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J. E. TREL FORD

HELP NEEDED TO FURNISH THE NEW FREE CONSUMPTIVE HOSPITAL MUSKOKA.

The Only Free Consumptive Hospital in America.

CANADIANS EVERYWHERE INTERESTED.

The New Free Consumptive Hospital, built under the auspices of the National Sanitarium Association, will be ready—so soon as the money to equip and furnish is secured—to receive 50 patients absolutely without charge.

Over 300 out of 500 patients admitted to the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium—the property of the National Sanitarium Association—have returned home, either cured or greatly improved.

The Free Consumptive Hospital is situated in the same delightfully healthful locality, bringing the same advantages to the poorer patients as to the rich.



FIRST FREE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES IN AMERICA

The gift of W. J. Gage, Esq., and the Executors Hart A. Massey Estate

—Think of the sorrow and suffering the New Free Consumptive Hospital will alleviate and indeed entirely remove.

—Will you not send a dollar—or \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00, \$10.00—or more, for this most pressing of all charities?

—The victims of the White Plague are found all over Canada.

\$50 WILL FURNISH A BED.

CONTRIBUTIONS MAY BE SENT TO—

SIR W. R. MEREDITH, Kt., Chief Justice, Vice-Pres. Nat. San. Assocn., Toronto.

W. J. GAGE, Chairman Ex. Com., Toronto.

NATIONAL TRUST CO. Limited, Treasurer, Toronto.

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Preventics

To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defense for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the illness stage—they break up the head of these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics. Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, night-cry. Haven't you probably had Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 10 Preventics. Insist on your drugstore giving you

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is the most complete School of its kind in Canada. Twenty-seven years under the present management. Special attention given to backward students who need personal help at their desks. Write for information to: C. A. FLEMING, Principal

Constipation, indigestion, drive away appetite and make you weak and sick. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea restores the appetite, drives away disease, builds up the system. 35c. tea or tablets. W. Turner & Co.

MORE ABOUT FLOUR MILLS

In glancing through the columns of this great family journal of the edition of October 24, my attention was arrested by a piece of composition, under which was the name of J. W. Ford, who is presumably the composer.

By the way, I wish to remark that if Mr. Ford does not be very careful he will shortly graduate as an orator of some note, and it might be wise for even Mr. R. L. Borden to sacredly guard his laurels in that connection. Referring to the piece of composition in question, it is usually understood that when a man has to resort to oration, coupled with the cutting and slashing of prices to effect a market for his own manufactured products, there is usually something the matter with the products, or he is offering an inferior article for sale at the price of a high class product, and an intelligent public should, as I presume they do, flavor these sudden outbursts of enthusiasm with a little salt, eliminate the verbose portions, after which they will be able to satisfactorily determine whether "they are foolish, or throwing away their good money at the stores," which handle first class retail flour.

If Mr. Ford's flour is just as good as the Western flour we are bringing in and which is asked for every day, in place of creating a feeling of animosity between himself and the other business men of this town, why does he not as other business men do under the same conditions seek an outside market for his goods, and sell at the price which Western flour sells in preference to spending his time and oil in writing compositions (?) and advertising wholesale prices in order to try to effect a total sale for his products. This would be a fair and unbiased test of the merits of his goods. He himself indirectly admits the inferiority of his flour, as compared to say Ogilvie's or Lake of the Woods, by cutting his prices below what they are being sold at. This is a fair admission that he could not secure a fair share of the demand for high class flours by selling at the same price.

I can agree with him, when he states that since he has been offering wholesale prices to the consumer, his business has increased, although I might just say that ours has not decreased accordingly. Any person can give goods away. Some consumers are always looking for bargains regardless of quality, and low prices always appeal to a certain element of the people, who do not take trouble to consider whether they are really getting a bargain.

Being fairly conversant directly and indirectly with the flour situation of this country, I make the statement that at the present time under the existing conditions there is not a large flour manufacturing concern in this country making any large amount of money. In manufactured goods usually the larger the output the lower the prices, because expenses are low in proportion. Take Ogilvie's for example. The entire output of flour is about 30,000 barrels daily, and if you will consider for a moment you will see how unreasonable it appears to suppose that our local miller with his beautifully situated little mill, the capacity of which is 50 to 100 barrels a day, could manufacture the same grade of flour and sell to the consumer in small quantities as cheap as Ogilvie sells to the wholesale or retail trade. Surely this man is not working for the good of his health, or, as the Scotchman says, for the fun of being in business.

Self preservation, moral and physical, is the first law of nature, therefore, it behoves us in selecting the all important food in question, which helps to keep the machinery of our bodies in good working order, which helps to make the mental and physical forces work in unison, to select only that which is pure and healthful, that only which has stood the test in all climates and countries, including the home of the almond-eyed gentry, in preference to those about which we know very little, and whose life is possibly as a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanishes away.

I have on hand at all times a large and freshly assorted stock of Ogilvie's celebrated flour in Royal Household and Glenora Patent, which, owing to the high prices, I am selling at a very small margin of profit, and I will be pleased at all times to demonstrate the superiority of these high class goods.

YOUR HELP NEEDED.

An Appeal for Funds to Furnish the New Free Consumptive Hospital at Gravenhurst.—Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Mr. W. J. Gage, and Other Trustees in Receipt of Many Calls for Admission from all Parts of Canada—Beyond Doubt the Most Pressing of all Charities.

The statement of Dr. John Ferguson, one of Toronto's well-known physicians, that "if consumption patients were properly isolated and treated, within ten years from now tuberculosis would be one of the rarest of known diseases," is full of moment to the people of every community in Canada. Without indulging in any unnecessary alarm, the serious thought is that the victims of consumption are found in all parts of the country and among all classes of people.

The letters received by the Association are of the most heart-rending kind. One mother tells how she mortgaged her furniture for one hundred dollars to place her daughter, sick of consumption, under treatment in the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, and in so doing saved her life. The Free Consumptive Hospital had not then taken shape. Rev. C. O. Johnston, Toronto, writes Mr. W. J. Gage: "I have a family greatly afflicted with consumption in my church. Five sons and daughters have already fallen out of a family of ten, and I fear the end is not yet." Another, in sending a contribution to the fund, says: "I do not know of a greater disgrace to Canada than her neglect of poor consumptives." Rev. Fred. W. Hollinrake, Grimsby, Ont., writes: "We have in our town a young married man with two little girls—a printer by trade—who has been suffering for some time. He did not desert work until this week. I was up to see him this afternoon. He is lying in bed and very weak. I feel the Sanatorium is the place for him, and that he is not too far gone. Ere this he would have entered the Sanatorium but for the question of means. Would it be asking too much of you to write the afflicted one, or kindly see that it is done? He is a member of my church here, and the poor fellow seems very much discouraged."

What to do to help stamp out this disease is being practically answered by the National Sanitarium Association, who four years ago built the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, thanks to the generosity of Mr. W. J. Gage and the Executors of the late Hart A. Massey, and who have now just completed a magnificent building to be known as the Free Consumptive Hospital, again the gift of Mr. W. J. Gage and the Massey Estate.

What this method of treatment means is shown in the fact that in four years 510 patients have been treated, and of these over 300 have been cured or so helped that they have gone back to work, caring for wife or children or those otherwise dependent upon them.

The new Free Consumptive Hospital is situated in Muskoka, not far from the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, so that the same benefits that have been given to patients of the Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, by virtue of its excellent situation, should go also to the poorer patients, whose only hope is in being received where, neither money nor price is necessary.

Absolutely free, to all intents and purposes, are the words written above the door of the Free Consumptive Hospital, and all that is wanting now is that sufficient money be contributed to furnish the hospital with beds and in other ways to properly equip it. The National Sanitarium Association, because of their heavy debt, are unable to undertake this part of the work, and appeal to the public in all parts of Canada—for all are concerned—for money sufficient to meet this purpose. Amounts large or small will be welcomed. A single dollar will do something, \$5 or \$10 will do more. Others are contributing in \$50 amounts—a sum sufficient to furnish a cot. Out of their abundance there will be some who will send their cheques for \$100 or larger amounts.

Contributions will be received by Sir Wm. R. Meredith, Chief Justice, Vice-President National Sanitarium Association, Toronto; W. J. Gage, Esq., Chairman Ex. Com., Toronto; or the National Trust Co., Limited, Treasurer, 22 King Street East, Toronto.

WHY REMAIN THIN AND PALE

Pale people have pale blood. The stomach is wrong, assimilation is poor and food is not changed into blood. The system lacks vitality and reconstructive power which can be supplied by Ferrozone. It braces the appetite, digestion is stimulated, what you eat is transformed into the kind of nutrient your system requires. Vital life-giving blood that makes rosy cheeks, strength that unites weariness, spirit and ambition all come from Ferrozone. Try a 50c. box. Sold everywhere.

ABSOLUTE OF MIND.

A Funny Story About Ampere, the Famous Mathematician.

You all know the old joke of the professor who, pondering over the saying that in a railway accident absence of body was a good deal better than absence of mind, went to the nearest railway station and tried to take a ticket "for the nearest railway accident," so as to have the matter proved to his own satisfaction. You doubtless know the story, too, of the professor of mathematics whose new parlor maid told him when he rang at his own door that Professor Jones was out. "I'll call again, I'll call again," he said and went away.

But these are stories merely. Here, however, are some incidents from real life: Ampere was remarkably absent-minded. Hundreds of stories of his absent-mindedness are told, but quite the funniest is that of his dinner at the house of M. Fontanes, the grand master of the University of Paris. For a joke somebody had told Ampere that he must go to the dinner in his academician's uniform of green and gold and girt with his sword. When he got to the house he was very much annoyed to find everybody else in ordinary evening dress. "I will get rid of the sword at all events," he said to himself and slipped it behind the cushions of a sofa. After dinner Ampere forgot himself, as usual, and became lost in abstract calculation. He took a little piece of chalk out of his pocket and began working out problems on the black sash cover of the mantelpiece. He became so absorbed in what he was doing that all the guests left without his noticing them, and when he wrote down Q. E. D. no one was left in the room except Mme. Fontanes, and she unfortunately sat fast asleep on the sofa where Ampere's sword lay hidden.

Ampere went down upon his knees and pulled gently at the sword, so as to get it away without waking the lady. He pulled and pulled, and presently the sword came out—without the scabbard. At this moment Mme. Fontanes awoke and alarmed the house with her screams of terror at seeing a man on his knees before her with a drawn sword in his hand.

But mathematical professors have not the monopoly of absent-mindedness. La Fontaine, whose fables are the delight of adult Frenchmen and their children's earliest task, went to the court of Louis XVI. to present a copy of his fables to the king. And he forgot the book. Fortunately, the king knew La Fontaine, his fables and his foibles and gave him a thousand pistoles (about \$250). Unfortunately, though, La Fontaine left the money in his hired carriage on his way back to Paris.

But the prettiest piece of absent-mindedness of which I have ever heard was that of Professor Pozzi, who asked a lady who was bewailing the fact that she had no children whether she thought the falling was hereditary. This is even more amusing than the delightful answer made by the engineer of the Seine tunnel, M. Berlier, to a servant who told him when he went to call upon his lawyer that that gentleman had died that morning. "Oh," said M. Berlier "dear, dear, I'm so sorry. But tell him I won't keep him a minute."—St. James' Gazette.

A PINCH OF SALT.

As Necessary in Our Daily Life as in Our Daily Food.

How could we get on without salt? In our daily food, as in our daily life, a little of it is necessary, and the absence of it takes away from the flavor of everything we eat. The "salt of life" which we hear about signifies health, vigor and wit which we find in life. There was a time in countries far from the sea when primitive man never used salt in his food, and was only when nations advanced in civilization that salt became an absolute necessity.

But it was not alone as food that salt was valued. Among the ancients salt spring was regarded as a gift of the gods, and it was believed that any salt found in the soil lent it a peculiar fertility and made it a place where prayers were most readily heard. Every island that included salt had a certain sacred character, creating a bond of platonic friendship between host and guest, hence the expression, "There is salt between us," meaning friendship, and to be "untrue to salt" means to be false, loyal or ungrateful.

In the middle ages, when all classes and degrees sat at the same board, they were placed according to rank above or below the great saltcellar, which always stood in the middle of the table, marked the dividing social line. "Above the salt" meant "of high degree." Below the salt were the yeomanry, serfs and vassals of the feudal days. A good description of this custom may be found in "Ivanhoe" where Cedric, the Saxon, entertains his vassals and friends.

A pinch of salt is always considered lucky in cooking. To take anything "with a pinch of salt" means to excuse or make allowances for it. A "salt" is a sailor. To salt one's conversation means to make it sparkle. Salt is always employed in a sense of benefit or strength.

The Bible has many references to salt, among them being "Ye are the salt of the earth," Matthew v. 13, and St. Paul says, "Let your speech be always with grace seasoned with salt." Salt is used by Catholics in baptism. They consider it a symbol of wisdom and put a few grains in the mouth of the person baptized.

DON'T GET ANGRY.

Fire in the heart sends smoke to the head.—German Proverb.

An envious man waxes lean in the fatness of his neighbor.—Socrates.

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self-possession.—G. D. Prentice.

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than his.—Chinese Proverb.

The envious man pines in plenty like Tantalus up to the chin in water and yet thirsts.—T. Adams.

My irritable man lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way, tormenting himself with his own prickles.—E. P. Hood.

Lamentation is the only music that always, like a screech owl, alights and sits on the roof of an angry man.—Plutarch.

A man can easily be intoxicated with anger as with wine; both produce a temporary insanity, and during the paroxysm he should be avoided as a madman.—J. Bartlett.

Talent and Vocation.

Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one vocation in which all spheres is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river. He runs against obstructions on every side but one. On that side all obstructions is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over God's depths into an infinite sea. The talent and this call depend on his organization or the mode in which the immortal soul incarnates itself in him.—Emerson.

Young Men and Maidens.

Life would become intolerable if girls could not be on frank and unobsequious terms with men of their own age or some years their seniors. The idea that because two young people may have a great deal in common they must also be in love is happily dying out. No one is hurt, no one is compromised, when a friendship does not lead to marriage.—John Oliver Hobbes in Pall Mall Magazine.

A Sorry Fish.

Kadleigh—Your wife is always outspoken, isn't she?
Henpeck—Yes, but I try to be that way, too, sometimes.
Kadleigh—Really?
Henpeck—Yes, but whenever I venture to be outspoken it ends in my being outtalked.

The Daughter Balked.

"I thought," said old Groucherly, "that I could save money by refusing to give my consent to my daughter's marriage with young Huggins, but it's no go."
"What's the trouble?" queried the friend of the family.
"She declines to elope," explained the old man, with a large, open faced grin.

His Scheme.

Snoggs—My daughter is going to marry young Scroggs. Boggs—Why, I thought you hated him. Snoggs—I do. This is a scheme of mine to have my wife become his mother-in-law.