

DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINUM SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TIN.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

ONE-EGG DUMPLING
CHEAP BUT GOOD

(By Caroline Cox.)
Into bowl put 1 egg, pinch of salt and 2 tablespoons of flour, to which has been added 1 teaspoon of baking powder.
Beat smooth and add flour until the

Our Mid-Winter
Furniture Sale
IS NOW IN FULL SWING.

Everything in Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Stoves and Drygoods, reduced from 25 to 50 per cent.
COME FOR BARGAINS.

H. Wolf & Sons

283-285 Dundas Street, London.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

(Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letters can be answered privately.)

Send More Hints.
Dear Miss Grey:—Here is the cure for pimples: Two ounces dandelion, two ounces of sarsaparilla, two ounces of sassafras, 1/2 ounce of Turkish rhubarb, one ounce mandrake, two ounces burdock. Boil this in two quarts of water, and take two tablespoonfuls before meals. This was sent in by a reader some time ago, and recommended very highly.
Here is another recipe. I do not know if it is good, but thought I would send it anyway. For skin eruptions—Put two tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts into a cup of boiling water; let stand until dissolved, then apply to the face, letting it dry in, doing it as often as possible until the eruptions disappear. Hoping this may help.
A YOUNG READER.

Ans.—Thanks for your help, very much. You are a very valuable member of the Mail Box. Come again.

The Hudson Bay Company.

Dear Miss Grey:—I am an interested reader of your page, and as I have never asked you any questions before, would be glad if you would answer me the following:

1. When was the Hudson Bay Trading Company founded, and where, also who were interested in it?
2. Do you know of anyone having copies of the London Prototype paper in the years 1850 to 1870?
3. Is there any record or history of one John Plack in the fur-trading or ship-building business back in the years 1840 to 1860 in Canada or the United States?

Ans.—The history of the Hudson Bay Company makes very interesting reading. If you live in the city, why not obtain a book from the free library and read it up at greater length than I can give here. In the year 1800, Charles II. of England granted a charter to Prince Rupert and seventeen other noblemen, incorporating them as the Governor

and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay. The charter further gave this company sole trading privileges in practically the entire northwest part of Canada. The first settlements in the country were on James Bay and at Churchill and Hayes rivers, but it was long before any attempt was made to break into the interior. Numbers of fur traders spread over the country and invaded the privileges of the Hudson Bay Company's territories. These individual speculators finally combined into the Northwest Fur Company, of Montreal. The fierce competition between the two companies and the unscrupulous methods adopted by each, led to a demoralizing state of affairs. The Indians, wild to obtain the "fire-water" from these "pale-faces," slaughtered the animals indiscriminately, in season and out, in order to bring many skins to the trading posts. At last in 1817 the two companies amalgamated their agreement, being for 21 years. At the end of that time, in 1838, the Hudson Bay Company obtained sole rights for itself, but since 1850 their charter has lapsed, and the field has been open to all. Posts of the Hudson Bay Company are scattered over most of the Canadian Northwest.

2. Do any old readers know anything about these? Should be glad to have any information.
3. I have not been able to locate any. No doubt if you knew what district he lived in—what county or township—it would be possible to find a brief account of his life in the annals of the place, if he was in any degree a prominent man.

Another Cure.
Dear Miss Grey:—If Rhetta will make up the following simple mixture for her husband's heartburn I think it will relieve him. I have found it excellent, taken in moderation and exercising care in the selection of plain and wholesome food. Sweats in any form are a fruitful cause of heartburn, as they ferment on

the stomach. It is this acid in the stomach which causes the burning. Half teaspoon of best baking soda, 1/2 teaspoon essence peppermint, 1/2 glass of water, cold; take one or two teaspoonfuls a half-hour before meals and also at bedtime. I might add that much baking soda, taken plain, is a very unwholesome and likely to cause more serious trouble of the stomach.

"Trusting" Rhetta will make up the above and give it regularly to her husband, also take care of what food he eats. ONE WHO WAS HELPED.

Ans.—It was good of you to, in turn, pass on your help to other sufferers. Rhetta will be obliged, I know.

Lives on the Farm.
Dear Miss Grey:—This is my first letter to you, and I am very much interested in it. We live on the farm, and like it very much. Our school is close to our house, and we do not have to travel at night. I would like to ask you a few questions:

1. What is the meaning of Katherine, Ada, Roy, Harold, Joseph, Morley, Florence, and the others?
2. Who do you think of my writing?
3. Could you give me a good recipe for fatty?

Ans.—You please print in the paper a little girl's dress of one year and two months' old.
2. Please give me a recipe for nut bread, and sugar, and cake.
Yours sincerely,
THE CANDY KID.

Ans.—1. Katherine, pure; Ada, rich gift; Roy, a friend; Harold, a ram; Joseph, Joseph; Morley, a flourish; Anna, grace; Maude, battlement or heroine.
2. Fairly good.

3. I have not been able to locate any. No doubt if you knew what district he lived in—what county or township—it would be possible to find a brief account of his life in the annals of the place, if he was in any degree a prominent man.

Perhaps Don't Need Monkey.
Dear Madam:—Would you kindly tell me how to dress a monkey and Italian, as I want to dress at a carnival on the 24th. Yours truly,
EAST P.

Ans.—I don't see how you can fill the part properly without a real monkey, although some boys, admit, are "monkeys" enough. Indeed, I have seen, wore ordinary clothing with perhaps a bright scarf tie.

Think you could dress some other way much more easily. A checker-board costume attracts attention; it may be of white and black or red and black, made by having white squares on a black suit; hat and gloves should match; "Uncle Sam" is another costume not difficult to fashion; red and white striped trousers, blue coat (long-tailed), with white stars on it, and red, white and blue vest, also goates, and a hat to match the costume, should be included.

A boy, a Chinaman, Scotch, a young Canadian, Little Lord Fauntleroy, or Boy Scout, are other suggestions. Little Lord F. requires a velvet suit, knee breeches, black silk stockings, turtur hat, broad lace collar and cuffs, and gold buttons on coat. If you represented this, a wig of yellow curls should be worn.

An Excellent Cook.
Dear Miss Grey:—Am so pleased with your Mail-Box. I read it first of all, and think you must have great patience. I am sending a good beefsteak stew, also cake, recipes:

Take 3 or 4 pounds rump steak, cut about 1 inch thick, put 1 tablespoon butter in frying pan and let it melt, not brown; wash steak quickly in cold water and put it in the frying pan, cover closely, and let slowly become hot. As soon as it is thoroughly heated, add 1 teaspoon salt and a teaspoon of white pepper, then keep it just simmering (never allow it to boil) until perfectly tender; it should be closely covered all the time. It will take about 1 1/2 hours to cook it just right. When done, place on heated platter and add 1/2 teaspoon of walnut or tomato catsup to the gravy in the pan; let it get hot and pour over steak. Sometimes a slice or two of onion is nice for a change, but it is delicious without.

Washington Cake—One and three-quarter cups of sugar, not quite half pound butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 nutmeg, 1 teaspoon essence of lemon, 1/4 pound raisins, 1/2 pound currants, 1/2 cup of flour. This is a tried and true recipe and keeps moist for months.

Wishing your page all success, I will sign myself,
DOROTHY.

Ans.—Your recipes are a fine indication of a thoroughly good cook. Many thanks. The one song you wish, I will send you. The other was not printed in our old-song column.

**I. O. D. E. MEMBERS
BUSY WORKERS**

A splendid donation was received on Friday by the Soldier's Field Comforts Committee, I. O. D. E. From the Sir John French Chapter, Sebringville, Ont.—50 pairs socks, 1 pair, 24 pairs wristlets, 3 helmets.

From the Lord Roberts Chapter—12 pairs wristlets, 16 scarfs, 6 pairs socks, 1 dozen handkerchiefs, 6 shirts.
From the Trafalgar Chapter—4 scarfs, 10 pairs wristlets, 8 1/2 dozen handkerchiefs, 6 pairs socks.

A donation sent to our men in France through C. W. C. A., consisted of the following: 5 1/2 dozen cholera bands, 13 helmets, 12 scarfs, 24 pairs wristlets.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER
(By Randall Parrish.)
Copyright 1912 By A. G. McClurg & Co.

"You don't need worry none 'bout that. If she's the right kind she'll stand more'n a man when she has to. I reckon it won't be none too pleasant 'long with Gene an' them Cheyenne bucks, but if she'll pull through so far, that ain't nothin' special 'goin' ter happen till they git to the Indian camp."

"You mean her fate will be decided in council?"
"Sure, that's Cheyenne law. Le Fevre knows it, an' of course he'll tell him in a minute if he got any. He's a devil all right—that of him—but he's afraid of Black Kettle, an' that won't be no harm done to the girl."

The Sergeant walked over to the fire and stared down into the red embers, striving to control himself. He realized the truth of all Hughes said, and yet had to fight fiercely his inclination to hasten to her rescue. "The worst thought of her alone in those ruthless hands was torture. There was no selfishness in the man's heart, no desire of winning this girl for himself, yet he knew now that he loved her; that for him she was the one woman in the world. Her face was in his memory; the very sight of her in the wild seemed her voice calling him. But the real man in him—the plainman instinct—conquered the pettiness of the bluff."

"No mistake made—no rash, hopeless effort. Better delay than ultimate failure, and Hughes' plan was the more practical way."

"You're right, old man. We'll wait," he said sternly. "Now to get ready. Have you a corral?"
The other made a gesture with his hands.

"Twenty rods below, under the bluff." "Well, drive the horses down, feed and water them. But first come with me, there is a half-frozen man up yonder."

They plowed through the snow together, choking and coughing in the thick swirl of flakes that beat against their faces. The three horses, powdered white, stood still to the storm, with heads to the bluff, while the drifts completely covered Carroll. He was sleeping, warm in the blanket, and the two men picked him up and stumbled along with their burden to the shelter of the cabin. Then Hughes faced the blizzard again, leading the horses to the corral, while Hamlin ministered to the semi-conscious soldier, leaning him out upon a pile of soft skins, and vigorously rubbing his limbs to restore circulation.

The man was stupor from exposure, and in some pain, but exhibited no dangerous symptoms. When wrapped in his blankets, he fell instantly asleep. Hughes returned, manled with snow, and as the door opened the howl of the storm swept by.

"No better outside!"
"Lord, no! Worse, if anything. Wind more east, sweepin' the snow up the valley. We'll be plumb shut up in an hour. Horses all right, though."

In the silence they could hear the fierce beating against the door, the shrieking of the storm-fiend encompassing them about.

CHAPTER XXIX.
Hamlin never forgot those two days and nights of waiting, while the storm raged without and the clouds of drifting snow made any dream of advance impossible. Trained as he was to patience, the delay left marks in his face, and his nerves throbbled with pain. His mind was with her constantly, even in moments of uneasy sleep, picturing her condition unrelieved from the storm, and protected only by Le Fevre and his two Indian allies. If he could only reach them, only strike a blow for her release, it would be such a relief.

The uncertainty weighed upon him, giving unrestricted play to the imagination, and incidentally awakening a love for the girl so overwhelming as almost to frighten him. He had fought this feeling heretofore, deliberately, satisfied that such ambition was hopeless. He would not look to lower her to his level, nor give her the unhappiness of knowing that he doted mischievously her frank friendliness into aught more tender. But these misgivings, now he flung all pretence aside, eager to place his life on the altar to save her. Even a dim flame of hope began blazing in his heart—hope that he might yet bring from Le Fevre a confession that would close his name. He knew his man at last—knew him, and would track him now with all the pitiless tenacity of a savage.

Once he could stand erect, absolved of disgrace, a man again among men, he would ignore the uniform of the ranks, and go to her with all the pride of his race. Aye, and down in his heart he knew that she would welcome his coming; that her eyes would not look at the uniform, but down into the depths of his own.

He thought it all out as he paced the floor or stared into the fire, while outside the wind raged and howled, piling the snow against the cabin front, and whirling in mad bursts up the valley. It would be death to let the fury of it on those open plains. There was nothing left, but to swear, and pace back and forth. Twice he and Hughes fought their way to the corral, found the horses shivering in a little cove, and brought them food and water. The struggle to accomplish this was sufficient proof of the impossibility of going farther. Exhausted and breathless they staggered back into the quietness of the cabin, feeling as though they had been beaten by clubs. Once, desperate to attempt something, Hamlin suggested searching for the bodies of Wasson and Wade, but Hughes shook his head, staring at the other as though half believing him demented. The Sergeant strode to the door and looked out into the smother of snow, then came back without a word of protest.

Carroll improved steadily, complaining of pain where the frost had ripped exposed flesh, yet able to sit up and eat heartily. There remained a numbness in his feet and legs, however, which prevented his standing alone, and both the others realized that he would have to be left behind when the storm abated. Hughes would go without doubt; on this point the Sergeant was determined. He did not altogether like or trust the man; he could not blot from memory the cowardly shot which killed Wasson, nor entirely rid himself of a fear that he himself had failed an old comrade in not revenging his death; yet one thing was clear—the man's hatred of Le Fevre made him valuable. Treacherous as he might be by nature, now his whole soul was bent on revenge. Moreover, he knew the lay of the land, the trail the fugitives would follow, and to some extent Black Kettle's camp. Little by little Hamlin drew from him every detail of Le Fevre's life in the cattle country, coming more and more convinced that both men were thieves, their herds largely stolen through connivance with Indians. Undoubtedly Le Fevre was the bigger rascal of the two, and possessed greater influence, because of his marriage into the tribe.

To Be Continued.

Tea-growing is a fine art. The quality of tea depends on the elevation of the land and the nature of the soil. Cheap teas are produced in vast quantities in the low-lying valleys, where the humidity encourages the growth of large, coarse leaves.

On the breezy hillsides are found the most delicate and tender growths. Salada tea is grown entirely in hilltop gardens, hence its distinctive character of flavor.

LONDON ADVERTISER COUPON.
I hereby subscribe the sum of for the work of the Red Cross Society for the work of the Canadian War Contingent Association
NAME

ADDRESS

Subscribers are asked to indicate with an X the channel through which they wish their gifts to go. The Red Cross donations go towards providing comforts for the sick and wounded. The work of the C. W. C. A. is to send warm garments for the men in action. Will you not help?

Clip, fill out, and mail with your donation, to treasurer of either society, Hyman Hall, London.

Red Cross Column

The thanks of the Red Cross Society are due for the following donations:

From Wooming branch of the Red Cross: 55 rolls of bandages, 10 night-shirts, 6 pairs socks, 1 muffler, 1 flannel shirt, 1 box old linen; from the Misses Buckle: 2 pieces cheese cloth; from the Abigail Becker Society, per Miss Priddy, 105 bandages, wristlets and socks.

Old Songs and Poems

IF I ONLY COULD BLOT OUT THE
From a village far away came a messenger one day
With a letter for a girl, and thus it
"Your old mother died today, and before she passed away
She often asked for you as we stood around her bed."

"Now, Nell, do write and say you'll leave for home today—
And he'd like to see you, too, for he's old home today—
But poor Nell wrote while the tears were falling fast:

CHORUS—
If I only could blot out the past,
If I only could all forget,
Had his love never told;
If he and I never had met,
I'd be back with the old folks today;
But for me now the die is cast.
My heart oft does yearn, and I'd like to return,
If I only could blot out the past.

In her home one year ago, not a sorrow
Old home today.
In that quiet little town she was the belle.
But a lad there won her heart, now
For poor Nell loved not wisely but too well.

'Tis pride keeps her away from that dear old home today.
The village folk linked her name with disgrace,
And they tried to wreck her life, for
As she thought of all, the tears ran down her face.

London Conservatory of Music
354-6 Dundas St. Phone 1101.
Lottie L. Armstrong, Registrar; F. L. Willgoose, Mus. Bac. (Dunelm), Principal.

If the Teaching Institution

Does its part, there yet remains considerable to be done by the student or the student's parents.

One thing necessary is to see that conditions are right for practice. The pupil must have an absolutely uninterfered period in which to prepare the lesson set for her.

This is a consideration too often overlooked at the home. Our teachers draw parents' attention to this fact.

To Remove Blackheads

Sprinkle a little Po Theoline (obtainable at any drug store), on a hot, wet sponge, and rub briskly over the affected parts. Then rinse and note how the blackheads have disappeared. Anyone troubled with these unsightly blemishes should certainly try this method.

LUNDY'S CHOCOLATES

"A REPUTATION IN EVERY PIECE"

LAUNDRY

ALL PARTICULAR MEN AND WOMEN PATRONIZE.
THE PARISIAN
FOR GOOD LAUNDRY WORK, GUARANTEED PRESSING AND CLEANING
PHONES 558, 559.

The Man behind the Counter

will tell you how popular "Easifirst" is becoming with the great majority of his customers.

If you are one of those who have "put off" trying it, ask him what other women say, of "Easifirst."

This ideal "shortening" is rapidly becoming known and appreciated among Canadian women. Friend is telling friend how it improves baking results and what a great economy it effects in the kitchen.

Next time you give a grocery order, say to the man behind the counter, "I'm going to try

Gunn's Easifirst
Vegetable Shortening
Use 1/2 less than butter, 1/4 less than lard.

Ask your grocer also to give you a copy of the "Easifirst" book of recipes. If he hasn't "Easifirst" write us. We'll tell you where you can get it, and we'll send you the book—it's free.

Gunn's Limited—West Toronto

Fry's Chocolate Powder

makes every Chocolate Cake a triumph. Daddy, kiddies, guests all alike enjoy its purity and its rich, healthful flavor. Even inexperienced housewives get perfect results—its so easy to make. Mix one-quarter cup of FRY'S CHOCOLATE POWDER, with two cups of powdered sugar, adding two tablespoonfuls of cream or of boiling water.

Of course, remember, "nothing will do but FRY'S."

Trade Supplied by
J. S. FRY & SONS, Limited
Truro, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver, Victoria.