

Household Hints For Women

A Column Specially Prepared By The Planet For
The Busy Housewives of Chatham and Vicinity.

We are sure that our readers will agree that Messrs. Thos. Stone & Son have taken a step in the right direction in announcing their intention of closing their store at nine o'clock on Saturday evening. Women are the chief buyers and if they would only arrange to do their shopping between the hours of 8 a. m. and 6 p. m. there would be no necessity for the merchants to keep the stores open any day after six o'clock—except, perhaps, at the Christmas season.

Surely ten hours a day is long enough to allow for purchasing. Years ago, when people would have to drive miles, after a day's work, to buy at the country store, it was necessary to keep them open, but now that we have beautiful stores within ten or fifteen minutes' walk, and with telephone connection, it is not necessary, and it is women who are accountable for it.

NEW THINGS IN JEWELRY.

New ideas in jewelry and jewelry wearing are revealed in costumes seen at the better class restaurants. It was decreed by fashion some time ago that the finger should not have its beauty further enhanced by a ring of diamonds, that turquoise should not mingle with emeralds, and so on. Now, however, there is a new law, and the hand that carries one pearly ring must wear no other rings than those of pearls. According to the robe that is worn, the hands show a blaze of diamonds, a mass of rich rubies or soft toned pearls, all quite unrelieved and showing as little as possible of their gold or silver setting.

Beautiful cut amethyst heads for the neck and turquoise matrix ones are just now being shown. A novel necklace of dull silver, consisting of a small silver chain around the neck and in front five quite plain silver disks set with large green stones and ending with three pendants of silver and green stones, is also being received with much favor.

Exposure to sunlight has a curious effect on some gems, and garnets lose much of their color in the course of time. If they are worn continually. Topaz, on the contrary, become a shade darker, but part with a great deal of their pristine brilliancy after they have been exposed to a bright light for any length of time.

As a rival to the huge hatpins of amber which have accompanied the winter millinery comes the quartz in delightful tones. Large balls, long drops and even simple flowers are cut out of the quartz to serve as hatpins, making effective touches of dark coloring among the trimmings of winter toques and hats.

MOLASSES CANDY.

Two cups New Orleans molasses, two cups granulated sugar, one-half cup butter; boil until it hardens in water and add one teaspoonful of vanilla. Let cool and pull until it whitens.

WHITE TAFFY.

Two pounds of granulated sugar, one-half pint of water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, flavor with vanilla or rose extract. Cook until it hardens in water. Stir until it cools and form into balls with the fingers.

ALMOND CREAM.

Three cups of sugar, one and one-half cups water, one-half teaspoon cream tartar, flavor with vanilla. Boil until drops will almost keep their shape in water, add a cup of blanched almonds chopped fine, pour into a bowl and stir until it is cool enough to handle, put into a large dish and knead until the texture is fine. This may be flavored with chocolate if desired. Form into desired shapes.

COCONUT CREAM CANDY.

One grated coconut, one and one-

half pound confectioner's sugar, three-fourths cup water; boil sugar and water for five minutes, add grated coconut and boil five minutes, then take off and beat to a cream.

PANOCCHIN.

One pound brown sugar, one quart peanuts, one tablespoon vinegar, butter size of a hickory nut. Wet sugar with water and boil until it boils, take off fire and stir in peanuts. Stir over the fire again until it sugars and then dip out and drop on a battered platter, with a tablespoon. It hardens very rapidly.

HICKORY NUT CANDY.

Two cups sugar, one-half cup water, teaspoonful of any desired flavoring; boil without stirring until thick enough to spin a thread; set dish into cold water and stir until white, then add one cup of hickory nut meats, turn into flat tin, and when partly cold cut into squares.

PRAULINE.

Two cups brown sugar, one-half cup sweet milk, butter size of a walnut; boil 15 like icing, stirring all the time. When done stir in one and one-half quarts shelled peanuts chopped fine. Take off the fire and beat till cold. Spread on a platter and cut into squares.

COFFEE CREAMS.

Two and a half cups powdered sugar, one-half cup strong coffee. Boil together four minutes, then cool, beating all the time. Roll paste into balls and harden.

FIG CAKE.

Any good white cake recipe will do for layers. The figs for the filling must be cut in pieces the size of lima beans and covered with water and stewed slowly for two hours. Then one-half pound of sugar for each pound of figs is added and the gentle simmering is continued until a thick soft preserve is the result. When the cake layers are half cool spread with the fig mixture.

CARROT PUDDING.

Mix together half a pound each of flour, currants, seeded raisins, suet chopped very fine, a grated potato and carrot, one tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves, and baking soda dissolved in a little water. Add to these ingredients half a cup of molasses, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one beaten egg, turn into a greased mould and boil or steam three hours. Serve with hard sauce.

CRANBERRY FOAM.

Add a pinch of salt and a cupful of pulverized sugar to the whites of four eggs whipped very stiff and firm. Beat constantly while adding two-thirds of a cupful of cranberry jelly, a teaspoonful at a time. When these are well mixed together and quite light serve in sherbet glasses with a bit of whipped cream on top of each.—From What to Eat.

BLUE PILLS NO LONGER USED.

When the stomach needs cleansing, the bowels increased activity, the liver additional power, don't use mercurial pills; try Dr. Hamilton's. Vegetable in composition, extremely mild, yet sure to flush out all impurities and wastes, no remedy is so well adapted for family use. Positively a cure for biliousness and sick headache, unfailing in constipation and bowel trouble, exceptionally good for indigestion, no medicine is so universally needed in every home as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Good for the young, the old, the sick and the well ones, the benefits of Dr. Hamilton's Pills are manifold. Sold everywhere in 25c. boxes.

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COUGHS, LA GRIPPE, Colds, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Weak Voice, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Malaria, Anaemia,

Bronchial Coughs, Chills and Fever, Difficult Breathing, General Weakness, Female Troubles, Fickle Appetite, Hemorrhages, Night Sweats, Consumption, Catarrh of the Stomach.

All these diseases are serious in themselves, and if not promptly cured in the early stages are the certain forerunners of Consumption in its most terrible forms. Psychine conquers and cures Consumption, but it is much easier and safer to prevent its development by using Psychine. Here is a sample of thousands of voluntary and unsolicited statements from all over Canada:

Dr. T. A. Stocum, Limited:
Gentlemen,—I feel it my duty to advise you of the remarkable cure effected by your Psychine and Oxomolium, which have come under my personal observation. Three men, well known to me, Albert Townsend, Harold Hipson and John McKay, all of Shelburne County, were pronounced by the best medical men to have Consumption, and to be incurable and beyond the reach of medical aid. They used Psychine and Oxomolium and they are now in good health. I feel it a duty to advise you of this fact for the benefit of other sufferers from this terrible disease.

Yours very truly,
LEANDER McKENZIE, J.P.
Green Harbor, N.S.

Psychine, pronounced Si-keen, is for sale at all up-to-date dealers. It is your druggist or general store cannot supply you, write Dr. T. A. Stocum, Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto.

Make the Best of It

Be in a measure anyway. Count on your good luck. This world may have its faults, but it's the only one you've got. Though minus is your real estate, and slender is your purse, just keep a-thinking things might be cooked up a whole lot worse.

You might have fallen in the lake. Not knowing how to swim; You might have broken on the ice. Your very shapely limb; Disasters very painful might Be camping on your trail—For all I know, you might perhaps Be tightly locked in jail.

Perhaps you have a dollar bill—That's more than some possess—That, for a minute anyway, Will argue down distress. And if you have a winter suit And cool enough to do, That's better than some men you know Who haven't got a sou.

By looking at your neighbors you May get some joy in life. Be thankful that you didn't draw A large and warlike wife. Cheer up and make the best of it; To worry say "Skiddoo!" Because you know that you can live Somehow if others do.

Bombs to Oust Bayonets.

A military result of the Japanese fighting at Port Arthur, it is predicted, will be a widespread discarding of the bayonet for the hand grenade or bomb. A modern London-made grenade is seven inches in diameter, weighs a pound and a quarter, is safely carried on a belt and can be thrown thirty or forty yards by an eighteen-inch tail rope. The detonator, carried separately, is screwed into the grenade just before throwing. The charge is tonite, but any high explosive can be used, and this gives much greater effectiveness than that of the old time grenades.

No man forgives unless he also forgets.

Sound judgment doesn't always make the most noise.

SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS FROM KIDNEYS

Doctor's said Female Trouble.

Mrs. Charles Lewis, Collingwood, Ont., writes: "For eight years I suffered from Kidney Complaint, and until twelve months ago doctors said I was suffering from 'Female Trouble.' Last November (1905), I was seriously ill, resulting I believe from kidney troubles. Finding doctor's medicine doing me no good, I persuaded my husband to purchase me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, after having read of a case somewhat resembling mine. I commenced taking them according to directions (not taking the doctor's medicine), and on second day a swelling commenced in my feet, legs and body. The following day I was so changed and swollen my husband, in alarm, hastened to Mr. Johnson's drug store, who told him to tell me he thought the pills were drawing something out of the blood, and to keep on taking them. I did so and after taking them a week, the swelling disappeared leaving me with a complexion free from pimples, tired, weary feeling gone, constipation from which I suffered for years, gone, pain in the back, gone, and a general feeling of joy and light heartedness. I have not felt since a child, took place in me.

My sister-in-law (Mrs. Bryan), seeing the action of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the change for good they accomplished in me, sent for a box and they completely cured her. When there is an opportunity of telling people what Doan's Kidney Pills did for us, we always take advantage of it, and tell them to give them a fair trial."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50c. per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, for sale at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Love by Graphophone

By Alice Lovett Carson

Copyright, 1906, by Alice L. Carson

The office of Horwitz & Mallon, wholesale brass manufacturers, shone with polished fixtures and fresh white wood. A pleasant, cheery place to work in, Mabel Thurston thought as she entered. She had come early that morning because it was the last day of the month and a great deal of correspondence had to be finished up. She greeted Dick, the office boy, before going into her own little sanctum, for, as the "graphophonist" of the firm, she was given a nook away from the rattle of tickers and other machines.

"The boss left a note for you, Miss Thurston," said the boy as he followed her in, carrying an armful of wax cylinders. "There it is."

Mabel read it as she opened and dusted off her typewriter. "No. 3 important—to be done first. Then 5, 4 and 2. C. H."

She nodded understandingly and fitted cylinder No. 3 into the graphophone that stood on the table at her elbow. Then she wound up and started the machine and, having fastened about her head the cap that held the tubes against her ears, sat down prepared for the work.

The instrument buzzed a few seconds, then started off. "Take this letter to Messrs. Carroll & Briggs, Middle Roxbury, Mass.," began the gruff voice of Carl Horwitz. She could almost see the sharp glances he gave from under his bushy eyebrows while he dictated. The typewriter began to rattle in a businesslike way. Other stenographers and clerks came in, laughing and chattering, and settled down to work, and the office quickly resumed its usual active appearance.

Hurrying, for he was a little late, entered Pierce Mallon, the junior partner. He was Horwitz's nephew, a bright young fellow of twenty-six. He hesitated a moment, with flushed face and embarrassed air, before Miss Thurston's door, then moved on to the inner office. Puzzling over the phrasing of a sentence, Mabel did not see him enter, though she always looked for his morning greeting and felt something lacking in the day when she missed it. Of late the handsome boy who blushed and stammered whenever he spoke to her had been often in her thoughts.

"No. 5, next," she thought pleasantly, handing Dick a sheet of letters to be signed by Horwitz. That cylinder always contained Mallon's correspondence and she enjoyed hearing his sympathetic voice.

"Please take this letter, Miss Thurston," it began deferentially—so different from his uncle's abrupt manner. "Mr. Henry S. Wright, 945 Main street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. My dear Mr. Wright," and so continued, the girl drinking in every word.

"If you're finished that, the next is a personal note," Mallon's voice went on. He stopped a minute, then continued with many halts and jerks of utterance. "Dear friend—no, my dear friend—just leave out the name, Miss Thurston. My dear friend, though I've wanted to do so many times lately—in fact, whenever I passed your door—I've never had the courage to speak to you of a matter on which I feel very deeply. I don't know how you'll regard this method of addressing you. No doubt it will seem to you as rude as it is unconventional, but I must run the risk of offending you. Miss Thurston—Mabel—I love you and—"

With a sharp exclamation the girl started from her seat and tore the cap from her head. "How dare you?" she panted, her cheeks flaming with indignation. To take advantage of her position to insult her in this way! Of course there were always little jokes that the instrument permitted of—things the men would not say to her face, but never anything of this nature. James Tate, Horwitz's secretary, began his letters by drawing out, "My dear girl, if you love me take this," and Steve Murphy, the business manager, sometimes interrupted his correspondence to tell a story in his inimitable brogue, ending in a lusty "Haw! Haw!" that always made her laugh. Horwitz frequently prefaced his dictation with remarks that consigned his correspondent to Jericho, but to think that Pierce Mallon, of all men, should be guilty of a vulgar practical joke like this!

She jerked the paper off her typewriter and tore it into bits. Then she stopped the graphophone and changed the cylinder for another. "If Mr. Mallon's letters are not all written today it's his own fault," she thought hotly, with a feeling of joy that she could punish him thus.

But a dull ache that would not cease remained in her heart, though she told herself over and over again that the fellow was a cad and a boor—and she despised herself for ever taking him for a gentleman. Her pillow that night was wet with some bitter tears as she tossed sleeplessly on the narrow boarding house bed. It is hard to give up ideals when one is only twenty-two.

The same cylinder was frequently used more than once, for the surface could be shaved smooth ready for another impression, so No. 5 was brought in next morning by Dick, and though Mabel instinctively dreaded it, she could not refuse to take it with the rest. Mallon's voice began at once without introduction:

"I have offended you deeply, I know. You thought it was a practical joke,

and a poor one at that. Pardon me for being such a boor; but, indeed, I meant every word. It wasn't a joke, but dead earnest, for I love you, love you, love you!" His voice broke passionately. "Ah, forgive me," he went on contritely. "I am offending you again, but I can't be silent when the phone tempts me, and I dare not speak to you face to face. Can't you pity me at least?"

As she listened the girl's expression changed from indignation to surprise, then to doubt. "Perhaps," she said uncertainly, "he is speaking the truth after all. Perhaps I misjudged him. Oh, I hope I have!" With the sudden realization of her own feeling she hid her face in her hands.

Next day when she came to cylinder No. 5 in the routine of correspondence Mabel found herself hoping for the little personal message which should give assurance to her heart. It came abruptly, but decidedly:

"I'm going to stop this sort of thing, Mabel. It smacks of cowardice, and I want to be worthy of your respect. I mean to put my fate to touch at once, so expect me this afternoon."

The girl's heart sang its psalm of joy as her fingers flew over a heavy budget of letters. When the day was over she waited for his coming till long past her usual time of leaving and went home at last, sad and uncertain what to think.

"Say, you'll find some tall cussin' on the tubes today, Miss Thurston," said Dick as he brought her the cylinders next morning. "The boss chased Mr. Pierce off to Boston in a hurry yesterday, then ripped round all the afternoon 'cause he couldn't find some rush orders the young fellow put away. I tell you, there'll be fur flyin' you bet, when he gets back this mornin'."

Dick wondered why Miss Thurston beamed so on him and presented him with a rose she had just bought. He could not know that his news had put an end to a bitter heartache. It was Saturday, a half holiday, and her only fear was that Pierce would not return in time.

The clerks had all left and even the elevator had stopped running before she covered the instruments, and still he had not come. Slowly she adjusted her hat before the mirror. There came a rush of eager, impatient feet up the stairs, and the door of the office was burst open. He dropped his suit case and came forward with outstretched hands.

"Oh," he exclaimed, breathless and relieved, "I was afraid you would be gone!" She did not turn.

"You know, don't you, why I didn't come yesterday? You understand it was not my fault—that I hadn't time to send you a note even?" She bowed her head in silence. "Ah, but you still think it was unmanly to talk through that old graphophone! Forgive me, dear, I didn't know what I was doing. But I do love you, Mabel!" He would not be discouraged by her silence. "I love you and I want you. Tell me, can you forgive me and love me a little in return?"

Then she wheeled about, her face radiant, her eyes shining like gray stars. "Pierce, dear," was all she said, but he was satisfied, for he read the answer in her eyes.

He Drew on Sight.

Mart Hoover years ago, when Kansas was not the cultivated commonwealth it has since become, had sent a consignment of corn to a commission merchant in Kansas City. The merchant telegraphed, telling the consignor: "Your credit is \$27.40. Draw on me at sight."

But Hoover was mad. He had expected his money, and none came. He felt he had been duped, and he treasured up the grievance. One time, about six weeks later, the commission man came to Hoover's town, got out of the bus and started to walk down the street. Hoover saw him and instantly drew his revolver and fired. His eye was fairly good. The bullet cut away the merchant's necktie and unfasted his collar.

Then Hoover put up his gun. "That's expensive shootin'," said he, "but I reckon you're as sorry as I am." "What do you mean?" demanded the town constable, arresting the gun man.

"He told me to," said Hoover, surprised. "Told you to?" demanded the white checked city man. "I never did anything of the kind!"

"You did," said Hoover. And, drawing out the telegram, he read: "Draw on me at sight!" "I done it," said he.

Curious Freaks of Razors.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back—Strand Magazine.

Largest Wine and Spirit Merchants in the World

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The Pure Wines and Spirits
OF
W & A Gilbey
Are on Sale throughout Canada

CHARING CROSS.

George Wright, who was seriously injured last week by being run over by a hand-car on the M. C. R., is able to be out again.

D. McEachren, who was thrown from a hand-car on the M. C. R. last week, breaking several of his ribs, is able to be out again.

James Robinson, of Caylie, Alta., writes that he is delighted with the country and that everything looks very promising there; he also says that the fall wheat is in splendid shape. He wishes to be remembered to all his friends here.

Now that the elections are over we are in hopes that the members of the Harwich and Raleigh Councils will take up the matter of the H. and R. townline and repair that portion of it that is in such a disgraceful condition, and also look after the M. C. R. crossing, both for the safety of the public and to enable the people to draw loads over them.

That crossing on the 18 and 19 side road, of Raleigh, sadly needs a gate or a boll, as it is a very dangerous crossing. You can only see a westbound train from the south side; the others are all hidden by the orchards.

Quite a lot of property has changed hands here lately. Jos. Young has bought the Stringer farm, Duncan Ritchie the E. Huff place, and Geo. Wilson the McEachren place. Mr. Ed. Hen, of the 8th concession, was a visitor here last week. He says that hog raising is the best paying part of farming. During the past year he has sold \$1,200 worth of the grunter.

Mr. A. Jacobs, of St. Thomas, was the guest of his brother here on election day.

We would like to know when Mr. McKay is going to put in the water break on the Horn drain, that he took the contract for last June. If he is not going to do it, it is up to the Council to sell the job again, for the road is very dangerous, as there is only a width of about nine feet.

J. Lowrie, of British Columbia, at one time a resident here, is visiting friends, after an absence of about twenty years.

T. Russell, of the 13th concession, has the contract for supplying the school here with wood for the next year.

FLORENCE.

W. A. Gordon has returned from a week's visit with Rev. Mr. Graham and family, at Sarnia.

La grippe is very prevalent in town and vicinity. A number of our citizens are confined to their rooms.

Miss Mary Webster, returned to Chatham last Friday, after spending a couple of weeks with her parents.

Mrs. John Wells and daughter Dorothy, of Corunna, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wright last week. Mrs. John McLevey is visiting her daughter, Mrs. M. Childs, in the vicinity of Thamesville.

Mr. Warren, who has been holding meetings in the interests of the Free Methodists during the past three months, in the Orange Hall, left town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John Webster spent Sunday in Bothwell the guests of their son, Charles, and wife.

Rev. Mr. Kender, of Dresden, occupied the pulpit of St. Matthew's Church last Sunday morning.

Mrs. Eugene Walker gave a surprise party to her aunt, Mrs. Parkinson, last Thursday afternoon. A number of the elderly ladies of the village were present and a very enjoyable time was spent.

John Tweed, who has been spending the past month with his parents here, has returned to Moose-jaw, Sask.

Chas. Sweet, of Sarnia, and Geo. Boylan and wife, of Dawn Mills, spent Sunday and Monday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Sweet.

Wm. Carey has rented his butcher shop to Bruce Tyrell, who takes possession Feb. 1st. Mr. Carey and family left this week for their new home in Dover township. The young people of the village tendered the family a surprise party last Friday evening. A taffy pull was engaged in.

J. S. Chambers, of Grenfell, Sask., arrived here last week to buy a car of horses for Mr. Jas. P. Dill, Wolseley. While here he was the guest of Mr. D. Corbett.

Messrs. P. Wright, L. R. Miller and W. P. McCreary were elected on Monday last as the new police trustees for our village.

Carefully Milled From The Finest No. 1 Manitoba and Ontario Red Winter Wheat

OUR method of combining the finest No. 1 Manitoba with Red Winter Wheat so as to make the most perfect bread and pastry flour—so as to retain both the nutriment of the Manitoba and delicate flavor of the Red Winter Wheat—would be wasted if our milling process was not so absolutely perfect.

The extreme care we take in milling "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour might seem unnecessary to the casual visitor to our big plant.

The most improved devices for manufacturing flour are used.

You should see our immense rollers in operation. These gradually reduce the wheat to flour—do not crush it to powder and take the life and nutriment out of it as in the old fashioned way.

By our improved system the gluten and starch cells are carefully and entirely separated from the indigestible bran and cellulosic coats, and partially crushed into myriads of tiny, sharp, white granules of uniform size.

Not a grain of the wheat germ, which impairs the keeping qualities of the flour, or any other substance that shouldn't be there, can possibly get into "Kent Mills" Gold Medal Flour.

It's always uniform, always dependable—the highest grade, most satisfactory flour for household use.

Order from your grocer today.

Every bag or barrel "Kent Mills" Flour guaranteed by both the manufacturer and dealer.

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Canada Flour Mills Co., Limited, Chatham, Ont.