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H. JENNINGS, KING STREET

The Right Woman
By TEMPLE BAILEY.

As the three girls dropped into low wicker chairs on the hotel porch the tall, dark one in the midday blouse said:

"Why, even her slippers spell flirt."

The eyes of the others went to the balcony above, where, beneath the rail, showed a row of shoes.

"Such knowing slippers, too," commented Elizabeth Morse, who was big, with their low, flat heels and dull finish. "No one with a large foot would dare wear them, Bee."

"It's her childish manner that takes with me," Beatrice continued, scornfully; "just look at them. Judge Clayborne's patent leathers are hobnobbing with Major Mooz's riding boots, and Teddy Dudley's tan ties are next to—"

"She flouted and sported."

"To Bobbie Howell's white canvas sneakers." The third girl made the remark lightly. "But the color—left her cheeks. You needn't try to save my feelings, Bee. Bobbie is a backslider. I can't count on his devotion anymore."

"Well it's all her fault," the big girl consoled; "all the men are crazy over her."

"I'm not sure that it's her fault," Mary's fair little face was wistful. "I think the woman tempted me" excuse is rather weak, don't you? Adam needn't have eaten the apple. And, by the same token, Bobbie needn't adore if he doesn't want to. We shouldn't blame her, really."

"Oh, you," Beatrice threw up her hands in despair, "you always find excuses for everybody. You are an ardent idealist."

"Am I?" Mary's slim fingers caught at the arm of the chair, tensely. "I'm not sure, Bee."

There was a moment's silence, then the fat girl suggested, "Let's play some more tennis."

Mary shook her head. "It's hot, and I'm tired."

The other two went off together, and when they were out of hearing Elizabeth said huffily, "Hot—why it's the first morning she has missed since she came. But, then, Bobbie used to make the heat bearable. He was always hanging around her at the courts."

"And now he sits up aloft with the little widow. I call it pretty shabby of Bobbie—to shift his devotion so soon—and Mary's dear—"

"Back on the porch, Mary, like a Parisi outside the gates of Paradise, watch the telltale feet on the floor above, and caught the echo of gay laughter. And the sound beat upon her heart until she could have cried out with pain.

Outwardly, however, she made a very composed little picture, in pale green linen, with her fair hair blown by the salt breeze, her small white face like a pearl.

Hence, when Bobbie Howell leaned over the balcony and saw her, he cried, "Oh, Mary, come up."

Radiant, she rose to her feet. Then she dropped back into her chair for another head-ache—an enchanting, bronze-brown coiffured head banded with a black ribbon.

"Yes, please come up," supplemented the little widow.

Mary's shrugged her shoulders. "Too hot, I'm going upstairs to cool off."

Still smiling, she found her way to her little room and threw herself face downward on the bed and wept. And the reason for her weeping was this: When the little widow had leaned forward over the balcony she wore in the front of her black gown a white flower that Mary had stuck that morning in Bobbie Howell's buttonhole.

When the slippers and the tennis sneaks came down the stairs the white flower was in the lady's hand.

"Please take it," she said, and held it out to him.

"Why?"

"Because you had no right to give it to me. And I had no right to take it. But this must be my excuse that I did not know then that it would hurt someone else. But I know now."

"How do you know?"

"Ah," her calm eyes met his steadily. "I am a wise woman—I have lived such a long time—centuries—"

"Not in years, doggedly."

"Perhaps not—but in experience. And let me tell you this—that I am not the right woman for you, Bobbie."

"You are. I have told you so a dozen times. Since the night you came I have wanted no other."

"But that isn't love. You are young, and you are proud to show the major and the judge and Teddy Dudley that you can win me. You like the chase. You like to be one of the crowd which surrounds me—and so, you think you like me."

"I love you."

"To-morrow you will say that to some one else. You are a sentimental backslider, Bobbie. But let me tell you this: The girl who gave you the white flower is the right woman. You will simply thwart destiny if you give her up."

"How do you know it?"

"I know it," her strong little hands rested on the back of a big chair. She turned her winking eye absently. He noted the action and he noted, also, that, while three years had gone by since the death of her husband, that she still wore deep black.

Yet he ventured, "Suppose I decide to make you the right woman," he said, masterfully.

"But you cannot. Fate decided that for you. I saw the love in that little girl's eyes when she looked up at you. All women will not love you like that."

"Why not?" he flared.

"Perhaps you are not worth it." There was a hint of scorn in her voice. "But she will always think you are worth it."

"Oh," impatiently, "don't let's talk of her! I want to tell you things. I want a little moment down on the beach, all our own—come."

She hesitated, then pinned on her broad hat, and together they went down the steps.

The beach was dotted with bathers, so that they skirted the edges of the crowd until they came to a little pavilion that overlooked the sea. A few gulls, poised on pointed wings showed dark against a sapphire sky. Far away on the horizon was a trail of smoke.

Her eyes followed it. "Next week I shall go that way," she said.

"Go! Where?"

"To Rome—to Paris—anywhere to get away."

"From me?" triumphantly. "Oh, I knew it," he caught at her fingers and held them close, while from the third one he slipped its encircling golden band.

"Oh," she tore herself from his grasp, "how dare you? How dare you?"

"Let me put another there."

Her eyes were deep wells of tears. She covered her face with her hands, and when at last she looked up at him, he saw the sorrow of the wife who is a widow indeed.

"I love my husband."

He laid the ring upon her lap, and stood irresolute, abashed by the dignity of her grief.

"I thought you should I was gay and young, and did not wear my heart upon my sleeves that I had forgotten. But," and her eyes looked out across the sea, "I shall never forget."

Then she smiled up at him sadly. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she told him. "Go back to the right woman, and let her make a man of you. She is sweet and good, and she believes in you. And after a while you will want to live up to her belief, and then you'll reach your full stature. But—I wouldn't believe in you, because I don't love you. I—I loved my husband—I adored him."

Out of a breathless silence, he faltered, "Forgive me."

She held out her hands to him. "Go back to her, Bobbie," she said, again, "go back to her—and thank God."

He gripped her hands in his. "You—you good woman—" he stammered.

Watching the scene from the tennis courts, the two girls drew their own conclusions.

"I told you her slippers spelled flirt," was Beatrice's ignorant summing up.

CUT-OVER TIMBERLANDS.

Treatment a Great Problem in Canadian Forestry.

The handling of cut-over lands is the greatest problem in forest protection to-day and forestry in Canada to-day.

In these words, taken from Bulletin No. 9 of the forestry branch of the Dominion department of the interior (entitled "Forest Fires in Canada"), the author, H. R. MacMillan, one of the assistant inspectors of forest reserves, sets forth one of the chief aims of Canadian forest management.

The danger from these cut-over lands is two-fold. In the first place they are the worst possible menace to the forests because of the readiness with which fire starts on them at the least provocation. After the lumberman has finished cutting the timber there remains, scattered over the land, a mass of chips, tree tops and other debris, which gradually dries up and in a few months becomes like so much tinder. A lighted match, a spark from a camp-fire, a lighted cigarette dropped, and away goes the tinder, and almost with the speed of thought a serious fire has developed. Perhaps the fire meets with no worse fuel than more of the cutting debris.

Then the loss is not so serious, but even so the fire may have consumed much, if not all, of the thin soil characteristic of some forest regions, and any possibility of further tree growth is lost for centuries, if not for ever.

Should the fire come to mature and valuable timber, the loss from the destruction of the timber may be enormous, and in some cases such fires have reached to the homestead of the settler, destroying his crops, buildings and other improvements (perhaps his little all) and even human life.

The other danger—not so much appreciated until late years, and even now only by a comparative few—is the hindrance to the tree seeds and little trees which this mass of litter presents. Even when the seeds fall, they have small chance to start or germinate. Even if they should get thus far, the delicate root encounters nothing but dead wood, chips or peat, and dies from lack of nourishment. If by any chance a small tree does spring up its growth with difficulty, and has great chances of being swept over and destroyed by the fire.

Even during the present year (1910) many forest fires have raged in cut-over land, those of September, near the city of Vancouver, B.C., being a case in point.

Mr. MacMillan figures that for every foot of timber taken out of the forest by the lumbermen throughout Canada an average of seven feet has been destroyed by fire. This, it may be said, is a lower estimate than has been made of certain districts of Canada, e.g., the Ottawa river valley, where Senator W. E. Edwards, one of the most prominent lumbermen of the country, thinks that at least ten times as much lumber has been destroyed by the fire as has been taken out by the lumbermen.

MANUEL'S ENGLISH HOME

Abercorn, an Unpretentious House at Richmond.

Abercorn, the residence which King Manuel has taken for a year from King Sir Henry Maclean was built some forty years ago by a Scotsman named Grahame, who made a fortune in New Zealand, whence most of the wood used in the construction of the house came.

Mr. Grahame spent £25,000 on the house, and after his death it was occupied by a Mr. Beeler. In 1909, on retiring from the service of the late Sultan of Morocco, Sir Henry Maclean purchased it for about a quarter its original cost.

It is an unpretentious, comfortable house, and its exterior is mid-Victorian in aspect. Its privacy is doubly secured by a high brick wall and by numerous trees. It stands in four acres of grounds, which include two tennis courts and a croquet lawn, a charming rosary, fruit and kitchen gardens, and attractively laid-out flower gardens.

The chief feature of Abercorn is the entrance hall, almost circular in shape, and lighted by a large dome. There are only two floors in the house. On the ground floor are a large and lofty drawing room and dining room, a boudoir and a library, well stocked with books of reference and travel.

Both the drawing room and boudoir open into a large conservatory, arranged as a winter garden or smoking lounge, while the dining room and library have pleasant, if not very extensive views over the garden. The view from the house nowhere extends beyond its own grounds.

The bedrooms on the first floor are approached by a stone staircase, on which hangs a life-size portrait of the late Sultan of Morocco. In all there are fourteen bedrooms and dressing rooms and three bathrooms. The servants' quarters at the back of the house are quite separate.

There is stabling for five horses attached to the house, and also a motor car garage.

Four Portuguese servants are already engaged in the house preparing it for the royal tenants, but nothing will be done in the way of redecoration.

Several trunks containing King Manuel's and Queen Amelia's clothing and personal effects have arrived. They will not bring anything in the way of furniture.

Quite a large Portuguese colony is already springing up at Richmond. Messrs. W. J. and A. Long, who let Abercorn to King Manuel, say that they are overwhelmed with applications for houses from Portuguese families.

The Marquis de Lavradio, King Manuel's private secretary, has just taken Sussex House, a large furnished house near Abercorn, and the Count and Countess de Figueira, lord chamberlain and lady-in-waiting to Queen Amelia, have taken a large unfurnished house in Queen's road, Richmond Hill.

A woman never considers a man a bore as long as he talks to her about herself.

Success is a target with a mighty small bull's eye.

No man can be greater than his wife will permit.

Wrecking Bridge by Electricity.

An interesting application of electricity was recently carried out in connection with the wrecking of a wooden bridge which was to be replaced with a steel structure, erected on the old piers and abutments. The county authorities purchased the bridge from its original owner, who agreed to remove it in thirty days. Several wreckers declared that it would be impossible to pull the structure down in the time without damage to the piers, which would probably have been injured if a dynamite had been used, whilst if the bridge had been burned, probably the masonry would have been injured by the heat. At the expiration of the thirty days, an extension of one week was secured. About this time an electrician proposed to burn the structure apart by means of wires heated by electricity. Each span was composed of nine chords of three timbers, and the plan was to cut each of these twenty-seven sills simultaneously so that the span would drop into the river between the piers. Fifty-four of these loops were employed to wreck each span, and the work was done a single span at a time. Sufficient current was used to heat the wires to a cherry red. One hour and forty minutes elapsed from the time the current was turned on until the span fell, the timbers falling into the water well inside the piers. The whole operation occupied a few hours; the current was first turned on at 5 a.m., and at 2 p.m. the last span fell into the river.

Not Responsible.

"Look here, old fellow, where is that \$10 you borrowed from me last month?"

"What \$10?"

"Why, didn't you come to me and say you must have \$10? Didn't you say you were so worried you weren't yourself that night?"

"Oh, well, if I wasn't myself, why in the world should I be expected to pay it?"—Newark Star.

The Stomach Needs Help

The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels Must be Kept Active to Ensure Health.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.

Not one person in a hundred can get along at this time of year without using something to enliven the action of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

Too much eating of heavy artificial foods, too little outdoor exercise, this is the explanation.

The liver and kidneys are overworked in their efforts to remove the poisonous waste matter from the system. They fail and become torpid and clogged. The bowels become constipated and stomach derangements follow.

There is one medicine which will overcome this condition more certainly and more quickly than any other, and this is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This medicine gets the bowels in action once and by awakening the liver and kidneys; ensures the thorough cleansing of the filtering and excretory systems.

With the poisonous obstructions removed, the digestive system resumes its healthful condition, appetite improves, pains and aches disappear as well as irritability and depression.

You cannot imagine a more satisfactory treatment for biliousness, constipation, headache and kidney disease than Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Ed. Edmondson, Rates & Co., Toronto.

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A smaller quantity required than of any other extract.

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is a difference you never can appreciate until you have tried Shirriff's. It is a flavor revelation. Far stronger—and immeasurably finer—than the common kinds. Ask the grocer.

Other delicious Shirriff flavorings are Lemon, Almond, Ratafia, Rose, Pineapple, Strawberry and ninety others.

Mexican vanilla bean gatherer.

CEILING SENSE

You would not tolerate a plaster ceiling in your home or store, if you really knew how much better are Preston Steel Ceilings. For plaster cracks and crumbles—and these steel ceilings cannot. Plaster harbors dust, disease germs, vermin—and Preston Steel Ceilings cannot, because they have no crevices and can be washed like a pane of glass.

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And, then, any fire insurance company will grant you a lower rate if you put in Preston ceilings. For they go a great way towards fire-proofing an interior. Of course they are damp-proof as well. You can have Preston Ceilings put on to cover old plaster ceilings. Easily done. We tell you how.

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Preston Steel Ceilings never need repairs and seldom need re-decorating. They will outlast the building you put them in. Thus they are the cheapest ceiling money buys, in point of service. Even in first cost they compete easily with plaster. In the long run, plaster simply doesn't compare. Nor does it in beauty. For these ceilings come in hundreds of most graceful, eye-catching designs, that can be painted in any color scheme. Our skilled decorators advise you, free, about colors, if you wish.

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Before you build or repair indoors, allow us to talk with you by mail about this ceiling question. You will be interested—and will surely save money. Drop a line to Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Limited, Preston, Ont. Branch Office and Factory, Montreal.

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Pleases the palate, refreshes the body, agrees with the weakest stomach. A truly wholesome beverage that really nourishes. For a milder drink try Labatt's

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(LAGER STYLE)

A temperance brew—tastes and looks like choice lager, but has less than 2 1/2% of proof spirit. Quenches thirst; refreshes; gives appetite. Order some today.

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