

CARRYING ON IN HER OWN SWEET WAY

(New York Sun.)

"Two lumps or three, my dear? Oh, I feel sure those poor dear Belgians are way past caring about any sugar. Do make it three!"

"Have a sandwich with it? Uh-huh, caviare. Isn't it strange how one will crave all those imported things since the war? I suppose it's that everlasting wanting something hard to get. I never loved it so before."

"Have a bonbon with it? Would you believe it if I tell you that after all these years Jim still says 'sweets to the sweet' when he brings me my five pound box of chocolates every Saturday night? Jim says we all need more luxuries now than ever—to help us bear this horrid war depression."

"My dear, doesn't it depress you to read those awful lists of the dead they are printing each day? And the coal situation so dreadful, an everything so horrid!"

"Excuse me a minute, won't you? It's the time I always open all those front windows to air out a bit. Every day I do it about an hour."

"If you'll believe me, it was only 66 in here yesterday at noon! That landlady of ours said she objected to heating the dooryard in wartime. The audacity of it! I guess, with all the rent we pay I can leave my windows open if I want to. My dear, she's a perfect terror! She must have some sort of a secret device, like a dictaphone, you know, for keeping this flat only 68. She's simply hoarding her coal—the fuel administrator certainly ought to know it. Her nerve—remark ing about my open windows! Jim says

it's easy enough to get plenty of coal if you only know how."

"Your ninth sweater! Have another cup—please do! U-m-m, I could just eat candy all day, couldn't you? No, I haven't begun to knit yet—it makes my muscles ache—I'm sure it would if I began. If war keeps up long enough I shall probably have to break in. But just now it does seem as if all the old maids and the widows and the women out of work might knit all the sweaters the army needs. And besides, Jim joined the Red Cross, and I guess my husband gives enough money so I don't have to start that silly lingo—'knit two, purl two'—just yet."

"Well, who would have ever thought you would Hooverize my pound cake! Take a piece, my dear, do take a piece—you need more sweets and fats in winter time."

"Awfully glad you like my new wall paper. I made that landlady change paper hangers three times before I was satisfied. I guess we pay enough rent so I can change my mind once in a while if I want to. She'll get a nice bill for it—oh, do have another caviare. Oh, I almost forgot to show you my new fur coat! Jim gave it to me when I had gripe. I told him he'd be sorry when I was dead—sorry he had let his wife go around in nothing but a moleskin stole all winter. He paid \$400 for it, right on top of a lot of insurance for me. Isn't Jim sweet? In case of sickness one's real nature always comes to the top—don't you think so?"

NO DECISION REACHED YET

(Canadian Press direct wire.)

Ottawa, Feb. 14.—Steps to be taken to secure additional reinforcements under the Military Service Act are, it is understood, now under consideration, the government, it is officially indicated, has not as yet reported a definite decision as to the calling out of any further class or sub-classes.

In the meantime, every effort is being made to increase the number of men available in class 1. Representations have been made to the appeal tribunals to dispose of pending claims at as early a date as possible.

GIRLS! DRAW A MOIST CLOTH THROUGH HAIR, DOUBLE ITS BEAUTY

Try this! Hair gets thick, glossy, wavy and beautiful at once.

Immediate?—Yes. Certain?—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Beside beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter and just try it.

END OF THE MEATLESS DAY.

(Philadelphia Ledger.)

When we come to the end of meatless day

And we sit alone with our thought Of the bread so thin and the pie so small

And those eggs that the waiter brought;

How we long for the steaks and the chops of yore

And bowls full of sugar white, As we come to the end of a meatless day

With the prices "out of sight."

When we come to the end of a wheatless day

And begin on a sleepless night, Is it strange if we think of the days to come

With plans for our appetite?

Will we shave on the prunes through the coming noon,

And cut down the codfish cakes?

Shall we choose every dish that's composed of fish?

Sure! We will for the soldiers' sakes.

When we come to the end of this beastly war

And the guns and bombs are all still,

We will hoil in oil old Hindenburg And his boss, old Kaiser Bill;

For they're both too tough and quite too rough

For even the place below,

So we'll hoil them well ere they're shipped to —

For the pyrotechnic show.

MADE IN NEW YORK.

A New York man gets up to the Alarm of a Connecticut clock, Buttons his Chicago suspenders to His Rochester pants, Goes and raises a Michigan Window shade, washes his hands With Milwaukee soap, in a Pittsburg pan, sits down at a Grand Rapids table, eats Battle Creek breakfast food, Chicago meat and Indiana hominy Fried in Kansas lard on a St. Louis stove, rides down town Over Bethlehem rails, consults a Cincinnati filing cabinet and Dictates to Jersey City girl Who uses a Syracuse typewriter. Before he goes to bed that night He reads a book printed in Boston And says a prayer which was Written in Jerusalem, and touns out A Wilmington electric light, And says, "Lil' ol' N'Yawk is Some town—some town! The only town."

POPE PLEASED WITH MESSAGE

(Canadian Press direct wire.)

Rome, Feb. 14.—Pope Benedict and Cardinal Gasparri, the Papal Secretary of state, yesterday discussed President Wilson's latest message. Cardinal Gasparri is reported to have said it may lead to pour parlor and prevent a further offensive, thus saving the world new horrors and the loss of precious lives and property. He is said to have added that the message perhaps was a starting point for negotiations to a just and lasting peace.

WILLARD WILL FIGHT AGAIN

Kansas City, Mo., Feb. 14.—Jess Willard, champion heavyweight pugilist, who is here on business announced last night that he stood ready and willing to meet in Cheyenne, Wyoming, July 4, the winner of the Jack Dempsey-Fred Fulton bout.

NEW THEORIES FOR RAISING CHICKENS

No, They Don't Really Need Hot Meals, Cupolas, Sun-Parlors and Dumb Waiters.

(Chicago News.)

"We ought to have some chickens," observed the little lady who was putting an extra polish on her wedding presents.

"No," replied the large, fat man, who had given the wedding present she was polishing. "You don't know anything about chickens and neither does my son John. So you'd better leave chicken raising to some one who knows about it. I'm pretty well acquainted with John and he is too lazy for any such strenuous undertaking as chicken raising."

"But I know all about them!" exclaimed the little lady. "I really do. Mr. Neighbobber gets fourteen eggs a day!"

"Yes, I know Neighbobber gets fourteen, but a lot of other people aren't getting any at all. Nobody ever worked as hard over chickens as Neighbobber does. Why, he makes gymnasts of them. He puts them in training. He has a punching bag for them!"

"Oh, no," laughed the little lady.



Wood's Peppermint Cure.
The Great Cough Remedy. Cures and invigorates the whole nervous system, restores new blood to old veins, cures Acute Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all other lung troubles. Price 21 per box, six for \$1.00. One-half price, 10¢ per box, for the poor. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. **THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, CANADA.** (Formerly Windsor.)

AN IRISH COMEBACK.

An Irishman employed in a large factory had taken a day off without permission and seemed likely to lose his job in consequence. When asked by his foreman the next day why he had not turned up that day before, he replied:

"I was a ill, sir, that I could not come to work to save me life."

"How was it then, Pat, that I saw you pass the factory on your bicycle during the morning?" asked the foreman.

Pat was slightly taken aback, then regaining his presence of mind, he replied:

"Sure, sir, that must have been when I was going for the doctor."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. H. H. H.*



Old Dutch

You Will Be Proud of your pantry if you use

Old Dutch. It keeps things clean and bright with very little labor.



"That's not a punching bag. That's just an ear of corn suspended by a string so that the chickens will have to jump at it in order to get the corn off the cob. That gives them exercise which is necessary for them. John and I could hang up an ear of corn by a string, couldn't we?"

"Yes, but you have to do more than that to get eggs," insisted the big man. "People who just throw out a handful of wheat and a few scraps now and then never have any eggs and never will. You can't get eggs by feeding chickens in any such amateurish way. Old Neighbobber cooks breakfast for his chickens. Hot mush, that's what they get, and he cooks it himself."

"Absurd!" declared the little lady. "That isn't hot mush—that's only a little bran cooked up with hot water! Nothing very difficult about that. Even John could mix bran and hot water."

"Yes, but that's not all!" maintained the large fat man. "Neighbobber has built cupolas and sun parlors for his chickens, and I wouldn't be surprised if they had dumb-waiters and built-in beds."

"Silly! There are no dumb-waiters and beds. You see, chickens have no dishes and no beds. They eat off the ground and sleep on sticks."

"Well, Neighbobber's chickens don't eat off the ground. Old Neighbobber sets the table for them and makes their beds every day. I've seen him doing it!"

"He doesn't!" insisted the little lady. "The straw you saw isn't for their beds. It's to lay in, not to lie in. And the table setting is merely a scheme that makes them scratch under the straw for their feed, which

FACE NOTHING BUT RUNNING SORES FROM ECZEMA

No rest day or night for those afflicted with that terrible skin disease, eczema, or, as it is often called, salt. With its unbearable burning, itching, torturing day and night, relief is gladly welcomed.

There is no remedy like Burdock Blood Bitters for giving relief to sufferers; no other remedy has done or can do so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture. Apply it externally and it takes out the stinging, itching and burning, and promotes a healthy healing.

Take it internally and it gets at the source of the disease in the blood and completely and permanently drives it out of the system.

Miss Mary V. Chambers, Anagance Ridge, N. B., writes: "I used Burdock Blood Bitters for eczema. I had it when an infant, but it left me. Two years ago it came back. I used doctors' medicine, but it did good only while I used it. At last my face was not better but a running sore. I saw in the paper what B.B.B. did for people. I took it, and today I am free from that terrible disease."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

is very healthy for them. They should scratch, and I am sure that John and I could—"

The large, fat man threw up his hands and relinquished the argument.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

A safe, reliable, repelling medicine. Sold in three degrees of strength—No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$2; No. 3, \$3 per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. Address: **THE COOK MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.** (Formerly Windsor.)



MEN'S WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S

Boots and Shoes

At Reduced Prices

Mens and Boys Furnishings

J. R. Monteith

'Phone 502—North Devon.

Imperial Cold Cure

Will check a cold in a few hours. Does not cause ringing in the head.

Price 25 cents. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Sold only by

C. FRED CHESTNUT THE QUALITY DRUG STORE 572 Queen Street.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING

The value of Advertising in all cases must be based on the return for the outlay. No better opportunity in this respect can be found in this locality than

THE DAILY MAIL

This paper has a special value to the local advertiser, as the majority of its readers are in this city and the immediate surrounding country.

Our Advertising Rates will be found decidedly reasonable in view of the results obtained.

PEOPLE READ ADVERTISEMENTS

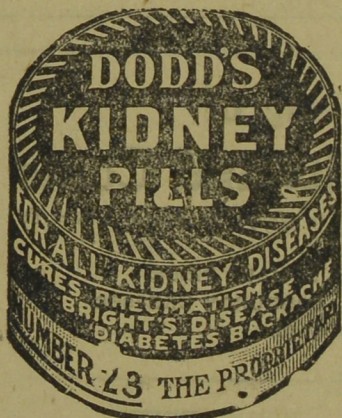
They are trying to buy as wisely as they can. It is necessary that they should.

They are eager to know what the local merchants have to offer, and good live advertising is interesting reading to them.

Most of our enterprising business men have already realized this fact and their advertising appears regularly in the Mail.

If you are not a regular advertiser in the DAILY or SEMI-WEEKLY MAIL, you are overlooking an opportunity that no business man in this locality ought to be too busy to appreciate.

In spite of increased prices of materials and the upward tendency in rates for all services in the business world, the subscription price of the Mail has not been increased, and we are daily booking new subscribers, which means more readers and customers for our advertisers.



WHICH?

"This bulk tea is the best I could buy at the price, Mrs. Brown, but I believe you will like Red Rose better."

"We use Red Rose at home and like the rich flavor. My wife says it goes further."

Hundreds of grocers are making statements somewhat like this.

They have sold Red Rose Tea for many years and have found the quality so good that they use it in their homes.

Most grocers naturally like to make an extra profit on their bulk tea, but they cannot help recommending Red Rose Tea because they know it's worth the price.

They know it goes further because it consists chiefly of the teas from Assam in Northern India, the strongest, richest teas grown anywhere in the world.

Red Rose tastes better and goes further.

Kept Good by the Sealed Package



T. H. Estabrooks Co., Limited
St. John, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton

Red Rose Coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea