DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

Stout Women

Greatly Appreciate

WOOLNOUGH

Made in Canada

CORSETS

Made to Order and Ready to Wear

The comfort and ease acquired by our Corsets does not interfere with the stylish contour. Tailoring Corsets for stout women and more-inclined-to-be-stout is a feature here, and enables us to effectively demonstrate our art. Woolnough Service is most moderately priced, as under:

Tailored-to-Order Corsets
$5 $10 $15

Tailored Ready-to-Wear
98c $1.55 $2.50 to $12.50

WOOLNOUGH

Corsetiers

267 Dundas St.

SPECIAL
In Cut Bloom

Ed. West Floral Co.

Phone 2187. 249 Dundas St.

Ladies' Kid Gloves

in black, white and tan; soft pliable skins; two dome fasteners. A regular $1.00 line, selling now at 77c pair.

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TO ALL HOUSEKEEPERS

TODAY AND TOMORROW

WE OFFER A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

De Luxe

The Ideal Cleanser

Sanitary and labor-saving. Something absolutely new. Never sold before. We know you will like it.

Clip out the coupon below and deposit it with 5 cents at your grocer, or mail direct to us, and receive a standard 10-cent package of De Luxe Cleanser.

Unexcelled for every kind of cleaning.

The only perfect cleanser of flat wall finishes.

Will not hurt the finest polished surface.

Removes dirt—does not polish it.

Instantaneous in its work.

Ideal for the bath, sickroom and laundry.

For floors, kitchen utensils, dishes, glassware, windows, woodwork, porcelain and enamelware.

This offer holds good for two days only.

Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16, 1915.

De Luxe Specialty Manufacturing Co.

LONDON, CANADA.

To The Housekeeper:

Upon presentation of this Coupon and 5c at your next grocer, you will receive one 10-cent package of De Luxe, the Ideal Cleanser. This Coupon is valid after Saturday, January 16, 1915.

De Luxe Specialty Manufacturing Co.

42u

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 It Along.

Dear Miss Grey,—Here I am once again to consult you. Would you please print the words of "The Goblins Will Get You." I have a request to ask you. Would you like the poem of "St. Peter at the Gate?" I find that this has been a favorite among the old people, and at one time I sent the copy of the poem to a friend in Northern Ontario. I think it is many years since this has been printed, and if you would care to have it, Miss Grey, I should be greatly delighted to send it to you. I have a relative who reads that poem to every one who looks at his scrap-book.

Trusting I will hear from you soon, and hoping that I can aid you by my knowledge, I remain your faithfully.

MERRY.

Ans.—Supposing you send me a copy of the poem so that I might judge of its suitability for publication. There are several poems on this subject, and I do not know which one you may have. Thanks for your "deliciously" complimentary remarks.

Clay on Coat.

Dear Miss Grey,—Excuse leadpencil, as I have no ink. I for another think you have patience more than what the most of us have. I am sending a song asked for by Mrs. Allan C. I would like to know what will take clay stains out of a black cheviot cloth coat.

MOSS BACK'S DAUGHTER.

Ans.—Sponge with warm, soapy water, then with clear, and press on the wrong side, between cloths. This should remove the stains.

Song Requests.

Brown-eyed Sam desires words and music (or address where same could be procured), of this song: In the doorway of a cottage, stands a mother old and grey. "R. R." wishes "Over the Hills to the Poor House." Strathroy girl wishes song "There Is no Home Sweet Home for Me." "Blue Eyes" requests song "Nothing from Nothing Leaves One, and I Am the One."

Appreciates Her Mother.

Dear Miss Grey,—I receive much help from your column in many different ways. And now I am going to ask you some questions.

1. Do you think dresses with overskirts on are fashionable, and are they going out of style?

2. How long should a girl of fifteen wear her dresses, she bing five feet, four inches in height, and weighing 112 pounds? Do you consider that too large for my age?

3. Don't you think girls under seventeen too young to pay any attention to young men? Now, Miss Grey, I know some girls about fifteen, who go to skate, parties, theatre, or any place with them, and make fun of me for not having a fellow. But I don't pay any attention, for I am only fifteen, and I go to these places with my parents, and they make me sit with them and go home with them. The girls I know have told me not to mind mother, but she and father are my loved ones, and mother knows who I write to and who writes to me, and always reads my letters. The girls say they pity me for having such a overbearing mother. But she always gets me more than most girls, and she says she thinks far more of me than if I had boy friends. Don't you think all mothers ought to look after their daughters the same? I go to High School, take music lessons and can spend any amount of money if I would, for I am the only daughter.

SWEET FIFTEEN.

Ans.—Judging by the fashion books, the overskirts in various styles will continue to be worn during the spring.

2. She may wear them to reach her shot top, or perhaps an inch shorter. No.

3. Yes, I think you possess a most wise and loving mother, and I believe, too, that you are wise enough to realize it, and to endeavor to follow her wishes for you. Loads of time, little girl, to think of young men, after you are through with school. Keep right on "minding mother."

Answer for Pauline.

Ans.—1. Harold Bell Wright's address is El Centro, California. As you are interested in the author's books you may appreciate a brief sketch of his life. Mr. Wright was born in Rome, Oneida County, New York State, May 4, 1872. He was a student at Hiram College, Ohio, for some years. From 1887 to 1897 Mr. Wright followed the profession of landscape painting, although in 1892 he entered the ministry of the Christian Disciples' Church, from which he retired in 1908. Mr. Wright married Frances E. Long, of Buffalo, on July 18, 1899. They now reside at El Centro, California.

2. The nearest I can come to it without indication marks is "show-fer." Any good, up-to-date dictionary will give you the correct pronunciation.

Must Give Notice.

Dear Miss Grey,—Can a person renting part of a house by the month, and not paying in advance, be compelled to give a month's notice in the event of desiring to move out, or pay the extra month's rent? M. R. S.

Ans.—Yes.

Kathleen's Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey,—Find inclosed recipe for cocoa cake: 2 cups brown sugar, ½ cup butter (small), 2 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 teaspoon soda (dissolved in hot water), ¼ cup cocoa, 2 cups flour; sift flour and cocoa together.

Would you please answer these questions?

1. What day did December 11, 1902, fall on?

2. What is the meaning of Genevieve?

3. What is the horoscope for August 8?

KATHLEEN.

A.—1. Thursday.

2. "Waterfoam" is really the meaning of Genevieve.

3. I do not know.

Thank you for your recipe, Kathleen.

A Progress Club.

Dear Miss Grey,—1. We have formed a progress club in our school, and would like to have a nice name for it. Would you mention a few names in your Daily Mail Box in the daily Advertiser (morning edition)?

2. Would you also print some good mottoes? Our work is to take up domestic science for the girls and farm work and stock raising for the boys, and we both take nature study, poultry, etc.

3. What colors would be nice in the little pins that a lot of clubs now wear, and is it all right for girls to wear them?

Hoping to see this in print as soon as possible, and that our letter is not too long. NAMELESS.

A.—I think the idea a splendidly practical one, and no doubt it will interest other boys and girls as well. I do not see that you could have a better name than "Progress Club"; it expresses just what your aims are. Canadian Rural Development Club is another name suggestion, and also Farm Home Society.

2. If you accepted the name Progress Club, "Progress and Prosperity" would be a good motto; for the second title suggested "For Dominion and Countryside" would be admirable; and for the last, "Our Home Sweet Home — the Farm"; or, "Our Home, our Hope, the Farm."

3. Yes, it is perfectly proper for the girls to wear pins or badges; white, green and gold would be nice colors; you could have a white pin with a spray of tiny maple leaves at the bottom; a sheaf of golden wheat in the centre, and the initials of your club at the top.

Does this help any? I hope so.

Some Odd Names.

Dear Miss Grey,—I'm coming to you for your valuable help. Will you please print a few odd names for a little baby girl? also a few odd one for a boy?

The woman's page is getting to be a very valuable article, also interesting and amusing. I had a real good laugh over the letter from "Rannochite."

I have a few recipes that I would like to donate, but I'm in a terrible hurry now. Please may I call gain with the recipes? CECILE.

A.—1. Odd names for a boy—Alaric, Cyprian, Conrad, Dietrich, Brian, Aubrey, Madoc, Leander, Ellis, Ethan, Ingram, Keneim, Tristam, Otto, Noel.

For a girl—Elsa, Felice, Inez, Beulah, Therese, Joyce, Zoe, Rozana, Myra, Phoebe, Ursula, Delia.

Yes, we should be glad to receive the recipes, so do not forget to visit us again.

Against Youthful Marriages.

Dear Miss Grey,—Here is a hint for the girls that want a nice white skin. I have a soft white skin, and it cost me nothing more than the trouble of putting this on. Take the juice of a lemon and some rolled oats, and make a paste. Rub into the face and hands after washing the face with real warm water. After washing, rub well with a rough towel, then apply the oatmeal paste; leave on overnight; wash off with hot water, and dry with rough towel again, and in a few weeks the face will be soft and white; it removes tan and freckles, and the hot water face bath prevents blackheads, while cold water only feeds them. Some people think unless they pay a big price for a face cream, it is no good, but I find the lemon juice and oatmeal powdered up is everything necessary to whiten and make the skin soft.

Now, Miss Grey, some time I would like to write a long letter to girls that are talking about being married when they should be going to school or playing with dolls. To me the word, "married," is annoying, for I was married at 16, and am only 24 now, and have three girls, one almost 8. My husband never takes me anywhere, or thinks I should go to any place of amusement at all. I go and do my shopping once a month, and return in an hour. I live one block from a street car, but have no time to go anywhere when I wash, bake, iron, and do everything about my home, besides wait on him. Still I try to be cheerful, because my children are healthy and strong. I have not a cheerful moment to live for, and I do love a good time. Still, young girls can't see far enough to understand that, however bright the prospects of married life may be for them, there are a hundred things to blight it before they are old enough to be equal to the burden that sickness and debt will bring on them.

You will please excuse this long letter, Miss Grey. It seems I cannot speak plain enough to those foolish, headstrong girls. So forgive my long letter. Next time I'll come with more help instead of a "chin." KENTUCKY NELL.

Ans.—Your letter makes one feel sad, Kentucky Nell, but how can you say you have nothing to live for, when you have your children? I am sure all sorts of a "good time" would not compensate for the loss of one of your kiddies. Be glad that you have them, sympathize with and enter into their plays, and life should not seem dull.

In regard to hot water for the toilet, I agree with you that it is excellent to wash the face in warm water at night, but in the morning, after removing the paste with warm water, I should advise a few good dashes of quite cold water, in order to close the pores. The cold splash gives a most delightful feeling of invigoration, and helps to toughen the skin against the havoc wrought by Jack Frost.

Please Husband, Too.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my first letter to your Mail-Box. I enjoy reading your column very much. My husband thinks it is the best part of the paper. Would you please answer these questions?

1. What would you think of one who would write a slanderous letter to another, and try to make believe it was someone else? Do you think it is at all ladylike? Is there any way you could find out who wrote it?

2. Could you or any of the readers tell me what would sweeten lard that has become strong through the summer months?

3. What is good for oily hair? My hair gets awfully greasy three days after it is washed?

4. When your gentleman friend presents you with a box of bon-bons, should you share up with him?

5. Do you think a girl who is not engaged should stay at home from a party when her gentleman-friend, with whom she has kept company for nearly two years, cannot go? MRS. SLIM JIM

Ans.—1. To write an anonymous letter of any description is considered exceedingly bad form. I advise you to ignore the letter completely.

2. I fear that nothing could be done—will some kind housewife let us know?

3. Shampoo for oily hair is this: Tincture of green soap, one teaspoonful; cologne, one teaspoonful; the whole of an egg stirred into a cupful of water. Beat this up thoroughly and shampoo with it as you would with ordinary soap. Then rinse the hair thoroughly.

The following is a good tonic for oily hair: Two ounces witch hazel, two ounces alcohol, one ounce distilled water, and 40 grains resorcin. Apply every night, rubbing it thoroughly into the scalp.

4. Yes.

5. No, I think not. Of course, she must be willing to allow him equal privileges on other occasions when she cannot attend.

"Shortening" Baby.

Dear Miss Grey,—As this is my first visit to your mail box I must say you must have a great deal of patience to answer so many inquiries. I have read your mail box for a long time and must admit I enjoy it very much. Now for a few questions which I hope to see in print soon.

1. At what age should a babe four months old be put in short clothes during the winter months?

2. A nice and suitable way to make a baby boy's first short clothes?

3. What material would be most suitable—linen or lawn?

4. How can a person tell if a child has adenoids of the throat.

5. Judging from my letter, how far advanced was I when I quit attending school?

Some time ago I read in your column a sure cure for goitre or thick neck. I did cut it out but I have either mislaid or lost it. Would you please publish it again? C.J.A.

Ans.—1. The change might be made at any time now. Some mothers "shorten" their babies at two months, nowadays, and others omit the very long clothes even at birth.

2. A number of patterns for baby's short clothes appears in the pattern department today or tomorrow. These would help you in making his first short outfit. The price of all in only 15 cents. Please send order to pattern department, not to me.

3. Lawn, gingham, flannelette are all useful fabrics.

4. If you have any reason to suspect this condition, have the child examined at once by a doctor.

5. Could not say.

6. I believe this is the remedy you refer to: Beat up the yoke of an egg with a knife work fine salt in till it becomes like a paste; spread on a cloth, bind on neck over night; then miss three; do this for nine nights. After a while repeat if necessary.

Making Puff Paste.

Dear Miss Grey,—I saw in Saturday's column of a reader wanting a puff paste recipe. I am sending one that I use myself and think it very good: 1 pound flour, 1 pound butter, 1 yolk of egg; mix the flour with the yolk of an egg and enough ice-cold water to wet the flour stiff enough not to crack, roll it out and put butter all on the top, then flatten it, roll out 3 times, put in a cool place for half an hour, roll out, then put out again for a quarter of an hour, roll out twice again, and make about a quarter of an inch thick before putting in the oven; let it stand a quarter of an hour in a cool place. Hoping you will oblige me with an early answer. R. C. W.

Ans.—Very much pleased to receive "your way" of making puff paste, and know Mrs. Newlywed will appreciate your kindness. The information you ask for, I am sending you separately.

AFTER GRIPPE

Mrs. Findley Made Strong By Vinol.

Severy, Kans.—"The Grippe left me in a weak, nervous, rundown condition. I was too weak to do my housework and could not sleep. After trying different medicines without benefit Vinol restored my health, strength and appetite. Vinol is a grand medicine and every weak, nervous, rundown woman should take it."—MRS. GEO. FINDLEY.

Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron tonic, sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, and builds up natural strength and energy.

Taylor Drug Company, London, Ont.

LASSES DOUGHNUTS.

[By Caroline Coe.]

Molasses Doughnuts.—One cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk in which has been dissolved one teaspoon of sola.

Beat one egg very light and add to the first mixture; half teaspoon of salt, quarter teaspoon of ground ginger, and add a teaspoon of vanilla; add flour enough to make very soft dough, roll out, cut in shape and fry in deep fat.

19 Ladies' Suits To Clear at 2/3 Off

Slightly Soiled White Shaker

12½c For 9c Yard
Or 12 Yards For $1.00

550 yards 34-inch White Flannelette, slightly soiled by water on the edges only. Regular 12½c yard. On sale Saturday at 9 a.m. ..... 9¢ yd. or 8 yds. for $1.00

White Flannelette 6½c

600 yards 25-inch White Flannelette. On sale Saturday, special, at, yard ..... 6½¢

New Prints

Our new goods are arriving every day. We have now in stock a splendid assortment of new Prints, in medium and dark colorings at, yard ..... 10¢ and 12½¢

Gingham Special

30 pieces of a regular 12½c value just arrived; very neat checks and plaids. Special at, yard ..... 10¢

Crepes

Ask to see our new range of Fancy Dress Crepes; second floor. Yard ..... 12½¢ and 15¢

8 Suits

Regular $25.00 For
$10

8 only Ladies' Winter Suits, in black and navy only, made of the finest serges or the new cordeline cloth. Regular $25, to clear at $10

11 Suits

Regular $15.00 For
$6.50

In navy and black only, well tailored, fine all wool English serges. Regular $15; the newest styles; for $6.50

Coats

12 only Long Winter Coats, misses' and small ladies' sizes. On sale Saturday at, each $1.50

9 only Novelty Coats, misses' sizes. Saturday at $3.95

All other Coats marked at special clearing prices.

All Children's Winter Coats (a few only left in stock) to clear out at half the original price.

New Lines In Our Art Department

New Goods Arriving Every Day.

DINING-ROOM LINEN SETS. Stamped For Embroidery.

The demand for complete sets, matching in design for dining-room linens, is steadily increasing. We have now a complete range of Centres, Tray Ends, Tea Cosies and Serviettes, all to match. Regular sizes, finest linen, at, per piece ..... 25¢ and 39¢

A BUNGALOW LUNCHEON SET—6 Doilies, 2 Platter Doilies, 4 Plate Doilies, stamped on the finest linen in a beautiful design. Price, per set $2.50

FANCY PIECES.

Our range of Dresser Scarfs, Boudoir Caps, Corset Covers, Night Gowns, Infants' Bibs, Tea Aprons, Pin Cushions, etc., is now complete, stamped in the best patterns on the best materials.

KHAKI YARN.

Received today a large shipment of Khaki Yarn, 4-ply, soft wool Yarn, at, pound $1.25

STAMPED CUSHIONS.

We have a new range of Stamped Cushions with back, in Ramble Roses and other designs. Special at, each ..... 50¢

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money

GRAY'S LIMITED

150 DUNDAS STREET. Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery.

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MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of Doubt," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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The water ran deeper, shelving off rapidly, until it rose well above his waist, and with sufficient current so that he was compelled to lean against it to maintain balance, scarcely venturing forward a foot at a time. Once he stumbled over some obstruction, barely averting a fall; he felt the swift clutch of her fingers at his throat, the quick adjustment of her body, but her lips gave no utterance of alarm. His groping feet touched the edge of a hole, and he turned, facing the current, tracing his way carefully until he found a passage on solid bottom. A bit of driftwood swirled down out of the night, a water-soaked limb, striking against him before it was even seen, bruised one arm, and then dodged past like a wild thing, leaving a glitter of foam behind. The sand-dunes grew darker, more distinct, the water began to grow shallow, the bottom changing from mud to sand. He slipped and staggered in the uncertain footing, his breath coming in quicker gasps, yet with no cessation of effort. Once he felt the dreaded suck about his ankles, and broke into a reckless run, splashing straight forward, falling at the water's edge, yet not before the girl was resting safely on the soft sand.

Strong as Hamlin was, his muscles trained by strenuous out-door life, he lay there for a moment utterly helpless, more exhausted from the nervous strain, indeed, than the physical exertion. He had realized fully the desperate nature of that passage, expecting every step to be engulfed, and the reaction, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

"Sergeant, you are not hurt?" she questioned. "Tell me you are not hurt."

"Oh, no," dragging himself up the bank, yet panting as he endeavored to speak cheerfully. "Only that was a rather hard pull; the last of it, and I am short of breath. I shall be all right in a moment."

There was a sand-dune just beyond, and he seated himself and leaned against it.

"I am beginning to breathe easier already," he explained. "Sit down here, Miss McDonald. We are safe enough now in this darkness."

"You are all wet, soaking wet."

"That is nothing; the sand is warm yet from yesterday's sun, and my clothes will dry fast enough. It is beginning to grow light in the east."

The faces of both turned in that direction, where appeared the first twilight approach of dawn. Already were visible the dark lines of the opposite shore, across the gleam of water, and beyond appeared the dim outline of the higher bluffs. The slope between river and hill, however, remained in impenetrable darkness. The minds of both fugitives reverted to the same scene—the wrecked stage with its dead passengers within, its savage watchers without. She lifted her head, and the soft light was reflected on her face.

"I thank God we are not over there now," she said falteringly.

"Yes," he admitted. "They will be creeping in closer; they will not wait much longer. Hard as I have worked, I can't realize yet that we are out of those toils."

"You did not expect to succeed?"

"No; frankly I did not; all I could do was hope—take the one chance left. I am ashamed of being so weak just now, but it was the strain. You see," he explained carefully, "I've been scouting through hostile Indian country mostly day and night for nearly a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how iron a man is, his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."

"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly, "but it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry; that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest noise, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

There was silence, her hands pressed to her face, her eyes fixed on him. Then she questioned him soberly:

"You mean kill me?"

"Sure," he answered simply, without looking around; "I would have had to do it—just as though you were a sister of mine."

Her hands reached out and clasped his, and he glanced aside at her face, seeing it clearly.

"I—I thought you would," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I was going to ask you once before I was hurt, but—but I couldn't, and somehow I trusted you from the first, when you got in." She hesitated, and then asked: "How did you know I was Molly McDonald? You never asked."

The Sergeant's eyes smiled, turning away from her face to stare out across the river.

"Because I had seen your picture."

"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the cantonment on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me. Maybe he liked my looks. I don't know; more probably he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and intrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow, I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and that was what was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"

"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

She sat with hands clasped together, her eyes shaded by long lashes.

"I should have thought there would have been some soldiers there—his own men."

"There were," dryly, "but the army just now is recruited out of pretty tough material. To be in the ranks is almost a confession of good-for-nothingness. You are an officer's daughter, and understand this to be true."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. "I have been brought up thinking so; only, of course, there are exceptions."

"No doubt, and I hope I am already counted one."

"You know you are. My father trusted you, and so do I."

"I have wondered sometimes," he said musingly, watching her face, barely visible in the dawn, "whether those of your class actually considered us as being really human, as anything more valuable than mere food for powder. I came into the regular army at the close of the war from the volunteer service. I was accustomed to discipline and all that, and knew my place. But I never suspected that a private soldier was considered a dog. Yet that was the first lesson I was compelled to learn. It has been pretty hard sometimes to hold in, for there was a time when I had some social standing, and could resent an insult."

She looked straight at him, surprised at the bitterness in his voice.

To Be Continued.

Hood's Pills

The painless, purely vegetable cathartic; cure biliousness, constipation, all liver ills. Pleasant to take. Work every time. 25c.

Snow-Mellow

This Delightful Cake Filling

for layer cakes, firm, rich, tender, snowy, and standing up half an inch thick, has been made from just one tablespoonful of

Snow-Mellow

and it only cost 5 cents. The same quantity of egg meringue would have needed 8 eggs, costing over 25 cents, so see what you save, for there are

No Eggs and No Cooking

when you use SNOW-MELLOW.

Let your cake be a SNOW-MELLOW cake. No more hard, brittle icings that crack and crumble. Use any kind of flavoring to suit the taste, and follow the full directions on every package.

Get a 25 cent package from your grocer. It is enough for 5 delicious desserts and a 50 cent package contains no less than 12.

THE W. T. OTT CO., Inc.
34 Frost St. West, Toronto and 318 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal 12E

Old Songs and Poems

THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

(Sent by Blue-Bell.)

Ah, love, how can I leave thee,
The sad thought deep doth grieve me;
But I know whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.

Refrain:
Farewell, farewell, my own true love;
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

No more shall I behold thee,
Or to my heart enfold thee;
In war's array appearing,
The foe's stern hosts are nearing.

I'll think of thee with longing,
When tho'ts with tears come thronging;
And on the field, if lying,
I'll breathe thy dear name dying.

TIME MAKES CHANGES

and oft reverses its dictates. Years ago our fathers ate coarse, dark breadstuffs because there was nothing else to eat. Modern ill-health and some diseases were then unknown. The milling trade, owing to competition, began to refine cereal foods for looks, not realizing the robbery of nutrition they were thus guilty of. Science has now put the seal of its disapproval upon this and intelligent people, led by the medical profession and the eminent Dr. Wiley in particular, now turn to dark breads and coarse, unrefined foods. This means economy in food, increase in health and prolongation of life. Dr. Jackson's Roman Meal is the coarsest, darkest and, therefore, the richest food known. It improves digestion, positively prevents constipation and promotes health. At all grocers. Demonstrated at Smallman & Ingram's all this week. b

VEGETABLES

TO CONSUMERS DIRECT.

SPECIAL:

Tomatoes, ex. fcy., hothouse, lb.	30c
Spinach, choice handpicked, pk.	30c
Cucumbers, extra fancy, each	35c
Rhubarb, fine, bunch 15c, 2 for	25c
Whitloaf, or Imperial Chicory, good in salads, bunch 15c, 2 for	25c
Brussels Sprouts, select, 15c, 2 for	25c
Lettuce, head, fine	20c
Lettuce, Paris "Cos"	20c
Radishes, fine, bunch	8c
Horseradish, lb.	15c
Lettuce, leaf	8c
Celery, extra large	10c
Celery, fine	8c
Celery Hearts, etc in bunch	10c
Salsify, bunch	8c
Sage, Savory, Thyme, bunch	5c
Parsley, Watercress, Gr. Onions	5c
Hubbard Squash 10c,	15c
Cabbage, White, Red, large 10c, medium	8c
Parsnips, peck	20c
Potatoes, Beets, Carrots, Turnips	15c
Onions, peck	30c

Main & Collyer

Orders received 7 a.m. to noon delivered same afternoon, Noon to 6 p.m., following morning. Minimum, 25 cents.

Telephone 2831. P. O. Box 275

Ginger Pudding.—Beat 1 egg very light and slowly, beating all the while 1 cup of molasses; over ½ cup of butter turn ½ cup of hot water. Allow to cool; sift 1½ cups of graham or whole wheat flour with 1 teaspoon of ginger and 1 teaspoonful of soda, stir the flour into the liquid, at the same time add a cup of candied ginger cut fine. Beat all together and turn into greased mold and steam 2 hours.

Pudding Sauce.—Cream 1 cup of powdered sugar and ½ cup of butter; add the grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, just before serving whip 1 egg and serve at once over hot pudding.

REGULATE A CHILD'S BOWELS WHEN CROSS, BILIOUS OR FULL OF COLD

Any child will gladly take "Cascarets Candy Cathartic," which act gently—never gripe or produce the slightest uneasiness—though cleanses the little one's Constipated Bowels, sweetens the stomach and breaks up a bad cold quickly.

Full directions for children and grown-ups in each package.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this gentle, harmless laxative to children.