



THE "DELECTO" assortment is the finest of all G. B. Chocolates—a box of distinction as well as deliciousness.

It contains Fruits, Nuts, Jellies, Nugatines, Creams—in exquisite flavors and novel forms.

Ganong's Chocolates The finest in the Land

Originated by GANONG BROS. LIMITED ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Made for Fifty Years of Fine Chocolates.



To Those Who Bake

EXPERIENCE has taught good cooks that there is no flour quite as good as Beaver Flour.

BEAVER FLOUR

is the ideal flour for all baking purposes. It is a blended flour, combining the richness and delicate qualities of the world-famed Ontario Winter Wheat with the strength and body of Western Hard Wheat.

Beaver Flour imparts to bakings the qualities which make your bread, pies, cakes and pastries real food treats.

Try it! Sold by your grocer.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, Chatham Ontario



A Snug, Comfortable Suit.

When you slip into a suit of Watson's Spring Needle underwear, you feel "fitted" and comfortable. The action of the body is unhampered by a Watson garment which gives freely when the limbs are active.

All styles, all sizes and in various fabrics for men, women and children.

Watson's UNDERWEAR

The Watson Manufacturing Company, Limited, Brantford, Ontario

A Bargain in Red On Verge Was Of Giving Up

A BARGAIN IN RED

Ellen Prime entered Lapp's store with one firm resolve clutched as tightly as the purse in her hand. The set of her lips and the lift of her head betrayed this resolve, which was to buy her daughter, Olive, a blue serge dress.

It was a bright fall afternoon and a goodly crowd of shoppers filled the store. Ellen saw that she could not get near a counter for some time, so she strayed about, looking at this and that while she awaited her turn. If she had been able to go straight to the counter and get waited upon, much that happened might have been avoided. As it was, her straggles led her to the remnant table and there she paused, uncontrollably fascinated.

There was but one other person at the bargain table, and that was Medora Moffet.

"Look here, Ellen," Medora said. "Here's just what you want. And it's a bargain," she held up a piece of red poplin.

If Ellen had looked at Medora's little, eager, malicious face instead of at the fabric she might still have been saved, but the color caught her glance. Ellen loved red. She couldn't help it. She had loved it ever since she was eleven, and this same Medora Moffet had had a red cashmere one winter while she had had to go around in an ugly, old brown hand-down of her older sisters. To this day the sight of that particular shade of red would cause a thrill in Ellen. She was not ashamed of it, either.

Of course, this piece of poplin was not the shade she most liked, and then, to her mind, poplin always looked fearfully funny, but it had a pretty shine, like silk, as she took it out of Medora's hands and inspected it. Ellen had had all too few pretty things in her life and she still had a young girl's eager ness for them. And this poplin was ridiculously cheap. Why, it would not take all the money she had in her purse.

"I'm looking for serge," said Medora, "but I don't know as I shall get any. It's fearfully expensive. Have you noticed how high it is?"

Ellen shook her head. "I don't know as I have."

Medora moved away, leaving Ellen alone with the red poplin. A salesgirl who had an eye on the bargain table, came forward.

"That's a nice piece of poplin, Mrs. Prime," she said, as Ellen laid it down. She unfolded it and flung the fascinating folds about. "You would trim it with black and it'd be swell," she said, holding it under her chin.

If she had not done that Ellen might have resisted, but she was such a pretty girl, dark eyed, with a clear skin, and the red turned her into a glittering vampire. The fabric seemed a dozen times more desirable than it had been before.

"I guess I'll take it," faltered Ellen, and she began hastily to count out the money.

The girl who had lost her vampire look the instant red poplin was withdrawn from under her chin wrapped the purchase nonchalantly. "Kinda nasty cold, ray day," she remarked.

"It is so," murmured Ellen. She tied down a back aisle away from Medora and other red-worshipping and reached the street rather breathless. "Well, there!" she said. "Well, there!"

"All the way home she planned the making of the dress. Ellen's home was small and gray, on a quiet street, a neat house outwardly which was as her husband would have it but within her love of decoration made it seem a trifle messy. However, it was bright and warm and cozy, and there was no mistaking the welcome it extended. By the sitting room stove, bent over a book, was a girl of sixteen. Ellen's only child, a girl of sixteen. Olive took after her father, though she might have had better looks if she had resembled Ellen, who was dark and rather spirited. As it was Olive was thin, pale and very fair—one of those bleached young things that cannot stand a high

FEELS TEN YEARS YOUNGER SINCE TANLAC RESTORED HEALTH

"I am now enjoying splendid health for the first time in many years, and I have to thank Tanlac for it," said Mrs. Annie Shepherd, of Catherine St., Sydney, N. S., when in at Turnbull's drug store, recently.

"For quite seven years I suffered from chronic indigestion. My food would sour in my stomach and form gas that made me feel miserable all the time. No matter how light the food I ate, this gas would form and come up into my chest and throat until I could hardly breathe. The smell of things cooking would so nauseate me that I could hardly stop in the kitchen and had difficulty in retaining my food. My appetite was very poor all the time so that I didn't care whether I ate or not. I was continually constipated, and scarcely ever free of a headache, which was sometimes so bad that I had to stay in bed. I restlessly tried to get up and pace the floor. I was getting worse all the time, and although I tried all sorts of treatment and medicine I failed to get any relief, and finally came to think I should never be any better.

"But Tanlac seemed to suit my case from the very start, and now after taking four bottles I am completely rid of all my troubles. My appetite is just splendid and I can eat three good meals a day and never suffer the least bit from indigestion. I am never bothered with sourness or gas or shortness of breath. My constipation is relieved, and I never have the sign of a headache. I sleep like a baby every night, and get up in the morning really feel ten years younger, and am stronger and better in health in every way. I think Tanlac is a splendid medicine, and have the utmost confidence in recommending it."

Tanlac is sold in Charlottetown by Reddin Bros., in Montague by H. J. Mabon and by the leading druggists in every town.

note either in style or color. She lifted her head and looked expectantly at her mother and the parcel.

"Oh, you got it!" she exclaimed. "Let me see it!" She jumped up and tried to take the parcel away from her mother.

But Ellen held fast to it. "Now, see here, Olive," she said. "I want to explain before I show you what I got. Serge is awful high and—"

The light went out of Olive's face. "I might have known it," she said, bitterly. "You've gone and turned her back on her mother, staring out and chewing her fingers."

Ellen sat down rather heavily and looked helplessly at her daughter. "Olive," she began.

Olive turned with a swim. "And Meddy Moffet's got a perfectly lovely new blue serge which she wore to school today for the first time," she exploded.

"Meddy Moffet!" said Ellen, bewilderedly.

"Any old of course, she don't want anyone else to have one like it. She will be pleased, anyway." Ellen could not speak, went on Olive, using her handkerchief freely, "just because you were so crazy about it. You've bought every red remnant this town has sold for the last dozen years. You know you have, mother, and I've worn them. And I bet look like a sick cat in red. Meddy Moffet always says soft takes dark people like you to wear red or different colored blouses than I am, anyway. And I wanted a blue serge like Meddy's because—because Eric Warren, don't know which of us he likes best. But he'll know now all right—as soon as he sees me in another red dress!"

FRECKLE -- FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-Face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a cent unless it removes the freckles, while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easily it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Olive wiped her nose resignedly.

"well, let's see it and get it over with," she said. "I suppose I ought to be thankful to have any dress at all. I don't want to be mean, mamma."

"Neither do I," said Ellen quickly. "I begin to understand, Olive. And you have been patient. But you see, I always loved red so, and I guess I didn't think any farther. I'm glad you've shown me just how you feel. I wish you had before, but you've never said a word. You're a good girl. And you needn't wear what I've got in this parcel. I'll take it right back to the store and get you what you wanted. You've a right to it, if anybody has."

Medora Moffet was just coming out of the store as Ellen, very high-headed and scarlet, entered. "What you back for as soon as this?" inquired Medora.

"I'm returning my bargain," Ellen answered. "I'm going to get Olive the nicest blue serge I can find and make it up with black silk braid and an anchor on the sleeve. They stood an instant eye to eye. Then Medora laughed. "You'll find it'll cost you something," she said. "I don't care," said Ellen. "It'll be cheap at that," and she went past Medora into the store.

KASPAR HAUSER.

Mystery That Excited Europe Nine Years Ago.

For sheer strangeness the mystery of Kaspar Hauser, which a little less than a century ago was one which held the attention of all Europe, has probably never been surpassed. Dozens of extraordinary tales were invented, circulated, believed. Responsible writers advanced the theory that Kaspar Hauser was a son of the Grand Duke Charles of Baden, kidnapped by the Countess of Hochberg in order to secure the succession of the children of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick. Thousands pored over the "Annamach de Gotha" in order to endow the mysterious and afflicted being with illustrious birth.

One morning in May 1828, in one of the streets of the old walled town of Nuremberg, there was found a youth of sixteen or seventeen years of age, dressed in peasant garb. He was dazed and mumbling incoherently. On his person was found a letter addressed to one of the town officials. This letter was apparently from an illiterate workman and related that the boy had been left in his care when an infant and brought up in the strictest seclusion.

Within the first letter there was another letter, purporting to be from the boy's mother, and bearing marks of cruelty, saying that the lad's father had been an officer in a cavalry regiment. These explanations were dismissed as unsatisfactory on account of the youth's peculiar personality. His vocal organs were unimpaired yet he could not talk; the soles of his feet were convex and he could not walk. Sounds and the sight of the commonest objects terrified him. The ringing of a bell threw him into paroxysms of weeping, and the music of a street band caused him to swoon. He would eat only bread and water.

Under instruction he learned with extreme rapidity and his own story, when he was able to tell it, heightened the mystery. According to this, as far back as he could remember he had always lived in a cage or a hole in the ground so small that the only way he could rest was sitting down. Later in the morning of his discovery in Nuremberg he had never seen the sun or heard the sounds of the outer world. Two toy horses were the only objects of which he had any knowledge. Bread and water had been served to him by a person of whom he spoke as "the man." One night when he was sleeping "the man" had awakened him, taught him to stand, walk had put shoes on his feet, and taken him to Nuremberg. It was a tale that roused wide interest. The boy was adopted by the authorities and placed under instructors among them. Prof. Daumer, who took him to his home, where thousands flocked to see the strange youth and hear the mysterious story.

In October, 1829, an interest that had been waning was fanned to new life. Daumer heard frightened cries coming from his protégé's room and rushed in found Kaspar writhing on the floor with blood flowing from a wound in his head. His story was that "the man" had come with blackened face and stabbed him. It was impossible, however, to find any trace of the alleged assailant.

But in greater numbers curious crowds came from all parts of Europe to see Kaspar. An eccentric English nobleman, Lord Stanhope, adopted him and sent him to Anspach to be educated. But his early promise was not realized. He showed signs of intellectual degeneration. In December, 1833 came another strange attack, real or alleged. Kaspar staggered into Lord Stanhope's apartment in Anspach with blood dripping from a knife wound in his side. "Palace—Uzen monument—purse!" he gasped, and then fell to the floor, dead.

Acting upon the clue, Lord Stan-



"YOU'LL LIKE THE FLAVOR"

Ten Years After

Ten years ago the first packages of KING COLE TEA were packed and put on the market. The time that has elapsed since then has been filled with hard work and with many difficult situations to be met and overcome. But withal, it has been a period of unquestionable, steady and persistent progress. KING COLE TEA has never looked back. Every year has brought its increase. Today its sale is ten times greater than the first year's business. This is the public's remarkable tribute to the worth of KING COLE TEA. It speaks for unusual service.



hope went to the Uzen monument in the palace grounds and there found a purse of violet colored silk containing a slip of paper on which had been scrawled: "Kaspar Hauser born April 30, 1812. Murdered December 14, 1833. Know by this that I come from the Bavarian frontier by the river. These are the initials of my name, M.L.B." A reward of five thousand florins offered for the apprehension of the assassin by Lord Stanhope led to nothing. People had grown sceptical, and the belief was general that the wound had been self-inflicted, though the count had not counted on its proving mortal.

MARTIN-SENOUR PAINTS AND VARNISHES advertisement with various product illustrations and text.

BRINGING UP FATHER comic strip panels with dialogue.