WOMEN and THE HOME

MRS. J. ROSE WILL RUN FOR TRUSTEE

Would Like To See Through Building of East Collegiate.

ASKS SECOND TERM

Believes Written Report System Needs Experienced Judges.

Mrs. John Rose, president of the local council of women, has decided to stand for office on the board of education at the coming municipal election. She has just completed two successful years as trustee, and as she herself puts it, "Will come to the people on her own record."

She makes as one of the strong planks in her platform, sanitation in the public schools. "I am very anxious that every child in London sits in a clean and sanitary room," says Mrs. Rose.

She believes that the present is a critical time in the history of education and that it will take serious-minded people to solve the problem of how not to make the expense of education a burden to the people.

Is Urged to Run.

Mrs. Rose, in stating her reasons for appearing before the people of London for a second term of office on the board of education, makes it plain that she has been strongly advised to do so, and that she finds the work congenial.

She makes special mention of the new administration or written report system, which was introduced into the London schools a year ago by the board of education. The department gave the London board of education authority to introduce the system for a two-year trial. But one year of the trial period is now up. Mrs. Rose believes that it is in the best interests of the present system that the trustees already in office carry on until the entire trial period is up.

Those trustees who worked under the written report system last year would be in a better position to interpret and administer that sytsem for the second year, and to pass judgment on its effectiveness at the end of the trial period, says Mrs. Rose. If it should prove successful in London it would undoubtedly be tried in other communities, and so the responsibility lying upon London is great.

On School Committee.

Mrs. Rose is a member of the building committee of the new East London collegiate, and as such would like to continue in office until that building is completed.

Mrs. Rose, who has been actively interested in schools practically all of her life, believes that there is a place for women on the board of education. Women form a large part of the teaching staff of the city schools, and the pupils themselves are partly made up of girls, whose best interests can best be looked after by women.

Mrs. Rose is a strong advocate of a minority representation of women on the school board. A great proportion of the voters are women, she says, and as such should be represented on those civic bodies where their advice would be of value. The idea of women as trustees has become general throughout the country and is largely supported by men and women alike.

Mrs. Rose enjoys her work on the board and is willing to continue there if the people of London wish it.

COST OF LIVING RISES.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, Nov. 17.—Cost of living is up again. Department of labor figures give the family budget as $10.89 at the beginning of October, as against $10.81 for September and $10.31 for October, 1924.

CHILDREN

require foods rich in vitamins, the kind that abound in cod-liver oil to build up body and strength.

Scott's Emulsion

assures growing children vitamin factors that they need but do not always get in ordinary food. *Feed your child Scott's!*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 25-30

Insist on "PHILLIPS" MILK OF MAGNESIA

Unless you ask for "Phillips," you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia, prescribed by physicians for 50 years as an antacid, laxative, corrective.

Each bottle contains full directions. Any drug store.—Advt.

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

CHAPTER V.

Trembling violently, I joined him; and together we stood looking down at Grimsby.

"Good God!" whispered Coram; "this is awful. It cannot be the work of mortal hands! Poor Grimsby is dead!"

"Did you—see—the woman?" I muttered. I will confess it: my courage had completely deserted me.

He shook his head; but, as Beale came running to join us, glanced fearfully into the shadows of the Greek Room. The storm seemed to have passed, and, as we three frightened men stood around Grimsby's recumbent body we could almost hear the beating of each other's hearts.

Suddenly, giving a great start, Coram clutched my arm. "Listen!" he said. "What's that?"

I held my breath and litened. "It's the thunder in the distance," said Beale.

"You are wrong," I answered. "It is someone knocking at the hall entrance! There goes the bell, now!"

Coram gave a sigh of relief. "Heavens!" he said; "I've no nerves left! Come on and see what it is."

The three of us keeping very close together, passed quickly through the Greek Room and down into the hall. As the ringing continued, Coram unbolted the door—and there, on the steps, stood Moris Klaw!

Some vague idea of his mission flashed through my mind. "You are too late!" I cried. "Grimsby has gone!"

I saw a look of something like anger pass over his large pale features, and then he had darted past us and vanished up the stairs.

Having rebolted the door, we rejoined Moris Klaw in the Greek Room. He was kneeling beside Grimsby in the dim light—and Grimsby, his face ghastly pale, was sitting up and drinking from a flask!

"I am in time!" said Moris Klaw. "He has only fainted!"

"It was the ghost!" whispered the Scotland Yard man. "My God! I'm prepared for anything human—but when the lightning came and I saw that white thing—playing the harp—"

Coram turned aside and was about to pick up the harp, which lay upon the floor near, when—

"Ah!" cried Moris Klaw, "do not touch it! It is death!"

Coram started back as though he had been stung as Grimsby very unsteadily got upon his feet.

"Turn up lights," directed Moris Klaw, "and I will show you!"

The curator went out to the switchboard and the Greek Room became brightly illuminated. The ramshackle figure of Moris Klaw seemed to be invested with triumphant majesty. Behind the pebbles his eyes gleamed.

"Observe," he said, "I raise the harp from the floor." He did so. "And I live. For why? Because I do not take hold upon it in a natural manner—by the top! I take it by the side! Conway and Macalister took hold upon it at the top; and where are they—Conway and Macalister?"

"Mr. Klaw," said Coram, "I cannot doubt that this black business is all clear to your very unusual intelligence; but to me it is a profound mystery. I have, myself, in the past, taken up the harp in the way you describe as fatal and without injury——"

"But not immediately after it had been played upon!" interrupted Moris Klaw.

"Played upon! I have never attempted to play upon it!"

"Even had you done so you might yet have escaped, provided you set it down before touching the top part! Note, please!"

He ran his long white fingers over the golden strings. Instantly there stole upon my ears that weird, wailing music which had heralded the strange happenings of the night!

"And now," continued our mentor, "whilst I who am cunning hold it where the ladies' gold feet join, observe the top—where the hand would in ordinary rest in holding it."

We gathered around him.

"A needle-point," he rumbled, impressively. "protruding! The player touches it not! But who takes it from the hand of the player dies! By placing the harp again upon its base the point again retires! Shall I say what is upon that point, to drive a man mad like a dog with rabies, to stay potent for generations? I cannot. It is a secret buried with the ugly body of Caesar Borgia!"

"Caesar Borgia!" we cried in chorus.

"Ah!" rumbled Moris Klaw, "your Athenean Harp was indeed made by Paduano Zelloni, the Florentine! It is a clever forge! I have been in Rome until yesterday. You are surprised? I am sorry, for the poor Macalister died. Having perfected with the aid of Isis, my mind photograph of the lady who plays the harp, I go to Rome to perfect the story of the harp. For why? At my house I have records, but incomplete, useless. In Rome I have a friend of so old a family, and once so wicked I shall not name it!

"He has recourse to the great Vatican Library—to the annals of his race. There he finds me an account of such a harp. In those priceless parchments it is called 'a Greek lyre of gold.' It is described. I am convinced. I am sure!

"Once the beautiful Lucrece Borgia play upon this harp. To one who is distasteful to her she says: 'Replace for me my harp.' He does so. He is a dead man! God! what cleverness!

"Where has it lain for generations before your Sir Menzies find it? No man knows. But it has still its virtues! How did the poor Menzies die? Throw himself from his room window, I recently learn. This harp certainly was in his room. Conway, after dashing, mad, about the place, springs head downward from the attendant's chair. Macalister dies in exhaustion and convulsions!"

A silence; when—

"What caused the harp to play?" asked Coram.

Moris Klaw looked hard at him. Then a thrill of new horror ran through my veins. A low moan came from somewhere hard by! Coram turned in a flash!

"Why my private door is open!" he whispered.

"Where do you keep your private keys?" rumbled Klaw.

"In my study." Coram was staring at the open door, but seemed afraid to approach it. "We have been using the attendant's keys at night. My own are on my study mantelpiece now."

"I think not," continued the thick voice. "Your daughter has them!"

"My daughter!" cried Coram, and sprang to the open door. "Heavens! Hilda! Hilda!"

"She is so somnambulistic!" whispered Moris Klaw in my ear. "When certain unusual sounds—such as heavy vehicles at night—reach her in her sleep (ah! how little we know of the phenomenon of sleep!), she arises, and, in common with many sleepwalkers, always acts the same. Something, in the case of Miss Hilda, attracts her to the golden harp——"

"She is studying music!"

"She must rest from it. Her brain is overwrought! She unlocks the case and strikes the cords of the harp, relocking the door, replacing the keys—I before have known such cases—then retires as she came. Who takes the harp from her hands, or raises it, if she has laid it down upon its side, dies! These dead attendants were brave fellows both, for, hearing the music, they came running, saw how the matter was, and did not waken the sleeping player. Conway was poisoned as he returned the harp to its case; Macalister, as he took it up from where it lay. Something tonight awoke her ere she could relock the door. The fright of so awaking made her to swoon."

Coram's kindly voice and the sound of a girl sobbing affrightedly reached us.

"It was my yell of fear, Mr. Klaw!" said Grimsby, shamefacedly. "She looked like a ghost!"

"I understand," rumbled Moris Klaw, soothingly. "As I see her in my sleep she is very awesome! I will show you the picture Isis has made from my etheric photograph. I saw it, finished, earlier tonight. It confirmed me that the Miss Hilda with the harp in her hand was poor Conway's last thought in life!"

"Mr. Klaw," said Grimsby, earnestly "you are a very remarkable man!"

"Yes?" he rumbled, and gingerly placed in its case the "Greek lyre of gold" which Paduano Zelloni had wrought for Caesar Borgia.

From the brown hat he took out his scent spray and squirted verbena upon his heated forehead.

"That harp," he explained, "it smells of dead men!"

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Uncle Wiggily

By HOWARD R. GARIS

AND THE GREEN FEATHER.

Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel brothers, with their father and mother and Grandpa and Grandma Lightfoot, lived in the hollow of a large tree which grew in the forest near the edge of the frozen pond. Johnnie and Billie had invited Uncle Wiggily to spend Thanksgiving with them, and the old rabbit gentleman started to skim across the ice in a tin basin for a boat, with his umbrella raised as a sail.

"I wonder what all the hurry is about?" thought Mr. Longears, for, as he neared the hollow tree he heard, coming from it, the words, "Hurry! Hurry! Hurry!" shouted three times, just like that. "Perhaps the Bob Cat is climbing the tree and is trying to catch poor Old Grandma Lightfoot!" exclaimed Mr. Longears as he leaped from his tin ice boat and jumped up the little hill, on top of which stood the hollow squirrel tree.

Uncle Wiggily was wondering how he could drive the Bob Cat away in case the bad chap should be there, when, all of a sudden, the bunny gentleman saw Johnnie Bushytail

"What a fine feather," said the bunny gentleman.

jumping up and down at the bottom of the hollow tree house.

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! chattered Johnnie.

"Was that you who called before?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "And what is the matter? What's it all about? Is any one in danger?"

To his surprise, Johnnie began to laugh, showing all of his sharp, white gnawing teeth.

"The only one who is in danger," chattered Johnnie, "is my brother Billie, and the only danger he is in is that he may fall down and bump his nose. Yes, it was I who called 'hurry' before, Uncle Wiggily, and I wish you would, if you want to see him."

"Would what and see whom?" asked Mr. Longears.

"I wish you'd hurry to see what Billie is doing," went on Johnnie. "He is standing on his head in the dining-room and juggling a butternut on one hind leg. Oh, it's too funny for anything. Just as he started to do that trick I saw you skimming along over the ice in your funny umbrella sail tin boat and I called you to hurry."

"Well, I'm glad it isn't anything worse than Billie standing on his head!" laughed the rabbit gentleman. And then he heard from within the hollow tree the voice of Billie chatterring:

"Hurry! Come and look at me! I can't stand upside down much longer!" So Uncle Wiggily hurried into the tree house just in time to see the little squirrel boy standing on his head and juggling a butternut on one of his hind legs.

"That's a fine trick!" cried Uncle Wiggily. And just then Billie fell down and bumped his nose. But he didn't cry, for he wasn't much hurt.

Johnnie and Billie were very glad to see Uncle Wiggily, and happy that he had come to spend Thanksgiving with them. Mrs. Bushytail showed the rabbit gentleman where he was to sleep, in a small hollow part of the tree. His room was lined with soft, dried grass and bits of feathers that Johnnie and Billie had picked up in the woods.

In the afternoon, while Johnnie was trying to stand on his head as Billie had done, Uncle Wiggily hopped off by himself in the forest to look for an adventure before eating supper in the squirrel house. He saw something fluttering on the ground, and when he picked it up, he found it was a beautiful green feather, edged with yellow.

"What a fine green feather," said the bunny gentleman. "I will take it to Mrs. Bushytail to put in her best hat." But as the rabbit uncle was hopping back toward the hollow tree with what he had picked up, a voice in the tree over his head shrieked:

"Come back with that! Come back with my green feather! How dare you take it! Oolie! Oolie! Oolie!"

"My goodness! I'm afraid there's going to be trouble," said the rabbit gentleman as he put the green feather in his pocket and looked for a place to hide. And whether or not there was trouble you shall learn in the next story which will be about Uncle Wiggily and their fir tree—that is if the lead pencil doesn't get a black mark for trying to make a picture of the pussy cat on the white wallpaper."

(Copyright, 1925, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.)

H.P. SAUCE

Many a dainty dish owes its flavor to H.P. Sauce

ASK MORAL CODE BE PUT IN SCHOOL

St. Lawrence Mothers' Club Makes Interesting Suggestion.

The members of the St. Lawrence mothers' club are anxious to have "The Moral Code" introduced into the city schools. The code, which has been put into all of the schools of the United States, was read at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the club by Mrs. Bisley. And so taken with it were the mothers that they will make an effort to have it placed in the St. Lawrence school by Christmas.

The teachers of the school sent in a request that the mothers' club take action on the question of how much should be charged for "hot lunches" in the school. Last year the charge was five cents, but the teachers were unable to carry on this year at such a small charge. The club members decided not to take any action on the matter, preferring to leave the settlement of the price to the teachers themselves.

The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Douglas, Huron street, a large number of mothers being present. The program convener, Mrs. F. G. Waide, presented the topics for the year. Addresses include a talk from Mrs. W. A. Tanner on Dec. 14, her subject to be "Teaching Children to Obey the Laws of God and Man and Nature." The members will also ask her to incorporate in her talk "Christ, Our Example," which will be the topic taken up at the December meeting of the London union mothers' club, to be held at the home of Mrs. Waide, Huron street.

Mrs. Ed. Flannigan led a round-table talk on "What Is a Mother's Reward From Her Children?" Various and interesting were the opinions expressed by the mothers present in a lively discussion which took place.

Following the meeting the hostess served tea, assisted by Mrs. H. Morten.

SAVAGES DO NOT HAVE OUR DISEASES.

Tuberculosis, cancer, flu, pneumonia and most of our diseases are unknown among savages. The reason is that they live upon natural foods. When they contact civilization and begin to live upon civilized man's white flour and refined "ghost cereals" they die off quickly with civilized man's diseases, but not if they stick to their own natural foods. Thus it is shown that it is civilized man's foods that cause his omnipresent diseases.

And besides food science has proved that the most fatal of civilized man's food practices is the refining out of his chief foodstuffs, the grains, their body-building mineral salts, fats and vitamins.

Dr. Robt. G. Jackson of Toronto, editor of the Dietetic Age of New York, circulating among physicians, has taught this for years. To counteract the effect of these refined foods, Dr. Jackson devised Roman Meal, a natural whole grain food, made from whole wheat, whole rye, flaxin and bran, rich in all those elements refined out of white flour and "ghost cereals." Roman Meal eaten several times each week, in any of the delightful ways in which it may be cooked, will compensate the deficiencies of white flour, etc., and promote good health. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation. Beef has 952 food units to the pound, Roman Meal has 1,600. Especially valuable for nursing and expectant mothers and children from the 10th month. At grocers.—Advt.

End Catarrh Germs In Three Minutes

Chronic catarrh, no matter how bad, and cases of bronchial asthma now yield instantly to the amazing discovery of a French scientist. This drugless method called Lavex eliminates the germs in three minutes, yet is positively harmless to the most delicate tissues. Your head and lungs are cleared like magic. Sufferers are relieved in a single night.

To prove it and to introduce Lavex to ten thousand sufferers in one month, I offer to send a treatment free and postpaid, to any one who will write for it. No obligation. No cost. If it banishes your Catarrh you can repay the favor by telling your friends—if not, the loss is mine. No matter what you have tried, just send me your name and address for this generous free treatment and prove that you can be rid of catarrh.

W. R. SMITH, 6782 Lavex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Does Wash Day Mean Red Hands for You!

Thousands of Women Escape It

THOUSANDS of women have proved that you can wash clothes and do housework and still have soft, lovely hands. *They have discarded ordinary household soaps and harsh soap flakes. They use Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes.*

They found that it was *harsh soap* that was spoiling their hands. Soap containing free caustics and chemical "filler". They knew that if soap would ruin their hands, it must be far more ruinous to the fine fibres of silk and wool and cotton.

Then they found one soap that:

1. Could not harm hands.
2. Could not harm clothes — even silks and laces.
3. That would do any washing task in the house.
4. That was economical enough for every household use.

Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes

Just pure, white soap flakes—absolutely harmless to anything which clear water won't harm.

Just pure soap flakes—therefore it makes mountains of sturdy suds fit to do any work. Just pure soap flakes—coming in a big, brimful package, and every ounce *all* soap, so that you use less of it—therefore economical. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Our Guarantee

We guarantee these things about Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes. We *guarantee* to replace any washable garment which, by reason of its having been washed with Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes, has been damaged in texture or its color made to run, provided such garment has been washed in accordance with our instructions.

Our Free Offer

We do not ask you to take our word for these things. We do not ask you to spend any money to find out for yourself. We want to send every housewife in Canada a generous sample of Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes. Use the coupon. Compare Princess Soap Flakes with any other soap product you have ever used. Make this test now. Send for your free sample.

Don't Have Red Hands

PALMOLIVE PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES

FREE TEST PACKET

Palmolive Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Please send me your free test packet of Princess Soap Flakes.

Name.....

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Buster Bear Clambers Up a Tree and Then Doesn't Know What To Do

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Buster Bear was up in a big tree. What he was up there for I don't know. Perhaps he had climbed up there just for fun. A great many things Buster does he appears to do just for fun. And he dearly likes to climb. Perhaps he had taken a bath and had climbed up there to dry off in the sun and the wind. He does that occasionally. Perhaps he had climbed up there just to have a look around. Anyway, he was up in that tree.

Now, had Buster known that that very morning a hunter had started out with a terrible gun to look for him because of that big black fur coat of his, Buster wouldn't have done any tree climbing. No, sir, he would have climbed no tree that day. But he didn't know about that hunter. You see, he had lived so long in the Green Forest without being hunted that he really didn't think about being hunted. He knew that Farmer Brown's Boy wouldn't hunt him and he didn't think that someone else might. On general principles he kept out of sight of those two-legged creatures called men. He was suspicious of them. He never could bring himself to trust them. So, whenever he discovered any in the Green Forest, he took care to keep out of sight.

But this morning Buster had climbed that tree without a thought that any of those two-legged creatures might be about. And after he had made himself comfortable up there he forgot that there was such a thing in all the Great World. I suspect that Buster must have dozed off. Anyway, that hunter managed to get right under that tree without Buster knowing that he was anywhere about. You see, the leaves were damp from a rain the night before, so the hunter made no sound, for he took each step with the greatest care. All the time he kept looking for a possible glimpse of Buster. He knew that he had no business to be hunting in that part of the Green Forest for Farmer Brown's Boy had put up signs warning all hunters to keep away from there. But this hunter knew that Farmer Brown's Boy had gone away this day, and so he had slipped over there hoping to get a shot at Buster Bear. But though he had walked as still as he could and had kept his eyes and his ears wide open, he had seen and heard nothing of Buster Bear.

"Oh dear! Oh, Dear, whimpered Buster to himself without making a sound.

He was tired. He had walked and walked and he was tired. And he was discouraged.

"I guess that Bear probably is up on the Great Mountain," thought that hunter as he sat down under a tree to rest. "If he is anywhere in this part of the Green Forest I ought to have seen him or at least some fresh signs of him. Perhaps he is taking a nap somewhere. Anyway, it doesn't look as if I would have any luck today. I certainly would like to get a shot at him. That black fur coat of his would make a fine rug to put on the floor in front of the fireplace in my home. It is queer how scared of Bears some folks are. If you understand them there is nothing to fear. They are just big bluffs. I would like to see the Black Bear that could really scare me."

It was just about then that Buster Bear discovered who was down beneath him. When Buster looked down and saw that hunter, saw the terrible gun in that hunter's hands, he was as badly scared as ever a Bear could be. He knew what that gun was, and he knew that up in that tree he, Buster, hadn't a chance in the world.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" whimpered Buster to himself without making a sound. "Whatever can I do now? I can't stay here and I can't get away. What did I climb this tree for? I couldn't be caught in a worse place. I can't get away from here without going right down where that hunter is with his terrible gun. There is no place to hide up here. Oh dear! Oh dear! Whatever shall I do?"

Now Buster wasn't doing any boasting to himself about not being afraid. He was afraid, and he wasn't ashamed of being afraid. He knew that he hadn't a chance in the world against that hunter as long as he had that terrible gun, and he knew, too, that he was fairly treed, and it wasn't possible to be in a worse situation. What to do? Buster wished that he knew.

(Copyright, 1925, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Buster Saves His Coat."

MURINE

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Just Dip to Tint or Boil to Dye

Each 15-cent package contains directions so simple any woman can tint soft, delicate shades or dye rich, permanent colors in lingerie, silks, ribbons, skirts, waists, dresses, coats, stockings, sweaters, draperies, coverings, hangings—everything.

Buy Diamond Dyes—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.—Advt.

Special Sale of **MILLINERY** For Thursday Only.

Grasp this opportunity, ladies of London, for where before have you ever been offered such values as we offer? All the latest shapes, all the latest shades, all the latest materials. Just think of it. Hats suitable for all ages, in large and small head sizes. This sale includes Genuine Velours, Silk Velvets, Panne Velvets, etc. Regular values up to $10.00. Tomorrow only $2.95

WE EMPHASIZE this value as we have emphasized one before. If you will only come and see them, we know you will buy one, and maybe, two hats.

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246 DUNDAS STREET

Next Door to Mason & Risch.

RALPH CONNOR WILL ADDRESS "U" STUDENTS

Dr. Gordon (Ralph Connor) of Winnipeg, who is conducting services at St. Andrew's United church during the week, will address the student body at the University of Western Ontario on Thursday morning at 10:45. Cecil Synder, prefect of the university, will act as chairman for the occasion.