

Raisins

New Lot Just in.
50 Boxes SEEDLESS
RAISINS
25 Lb. Box for
\$3.00
Get one while they last
14c Single Pound.

SEEDED or SEEDLESS
RAISINS, 15c pkg.

BULK CURRANTS
15c pound.

NEW
MIXED NUTS
25c Pound

FRESH
ROASTED PEANUTS
25c Pound

CANDY

See our Assortment.
RIBBON CANDY
25c Pound.

BARLEY TOYS
30c Pound.

SPECIAL MIXED
35c Pound.

PREMIER CREAMS
30c Pound.

ASST. BON BONS
35c Pound.

KISSES
30c Pound.

FANCY CHOCOLATES
35c Pound.

MIXED CANDY
18c, 2 lbs. for 25c.

CUT ROCK
20c Pound.

CHICKEN BONES
40c Pound.

HALF CREAMS and
HALF CHOCOLATES
30c Pound.

See our
5 LB. BOXES
You can save money.

YERXA GROCERY CO.

2 STORES
York St. Tel. 305
Queen St. Tel. 567

Two Husbands Wanted

by Hazel Deyo Batchelor



SYNOPSIS
Polly Long, a mannequin in the fashion establishment of Madame Therese, falls in love with Ralph Halliday, and he with her. Ralph's wife Lola has drifted away from him, and Polly is led to believe by Therese, the mannequins and Ralph that Lola is his sister instead of his wife. Ralph persuades the Longs to move from Jersey City to New York, and after Annette has followed her home from work one night and Mrs. Long meets her, she half-heartedly consents to Polly's changing her work. Lola leaves for Florida and Dick moves into town. He brings a friend of his, John Blake, to the apartment for dinner. John is manifestly interested in Polly.

CHAPTER VIII
CHRISTMAS NIGHT.
Ralph had filled the apartment with flowers, and Mrs. Long approved. He must not give Polly expensive presents like a ring or anything like that until the engagement was properly announced and she was sure his parents approved.
So that after Ralph and John left there was much laughter and talk as the two women prepared for bed.
"Wasn't it sweet?" Polly called from her bedroom. It was still early, but she was removing her dress and getting into a kimono. The day had been more or less strenuous.
"Are you pleased with the flowers, dear?"
A silence while Mrs. Long's heart yearned. No other gifts until everything was properly arranged. It simply couldn't be!
"The dinner was lovely!" Polly called into the silence, and Mrs. Long, who had been holding her breath, relaxed. She wasn't going to say anything, the darling!
"Wasn't it?" Mrs. Long agreed happily.
After the maid had cleaned things away and was busy in the kitchen they sat for a time in the big room. Mrs. Long played for a time on the piano. Polly hummed and looked dreamily into the fire.
John Blake was nice, ran her thoughts, she did like him, but Ralph was the King who came but once. Romance! Romance!
Mrs. Long's hands paused on the keys.
"Tired, dear?"
"No."
"Sure?"
Polly yawned behind a slim pink hand.
"Just a little," she admitted.
"Let's go to bed then, shall we?"
Polly rose wearily and went to her room, where the bed had been opened for her. She called good-night happily and was asleep in fifteen minutes. But that hadn't kept her from thinking that Ralph might have given her some little gift, something inexpensive that

she could keep until he put his seal on her finger!
That night at the Harvard Club the two men sat smoking and drinking some cordials from a supply kept in Ralph's room.
Ralph was restless. He felt John's disapproval and chafed under it.
For a time neither man spoke. Then John said slowly:
"Don't encourage that sweet child to go on the stage."
"Why not?"
"She's too fresh, too young, too beautiful."
"You sound interested."
Ralph was thinking.
What was that story about John? Of course, it could not be openly mentioned, but somewhere in the past there was the tragedy of John's life. No one ever talked to him about it now, and, although Ralph was eager, he kept a close guard on his tongue.
"Interested in her welfare," John said at last, "as any man would be in any young girl. How did you happen to know the Longs?"
"Polly was a mannequin in a place where Lola buys frocks."
"Does she know about Lola?"
"She thinks Lola is my sister."
"What!"
Ralph nodded.
"Why not? Polly is young and full of romance. She'll meet some one before long who will marry her. In the meantime, I'm taking a brotherly interest in her. They've been very kind to me."
John thought of the protecting influence of Mrs. Long, whose eyes had been merry under the purple cap. He supposed it was all right in a way with Polly's mother there to look after things. But suppose she fell in love with Ralph in the meantime. There had been murmurs of dissention between Lola and Ralph. John knew that. But he no more wanted to speak of that than he wanted to hear his own past mentioned.
"That apartment must be expensive."
"Mrs. Long has money left her by her husband."
"Much?"
"Enough until Polly is launched."
"But why shift her from her mannequin position to the stage?"
"Because she was followed there one night by Annette, one of the mannequins. Polly told her nothing, but she was disagreeable."
"You mean she knows you're married and Polly doesn't?"
"Yes."
"Why doesn't she tell her?"
"She's been forbidden on penalty of losing her job."
"You arranged that?"
"Yes."
"Oh, Ralph!"
"Keep your shirt on, John. I have Polly's best interests at heart."
"Suppose she falls in love with you?"
"She won't! She likes me as a sister should and nothing more."

"Let's hope so."
But Ralph smiled complacently as he poured another thimbleful of brandy. He had seen that look of shy adoration in Polly's sweet brown eyes. It flattered him. If Lola's eyes once wore that look—if—if—
"Shall we go to bed?"
"All right."
"One more nightcap?"
John accepted. Both men were fighting off the time for sleep and Ralph's eyes were relieved as he poured from the old bottle.
They drank and smoked, smoked and drank. And then they were suddenly tired and a bit muzzy.
Christmas night, and it had been a nice day! thought Ralph as he crawled between the sheets.
Christmas Day, thought John, and Polly and her mother! Such a darling mother! And Polly didn't smoke or drink or do anything but look lovely. Sweet Polly, who was to be sacrificed on the stage!
Tomorrow—Polly Gets Her Chance.

THE EDITOR'S ROOM
(From Literary Digest)
Oh! a curious place is an editor's den
That sanctum sanctorum that's ruled by the pen
The odors are musty
The furnishings dusty
But it's cozy and bright to the newspaper men.
Though files are untidy and cobwebs are thick
The wires of the world are all buzzing "be quick"
We want more excitement
Some wreck or indictment"
So the editors work while the typewriters click.
When you enter the room and just take a peep
At the politics wedding and deaths in a heap
With fires and divorces
The question of course is
How ever they sort it and sell it so cheap.
But shuttles fly fast in the newspaper loom
Be the yooof and the warp news of panic or boom
And yet you will wonder
Whenever in thunder
It's housecleaning day in the editors room.

Cook's Regulating Compound
A safe, reliable, regulating medicine for women. Sold in three degrees of strength. No. 1, \$1; No. 2, \$3; No. 3, \$5. Sold by all druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Free pamphlet. **THE COOK MEDICINE CO.** Toronto, Canada. Sole Proprietors and Patent Medicine Art. Registered 1910.

RED ROSE TEA

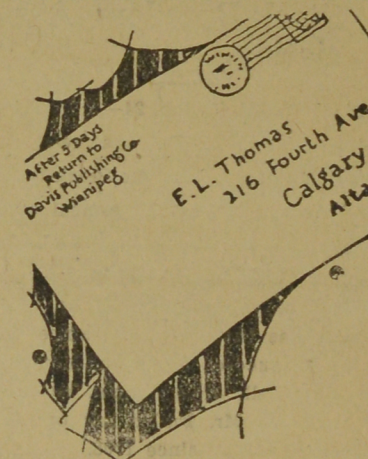
"is good tea"

Red Rose Orange Pekoe
—Top Quality
In clean, bright Aluminum

POLAND IS PROSPEROUS UNDER THE NEW ORDER; CITADEL OF WARSAW A SABBATH RESORT

I have just motored through Germany and Poland to Warsaw, the crossroads of East and West that open out on to the avenues of world trade—to Moscow and the Far East, to America by way of the Baltic, to Vienna, Budapest and the Black Sea, to Berlin, Paris and London, says Lieut. Col. P. T. Etherington in the Westminster Gazette.
I knew Warsaw in prewar days when it was under the heel of the Muscovite, when a Russian Grand Duke was its Governor and the Cossacks of the Don careered through its streets brandishing their "nagaikas," the long knotted whip that cuts like a knife. Although a great and welcome change has come over Warsaw since Poland found its freedom, the streets are full of bitter memories.
Entering the capital you pass under the Citadel, the gloomy set of fortifications that can tell us much of Polish history. It rises high above the banks of the Vistula and was built by order of the Czar Nicholas I. as the counter-stroke to the Polish revolution of 1830.
No fortress in the world can compare with it, for every stone was hewn and laid by Polish hands and every kopeck expended upon it was wrung from Polish taxpayers at the point of the bayonet and by the lash of the knout, and when its completed walls frowned down upon the city the ring-leaders were led out and shot or hanged upon its ramparts, while hundreds more were condemned to lifetime imprisonment within its dungeons.
Now Sunday Pleasure Resort.
Times change with the circling years; the Citadel is no longer to be dreaded, for it is now a rendezvous of Sunday society, and bands, music and singing are the order of the day.
In the square the Russians had erected a gigantic church which the Poles have now completely removed, as well as the massive obelisk which the Czar Alexander had put up in his honor.
To turn from the city and go southward across the plains will tell us something of Polish village life where the peasant clings to age old customs with extraordinary tenacity and where conservatism shows itself at every angle of the daily round. He prefers the loom and the spinning wheel to their modern prototype; a bed is disdained and he sleeps on top of the oven, and over the doorway you will find a little package of grain blessed by the priest on Lady Day, so that evil influence may be ward off and all go well with the crops.
The Polish peasant mother rejects the ordinary cradle; instead she puts her child in a basket woven from the branches of a neighboring tree, fastens it to a cord and suspends it from a supple stick placed between the rafters of her log hut. So in place of the side to side motion to which we have all been subjected the Polish baby goes up and down.
Where is not for the cheery welcome of the people and the pleasing gesture when one most needed it, motoring across Poland would be a trial, for the roads appear to have been made in the days of the Romans and never since repaired. The track goes on in on unbroken line for hundreds of kilometers to the horizon, and still there is the same straight line ahead. If ghosts walked they must have done so here.
The villages are few and far between, and composed of log huts with a thatched roof, with an occasional attempt at exterior decoration.
"Marriageable Daughters Here."
A log hut will have vari-colored signs painted on its door and sides; it is the sign that within is a marriage-

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?
Thousands of letters are delayed in delivery from two to ten hours in big cities because business men do not place their return street address on letterheads and envelopes. Even though a company may be an important one, all postal employees do not have its address committed memory. Consequently its mail surely be delayed if persons must reply to its letters are no street address.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Hospital.
- 8 Children's Aid Home.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts.
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 Queen and York Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 St. John and Aberdeen Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore St. and University Ave.
- 55 Brunswick St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Smythe and Aberdeen Sts.
- 113 Argyle and Northumberland Sts.