectly natural skin healer is secured.

Zam-Buk has an affinity for the human skin such as no ordinary ointment or liniment can possibly possess. Besides soothing pain and allaying irritation, it possesses high antiseptic qualities, and solves the problem of always having handy at home or at one's work an ever-ready and reliable first-aid for cuts, burns, scalds, bruises, lacerations, scratches, etc. Zam-Buk is without equal for eczema, ulcers, piles, bad leg, ringworm, scalp scores, festering sores, sprains, stiffness, poisoned wounds of all kinds, face sores, chafing, chapped hands, cold sores, frost bites, sore feet, diseased ankles, and all itching, irritation, and inflammation.

Zam-Buk is a daily need in every household, and is sold by all druggists and stores at fifty cents a box. Refuse harmful and dangerous substitutes sometimes "pushed" as being "just as good." They are not!

Morgan Kelly, a representative of the Thiel Detective Agency, was reported to be in the city yesterday in search of a man, who is wanted in New York and Boston for embezzlement.

George H. Waring has begun his new duties as ferry superintendent. For the past few days men have been at work repairing the old Magee wharf, which was damaged some time ago.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Ingredients: Sulphur. Glycerin. Quinin. Sodium Chlorid. Capsicum. Sage. Alcohol. Water. Perfume. Show this to your doctor.

Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly destroys the germs that cause falling hair. It nourishes the hair-bulbs, restores them to health. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly.

Ayer's Hair Vigor just as promptly destroys the germs that cause dandruff. It removes every trace of dandruff itself, and keeps the scalp clean and in a healthy condition.

Does not Color the Hair

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

FROGGIE'S ESCAPE.

You've doubtless heard about the frog
Who fell into a crock of cream.
The sides were slippery, alas!
No way to get out did there seem.
Find another frog.

"I'm doomed, I s'pose,' said Mr. Frog,
"But then I'll kick until I die."
He kicked until the butter came,
And from it hopped out high and dry.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down against dress.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine

Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

E. W. Grove on box. 25c