Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream

A PERFECT SKIN TONIC

To guard against the irritating effects of Fall and Winter winds on the complexion nothing is quite as effective as Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream.

The exquisitely stimulating and refreshing sensation that follows its use cannot be described—it must be felt to be appreciated. It gives to the skin the natural, normal glow of youth, and stimulates the pores to that proper activity which is the whole secret of a skin that is naturally clear, bright and elastic.

It vanishes so completely that it can be safely used just before you put on your gloves, or just a minute before you go into company. Contains no grease.

In patent and collapsible tubes, with winding and permanent cap.

Large Tubes, 25c. Sold by All Good Druggists.

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Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO MAKE FOR MOTHER

In thinking of a Christmas present for mother, let the daughter keep in mind something that her mother can use for her very own, and find pleasure in throughout the year.

The illustrations give a few suggestions that require little outlay or time or money. Not one article costs over 25 cents, and some less.

The little book for recipes is ten inches high, and seven wide. The covers are made of cardboard, covered with a plain colored denim, burlap, or linen, with five holes at the back. Through these the cord is run for fastening leaves and covers together. The kettle is cut from black cloth, and overhanded on, and the lettering is worked in outline stitch.

The candle-shade is made with water color paper for the foundation. Cut out the exact size and shape, and fasten together at the ends. Tan linen, pongee silk, or any material that would allow the light to show forms the background. Cut out the same shape as the paper shade, only one-quarter of an inch larger at the top and bottom.

Baste the two ends together to fit perfectly over the foundation, then rip the bastings and lay flat.

From flowered cretonne, cut a design and lay on the linen or silk shade to make an attractive design. The illustrated pattern is tiny festoons of roses, connecting small rose-filled baskets, and blue ribbon around the top.

In choosing the cretonne, keep the smallness of the design in mind. When the design is made, baste carefully into place and overhand the edges down. Sew the two edges of the shade together, and turning in the upper and lower edges, fasten to the foundation. Finish the edges with a half-inch lace or fringe.

The bedroom slippers and case are made from daintily flowered cretonne, lined with flannel and bound with tape the color of the flowers. The soles are two thicknesses of butchers' linen (or enough to make them stiff) and a flannel lining for the inside, cretonne for the outside.

Cut out the correct shape and size, and bind with tape. Cut out the upper part a correct slipper shape, making the seam come at the back, and bind all edges with tape, then overhand the upper part to the sole.

The case is envelope shape and slippers and case are easily washed.

The collar, cuffs and jabot show the possibilities of two or three handkerchiefs. The handkerchiefs used in the illustration cost six cents apiece, and have a border design of blue, which makes an attractive edge.

The collar is made from one edge of one handkerchief, two of the corners forming the fronts, and a third corner, to the depth of about eight inches, makes the jabot, pleating as shown.

The cuffs an edge of another handkerchief, tiny tucks being made on each side of the fronts or corners, until the required size.

The side jabot is made from one handkerchief, cutting so as to make one corner come over the other, as shown in the illustration. Turn in the inner edge and hem neatly down.

Habit

YOU have probably been intending to try Red Rose Tea for some time but from "force of habit" have just kept on using another tea.

Break the Habit

and buy Red Rose next time.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

NEVER SOLD IN BULK

Your Grocer Will Recommend It 83

The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by

VAUGHAN KESTER

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

It occurred to the judge that he himself had news to impart. He must account for the boy's presence.

"While you've been taking your whiff of life down at the steamboat landing, Mahaffy, I've been experiencing a most extraordinary coincidence." The judge paused. By a sudden glare in his deep-sunk eyes Mr. Mahaffy seemed to bid him go on. "Back east—" the judge jerked his thumb with an indefinite gesture—"back east at my ancestral home" —Mahaffy snorted harshly. "You don't believe I had an ancestral home?—well, I had! It was of brick, sir, with eight Corinthian columns across the front, having a panelled hall sixty feet long. I had the distinguished honor to entertain General Andrew Jackson there."

"Did you get those dimensions out of the jug?" inquired Mahaffy, with a frightful bark that was intended for a sarcastic laugh.

"Sir, it is not in your province to judge me by my present degraded associates. Near the house I have described—my father's and his father's before him, and mine now—but for the unparalleled misfortunes which have pursued me—lived a family by the name of Hazard. And when I went to the war of '12——"

"What were you in that bloody time, a sutler?" inquired Mahaffy, insultingly.

"No, sir—a colonel of infantry!—I say, when I went to the war, one of these Hazards accompanied me as my orderly. His grandson is back of that curtain now—asleep—in my bed!" Mahaffy put down his glass.

"You were like this once before," he said darkly. But at that instant the shuck tick rattled noisily at some movement of the sleeping boy. Mahaffy quitted his chair, and, crossing the room, drew the quilt aside. A glance sufficed to assure him that in part, at least, the judge spoke the truth. He let the curtain fall into place and resumed his chair.

"He's an orphan, Solomon—a poor, friendless orphan. Another might have turned him away from his door—I didn't; I hadn't the heart to. I bespeak your sympathy for him."

"Who is he?" asked Mahaffy.

"Haven't I just told you?" said the judge reproachfully. Mahaffy laughed.

"You've told me something. Who is he?"

"His name is Hannibal Wayne Hazard. Wait until he wakes up and see if it isn't."

"Sure he isn't kin to you?" said Mahaffy.

"Not a drop of my blood flows in the veins of any living creature," declared the judge with melancholy impressiveness. He continued with deepening feeling, "All I shall leave to posterity is my fame."

"Speaking of posterity, which isn't present, Mr. Price, I'll say it is embarrassed by the attention," observed Mahaffy.

There was a long silence between them. Mr. Mahaffy drank, and when he did not drink he bit his under lip and studied the judge. This was always distressing to the latter gentleman. Mahaffy's silence he could never penetrate. What was back of it—judgment, criticism, disbelief—what? Or was it the silence of emptiness? Was Mahaffy dumb merely because he could think of nothing to say, or did his silence cloak his feelings —and what were his feelings? Did his meditations outrun his habitually insulting speech as he bit his under lip and glared at him? The judge felt impelled to talk at such times, while Mahaffy, by that silence of his, seemed to weigh and condemn whatever he said.

The moon had slipped below the horizon. Pleasantville had long since gone to bed; it was only the judge's window that gave its light to the blackness of the night. There was a hoof-beat on the road. It came nearer and nearer, and presently sounded just beyond the door. Then it ceased and a voice said:

"Hullo, there!" The judge scrambled to his feet, and taking up the candle, stepped, or rather staggered, into the yard. Mahaffy followed him.

"What's wanted?" asked the judge, as he lurched up to horse and rider, holding his candle aloft. The light showed a tall fellow mounted on a handsome horse. It was Murrell.

"Is there an inn hereabouts?" he asked.

"You'll find one down the road a ways," said Mahaffy. The judge said nothing. He was staring up at Murrell with drunken gravity.

"Have either of you gentlemen seen a boy go through here today? A boy about ten years old?" Murrell glanced from one to the other. Mr. Mahaffy's thin lips twisted themselves into a sarcastic smile. He turned to the judge, who spoke up quickly:

"Did he carry a bundle and rifle?" he asked. Murrell gave eager assent.

"Well," said the judge, "he stopped here along about four o'clock, and asked his way to the nearest river landing." Murrell gathered up his reins, and then that fixed stare of the judge's seemed to arrest his attention.

"You'll know me again," he observed.

"Anywhere," said the judge.

"I hope that's a satisfaction to you," said Murrell.

"It ain't—none whatever," answered the judge promptly. "For I don't value you—I don't value you that much!" and he snapped his fingers to illustrate his meaning.

CHAPTER XI.

The Orator of the Day.

"Hannibal," the judge's voice and manner were rather stern. "Hannibal, a man rode by here last night on a big bay horse. He said he was looking for a boy about ten years old—a boy with a bundle and rifle." There was an awful pause. Hannibal's heart stood still for a brief instant, then it began to beat with terrific thumps against his ribs. "Who was that man, Hannibal?"

"I—please—I don't know——" gasped the child.

"Hannibal, who was that man?" repeated the judge.

"It were Captain Murrell." The judge regarded him with a look of great steadiness. He saw his small face go white, he saw the look of abject terror in his eyes. The judge raised his fist and brought it down with a great crash on the table, so that the breakfast dishes leaped and rattled. "We don't know any boy ten years old with a rifle and a bundle!" he said.

"Please—you won't let him take me away, Judge—I want to stop with you!" cried Hannibal. He slipped from the chair, and passing about the table, seized the judge by the hand. The judge was visibly affected.

"No!" he roared, with a great oath. "He shan't have you—I'll see him in the farthest corner of hell first! Is he kin to you?"

"No," said Hannibal.

"Took you to raise, did he—and abused you—infernal hypocrite!" cried the judge with righteous wrath.

"He tried to get me away from my Uncle Bob. He's been following us since we crossed the mountains."

"Where is your Uncle Bob?"

"He's dead." And the child began to weep bitterly. Much puzzled, the judge regarded him in silence for a moment, then bent and lifted him into his lap.

"There, my son——" he said soothingly. "Now, you tell me when he died, and all about it."

"He were killed. It were only yesterday, and I can't forget him! I don't want to—but it hurts—it hurts terrible!" Hannibal buried his head in the judge's shoulder and sobbed aloud. Presently his small hands stole about the judge's neck, and that gentleman experienced a strange thrill of pleasure.

"Tell me how he died, Hannibal," he urged gently. In a voice broken by sobs the child began the story of their flight, a confused narrative, which the judge followed with many a puzzled shake of the head. But as he reached his climax —that cry he had heard at the tavern, the men in the lane with their burden—he became more and more coherent, and his ideas clothed themselves in words of dreadful simplicity and directness. The judge shuddered. "Can such things be?" he murmured at last.

"You won't let him take me?"

"I never unsay my words," said the judge grandly. "With God's help I'll be the instrument for their destruction." He frowned with a preternatural severity. Eh—if he could turn a trick like that, it would pull him up. There would be no more jeers and laughter. What credit and standing it would give him! His thoughts slipped along this fresh channel. What a prosecution he would conduct—what a whirlwind of eloquence he would loose! He began to breathe hard. His name should go from end to end of the state! No man could be great without opportunity—for years he had known this—but here was oportunity at last! Then he remembered what Mahaffy had told him of the man on the raft. This Sloason's tavern was probably on the upper waters of the Elk. Yancy had been thrown in the river, and had been picked up in a dying condition. "Hannibal," he said, "Solomon Mahaffy, who was here last night, told me he saw down at the river landing, a man who had been fished up out of the Elk—a man who had been roughly handled."

"Were it my Uncle Bob?" cried Hannibal, lifting a swollen face to his.

"Dear lad, I don't know," said the judge, sympathetically. "Some people on a raft had picked him up out of the river. He was unconscious and no one knew him. He was apparently a stranger in these parts."

(To Be Continued.)

A Physical Wreck

Suffered Tortures from Nervousness.

Miss Marguerite Lees, 91 Robert St., Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was a wreck, reduced in body, and despondent. I suffered tortures from nervousness, and was totally unfitted for work. A friend recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla. I commenced taking it and by the time the second bottle was consumed I knew that I was mending. Gradually I grew well. I have used Hood's since. I would not be without it on any account, and do most enthusiastically endorse every word in its favor."

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Angel Cake Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey—1. What will take ink stain out of a white waist after it has been washed? 2. Give recipe for angel cake. 3. What will be the leading color in men's suits for the coming winter? A READER.

A.—1. Dissolve a teaspoonful oxalic acid in a pint of hot water, and rub the stains well. Rinse in hot water. Repeat until stains are removed. Use precautions, as the acid is poisonous. 2. Beat one cup egg-whites until very stiff with a pinch of salt. Fold in one cup granulated sugar sifted twice, one teaspoonful almond and half a teaspoonful vanilla. Then add one cup of flour, and one teaspoonful cream of tartar which have been sifted together three times. Fill buttered pan with centre tube, and bake 40 minutes. When done invert pan until cool, remove pan, brush cake with egg-white beaten with sugar, then cover with frosting. 3. Browns and grays.

Dear Miss Grey,—1. Give recipe for salad dressing without oil. 2. How can I wash a red flannel coat? 3. I wish to lay away an expensive hair switch, what care should I give it? 4. Please give recipe for sweet crab-apple pickle and spiced carrants. 5. Should a switch be washed as often as the hair?

THANKFUL.

A.—1. Beat well three eggs, stir into them one tablespoonful sugar, a teaspoonsalt, a dash of paprika, a little mustard and one cup vinegar. Beat thoroughly, pour into double boiler and cook until it thickens. Then add one tablespoon butter. When butter is melted, beat well for a few minutes and set away to cool. 2. Wash in gasoline. Put it in a pail, cover with gasoline, cover and leave over night. In the morning, souse up and down until clean, rinse in clean gasoline if badly soiled and hang out of doors in the shade to dry. Do not wring, let it drip dry. Be careful about fire. 3. Wash apples, weigh, and allow 4½ pounds sugar to 7 pounds fruit. Put into kettle with just enough water to cover lower layer of fruit. Bring slowly to a boil and cook until apples are clear and tender, not broken. Have ready boiling a pint of vinegar spiced with cinnamon, cloves and mace. Add to the fruit five minutes before apples are done, cook, remove apples and spread on platters. Boil syrup and vinegar until thick. Pack apples in jars and fill to overflowing with boiling liquor. Seal at once. Stem currants and weigh them. To five pounds fruit allow 2½ pounds granulated sugar and one cup vinegar. Put in kettle and cook with two ounces each of stick cinnamon and whole cloves. Boil until very thick, one-half hour. Put into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin. 4. Yes.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS

While travelling "on the other side" this summer, one's attention was frequently drawn to an advanced step taken by our American neighbors, the increased use of the private drinking cup and the abolition of the public vessel. On the trains and steamers, the drinking fountains were not supplied with a cup or glass, as formerly, and very few people there travel without being accompanied by a folding aluminum cup. It is high time for us to awaken to the dangers concealed in the public drinking cup, as pointed out by our medical men. The movement is one which might worthily be promoted by some of our Mothers' Clubs or Women's Council of Women.

Ungallant Kipling.

A year or so ago, a poet, one William Watson, created quite a furore in certain circles, because of a poem he published, entitled, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue." The episode has almost become forgotten, but now Rudyard Kipling comes to the front with a horrid poem, in which the main idea is that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male." This poem has caused considerable comment, and several writers, Sam E. Kiser, Hall Caine and others, have felt moved to compose parodies upon it.

Poor woman! What an amount of free advertising she is getting out of it. But, bless you, she don't mind. She just goes on her way calmly and regards the composer as a bit of a fraud. But it hurts some to think that R. K. could be so ungallant. Here we have laughed over, and cried over, and enjoyed his stories and poems, and told the youngsters about Wee Willie Winkie, and Baa, Baa, Black Sheep, and then to receive such a rude jolt as this from the idolized one! It's really too much. Besides, I think it's uncalled for. Where would the founders of Rome have been but for a mother-wolf's cuddling? Probably there wouldn't have been any Rome!

But this is not intended for a defence of woman. In fact, she doesn't need any defence. So we'll let the mater rest, and try to forgive R. K. as best we can.

The women of Canada are occupying a most creditable place in the field of Canadian literature today. From coast to coast of our broad Dominion we find a galaxy of talented women, who are successful journalists, essayists, and writers of verse and fiction.

From Prince Edward Island, Miss L. N. Montgomery (now, Mrs. McDonald, of Leaskdale, Ontario), has given us her two stories, "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," both charmingly wholesome pictures of rural life in Eastern Canada. In the extreme west, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, journalist-explorer, a native of Victoria, British Columbia, has penned for us a stirring western tale entitled "The New North." Miss Cameron is also the author of many breezy magazine articles. The Middle West, too, is represented by a woman writer, and one worthy in every way. Mrs. Nellie McClung writes a rarely appealing tale in "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and "The Second Chance." Mrs. McClung is the fond mother of several children, who enjoy the prairie life to the full, and much of her mother love permeates her stories of life in the prairies.

Coming nearer home we have Mrs. Kathleen Coleman, of Toronto, who writes under the name of "Kit." She is widely known as a newspaper woman, and her ready wit and tender heart has endeared her to all her readers. Mrs. Coleman was the first, and probably the only, Canadian woman to go out as war correspondent. She acted in that capacity for the Mail and Empire during the war between the United States and Cuba.

Another Toronto writer and poetess is Mrs. Jean Blewett, who recently addressed a gathering in the Normal School here. Mrs. Blewett has a happy knack of imparting a spirit of real Canadianism into her poetry, and her verses are at all times delightful.

Miss Currie Love, from our own city, is another clever young woman who is "making good" in the realm of journalism. Miss Love has been in the west for some years, and has contributed many descriptive and interesting magazine articles upon life and conditions there. Miss Love is at present in England, where she will continue to write about our far-reaching western provinces for English publications.

Miss Isabel Armstrong, also a former London girl, has chosen a different line of work. She is the able manager of the woman's department of the Regina Leader. Miss Armstrong has adopted the English habit of serving afternoon tea in her office after the brunt of the day's work is over. Her fellow workers have not been slow to show their appreciation of this pleasant hospitality.

One could go on to great length and scarcely touch upon the numerous Canadian women who are winning fame by means of the pen, but space is limited, and one must be content with mentioning the few who have touched one's own life the closest.

FACTORY FOR WINDSOR.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Windsor, Nov. 18.—The American Blower Company, of Detroit, will locate a large new factory here, and employ 150 hands.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

For pains in the side of chest dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Liniment and bind it on over the seat of pain. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers. 4

A Daily Thought

I strolled last eve across the lonely down,
One solitary picture struck my eye,
A distant plow boy stood against the sky—
How far he seemed above the noisy town!

Upon the bosom of a cloud the sod
Laid its bruised cheek as he moved slowly by;
And, watching him, I asked myself if I
In very truth stood half as near to God.

—Wilcox.

Care of Locks and Hinges

In these days of nerves and irritability it is a mystery why people do not pay more attention to oiling their locks and hinges on the doors.

Apart from the annoyance of the squeak of a hinge, and the difficulty of turning the key of a rusty lock, the property is injured.

A few minutes' occasional attention would make a considerable improvement.

Doors will shut almost without a sound; keys will turn noiselessly, and without effort, yet few people think of taking the trifling trouble to bring about such an improved state of things.

Apart from locks, all household hinges and machinery should be oiled regularly.

Even the leaves of the kitchen table may have a few drops of oil rubbed into the hinges.

A drawer, too, which refuses to open or shut without force, may be made to work smoothly by rubbing sides and edges with a mixture of soft soap and oil.

Every woman who values her sewing machine need not be reminded that it will work better and more quietly if kept well oiled.

Notes of Condolence

There are persons who never take notice of another's sorrows until they meet the bereaved one.

Sometimes this attitude is from fear of intrusion, again it is from fear of not saying the right thing, too often it is from procrastination.

Whatever the reason, it is a mistake. There are some few persons who like outside sympathy in sorrow. The majority are hurt if it is not given. They never feel quite the same toward the friend whom they think was neglectful of their trouble.

The visiting card with a few words of sympathy is sufficient, save among close friends. A married woman includes the card of her husband.

Never make a note of condolence stilted. It should express you and not be an essay on grief. Also be brief. A few sincere sentences count more than pages of rambling platitudes.

The Child's Appetite

A healthy appetite leads the child to enjoy the food given, but appetite may easily be vitiated by over-feeding, under-feeding, giving food that is too rich or unsuitable, and irregularity in the meal times.

Regular habits should be cultivated from the very first, food being given at fixed and definite hours. The food should be extremely plain, and vary in quality and quantity according to the age and capacity of the child.

If the child appears not to eat as much as usual, it is a great mistake to tempt him with dainties, because if there is any disorder in the digestion these will increase the trouble.

The appetite is lost when the little one is feverish, or has a disordered stomach or liver; while it becomes extraordinarily large when food that is ill adapted to the infantile powers has been given, because, although in itself nutritious, this cannot be properly digested, and the child is, therefore, half starved. In older children irritation of the stomach will sometimes lead to gluttony—a condition at once serious and trying to the patient.

Wedding Anniversaries

First, cotton.
Second, paper.
Third, leather.
Fifth, wooden.
Seventh, woollen.
Tenth, tin.
Twelfth, linen.
Fifteenth, crystal.
Twentieth, china
Twenty-fifth, silver.
Thirtieth, pearl.
Fortieth, ruby.
Fiftieth, golden.
Seventy-fifth, Diamond.

PAPER BAG COOKERY

Bread.

Six cups flour, half a yeast cake, half teaspoonful salt, tepid water, one teaspoonful of fruit sugar.

Sift the flour in a basin, put the yeast in a small basin with the sugar, work these well together, and add half a pint tepid water. Strain this into the centre of the flour, mix up a little about the consistency of batter, and set to rise in a warm corner of the kitchen for about 25 minutes. Then add the salt and enough tepid water to mix the whole of the flour. Knead well for about 10 minutes. Divide the dough into halves, put each into a lightly-floured tin, and set to rise again in a warm place for about an hour. Put each loaf into a bag, close up as usual and cook in well heated oven for about one hour. The tins should not be more than three-parts full when the dough is set to rise.

Minard's Liniment Company, Limited:
Gentlemen,—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and in my family for years, and for the every-day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal.
I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.
CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,
Schr. "Storke," St. Andre, Kamouraska.

POTS & PANS

KEPT FREE FROM DIRT & MADE DAZZLING BRIGHT & CLEAN

WITH

Old Dutch Cleanser

NEVER BE WITHOUT IT IN THE KITCHEN

Its many uses and full directions on large Sifter-Can 10¢

Neave's Food

FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year

"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen".

Mrs. J. W. PATEMAN,
34 Harriet St., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. airtight tins by all druggists in Canada.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write today for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby", to the Canadian Agent—EDWIN UTLEY, 14 Front Street East, - TORONTO.
Mfgs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

Carpet Saver!

Discard casters on all your furniture! Cheaply equip chairs, beds, pianos, etc., with this noiseless glass (or metal) shod device that slides SO EASY!—and doesn't wear out the carpets nor mar the glossy floors. Made in many sizes and styles, for every possible use. Ask your furniture or hardware dealer about the "Onward." Buy no furniture not fitted with the

Onward SLIDING FURNITURE SHOE

This Style For Wood Furniture

Onward Mfg. Co., BERLIN, ONT.

Just One Word To Ladies

What is the chief beauty of a lady, the dress or the hair?

The Hair of Course!

No matter how much you spend on dress, it never can beautify you as much as hair can. No hat will fit without hair. If in doubt, just come to us, and we will give free demonstration.

We carry a large stock of Human Hair Goods.

Bring your combings and have them made up into Switches, etc., at very small cost.

PROF. MICHEEL

221 DUNDAS STREET.
East of Clarence.