

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Ottawa Winter Fair
Jan. 19th to 23rd, 1914

ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP \$3.70

Tickets good going Jan. 19th to Jan. 23rd, inclusive.
Good to return on or before Jan. 24th.

We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them.

For full particulars apply to
J. P. HANLEY,
Railroad and Steamship Agent,
Cor. Johnston and Ontario Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OTTAWA
Winter Fair, Jan. 20 to 23

ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP \$3.70

Tickets good going Jan. 19 to Jan. 22 inclusive. Good to return on or before Jan. 24th.

Particulars from F. Conway, C. P. A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 1197.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY
C. S. KIRKPATRICK
62 Clarence St. Phone 568

CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE

From Southampton From Portland, Me.
Jan. 23 ASCANIA Feb. 7
Feb. 26 ASCANIA Mar. 14
Mar. 5 ALADINA Mar. 31

Steamers will call Plymouth eastbound. Rates—Cabin (11) \$16.15 up. Westbound \$18 up.

THE ROBERTS STEAMSHIP CO., Limited.
General Agent, 50 King St. E., Toronto.

GO TO BERMUDA

S.S. "BERMUDIAN" twin screw, 10, 515 tons displacement, sails from New York, 10 a.m., 21, 23 January, 4, 11, 18, 25 February. Submarine signals; wireless orchestra. Record trip 30 hours, 20 min. Fastest, swiftest, and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer.

WEST INDIES—New S.S. "GUANA" and other steamers from New York at 3 p.m., 24 Jan., 7, 20 Feb. For St. Thomas, St. Croix, St. Kitts, Antigua, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes and Demerara.

For full information apply to J. P. HANLEY, or C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Ticket Agents, Kingston; QUEBEC STEAMSHIP CO., LTD., Quebec.

New York Fruit Store

Sweet Oranges, 15c, 20c and 30c a dozen.
Malaga Grapes, 20c a lb.
Bananas, 15c and 20c a dozen.
Figs, 15c a lb.
Dates, 10c a lb.

314 Princess St. Phone 1405

Phone 76

For Your Christmas Groceries.

Our stock is complete in all lines.

841-3 Princess Street.
Prompt Delivery.
(Coast Sealed Oysters.)

D. COUPER

Pepp's
What are they?

Pepp's is the name bestowed upon a new scientific preparation put up into tablet or pill form, which provides an entirely new and effective treatment for coughs, colds and lung and throat troubles.

Did it never occur to you as peculiar that when you have a cough or a cold, or any chest trouble, you should apply medicine—not to your lungs, but to your stomach?

Look at it the other way round. Suppose you suffered from some stomach complaint—indigestion or ulceration. How strange you would think it if you were asked to take a medicine which had to be breathed in, and which went—not to your stomach, but to your lungs and breathing passages?

Pepp's is this newest remedy for coughs, colds, and lung troubles—go to the lungs and breathing tubes, direct. Pepp's are really pure and certain highly beneficial medicinal extracts specially prepared by a new scientific process and then condensed into tablet form. It is like making a breathable gas solid!

You get a "Pepp" on your tongue and let it dissolve. As it does so, the healing essence it contains turns into vapor, and your BREATHING them direct to your lungs and air passages!

Just as the out-door treatment for consumption—the "breathing" treatment—is now admitted to be the only rational treatment, so the "Pepp" treatment for colds and lung troubles is the only rational home treatment.

Pepp's cure catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, tightness or swelling across the chest, difficulty in breathing, night cough, hoarseness, asthma, laryngitis, smoker's throat, etc. Best for children, because free from opium, morphine, or any poison.

All druggists and stores sell Pepp's at 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.35.

FREE TRIAL

Cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it to Pepp's Co., Toronto, or 62 Princess Street, Winnipeg, enclosing a cent stamp to pay for return postage. A free trial packet of Pepp's will be mailed you by return. If you have a friend suffering from a cough, cold, or any throat or lung trouble, hand this on.

PEPP'S
THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED

THAT TOBACCO

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

AT A. MACLEAN'S,
Ontario Street.

COAL!

The kind you are looking is the kind we sell

Scranton Coal

Is good coal and we guarantee prompt delivery

Booth & Co.
Foot of West Street

TWO WOMEN SAVED FROM OPERATIONS

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Their Own Stories Here Told.

Edmonton, Alberta, Can. — "I think it is no more than right for me to thank you for what your kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"When I wrote to you some time ago I was a very sick woman suffering from female troubles. I had organic inflammation and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend your medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and think they are fine. I will never be without the medicine in the house."—Mrs. FRANK EMBLEY, 908 Columbia Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta.

The Other Case.

Beatrice, Neb. — "Just after my marriage my left side began to pain me and the pain got so severe at times that I suffered terribly with it. I visited three doctors and each one wanted to operate on me but I would not consent to an operation. I heard of the good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing for others and I used several bottles of it with the result that I haven't been bothered with my side since then. I am in good health and I have two little girls."—Mrs. R. B. CURD, Beatrice, Neb.

THE Pillar of Light

By Louis Tracy

Copyright by Meland & Allen.

"But in your case it is unnecessary. My father believes we will be here at least forty-eight hours." Then she became conscious that again she had not said exactly what she meant to say. "So you, at any rate, need not wear your fingers to the bone," she added, hurriedly.

"Guess it must be a national vice," he said with irritating complacency. "Just now I feel I have a regular hustle on."

"Your example equals your precepts. End, tear yourself from the attractive spectacle. There are eighty-one ravenous people to be fed."

"Sorry you haven't hit upon the real reason of my abounding industry," said Pyne, who gave the girls a helping hand as they descended.

"Please tell us. It may be inspiring," said Constance.

"I'm going to ask the boss if I can't take a turn as scullery-maid when I'm through here."

"Then I've got the idea now," she answered. "End and I have had a most comfortable nap, and I am certain you have not closed your eyes all night. I will make it my personal business to see that both my father and you lie down for a couple of hours immediately after breakfast."

"Or else there will be a mutiny in the kitchen," chimed in Enid.

"Connie," she whispered, when they were safely out of hearing from the service-room, "I never saw a worse case. Talk about the young man suddenly smitten you read of in novels—"

Her sister whirled around.

"How can you be so silly?" she blazed forth.

"Why did you label Jack so readily?" cried Enid. The other, utterly routed, went on in dignified silence. She did not speak again until they surveyed the store apportioned for the coming feast.

"Eighty-one!" she murmured. "What a monstrous deal of people for a half-penny worth of bread!"

"What is the use of repeating?" said Enid, with a fortissimo accent on the penultimate syllable. "For where there's a will there's a way. To-morrow the sun will be shining, although it is cloudy to-day."

But Constance was not to be drawn a second time. Her clear brain was troubled by a formless shadow. It banished from her mind all thought of business, flirtation, or the good-looking youngster who had brought a blush of momentary embarrassment to her fair face.

How dreadful it would be to meet hunger with refusals—perhaps there were worse things in the world than the midnight ordeal of an angry sea.

Indeed, when Pyne joined them in accord with his intention, he somewhat relieved the extent of the new danger. The stress of the night had only enhanced the need of an ample supply of food. Everybody—even the inmates of the hospital—was outrageously hungry and the common element was half a cup of tea and half a slice of biscuit.

For the midday meal there would be two ounces of meat or bacon, one potato, and another half biscuit, with about a wine-glassful of water. For supper the allowance was half a cup of cocoa and a slice of bread, which must be baked during the day. Not quite starvation, this menu, but far from satisfying to strong men and worn-out women.

The Falcon, knowing the uselessness of attempting to creep nearer to the Gulf Rock, had gone off with her budget to startle the contents of Stanhope's last message was one of assurance. He would do all that lay in man's power. The lighthouse soon quieted down to a state of passive reflection. Pyne, refusing to be served earlier, carried his own and Brand's scanty meal on a tray to the service-room.

The unwearied lighthouse-keeper was on the balcony, answering a kindly signal from the Land's End, where the coast-guards were not yet in possession of the news from Penzance.

He placed the tray on the writing-desk and contemplated its contents ruefully.

"I guess that banquet won't spoil for keeping," he said to himself. "I'll just lay around and look at it until the boss quits making speeches by the yard."

A couple of minutes passed. Brand was holding the last line of flags, when the American heard rattling footsteps on the stairs.

"Don't follow so close, Mammie," said a child's voice. "My arm hurts just nuff for anything when I move."

A towled head of golden hair emerged into the light. It was one of the two little girls, whom Pyne had not seen since they were swung aloft from the sloping deck of the Chookoo.

Their astonishment was mutual. The child, aged about eight, recognized in him a playmate of the fine days on board ship. She turned with confident cry.

"I told you so, Mammie. It was up. You said down. Here's the big glass house—and Mr. Pyne."

She quickened her speed though her left arm was in a sling. Pyne, dreading lest she should fall, hastened to help her.

"I see all right, Mr. Pyne," she announced with an air of great dignity. "I make one step at a time. Then I catch the rail. See?"

"You've got it down to a fine point, Elsie," he said to her. "The world are those women-folk thinking of to let you and Mammie run loose about the place."

Elsie did not answer until Mammie stood by her side. Judged by appearance, Mammie was a year younger. Apart from the nasty bruise on Elsie's left arm and shoulder, the children had escaped from the horrors of the wreck almost unscathed in body and certainly untroubled in mind.

"Mammie came to my room for breakfast," explained Elsie at last. "We were awful hungry, and when we asked for another biscuit Mrs. Taylor she began to cry. An' when I said we'd go and find mamma she cried some more."

"We're awful hungry," agreed Mammie. "An' please, where's mamma?"

Pyne needed no further explanation. The little ones had lost their mother: her disfigured body, broken out of all recognition, was lying about somewhere in the undercurrents of the Channel. None of the women dared to tell the children the truth, and it was a heart-rending task to deny them food.

So, they were permitted to leave their refuge, with the kindly belief that they would come to no harm and perchance obtain a further supply from one of those sweet-faced girls who explained so gently that the rations must run short for the common good.

Pyne glanced up at the lantern. Outside he could see Brand hauling down the signal. He sprang to the tray and secured his half biscuit and tea cup.

"Come along, Elsie," he said, crooking his left arm for her. "Follow close, Mammie. Mind you don't fall."

"Your mamma is asleep," he assured them in a whisper on the next landing. "She just can't be woke up for quite a long time."

Then he navigated them to the door of the second bedroom, where Mrs. Taylor was. He broke the hard biscuit into two pieces and gave one to each child.

"Here, Mammie, you carry the cup, and go shares in the tea."

"I don't like tea," protested Mammie.

"I can't have coffee I want some milk."

"Well, now, you wait a little bit, and you'll be tickled to death to see what I'll bring you. But drink the tea. It's good an' hot. Skip inside, both of you."

He held the door partly open and they vanished. He heard Mrs. Taylor say:

"Didn't I tell you these two little dears would do their own business best?"

He regained the service-room to find Brand steeping the remains of his biscuit in an almost empty cup. The lighthouse-keeper greeted his young friend with a smile.

"I suppose that you, like the rest of us, never had such an appetite in all your days?"

"Oh, I'm pretty well fixed," said Pyne, with responsive grin.

"There you are fortunate. There is usually a wretched little fiend in a man's inner consciousness which prompts him to desire the unattainable. Now, I am a good eater as a rule, yet this morning I feel I could tackle

The Best Cough Syrup is Easily Made at Home

Costs Little and Acts Quickly. Money Refunded If It Fails.

This recipe makes 16 ounces of cough syrup, and saves you about \$2.00 as compared with ordinary cough remedies. It stops obstinate coughs—croup, whooping cough—in a hurry, and is splendid for sore throats, asthma, croup, hoarseness and other pulmonary troubles.

Mix two cups of granulated sugar with one cup of warm water, and stir for two minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a 4-ounce bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. Take a teaspoonful every one, two or three hours, or as often as needed.

This takes right hold of a cough and gives almost instant relief. It stimulates the appetite, and is slightly laxative both in effect and features.

Pinex, as perhaps you know, is the most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in quaiacol and the other natural healing pine elements.

The other preparation will do the work of Pinex in this recipe, although strained honey can be used instead of the sugar syrup, if desired.

These cough remedies in the United States and Canada now use this Pinex and Sugar Syrup recipe. This plan has been instituted, but the old successful formula has never been equalled. Its few cost and quick results have made it immensely popular.

For absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this recipe. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

NEW YORK CITY

200 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. Cable, Grand Union Hotel

EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR DNEYS

TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR BACK HURTS OR BLADDER BOTHERS.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

NEW YORK CITY

200 W. 4th St. N.Y.C. Cable, Grand Union Hotel

"I don't deny," admitted Pyne, "that the idea of a steak sounds good. That is, you know," he went on languidly, "it might sort of appeal to me about one o'clock."

"I should have thought you could do with one now, especially after the hard night we have gone through. Perhaps you are a believer in the French system, and prefer a light breakfast."

Brand finished the morsel of biscuit and drank the cup dry.

"It's a first-rate proposition—when you are accustomed to it," said Pyne. "But talking about eating when there's little to eat is a poor business, anyway. Don't you think that?"

"I do indeed."

Brand rose and tapped the barometer, adjusting the sliding scale to read the tenths.

"Slightly better," he announced. "If only the wind would go down, or even change to the norard!"

"What good would a change of wind do?" inquired Pyne, greatly relieved himself by the change of topic.

"It would beat down the sea to some extent and then they might be able to drift a buoy, with a rope attached, close enough to the rock at low tide to enable us to reach it with a cast of a grappling iron."

"Do you mean that we could be ferried to the steamer by that means?"

"That is absolutely out of the question until the weather moderates to a far greater extent than I dare hope at present. But, once we had the line, we could rig up a running tackle and bludge some stores."

"If it is as bad as all that?" said the younger man, after a pause.

"They looked at each other. The knowledge that all true men have of their kind leaped from eye to eye."

"Quite that bad," answered Brand.

Pyne moistened his lips. He professed cases containing two cigars. He held it out.

"Let us go shares in consolation," he said.

Brand accepted the gift, and affected a livelier mood.

"By chucky chance I have an ample supply of tobacco. It will keep the men quiet," he said. "By the way, and he lifted a quick glance at Pyne, "do you know anything about chemistry?"

"Well—er—I went through a course at Yale."

"Can colza oil be converted into a food?"

"It contains certain fats," admitted Pyne, taking dubious stock of the question.

"But the process of conversion, the chemical reaction, that is the difficulty."

"Sulphide of carbon is a solvent, and the fatty acids of most vegetable oils can be isolated by treatment with sodium super-heated to about 600 degrees Fahrenheit."

Brand threw out his hands with a little gesture of helplessness; just then Constance appeared.

"Dad," she cried, "did not Mr. Pyne tell you of my thirst?"

"No, dear one. I am not living in terror of you, to my knowledge."

"You must please go to sleep, both of you, at least until ten or eleven o'clock. Mr. Emmett is sending a man to keep watch here. He will not disturb you. He is bringing some rugs and pillows which you can arrange on the floor. I have collected them for your special benefit."

"At this hour! Impossible, Connie."

"But it is not impossible, and this is the best hour available. You know quite well that the Falcon will return at high water. And you must rest, you know."

She bustled about, with the air of a housewife who understood the whole art of looking after her family. But something puzzled her.

"Mr. Pyne," she inquired, "where is your cup?"

"I—er—took it down," he explained.

"For some reason, Constance felt instantly that she had turned the tables on him. Pinex, she had reconnoitered. She did not know why. He looked confused, for one thing; he was not so glib in speech, for another.

"Down where?" she demanded.

"Not to the kitchen. I have been sent since you brought up your breakfast and dad's on the same tray."

"I breakfasted alone," remarked Brand calmly. "Mr. Pyne had feasted earlier."

"But he had not," persisted Constance. "I wanted him to—"

She stopped. This impudent American had actually dared to wink at her, a confidential, smacking wink which said plainly: "Please don't trouble about me."

"You gave your tea and biscuit to somebody," she cried suddenly. "Now, who was it? Connie?"

"Well," he said, "I did not feel—er—particularly hungry. So, when I met those two little girls fooling around for an extra supply, I—er—thought nobody would mind if—er—"

"Father!" said Constance. "He has had a mouthful."

"Then take him downstairs and give him one. You must have found my conversation interesting. Mr. Pyne, whilst I was eating. But, before you go, let me add a word in season. There must be no further discrimination between persons? Stand or fall, each must abide by the common rule."

Pyne, with the guilty feeling of a detected villain, explained to Constance how the cup might be rescued.

"I shall keep a close eye on you in the future," she announced as they went below.

"Do," he said. "That is all I ask for."

"I am a very strict person," she went on. "Dad always encouraged us in the sailor's idea of implicit obedience."

"Kick me. It will make me feel good," he answered.

Entering the second bedroom, where Elsie and Mammie were seated contentedly on the floor, she stooped and kissed them. And not a word did she say to Elsie, as to the reason why Mr. Pyne should be served with a second breakfast. She knew that any parade of his unselfishness would hurt him, and he, on his part, gave her unspoken thanks for her thought.

Conversation without words is an art understood only by masters—minds and lovers, so these two were either exceptionally clever persons or developing traits of a more common genus—perhaps both.

(To be continued.)

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EAT LESS AND TAKE SALTS FOR DNEYS

TAKE A GLASS OF SALTS IF YOUR BACK HURTS OR BLADDER BOTHERS.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out; they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headaches, dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it is no longer a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.

Agent, Geo. W. Mahood.



LISTEN TO US

"We are only little ones, but we know Zam-Buk eased our pain and cured our sores. Perhaps it would cure you, too, if you tried it?"

Isn't this sound advice from babes and sucklings? Take it! The speakers are the children of Mrs. E. Webster, of Seignores St., Montreal, and the mother adds weight to their appeal. She says: "My little girl contracted scalp disease at school. Bad gatherings formed all over her head, and not only caused the child acute pain but made her very ill. The sores discharged, and occurring on the scalp we feared she would lose all her hair. She was in a pitiable plight when we tried Zam-Buk, but a few days' treatment with this balm gave her ease. Then the sores began to heal, and we continued the Zam-Buk treatment. In a short time she was quite healed. My little boy sustained a serious scald on the neck. It set up a bad sore, and quite a few things we tried, failed to heal it or give him ease. Once more we turned to Zam-Buk, and we were not disappointed. It acted like a charm in drawing away the pain, and soon healed the wound."

Zam-Buk
EVERY HOME NEEDS IT

FREE BOX
Send us 1 cent stamp for postage, and we will mail trial box free. Mention this paper.

MOTT'S "Elite" Chocolate

10c Cakes

For Cooking and Drinking, also for Cake, Icing and making Fudge.



Tuckett's "Club Virginias"

Distinguished by an exquisite flavor and fragrance for which you pay extra on duty-burdened imported brands.

15 cents a package

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MADE BY TUCKETT'S, HAMILTON