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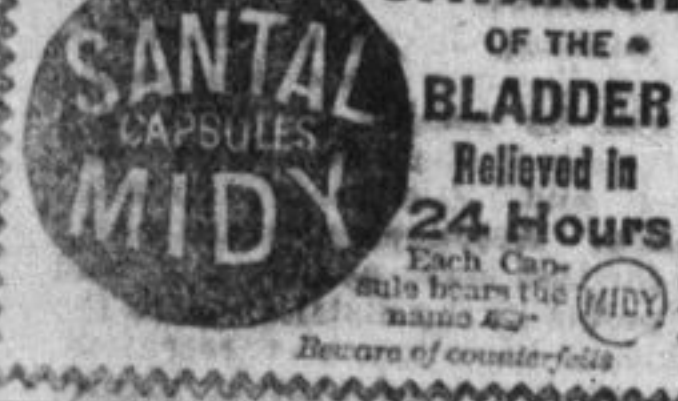
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WONDERFUL TALE OF AN ACTRESS

Dayville, Killingly, Conn. "I shall be glad to have every woman know what I know now, after using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Although I am only 24 years old, I have suffered for the past eight years. I hated the doctors, for to doctor told me to give up the stage where I was playing with my husband. I had bearing down pains, my health failed me, and I could not work on the stage, and wasn't able to tend my baby or even get around myself. I was always downhearted and discontented with the world, and only lived for the sake of my little girl. The doctor said to move to some quiet little town away from the noisy city, and I might be able to live and feel well, so I went to Dayville in November. At that time I was so sick I could not walk around, and my husband kept house and I stayed in bed. One day in January I read your advertisement in a newspaper, and I sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and started taking it. Within two weeks time I was a different woman, could get around, and felt so good that it was a pleasure to do my housework. I felt contented and happy, and now am the picture of health, and am prepared to return to the stage. We appreciate my health as the most precious thing on earth." - Mrs. H. L. K... Box 55, Killingly, Conn.

THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

By Frances Walter.

THE DANGER SEEMS IMMINENT

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate) The extent to which people observe things has always been surprising to me. There is hardly anything one does that people do not know about. Just when one thinks a small bit of information is restricted to the few people it concerns, that information is making a general round, becoming common property. This fact was brought home to me the morning after the party when the dear old lady who had taken upon herself the duty of being my social sponsor, called for me. We were to go shopping together. Arthur and I had, of course, discussed the party and the success of it pleased us, but we had not referred to the girl. I do not mean by this that the memory of the evening, her voice and her laughter and her unusual conduct in the dining room, had been swept out of my mind. It was there indelibly and I was wracked with it, but I would say nothing to Arthur. I had no censure for him because I felt him innocent of any intent, except to be hospitable. When the old lady entered she looked at me strangely. "You look very happy this morning," she said. "I have reason to be. The sun is not only in the sky, but also in my heart."



Again the queer look came over her face and she seemed to peer at me. I could not imagine what had come over her. She was usually very busy and anything but quiet. This morning she seemed to be making an effort to draw me out about something. "I am sorry I was unable to come to the party last night. I hear you, that is, everyone, had a good time and that it was very successful." "It is good to hear you say you heard that," I said. "Usually the success of such parties does not spread to all the streets, but is limited to the consciousness of the host and hostess." "The next time you give one I shall break my rule of going to bed early and come over as a sort of chaperon. I understand one was needed." "My dear, I had not imagined that. Everyone seemed to behave. What was done to shock anyone?" "I don't believe anyone was really shocked, but some of them were a little startled. I believe some are still a bit startled." "Presented this, I could not understand what she was referring to. The girl's conduct with Arthur had been blotted out by Arthur for he had been very dear and sweet that morning and there was no room in my mind for anything but him. I could not understand what she was trying to startle me with. "Miss Brooks," I said sternly, "please tell me what you mean. She came to me and put her hand on my shoulder."

"Miss Brooks," I said sternly, "please tell me what you mean. She came to me and put her hand on my shoulder." "But there can be no gossip or scandal about me," I broke in. "Ah, my dear, the human tongue is a subtle instrument. It will wag, whether there is provocation or not, and its wagging means much to the happiness of the people about whom it wags. My dear, there is a story about your husband. I don't want to alarm you. It probably is not true, but I feel you should know the gossip if it concerns you." "I was alarmed. What wild tale had he circulated about Arthur?" "Please tell me what it is," I urged, forcing a smile. "It is very painful for me to have to tell you, but it really is my duty, isn't it, dear?" Her enjoyment of the situation was obvious. She seemed to take a diabolical delight in seeing me quake. She was flushed and eager, and yet she seemed to want to play with me. "Yes," I said, "please tell me what you know." "Were you ever struck a sudden blow? Even though you expect to be pained, the blow is always more severe and stunning than you expected. "Your husband was seen kissing the Staley girl last night. It is being bruited all about the neighborhood. Everyone is talking of it, and I will not be surprised if it reached the Staleys." "I felt I had paled, but I smiled at her. I could not bear to hear any more, and yet I could not let her see that I believed her to the extent of wanting details. Instead of questioning her, I told her that it was impossible for me to believe such a wild illusion. "You realize, Miss Brooks, it is very unethical to tell of such a thing unless you have proof, and I am sure you have no proof. You will not talk of it again will you?" "Proof," she retorted. "Proof, you say? There is plenty of proof. Two people saw him do it, and they both told me. They are very indignant. What better proof do you want?" I laughed at her. I resented her telling me. She had no right to carry gossip, although I knew she could not live without spreading gossip of some sort. "I shall ask my husband about it," I said. "I know it is untrue, and I know he will be angry. We will not talk of it again." "I was not sure that it was untrue. I was not certain that Myrtle's story was not shared by Arthur, but I could not let Miss Brooks see my uncertainty. I put on my things and we went shopping. (To be Continued.)

MULES WIN BATTLES.

Loyalty of the Indian Muleteer a Byword in the Armies. Perhaps there never was a more picturesque campaign than that being carried on in ancient Mesopotamia. The war is too engrossing to permit of very much attention being given to the spectacular. But we gain something of the color of the surroundings of things from the description given by Mr. Edmund Candler, representative of the British Press in Mesopotamia, of the transport service in Mesopotamia. The first and second line transport is served by pack mules, Indian Army transport carts drawn by mules and ponies, camels, and a bullock train for the heavy guns. It is doubtful if any other army can count on being so efficiently served in the way of transport when fighting in an inhospitable country. In the old days before the war the drabi (mule driver) was a worthy drudge, and as such respected. He got more kicks and less halfpence than anybody else in the army. Perhaps it is adversity that has moulded him. Before August 19 there was only one case in which an Indian mule driver received a decoration. At Sabil and Suaba alone six members of the corps were awarded the Indian Order of Merit. And in France the drabi's reputation was high. It was drabi who pursued his escaping mule almost into the German lines at Loos, crying out that the beast had broken his heel rope and that his Sahib would be angry. It was a drabi who sat through the whole of the bombardment at Neuve Chapelle when all the rest of his column had taken cover. He wandered about all night unable to find his destination. His cart was "written off" for the bombardier in charge, who had obeyed the order: "All into your dug-outs," said that nothing could live through that fire. In the morning the drabi turned up at Brigade Headquarters with his ammunition, explaining that he had lost the way. "Rasta bul gia, hazur." When asked what the fire was like he said that the wind from the shells was like the monsoons in the hills at Dharmasala. And only the other day All Hussein, drabi, must need report himself sick on January 23. The doctor found a bullet in his shoulder. "Where were you wounded?" he was asked. "In the battle, Sahib." "But that was on the 21st. Why did you not report yourself before?" "Sahib," he said, "during the night I had no time. The wounded were too many." He had made the journey to the trenches in his cart ten or a dozen times through the darkness and cold and mud and rain. If beasts were decorated, the mule would be covered with ribbons. He also knows not defeat. In the second line the brunt of the work has fallen on the ponies and mules of the Jaipur and Bharatpur Imperial Service Transport Corps. It is commonly reported in the force—with what truth I cannot say—that the Jaipur pony transport train won the battle of Shaiba. The story is that when the 200 carts appeared cantering up on the horizon in the blur of the mirage as dusk fell, the Turkish general, taking them for a new brigade of cavalry, decamped. The camel so far has been but an auxiliary in the second line of transport, but much is expected of him, though he is woefully misunderstood. Like the yak, he is a providentially ascetic beast. The camel's mining gait and supercilious glances are generally attributed to pose; as a matter of fact they are the expression of an inward and unsuspected delicacy. Neither the British officer nor the Indian sepoy, as a rule, understand the camel of a strange land. Too often the camel's uncouth bulk, combined with his uncanny asceticism, leaves a false impression of hardness, and adds to his yoke. Weight is piled on, and his cries ascend to deaf ears. But well cared for, sufficiently equipped, and tactfully treated, the camel is second only as a beast of burden to the mule.



THE really particular among cyclists have learned to appreciate the attractiveness of Goodyear "Blue Streaks." Blue Streak White Diamond Tire-an aristocratic tire of white rubber-the All-Weather Tread as strong as it is handsome-the bicycle tire de luxe. \$3.00 GOODYEAR MADE IN CANADA BICYCLE TIRES

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"Low Cost of Living" Menu

- Menu for Tuesday: BREAKFAST: Fresh or Stewed Fruit of Choice, MIEK Toast, Jelly Omelet, Whole Wheat Drop Biscuit, Coffee or Cocoa. LUNCHEON OR SUPPER: Potato Salad, Steamed Half-smoked Sausage, Baking Potatoes, Whole Wheat Bread, Raspberries, Buttersilk or Tea. DINNER: Oatmeal soup, Beet Tops with Bacon or Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Stewed Cucumbers with Onions, Blackberry Plummary, Coffee. Lamb Salad: Whole Wheat Drop Biscuits. Materials-Two cups coarse whole wheat flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 teaspoons shortening, 1 cup milk. Utensils-Mixing bowl, 2 measuring cups, teaspoon, tablespoon, strainer, pie-tins or muffin tins. Directions-Put the flour, salt and baking powder into bowl; mix well or sift through coarse strainer; add shortening and rub in very lightly; add the milk. It must be a soft dough and handled with a spoon. Brush pie-tins with lard, and put a tablespoon on, quite far apart. The less they are handled the better they will be. They can be baked in muffin tins, but will not be as attractive as pieces, about six to each egg, and arrange them in small lettuce leaves to form the petals of a pond lily. Nasturtium leaves may be used, if desired. Grate the yolks, mix them with chopped olives and celery, and then pile the mixture into little mounds in the centre of the white petals. Serve with mayonnaise dressing. A considerable number of wealthy American women who married Englishmen and are living in England will be hit heavily by the new income tax on American securities. No kissing, no hugging, no swearing and at least \$10 per week pay is the ultimatum that has been sent around to the men who employ stenographers in Boston.

It Was "Some Bath" All Right. Lord Milner tells an amusing story of a bath he once had. It was in Johannesburg. The weather was appallingly hot. The city gasped. Lord Milner arrived at a certain hotel and ordered a bath. The order made the hotel people gasp afresh, but they carried it out. After his bath a deputation of perspiring citizens waited upon Lord Milner. They explained their grievances. Water was so scarce the poor people were forbidden to use it for washing, they said. What could Lord Milner do in the matter, they asked. "But, gentlemen," he replied in astonishment, "I had no idea there was any scarcity of water in Johannesburg. Why I had a bath full to splash in when I came here." The deputation eyed one another. T. en said the spokesman: "My lord, I think, if you care to inquire, you will find that your bath was filled with imported English soda-water at two shillings a bottle." The spokesman was right, too. Official announcement is made of the appointment by Pope Benedict of Monsignor Locatelli as papal nuncio to Belgium. The Russo-Japanese treaty just signed seeks to check German aggrandizement in the Orient.

A Man's Meal for Five Cents. Living on mush makes a mushy man. A man who works with hand or brain must have a man's food. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream will supply all the strength-giving nutriment needed for a half-day's work or play at a cost of not over five cents. Simply crisp a few Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven and serve with fresh fruits and milk or cream.



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