

IF You had a sore place, and had to choose between two remedies, one of which went to the sore spot direct, and the other by a roundabout way, and might never get there at all, which would you prefer?

When you have a cold, a sore chest, catarrh, or any lung trouble, you can select between two remedies—Peps, which go to the sore spot direct, and any of the ordinary cough mixtures, cough drops, and doses, which go—not to the lungs and breathing passages, but to the stomach; which is not doing at all.

Don't ruin your stomach in an attempt to heal your throat and lungs. Peps go direct to the throat and lungs. Peps are tiny tablets containing certain medicinal ingredients, which when placed upon the tongue immediately turn into vapor, and are breathed down the air passages to the lungs. On their journey, they soothe the inflamed and irritated membranes of the bronchial tubes, the delicate walls of the air passages, and finally enter and carry relief and healing to the capillaries and tiny air sacs in the lungs, thus ending catarrh, catarrh, bronchitis, colds, etc.

In a word, while no liquid or solid can get to the lungs and air passages, these Peps get there direct, and at once commence their work of healing.

Once you try them you will never use any other remedy but Peps for colds, coughs, sore throat, catarrh, tightness across the chest, "that night cough," and all breathing and lung troubles.

Have you tried this famous remedy?

If not cut out this article, write across it the name and date of this paper, and mail it with 1c stamp to pay return postage to Peps Co., Toronto. A free trial packet will then be sent you. All druggists and stores sell Peps at 50c. box.



PEPS

THAT TOBACCO

With the "Rooster" on it is crowing louder as he goes along. Only 45c. per pound. For chewing and smoking.

AT A. MACLEARN'S,
Ontario Street.

Kingston Cement Products Factory

has cement blocks, sills, bricks and lintels always on hand at reasonable prices. Anything in cement made to order. Toronto, Corner of Charles and Patrick streets. Phone 1304.

Manager - H. F. Norman

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ARROW

Wool Collar

Quality, Economy & Style. In Retailers, Every Town, Building.

Phone 76

For Your Christmas Groceries.

Our stock is complete in all lines.

841-S Princess Street.

Prompt Delivery.
(Coast Sealed Oysters.)

D. COUPER

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS TO FLUSH KIDNEYS IF BLADDER BOTHERS YOU.

Having most regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush elongated kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease. Agent, Geo. W. Mahood.

A FIRST PROPOSAL

The Way She Was Comforted After It Was Over.

By KEITH GORDON.

It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them—the great stretches of greenward, the trees and bushes that were budding into the tender green of the season as into a sort of silent song—neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared. She would in all probability only laugh her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

"Let us sit for a while," she proposed as they reached the top of a small where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as preliminary of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He wondered what it would be this time, for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently with eyes that roved curiously over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well bred stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women—disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged a truthful answer. He regarded her in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is—"

"Oh, now don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to say anything you may say up against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that there is going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?"

Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially.

"That is, I suppose I would be classed as 'fair to middling'."

He nodded assent, with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

"To tell you the truth"—her tone had dropped into the personal, confidential key—"I'm not at all conceited about my looks, but I've always flattered myself that I am rather interesting."

The statement ended with a rising inflection which made it a question, and it was evident that she was awaiting his decision with some anxiety.

"Rather interesting, I think we may say," he agreed suavely.

"And I'm sure I'm affectionate and fairly good tempered and—"

Mowbray encouraged her by a nod.

"—and domestic."

"I shall have to take your word for that."

"Well, I am domestic, I know, and so I want you to explain to me—her voice was growing tumultuous—"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell—how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal!"

Mowbray threw himself back and roared, while her arms came down off the bench and she dropped her face upon her hands and sat looking at him with the puzzled air of a pupil at the feet of a master.

"When you've done laughing," she began with dignity.

"Fardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to notice.

"I forgot to say that I'm sensible. Men always like that, you know. Anyway, they pretend to."

She finished in a way that suggested that she had her doubts of their sincerity. With a mighty effort her companion swallowed his mirth and prepared to face the situation with her.

"Is it because you haven't wanted any and to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!"

"And no man has—er told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone.

"Well, now—I didn't say just that,

you know?"

There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unswerving honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"A-a-h!"

The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?"

"Why, I just listened. You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might—er—a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it.

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his meter." She laughed a bit ruefully.

A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave of its tail, it scurried away.

"I have it," said Mowbray, "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, airiness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked at her teasingly.

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals! Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe. Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still—she's from the south," she added, and her tone implied that she addressed should be made for the fact.

Mowbray bit his lip.

"Then there's her sister—just an ordinary nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owes up to a dozen, and Beth Garrett—er, homely Beth—acknowledges all! I asked her because I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eyeing them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She blushed this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind. This naive woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long! He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too."

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last undoubtedly!" His voice was low and tense. For a long moment he looked at her—looked in a way that first made small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, "and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she knew that something which she had never even dreamed was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked you!"

"You encouraged me," he corrected, "and that's what they usually do, only your method was brutally direct."

It was when she began to flush again that he added, "I shall always have something to tease you about, dearest."

And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the hazy hope that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave up in disgust and scurried away.



THE SUPPLE NEW TAFFETAS ESPECIALLY SUITED TO DANCING AND AFTERNOON FROCKS

Among the new imported gowns are many of taffetas. Not the stiff, ugly taffetas of some seasons ago, but a supple, soft quality that lends itself to all sorts of manipulation. It seems especially suited to the quaint, pretty dancing frocks that have come into vogue with the new dances. Most of these dance frocks are extremely simple, trimmed sparingly with shadow lace or net. On some the tunic is corded to make it stand away from the figure somewhat. The plaited tunic is also popular and attractive.

No. 8165 is made of taffetas in a light, very pale green. The gumples is of cream colored shadow lace. The blouse is khaki. The tunic is slightly full into the belt. A straight, narrow little skirt completes a very youthful, dainty frock.

It may be copied for a girl of 16 with 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material and 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the gumples.

No. 8094 shows a frock in which velvet and taffetas are combined with excellent results. The blouse and plaited tunic are of black taffetas; the skirt and panel down the front of the blouse are of velvet.

It requires 3 1/2 yards of material for the skirt and 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch goods for the blouse for size 36.

No. 8165—sizes 14 to 18.
No. 8094—sizes 34 to 44.
Each pattern 15 cents.

DESERONTO COUNCIL MEETS

Sudden Death of Mrs. Frederick Fraser Last Sunday.

Deseronto, Jan. 13.—The first council meeting was held in the town hall on Monday evening, when Mayor E. Walter Rathbun was in the chair, with all the councillors present: Reeve, T. Naylor, and Messrs. Thomas Fox, E. Armitage, Walter Stratton, J. Hudson, A. Young, M. Hunt, Rev. F. S. Dowling was also present at the meeting.

On Sunday morning at seven o'clock three passed away Mrs. Frederick Fraser, wife of Frederick Fraser. Deceased had not been feeling well but was taken, on Saturday, with a severe pain in her head and lapsed into unconsciousness. She was thirty-two years old and is survived by her husband and four small children, three boys and a little girl. She was the daughter of the late George Whitton. Her mother, three brothers, of Deseronto, and one sister in Saskatchewan, also survive. The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon from her residence on Fourth street, and the service was conducted by Rev. F. S. Dowling, of which she was a faithful member, and thence to Deseronto cemetery vault.

Misses Ripon have returned to their schools, having spent the holidays here. The Deseronto high school hockey team goes to Napanee to play a game with the Collegiate team. This morning the thermometer went down to thirty-two degrees below zero. Frederick Lloyd, of Calgary, is spending a few weeks with his mother, Mrs. Lloyd, Rosebank, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Meagher and Misses M. Burns and Mary St. Louis, Misses Couter and Messrs. John Burns, T. Fox and George Houle, attended the Knights of Columbus hall in the academy on Friday night.

The by-law carried and there is to be a large addition to the iron works. Alexander Therrien left yesterday to spend a few days in Orillia, where he will be groomsmen at the wedding of his brother, James, on Wednesday.

A Veteran Church Treasurer Perth, Jan. 15.—At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's congregation, the resignation of William Meighen as treasurer was regrettably accepted. Mr. Meighen has been a member of St. Andrew's church since 1850, and has acted as treasurer for nearly fifty years.

Moral—Advertise Burlington, N.J., Jan. 15.—Mrs. Beatrice Gordon, widow, put an ad. in a paper for boarders. A man, in Homesville, Neb., read it, and Mrs. Gordon has been advised that she is the missing heir to an estate of several hundred thousand dollars.

The train that is making the best speed does the most damage when it strikes an obstacle.

Some people are done out of their money, and others are dunned.

THE DEMAND Is increasing enormously
Can we tell you the Reason Why?

"A Trial Package will bring Enlightenment"

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEAS "ARE DELICIOUS TEAS"

BLACK, BIKED OR NATURAL GREEN
SEALED PACKAGES ONLY REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CATARRH SUFFERERS! HERE'S A QUICK CURE!
OPENS CLOGGED NOSE AND HEAD AT ONCE

In One Minute Your Stuffy Nose and Head Clears, Sneezing and Nose Running Cease, Dull Headache Goes.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm."
Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning! the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake to-night struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat, and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear. Agent, Geo. W. Mahood.

...SPECIAL ATTENTION...

We are now taking stock and have a large quantity of Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Men's Pants, which we will sell for 25 per cent. off for cash. Also a large assortment of Ladies' Skirts, which we will sell at same discount.

Men's, Boys' and Ladies' Boots and Rubbers. These will also be sold at 25 per cent. discount.

Call in and take advantage of this January Sale.

JOS. B. ABRAMSON'S
257 Princess St. Phone 1437

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ALE --- STOUT --- LAGER

PURE --- PALATABLE --- NUTRITIOUS --- BEVERAGES

FOR SALE BY WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS EVERYWHERE

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James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King Street East

It Puts You in Good Spirits

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

MAPLE LEAF LABEL

The day starts right side up when you enjoy your breakfast. Cowan's cocoa fortifies your body for the work of the day. It starts you off with a bright outlook. First, because it is so delicious—but more because it is so invigorating and so easily digested.

10c TINS—1/2 LB.—3/4 LB.—AND 1 LB. TINS.

AT ALL GROCERS

THE COWAN COMPANY, LIMITED TORONTO-CANADA

LAWRENCE BROUGH

Who comes with his all English company in "The Little Damsel," at the Grand on Saturday, January, 17th, matinee and night.