DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

Beverly Bayne Dispels Beauty Beliefs

"Personality Beats Lotions," She Says.

Beverly Bayne says: It is harder to make the lips give expression to a lie than the tongue.

Beverly Bayne Shows That the Smiling Girl Is the Girl Who Has a Truthful Mouth.

BY IDAH McGLONE GIBSON.

"Pantomime and personality will make you attractive even if you never use a freckle lotion," says Beverly Bayne. "And nothing shows so much of a woman's personality as her mouth."

The mouth plays an even greater part than the eyes. I have never yet seen a woman with a lovely mouth who was not called beautiful.

Beverly Bayne says: "You would think that in moving pictures the mouth—as you cannot hear words spoken—would not be very important, but the next time you go to the movies watch the mouths of the actors. You can read the story most by their expressions, even if you are not a lip reader and cannot tell what they are saying."

I have always said: "Let me see a woman's mouth after she is forty and I can tell you almost as much of her life and character as the palmist could from her hands."

Probably right here, little Miss Ugly Mouth will say with a pout: "Well, what are you going to do about it?

You can change the shape of your mouth easier than any other feature of your face.

There is no reason why anyone should not have a pretty mouth. If your teeth are bad a visit or two at the dentist will remedy that. Then comes the shape of the lips. Go to the glass and look at your mouth carefully. If you are a discontented sort of a woman you will find it drops at the corners, that there are lines from these corners down to the sides of your chin.

As you grow older the parenthesis lines from your nose to the corners of the mouth will appear.

I know a woman who had all these signs of pessimism and discontent and changed them absolutely after she was thirty-five years old. At forty she is considered much better looking than ever before in her life.

How did she do it?

Simply by banishing the hard thoughts, the sad thoughts, the unhappy thoughts from her mind. She never closes her mouth in the determined, ugly fashion which she used to do habitually.

She smiles to herself and at herself if she finds no one to smile with and nothing to smile at.

When she goes to sleep at night she does so with a smile.

"Don't get in a habit of keeping your mouth open," says Beverly Bayne, "even if you think your teeth are your most attractive feature.

A sudden smile and a flash of gleaming pearls are much more alluring than if you are showing them all the time. If your lips are too full, then you can learn to close your mouth a little tightly, but even when you do this don't forget to smile.

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 lettters can be answered privately.]

Kitchenware and Linens.

Dear Miss Grey,—Could you please answer the following:

1. What linen should a young housekeeper have?
2. What kitchenware?
3. What are the meanings of the following names: Lorne, Margaret, May, Grafton, Ernest, Verna?
4. Are black and white going to be the leading colors for winter?

Hoping to see this in print soon I remain, "SOMEBODY."

Ans.—1. Don't you see what difficult queries your first and second are? The amount of household furnishings depend entirely upon the circumstances of the housekeeper; for instance, quiet little Mrs. A. in her cottage home will require very modest utensils, linens, etc. compared with wealthy Mrs. B. who is to live in a mansion. However, I shall give you a list—modify or enlarge it as you will:

Household linens—Allow two pair of cotton sheets and a pair of blankets for each bed, with two extra pair of sheets and a extra pair of blankets for emergencies; two pair pillow cases for each bed, and an extra pair of two for emergencies; two quilts, a comforter and counterpane, are the general allowance for each bed. For the bathroom you will require six large bath towels, twelve hand towels, six guest towels. For the dining-room, at least, one fine large talbecloth, two dozen fine napkins to match; three smaller cloths and two dozen coarser napkins, two pair traycloths, to lunch cloths, doilies, runners, etc. In the kitchen provide three roller towels, six hand towels, dishcloths, dusters, etc. ad, llb.

2. One large granite dishpan, teapot, coffee pot, three saucepans of varying size; preserving kettle, two vegetable kettles, four pie plates, two stirring spoons, colander, strainer, two tea kettles (one large, one small); two or three crocks, stirring bowl, egg poacher, frying pan, muffin rings, cake tins, patty pans, meat roaster, meat chopper, bake board and rolling pin paring knives, two or three strong, sharp knives, flour sifter, nutmeg grater, vegetable grater, toaster, two baking dishes, double boiler, potato masher, egg beater. Well, this is a pretty fair start towards a well furnished kitchen.

3. Margaret, a pearl; May, probably given after the month of May, Ernest, in earnest; Verna, uncertain.

4. They at least promise to be exceedingly in favor.

The Queen of Pickles.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have never written you before but enjoy reading the answers and questions of others. I am sending a good recipe called queen of pickle. It calls for:

2 quarts tomatoes—green; 2 quarts cucumbers, 2 quarts onions, 2 heads cauliflowers, 2 heads celery; put all through food chopper. Hang up the first four ingredients to drain over night leaving the celery to put through chopper next day. Then make a dressing of 3 quarts of vinegar, 5 cups brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 egg, 1 1-2 cups butter, 3 tablespoons of mustard, 1 ounce tumeric, 1-2 teaspoon of cayenne pepper. If not sweet enough add more sugar.

FROM ANOTHER HOUSEWIFE.

Ans.—I hope our housekeeper readers will not fail to clip this for present and future use. It is certainly an excellent sounding recipe and I sincerely thank Housewife for forwarding it to us. Visit us again with another recipe, or if we can help you in any way.

Sunbeam Strays In.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have never ventured before to ask you any questions, and hope they will not trouble you too much.

1. Can you tell me something that would take a mole off my face, and would it be harmful or better to let it stay where it is?
2. I am troubled with blackheads around my nose, chin and forehead and would be delighted to know what would remove them.
3. I have brown eyes, and my hair is also dark, what colors could I wear best?

Thanking you, and hoping to see these questions in print, I am, SUNBEAM.

Ans.—1. Many authorities seem to agree that it is best not to tamper with these little blemishes, and I feel that this is the best advice I can pass on to you.

2. If the trouble is of long standing, it may be that you have neglected to keep the digestive organs working properly. You should attend to this at once, deny yourself sweets and pastry, and exercise freely in the fresh air. These are all helps towards a clear skin. Then be sure every night to scrub the face with a Turkish washcloth, mild soap, and luke-warm water; rinse off with clear, cool water; dry, and rub with any greaseless cream that agrees with the skin; massage it well into the face, and you will probably be ashamed of the little rolls of dirt that appear. Keep up the treatment every night for a month, and you should see decided improvement. In the mornings use cold water only.

3. Browns will probably be your best colors, and doubtless you can wear that shade of pale blue which becomes brunettes; dark reds, pale pink and pale yellow should also be good shades.

Green Walnuts Pickled.

Dear Miss Grey—Please publish how to pickle green walnuts. WALTON.

Ans.—Gather when young enough to be readily pierced. Put the nuts in strong brine and leave them seven days, changing it every other day. Take them out, wipe dry, and pierce them with a large needle in a number of places. Cover for eight hours, or over-night, with cold water; then drain and put in jars. Take enough cider vinegar to cover, and to each gallon allow 12 blades mace, 1 cup sugar, 36 black peppercorns, 36 cloves, 1 tablespoon allspice. Boil five minutes and pour hot over the nuts. Repeat twice, three days apart, then tie up.

Help From Dorothy.

Dear Miss Grey,—You will here find inclosed the song "On the Banks of Pembenow," asked for by M. K.

Would you please answer the following questions:

1. Could you or your readers publish the song "On the Bank of the Clyde part of which runs thus:

If I had the wings of an eagle
I'd soar away on high
I'd soar to yon red battlefield
Where my poor Willie lies.

2. What day of the week did January 10, 1891, fall on?

Hoping to see this in the morning edition, I remain,

DOROTHY.

Ans.—1. Thank you very much Dorothy for copying the song. I hope we may be able to locate the one you want.
2. Saturday.

Sends Bread Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey,—Having always read your page with interest, I thought I would help "A Busy Mother" out of her trouble about bread-baking, and will inclose a recipe, which I find splendid. Will you please publish the words of a song of which these few words belong:

"I'll deck may hair with roses,
That false one will be there."

I hope this has not proved too tiresome. TIMID.

She's Just Eleven.

Dear Miss Grey—As I have never written to you before I thought I would ask a few questions.

1. What are the meanings of these names: Gertrude, Homer, Ida, Phoebe, Rita, Leslie, George, Edmund and Eva?
2. Would you please put in the paper a winter dress for a little girl of 11?
3. I will not ask you what you think of my writing, because I know it could be improved upon a lot. Wishing you success, I remain,

AN INTERESTED READER.

Ans.—1. I have not a list of the meaning of all these, but give as many as I can: Gertrude, spear-maiden; Ida, godlike; Phoebe, radiant; George, a landowner; Edmund, defender of happiness; Eva, life.

2. I shall try and have a nice design published soon.

3. Your letter is very neat, both in writing and appearance, for a little girl of your age.

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The entire Second Floor of our new store (140 Dundas street), is reserved for Dress Materials of all kinds. Dress Trimmings, Linings and everything that is of need to the home or professional dressmaker.

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Black Silk and Wool Henriette, a splendid wearing fabric, with a lovely finish, which on account of the demand for a good black light weight dress fabric is at present a big seller. Our price ..... **$1.25, $1.50** and **$1.65** yard

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BASKET RATINE, a splendid cloth for winter costumes. This cloth has a decided heavy weave, and is particularly adaptable for tailored suits, is 50 inches wide, and comes in black, and shades of navy, copen, taupe, green and brown. Our price ..... **$1.25** yard

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However, before the war commenced all our lines had been shipped to us, and we received our complete stock without any advance in cost to us, and we will make absolutely no advances in price as long as this stock lasts.

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—We have the same complete range of shades, and a few additional ones that we stocked in this very satisfactory silk last season 36 inches wide ..**98¢** yard

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A SPLENDID STORY OF WESTERN LIFE

LAHOMA

By JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

THE AUTHOR OF FRAN

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Henry Gledware, awakened as from a trance, bounded to his side. Willock helped him to mount, then placed the child on the saddle in front of him.

"Ride!" he urged hoarsely, "ride for your life! There ain't no other chance for you and the kid—and there ain't no other chance for me."

He leaped upon the second pony.

"Which way?" faltered Gledware, settling in the saddle and grasping the bridle, but without the other's practiced ease.

"Follow the moon—I'll ride against the wind. More chance for one of us if we ain't together. Start when I do, for when they hear the horses they'll be out of that door like so many devils turned loose on us. Ride, pardner, ride, and save the kid, for God's sake! Now—off we go!"

He gave Gledware's pony a vicious cut with his lariat, and drove the spurs into his own broncho. The thunder of hoofs as they plunged in different directions caused a sudden commotion within the isolated cabin. The door was flung open, and in the light that streamed forth, Willock, looking back, saw dark forms rush out, gather about the prostrate forms of the two brothers, move here and there in indecision, then, by a common impulse, burst into a swinging run for the horses.

As for Gledware, he never once turned his face. Urging on his horse at utmost speed, and clasping the child to his breast, he raced toward the light. The shadow of horse, man and child, at first long and black, lessened to a mere speck and then vanished with the rider beyond the circle of the level world.

CHAPTER III.

Flight.

Brick Willock, galloping toward the southeast, frequently looked back. He saw the desperadoes leap upon their horses, wheel about in short circles that brought the animals upright, then spring forward in pursuit. He heard the shouting which, though far away, sounded the unmistakable accent of ungovernable fury. In the glaring moonlight he distinguished plainly the cloud of dust and sand raised by the horses, which the wind lifted in white shapes against the deep blue of the sky. And looking beyond his pursuers toward the rude cabin where the highwaymen had so long held their rendezvous, he knew, because no animate forms appeared against the horizon, that the Kimball brothers lay where he had stretched them—one, senseless from the crashing blow on his head, the other lifeless from the bullet in his breast.

The little girl and her stepfather had vanished from the smooth open page of the Texas Panhandle—and Brick Willock rejoiced, with a joy new to him, that these escaped prisoners had not been pursued. It was himself that the band meant to subject to their savage vengeance, and himself alone. The The murder of the child was abhorrent to their hearts, which had not attained the hardened insensibility of their leader's conscience, and they were willing for the supposed spy to escape, since it spared them the embarrassment of disposing of the little girl.

But Brick Willock had been one of them, and he had killed their leader and their leader's brother, or at least had brought them to the verge of death. If Red Kimball revived, he would doubtless right his own wrongs, should Willock live to be punished. In the meantime, it was for them to treat with the traitor—this giant of a Texan, huge-whiskered, slow of speech, who had ever been first to throw himself into the thick of danger, but who had always hung back from deeds of cruelty. He had plundered coaches and wagon-trains with them, he had fought with them against strong bodies of emigrants, he had killed and burned—in the eyes of the world his deeds made him one of them, and his aspect marked him as the most dangerous of the band. But they had always felt the difference—and now they meant to kill him not only because he had overpowered their leader but because of this difference.

As their bullets pursued him, Willock lay along the body of the broncho, feeling his steed very small and himself very large—and yet, despite the rain of lead, his pleasure over the escape of the child warmed his heart. The sand was plowed up by his side from the peppering of bullets—but he seemed to feel the innocent unconscious arm about his great neck; the yells of rage were in his ears, but he heard the soft breathing of the little one fast asleep in the midst of her dangers.

He had selected for himself and for Gledware ponies that had often been run against each other, and which no others of all Red Kimball's corral could surpass in speed. Gledware and the child were on the pony that Kimball had once staked against the swiftest animal the Indians could produce, and Willock rode the pride of the Indian band, which had almost won the prize. The ponies had been staked on the issue of that encounter, and the highwayman had retained, by right of craft and force what the government would not permit its wards to barter or sell.

The race was long but always unequal. The ruffians who had dashed from the scene of the cabin almost in an even line, scattered and straggled unevenly; now only two were able to send bullets whistling about Willock's head; now only one found it possible to cover the distance. At last even he fell out of range. The Indian pony, apparently tireless, shot on like an arrow driven into the teeth of the wind, sending up behind a cloud of dust that stretched long wavering ribbon like a clue left to guide the band into the mysterious depths of the Great American Desert.

When the last of the pursuers found further effort useless, he checked his horse. Willock now sat erect on the broncho's bare back, lightly clasping the halter. Looking behind, he saw seven horsemen in varying degrees of motionless, motionless, doubtless fixing their wolfish eyes on his fleeing form. As long as he could distinguish these specks against the sky they remained stationary. To his excited imagination they represented a living wall drawn up between him and the abode of men. Should he ever venture back to that world, he fancied those seven avengers would be waiting to receive him with taunts and drawn weapons.

And his conscience told him that the taunts would be merited, for he had turned traitor, he had failed in the only virtue on which his fellow-criminals prided themselves. Yes, he was a traitor; and by the only justice he acknowledged, he deserved to die. But the child who had lain so trustingly upon his wild bosom, who had clung to him as to a father—she was safe! An unwonted smile crept under the bristling beard of the fugitive, as he urged the pony forward in unrelaxing speed. Should he seek refuge among civilized communities, his crimes would hang over his head—if not discovered, the fear of discovery would be his, day and night. To venture into his old haunts in No-Man's Land would be to expose his back to the assassin's knife or his breast to ambushed murderers. He dared not seek asylum among the Indians, for while bands of white men were safe enough in the Territory, single white men were at the mercy of the moment's caprice—and certainly if found astride that Indian pony, which the agent had ordered restored to its owner, his life would not be worth a thought.

These were desperate reflections, and the future seemed framed in solitude, yet Brick Willock rode on with that odd smile about his grim lips. The smile was unlike him—but the whole affair was such an experience as had never entered his most daring fancy. Never before in his life had he held a child in his arms, still less had he felt the sweet embrace of peaceful slumber. To another man it might have meant nothing, but to this great rough fellow, the very sight of whom had often struck terror to the heart, that experience seemed worth all the privations he foresaw.

The sun had risen when the pony, after a few tottering steps, suddenly sank to earth. Willock unfastened the halter from its neck, tied it with the lariat around his waist, and without pause set out afoot. If the pony died from the terrible strain of that unremitting flight, doubtless the roving Indians of the plains would find it an try to follow his trail; if it survived he would be safer if not found near it. In either case, swift flight was still imperative, and the shifting sand, beaten out of shape by the constant wind, promised not to retain his footprints.

(To be continued.)

With the Women's Clubs

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB.

At an executive meeting of the Women's Canadian Club, held on Tuesday morning, it was decided to hold an open meeting on Friday evening, Oct. 2, in the Normal School, when Miss Blackburn will give a talk on her western trip, and describe the Canadian Club convention held in Vancouver in August. Ladies whose husbands are not members of the Men's Club are urged to ask them to attend. Refreshments and a social half-hour will close the meeting. All members wishing to join the club this year are cordially invited to attend this opening meeting. It is anticipated that some splendid speakers will be brought to address the club this season, and the program as arranged by the executive will be one of timely interest and instruction. A nominating committee was appointed to make suggestions re new officers for the coming season, and Mrs. A. T. Edwards was appointed as press correspondent. Mrs. Betts presided.

PRINCESS AVENUE MOTHERS' CLUB.

The opening meeting of the Princess Avenue Mothers' Club will be held in the kindergarten on Thursday afternoon, when Miss Buttrey and Miss Strongman will tell of their trip to the old land. All mothers are invited.

SIMCOE STREET MOTHERS' CLUB.

This club will hold the first meeting for the season on Thursday night, when a social time is anticipated. Refreshments will be served, and all mothers interested in the work of the club are cordially asked to attend.

Little Hints to Help the Housewife Solve Her Problems From Day to Day. Written Especially For Advertiser Women Readers.

MAKE A LITTLE MEAT GO A LONG WAY

The cook who knows the "tricks of her trade" knows many clever ways of extending the flavor of meat; that is, of combining a little meat with a good deal of some less expensive food so as to make a plentiful dish well flavored and satisfying even to hearty appetites. Here are some of the recipes tested by the Government food experts:

Macaroni cooked with chopped ham, hash made of meat and potatoes or meat and rice, meat croquettes—made of meat and some starchy materials like bread crumbs, cracker dust, or rice—are familiar examples of meat combined with starchy materials. Pilaf, a dish very common in the Orient, and well known in the United States, is of this character and easily made. When there is soup or soup stock on hand it can be well used in the pilaf.

TURKISH PILAF.

One-half cup of rice, three-fourth cup of tomatoes, stewed and strained one cup stock or broth, three tablespoonfuls of butter.

Cook the rice and tomatoes with the stock in a double boiler until the rice is tender, removing the cover after the rice is cooked if there is too much liquid. Add the butter and stir it in with a fork to prevent the rice from being broken. A little catsup or Chili sauce with water enough to make three-quarters of a cup may be substituted for the tomatoes. This may be served as a border with meat, or served separately in the place of a vegetable, or may make the main dish at a meal, as it is savory and reasonably nutritious.

MEAT AND TOMATO PIE.

This dish presents an excellent way of using up small quantities of either cold beef or cold mutton. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice them; if canned, drain off the liquid. Place a layer of tomato in a baking dish, then a layer of sliced meat, and over the two dredge flour, pepper, and salt; repeat until the dish is nearly full, then put in an extra layer of tomato and cover the whole with a layer of pastry or of bread or cracker crumbs. When the quantity of meat is small, it may be "helped out" by boiled potatoes or other suitable vegetables. A few oysters or mushrooms improve the flavor, especially when beef is used. The pie will need to be baked from half an hour to an hour according to its size and the heat of the oven.

Red Cross Column

A special call from Red Cross headquarters in Toronto has been received by the local officers, and the latter would ask that all work finished, be returned by Friday, or sooner, to Hyman Hall. They especially ask for a quick return of the knitted goods, in order that these may be packed and shipped to Toronto.

One of the busiest places in London, even these hot afternoons, is the Red Cross Room at Hyman Hall. Sewing machines whirring, scissors clipping, needles flying, the low conversation of earnest women, all helped to make things hum in this hive of industry, when an Advertiser reporter called yesterday afternoon. One woman was fashioning an odd looking garment of white flannelette. "What is this for?" asked the uninitiated reporter.

"A pneumonia vest," was the reply, and the maker explained how it was thickly stitched, and shaped to fit the patient's body, coming double over the parts where most warmth is required. Tapes sewed here and there at the edges were necessary to prevent the garment slipping while being worn.

At one long table cozy-looking, stripped flannelette was being cut into nightdresses. "That is for some of the maternity outfits—relief work for soldier's wives," was the explanation. And so the sewing, and stitching, and cutting, proceeded with a system and sincerity that spoke well for both quantity and quality of the work in hand.

Out in the vestibule some large canvas bales were lying. They contained pillows donated by equally earnest, equally busy workers in the country, and rural settlements. And even as the men are fighting side by side for their country—"duke's son and cook's son"—so the women in all walks of life are working side by side, fashioning garments for the comfort of the men at the front, or for the needy wives and babes at home! Terrible as it is, war is a great leveller!

LOCAL W. C. T. U. APPOINTS DELEGATES

Provincial Convention To Be Held in Toronto in October.

The following delegates to the Provincial convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, to be held in Toronto on October 5 to 9 inclusive, were elected from the London branch at a meeting held Tuesday afternoon in the headquarters, Park avenue: Mesdames M. Ashplant, president; F. E. Harrison, Garner, Weekes, Paterson and Clarke, with Miss Ingram and Mrs. Heaman as substitutes. Mrs. F. Y. Miller, president of the local branch Y. W. C. T. U., will also attend. Mrs. M. R. Thornley, of this city, is provincial president, and Mrs. Ashplant is county-president.

The corresponding secretary read a letter received from the Canadian Bible Society, respecting an offer, which the Union had made towards helping furnish a Bible or Testament to every soldier leaving Canada. It was decided to send a donation of $10.00 to the Bible Society to aid in this work. A letter from the Ontario W. C. T. U., urging the local branch to contribute towards the Red Cross work, was also read, and passed to the sub-executive to deal with.

The treasurer, Mrs. (Dr.) Weekes, reported a donation of $50, paid towords the Patriotic fund. The dining-hall at the fair this year had been a very successful one, it was thought, and a matter of thankfulness among members of the local Union. A committee was appointed to meet with committee from the Men's Federation and the Ministerial Alliance on Friday for the purpose of discussing local temperance matters.

The meeting was adjourned with prayer. Mrs. Ashplant occupied the chair.

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As from the field, bushel	50c
Selected, 16-lb. basket	35c
Selected, per lb.	5c
Green, bushel	40c
Green, peck	15c

SALADS AND OTHER VEGETABLES.

Lettuce, head, each	6c
Lettuce, leaf, each	5c
Endive, each	5c
Celery, White Plume, head	5c
Cucumbers, each	5c
Watercress, Radish, Parsley, Mint, Green Onions, bunch, 4c, 3 for	10c
Hubbard Squash, each	15c
Essex Hybrid Squash, each	15c
Custard Squash, each	5c
Citrons, each	10c
Egg Plant, each	10c
Cauliflowers, fancy, each .. 10c and	15c
Cabbage, large, 7c; small	4c
Vegetable Marrows, each .. 5c and	8c
Sweet Corn, per dozen	12c
Potatoes, peck	25c
Table Beets, peck	15c
Carrots, peck	20c
Onions, peck	35c
Onions, silver-skin picklers, quart	15c
Onions, yellow picklers, quart	10c
Gherkins, per 100	40c
Beets, pickling, peck	40c
Hot Peppers, per dozen .. 8c and	10c

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