MONARCH
QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

set the standard. If you paid a dollar a pound you could not buy better food products than those you find packed under the *Monarch* label.

Reid, Murdoch & Co.
Established 1853
General Offices,
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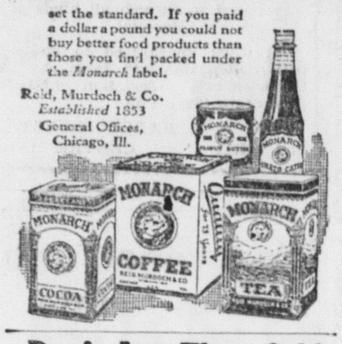

Don't Let That Cold Turn Into "Flu"

That cold may turn into "Flu," Grippe or, even worse, Pneumonia, unless you take care of it at once.

Rub Musterole on the congested parts and see how quickly it brings relief as effectively as the messy old mustard plaster.

Musterole, made from pure oil of mustard, camphor, menthol and other simple ingredients, is a counter-irritant which stimulates circulation and helps break up the cold.

You will feel a warm tingle as it enters the pores, then a cooling sensation that brings welcome relief.

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

Better than a mustard plaster

Blind Will Honor Friends.

Funds for the erection of a monument in honor of dogs are being raised by blind people of Berlin, who owe much to the faithfulness of the animals. The chief burgomaster of Berlin has given his patronage to the movement. Prof. Otto Richter, the sculptor, has been commissioned to design the monument.

"AS NECESSARY AS BREAD"

Mrs. Skahan's Opinion of Pinkham's Compound

Saugus Centre, Mass.—"I have taken 10 bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and would no more be without a bottle in the house than I would be without bread. It has made a new woman of me. I used to be so cross with my husband when I was suffering that I don't know how he stood me. Now I am cheerful and strong and feel younger than I did ten years ago when my troubles began."—MRS. JOHN SKAHAN, 20 Emory St., Saugus Centre, Mass.

Henpeck Hits Back.

Mrs. Henpeck—Some people profit by the mistakes of others.

Mr. Henpeck (sadly)—I quite agree with you, Matilda; like the minister who got $10 for marrying us.

Worth Knowing When Winter Cold Comes!

Did you ever hear of a five-hour remedy for colds? There is one, and it really does bring you out of it completely. Even if it's grippe, this method works, only takes longer. Pape's Cold Compound is in tablet form. Pleasant-tasting, but it surely has the "authority!"—Adv.

Safety Lamp for Miners.

In a new electric safety lamp for miners' use the lamp-holding mechanism is designed to prevent explosions when the lamp is shattered in a gaseous atmosphere. When the bulb breaks, the base is hurled out and the current is cut off.

NO MAN Can Be Better Than His Stomach

DO YOU realize that your stomach plays a most important part in the success of your work? If it is always serene and regular, your head is clear, your vitality is increased, and your disposition is pleasant; but if your digestion is poor, you are liable to have frequent headaches, you lack energy, and you are soured on the world! How needless to suffer in this way when PE-RU-NA offers speedy, soothing relief, and keeps your stomach in a healthful condition. This world famous stomach remedy will show you amazing results on even the first bottle—you'll be grateful for its soothing, beneficial action. Your druggist has it—buy *your* bottle today—why wait?

KREMOLA SKIN BLEACH
Wonderful and sure. Makes your skin beautiful, also cures eczema. Price $1.25. Free booklet. Freckle Ointment removes freckles. Used over forty years. $1.00 and 60c. Ask your dealer or write
Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Ave., Chicago

THE LUCKY ONE

(© by D. J. Walsh.)

MRS. DENNY and Mrs. West were in earnest conversation that morning over the hedge that separated their respective yards.

"It's a shame," Mrs. Denny said emphatically. "I never heard of such injustice. If old Nelson Reed could just know what people say about him he'd turn over in his green grave."

"It's a good thing he doesn't. I always supposed he meant to divide even between those two girls. And then look what he did! Left $200 a day to Ruanna Turner and—"

"Two dollars a day to her consin, Martha Reed, who bore his own name!" snapped Mrs. Denny. "Two dollars a day! Now how is she going to live on that?"

Mrs. West sighed and shook her head. Next instant she gave a warning, "sh-sh!"

Across the grass came a small middle-aged woman in a crisp little lavender frock, made and laundered by her own hands. She had gray hair, pink cheeks and sparkling black eyes.

"I know what you're talking about!" she began. "It does look funny, doesn't it? But all the same Uncle Nelson knew how he wanted things to go. I'm satisfied with my $2 a day."

The two women who had been discussing Martha Reed and her affairs flushed.

"Of course, we know you are satisfied," Mrs. West said. "That's you. You never did find a mite of fault with anything. But it doesn't look fair to your friends, Martha. If he'd have divided even between you and Ruanna—"

"But he didn't!" Martha laughed. "Ru's got her two hundred a day and I've got my two. And as I say I'm satisfied. Two dollars—" She paused. "Well, it's quite a nice bit coming in regularly that I haven't got to work for. That's the way I look at it. I'm going downtown now on the strength of it and get some new curtains for my kitchen windows."

She moved away, sprightly, cheerful, dainty and the two women stared after her in wondering silence.

Old Nelson Reed's will had startled the whole place. Dying without any relatives save his two middle-aged nieces he had left to the one the income from the bulk of his fortune and to the other a mere remembrance. In the eyes of her neighbors Ruanna Turner was just about the suckiest person that ever lived.

Ten minutes after Martha Reed had vanished around the corner Ruanna Turner came down the street. Ruanna was stout and pretty. She clutched at the flying garment of departing youth with desperation. Her hair was dyed, her complexion touched up, her large feet squeezed into high-heeled shoes.

She went by without seeing the women at the hedge.

"First time that ever happened," Mrs. West said in a tone of surprise.

That afternoon Mrs. Denny looked out of the window to see Ruanna struggling along the street with a high-powered car, while a sweating instructor sat beside her.

"She's got something before her," the woman thought.

Ruanna did have something before her. Having no more idea of machinery than a hen the Stylish six was altogether beyond her powers of comprehension. Day after day she wobbled through Spruce street with the patient, perspiring instructor beside her. The end came in collapse. Ruanna went to bed exhausted.

"Ruanna's trying to do too much," Mrs. Denny said to Martha. "Learning to drive and do the social stunt at the same time is too big a tax on her nerves. She isn't as young as she might be and she's too fleshy for tennis and hard exercises of that kind. Besides living at the hotel that way she don't get proper rest."

"Everybody is running after Ru; she can't help it," Martha answered. She might have added that nobody ran after her. She had all the leisure she had ever had in her tiny white house that she had earned for herself. "I've taken a boarder," she turned the subject. "Clara Dart. She was so uncomfortable at Mrs. Cligg's, I told her she could come and live with me. I had to do something, Mrs. Denny, now that I've given up working in the store. I'm having the nicest time cooking for Clara. She's gained two pounds already."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mrs. Denny. But she could see what such kindness meant to little Clara Dart, who had earned her own way since she was fifteen, especially as Martha charged her about half what she was paying Mrs. Cliggs. "Two can live about as cheap as one," Martha replied when this fact was mentioned to her.

"Wonderful how Martha manages," Mrs. Denny said to Mrs. West. "I never saw anything like it, never! On only $2 a day! Yet she is adding all sorts of little comforts to her house, she has a new dress, she gives generously when any need arises, and Clara Dart says they have chicken every Sunday. I don't see how she does it."

"She gets a lot out of life," Mrs. West said. "Didn't you notice at the Woman's club when they were talking about that book how quickly Martha said she had bought it? And she offered to lend it to Mrs. Simpson. Things of that kind take figuring, my dear."

"But Martha loves it and thrives on it. She's getting prettier every day. That gray hair and her sort of freshness refines her face, I think. And Clara is improving, too. They say young Doctor Perry is going with her steady. That's Martha's hand again. Martha is wonderful."

"What about Ruanna?" asked Mrs. Denny.

Mrs. West shrugged her shoulders.

Ruanna had turned her back on all her old associates. She was spending a month at the seashore recuperating.

When she returned she had some startlingly beautiful clothes in which she displayed herself, leading a fluffy dog by a silver chain. She had given up trying to drive and had hired a chauffeur.

"She's eating too much," Mrs. West said, "Ruanna looks sallow."

"Ruanna," said Mrs. Denny, "won't look sallow long; she's going to turn green with envy before a great while."

"What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. West.

Mrs. Denny lifted her brows.

"Well, Martha Reed is going to get David Churchill after all," she said.

"No! Why, I thought it was Ruanna he'd wanted ever since they were little folks together!"

"Well, it was, but since Ruanna got her money he's been turning his attentions to Martha. Look there!"

Martha Reed, in a fresh lavender frock, was walking with a fine, gray-haired man, who was carrying her morning's marketing for her in a little green basket. He was gazing upon her with an air of tender deference that aroused sentimental memories in the minds of the two women.

"Seeing her home," breathed Mrs. West.

At that instant Ruanna and her chauffeur flashed by in the Stylish six. Ruanna was looking straight ahead. Her face around the bright spots on her cheeks was pale.

"Yes, sir, David is going to take Martha," said Mrs. Denny. "Who's the lucky one now, Mrs. West?"

"Maybe old Nelson Reed knew that," Mrs. West replied. "He run to David for everything—thought he was the smartest fellow on earth. Maybe, Helen Denny, old Nelson is somewhere laughing this minute."

Split Seconds Count in This Age of Speed

The fastest thing that any man can do is to wink his eye. The instinctive reaction of winking when a cinder blows into the eye is about one-tenth of a second for most people. In that flash of time an automobile speeding 60 miles an hour will move ten feet.

A fast airplane will move more than 25 feet. Thus, the pilot can run into a small bird after he has first seen it before he can wink his eye against the expected shock.

Some months ago a workman fell from the fifteenth floor of a building in course of construction in New York city. On the thirteenth floor he grabbed a rope hanging from a scaffold and swung himself in on the twelfth floor, saving his life. He afterward confessed that he was as much astonished by his act as anyone who saw him.

The explanation is that the fall of twenty or twenty-five feet before he grabbed the rope occupied about one second and a quarter, which was time enough for his thinking machinery to issue the orders which made his muscles take hold of the rope below at the proper instant. Had he been placed in equal danger while driving a motor car at 60 miles an hour he would have been killed.

Tests with a group of typical motor car drivers have shown that the average time needed to see a danger signal, realize its meaning and begin to press the brake lever is a little more than half a second. In that time, a car traveling 40 miles an hour would move 30 feet. That distance represents the minimum margin of safety the driver must maintain to avoid accident.—Popular Science Monthly.

Test Before Taking.

French newspapers are printing the following advice for young or old men contemplating marriage:

"Arrange to have the lady of your choice peel some potatoes. If she cuts thick parings, she is extravagant, so beware. If she washes them in only one water, she is not very clean. If she leaves in the 'eyes,' she is lazy. If she puts them to cook in too much fat, she is a gourmand, and if she lets them burn she is careless."

And if she calls the delicatessen and says, "Rush me a pound or a pound and a half of cold potato salad," run for your life.—Detroit Free Press.

Long Distance Call.

Billy, age three, has parents who believe in preparedness. The other day they took him to the family physician, who gave him a thorough examination, including, of course, the tests with the stethoscope.

After they left the doctor's office, Billy's father asked him, "What part of the examination did you like best?"

"Oh, I like the part where he called me up over the telephone, but he didn't say 'hello.'" said Billy.

Transformation.

A North side matron was talking to her maid about a house where she had formerly worked and asked whether it was a new one. The maid replied that it was an old house and they had "moderated" it.—Indianapolis News.

Dame Fashion Smiles

By Grace Jewett Austin

One evening Dame Fashion had a good deal of amusement from the radio, hearing one of her acquaintances tell of the difficulty he had in making plain to a Spanish general in Cuba, through an interpreter, just who Santa Claus was. But there is not an individual, small or great, in these United States, who needs any description of the loving, genial old saint.

Grace J. Austin.

But many times gifts do not wait for Santa and his sleigh bells. Santa Claus seems to have dozens of gay little nephews—those who have charge of bridge and bunco clubs, contests of every sort for church and young folks' parties, events of coming or going or being born or becoming a grandmother, or getting engaged or married, or entering upon a new enterprise or occupation. For all of these the people of this happy country just pour out gifts. This increased custom of gift-giving furnishes just the oxygen to keep alive the fascinating gift shops.

Dame Fashion leaned the other day in admiration over the displays of a department where she could see gifts appropriate for individuals of many kinds—and all with the touch of new ideas about them. Looking over her notebook afterwards, there was the word "modernistic" to be found on every single page, showing that the new choker chains, the convenient compacts, the mesh bags and the leather—yes, and even the watches and clocks have felt the witchery of color splashes and mystic triangles. On one leaf of the book was scrawled, "The modernistic idea is as catching as the measles."

Two articles Dame Fashion nearly carried away with her—on that principle that is often so good, that of buying a gift for yourself, when no one is likely to think to buy it for you. Sometimes it happens when you put on a gown you cannot suit yourself in your whole box of bead chains. In such a time of stress, think how wonderful to have at hand a "Gypsy La Belle" chain, with long beads something of the type that the grandmothers used to call "bugles," with all the colors of the rainbow in it, to match any gown! The other article that made an ardent call to her was a clock; not such a big clock, but one that had the tower and stained glass effect of some European abbey.

As Santa Claus rides about in his sleigh this year, he will see, if he is at all observing, that he is not the only wearer of a red coat and cap. If Dame Fashion might be allowed to coin a mild slogan in that regard, it would be "A shade of red for every head." Little folks start off to school in an extra happy mood, with a bright red beret or soft knitted cap, while Dame Fashion can declare from experience that if you are even middle-aged, and stand before the mirror to adjust a felt, velour or velvet hat or cap of rich red, claret or burgundy, you will involuntarily have to smile to match it.

Dame Fashion can also report having had a wireless message from Santa Claus that he hopes he will be assisted by as many as possible who will burn a tall red candle in their front window at the Christmas time, and that if ten thousand went out and sang Christmas carols last year, he hopes a hundred thousand will do it this season.

(©, 1928, Western Newspaper Union.)

Bows, Streamers Feature Winsome Afternoon Dress

Flowered chiffon for afternoon occasions clings to its place in the sun. Here is a lovely creation in dark blue, beige, green and orange that flutters with bows and streamers.

Many Women in Need of Long Lines for Height

Do you need to look a little taller and not quite so plump? It's a desire many women have expressed. The frock illustrated has the long slim height-giving lines. This frock would look particularly well if made of crepe-back satin using both sides, a fabric that has triple recommendation of quality, durability and chic. A good navy blue in the same material would be equally as charming and give the same effect.—Woman's Home Companion.

Many Soft Innovations in This Season's Modes

The trend for feminizing softness seems to be continuing in popularity—making good the prophecy that styles would be more elaborate for the fall and winter months, observes a fashion writer in the Cleveland News. The afternoon dress which, due to the tremendous popularity of the sports two-piece, seemed to have fallen into the discard, is back again and gives promise of being much worn.

There are many such dresses in the shops made of flat crepe, transparent velvet and heavy satin. Each model seems to make a special effort to get away from the simplicity of the straight silhouette. As a result, these gowns introduce many soft innovations—draped necklines, trailing scarfs and every manner of skirt irregularity.

One model seen at a recent fashion showing boasted this elaborate treatment. It was made of black crepe satin, heavy and sleek. Its bodice, described in surpliced style, sponsored shoulder tucks, a deep V neckline backed with an inset of biscuit-colored chiffon and a graceful scarf. The latter of black satin with the light chiffon, conformed loosely to the neckline, with one of its ends slipping carelessly through a slit in the other. The effect was of a delightful soft neck-draping.

Sleeves were, according to the dictates of the moment, long and fitted but running into a little fluted ruff at the wrists. Wrist strings of self-material appeared to confine this fulness.

The skirt fell straight from the slightly bloused bodice with two full, irregular-lengthed flares appearing at either side of a long overskirt. The whole costume had good style and evidenced a complete departure from the approved severity of former modes.

Raspberry Red Fashions Charming Evening Outfit

A Worth evening ensemble particularly admired is "Eldorado" which is developed in a heavy ribbed silk called matasol in a most luscious shade of raspberry red. This gown is straight in outline without an apparent waistline and is formed of curved panels in a most effective way. The sides of the hemline dip in delicious curves giving a new outline. Over this gown is worn a velvet evening cape with a lining in the same shade just a bit lighter. Two narrow strips of the two shades of velvet hang from the back in a loose knot, while its main feature is its new high collar of sable standing straight up in the back to the top of the wearer's head and opening in the front in a graceful curve, forming a most attractive frame for the face.

Homespun Is Effective Material for Winter

Homespun is considered an effective material in Paris for the winter suit. At smart gatherings there are worn some attractive sac-type hip length coats, which are reminiscent of the cardigan at the front opening and which have buttoned straps at the sides, the under arms and the side hip pockets. Usually these models are completed by a loose belt and are worn over a diagonally striped jersey jumper blouse. The skirt top of this type of model is fitted down so low on the hips that the fitted section is visible below the coat edge, while the rest of the skirt flares out in front and side plaits.

What Will *you do*

When *your* Children Cry for It

There is hardly a household that hasn't heard of Castoria! At least five million homes are never without it. If there are children in your family, there's almost daily need of its comfort. And any night may find you very thankful there's a bottle in the house. Just a few drops, and that colic or constipation is relieved; or diarrhea checked. A vegetable product; a baby remedy meant for young folks. Castoria is about the only thing you have ever heard doctors advise giving to infants. Stronger medicines are dangerous to a tiny baby, however harmless they may be to grown-ups. Good old Castoria! Remember the name, and remember to buy it. It may spare you a sleepless, anxious night. It is always ready, always safe to use; in emergencies, or for everyday ailments. Any hour of the day or night that Baby becomes fretful, or restless. Castoria was never more popular with mothers than it is today. Every druggist has it.

Fletcher's CASTORIA

Makes Money Staying Home.

Several aviation records have been made this year and some flyers are said to have made big money, but up at Long Cove, Maine, is a farmer who says there are still a few records and considerable money to be made on the ground. In one day, stationed at one end of a long mud hole near his farm house, he hooked his team of horses onto seventy-two motor cars and pulled them out as fast as they arrived and got stuck—at $2 each, regardless of make, model or condition of driver's mind.

This Turtle Contented.

The turtle which has lived in the zoological park in Washington for many years seems perfectly contented in his grass-filled enclosure, says Nature Magazine. It dines off carrots as contentedly as though he had never been accustomed to a diet of thorns in an arid wilderness where he had to travel miles for a drink.

Acidity

The common cause of digestive difficulties is excess acid. Soda cannot alter this condition, and it burns the stomach. Something that will neutralize the acidity is the sensible thing to take. That is why physicians tell the public to use Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

One spoonful of this delightful preparation can neutralize many times its volume in acid. It acts instantly; relief is quick, and very apparent. All gas is dispelled; all sourness is soon gone; the whole system is sweetened. Do try this perfect anti-acid, and remember it is just as good for children, too, and pleasant for them to take.

Any drug store has the genuine, prescriptional product.

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

HALE'S HONEY of HOREHOUND and TAR

There's nothing like this for breaking up colds—amazing relief to sore throats, head and chest—Safe—money back. 30c at all druggists.