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to Use Cranberries. cranberry sauce boil a berries in two cupfuls of they are tender. Then brough a colander to reis, return to the fire, add ranulated sugar, boil for nd turn into molds. ry jelly boil two quarts in a quart of water untender and then strain a bag. Heat the juice ch pint of it a pound of gar (three-quarters of a e used if a tart jelly is r until the sugar is diso not boil. Turn into

r molds. ranberries are a convenlittle sauce is wanted fruit is not at hand. of water are needed for f fruit and a pound of the sugar in the water

added to the cottage pud n the proportion of half the fruit as of the sugar cious variation.

Why are you applied any are will m's Female Pil Alfred Cooper and George Price boys, are accused of several Berlin robberies and of having differed a trat Sylvester Post.

FOR SALE - LOT 10, CON. 40 acres adjoining the village Glenarm, being the property of the iste Donald Spence. For further particulars apply to Mrs. Donald Speace, Glemarm, P.O.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR sale at a reasonable price the imported Clydesdale stallion, Ardimersay Duke, (13279) rising 7 years old, guaranteed quiet, sound and sure. Will take one or two Clyde fillies in part pay. For further information address Geo. E. Johnson, Peterboro P. O., rural mail

STOCK AND IMPLEMENTS. Mr. James McGlynn, of Fenelon Township, who resides on the Tee vins' homestead will offer for sal on or about the 16th day of Feb. 1912, his farm stock and implements and all household goods to the highest bidder. Mr. Joseph Meehan will wield the hammer and all goods will be sold to the highest bidder.

FARM FOR SALE OR TO RENT -Lot 43, S. P. R. Eldon, containing 85 acres adjoining the Village of Kirkfield, '60 acres cultivated, balance pasture. Brick house, barn 50 x 30 on stone foundation, shed 60 x 34, watered by two wells. This farm is in a good state of cultivation. Possession March 1, or year later. Apply to owner, John Monroe, Kirkfield, Ont.

TUESDAY, FEB. 6 .- By Geo. Jackson, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements, the prop-

TUESDAY, FEB. 20.-By Elias Bowes, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements the property Me osa. S 1 o'clock p.m.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. - BY JOS. Mechan, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements, the perty of P. Hickey, lot 7, con. 6, Ops. Sale at one o'clock p.m.

TO RENT - THE EAST HALF OI lot 4, in the 6th con. of the Township of Ops, containing 100 acres. Land in good state of cultivation, Good house with stone cellar, good barn with stone foundation and other outb uildings. Small orchard. Ploughing almost finished. For further particulars apply S. E. Roddy, Reaboro, Ont.

WANTED - STRONG WOMAN, years of age or over to work on a farm five miles from City of Regina, Sask. Must be good plain coek and rtidy housekepper. Wages \$20 per month. Apply at once to Mrs. D. McEachern, Box 1021, Regina, Sask.

ON MONDAY, FEB. 12, 1912 .- BY Elias Bowes, auctioneer, 35 head good grade stock, 6 head of young horses, pigs and implements. Several cows due about sale time. The Cann, Brown school house, on lo stock is good. Property of F. R. 7, con. 12, Mariposa. Sale one o'clock.

ON WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, 1912 .-By Elias Bowes, auctioneer, on lot 18, con. 7, Maripose, the farm stock and implements of G. Washington. Stock good. Sale at one o'clock sharp.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1. - By Thos. Cashore, auctioneer. Mammoth clearing sale of farm stock and implements on the Syndicate Farm, lot 24, con. 11, Fenelon, the property of Mr. John Aldous. Sale a 12 o'clock noon and without serve as Mr. Aldous has sold

THI RSDAY, FEB. 15 .- By Thomas (ashore, auctioner, sale of fare stock and implements, the property of William Sims, Lot 11, Con 6, Fenelon. Sale at 1 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21. - By Thos Cashore, auctioneer, sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Mitchell Herron, lot 11, con. 7, Fenelon. Sale at 1 o'clock.

TUESDAY, FEB. 20. - By Joseph Meehan, auctioner. Sale of farm stock and implements, the property of Patrick J. Hickey, lot 6, con. 7, Ops. Sale at 1 p.m.

FARM FOR SALE-LOT 11, CON 10, Ops. Possession 1st March, 1912, plowing all done, with th exception of three or four acres For further particulars apply to J. A. Brown, Lindsay, or Mrs. E. A. Watson, Reaboro P.O., on

premises.

LOST - A FOX TERRIER, WHITE with some black and tan spots, tail cut about two inches long. May answer to the name of "Bud." Any information given to Mr. I Skuce, Reaboro, will be thankfully received, the finder to be suitably rewarded.

FRIDAY, FEB. 16. - By Jos. Meehan, auctioneer. Sale of farm stock and implements and house held furniture, the property Jas. McGlynn, lot 1, con. 7, Fe lon. Sale at 12.80 p.m. will be served.

Lady Betty Across the Water.

By C. R. Q A. M WILLIAMSON. Copyright, 190" by McClure, Phil-11. - & Co.

all, but I'd like to tell you to forget about her advice and not care whether a man is rich or poor, or even well born, if only he's made himself a gentleman, body and heart and soul, and is strong and clever enough to take

The minute she said that the image of Jim Brett rose up before my eyes. I think, though he is poor and perhaps of humble birth, that the girl he marries will he happy and well taken care

"You'll hear a lot of talk about money at Newport," she went on, "too much. Among some of the people wou'll be with money's of more importance than anything else. Two or three rich young men are certain to ask you to marry them-very nice fellows they may be, and they will show you heaps of attention-all those that Cousin Katherine will let come near you-and as you're so young and inexperienced you may lose your head a little bit. But do remember that losing your head and being flattered and amused isn't falling in love. A man must be able to make you love him for himself, and that self must erty of J. J, Porter, lot 7, con. be worth loving, for nothing else is 14, Manvers. Sale at 1 o'clock any good in the end. And now I'll tell you my story-just in a few wordsbecause it will give you something to think about.

"I'm thirty-two now. When I was nineteen, a year older than you, I cared for a man and he for me. We cared of Angus Murray, Lot 7, Con. 11, for each other-terribly. But he was poor, and, not only that, he came from people whom mine looked down upon. We loved each other so much, though, that I would have married him in spite of all, but my relations thought it would ruin my life, and they advised and persuaded and implored and insisted, until I was weak enough to give the man up. They took me to Europe, and because I had some money an Italian prince we met in Rome wanted to marry me. They almost argued me into consenting, and though they didn't quite the news went home to Kentucky that I was engaged. The man I really loved-loved dearly all the time, though I was trying to forget him-believed it. Why shouldn't he, since I'd given him up for the reasons I had? He was Catholic, and he went into a monastery we have in Kentucky and became a monk. No one ever wrote to me about it. All my friends thought the less I beard of him the better. And two years later, when I went back home-not engaged, and thinking in my heart that there was and always would be only one man for me in the world-it was to learn that

> ly love forever. "Oh, Betty, you don't know what suffered. I'd been saying to myself that when I saw him again-as I meant to-I would know by his eyes at the first glance whether he still cared as much as ever, and if he did I would ask him to marry me. But I never saw him again, except with the eyes of my heart, and I always see him so. Not an hour passes that I

don't see him so." "You poor darling!" I exclaimed. And there was a note in her voice that made my eyellds sting. "How little I guessed. And you seem so cheerful and even merry.'

blanket," said Sally. "Besides, one isn't actively miserable every minute for years because one has thrown away one's chance of real happiness. One gets along contentedly enough except in the bad hours, when instead of being a mild gray the world is juk black. But I haven't told you this to get sympathy. dear. It hasn't been quite easy tehing, for I don't talk much about the deep down

things in myself. I've told you in the hope that you'll remember me and my wasted years if your chance comes to prim with a man after you had eaten be happy, even if it should be a chance which you think, in a worldly way, wouldn't be prudent or what your people would like. People have no right how near they may be to us. It's we who have to live our lives, not they.'

For a minute we were both silent. and then Sally said quietly, as if she were glad to speak: "Here comes some one we've seen before. Do you recognize him? And shall you bow?" Vivace gave such a leap that his

leash, which I'd been holding carelessly, was jerked out of my hand. It was my brown man who was coming My face did feel red! Vivace was making such a fuss over him that Sally

could hardly help guessing whose the dog had been before he was mine. But I made the best of it. "Of course I recognize him, and of course I shall bow," said I. "He was very kind to me on the dock when I was at let-

Sally didn't make any remark about Vivace's capers, though by this time he was wagging all over with joy at his master's feet and jumping up to his knees. I was grateful to ber. In another moment we three had me

in the shady path far away from ev erybody else, and Vivace began running back and forth between his mas ter and me, as if he wanted to make us good friends and not hurt either o

"How do you do?" said i, noid out my hand. "What a coincidence meeting you here. And my dear little dog that somebody sent me does seet to take an extraordinary fancy to you loesn't be?"

than the rest of his face.

He had on better clothes than h had worn on shipboard, but they were blue serge, with the air of having shop. In spite of them, however, h looked very handsome, and every inch many men, even in Stan's set, coul wear those badly cut things and look as he did in them, though he does have to travel in the steerage. I asked Sally if I might introduce

Mr. Brett to her, and she said yes and smiled up so sweetly that I was deighted, because for all her talk about nature's noblemen I felt I didn't know her well enough to be quite sure how would take it. But she talked to him charmingly and complimented him upon his bravery on shipboard. "Every one of us admired you for it." sh said, "and I'm very glad to meet you

Mr. Brett thanked her and, of course said how pleased he was too. "I am taking a holiday," he added, looking at me. I was glad to hear that be cause seeing him out at this time the thought had occurred to me that he might have lost his employment at the club. But I only answered that it was a lovely day for a holiday and that I didn't believe be could find a better place to spend part of it than in Cen-

"Have you fed the squirrels yet?" he

"Oh, no. Can one do that?" I exlaimed. "I should love it." "May I go and get some peanuts?

e said to Sally. "Do," she said in her pleasant, friendy way, which was just as nice for him as it had been for Stan or nicer. "We will go on to the wistaria arbor and wait for you. There are always lots of squirrels there."

Vivace broke away from me again and followed him, but still Saily seemed to take no notice. "That's certainly a very handsome fellow," she said, "and we can be sure that he's worthy to be trusted, because the wrong sort of men don't jump overboard at sea to save the lives of children they don't know. That is why I feel perfectly safe in being nice to him and letting you be nice. I reckon he is a south-

"How can you tell?" I asked. "Oh, a little by that good looking brown face of his, perhaps, but more by his way of speaking. You English people lump up all together for our 'American' accent.' but we can tell whether a person is from Massachusetts or New York or Illinois or Kentucky and so on just as you know Dev onshire from Lancashire."

The wistaria arbor, which we soon reached, was like a fairy bower hung with thousands of amethyst lamps burning perfume instead of oil, and the moment we sat down a troop of the fairy residents, cieverly disguised as gray squirrels, with adorable little faces, began excitedly to talk us over With heads on one side, they criticised our feathers, our dresses, our bats and finally approved of them so far as to decide that we were creatures they that man had taken the final vows might know. They stole nearer, by which would separate him from earthtwos, by fours, then raced away again. gray and soft as undyed ostrich feathers, blown by the sweet smelling breeze, when they saw my brown man coming back with Vivace.

I was afraid that Vivace would make a dash and frighten them, but he evidently knows how to treat squirrels as equals, not as edibles, for he behaved himself like the little brindled gentle man that he is. Gravely he looked onas Mr. Brett produced six small, brown paper bags, crammed full of the most extraordinary objects. They looked something like wood carvings of un ripe bean pods, but it appeared that they were peanuts. They smelt good rather like freshly roasted coffee, and when you shelled them out of their woody pods they were large, fat beads covered with a thin brown skin.

couldn't help feeling as if I had known Mr. Brett for a long time, as he sat by us on the bench under the wistaria. helping Sally and me feed the squirrels and shelling peanuts for us to eat too. I do believe there must be something special about peanuts, which gives you a homey sort of feeling if you share them with people. They form a sort of bond of good fellowship, and I can't fancy ever being

peanuts with him. Mr. Brett didn't tell us much about himself, but from the few things he did tell I gathered the impression that he has led an open air, adventurous sort of life. He showed that he knows a great deal about horses, and I rather hope he has been a cowboy like "The Virginian," in a delightful book I have found in Mrs. Ess Kay's library. Infeed, I imagine the hero of the story must have looked like Jim Brett. It

Sally and he talked about books. He spoke about some college in the west where he had been, and I was glad that he was a university man, though why I should care I don't know. Anyway, Stan would be at sea and flountering in the subjects which my prown man of the steerage and Sally Woodburn discussed while the squir els frisked about their shoulders. But about anything except hunting or shooting or polo or motoring-not even bridge, at which Vic says he loses a great deal of money.

We stopped in the wistaria arbor for more than an hour, as I knew by my bracelet watch, when Saily said sudlenly we must go-though I hadn't ireamed till then that we had been half so long. I shook hands with Mr Brett for goodby and so did Sally, but gobody spoke about our meeting again. as perhaps we should if he were in Mrs. Ess Kay's set. It seemed very sad and irrevocable, somehow, and I had a heavy sort of feeling that life can be full of hard things.

His eyes looked wistful and I said what I couldn't have said to a man of my own rank. "I've kept those roses you sent to me by that dear, funny little black boy all this time in water and they are fresh still, though a lot of others I have had since are faded," I told him, and in that mood I didn' care whether Sally heard or not

we parted, and there was

I set him down on the ground, and sally and I walked on together with out speaking But at last she said Penny for your thoughts, deah? "I was wondering about-class dis inctions in America." I answered.

bink-oh, I do think it's very silly on to have any at all I always sup posed till I knew you and Mrs. Stuy vesant-Knox that one person was con sidered just as good as another in America. And it ought to be like

that in a new country, where you

haven't an aristocracy," "We have two aristocracies." "We go one better than you, for families (maybe they wouldn't seen very old to you) and we have wealth They both think as much of them selves as your aristocracy does-and nighty little of each other."

"I could understand an aristocracy of brains in a land like America," 1 went on, quite hercely, "but it's no good breaking off from the old country at all if you're to hamper yourselves with anything else. Now, if I hadn't heard Mrs. Stuyvesant-Knox

and Mrs. Van der Windt talking **一种产品的企业**

I do believe there must be something special about peanuts.

should have supposed that in Ame ica a man like Mr. Brett, for instance, could be received anywhere. As it is him. For myself, I'm proud to know such a brave man. But-but of course bronchial tubes and lungs. we're not likely to meet him again.

"In society?" laughed Sally. "Poor fellow, it doesn't look much like now, does it? Though I believe he's a man in a thousand and worth six of any of those that Cousin Katherine will let you know, counting Potter, ach, because Catarrhozone is though he is my relative."

"It seems a pity," I said, with a cold remedy ever devised, sigh for the mistakes of the whole call or something. "What's a pity?"

"Oh, I hardly know. Everything "Yes. And I'm sure that's what ou poor, handsome friend is thinking."

"Do you suppose he-minds?" "I reckon be would like to go on be ng acquainted with you, Betty, and gave the chances of other men. You'n not an unattractive girl, you knowor maybe you don't know. And be' human. I have a sort of idea try to make some change in his way of life, so that it may be possible to meet you again."

When Sally said this I had the odd est sensation, like a prickling in all my veins. I longed to ask her if she were joking, or if she really did think that Jim Brett was enough interested in me to take so much trouble. But th words came only as far as the tip my tongue, and stuck to it as if they had been glued there.



up Fifth avenue for several "blocks" (as she called them), turned into an expensive looking side street and stopped before one of the most enormous buildings I ever saw in my life. It seemed only half finished, for the steel columns of its skeleton were still visible around the ground floor and the street before it was still cluttered with bricks and boards and rubbish. In the hallway men were working like active animals in an immense cage Suddenly from among them I saw emerge a beautithen Stan doesn't care to talk too long fully dressed little girl foaming with lace frills, led by a trained nurse in a gray and white uniform. They were actually being let out of the lift, which had swooped down with appailing swiftness by a man in livery

"Good heavens," ! exclaimed, "what a queer place for a whild and its nurse "My dear girl, they live there," said

Mrs. Ess Kay rather scornfully. "That is Mrs. Harvey I .. . imount Taylour's little Rosemary with her nurse." "People live on top of those poles like Jack in a beaustalk!" I exclaimed "How appalling." As I looked through the ballway up

sprang the lift on e more, fierce and swift as one of the rockets which used as a child to be afraid might strike the angels A. minute of sus pense and it swooped down again witt two girls in it i relt as if it were a thing I oughtn't to be seeing some howe it was so much like spying on

"the Taylours and other people were

swellest apartment houses to New "This an apartment bouse!" cried 1. thinking of the dull streets in London. where almost every door has "Apartments" printed over it in gilt letters

nean it's flats." "For goodness sake, don't say flats' to Margaret Taylour," exclaimed Mrs. Ess Kay, marshaling me into the mammoth skeleton "Over here, only common people live in flats; our sort have 'apartments.'

"It's just the other way round with us," I explained. "Those who have flats would be furious if you said they lived in apartments."

"You English are so quaint ways," remarked Mrs Ess Kay, and though I didn't answer, I was surprised. It's all well enough for us to think Americans odd, and we are accustomed to that, for everybody says they are, but that they should think our ways comic does seem extraordi nary, almost improper.

snap and then tossed us up toward the roof of the world 1 do hope one loesn't experience the same sensation in dying, though in that cace it would be worse going down than up.

Before I had time to do more than gasp we were at the top, and as waited for an instant outside Mrs. Harvey Richmount Taylour's door I should have liked to pinch my cheeks

lest my fright had left me pale. Vie has a friend who lives in flat near the park for the season, and nce I was taken there. I thought it quite beautiful, but though the friend's tiny hand mirror so the little lady can countess and very rich the flat is poor compared with this topheavy nest | room where the class is held. of Mrs. Taylour's.

(To be continued.)

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Just think of it-a direct breathable medicine, full of soothing antiseptic pine essences that reaches every sore, congested membrane in two seconds. No drugs to take nothing to harm or sicken the stompurest, safest cough, catarrh

"For many years," writes Richard McCallum, Stirling, Ont., have suffered from Catarrh, and continually hawked and coughed, so that my throat was always in an inflamed, irritable condition.

"Doctors' medicine did not help me in the least, and all other remedies I used were quite useless. In one case it was time wasted in snuffing powder up the nose; in another using a greasy ointment, and so on. Not one of them was the least 'bit | -New York Mail. of good.

"1 heard Catarrhozone favorably spoken of, and tried it. Really it benefited me more in a few hours tnan years of treatment with doctors' and other so-called remedies.

I continued using Catarrhozone, and 12, 1911. in a few weeks I was completely One year is gone and still we miss cured of Catarrh and throat troub-Get Catarrhozone to-day. Large But they little know the sorrow

size costs \$1, and lasts two months. Lies w thin the heart concealed. Smaller sizes 25c. and 50c. dealers, or the Catarrhozone Com- May we when this life is ended, pany, Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Meet with mother over there,

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Cut the pieces the same size, fold over once, sew together and run a double casing around the top two inches from the edge.

Ribbon is run through these casings so the bag can be drawn up tight. Sewed flat to the lining is a little patch pocket that has a flap which buttons over its opening. In it is a arrange her curls before entering the

Another pocket contains a small pub book fitted out with various sizes and kinds of pins, not forgetting several small and a few large safety pins. In this pocket is a folding shoe buttoner, and in a similar pocket is a little purse where the child can safely carry her handkerchief and the change for

her fare. The slippers and fan are carried in the main portion of the bag. Such a bag would be acceptable and pleasing to any little girl who knows the joys of attending dancing class.

Linoleum Brightener. To make a good linoleum brightener save all the candle ends and drippings, to which add a little turpentine. Apply the polish to the linoleum or oilcloth and you will find that it will serve you just as well as the purchased beeswar and turpentine mixture, for which you will be asked to pay nothing less than

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s it boils turn in the berntil the skins crack-no ut the fruit with a skimn into a jar. Boil the minutes longer, turn it es and seal. shortcake may be made il biscuit or cake foundacranberry sauce. The the fruit is whole makes

tly cake. pie with raisins is one of astries on Cape Cod. Fill a cupful of raw cranbercupful of seeded raisins, ranulated sugar, a heapnful of flour and a teaanilla. Strap or cover it

jelly for the roast course the table filled into tart