

A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

It is hard to break the chains of habit. It took one man six months to stop saying "Gee Whiz."

It is astonishing how habit will keep a person asking for "the same as usual" tea long after she has intended to try Red Rose Tea. Why let habit prevent you enjoying this richly flavored Indian-Ceylon blend?



Order a Sealed Package To-day

Some Christmas Concert Pieces

You May Find Below One Suitable For Your Entertainment Program.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A beautiful present the Christ-child has sent. It's as cunning as cunning can be; It's a dear little sister, and all the folks say She's just the born image of me. But, really, I can't see the likeness at all. My mouth isn't puckered up so! My head isn't bald; I have shining curls. And my nose isn't turned up, I know. But then, she's a darling, and gramma declares I'll have to be good as can be. For it would be dreadful to have her grow bad. And have people say she's like me.

PUSSY'S CHRISTMAS.

I'm just about tired of waiting For my nice Christmas treat; I see them about the table, And they eat and eat and eat. They do not think of poor pussy. Who has had so long to wait; Why doesn't someone remember That it's growing very late?

And haven't I smelt that turkey Since into the oven it went? If they'd give me just one grumstick, Why, then, I'd be content. But no, they all there talking And laughing about with glee; I wish that someone among them Would throw down a bone to me.

There's that greedy little Teddy, Three times he's passed his plate, And that turkey's growing smaller At a very rapid rate; And see Jack's face! "This shining With gravy up to his eyes" I wonder they take no notice When they hear my hungry cries.

Oh dear! There's dessert to follow, The pudding and pumpkin pies, And the fruits and nuts and candy, And oh how fast time flies! Ah, there's gentle little Ethel, She's so loving and so kind, She's bringing me some turkey bones, And a grateful cat she'll find.

THE MOUSEIE. For a small boy to recite: With nature's magic wand, Shines down on peaceful, happy homes In our Canadian land, Fair Canada, lov'd Canada, My heart is with thee; Be thou the land of noble deeds And Empire of the free!

Daughters of the Empire

Contents of bales packed and shipped to Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, by the Daughters of the Empire December 8: Bales 264-31 grey flannel shirts. Bales 265-31 grey flannel shirts. Bales 266-36 suits pyjamas. Bales 267-34 towels. Bales 268-31 grey flannel shirts. Bales 269-36 pillowcases.

The supply committee acknowledges the following contributions for bales: Lord Roberts Chapter, I. O. D. E., 30 grey flannel shirts, 5 suits pyjamas. Trafalgar Chapter, I. O. D. E., 28 grey flannel shirts, 33 suits pyjamas, 16 pairs socks.

The donations of the Lord Roberts Chapter during the last week included \$100 for the disabled sailors' fund and \$30 for the overseas tobacco fund. Realizing the necessity for increased supplies for the soldiers overseas, the members have entered on a winter campaign with renewed vigor.

The 7th Regiment Chapter, at its last regular meeting, voted \$100 for Y. M. C. A. military work overseas, \$100 for the disabled sailors' fund, \$100 for the purchase of socks for the soldiers at the front, and \$50 for the overseas tobacco fund. The members of this chapter have been very active during the year, besides contributing largely to the comfort of the patients at the Central Military Convalescent Hospital and the hospital at Wolsley Barracks. They have prepared a large consignment for the benefit of the hospital in England with which Mrs. Grosvenor, a former member of the chapter, is connected.

During the months of October and November the packing committee, I. O. D. E., has shipped 31 bales for the benefit of the soldiers overseas, comprising the following articles: 573 pairs socks, 50 suits pyjamas, 233 shirts, 610 towels, 38 sheets, 423 pillowcases, besides a large stock of surgical supplies.

CHRISTMAS WISHES.

Opening a Christmas program: Dear teachers and friends, allow me to say That we wish you a very glad Christmas Day.

Second child—That our darling old "Santa," who's as shy as a fox, May leave at your door both bundle and box.

Third child—And that beautiful gifts for one and all, From the evergreen boughs may happily fall.

FAIR CANADA. (A patriotic piece.) Let others sing of sunny climes, Of lands beyond the sea, There's not a dearer spot on earth Than Canada to me; Dear Canada, lov'd Canada, Wherever I may be; There's not a land on all the earth Shall win my heart from thee.

Her sons will never submit to crouch Beneath a tyrant's sway; The star that roams her forest glades Is not more free than they. Dear Canada, lov'd Canada, Wherever I may be; There's not a land on all the earth Shall win my heart from thee.

The red cross flag our fathers raised, We hail it as a friend, And should that flag e'er be assailed, Its glories we'll defend. Fair Canada, brave Canada, No land on earth more free, And his would be a coward's race That would not strike for thee.

The sun that tints her maple trees With nature's magic wand, Shines down on peaceful, happy homes In our Canadian land, Fair Canada, lov'd Canada, My heart is with thee; Be thou the land of noble deeds And Empire of the free!

The novel and interesting feature of the dance to be given by the Overseas Chapter in the Masonic Hall on the evening of the 14th and 15th will be their decidedly military character—no man will be admitted except in khaki, and anyone wishing to join the festivities of the evening will have to hurry to the recruiting office. In lieu of the proper dress, the idea has met with great favor in military circles. The members of the headquarters staff and officers in command at the camp have expressed their hearty approval, and will do all they can to make the function a success.

The large sum raised for the Secours Nationale has been increased by a donation of \$50 from the Hawke's Chapter, I. O. D. E., Woodstock.

The Campbell Becher Chapter have added to its many donations for patriotic purposes the sum of \$25 to the Y. M. C. A. work overseas, and \$50 for the sailors' relief fund, and are subscribing for a year's subscription for two magazines for the Reading Camp Association.

A BOX FOR TWO. Telephone girls sometimes glory in their mistakes if there is a joke in consequence. The story is told by a telephone operator in one of the Boston exchanges about a man who asked her for the number of a local theatre. He got the wrong number, and without asking to whom he was talking, he said: "Can I get box for two tonight?" A startled voice answered him at the other end of the line: "We don't have boxes for two."

Memories of "Early Discipline"

Days When the Children Were Raised on Oatmeal and the Catechism.

[ELSPETH WILSON.]

From a chance remark that "children of today are raised on cornflakes and Eaton's catalogues," I was led to contrast the home rules and regulations of today with those of long ago, when oatmeal porridge, a willow switch and the Shorter Catechism comprised the rule of three governing our homes. Preparations for Sabbath Day commenced at noon on Saturday. All worldly newspapers and books were laid aside. Arranged along the kitchen bench sat the shoes of the household, copper-toed and often patched, while the child unfortunately elected bootblack for the week proceeded to shine up the row. Since from six to ten pairs decorated the old stool, the task was no sinecure, as many of the shoes did service on weekdays as well as Sundays. Throughout the summer months, however, we kiddies sported only nature's covering on our feet six days out of seven, and thus was the weekly task considerably alleviated.

The inevitable tubbing occupied Saturday evening, while Sunday mornings we were reviewed in the ten to twelve Scripture verses and the allotted Catechism question for the day, that had been studied the previous Sabbath evening.

On Sunday Evening. What a trial were those evenings spent in studying, and how meaningless to us the difficult answers in the Catechism. How we longed to bolt and escape it all, but the watchful eye of father and the slender willow switch tucked up behind grandfather's clock, filled us with a wholesome awe. Pre-

sequently, however, a fit of giggling set us all afloat, as ranged about the long deal table each with "question book" (catechism), we bravely strove to fix our young minds on the page before us. Someone expert at priming, would set the ball rolling, and surreptitiously, signs and contortions passed about the juvenile circle, though should our elders glance on us, we immediately were again a studious, demure group, our appearance belying the frivolity of a moment before, such adept were we in eluding punishment for our irreverent tricks.

Poor kiddies! We certainly meant no disrespect, but sadly our tongues became entangled by the difficult words tripping us up, even when we fancied ourselves past masters at reciting. One of our number to whom the ordeal of memorizing was particularly distasteful, indignantly protested that "even father could not say them off." This we deemed wise never to put to the test.

Psalm and Paraphrase. After the usual evening worship, we were permitted to spend an hour in singing, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Psalm and paraphrase alike rang out unaided by any instrument, and even without music or words for the child who could not sing from memory was looked upon with disfavour.

Dear me! How long ago it seems today, yet I cannot regret the rigid discipline and home training that in those days seemed so trying, nor can I see that the more lax rules of the present generation are any improvement on the old time "rule of three."

First Woman M. C. AN ATTRACTIVE ONE. Miss Jeanette Rankin, Congresswoman, Has Had Successful Career.

Miss Jeanette Rankin is the first American woman entitled to write M. C. after her name and to sit on the same side of the House of Representatives of Washington as Joe Cannon. She is the daughter of a banker in Missoula, Montana, the state she will represent in Congress, says a contemporary.

She studied at the New York School of Philanthropy and was graduated in 1908. Her first job was that of "baby placer" in Seattle—finding homes for homeless children. Her interest in woman suffrage has been great, however, that she quit hunting homes for babies and devoted her time to stamping Washington in the interest of votes for women. She helped the women to victory.

Returning to her home she started a fight in Montana for suffrage, speaking before the state legislature, and succeeded in three months in getting a successful vote on the constitutional amendment providing for the right of women to vote. Her success attracted the attention of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay and Mrs. James Lee Leavelle of New York. That year, 1916, she went to California to aid in the fight there, and afterwards induced her to represent the cause at Albany.

Has Red Hair. Miss Rankin is a woman of attractiveness and of unusual intellect. She is described as beautiful, but insists her pictures belie such a statement. She has red hair, and an excellent speaker, confident herself to sensible arguments rather than to eloquent appeals. She is quick witted, versatile, witty and a good mixer.

Very Much Worse. This was all Sunday women had to say. She was delighted to see that London was wearing the newest things and wearing them with an air. Then we said: "And what about your head with shame in face of the fact that there is hardly a home but has a vacant chair, and hardly a woman but sometimes sleeps in the dark hours praying that her boy, her husband or her lover may be kept safe."

JOEY OLD ST. NICHOLAS. Joey Old St. Nicholas, lean your ear this way, Don't you tell a single soul what I'm going to say: When the clock is striking twelve, when I'm fast asleep, Down the chimney broad and black with your peck you'll creep; All the stockings you will find hanging in a row; Mine will be the shortest one—you'll be sure to know.

Johnny wants a pair of skates, Suzie wants a doll; Nellie wants a story-book, she thinks dolls are folly; As for me, my little brain isn't very bright, Choose for me, Old Santa Claus, what you think is right.

I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so. Shakespeare.

DAILY BIBLE QUESTION CLUB

By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D. (All Rights Reserved.) The six daily studies for this week constitute the International S. S. Lesson for next Sunday. Read the Bible Story on which this study is based, as you ponder the following questions: "The Holy City, Death." Rev. II, 1-17. Golden Text—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life." Rev. II, 10. 18. Verses 14-15—"What are you harvesting in your church for which Jesus is now correcting you?" 19. Verse 16—"What measure of danger are you in, that your head may drop in to the sawdust basket through Christ's 'sawed with two edges'?" 20. Verse 17—"What are Christ's supernatural blessings, gifts and graces, which he lavishes upon the church, or individual, 'that overcometh'?" Lesson for Sunday, December 17, 1916. "The Holy City." Rev. II, 1-14; 1-14; 22-27; 1-14.

SEASONABLE RECIPES

Some Toothsome Dishes That Suit the Season.

Date Stuffed Pudding—One cup finely chopped suet, 2 cups bread crumbs, mix together 2 eggs, well beaten; 1 cup brown molasses, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 1 cup flour, in which a teaspoonful of soda has been sifted; 14 cups dates, cut into small pieces; 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup macs and salt, half of nutmeg, grated. Dredge dates with flour as you add them, stir whole together thoroughly, put in mold and steam three hours. Serve with liquid sauce.

Cranberry Jelly—One quart cranberries, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar. Boil berries in water till soft, then gradually add sugar. Set back on stove where it will keep hot, but not boil, till sugar is all dissolved, then bring to boiling point, but do not boil; then turn into glasses, and it will set whole if you wish.

Carrot Pudding—One and one-half cups flour, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup suet, 1 cup raisins, 1 cup currants, 1 cup raw potatoes grated, 1 cup raw carrots grated.

RHEUMATISM GOES IF HOOD'S IS USED

The genuine old reliable Hood's Sarsaparilla corrects the acid condition of the blood and builds up the whole system. It drives out rheumatism because it cleanses the blood. It has been successfully used for forty years in many thousands of cases the world over. There is no better remedy for skin and blood diseases, for loss of appetite, rheumatism, stomach and kidney troubles, general debility and all ailments arising from impure, impoverished, devalued blood. It is unnecessary to suffer. Start treatment at once. Get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla from your nearest druggist. You will be pleased with the results.

ADVERTISER WAR PRISONER'S FUND.

I pledge myself for the sum of..... monthly (for the following six months), towards The Advertiser Mail-Box readers' fund for prisoners of war, and herewith inclose..... Name..... Address..... Pen-name..... Date..... Return to Miss Grey, in care of Advertiser.

AdvertiserPatterns



Lady's House Dress. 1791—This model makes an ideal work or porch dress. It may be finished with long or short sleeves. The hand trimming may be omitted. Percale, lawn, calico, gingham, seersucker, chambray, challie and crepe could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5½ yards of 14-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at its lower edge.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT. Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name..... Town..... Province..... Age (if child's or miss's pattern)..... Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure your waist only mark 32, 34 or 36, 38, 40, 42 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss's or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from date of application.

grated, 1 teaspoon baking soda; spices to taste; mix all together and steam three hours. It is delicious, though so inexpensive.

Scotch Shortbread—One pound flour, 1 pound butter, 4 ounces powdered sugar, 2 eggs, a little citron peel. Mix flour, butter and sugar; beat eggs thoroughly and add, work into a stiff paste, roll out and cut into six inch squares, place a small piece of citron on each cake and bake in a moderate oven a pale color.

Celery and Cheese—Take some cream cheese and mix with enough sweet cream to moisten it; season with salt and cayenne; chop fine eight stuffed olives (if you have them) and mix with the cheese. Take short and crisp pieces of celery and fill with the mixture.

ADAGE READ ARIGHT SECRET OF SUCCESS

To "Do Everything Well" Waste of Precious Time, Says Minister.

According to an old adage whatever is doing well at all is worth doing well. But like most bits of proverbial philosophy this one expresses half a truth only. There are parts of our work which ought not to be done well; to do them well would be a sheer waste of time. He who succeeds is not the man who treats every task with the same monotonous exactness, but the man who has learned what work may be slighted in order that time may be saved for more important duties. A wife who is ready to spend hours on her hands and knees with a pin, hunting some specks of fugitive dust out of the cracks in the floor, will never have time for the intellectual and artistic and spiritual work of making a home. The man who determines that every speck of grass on his lawn shall be of the precise length of every other must spend all his old time pushing a lawnmower and using a pair of clippers.

Really Important Things. Some tasks must not be slighted at all. A drawing for a piece of electrical apparatus must be absolutely correct. The machinist must test his work with calipers to the thousandth of an inch. The surgeon must devote himself to his operation with complete focusing of attention. When the duty of significant work is spoken of, what is meant is that while a scaffolding should be strongly made, it is not necessary to take time to plane the lumber of which it is built. One of the great problems in life is to see what work should be left undone altogether, what work should be treated with a "touch-and-go" method, and what work demands our very best. He who has gained this perspective of work has in his possession one of the most important secrets of success.—Rev. J. E. Russell.

VERSE

NEW AND OLD

THE SHIP THAT NEVER RETURNED.

On a summer's day when the waves were rippled By the softest, gentlest breeze, Did a ship set sail with a cargo laden For a port beyond the seas. There were sweet farewells, there were loving signals, While a form could be discerned; Tho' they knew it not—'twas a so-called sailing, For the ship she never returned. Refrain— She never returned, she never returned, Her fate is yet unlearned; Tho' for years and years there were fond ones watching, Yet the ship she never returned. Said a gentle youth to his loving mother, "Let me cross the wide, wide sea; For they say perchance in a foreign clime, There is health and wealth for me." And the mother listened with fond affection, And her heart for her darling yearned, And she sent him forth with a smile and a blessing, On the ship that never returned. (Refrain.) "Only one more cruise," said a gallant sailor, As he kissed his weeping wife; "Only one more bag of the golden treasure, And I'll spend my days in our cozy cottage. And enjoy the rest I've earned." But alas! poor man, he sailed command, Of the ship that never returned. (Refrain.) "Do not leave me, love," cried an anxious maiden, "Do not cross the angry sea; For my heart will break in its lonely sorrow, When thou art far away from me." But he sailed away, for he dared not linger, Tho' with her to stay he yearned, And for years she wept, her lone watch keeping, For the ship that never returned.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

[Sent by Grannie.] Into the ward with the whitewashed walls, Where the dead and the dying lay, Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls, Somebody's darling was borne one day.

Somebody's darling, so young and so brave, Wearing yet on his still small face, Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave.

The lingering light of his boyhood's grace, Matted and damp are the curls of gold, Kissing the snow of that fair young brow.

Pale are the lips of delicate mould, Somebody's darling is dying now.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake, Murnur a prayer soft and low, One bright curl from its fair mates take.

They were somebody's pride, you know, Somebody's hand had rested there, While a mother's soft lips kissed his cheek, Or had the lips of a sister fair, Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best; he was somebody's love, Somebody's hand had rested there, Somebody mourned his name above, Night and morn on the wings of prayer.

Somebody wept when he marched away, Looking so handsome, brave and grand; Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay, Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him, Yearning to hold him again to their hearts, And there he lies with his blue eyes dim, And his smiling childlike lips apart.

Tenderly bury the fair young dead, Pausing to drop on his grave a tear; Carve on the wooden slab at his head, Somebody's darling lies buried here.

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GRAY. [Published by Request.] Two brown heads with laughing curls, Red lips shutting over pearls, Bare feet white and wet with dew, Two eyes black and two eyes blue; Little boy and girl were they, Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Flashed with silver, and thick ranks of green willows fringed its banks; Half in thought and half in play, Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red; He was taller—most a head; She, with arms like wreaths of snow, Swung a basket to and fro, As they lolled, half in play, Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said— And there came a flash of red, Through the brownness of his cheek—"Boys are strong and girls are weak, And I'll carry, so I will, Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered with a laugh, "You shall carry half." And then, tossing back her curls, As they lolled, half in play, Do you think that Katie guessed Half the wisdom she expressed?

Man are only boys grown tall, Hearts don't change much, after all; And when long years from that day Katie Lee and Willie Gray

Stood again beside the brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Sweet flowers twine around his tombstone o'er his mouldering clay; On which is scrawled his age, also his name, Many years have gone, they say, since his spirit passed away, But the letter that he longed for never came.

"'T would please me very much, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "if you would go to the theatre with me this evening." "Have you secured the seats?" inquired Miss Vera Stout. "Oh, come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that!"



A Way to Soften the Hard Water of the Bath

Get out the LUX package—pour in 3 or 4 table-spoonfuls into the water and stir a little. The water immediately becomes creamy soft. Most refreshing and very beneficial to the skin. Try it to-night. You'll be pleased, well pleased. People where the water is unusually hard just revel in

LUX

for the bath. Especially where babies are concerned. These silky-smooth little flakes of the purest essence of soap exercise a soothing and cleansing effect on the skin that is very stimulating after a trying day.

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DAWNEC CENTAR AISSUR
MASTERS MORGAN RUTYK

Above will be found 6 sets of mixed or jumbled letters. When arranged in proper order these sets spell the names of 6 of the great sailors that are now at war with another. Can you arrange them so as to spell the 6 names wanted? It is not easy to do but it can be done by exercising patience. As a guide, we would say that the 3 sets of letters on top spell the names of 3 countries that are winning and that the three lower sets are the names of the three losers. You think you have solved this puzzle correctly, write your answer neatly and plainly on a slip of paper and send it to us together with your name and address plainly written. As in the event of ties, writing and accuracy will be considered factors.

THIS CONTEST DOES NOT INVOLVE THE SPENDING OF ANY OF YOUR MONEY EXCEPT THE FEW CENTS YOU SPEND ON POSTAGE.

There is only one simple condition to comply with. When we receive your answer we will at once send you the terms of this contest together with a list of names of persons who have already received over \$3,000.00 in cash from the public sale of their property. Do not delay, send your answer today.

BRITISH CANADIAN ART COY., DEPT. 4
BRITISH CANADIAN ART BUILDING, MONTREAL

Is it strange that Willie said, While away from his home, Crossed the brownness of his cheek; "I am strong and you are weak; Life is but a slippery steep, Hung with shadows cold and deep. "Will you trust me, Katie dear, Walk beside me without fear? May I carry, if I will, All your burdens up the hill?" And she answered, with a laugh, "No, but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook, Bending like a shepherd's crook, Washing with its silvery hands, Late and early at the sands, In a cottage, where today, Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In the porch she sits, and lo! Swings a basket to and fro; Vastly different from the one That she swung in years ago. This is long and deep and wide, And has rockers on the side.

THE LETTER THAT NEVER CAME. [Sent by "Nufschond."] "A letter here for me!" was the question That he asked Of the mailman at the closing of the day— He turned sadly with a sigh, while a tear stood in his eye, Then he bowed his head and slowly walked away.

Then he murmured, "Can it be, will it never come to me? Had he waited all these many years in vain?" Yet from early morning's light he would watch till dark at night, For that letter, but alas! it never came.

CHORUS— Was it from a grey-haired mother, a sister or a brother, Had he waited all these many years in vain? Yet from early morning's light, he would watch with spirit light, But the letter that he longed for never came.

He had waited many years, joy had mingled with his tears, When the old postmaster met him in wait; How his features they would brighten, and his sad heart seem to lighten, But his vain hopes lasted only a little while.

When the postmaster would say, "There is nothing here today," He'd bemoan his fate, yet no one seem to blame. Then he murmured "Surely she must sometimes think of me?" Still he wondered why that message never came.

So one day upon the shore, he was found, but life was o'er, His poor soul it had gone out with the tide, In his hand they found a note, with the

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The antiseptic, healing, soothing application for all cuts, burns, scalds and bruises. A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. If you have an old sore or cut which refuses to heal, wash it well with hot water, dry, and then apply Compass Oil. If able cover with a light bandage. The oil of the healing power of Compass Oil will surprise you. GET A BOTTLE TODAY. 25c All Druggists. 25c

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