

Delicious Recipe for ICED TEA



Infuse six heaping teaspoons of "SALADA" Black Tea in a pint sized teapot. After six minutes strain and pour liquid into half-gallon container. While hot, add a cup and a half of sugar and the juice of two lemons; then fill container with cold water. Do not refrigerate as tea will turn cloudy. Serve as required, with an ice cube in each glass.

"SALADA" TEA

'Fresh from the gardens'

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12			13				14			
15			16				17			
18			19				20			
21			22				23			26
27	28		29				30			
31			32				33			34
35			36				37			38
39			40				41			
42			43				44			46
47	48	49					50			51
52			53				54			57
55			56				57			

Horizontal

1—Norse goddess
2—Concited person
3—Land measure
4—Sandwich tree
5—Girl's name
6—Cane-house chair
7—Sense of sensation
8—Scarcely enough
9—Hind peasant
10—Business group (abbr.)
11—From
12—Large deer
13—Stone
14—Negligent
15—Perceiving to stem
16—French article
17—Constellation
18—Poise
19—Check letter
20—Cord
21—Faded over

Vertical

1—Ugly woman
2—Norse discoverer
3—Bequest
4—Diplomacy
5—Constellation
6—Mold
7—Potions
8—Excuse
9—To tear
10—Possessive pronoun

38—Object
39—Verbal
40—Pronoun
41—Conjunction
42—River of Asia
43—Interior
44—Dennas
45—Man's name
46—Manners
47—Bad
48—Container
49—To award
50—Nerve group (abbr.)
51—To petition

11—Merry
12—Behold
13—Negative
14—Meat
15—Chinese measure
16—Japanese lord
17—Low yard
18—Voice
19—Close
20—Youth
21—Swiss river
22—Second attack
23—Hint
24—Parent
25—Absolved
26—External remedy
27—More certain
28—Upon
29—Pronoun
30—Ait
31—Ages
32—Class
33—Rotating piece
34—To hasten
35—Definess
36—Insect egg

Answers to Last Week's Puzzle

1—VAPOR 2—DANIEL 3—PEPALS
4—SILVER 5—DANIEL 6—DANIEL
7—SILVER 8—DANIEL 9—DANIEL
10—SILVER 11—DANIEL 12—DANIEL
13—SILVER 14—DANIEL 15—DANIEL
16—SILVER 17—DANIEL 18—DANIEL
19—SILVER 20—DANIEL 21—DANIEL
22—SILVER 23—DANIEL 24—DANIEL
25—SILVER 26—DANIEL 27—DANIEL
28—SILVER 29—DANIEL 30—DANIEL
31—SILVER 32—DANIEL 33—DANIEL
34—SILVER 35—DANIEL 36—DANIEL
37—SILVER 38—DANIEL 39—DANIEL
40—SILVER 41—DANIEL 42—DANIEL
43—SILVER 44—DANIEL 45—DANIEL
46—SILVER 47—DANIEL 48—DANIEL
49—SILVER 50—DANIEL 51—DANIEL
52—SILVER 53—DANIEL 54—DANIEL
55—SILVER 56—DANIEL 57—DANIEL

Critics from Life's Scrap-book

Enemies
"A merely fallen enemy may rise again, but the reconciled one is truly vanquished."—Schiller.
"A man's enemies have no power to harm him, if he is true to himself and loyal to God."—John B. Gough.
"A Christian should not discover that he has enemies by any other way than by doing more good to them than to others. If they ever hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."—Bishop Wilson.
"None but yourself who are your greatest foe."—Longfellow.
"Simply count your enemy to be that which defies, deceives, and detaches the Christ-image that you should reflect."—Mary Baker Eddy.
"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Jesus.

The way to gain a friend is to be one.—Michelet.
"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—The Bible.
Remember, Jesus said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

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The Mysterious Masquerade

By J. R. WILMOT

At a London dance club Molly Carstairs, a well-employed secretary, meets Roger Barling, who promises to get her a job. The following morning Molly is stopped by a policeman who takes her to the police station, showing her a newspaper clipping announcing that a Molly Carstairs is missing from her home. At the police station Molly meets Mr. and Mrs. Silver of Hampstead, who profess to be her uncle and aunt. They persuade Molly to accompany them. Molly is treated with the greatest of kindness, but is nevertheless a prisoner. She is presented with a new evening frock and that evening meets a number of guests who are a somewhat mixed set. Roger Barling is present at the disappearance.

CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)
Roger preferred London to Paris or even Berlin, which was surprising because he was not a great traveler. He chose his friends with the same discretion with which he chose his clothes and as he was frequently the guest of his tailors by reason of the fact that he persisted in clinging to old clothes far longer than the dictates of presumed good taste permitted, it will be seen that his friends were few but nevertheless worth retaining.

It was inevitable, perhaps, that with a young man like Roger Barling there should have been one or two women in his life, but they had not remained long. Roger saw to that, and since their debut within the circle of his consciousness and activity was due solely to the despairing efforts of his sister, Lady Gwen Torrington, Roger had informed her in language more forceful than polite that he resented being shown to her girl friends as if he were a bargain in the sale basement waiting to be snatched up. "If you do regard me like that," he had told her on a memorable occasion, "you can mention that I am a piece of the Royal Regalia in the Tower of London and then, perhaps, they will realize that my position is unassailable."

But during the past few days Roger Barling's unassailability had undergone a change, and that change dated exactly from the night he had danced with an unknown girl named Molly Carstairs at the Cygnet Club. Had he been able to state in understandable terms why he had been more attracted to her than he had to the girls Lady Gwen had posed before him, he could not have answered. And perhaps that is why it is frequently stated that love is an enigma—a quality that cannot be reduced to a common denominator.

The girl had certainly attracted him. Many a time he had recalled her eyes; the curve of her lips as she smiled; her occasional but quite unwilling self-consciousness. Yes, there had been something about her that had appealed to him. And she had been worried—frantically worried. She had wanted a job and wanted one urgently. And he, soft-hearted fool that he had been, had promised to help her.

He had got Rex Willington to take her in his office. A topping good sort, Rex was. Always glad to do a chap a good turn whenever he could. He had gone straight away to her lodging, and when he did not find her had been left a note which, he presumed, she must have received. But she had not turned up at Willington's office. Rex had phoned him that no one had been there for three days—leastways no girl looking for a job, and Roger was disappointed. He felt that for the first time in his life his judgment had been at fault. He had thought that she was really in earnest. He could have sworn to that. No girl, he had persuaded himself many times during the past forty-eight hours, could possibly have acted the "pathetic stuff" so cleverly as to deceive him. In short he felt that he had been let down badly.

As he sat in his dressing gown in a deep reclining chair before the fire in his apartment, he was reviewing the situation all over again trying to find a new angle, which is another way of saying that he sought a new explanation for the girl's conduct.

One thing was certain. He wasn't going to trap down to Chelsea again even if it might satisfy his curiosity. He had written to her on the assumption that she would go down to Willington for the job he had promised to find her. He certainly was not going to run after her whatever she might think to the contrary. He had done his part of the deal; now it was up to her to make the next move.

Just at that moment Cleveland entered to clear away the breakfast dishes. He was a tall, ascetic-looking man of fifty or thereabouts with a high forehead and a long nose. Roger always considered he would have added dignity and distinction to any pulpit in the land. His figure and his general demeanor were quite definitely ecclesiastical. Given the opportunity in early life he might by now easily have become a bishop. Which thought would have filled Roger's great conviction of our social life that most men and women might have been very different beings had they been given the right sort of opportunity.

"You are, of course, Cleveland, that no one has called with a letter for me? I don't mean by post—but by hand, perhaps?"

Cleveland laid down the silver butter dish with as much reverence as he would in other circumstances, have accorded a chalice.

"I am quite certain, Mr. Roger, that you have received everything that has been handed in here. May I hope that there is nothing seriously amiss?"

"If that is your hope, Cleveland, I should hate to shatter it, but I am afraid there is something amiss, and you so aptly term it, and that what is amiss is a Miss," he smiled, brightly. "But perhaps, I should, I mean you with my satellites, Cleveland. I have heard it said that a Miss is as

good as a mile. Perhaps she is, but I must confess that the track does not appeal to me."

Not a muscle of Cleveland's face moved. I regret, Mr. Roger, that there is something amiss, but if you will pardon me, sir, I had suspected it. Yes, sir, I had suspected it.

"Good Lord, Cleveland, surely it hasn't been obvious to you?"

The factotum shook his head sadly. "Yes, Mr. Roger, I'm afraid it has been obvious even to me. It was Tuesday, sir—or maybe Wednesday, that I first noticed it. You were singing in your bath, and my experience has always been that when gentlemen sing in their baths there's always a woman in it."

Roger swung around in his chair with horror in his eyes.

"In the bath, Cleveland? Really, Cleveland, and your references were absolutely impeccable. What sort of people must you have been with before I found you? Cleveland, I am shocked—shocked almost beyond belief."

"What I meant, sir," broke out the agitated Cleveland, "was that there was a woman in the case, sir. Certainly not in the bath. I really don't know how you could..."

"What's she doing in a case, Cleveland? You're going now from the romantic to the murderous. What was she doing in a case? Had they done her in, or was it just a game they were playing? I'd really no idea you had valeted people who did things like that. Was the Countess of Glencarm given to holding homicide parties?"

"I fear you are deliberately misunderstanding me, Mr. Roger, but I am glad of it—very glad indeed. It tells me you are recovering. If I might venture an opinion, sir, no woman is worth it."

"Really, Cleveland, this is most interesting. You deduce, I take it, that because I sang in my bath on Tuesday morning that I was in love with a woman, and that because you failed to hear the liquid notes this morning that something had happened. Have I got that right?"

"That had been my impression, Mr. Roger."

"And were you basing your judgment on past experience or may I take it to be due to the influence of the talkies?"

"I much prefer the theatre, sir."

"Ah! Then it must be from experience, because the Lord Chamberlain would never permit a stage play in which a young man was seen singing in his bath. What about a biography 'The Private Life of William Cleveland'? I bet that would make the public sit up and take notice. 'Things I Have Heard Behind Bathroom Doors.' Cleveland I'm afraid you're wasting your time here. There's a great future awaiting you in literature."

Cleveland looked manifestly confused. He gathered up the butterdish and reached for the tray. Then he forced a grim smile. "Yes, Mr. Roger," he said, "I am afraid I am wasting time."

Roger Barling laughed. Cleveland was a priceless treasure. Reflecting on Cleveland's utter lack of a sense of humor, Roger once again felt that modern ecclesiastical had missed a minor prophet.

Almost before Cleveland had completed his table duties, however, and certainly before Roger Barling had decided to complete his dressing, there came a ring at the front doorbell.

A moment later Cleveland announced the arrival of Mr. Gerry Fosdyke.

"Hello, Roger, old thing, not dressed yet? You're a lucky blighter. Thought I'd drop in on my way down to tell you the news."

"What's happened? Someone paid your debts?" laughed Roger, passing over his cigarette case.

"Not yet, but while there's a debt there's a hope. As a matter of fact I was up at the Silvers last night and what do you think? Old Pa Silver got a girl up there—the sunniest child you ever slobbered an eyelid over. As Percy B. remarked, 'O, boy, did you see her eyes?' It's his niece just fresh from Paris."

"Who's niece, Percy's?" asked Roger, ingeniously. "I always thought he was entirely without relatives."

"No. Silvers's. Name relations. Molly something or other."

"Molly?" exclaimed Roger, so quickly that Gerald Fosdyke regarded him with surprise.

"That's the name, old son. But did you know that Silver had a niece?"

Roger shook his head. "No," he said, quietly, "it was just the name that sounded familiar."

"Not such an unusual name, old man, but you really must trot along and see her."

"Perhaps I shall, one night," Roger conceded, "but of course it can't be," he mused.

"Can't be what?" demanded Fosdyke, puzzled.

"Oh, nothing," smiled Roger. "I was just thinking, that's all."

(To be continued.)

Week-End Guest

I can offer you a little pool
Set like a round of glass,
Mirroring cloud and leaf and sky
And weather as they pass.

I can offer you dogwood set
Like Pink Mosaic against the hill,
And the whistler of a running stream,
The only sound; all else is still.

I can offer you peace that lies
In a tide of sweet serenity,
And there's a checkerboard of sun
Won't you visit me?

In The Christian Science Monitor.

TRIP TO ENGLAND AT 86

Not so very long before she made a trip from Vancouver to London, England, this woman of 86 was almost helpless with rheumatism. Her daughter tells how she was able to make such a journey:

"Some years ago my mother was a martyr to rheumatism, and could not get about without the use of two sticks. She was told of Kruschen Salts and decided to try them. After taking one bottle she found great relief, and after two bottles was able to walk without the aid of sticks. She has never been without Kruschen since, and takes a small dose two or three times a week. She is still able to travel and go about, although she is 89 last February. Indeed, at 86 she travelled the double journey between Vancouver and London, England. She has recommended Kruschen to many people who have also found benefit from it."—K. B. L.

What a lesson there for the younger folk! Why should anyone suffer from stiffness, rheumatism, constipation, backache—after reading this woman's letter? What Kruschen can do for a woman of advanced age, it can surely do for you.

Pedestrians Given Rules for Safety

Average Man Inclined to Measure in Terms of Distance Instead of Time

Critics of man's traffic conduct are convinced that the human eye is not being used to the best advantage from the standpoint of safety.

Their point is that the sense of sight could make a larger contribution to safe walking and driving if the knowledge it transmitted to the brain were used more wisely.

Pedestrians, it seems, are the greatest offenders in this respect, but motorists by no means escape criticism. Says William Ullman in his Feature Service (Washington):

An analysis of the pedestrian's failure indicates one outstanding flaw in thinking. It is his tendency to estimate the danger presented by an approaching automobile in terms of distance. This habit of mind, a heritage of the days when traffic moved at a slower speed, was all right at one time. Traffic moves at a greater speed these days, however, and it calls for a readjustment of the thinking process.

Instead of the distance yardstick in measuring the potential danger of an approaching automobile, it is suggested that the pedestrian start thinking in terms of time; in terms of seconds instead of feet.

He can not entirely divorce the two, but he can, for the time being, determine to some extent by the distance the car must travel before it reaches him. Yet to make distance the only consideration is to overlook the tremendously important fact that cars move at speeds which vary from one to seventy-five miles an hour.

Just how important it is for the pedestrian to think in terms of car speeds can be shown with a few simple figures. The average fast walker covers about four feet per second. If he must cross, is moving at twenty miles an hour, the pedestrian can cover the distance of twenty feet before the vehicle comes abreast of the line upon which he is walking.

Suppose, however, the car is traveling at a rate of thirty miles an hour? In that case the pedestrian will be able to progress only seventeen feet before the car reaches his line of passage.

The distance away of each car is precisely the same, but in point of time, the car moving at thirty miles an hour is covering the same distance as the one proceeding at a twenty-mile rate. In seconds, the first-mentioned vehicle is hour and one-third away, as compared with the six and one-half of the slower machine. The figures indicate quite emphatically the importance of estimating a car's speed as well as calculating the distance it must traverse. To quote again:

Admittedly, this suggested task set for the pedestrian is not a simple one! It is no easy matter to determine the speed of an approaching automobile from a position almost in front of it, for the vehicle can not be seen in its relation to fixed objects which it passes in its forward flight. Yet by striving to make such calculations, it is believed that any person can acquire reasonable accuracy in doing so.

If pedestrians were to think in terms of time as well as distance in fixing their relationship to potential hazards, their thought processes would bear a closer kinship to those of vehicle operators. While he is by no means perfect at calculating its effect, the motorist always is instinctively aware of the factor of speed in the distance between himself and the object ahead, for which he must stop or alter his course.

However, when he steps out of his car, his mental processes become typically those of the pedestrian. What evidence is available on the subject indicates that he makes no use whatever of his experience behind the wheel of his car, at least with respect to considering the speed of approaching vehicles.

There is no implication that the responsibility is entirely the pedestrian's in the suggestion that he use his eyes to better advantage in moving safely through traffic. The motorist still has the same obligations he always has had. However, the proposal would find the two thinking more alike, and that holds promise of helping an unhappy situation.

...SMILES...

He had never been outside Canada, and neither had she, but both were recounting their experiences abroad.

He—"And Asia, Ah, word, Asia! Never shall I forget Turkey, India, Japan—all of them. And most of all, China, the celestial kingdom. How I loved it! (turning to her). And the pagodas; did you see them?"

She (powdering her nose)—"Did I see them? My dear, I had dinner with them!"

Make a Bid
"I came in here to get something for my wife."
"What are you asking for her?"

Elucidating Mumma
Caller—"Is your mother engaged?"
Little Boy—"I think she is married."

Mistress—"The last maid I had was too fond of policemen. Mary, I shall expect you to avoid them."
New Maid—"Don't worry about that, ma'am. I 'ates the sight of 'em. My father's a burglar."

Sweet and Peckish
Master—"You look sweet enough to eat."
Sophie—"I do eat. Where shall we go?"

First Aid
Chauffeur—"This, madame, is the hand brake—it's put on very quickly, in case of an emergency."
Madame—"I see—something like a kimono."

About the sweetest words any peddler can say to a woman is to ask her if her mother is at home.

Much Ado About Many Things
Many of us will remember 1932 as the year we got a lame back owing to the inevitable. Most men aren't slaves to their own consciences so much as they are to their wives' whims. When enemies bury the hatchet they generally keep a blue-print of the spot. A real executive is one who can handle people who know more than he does. A lot of our troubles, which look like mountains in the distance, are only small hills when we reach them. You sometimes receive applause because the audience is pleased because you are finished. The thirst for knowledge is seldom satisfied by a dry text-book. There should be more leisure for men of business and more business for men of leisure. A reputation for absolute honesty has pulled thousands of men through tough spots in life.

Ben—"If there's one thing I like it's a nice quiet smoke."
Bill—"Well, you don't need to worry about company if you keep on smoking that pipe."

During his visit to a village school a minister put this question to a class of little girls: "If all the good people were white and all the bad people were black, what color would you be?"

Some answered "White" and others "Black." But little Mabel replied: "I guess I would be streaky."

The average woman knows only about one-half as many words as the average man—including the last one.

Give Her a Peanut
"Smile that way again."
She blushed and dimpled.
"Just as I thought—you look like a chipmunk!"

Blessed Are the Humble
Editor—"Do you know how to run a newspaper?"
Applicant—"No, sir."
Editor—"Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."

Perfect men are as scarce as four leaf clovers. And the girl who finds one can call herself lucky.

Quant Mile Post
The strangest milestone in England stands on the main London-Southampton road near Lower Dicker, Sussex.

It tells passersby that it marks a spot 51 miles from Bow Bow, Ch. Cheapside, by the cryptic device of a bow surmounting four bells.

The bow and the bells are of cast iron fixed to a post of ancient Sussex oak.

The favorite type of private airplane in Gt. Britain is the small two-seater, most of which do twenty miles to the gallon of petrol.

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MONTREAL TORONTO QUEBEC

Savant Outlines Process of Death

Fluid Material in Tiny Plant Cells Becomes Mass of Granules

Chicago.—What happens in the process of death learned from watching it take place in tiny cells such as make up all living things, was reported last week to the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

When death comes, the fluid material or cytoplasm that constitutes the living material in the cell changes into a mass of granules, said Dr. Jean Dufrenoy, plant disease specialist of Bordeaux, France. He made his studies of the death process in cells of plants, but it is possible they apply also to cells of other forms of life.

Trying to learn how death works within the cells is essential to understanding of how the process of death affects the body as a whole. When the cells die the body dies, as a building would fall if its bricks should disintegrate.

"Death" is Seen.
"Death" inside the cell can be seen under the ultramicroscope. Dr. Dufrenoy explained, but "life" is invisible. The cytoplasm, the actual "life" within the cell, is as colorless as water, and can not be seen, though scientists know it is there, moving because of particles floating in it.

When a cell dies slowly, Dr. Dufrenoy said, the materials of the cytoplasm have more chance to come apart. Fat or oil comes out of the cytoplasm more often, in the form of droplets. Cells dying slowly from starvation first use up their reserve food supplies, then part of the cell's living material is digested to feed the rest. This is what happens in fever.

Mother earth's past was the subject of a probe by eight experts, who sought to solve the mystery of the venerable lady's age, which so far she has successfully concealed. But she came out of the ordeal still a "lady of uncertain age," for the evidence presented indicated only that she dates from somewhere between 1,000,000,000 and 3,000,000,000 years ago.

Two "Witnesses."
Two "witnesses" that have recently turned up, however, may offer enough evidence for an eventual more accurate solution. One is lead—the kind used in pipes—that has been lying inside mother earth ever since she was born from the sun, and so has known her since babyhood. The other is helium, the gas that lifts dirigibles, once a doubtful witness but now looked upon with new confidence.

The ancient lead in the earth was produced from uranium by radio activity in the sun, before the part of the sun that is now the earth broke away and started its own career, said Dr. C. S. Piggot of Carnegie Institution of Washington. The problem is to find how long it took for the lead to be produced by the slow disintegration of uranium in the sun. Counting the "ticks" of this "celestial clock" should reveal with fair accuracy how long ago it was that there was no earth.

New methods of studying the rate at which helium is produced from radio-active rocks have made possible its use as an earth time clock, said Dr. M. D. Urry of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It shows rocks in deep copper mines are 450,000,000, from 600,000,000 years old, and from meteorites that have fallen on the earth are from 100,000,000 to 300,000,000 years of age.

New Frocks Demand Smooth Undies

By HELEN WILLIAMS.

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



Here's a darling pantie and brassiere combination. It's not a bit difficult to fashion it and need not be expensive. Note how beautifully it hugs the figure. Perfect freedom is given the lower part through the circular cut of the pantie legs.

Soft crepe de chine in flesh pink with pale blue binding is an adorable scheme that is decidedly practical. However, it may be made very elaborate, if you wish. Choose peach-pink or eggshell crepe satin. Make the brassiere and the circular pantie legs of Alencon lace in ecru shade.

Style No. 3435 may be had in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 29-inch material with 3/4 yards of binding.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

"The detective story is a dreadful thing; it detects its author."—G. K. Chesterton.

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ISSUE No. 26—33

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