

# REWARD.

WHEREAS five years ago the word Zam-Buk was unknown in Canada, and Zam-Buk is to-day admitted to be the finest cure for skin injuries and diseases;

AND WHEREAS it has been represented to us that there are still some good Canadians, and even some mothers and heads of families who have not yet tried this great balm, we hereby offer a REWARD of one free trial box of Zam-Buk to every person who has not yet tried this wonderful balm;

PROVIDED they send by mail to us this proclamation together with one-cent stamp to pay return postage of such box;

AND FURTHER PROVIDED that they address such application to our offices at Toronto.


Given under our hand this day.

## ZAM-BUK.



**Labatt's**  
ALE --- STOUT --- LAGER  
PURE --- PALATABLE --- NUTRITIOUS --- BEVERAGES  
FOR SALE BY WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE  
LOCAL OPTION—Residents in the local option districts can legally order from this brewery whatever they require for personal or family use. Write to  
JOHN LABATT, LIMITED, LONDON, CANADA.

James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King Street East.



What a Monk wrote about Chocolate in 1664  
Here is the translation of a verse from an "Ode to the Chocolate Tree," written in 1664 by Alonso Ferronius, a Jesuit:  
"O tree, upraised in far off Mexico,  
The glory of their golden stances;  
As heavenly nectar from a chalice, flows  
Its Chocolate for other lands."  
Today Ferronius would find, in Lowney's, rarer cocoa-flavor than any ever tasted in his time. For Lowney's is the finest flavored cocoa of any time.  
It is a skillful blend of the choicest flavored cocoa beans of several countries. These beans are so roasted that they give off an aroma found only in Lowney's Cocoa.  
Try a tin.  
Enjoy a treat that Ferronius missed.  
Sold by grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.  
**LOWNEY'S COCOA**  
Lowney's shows you how Cocoa ought to taste.  
The Walter M. Lowney Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal

### FORTUNES IN RUBBISH

WASTE PRODUCTS ARE WORTH MILLIONS TO DEALERS.

Every Now and Then Some One Discovers a Use to Which a Despised Article Can Be Put—Shoddy and Mungo Are the Basis of a Great Industry—Old Tins Are Now of Value.

Have you ever considered what a curious and wonderful trade the business of collecting waste materials is? It is bigger and far more interesting than you could ever have guessed and takes you into all sorts of byways where you will make some odd discoveries.

A waste merchant or dealer—there are any number of names under which the business is carried on—is a man who will buy what nobody wants. However useless a thing may seem he can generally find a use for it, and he thrives on this special knowledge of what things are made of, and what they can be made into. Many waste merchants are very rich men, and out of business hours you could never guess that their wealth was drawn from such despised articles as rags or old tins.

An impetus is given to the business every now and then by the discovery of some fresh use to which waste materials can be put.

The first of these impulses was given almost exactly 100 years ago by an Englishman, who discovered that woollen rags could be torn up into a material, then called "rag wool," which was almost as good as the original wool. This simple discovery has revolutionized the woollen industry, and the material, renamed "shoddy" (if made from soft rags, such as stockings), or "mungo," if made of hard rags, is consumed in huge quantities. Within a short radius of Dewsbury in the heart of the heavy woollen district of Yorkshire, thousands of rag-waste merchants, who sell to the woollen and shoddy manufacturers.

The rags are collected all over the country, and even imported from abroad, to the tune of about a million pounds worth a year. So expert are the rag-graders that they can usually tell at a glance from what part of the world any given sample of rag comes.

In the towns of Dewsbury, Batley, Morley, Ossett, Heckmondwike, Eng., and others we have the curious spectacle of a whole country-side flourishing by virtue of the discovery of the uses to which simple woollen rags may be put. How many moderate fortunes have been made in the woollen-rag trade it would not be easy to say, but the number must be very large.

It is practically certain that the coat you are wearing contains a proportion of shoddy. This need not worry you, however, for the same thing has just been pointed out to a well-known Cabinet Minister who has been visiting among the "Raggers."

A word or two about cotton and linen rags. Large quantities of these are used in the better grades of paper. New cotton cuttings are made into cotton shoddy; old lace curtains are torn up for use, mixed with cotton waste, in the balls of engine waste, with which you are familiar if your vocation takes you into any factory.

There are plenty of other uses, including the manufacture of roofing-felt, etc. What are called "useful" rags—that is, new cuttings of fair size—are sold to capmakers, and other trades which can use them up without remanufacture.

Old tins form a class of material for which no use could formerly be found. As the reader will know, they only contain a very little tin in the form of a coating on the outside, the principal metal, priced at over \$1,000 per ton at present, and it was well worth while to try and find some way of extracting it. An ingenious method has now been found of dissolving the tin from the iron and afterwards recovering it from the solution. The discovery was made by a German, but though the largest works are in that country the process is also in use in Great Britain. Huge quantities of tins are collected by the various London cleansing departments and sold to have the tin extracted.

Have you any idea what cordite, celluloid, and artificial silk are made of? All these are comparatively new discoveries, and they are all made, at least in part, out of the cotton waste, which is one of the waste products of the Lancashire cotton industry. One of the things the Balkan War did was to raise the price of low cotton waste, which is used in the manufacture of cordite.

Britain's cotton mills produce over \$30,000,000 worth of waste annually. The aristocrats of the waste trade are, undoubtedly, the big scrap-iron and old-metal merchants, who will purchase anything from an old battleship downwards. "A battleship every now and then, and a torpedo-boat or coasting steamer any day of the week," is the way they put it.

Old metals are, of course, used for melting down and refining. A curious feature is that in some cases the material is better for being old. Thus old horseshoes acquire in the process of use so excellent a temper that they are bought at high prices to make into cutlery.

All the big Government and municipal departments and undertakings and the great railway systems are large producers of different kinds of waste, and, despite the criticisms launched against them, they set a very good example by collecting carefully every little item of old material and selling it to the best advantage. By this means all of them turn pretty penny in the course of a year. So careful are some of the undertakings that the London (Eng.) County Council actually collects the gas-plant ash which falls in the council schools.

**Strengthening Glass.**  
The strength of glass is greatly increased by boiling in a salt water.

Why does not a successful man always give his friends the same brand of advice that he uses in his own business?

If you would get up in the world, climb.

### THE MODERN HEROINE.

A Self-Reliant Lady Who Has Reached the "Years of Discretion."

Styles in heroines change almost as frequently as fashions in women's gowns. To-day the leading ladies in our popular novels, quite like the genuine flesh and blood ladies we know who don't pretend to be heroines, are a cheerful, energetic lot, none the less alluring because they don't go in for scenes and sobs. No longer does a heroine sniff through situations. No more does a wet handkerchief, knotted into a tight ball, roll away under the table, obliging the hero to duck his manly head and cease wrinkles into his well pressed shoulders before he can put his hand up to the weeping fair one. Teary eyes, trembling lips and faltering confessions have quite gone out. Clinging femininity in to-day's novels is obsolete.

A gradual development of the modern heroine character has to do with age. Possibly we haven't reached the culminating point yet—by which we may class everything in which the heroine is not a grandmother as a "juvenile"—but heroines are distinctly older than they used to be. Middle-aged matrons of fascinating qualities, single young women of 30, or thereabouts, as beautiful as they are brilliant, and charming old maids—of the kind that seem to have been just taken out of lavender scented chests—form, to a great extent, the feminine army whose life stories we peruse until the wee sma' hours. There is no age limit to the modern heroine.

Perhaps the most striking thing about the present heroine is their efficiency. They are fast dyed, they won't fade or wear off. They are the most practical, capable, "get-there-ry" set of people anywhere on the face of the earth—except the heroes!

They don't go around and create sensations; they don't go in for high browisms and ologies, or for fads and fetishes; but they are outfitted with good mentalities, and they use them in some practical, result-bringing way. Poverty is no crime, or even a cause of caste lowering, but the heroine of the modern novel, if she is dependent on herself, is not likely to be poor. She gets out and goes after something and succeeds remarkably.

No longer is she the lily maiden tying a silken scarf to her knight's arm and sending him forth while she sits snugly at home and makes tapestry. Of course, nowadays knights do not go to the wood's end for a fight; any knight with a drop of red blood in him can find a contest worth while at his very door. So that necessarily alters the lily maiden aspect slightly, but the real change is not due to circumstances.

It lies in the heroine herself, and to-day she trudges by her knight's side, makes a restful refuge when he is tired, cheers him when he is sad, and helps him devise shrewd schemes for the downfall of their mutual enemy, supplementing in every way his cruder strength with her keen intuitions.

**Church of St. Sophia.**  
Some may have wondered who was the St. Sophia who gave her name to the great church at Constantinople. It is not named for a saint at all, its correct designation, St. Sophia, meaning "house of divine wisdom," according to tradition an angel inspired this name. Shortly after the foundation of the church had been laid by Justinian a boy, set to watch the workmen's tools, was visited by a celestial figure, wings reaching to heaven. "Go and tell the emperor," commanded the angel, "that this church is to be named 'the House of Divine Wisdom,'" and on hearing the boy's story Justinian obeyed the angelic command.

**Glass Needed a Spoon.**  
She was pouring boiling water into a fine thin glass tumbler, when crack, crack, and the crystal vessel was in a condition fitting it only for the ash pile.

"Isn't that just too bad that I broke that glass? It spoils the set," was her plaintive comment.  
"My dear girl," said the wise caller, "whenever you find it necessary to put any very hot liquid in a delicate glass or china vessel, if you will put the spoon in, first such an accident as you have had will be quite impossible."

**Lope de Vega.**  
Lope de Vega, the famous Spanish dramatist and poet, lived from 1562 to 1635. His literary work began when he was about thirteen years old, and from that time until his death, a period of sixty years, he poured forth an enormous quantity of plays, dramatic compositions of all kinds, poems of every character, breathing every spirit from the strictest asceticism to the most unbridled license. Over 1,800 plays are credited to him, and the published collection, comprising about 300, is contained in twenty-eight volumes.

**Little Pitchers.**  
"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.  
"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother, with a smile. "Most women do, however."  
"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl musingly, "and I think I'd better start an' look out for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for twenty years, and hasn't caught one yet."—London Telegraph.

**A Desolate Spot.**  
Probably the most desolate spot in the world inhabited by white men is the lighthouse maintained by the Argentine Government at Cape Horn. This is claimed to be the southernmost lighthouse in the world.

**The Difference.**  
"Pa, what's the difference between the meaning of prepared and ready?"  
"Well, there's many a person who may be prepared to die, but I never saw one who was ready."

Always be on time in keeping an appointment. It gives you a chance to rest up while waiting for the other fellow.  
Many a meek and lowly man has ruled the roost—as a baby.



# Sunlight Soap

The Acme of Purity in Laundry Soaps.

Those white fleecy garments, those dazzling white linens, owe the very essence of their cleanliness to Sunlight Soap. One cake of Sunlight is easily equal to half of a woman's labor at the wash-tub, saves all the rub and wear and not the slightest injury to hands or fabric. Just try Sunlight. 5c. a bar.

The name LEVER on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.



There are more than 20 dishes in a 10-cent package of Tillson's Rolled Oats.

There are more than 50 dishes in a 25-cent package.

Less than half a cent a dish!

There's no getting away from this fact:

For nourishing qualities, appetizing tastiness and economy, good rolled oats are "the thing." And there are no rolled oats quite so good as Tillson's.

A Big Dish of Tillson's for less than half a cent



Rolled Thinnest—Cook Quickest (15 minutes)

## Tillson's Oats

Try Tillson's tomorrow. Your grocer has them. Sold only in packages—never in bulk. Two sizes—10c and 25c. Each 25c package contains a handsome dish of good English porcelain.

QUALITY CANADIAN CEREAL AND FLOUR MILLS LIMITED, Toronto, Canada. Makers of Tillson's Oats—Rainbow Flour—Star Flour

**Viscount on Stage.**  
Canada may soon have the opportunity of seeing the son and heir of a British peer in a musical comedy. Viscount Dangan, eldest son of Lord Cowley, who worked for a short time as a scene painter, and is now in the chorus at the Gaiety Theatre in the "Sunshine Girl," has extracted a promise from Mr. George Edwards of a small part on this side of the Atlantic.  
Lord Dangan is known as the "Waltzing Viscount," just as the Earl of Yarmouth is nicknamed the "Dancing Earl." Lord Dangan is, however, by far the better dancer of the two. He is in great demand among the Gaiety girls as a partner at the theatrical charity balls, which the chorus always attend in large numbers.  
Mr. Edwards recently raised Lord Dangan's princely salary from \$10 a week to \$12.50. The young peer takes his profession very seriously and has enough talent to take a musical comedy part, although his singing powers are not great. On the program he is known as Arthur Walleley.

## "SANITARY"

MOPS, FLOOR DUSTERS, FLOOR BRUSHES, Etc.

We have just received a consignment of those Sanitary Dust Cloths, Floor Dusters, Mops, Wall Dusters, Furniture Dusters, etc. These Cloths are the best manufactured. They will not discolor the whitest surface. They are Neat, Clean and Durable.

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