

# WOMEN and THE HOME

## I. O. D. E. SALUTES FLAG IN SILENCE

Municipal Chapter Remembers Armistice Day at Monthly Meeting.

### SUPPORTS BYLAW

Would Build New Nurses Home—Invites Mrs. Burkholder To City.

When the members of the Municipal chapter, I. O. D. E., rose yesterday afternoon to salute the flag, as is their custom, they stood in reverent silence for two minutes, in recognition of the fact that it was Armistice day. Mrs. A. E. Miller, the municipal regent, presided over the meeting, which was largely attended. The chapter expect to bring to the city shortly Mrs. Burkholder, the provincial president, who will be asked to present the charter to the newly-organized Sir Adam Beck chapter.

While Mrs. Burkholder is in the city the Municipal chapter will give a tea in her honor, to which all of the I. O. D. E. members in the city will be asked. Mrs. C. I. Campbell was named convener of the tea.

### Endorses Nurses' Home.

The meeting strongly endorsed the nurses' home bylaw, which was brought before them by Mrs. Grace Fairley, superintendent of nurses at Victoria Hospital. Gerald Pearson and Dr. Pratten were also present at the meeting to present the claims of the Sir Adam Beck memorial fund, which the chapter has likewise promised to support.

An interesting event of today will be the Municipal chapter tea and entertainment, given this afternoon under the auspices of the Municipal chapter immigration committee to about 44 new Canadians. The tea, which will be held at the King street Y. W. C. A. residence will be convoked by Mrs. Jack Murray.

### Chapters Report.

Mrs. A. E. Miller, Mrs. F. J. Greenaway and Mrs. James Hendry reported for the recent provincial meeting held in Preston. Volunteers for poppy day were asked from among the I. O. D. E. members by Mrs. G. W. H. Hendry. Mrs. E. E. Fabian Ware, expressing delight at his recent visit in London, was read. The members were urged to patronize two returned soldiers who live on York street and are trying to earn a living through the making of housewives.

Among the primary chapters reporting were the Lord Roberts, Nicholas Wilson, Overseas, Trafalgar, and Seventh Regiment, all presenting statements of their work.

## W. C. T. U. LEADERS NEED IN CANADA

Wright Union Hears Miss McCorkindale—Mrs. Saddle Receives Pin.

Scientific temperance and the need for educating the young people were stressed by Miss McCorkindale, organizer of the Y. W. C. T. U. in Australia, in an interesting address before the Wright union of the W. C. T. U. yesterday afternoon.

There was a need in Canada, New Zealand and Australia, she said, for workers such as Mary Hunt in the United States. The countries were facing a critical moment, and leaders were necessary if the battle for temperance was to be victorious.

She mentioned Mr. Chappelle's books on "Temperance" and "Self-Control" as ideal reading matter.

She took Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde" as a splendid portrayal of the effects of liquor. She also stated that liquor was a more deadly enemy than the empire had during the great war.

"What are we, as Christians, going to do about the prohibition question?" she flung at her audience as a challenge in closing. "Britain and the United Kingdom stand for freedom and against the slave traffic, and they should also stand against drink. Lloyd George is to be commended on his recent stand for prohibition. The eyes of other countries are on Ontario, and it is a matter of winning that other countries will be encouraged. We cannot discourage them."

The gathering stood in silence for two minutes in recognition of Armistice Day, and Mrs. May R. Thornley led in prayer. During the afternoon Mrs. Phillip sang very sweetly. Mrs. Task, accompanied by Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. William Saddle was presented by Mrs. Gordon Wright with a pin from the provincial W. C. T. U. for having received 50 annual members during the year.

### CENTRE ROAD W. M. S.

The United W. M. S. of Centre Road held its thank-offering meeting at the home of Mrs. John Galbraith. The president, Miss Waters, presided. After the devotional exercises pertaining to Thanksgiving, Mrs. Galbraith read a Thanksgiving story which was much appreciated and it was full of inspiration.

Mrs. Gardiner of Alisa Craig addressed the meeting in the theme of her manner, taking as the theme of her message, Stewardship. Her address was much appreciated and it was full of inspiration. Another feature of the program was the presentation of a life membership and pin to Mrs. Alken. It was a gift from the members and friends of the society. The offering amounted to \$29.25.

## AUSTRALIAN WOMAN TOURS WORLD FOR TEMPERANCE

Miss McCorkindale Cheats Herself of Holiday To Help Prohibition Cause.

### IS NOW IN LONDON

Travelling around the world, ostensibly to improve her health, but actually in the interests of temperance, Miss Isabel McCorkindale, brilliant Australian woman, has at last reached London, and is a guest with Mrs. Gordon Wright.

"My doctors told me that I must get away from temperance meetings," admits this keen-eyed little woman, who two years ago had just completed a strenuous "no license" campaign in her own country. Forthwith she left for England, and a rest. But her rest time has been spent at the old work—speaking for temperance.

In spite of this, her health has improved with a change of climate, and she is now on her way to the Pacific coast with the hope of reaching Australia about March. It will be two years in January since she left her home in Brisbane to visit the old land and now Canada and the United States.

Miss McCorkindale is the state director of women's work for Queensland Prohibition league, state superintendent of scientific temperance instruction, and is also the author of Temperance Lessons For Teachers. Wherever she has spoken she has attracted large audiences by her eloquence.

### Is Scottish Born.

Miss McCorkindale, although she has lived in Australia since she was but a few months old, is Scottish born, and a member of the great McCorkindale family which dates back to 845. It was during the war between the Picts and Scots that the first McCorkindale got his baronetcy for rescuing the head of the beheaded king of the Scots. The baronetcy died out in the year 1750, and since that time the McCorkindale lands have been mostly in the possession of the Argyle clan. One branch of the family lives in Australia and now sends back a representative in Miss Isabel McCorkindale.

"How did you happen to take up temperance work?" is a question which this distinguished Australian woman is often asked. And her answer invariably is: "I never took it up. It took me up. It is one of the great problems of the social life of today. And if one is due to the best that she wants for her country and generation, she knows that this thing has got to be settled."

### Lloyd George Speaks.

"And it's going to be settled soon. Even in Britain, where the temperance outlook has been so hopeless, the cause is making strides. Just recently Lloyd George has declared for prohibition, and others are following him. A large Glasgow corporation has issued a decree that there shall be no more intoxicants at any social gathering which it is responsible. All this points to the coming of prohibition."

Brain has found that she is being forced into prohibition through economic conditions and trade conditions. Millions of her workmen are idle, while her trade is being captured by the sober workmen of the United States. She realizes that the £300,000,000 spent annually in intoxicants might better be spent in food and clothing, which would mean a great impetus to her trade."

### Many Addresses.

Miss McCorkindale addressed 150 meetings throughout Scotland, and it was while she was in Scotland that she met Mrs. Gordon Wright of this city. In the British Isles alone she travelled 12,000 miles.

Miss McCorkindale received a great tribute from the women of Scotland when she was presented with a beautiful gold thistle badge, studded with pearls, which she wears constantly. The presentation was made during the world's W. C. T. U. convention in Edinburgh.

Miss McCorkindale arrived in Quebec on October 4, and is now making a tour of Canada, with short excursions into the United States every once in a while. She will attend the national W. C. T. U. convention of the United States in Detroit next week, and from there will proceed to Chicago and Winnipeg.

## Women's Peace-of-Mind

under trying hygienic conditions is assured this NEW way

A DANCE, a sheer gown to be worn; a difficult hygienic situation. You need no longer give this complication a second thought.

The hazards of the old-time sanitary pad have been supplanted with a protection both absolute and exquisite.

It is called "KOTEX" . . . five times as absorbent as ordinary cotton pads. Absorbs and deodorizes at the same time. Thus ending ALL fear of offending.

You discard it as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrassment.

You get it for a few cents at any drug or department store simply by saying "KOTEX." Women ask for it without hesitancy.

Try Kotex. Comes 12 in a package. Proves old ways an unnecessary risk.

**KOTEX**  
No laundry—discard like tissue

## LONDONERS INVITED TO SING IN DETROIT AT CHRISTMAS

Mrs. Harry White Convened Enjoyable Program For Patients at Victoria.

The second in a series of concerts being given at Victoria Hospital this week by members of the women's auxiliary board was presented yesterday afternoon in ward 8. The hostesses were Mrs. Harry White, convener, Mrs. Donald and Mrs. Hallett.

An excellent program was arranged for the patients. It included violin numbers by Walter Rennie, delightful solos by Mrs. Eckert, Miss Gladys McEvoy and Miss Gertrude Morgan, and humorous readings by Mr. Willis.

At the supper hour, rosy-cheeked Snow apples and grapes were placed on the trays, adding a bright note of color.

## Peter's Curiosity Gets Best of Him and He Is Chased By a Strange Dog

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

It wasn't a great distance from the strawstack in Farmer Brown's barnyard to the barn itself. It wouldn't have seemed far to you. But to little folks like Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse it seemed a great distance because there was little or nothing under which to hide. You see, when they lived on the Great Meadows always they were more or less hidden by the grass. But here they must run across open spaces which seemed very terrible. They had the feeling that a thousand eyes were watching them.

As a matter of fact, sharp eyes did keep watch around Farmer Brown's barnyard much of the time. Spooky the Screech Owl learned long ago that now and then he could pick up a young Rat around Farmer Brown's barnyard, or a venturesome Mouse running across from the barn to the house. Black Pussy the Cat delighted to hunt in that barnyard. Jimmy Skunk, Reddy Fox, even Old Man Coyote occasionally visited there in the night. All this Danny Meadow Mouse knew. But Danny knew also that if they once reached that barn he and Nanny would be quite safe, for there were many hiding places there into which one bigger than themselves could possibly get. The chief thing was to reach that barn.

Now it happened that Farmer Brown's boy had been at work in the barnyard one afternoon and he had thrown an old coat down by the strawstack. It lay there all the afternoon. Nanny Meadow Mouse was poking his nose out from underneath the straw, discovered the coat. It was just like the old coat in which he and Nanny had once hid their home when used on a scarecrow. Danny crept into a pocket. There were some crumbs in that pocket. He had smelt them before he had crept in there. He squeaked a shrill little squeak for Nanny. Nanny heard him and came hurrying to see what Danny had found. She, too, crept into the pocket. That was a nice pocket. It was so nice there that they were in no hurry to leave. They curled up there and went to sleep. Yes, sir, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse went to sleep in the pocket of Farmer Brown's boy's old coat lying on the ground by the strawstack. They slept so soundly that they didn't hear Farmer Brown's boy when he arrived. They knew nothing until he had picked up that old coat. Then they were afraid to come out.

Farmer Brown's boy went whistling on his way up to the barn. In the barn he had his evening work to do. He tossed the coat down on the floor. No sooner did it touch the floor than out ran Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. Farmer Brown's boy didn't see them. But Black Pussy did. She happened to be there in the barn. She always went over to the barn just before milking time because she always had some nice fresh milk then. So it was that she saw Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse run from the old coat. My, you should have seen Black Pussy bound after those Meadow Mice! But she was just too late. Yes, sir, she was just too late. In the very nick of time Danny and Nanny found a hole just big enough for them to slip through.

Danny drew a long breath. "My!" said he. "Black Pussy almost got us that time. But here we are in the big barn, and here we are going to spend a comfortable winter. There will be plenty of grass seed and there will be corn and oats and wheat and sweet hay. It won't matter how cold it gets. It won't matter how much snow there is. Nothing that can happen will bother us. All we have to do is to watch out for Robber the Rat and Black Pussy. There is no one else to be afraid of. Aren't you glad you are here, Nanny Meadow Mouse?"

"Indeed I am!" cried Nanny. "Now let old Jack Frost come whenever he gets ready." But it is the glad time and the sad time, and to some it is also the dreadful time. You see, it is the season when the hunters with terrible guns are seeking some of the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Peter Rabbit long ago learned that it is wise to stick to the dear Old Boy Patch during the daytime at this season of the year. To be sure, no hunter was allowed on Farmer Brown's farm. There were signs warning them that no hunting was allowed there. Nevertheless, the little people there had to be always on the watch. You see, sometimes hunters, knowing that Farmer Brown's farm was a safe place, would not at home, would hunt there in spite of those signs.

But at night Peter felt quite safe from the hunters with the terrible guns, then he could go where he pleased, with no need of watching out for anyone except Reddy Fox and Old Man Coyote and Hooty the Owl and the dear Old Boy Cat. He was so used to watching out for those that really didn't worry him at all. It is a part of the daily lives of many little people to be continually watching out for four-footed and feathered enemies. So Peter didn't worry about them.

One night he had just reached the edge of the Green Forest when he saw strange lights moving across the Green Forest. He was just about to slip through the hole when he saw a dog. It was a big dog, and he was looking at them. Peter and Nanny were just about to slip through the hole when they saw a dog. It was a big dog, and he was looking at them. Peter and Nanny were just about to slip through the hole when they saw a dog. It was a big dog, and he was looking at them.

The next story: "Bobby Coon Uses a 'lover Trick'."

## Baby Eczema

Soon Disappears with the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment

Only mothers who have witnessed a suffering of their babies when tormented by eczema can appreciate the remarkable soothing, healing effects of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Most babies at one time or another fall victims to skin irritations, chafing of the skin or eczema. For this reason it is a fine habit to always have on hand when having a baby a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. You never know when roughness and redness of the skin is going to develop into something more serious. A touch of Dr. Chase's Ointment keeps the skin smooth and velvety and prevents serious skin affections.

There are scores of uses for Dr. Chase's Ointment. Once it finds its way into the home it is soon considered indispensable.

## SPINDRIFT

An Adventure of the Great Lakes

By HAROLD TITUS

INSTALMENT 35.  
Haines pressed the fighting immediately, and for a moment John felt hands on his throat, but he drove his knee forward and knocked Haines away. Then he had that hateful head against his side, held there by his arm, and struck sharply as he cried out.

"Was you, Haines! 'Twas you!" They went down again, flung there by the rolling of the boat beneath them, but this time Goodheart was Haines' windpipe, the other gripping into his face, he drove the head hard. The man roared with pain and bit his teeth caught John's thumb and this broke his advantage for a moment. They were up again, tripped as charging forward, and grappled for his legs. The fury of the man knew no limit and blows rained on John's head being he could roll over and wriggle free.

He came to his feet against the housing just in time to face another of Haines' rushes. He took a blow on the head, but he did not stagger. He laughed at that, for both his hands now gripped the other's throat, thumbs squarely over the windpipe.

He shot down with no mercy. Boots kicked his shins, a knee drove into his belly, and fingers clawed at his eyes, but he held on and to shake him. He laughed at him, taunted Haines, then shouting his triumph above the bedlam of wind and water, because the man was weakening, going limp.

He held so until Haines' hands ceased to strike, until they were through only vague movements. Then "Enough!" he cried.

For answer a blow fell on his forehead, a feeble blow, but evidence of it was not yet broken.

Back went the grip on that throat, and again John shook the man he held.

"Enough, now?" Haines snarled against him, strangling, moaning, nodding his head in assent.

All right. Walk into the pilot house with them.

He half lifted, half shoved the man up to where Janet, crying desperately, held the wheel and water. "Turn on the light," he said to her.

The little place flooded with the glare of the incandescent light. On the floor one arm flung across the locker, Haines lay, bleeding, bruised, dishevelled. One eye was closed, but through the other he glared at John.

John wiped his swollen cheek carefully and looked at Janet.

"There," he said, with a gesture, "is the man who killed Olaf Thornberg."

The girl gasped and Haines stirred. "It's a lie!" he croaked.

"No," she said, "you killed him, you look at the safe, you knocked me out when I ran in to help him!"

"A lie, I tell you!" Haines was panting, gasping, himself had erected trembling as the North Star tumbled in the sea.

"You are the man who boarded the yacht 'Norman', who came aboard with a gun in his hand to steal. You are the man who was caught at it, who killed to serve one crime and who made me serve for both."

John stood over Haines and one of his arms lashed out in a gesture that would not be denied.

"Prove it, you fool!"

The hand dropped slowly to John's knee. Yes; he must prove what he knew was truth.

"You can't! You can't!" Janet cried, breathlessly, tugging at John's arm. "He was there! He was with my father!"

Haines was coming back to life. Still slunk on the floor he glared up at them with the eyes and nose of a hunted animal. He was afraid, and on him, but with the fear a stabilizing cunning.

"To hell with you all!" he snapped. "I could have sworn for you, Garrison, and for you—'With a malevolent grimace toward Janet he turned his face away."

Blackman appeared in the doorway, pick in his hands, eyes wide: "What's this?"

"Your employer is—on the beach," said Goodheart, grimly. His eyes held on the engineer's face as he looked at Haines. Blackman lowered his pick.

"Good!" he said. "I thought something happened when she took that big roll. . . . Miss Janet, I'm glad!"—looking up. "He threatened to shoot me, but I was standing by. And you, Goodheart, how's—"

But John did not explain. Janet told Blackman briefly what had happened while Goodheart slipped past him, gripped by line, and snatched with length of it for the pilot house.

"I recognized him and knows he was serving sentence for the crime that Val Haines committed!"

"It's a lie! . . . Anyhow, prove it now!"

While Janet talked to Blackman, Haines had worked one hand beneath the locker cushion unobserved. He had found the ring that lifted the lid. He worked it up, thrust the other hand underneath, and groped about for the steel box. The thing he had treasured so jealously for long was the most important thing in life.

He swung sharply up to his knees and cried out to them to prove that which Goodheart charged as he flung the box to the doorway and the rolling lake.

The box struck John in the side, dropped to the floor, and burst open. Packets of some kind lay scattered. With a choking cry Haines pounced upon them, but Goodheart's knee drove him back.

"What's this?" he asked, stooping. "Something he drug from there!" Blackman said, excitedly. "And he says, when he tried to throw it overboard, for you to prove he done the killing!"

John rose, eyeing the things in his hands. He looked at Janet, and his gold watch, his family, his glory, his triumph.

"These," he said, "are Olaf Thornberg's diamond cuff links. This is his gold watch. His family, his glory, his triumph—probably a dozen people can

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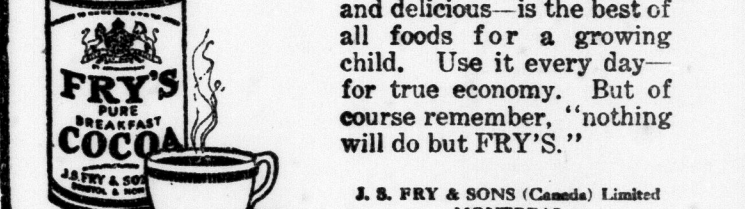
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MONTREAL 178

## BAPTIST M. B. CONCERT.

Wallaceburg, Nov. 11.—The Baptist mission band concert held in the Sunday school room, was well attended and was a real success. The choir was occupied by Mrs. (Rev.) A. C. Campbell. A splendid program was arranged and each number was well applauded.

The program, comprised of recitations by Vaughan Shepley, Ted Davis, Jean Davis, Betty Zavitz, Walter Henderson, Mildred Fish, Eva Fish and Fern Lee. A recitation was given by five little girls. Jack Fish gave a clever selection on the drum, and ten little girls sang a rousing chorus, "Who Is Thy Neighbor?" A pageant was well staged by fifteen little members of the band, and other members of the mission band, and supervised the training and the staging of the splendid entertainment.

The receipts amounted to \$12 and will be devoted to sending a box to a Baptist mission school in Saskatchewan. Mrs. George Knight is the superintendent of the mission band, and supervised the training and the staging of the splendid entertainment.

TEMPO LADIES' AID.  
Mrs. J. G. Davidson entertained the Tempo ladies' aid at her home recently. There was a large attendance. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mrs. A. Thomas. After the usual business the ladies quitted a comforter and during the afternoon Mrs. E. Scott gave a reading that was much appreciated, and Mrs. T. Hunt gave an instrumental selection. Roll-call was responded to by a labor-saving hint. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by the hostess.

## BRAND'S "A-1" SAUCE

The Original Thick Sauce

Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist. Sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth and rub the face briskly. Every black head will be dissolved. The one safe, sure and simple way to remove black heads—Advt.

## BLACKHEADS