Try a "Wolfe Toddy" —the ideal "nightcap" hot water, lemon, and sugar, and a wineglassful of Wolfe's Schnapps.

Wolfe's Schnapps (HOLLANDS GIN)

you will sleep "like a top" and wake up in the morning refreshed and free from aches in the joints and pains in the back.

Wolfe's Aromatic Schiedam Schnapps is unequalled as a tonic and in its beneficial effect on the liver and kidneys.

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Just a little "Old Dutch" quickly takes away every particle of grease and dirt—leaves utensils clean and bright.

Equally effective on wooden-ware and cutlery. No kind of uncleanliness can withstand its magic cleansing qualities.

Try it on hard things to clean.

Don't Be Without It.

10c Large Can

Her Vision

It was 7 o'clock in the morning, and the narrow street in front of the factory was full of hurrying workers— women mostly— from all stations and conditions of life.

Some of them had lost hope and happiness, and were merely plodding toward an unseen goal.

Of these was Monnie Trevor, She was twenty-three years ald—a slim little girl, with a pointed white face, half obscured by a great mass of dark hair. Her eyes were dark, too, with circles around them.

As Monnie neared the factory building she heard a step close behind her, and a woman caught up with her.

"D'ye know the new foreman's due to-day?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Monnie.

"I don't care what he is, he can't be any morse'n Fowler, I hated that man like pizen."

The machines were on the second floor —two long rows of them. The building had not been intended for factory purposes, and so there was only one window to two or three machines. On sunless days in the summer and all through the winter the lights had to be turned on. The room always was too cold in winter and it was an oven in summer.

Monnie went quickly to her machine and sat down. A pile of work awaited her. She made collars at 2 cent a dozen. Sometimes she earned more than a dollar a day.

All over the great barnlike room belts began to purr and machines to run. Monnie turned on the power and began her day's work.

She sat facing the wall. The next girl had a window and Monnie got the light from it.

Monnie had worked in the shirt factory four years and the management of her machine and materials had become almost mechanical. She did not need to look fixedly at her work. Besides her work there was nothing to see save the wall before her, but she looked at that and her young imagination formed a picture upon its marred surface. The longest crack was a crack that pranked merrily along willows and across fragrant meadows. Alongside the creek was an old white farmhouse under budding apple trees, which presently would burst forth into lovely, pale pink bloom. In the door of the farmhouse stood a young woman with a child in her arms, watching a man who was plowing in a nearby field. At every turn of the furrow he swung his hat to the woman, and the woman and the child responded joyously:

Once Monnie had seen the realty of her vision. It was the day four years before when she came to this big town to begin work in the factory. The train had been among the hills for an hour when suddenly it swept out into a peaceful little valley. There was the creek, the blue sky, the brooding hills and the farmhouse under the apple trees, But no woman stood in the open door, no man plowed in the field. The place looked deserted. It seemed to be waiting— waiting for her.

Never had the vision been so clear as upon this morning. Never had the dream been so bright. The one fled and the other was broken by an excited whisper from the girl, on her right. "Look, Monnie! There's the foreman, and—Oh, heavens. I've stitched my finger!"

Monnie shut off the power on her machine and turned to help bind up the bleeding finger.

"What's happened here?" The voice was deep, quiet and gentle, so unlike the harsh tones of the former foreman that both girls looked up with a start of surprise. Monnie saw a clean, pale, square face with steady eyes and firm mouth. The eyes met hers fairly.

"Lizzie stitched her finger," she explained.

"What's that you're putting on it—camphor? I've something here that's better than camphor. Try it."

He gave Monnie a bottle. She thanked him and he went on.

A moment after her machine was whirring and she was trying to make up for the time she had lost. The picture was again on the wall, but between it and her was the clear, kind face of the new foreman. She never had seen a man's face so kind and so clear, She wished that her plowman had that face. In time she learned that the new foreman's name was Abel Otis. That was as much as she knew concerning him. He had few words for the work people, but it was said that he got more work and better work done than had ever been done in the factory.

The weather drifted into extreme heat and the girls at the machines worked with sweat on their pale forehead. One day Lizzie fainted. The next day electric fans were installed, and everybody said she had the foreman to thank for it. One of the fans was fixed upon Monnie's expanse of wall. He stopped to see if it was running properly and spoke to her with a smile, saying: "You ought to have a window, but this is the best I can do for you."

She lifted her eyes, pushed back her burden of dark hair. "Thank you. You are very kind," she murmured.

"I'm not kind. I'm only doing my duty under difficulties, It shames me to see how hard you girls work here and the pay you get and the kind of hole—" he paused, his blue eyes like steel. "Well, never mind," he added, smiled again and passed on.

There began to be a rumor, Monnie heard it. The foreman was quitting Saturday.

"I guess he's had enough of it." Lizzie confided.

Monnie's small face was white under her masses of dark hair. Her heart felt lifeless and heavy. She sat at her machine and stitched uncomprehendingly. Over and over the machinery said one thing: "He's going away; He's going away!"

It was a terrible afternoon. The air was torrid, full of the presage of storm, The fans only stirred up the heat.

The storm broke at 4 o'clock. The room grew so dark that the lights had to be switched on. Lightning played terribly. The nervier girls kept at work. To Monnie storm or calm was one, since he was going away. She was bending over her work turning an unruly corner—and then she was lying on somebody's couch and a woman and a doctor she had never seen before were with her.

"I feel all right now," she said, hastily. She thought she had fainted just as Lizzie had.

The doctor looked pleased. Close call, he said to the woman. "He patted Monnie's shoulder. "You're a live girl all right now," he laughed, "but you came near being a dead one."

"You were struck by lightning," explained the woman.

"Oh!" said Monnie. She shuddered.

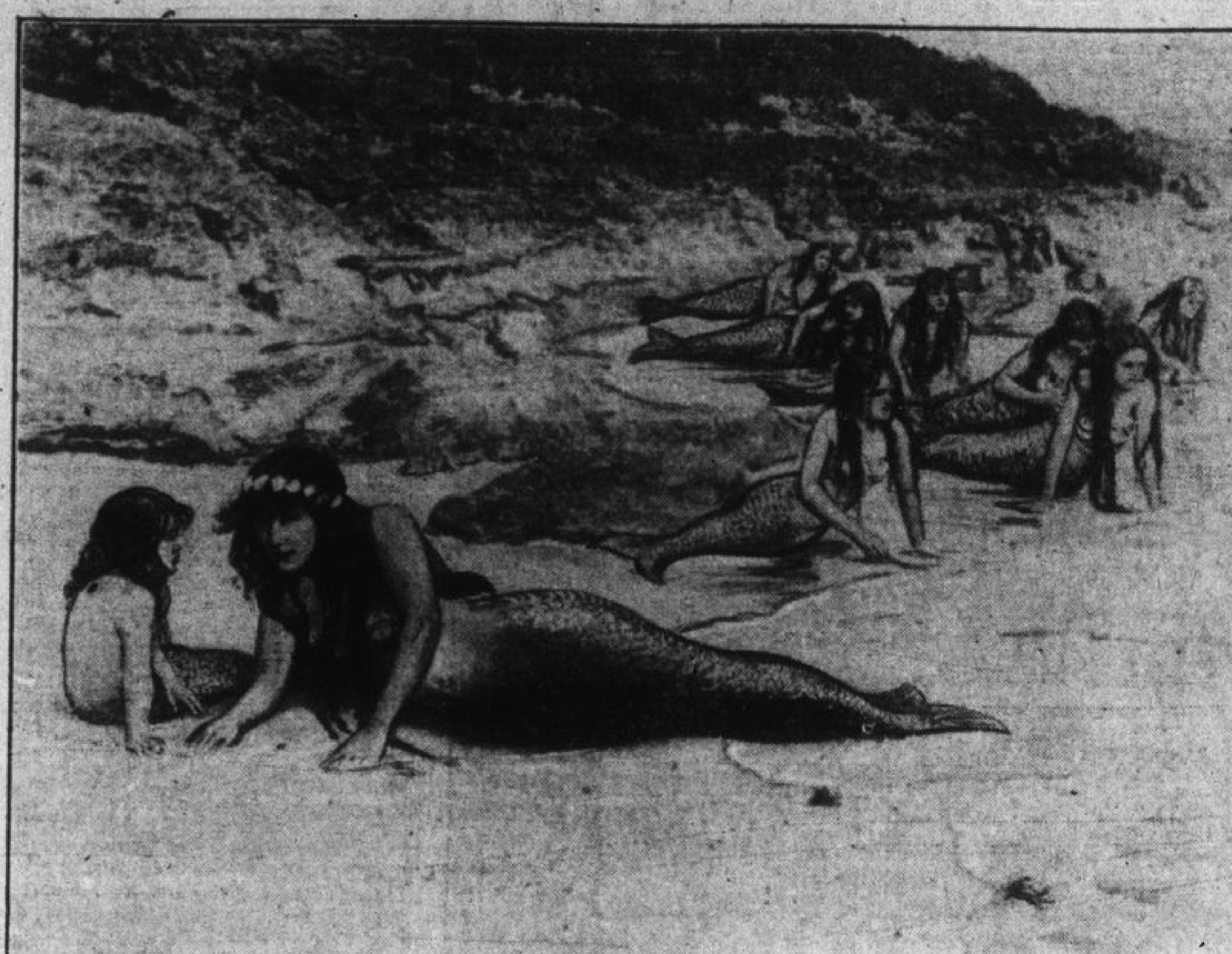
She nodded. Somehow it did not seem strange that he should call her, dear. "And the others!—Lizzie?" she asked.

"You were the only one. I brought you here."

They were alone in the room. Suddenly he whipped a little colored photograph from his pocket and put it in her hands. "That's home and I'm going back there Saturday." he said. "Do you suppose you could stand it to live on a farm, Monnie?"

"I could stand it to live anywhere—with you," Monnie answered.

She looked down at the picture. Then she forgot that she had just been struck by lightning, that she was prickly all over and that her head ached. She forgot even that Abel Otis was watching her. For the place in the picture was the place she had seen in her vision.



A DELIGHTFUL SYLVAN SCENE.

From the 8,000-foot long motion picture, "Neptune's Daughter," a fantasy of the sea, featuring Annette Kellerman at the Grand Operahouse Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 8th, 9th and 10th, with matinees daily.

GIRLS OF BRUSSELS CLEAN UNIFORMS OF THE WOUNDED

Women of France Give Property to Government as Aid in War Times.

The girls of Brussels are doing much to aid the wounded soldiers of that vicinity by cleaning the uniforms of all those being cared for in the hospitals, so that when released their clothing will be in good condition.

Many women of France are giving their property for the disposal of the government. The women of the American colony have gone far in the forming of a Red Cross hospital for the French soldiers. In England the National Union of Women's Suffrage Society of England have taken the task of organizing voluntary services of women in giving hospitality and help to women and children who are refugees, or are suffering in any way because of the war. They find situations for the most needy and are taking into their homes as many as they can.

When the present war broke out many of the women of England began to organize for sewing. But the competition of these voluntary workers threatened to put out of employment girls and women who needed the work. Queen Mary was appealed to, and through her expressed wish the work of the needlework guild is to be carefully restricted to avoid competition with wage earners.

A Bank's Queer Privilege.

The bill to abolish the wine selling privileges of the university of Oxford, and the city of St. Albans, reminds me that an old charter, the Bank of England has the right to sell beer. It does not appear to have exercised its privilege, but there is apparently no reason why the bank should not if it wished, open a beer house in Thread needle street or supply customers at their own homes. Just imagine how popular "Bank of England Dinner Ale" would be, with the chief cashier's signature on every bottle, guaranteeing it genuine!— London Chronicle.

Much Pain From Kidney Disease

Doctored in Vain Until Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Were Used.

Kidney derangements are often associated with disorders of the liver and bowels, and under these conditions ordinary kidney medicines usually fail to effect cure. It is because of their unique, combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels that Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are so generally successful, even in the most complicated cases.

Mr. Emanuel Bernard, farmer, St. Paul's, Kent county, N.B., writes: "About eighteen years ago my wife was bad with kidney disease, and suffered greatly from headaches, pains in bowels and stomach, and her heart was affected. For a year she was treated by her doctor, with no apparent benefit. She then used five boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills with most satisfactory results. This gave us such a good opinion of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills that we always keep them in the house to be used for all derangements of the kidneys, liver and bowels." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25c. a box, 5 for $1, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

ONE MILLION MEN— WHAT IT MEANS

Such an Army, Four Abreast, Would Stretch Out 750 Miles.

A million men!

What does that mean? How many are a million men?

Can we grasp what an army of a million men—and there are several of them now in the field—actually is?

This army, marching four abreast, would make, a closed up column come 750 miles long, that reach from Toronto to Winnipeg as the crow flies, from New York to Windsor via Toronto, or from Chicago to Smith's Falls.

The million are mobilized. They are all in one big camp — how much ground?

A regiment of infantry with all its equipment and wagons needs nineteen acres; a cavalry regiment must have sixty acres; an artillery regiment forty-eight acres. A division takes 640 acres, or a square mile, for all its infantry, cavalry, artillery and other troops.

Our camp for a million men, then would occupy fifty square miles—nearly twice the size of the city of Toronto.

And now to feed this vast army of men and animals?

The full day's ration for a man in the field weighs 4.4 pounds and costs about thirty cents, including everything. Item—$300,000 a day for food for one million soldiers. This is just a little matter of $9,000,000 a month! This food would weigh 4,400,000 pounds—just the food for one day—or 2,200 tons.

One box car's capacity is 1,800 cubic feet. This will carry 9,172 rations — food for one day for 9,172 men. So, for one million men, all waiting impatiently for their grub, it would take 109 freight cars every day to bring along their rations—five trains of twenty-one cars each. And this, mind, only for twenty-four hours!

FOUGHT WITH BARE FISTS

Strange Weapons That Warriors Have Used in Battles of Long Ago.

In all ages the use of primitive means of defence and offence has been a mark of warfare. When Wat Tyler's men of Kent marched over London Bridge and scared the city and court almost to death, their arms were sickles and billhooks and scythes, and a few blacksmith's tools. The same remark applies to the arming of the men of Devon and Somerset at the battle of Sedgemoor, the last real battle fought on English ground. But even in these days of arms of precision there have been many cases where these scientific tools have been discarded in favor of something much more primitive.

For instance, at the battle of Inkerman, which was a soldier's battle fought in a mist almost without leadership, many of the English soldiers, finding their the useless and their bayonets untrustworthy and bent, went in with their fists in true British style. Bluejackets have more than once followed this example when a punitive force has been landed to punish the natives. The tars have gone for them with fists and belaying pins, possibly feeling that anything more deadly would be more than the occasion required.

The band has on many occasions joined in the fray. It is reported to have occurred in the late war in the Balkans, during the later fighting which took place between the late allies, Bulgarians and Servians. The former, were greatly outnumbered, and seeing them getting the worst of it, the band went into the melee with their instruments, and many a Servian was laid low by a blow from the butt-end of a cornet, ophecleide, and trombone, not to mention the formidable bassoon.

There is a story about a peasant who defended his hearth against a horde of the enemy with a three-legged stool, and another of a woman who routed the enemy on the double by overturning a stand of bee hives in her garden, but certainly one of the most remarkable weapons on record was the big saucepan which it is creditably said a lusty Turk brandished with great effect at the Battle of Widdin. Since Samson's use of the jawbone of an ass there has never been surely a stranger weapon.

In one of the fierce actions in the Peninsular war ammunition ran short, and many shifts were resorted to in order to make up for the lack of bullets. The chief means were buttons. There were not many left on the soldier's uniforms when the fight was over. To-day, of course, a soldier, could not do this, for all the rifles are breech-loaders. But in those days it was different. Thus in this very same battle it is reported that a soldier took a razor from his haversack, rammed it down, and fired it after the flying French cavalry. Evidently that cavalry had a close shave.

Emperor And Chef.

Mescoffier, the famous chef, cooked for the German emperor when he stayed aboard the mammoth liner, the Imperator, last year. After dinner he called for the great gastronomic artist and complimented him on his excellent cuisine. Escoffier thinking it a wonderful opportunity for doing his country, France a turn replied:

"Sire, I hope your health will permit you to reign long enough to bring about the greatest service to humanity in the world, the rapprochement of Germany and France."

It is a cynical commentary on the honesty of the emperor's intentions to note that his reply was to assure M. Escoffier that this was his greatest desire, and one for which he had worked the hardest, but that unfortunately it was very difficult and very hard to see his good intentions misinterpreted.

M. Escoffier responded with the remark that though the times might not always be favorable to good ideas he trusted that for the happiness of civilization such a rapprochement would be realized and that it would crown the emperor's reign. The kaiser listened seemingly most sympathetic to the great chef and shook him warmly by the hand — and the next day no doubt he consulted his war chiefs about making war against France still more certain!

It is easier to learn how not to do things than how to do them.

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If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff; you cannot have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine at any drug store or toilet counter; apply a little as directed and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

Your home merchant will back up our guarantee on this splendid range. Ask to see McClary's Pandora Range and let him demonstrate its many exclusive features to you. A McClary dealer in every town.

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

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1 MODEL T FORD, 5 PASSENGER, FULLY EQUIPPED, IN FIRST CLASS ORDER, PRESTOLITE TANK AND NEW TIRES
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WE WILL BE PLEASED TO DEMONSTRATE EITHER OF THESE CARS TO INTERESTED PARTIES. NOW IS YOUR CHANCE FOR A CHEAP CAR.

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