

A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

A Daily Treat— Always Acceptable and Delicious.



The Tea of all Teas.

Black, Green or Mixed Get a package and enjoy a cup of Tea "In Perfection."

Advertisement for Calox tooth powder, featuring an illustration of a child and text: "As the Twig is Bent the Tree's Inclined" Children require little teaching to use Calox. There is a fresh, clean feeling and effect about which releases, when moistened, Oxygen, that great purifying force in nature.

SOOTHSAYERS FLOURISH IN TIMES OF WAR

English Writer Claims Fortune-Telling Industry Develops in War-Time—Palms and Crystal-Gazing.

One of the most curious effects of the war appears to be the abnormal development of the fortune-telling industry. The writer Arnold Goldsworthy in the December Bystander (London, England). It seems, continues the writer, that almost everybody with a pack of cards and a back-room in the city, is now making money just now by predicting future events for cash with the usual reduction on taking a quantity.

For five shillings, the cards will be shuffled and dealt carefully, and they will then, according to the shuffler, give a certain indication of the things that are going to happen to you in the future. As to your past, of course nothing can be said, because the shuffler knows nothing. And cards are very reticent if their information is likely to be criticized by some one who has got the facts. If the future indicated for you is not as bright as you would wish, you have only to spring another five shillings for a fresh deal.

It seems only natural that the principal customers of the modern soothsayer should be of the military persuasion. The soldier in war time is superstitious in the most extreme degree. He is a fortune-teller usually has the sense to tell him just what he wants to be told, both parties to the deal are satisfied. The soldier's lady friend is also, it appears, a liberal patron of the magic arts. She is not usually so open-handed in the matter of fees as the soldier himself, and she usually wants more detail for her money. But in a business where all the takings represent profit, you must not look a gift horse in the eye tooth.

Palms and Crystal Gazing. It is supposed, I suppose, an absolute fraud, but the palmist has his readers in the matter of "science." It is a package because palmistry rests upon a very slight basis of fact. For instance, if you are holding a lady's hand (and steady now) and you observe that it is white and slim and beautifully measured, you will be safe in asserting that she is not a muttonier and is not doing scullery work in a Red Cross hospital. But fact aside and racy fiction begins from that point on, and, especially when the palmist after examining the scar that you gave yourself when trying to open a box of

Advertisement for Dr. Chase's Spinal Laxative, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text: "Flattering to the Original But Irritations Only Disappoint." "There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough."

TRYING A NEW TE DEUM

The Rustic Finds a Tune, But Scarcely the Right One—The Famous "Fugg."

An amusing instance of the difficulties of a rural orchestra in interpreting the directions in music, especially where the composer is also of local fame is found in a story by S. Baringscott entitled, "Kitty Alone." The scene is as follows: The occasion was the evening of the practice of the village orchestra, and it was attended by every member of the same. As the music of the score of a new "Te Deum" had been placed before them, the composition of the ex-schoolmaster, Puddlecombe in F was expected to be a huge success, and to make Puddlecombe known through the wide world of music, and to render Coombe-in-Tougenhead famous in after generations.

"The instruments behind the lighted window curtains were hushed. They had heard the rustic song. "It's the tune of 'Kitty Alone' and I've forgotten the instrument countryman, and he began to sing: "There was a frog lived in a well, Croak-a-my-daisy, Kitty alone, A merry mouse lived in a mill, Kitty alone and I." "The instruments behind the lighted window curtains were hushed. They had heard the rustic song. "It's the tune of 'Kitty Alone' and I've forgotten the instrument countryman, and he began to sing: "There was a frog lived in a well, Croak-a-my-daisy, Kitty alone, A merry mouse lived in a mill, Kitty alone and I."

Advertiser Patterns

1850



A COMFORTABLE MODEL. 1850—Ladies' Yoke Apron. This design is practical and desirable. The yoke is cut with the sleeve in one. Applique pockets trim the apron front. Lawn, gingham, seersucker, linen, drill, saten and alpaca are good for its development. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires 3-4 yards of 35-inch material for a medium size.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT. Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to: Name..... Town..... Province..... Age (if child's or ladies' pattern)..... Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to enclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is cut measure you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When the waist measure, 28, 30, 32, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "misses" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from

Women never get a chance to do much. Being an Account of Several Surprises Rolled Into One.

[ELSPETH WILSON.] There was, when we were young, no inducement for country girls to leave their homes to go to the city. Consequently, in those days of peace and plenty, the young folks remained at home on the farms, and winter months were a time for relaxation and amusement. "Surprise parties" developed and spread over the entire countryside, gaining in popularity as the years passed. Friends driving to the home of some friends would drop in to surprise the inmates and spend the evening in games and dancing.

HOW WE WERE SURPRISED. Being an Account of Several Surprises Rolled Into One.

Along in February, after a series of sleighing and snowing, a party of sleighing and moonlight, we sat reading about a half-past eight, and very soon after, a half-past nine, a sleigh drove over from another direction. They had long promised to spend an evening with us. Such little gatherings were frequent at our house during the winter and were enjoyed by old as well as young.

Now, no dozen youngsters of Scottish descent with an ear for music, confronted by a hall-floored of generous dimensions, can long resist the strains of "Money Musk." He the violin ever so ineptly, and the piano ever so sweetly, a lively Scotch reel was in progress. Someone, through the window, espied the moonlight and a slight lightening at our front porch. It proved to be friends from some miles distant, who, feeling the snow, had dropped in to surprise us.

These were only just made comfortable, when the jingle of bells and a brisk "bobby" was continued the Sensible Woman. "My mother, an excellent nurse for curing chilblains, but after being set on so by Miss Lattie she felt that she had better say a word against this history and short skirts! I get goose-flesh and chills when I see them on the streets."

The late Hetty Green, that woman of millions, believed in "saving the pennies" as well as "looking carefully after the pounds. Here is some of her sage advice to women and business. It will be of use to many a girl who is just starting out in the world. Now, won't you say a word against this history and short skirts! I get goose-flesh and chills when I see them on the streets."

"Faulty Nutrition and Elimination"—these are the cause of the most of the ailments that afflict human beings. Too much indigestible food and lack of power to throw off the poisons that come from indigestion—these lead to a long line of distressing disorders. Avoid them by eating Shredded Wheat Biscuit—a simple, elemental food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran coat which keeps the intestinal tract healthy and clean. Delicious for any meal in combination with sliced peaches or other fruits. Made in Canada.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box. Money From Seaforth. Dear Miss Grey,—Please find enclosed \$1 for the war prisoners' fund. Seaforth, Ont. H. H. Ans.—Thank you, Seaforth reader. Glad to add this to the list.

Wasn't Received. Dear Miss Grey,—I am enclosing 25 cents for the prisoners' fund for January. I wonder if you got the 25 cents for December payment, as I did not see it acknowledged. I'M BRITISH, TOO. Ans.—I am sorry, friend, but the December payment was not received. I cannot say how badly I feel when donations go astray, but we'll hope all the rest come through safely.

RED CROSS AND C.W.C.A.

OUR CHRISTMAS SOCKS.

When we heard that our Christmas stockings arrived safely at their destination, we promptly forgot all about them in the rush of other work. But news of them comes back to us again and again, and the thought of the little home and Christmas cheer they brought to our dear boys at the front. From one of our own London ladies comes such a pretty story. He was in an English hospital for his Christmas, poor lad, but tells of it in the rally, gallant way our Canadian soldiers have. "When we awoke in the morning there hung a brightly-colored stocking at the foot of every fellow's bed, filled with good things from home. There were some Australians in the hospital with us, and their Red Cross Society had sent them each a pair of socks. But our people had sent a Christmas gift to every man in the hospital. Now, can you wonder that I am proud to be a Canadian?"

Let us hope devoutly that we can keep our boys proud of Canada, and of what Canadian women are doing. But if that is to be accomplished we must get to work much more earnestly, and in greater numbers than we have yet attempted. If a very great many women who have done no war work as yet do not enlist at once, there will surely come a day when these boys of ours, at the front, sockless and ragged, will be hanging their heads in shame, instead of lifting them in pride at the remembrance that they are Canadians. We women must see to it that we do not allow that dire thing to happen.

Speaking of war workers, there is a delightful little story which tells of the most beautiful socks, quantities of them, too, and she has two fingers on each hand crippled with rheumatism. Surely she ought to be a rebuke to the woman who thinks she cannot knit.

Another delightful little Christmas story has come from a London soldier. He writes about the pudding that he ate at home. A young lieutenant from this city, whose mother is now in Old London, came to her while on leave to ask if he could be permitted to take some puddings "for his men." His mother applied to the C. W. C. A. headquarters in London. The old lady in charge of telling of the bright little home and Christmas cheer they brought to our dear boys at the front. From one of our own London ladies comes such a pretty story. He was in an English hospital for his Christmas, poor lad, but tells of it in the rally, gallant way our Canadian soldiers have. "When we awoke in the morning there hung a brightly-colored stocking at the foot of every fellow's bed, filled with good things from home. There were some Australians in the hospital with us, and their Red Cross Society had sent them each a pair of socks. But our people had sent a Christmas gift to every man in the hospital. Now, can you wonder that I am proud to be a Canadian?"

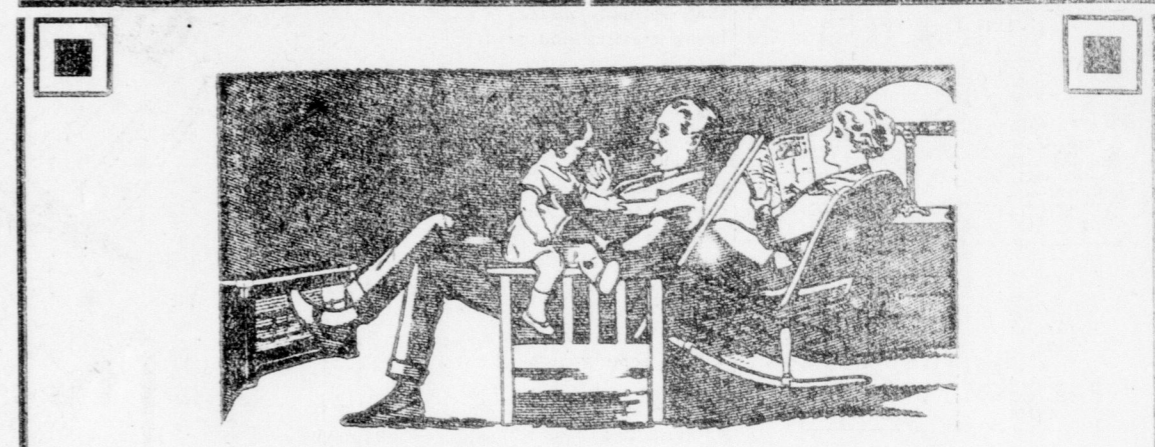
ODDS AND ENDS

Picked Up by Penelope Penn.

"Do say a word, Penelope Penn, about that gaudy stocking which the old man brought me on one of my young women display these frosty days," said the Sensible Woman to me yesterday. "When your girls wear such low-necked blouses and open coat collars. Thank goodness, the new coat styles call for close-fitting collars. But this fashion for thin hose seems to me almost worse than the 'low-cut' collar. One of those things that a little girl friend of mine—she thinks she's a woman now—ran in the other day, she had her hair done in several blocks, and was shivering as she entered the room. My mother, who was a grandma friend of Lattie's grandmother, urged her to a cosy seat near the fire. But she held up both hands in protest. "Oh, dear no," she said. "I'm so near the heat I'm just crazy. I've got the chills on me. One of those things going to burst, I'm afraid."

"My mother glanced at the inch of shawl and leg which appeared above her shoe-top. 'You should wear winter stockings in winter weather. When you grandmothers and were we of some-knit woolen ones and stout shoes, and never knew a chilblain. On you, I know,' replied Lattie. 'But one really couldn't wear them nowadays. Nobody does, you see; besides, even if there were, they wouldn't consider 'em well. I must be hobbling along.' And

OLD-TIME REMEDY MAKES PURE BLOOD. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been and still is the people's medicine, because of its reliable character and its wonderful success in purifying, enriching and revitalizing the blood, and relieving the common diseases and ailments—scalding, catarrh, rheumatism, dyspepsia, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, general debility, that purifies and enriches the blood, and in so doing renders the human system the greatest service possible. This medicine has been tested for years. It is perfectly pure, clean and absolutely safe, as without a clear conscience in the matter. I think that's what the business world needs above everything else. It is to be the power in the country that it should become. It's a wise man who tends his own



Comfy Homes These Cold Nights

WILL be found wherever there are "Vulcan" Gas Heaters. There is nothing more comfortable than to bask in their cheerful, ruddy glow. Heat wherever you want it, whenever you want it, and no extra labor or inconvenience. A Gas Heater is an economy; it gives all the heat you need at a very small gas consumption. You must see these heaters in operation to appreciate them. Call at our office or let us send a representative to demonstrate them in your homes. No obligation entailed.

The Gas Appliance Company

Advertisement for The Gas Appliance Company, featuring an illustration of a gas heater and contact information: Phone 922, 213 Dundas Street, The Right Way Is the Gas Way.

gossiping about the quiet little woman who has five children to get ready for school every morning, says the Detroit Free Press. No, and the "quiet little mother" of the five children has little time for gossip, either. —PENLOPE PENN.

EDDY'S MATCHES. Although somewhat increased in price owing to the continued high cost of potash, glue and other raw material, are of the usual high standard of quality which has made them famous for two-thirds of a century. Always Ask For EDDY'S MATCHES.

WOMEN AND POLITICS. (By Mrs. Nellie McClung.) We are told that women must not invade the sacred world of politics; politics are too corrupt. If they are too corrupt you cannot blame the women. If a man says that politics are too corrupt, he admits one of two things—either he is a party to it, or he is unable to prevent it. We hate the Kaiser, not because he is fighting us, but because he is making war on non-combatants. I hate the liquor traffic for exactly the same reason. I'd be ashamed to say I am neutral in such a war.

These mothers-in-law. We must far ourselves loose from the old ideas and the old beliefs. One of these ideas is that women are protected. We are protected theoretically—like Belgium. In their attitude to woman suffrage the most athletic are the comfort-loving married women. It is a sort of fatty degeneration of the heart. This attitude of cow-like contentment is at the bottom of the trouble. I never cared for the pedestal idea of women. It is so hard to come down and cut wood.

These mothers-in-law. Here are two good "mother-in-law" stories clipped from Toronto Saturday Night: "I am sure, Maggie," said the mildly critical mother-in-law, "that any woman ought to be satisfied with what John says he gives you." So would I be with what he says he gives me," snapped Maggie. And the second one: "Yes, Henry and I certainly possess similar tastes," exclaimed the adoring bride. "We are surely interested in the same things."

Lifebuoy Soap, 5c. A CLEANER AND A DISINFECTANT. If eyes are inflamed, one drop of COMPASS OIL once a day will quickly cure them. Smart's first, then soothe. CEETEE UNDERCLOTHING Guaranteed Not To Shrink. RAW FURS. HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR COON AND SKUNK. ROSS' LIMITED, 3117 W. SPINACH, PECK, 80c. For excellence and delicacy this is the cheapest vegetable now offered. Main & Collyer TELEPHONE 2211. P. O. BOX 927.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion, featuring an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back and text: "Are You Worn Out? Are you exhausted at night—nerves unsettled—too tired to rest? SCOTT'S EMULSION is the food- tonic that corrects these troubles. Its pure cod liver oil is a cell-building food to purify and enrich the blood and nourish the nerve-centers. Your strength will respond to Scott's Emulsion—but see that you get SCOTT'S."

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