

# Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

## CHILD'S BIRTHDAY

[By Cynthia Grey.]

If there is one date which parents are never able to forget it is the anniversary of their child's birth. Even the poorest will scrape their few pennies together to make it a remembrance of gladness not only for themselves but for the little ones as well. To the last hour of their lives they remember every detail of that eventful day. The awful stillness; women flitting hither and thither with noiseless tread, and the good doctor touching the husband and father on the shoulder with the words: "You ought to be a proud man! You have a fine son and daughter."

The thought that coursed through the father's brain and the way the blood pulsed through his heart was a sacred memory. No wonder that he hails with happiness the return of that memorable date. He sees the children grow rapidly. They are dear to another's heart as they are to his own—their mother's.

It is the greatest of life's pities that the parents of such children should ever fall into discord, and that they should go their separate ways. Though they are the whole wide world apart, when that particular birthday dawns, even though they may have formed new ties, how can they help remembering that other day, and all it meant to them? In such moments their hearts are drawn as near as they were in that sunny past, no matter how they might fight against it. It matters not what anyone may say, it is human nature.

How pitiful it is if the child falls ill that it cannot have both its parents watching tenderly at its bedside, to kneel together and pray, heart to heart, for its recovery.

How grieved such a child's heart is when thoughtless persons ply it with inquisitive questions regarding the one or the other. Parents scarcely realize what joy they have when they are all united on their children's birthdays.

## Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

**To Remove Warts.**  
Dear Miss Grey: Can you tell me of some method to remove warts?  
T. T. S.

A—A good remedy for removing warts is as follows: Have your druggist put up one dram salicylic acid and one ounce of collodion in a bottle with a small brush run through the cork. Apply this a couple of times a day, but be careful not to get any of the mixture on the surrounding skin. Table salt also is good. Moisten the wart with water and apply the salt, rubbing it into the wart. Do this two or three times a day.

Dear Miss Grey: My hair is losing its lustre. Can you tell me what to do for it?  
E. K. A.

Many a woman has become discouraged when her hair has lost its lustre and begun to fall, but it rarely ever occurs to her that her scalp has become diseased. The scalp should be washed with a brush and soap, and the hair should be kept clean and free from oil. If it is not and has become adherent to the underlying bones then this is the cause of your falling hair. Scalp massage is the secret of keeping the hair and scalp in a healthy condition, and is easily done and not

a great tax to either time or patience. By keeping the scalp loose and flexible it promotes a flow of blood to the roots and the hair follicles will be properly nourished.

**Deep Breathing.**  
Dear Miss Grey: Can you tell me a good way to develop the bust. S. A. A.—Deep breathing is excellent for enlarging the bust. However, this is not the only thing that it is good for. It should be practiced constantly. Take deep inhalations with the mouth closed, hold this a few seconds, and then exhale through the nostrils. While doing this lay your hand on your stomach and see what a flattening effect it has. This also is good for rounding shoulders and for filling out the hollows in the neck.

**To Keep Hair Light.**  
Dear Miss Grey: How can I keep my hair light? GRACE.  
A.—To keep the hair light it should be washed at least every two weeks and once a month add a tablespoonful of peroxide of hydrogen to the last rinsing water. When washing the hair be sure and rinse all the soap out of it, for if it is allowed to remain it will surely spoil the golden glints so much desired by the blonde girl.

## BE KIND TO YOUR FACE ON THESE WINTER DAYS

[By Cynthia Grey.]

In these days of cold, snow, and rain we see many kinds and conditions of complexions. Red noses, blue cheeks and watery eyes are prevalent.

The cuticle of the face must be protected as carefully as the rest of the body—which is always white, smooth and fine—at no matter what age.

A great French dermatologist, Dr. Sabouraud, in a recent lecture upon the "Beauty of Women," made a most important statement, which should be known to every woman who makes a study of her face.

Dr. Sabouraud advised light brown or white veils as the safest colors to wear. So many colors are injurious to the skin. Green, blue and violet are

apt to cause irritation, as they rub too closely to the face and attract the sun. The texture should be of fine cotton or silk.

Women should never go out into the wind or sun without some covering over the skin. As an illustration, a friend of mine accompanied me on a long motor trip with one side of her face covered with a cold cream and a delicate coat of powder and the other side of her face bare to the elements. At the end of the first day's trip the side of her face which had no covering was rough from the wind and cracked to peeling. The side which was protected was, when washed, as smooth as ever and perfectly normal.

It takes only a little forethought to keep lovely, and it is a proof of your intelligence when you do so. Any reasonable attention you give to the care of your person is not time wasted. Nothing proves its appreciation and its value more.

Remember: When you are enjoying out of door pleasures be as kind to your complexion as you are to your shoulderblade.

## Sauce, Cake and Marmalade

**Sauce Tartare.**  
Make a good mayonnaise dressing and when thick and smooth add a half-teaspoonful of French mustard, a tablespoonful of minced parsley, 10 drops of onion juice, a half-teaspoonful of sour pickles, chopped fine, and the same number of minced capers. Beat hard and serve.

**Sauce Hollandaise.**  
Cook together in a saucepan a tablespoonful of butter and a heavy tablespoonful of flour, and when these are blended pour upon them gradually, stirring all the time, one-half pint of boiling water. Stir until smooth, take from the fire, and pour in gradually, beating steadily, upon an egg, whipped light, and when this is well incorporated add a drop at a time a tablespoonful of salad oil, stirring incessantly. Season with salt, pepper, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Serve at once.

**Pork Cake.**  
Chop one pound of fat salt pork, freed from rind or lean, so fine that it is like lard. Beat into it a cup of boiling water, and when this is blended add two cups of dark brown sugar and a cupful of molasses into which a teaspoonful of baking soda has been stirred. Beat all well together and stir in a pound each of raisins and dates, chopped, and a quarter-pound of citron. Quince, dregging the fruit well with flour. Now add enough sifted flour to make the consistency of ordinary cake batter, and last of all, stir in lightly one-half teaspoonful each of ground cinnamon, nutmeg, and allspice. Bake in a loaf tin in a steady oven.

**Orange Marmalade.**  
Wash, but do not peel, 24 oranges. Slice thin and remove the seeds, reserving all the juice that flows from the fruit during the process. Do the same with two lemons, and put all

the sliced fruit together. Measure the lemon and orange juice and add enough cold water to make three quarts of liquid. Put into a stone jar or crock and set aside overnight. In the morning pour the mixture into a preserving kettle and bring slowly to the boil. Simmer until the peel is tender, then stir in granulated sugar, allowing a pound of sugar for each pint of liquid, which you measured before cooking. Boil until the skin looks clear. Take from the fire and, when cool, pour into jelly glasses and seal.

**Cream of Celery Soup.**  
Cut a bunch of celery, outer stalks, roots and all, into bits and cover with cold water. Bring slowly to the boil and cook until the celery is very tender, then rub through a colander. Have ready a pint of veal, or mutton or other white stock that has been freed from all fat and strain the celery together in another saucepan two of butter, and when they are smooth and free from lumps pour upon them three cups of hot milk that has not been creamed, or better still, a cup of cream and two cups of milk. Before heating stir into the milk and cream a pinch of baking soda. When thick and smooth add gradually, stirring, the celery soup. Season with celery salt and white pepper and serve.

**Date Muffins.**  
One and one-half cups of flour, one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one-half cup of dates, washed, pitted and chopped, one cup of raisins, and one cup of currants. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together, beat the eggs, add the milk to them, stir in the flour and butter, and whip well. Add the dates and raisins, and bake in muffin tins in a hot oven.

## The Daily Menu

**BREAKFAST.**  
Dates Cream  
Cereal Creamed Sweetbreads  
Toast Honey

**LUNCHEON.**  
Tomato and Macaroni  
Baked Apples  
Cake Cocoa

**DINNER.**  
Cream of Corn Soup  
Halibut Steaks  
Potatoes Peas  
Raspberry Custard Pie  
Cafe Noir.

**Raspberry Custard Pie.**—Pour one cupful of boiling milk over one egg, one tablespoonful of corn starch, three fourths of a cupful of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter well mixed together. Stir all together until smooth. Have a raw undercrust ready, put one-fourth of a cupful of raspberries, either fresh or canned, and then pour the custard into the crust. Bake. Strawberries or cooked apples may also be used.

## Oilcloth Wrinkle

Very little water should be used in washing oilcloth, as some of it will soak through the cloth beneath and under a flannel cloth well wrung out and wipe the floor until clean. Salt soda will add greatly. Wipe the white spots caused by spilling any hot liquid on the oilcloth with a few drops of ammonia.

## Wear Warm Wraps

It is highly dangerous, to say the least of it, to come out of the heated atmosphere of a theatre or private house, as so many of us do, and go into the cold night air, or stand in a draught while a taxicab or car is being hailed, without being sufficiently clad.

## Sudden Changes Many Colds

And Colds Are the Starting Point of Serious Diseases.

You Can Make Short Work of a Cold by Using

## DR. CHASE'S Syrup of LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

Sudden changes of temperature are fatal in results. The shock to the human system is more than most people can stand, and everywhere you hear sneezing and coughing.

You may be sure that some of these colds will develop into pneumonia or consumption. Others will settle on the kidneys and result in serious disease or bring on rheumatic or bodily pains.

The danger is in letting colds run on. By beginning promptly with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and taking small doses frequently you can keep the cough loose check the inflammation, and soon rid the system entirely of the cold and all the many possibilities for evil which it possesses.

Don't think that anything is good enough for a cold. There are lots of cough mixtures. But if you want a standard medicine of proven merit, in something that you can depend on for the relief of your cold, you will be satisfied with Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

Children like it. Being composed of simple ingredients, it is particularly suited for their needs. Its enormous sales prove its effectiveness. 25 cents a bottle, family size 60 cents, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

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**\$8.00 for \$4.50**  
In black, tan, gray and navy. A special line, with panel back, semi-fitted style, with college collar, in sizes from 32 to 38. To clear ..... \$4.50

**\$13.00 for \$7.50**  
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A table of Counter-Tossed Up-to-Date Shirts, with embroidered flounce. To clear at ..... 50c

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Discard Corsets

Miss F. Christian Miller, of the Conn Institute, London, England, has crossed the Atlantic with the purpose of teaching the women of this continent how to dress neatly and improve their health and figure by discarding the use of corsets. Now, when one has always counted on corsets as being the embodiment of all that is neat and tidy, and the absence of the support as standing for the reverse, it takes a convincing argument to change one's opinion. But after seeing Miss Miller and hearing her talk, one is more open to conviction than one had thought possible. Miss Miller herself possesses a superb figure, well proportioned, and entirely free from any suggestions of "sloppiness." She is a worthy exponent of the principles of the Conn Institute. She states that nature gives every woman a corset in a set of muscles lying across and around the abdomen. If proper care is taken of this natural corset, no artificial support is necessary. The muscles should be exercised, the muscles should be exercised, whereby they are strengthened and made firm. "Banish the corset," is Miss Miller's cry, and she asserts that better health will result among our growing women.

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## The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by VAUGHAN KESTER

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Early in November the Judge set out by stage on his journey east; he was accompanied by Yancy and Hannibal, from neither of whom could be brought himself to be separated; and as the woods, flaming now with the touch of frost, engulfed the little town, he turned in his seat and looked back. He had entered it by that very road, a beggar on foot and in rags; he was leaving it in broadcloth and fine linen, visible tokens of his altered fortunes. More than that, he could thrust his hands deep down into his once empty pockets and hear the clink of gold and silver. The Judge did not withdraw his eyes from the last gray roof that showed among the trees, and faced the east and the future with a serenely confident expression.

Betty Malroy and Carrington had ridden into Raleigh to take leave of their friends. They had watched the stage from sight, had answered the last majestic salute the Judge had given them across the swaying top of the stage coach before the last turn of the road hid it from sight, and then they had turned their horse heads in the direction of Belle Plain. "Bruce, do you think that Judge Price will ever be able to accomplish all he hopes to?" Betty asked when they had left the town behind. She drew in her horse as she spoke, and they went forward at a walk under the splendid arch of the forest and over a carpet of vivid leaves.

"I reckon he will, Betty," responded Carrington. Unfavorable as had been the original estimate of the Judge's character, events had greatly modified it.

"He really seems quite sure, doesn't he?" said Betty.

"There's not a doubt in his mind," agreed Carrington.

He was still Belle Plain, living in what had been Ware's office, while the Cavendishes were domiciled at the big house. He had arranged with the Judge to drop a part of that hopeful gentleman's land the very next season; the fact that a lawsuit intervened between the Judge and possession seemed a trifling matter, for Carrington had become infected with the Judge's point of view, which did not admit of the possibility of failure.

He had not yet told Betty of his plans. Time enough for that when he left Belle Plain.

His silence concerning the future had caused Betty much thought. She wondered if he still intended going south into the Purchase; she was not sure but it was the dignified thing for him to do. She was thinking of this now as they went forward over the rustling leaves, and at last turned in the saddle and faced him.

"I am going to miss Hannibal dreadfully, yes, and the Judge and Mr. Yancy," she began.

"And when I leave—how about me, Betty?" Carrington asked unexpectedly, but he only had in mind leaving Belle Plain.

A little sigh escaped Betty's red lips, for she was thinking of the Purchase, which lay far down the river, many miles distant. The sigh was ever so little, but Carrington heard it.

"I am to be missed, too, am I, Betty?" he inquired, leaning toward her.

"You, Bruce? Oh, I suppose you, too, but—broadly—but then, perhaps in five years, when you come back—"

"Five years?" cried Carrington, but he understood something of what was passing in her mind, and laughed shortly. "Five years, Betty?" he repeated, dwelling on the numeral.

Betty hesitated and looked thoughtful. Presently she stole a surreptitious glance at Carrington from under her long lashes and went on slowly, as though she were making careful choice of her words.

"When you come back in three years, Bruce—"

"And then, Bruce—what?"  
"And then, Oh, Betty, I'm starving! All in a moment he lifted her slender figure in his arms, gathering her close to him. "And then, this—and this, and this—sweetheart—and more—and—oh, Betty! Betty!"

When Murrell was brought to trial his lawyers were able to produce a host of witnesses whose sworn testimony showed that so simple a thing as perjury had no terrors for them. His fight for liberty was waged in and out of court with incredible bitterness, and as judge and jury were only human, the outlaw escaped with the comparatively light sentence of twelve years' imprisonment; he declared, however, before the expiration of his term.

The Judge, when he returned to Raleigh, named his own name of Turberville, and he allowed it to be known that he would not be offended by the prefix of "Judge." During his absence he had accumulated a wealth of evidence of undoubted authenticity, with the result that his claim against the Fentress estate was sustained by the courts, and when The Oaks, with its stock and slaves, was offered for sale, he, as the principal creditor, was able to buy it.

One of his first acts after taking possession of the property was to have Mahaffy reintroduced in the grove of oaks behind his bedroom window, and he marked the spot with a great square of granite. The Judge, visibly shaken by his emotions, saw the massive boulder go into place.

"Harsh and rugged like the nature of him who lies beneath it, but enduring, as he was," he murmured. He turned to Yancy and Hannibal and added: "You will lay me beside him when I die."

Then when the bitter struggle came and he was wrenched and tortured by longings, his strength was in remembering his promise to the dead man, and it was his custom to go out under the oaks and pace to and fro beside Mahaffy's grave until he had gained the mastery of himself.

"My salvation has been a costly thing; it was bought with the blood of my friends," he told Yancy. "I was Hannibal's privilege to give Carrington out of the vast quindary tract such a farm as the earl had never dreamed of, and in his most fervid moments of imagining, and he abandoned all idea of going to England to claim his title. At the Judge's suggestion he named the place Earl's Court. He and Polly were entirely satisfied with their surroundings, and never ceased to congratulate themselves that they had left Lincoln County. They felt that their friends the Carringtons, who were always a respectable number, discovered that he esteemed them as they were aggressive and determined. He explained to Yancy that too great certainty detracted from the charm of living, for, after all, life was a game—a gamble—he desired to be reminded of this. Yet he was held in great respect for his wisdom and learning, which was no more questioned than his courage.

Thus, surrounded by his friends, who were devoted to him, he began Hannibal's education and the preparation of his memoirs, intended primarily for the instruction of his grandson, and which he modestly decided to call "The History of My Own Times," which clearly showed the magnificence of his mind and its outlook.

[The End.]

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