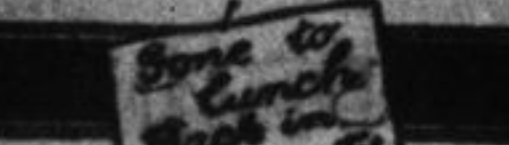


PRIVATE OFFICE



Crushing down ill-shapen food, and rousing back to work, leads straight to dyspepsia, with all its means in misery.

Proper habits of eating, with a No-Dye-Co Dyspepsia Tablet slow each meal, restores good digestion, health and happiness.

A box of No-Dye-Co Dyspepsia Tablets costs but 50c. at your Druggist's, National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.

PATENTS

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SHOES AND BOOTS

A trial of trading with us will prove our statement.

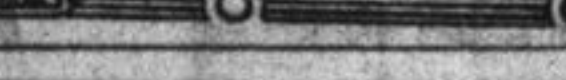
H. B. WARTELL, 333 KING STREET, Phone 1872

Sew the Easiest Way—With 3-in-One oil



This pure light oil flows freely into every bearing and friction point of every make of sewing machine. It works out all dirt, reduces friction to a minimum, and makes handwheel, treadle and shuttle work smoothly, noiselessly, easily.

3-in-One oil Never "Gums". The grease in common oils collects dirt and grinds into the bearings, wearing out your machine and causing noisy bills. Beware of cheap oil and all so-called "3-in-One" oils. Stick to the 3-in-One oil for 18 years the largest selling sewing machine oil on earth.



For sale at all good hardware, drug, grocery and general stores. 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 5 oz., 40c; 1 lb., \$1.00. Handy 3-in-One canisters. Three-in-One Oil Co., 288 St. Paul St., Montreal.



HOCKEY BOOTS

Men's Hockey Boots, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00.

Also The Famous Invictus Hockey Boot at \$5.00.

Boys' Hockey Boots, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50.

Ladies' Hockey Boots \$1.75, \$2.00, and \$2.50.

The Sawyer Shoe Store

BEAUTY CAUSED RIOTS

SEVERAL CASES, RECORDED OF WOMEN WHO ATTRACTED MOB.

The Celebrated Gunning Sisters Who Reign'd Supreme Among the Belles of London in Eighteenth Century Drew Crowds Wherever They Went—Band Stopped to See Countess of Castiglione Go By.

"They can't walk in the Park," wrote Horace Walpole of the beautiful Gunningings in 1751, "or go to Vauxhall, but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away." Elizabeth, Maria and Kitty Gunning were the beautiful sisters who, coming over from Ireland in 1750, took London by storm. Not was the furore that their beauty excited of brief duration, for nine years later we read in The London Chronicle of Maria Gunning, by that time Countess of Coventry, and Lady Waldegrave, "that two ladies of distinction (who had, it seems, been incommoded by the mob, as the phrase is the Sunday before) walked up and down the walks in St. James' Park, preceded by soldiers from the Guard—a precaution which gave no small offence to the rest of the company who were frequently obliged to go out of their path to make way for the procession."

Equally potent was the beauty of the Countess of Castiglione, who, at her first appearance at a ball given by Napoleon III. at the Tuileries, created such a sensation on her entrance that the dancers stopped motionless and the strains of the band ceased, guests and musicians all pressing forward in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the newcomer. Wherever she went she was the center of attention, her loveliness produced a like effect, people climbing on to chairs and benches to see her pass, while when, in 1852 she visited the London Opera, the audience stood upon the seats and struggled for every place of vantage from which to gaze upon the lovely Florentine.

Whatever opinions may be expressed on the character of Fanny Murray, who, about the middle of the eighteenth century, was one of the toast of the town, her beauty was beyond question, and created such a stir at Tunbridge Wells, whither she went to drink the waters, as to necessitate the formation of a special guard of her admirers, who kept off the crowds that flocked and pressed round her when she walked on the Pantiles and other public resorts. Indeed, such was the fame of her beauty that from miles round the country folk came in wagons, carts, or any vehicle that could be procured—and when one was not available they hesitated not to walk—that they might feast their eyes on the celebrity from town.

The good looks of Julie Durrier always drew after her a crowd when she walked through the streets of Marseilles—a fact that the proprietor of an eating-house was not slow to avail himself when he engaged the girl to serve in his establishment. For a few days all went well, and Boniface was beginning to rejoice over his fortune, when he suddenly realized that one can have more than enough of a good thing when the crowd, of which the dimensions grew larger every day, swarmed into his establishment in their eagerness to view the beautiful Hebe, and on his attempting to eject some of the most persistent, broke into open tumult, destroying the tables and chairs, breaking the glasses, and, in short, wrecking the restaurant, whence the cause of the uproar was lucky in escaping by a back exit. The next day the place was closed, and soon afterwards Mlle. Durrier left the town.

More extraordinary still was the sensation created at Toulouse towards the close of the sixteenth century by a paragon of beauty known only to fame as La Belle Paule. Whenever she appeared in public she was at once surrounded by a crowd of men and women belonging to all classes, whose admiration grew to be a positive danger to its object, who ran more than a chance of being crushed to death in the press, as, indeed, was more than one of her worshippers. In these circumstances, appeal was made to the civic authorities, who, after due consideration, agreed to supply her with protection against her too ardent admirers, on condition that she should at certain hours walk abroad so that the public might look upon her face. This, after some demur, she agreed to do, so twice a week the populace of Toulouse were permitted to collect in orderly throngs to view her whom they regarded as little less than a goddess.

Danger in Uncooked Food.

Never eat uncooked food. I plunge bananas into boiling water before eating. I always pass my knives, forks and spoons through a Bunsen burner before using. All dishes are cooked. Water is filtered and then boiled. I never eat uncooked food. Strawberries ought to be plunged into boiling water a few minutes before consuming. It sounds troublesome, doesn't it? But it helps to avoid the cancer germ.—Professor Metchnikoff in a Paris Interview.

Voice of Experience.

Great Picture Buyer (to hostess)—What do you think of an artist who painted cobwebs on the ceiling so truthful that the servant wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?

Hostess (a woman of experience)—There may have been such an artist, but there never was such a servant.—London Tit-Bits.

After the Storm.

"Fred and Mabel must have had a dreadful quarrel last night." "How do you know?" "She expected a telephone call from him before breakfast this morning."

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy says 1914 will produce no boom, but sane, steady progress.

Lord Kitchener had his first flight Monday with Airman Olivier, in a Farman biplane. He flew for fifteen minutes over the suburbs of Cairo.

WILD TURKEY PASSES.

King of Ontario's Game Birds Nearly Extirminated.

Sixty or seventy years ago, in the Niagara Peninsula and all up along Lake Erie's shore, wild turkeys were plentiful, says C.M.C. in Toronto Star Weekly. What happened to them? Shot out—trapped out—decimated; taking his size and rare flavor into consideration—since the King of Canada's game birds, a Government report of 1892 remarks: "It is now becoming very rare, and is found probably only in the counties of Essex and Kent, and even there it is only a matter of a short time when it must become extinct." From all we ever hear of it this is precisely what has happened, and this province is concerned the wild turkey has apparently flown to join the Great Auk and our starved Passenger Pigeon "sin-screens."

I remember meeting several people who had been familiar with the wild turkey around St. Catharines—those magnificent creatures of three and a half feet long and five feet in wing spread, often weighing over 20 pounds—and almost the exact counterpart in appearance of our highest valued barnyard fowls. When the wild turkeys were hatched, beside some close-hidden log or in the seclusion of the deepest thickets, ten—sometimes fifteen—went to the brood. The mother bird made them the objects of her most constant solicitude and care, the little ones following close as she crept stealthily about the woods, where available growth, where the grasses, plants, and fruits that they fed on most abounded. Seeds and buds, too, they loved, and could never resist such delicacies as beetles, tadpoles, and small lizards. The only audible sign of the advance would be the mother's low, tender chirp. Any danger ahead, and—at her instant change of tone—every toddler of them disappeared, only to emerge at the cautious parent's soft cluck.

They were very rarely caught sight of on the ground, but a dog could always find them, and the lower branches of the nearest trees, which was where the guns could flame their deadly work. Oftener, however, "trapping" was resorted to, for the wild turkey was swift in addition to its wariness, and like as not ended its flight in the next tree instead. The ways and means of trapping wild turkeys were as varied as the strategy of the farmer's boy was superficial or profound. Generally a measure of corn, bagged from dad's crib, and a hatchet were the only accessories asked for or purloined without the asking. A hen or two in the bush was sufficient for the gathering together of enough poles and brush to erect a small "stockade fort," built square, and contracting towards the top, where a rough chatching completed the death chamber. Again the measure was laid into requisition; this time to facilitate the construction of a "sally port" or ditch-like entrance, of size ample to admit of the entrance of a single turkey. The trap was complete. To bait it was simplicity itself. A few tempting trails from his corn bag, starting at some distance away, and leading through the bush from opposite directions to the entrance of the pen, which also was strewn with the yellow grains that were so literally "delusion and a snare." Once in the dark interior where the lower maize had led him, all reason seemed to leave the big, wary bird at once, and he flew round like one possessed, wounding himself against the sides and narrowed top till incapable of remembering, or finding, the sally port aperture through which he had entered. In such manner often an entire flock of turkeys was frequently to be deluded and captured.

Rich New Fishing Grounds.

That a rich new fishing ground is afforded by the waters of Hudson Strait is set forth in a report to the Dominion Fisheries Department by Dominion Fisheries Officer Thomas Tanner. His salmon catch in the Gulf may yet rival that of British Columbia. The area is practically a virgin one and large supplies of valuable fish could be taken. The difficulties are the sparse population and lack of fisheries and the very short season. With Port Burwell as a center trawling could be done during eight or twelve weeks. There is no limit to the quantity of codfish, a few loads of which are garnered by Newfoundland vessels which come up every year. The weather is perfect for fishing, but not so favorable for drying them on the spot. The catches, however, can be salted and taken home to the curing places, just as in the practice of Lunenburg fleet. As this is deep-sea fishing, no doubt a bounty could be authorized during the first few years when the industry is in the first stages of its development. The sum of \$150,000 per annum is available.

Hamar's First Venture.

The first time Hamar Greenwood, M.P. in the British Commons, displayed his propensity for doing the unexpected thing was while he was an undergraduate of the Toronto University. When the long vacation came along he went on a summer tour playing the heavy villain in a barnstorming theatrical company who were presenting "Down the Slope, or the Slippery Road to Ruin." The company went down the slope and Hamar was stranded up at Goderich until a Toronto friend sent him \$5.

They're Easy in Guelph.

A Guelph newspaper reporter, in looking for material for a story, started to pass a bogus 25-cent piece on the stores around town, afterwards informing the dealer that he had done so, and getting the coin back. Before he was through he passed the bogus coin in no less than eighty-five places, always sliding it across the counter to avoid letting its sound be heard.

Eighteen wearing suits in Black-burn, Eng., districts have been closed.

Within the past few days owing to the great slump in the cotton trade, it ought to be your duty and mine to do something worth imitating.

Easy and Practical Suggestions

FOR THE

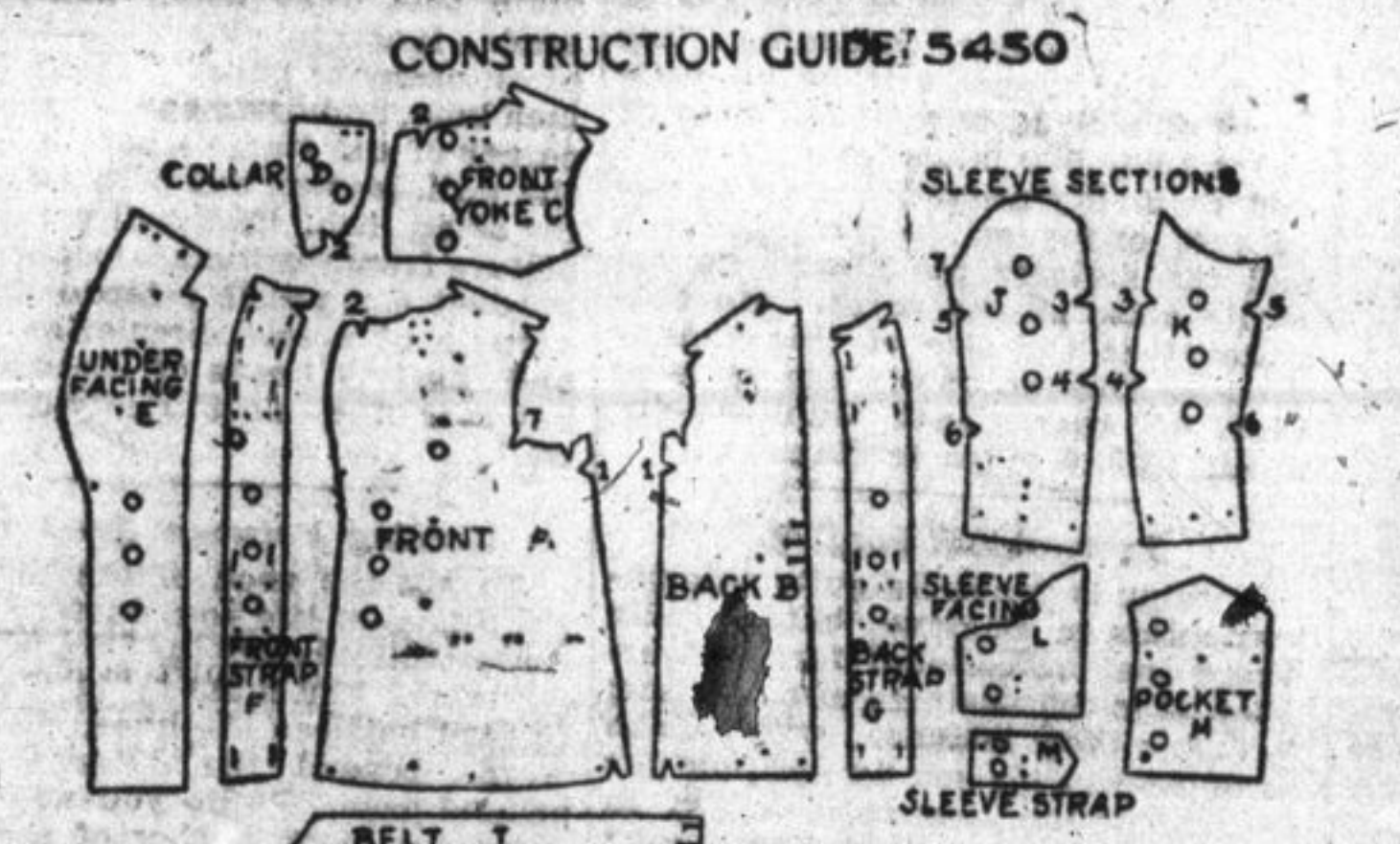
HOME DRESSMAKER

The making of a boy's coat is not as difficult as it appears at first glance and the woman who sews with care and precision should not be timid about attempting it. The model illustrated today is a Mackinaw coat, made in double breasted effect and having two seam sleeves. The model may be made with or without the



BOYS' MACKINAW COAT.

Very smart and manly effect made in double breasted fashion, with two seam sleeves. The coat may be made with or without a shoulder yoke. It is worn with trousers of serge or tweed.



CONSTRUCTION GUIDE 5450

Coat—No. 5450. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Trousers—No. 4644. Sizes 4 to 14 years.

These Home Dressmaking articles are prepared especially for this newspaper from the very latest styles by The Pictorial Review.

MUSIC AS A PLAGUE.

A German Scientist Says It May Act as a Nerve Destroyer. Professor Oppenheim, a great German nerve specialist, finds that music has become the plague of modern life. In his practice he has been struck by the fact that the largest percentage of sufferers come from the hotels where there is what he calls a "perpetual plague of music." He adds that the common method of going to a seaside or mountain resort for rest and stopping at one of the large hotels where the music plague rages as badly as in the cities, makes real rest for the worn nerves impossible. He objects, too, to the excessive meat eating indulged in by those afflicted with nervous troubles, but adds that music, so called, is the worst torture to jangled nerves.

"Against this evil there cannot be too energetic protest and action. I am not unmindful I have had many enjoyable hours with music, and I have even written upon the healing value of music, but there is no longer a question of enjoyment and benefit, but of disorderly disturbance, which should be checked.

"A benefit that is forced upon us becomes an agony and a burden and wrecks nerves, and that is what results from hotel music, in which you must hear whether you want to or not.

"Enjoyment and the beneficial effects of music are dependent upon the condition under which it is heard. There must be a free choice of where and when and what kind of music one wants in order that it be soothing instead of irritating. Hotel music should be played in a special room with thick walls."

If your hotels take the advice of Professor Oppenheim they will have music only in special dining rooms, notifying their guests as to which are the silent and which the "musical" dining rooms. Then we shall be able to eat in peace, if we wish to, or have all the noise we desire.

What Professor Oppenheim would say about music as played at the "dancing teas" might add to the severity of his pronouncement. No one doubts that nervous persons attend these teas, but what will be the result?

Nineteen boot and shoe factories in Quebec will close their doors and over 2,000 workmen will be forced into a strike.

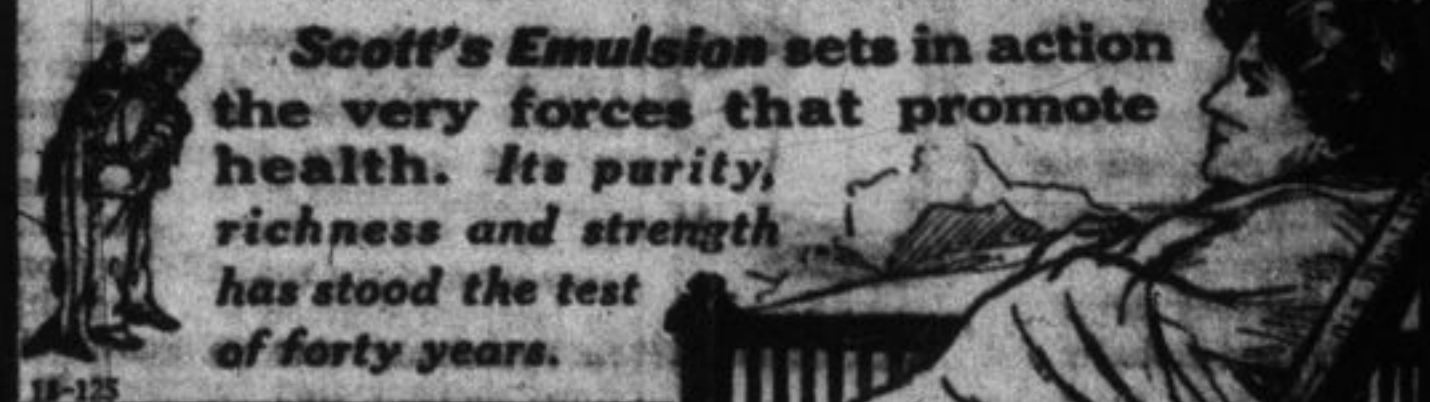
AFTER SICKNESS OR OPERATION

It is a pathetic mistake to accept drugs or alcoholic mixtures when nature craves nourishment to repair the wasted body and restore the vigor of health.

For forty years the best physicians have relied on the wholesome predigested nourishment in SCOTT'S EMULSION which is totally free from alcohol or opiates.

Scott's Emulsion sharpens the appetite—renews blood—nourishes nerves—strengthens bones and restores the courage of health to make life bright.

Scott's Emulsion sets in action the very forces that promote health. Its purity, richness and strength has stood the test of forty years.



Skaters Attention!

We want one trial at grinding your Skates.

Having purchased the latest and best skate grinding machine in the world, and having experts to do the job, give you the chance to have your skates sharpened with the keenest edge, making skating surer and swifter and a revelation to pleasure skaters.

Treadgold Cycle and Sporting Goods Co. 88 Princess Phone 530 Angrove's Old Stand

A Happy and Prosperous New Year to our numerous customers PRICE'S

Ring Out The Old Ring In The New

From an old and prosperous year and entering into the new one, which marks the 57 year of our business career. To all our friends we wish,

A Happy and Prosperous New Year

J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO. The Home of Good Shoes

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

The Standard Investment

Standard Bonds constitute safety, saleability and regular income. The insurance company in which your life and the lives of your family are insured selects bonds as part of its investment for surplus funds. You may purchase the same bonds with your surplus funds even if the amount be as small as \$100. Our list of bonds, yielding 5% to 6% income return, may be had upon request.

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ESTABLISHED 1901. 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. LONDON, ENG. CANADA LIFE BLDG. MONTREAL.