DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

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.]

Valentine Frivols.

From "Blank" and "Red Cross Worker" come requests for Valentine entertainments. Among the following hints may be found something useful:

Cupid's dart is a novel and original game for the occasion of a Valentine party. Select a very large rutabaga turnip and trim it down, heart-shaped. Color with red ink or beet juice; tie a strong cord firmly around the middle, so it will imbed into the flesh of the vegetable, leaving several yards of cord to pass around two wooden pulleys such as you can buy at the ten-cent store, or weighted spools might answer. Regulate the pulleys to run up and down in a doorway, or on a long table. Give the players in turn a long meat skewer of wire or wood, the object being to spear the heart while it flashes past on the pulleys, a score being kept.

No Valentine party seems complete without a "free-for-all" race at writing home-made Valentines, and a zest is added to the fun if you have all these efforts signed by the writers, sealed, and spread out on a table, the boys' Valentines in one heap, the girls' in another; now blindfold each girl and turn her towards the table to choose her fate. The Valentine she selects must be read aloud with the name of the writer. After which, the boys take their turn, with similar results. Sometimes these haphazards selections hit the mark embarrassingly close, for the chooser's comfort.

Another new way to make these original Valentines doubly interesting is "hidden sweethearts." You may have these anonymous, or otherwise as you prefer, but each must contain somewhere, the name of some boy present if a girl is writing, and vice versa, thus:

"Oh, nowhere can be found a dupli (Kate)
Of that sweet girl I have chosen for my mate."

Or:

"When leap year comes again I surely Will
Propose to him whose now my heart doth fill."

These are collected, opened, and read aloud slowly and distinctly. Everyone writes out his or her guesses as to the names concealed therein; at the end they are tallied up, when the correct list is read out.

A pretty form of entertainment is played with "Valentine grace hoops." Heart-shaped wire rings are made to throw over the stakes; three for each player. Wind them with red crepe paper; wind one stake with gilt paper to represent Wealth; the hearts that go over it count five points; the second stake may be a thin horn resting in a laurel wreath; this represents Fame; players throwing hearts over this, count 10; the third stake is wound in pink with a garland of roses for Love; hoops going over this count 25 points.

Simple prizes are tiny, heart-shaped boxes of candy, which the confectioners sell, heart-shaped sachets or pincushions, or inexpensive tiepins for the men.

A heart hunt in which the guests are set at finding concealed candy hearts, is always a good opening feature, as it induces conversation among the guests.

For a Valentine tea, the tables could be covered with a white cloth, festooned with red crepe paper hearts of various sizes, little cut-outs of Cupids in gilt, and gilt arrows. An appropriate centrepiece would be a red basket containing red carnations or roses, real or paper, as preferred, or as your purse allows.

Almost any tin-shop will make to order, heart-shaped molds or cake cutters, for a nominal price. If jellies are desired, they would be exceedingly nice stiffened in heart-shapes.

Small fancy cakes, may be cut heart-shaped, iced with white, and adorned with the pretty crystallized cherries; sandwiches may also be cut with the heart-shaped cutters.

These hints, I trust, may be of some use, both to "Red Cross Worker" and "Blank."

A Correction.

Dear Miss Grey,—In Saturday's paper I noticed someone asked the question regarding Canadian subscription price for the Saturday Evening Post. As one of the Curtis Publishing Company's agents, permit me to make this correction. It is $1.75. Some change in the Canadian Government postal laws raised the postage 25 cents. This raise in the price of subscription took place in October, 1913. Pardon the liberty I have taken.

Yours very truly,
E. I.

Ans.—I am very sorry for my error. I remember now that there was a change in the price, when last renewing a personal subscription. I hope Christine sees this correction. Thanks for letting us know.

Subjects for Debate.

Dear Miss Grey,—Will you kindly answer following questions:

1. Please give subjects for debates (for a literary society) of an educative nature.

2. How would you clean a white woollen sweater-coat that has become discolored by improper washing?

3. What do you think of new style chemise gowns? I am afraid to attempt wearing one.

Kindly give answers in your paper at an early date. NAN.

Ans.—1. Here are some you may not have tried: "Is military renown a satisfactory object of ambition?" (Read Channing's Essay on War, and Canto I., War, from Childe Harold); "Is corporal punishment justifiable?"; "Is an advocate justified in defending a man whom he knows to be guilty of the crime with which he is charged?"; "Should education in the public schools be compulsory?"; "Do mechanics of modern times equal those of ancient times?"; "Are colonies advantageous to the mother country?"; "Which is the more despicable character, the hypocrite or the liar?" (Read Bacon's essay on "Truth," and Pickniff in Dicken's "Martin Chuzzlewit"); "Is the reading of history more beneficial to the individual mind than the reading of biography?"

2. Buy a package of Lux, and try washing the sweater according to directions thereon. I feel sure the garment will come out all right.

3. Cannot say I admire them; would advise your getting a more modified style.

About Beulah Benton.

Dear Miss Grey,—In Monday's mail-box Marie B. asks for a synopsis of the latter part of "Beulah." I hope this will answer her:

Claudia Grayson's father shot himself on account of bankruptcy, and with the $5,000 which Cornelia Graham in dying left Beulah, she went to the aid of Claudia and Mrs. Grayson and secured Claudia a position teaching art. Clara Sanders married happily. Beulah Benton married her guardian, Guy Hartwell. Pauline Chilton married a minister, but his sister spoiled their happiness until Pauline, on Beulah's advice, told her husband how unhappy she was, and he made his sister leave. Afterwards Pauline was radiantly happy, churning, washing and baking in a big apron for her husband.

Now a question:

1. Your candid opinion of my writing? MARMEE'S DAUGHTER.

Ans.—1. Marie B. will, I know, be very grateful for this neat answer to her request. I especially like the paragraph about the "churning, washing and baking in a big apron."

2. Your writing is easy to read, and fairly good.

More Debates.

Dear Miss Grey,—Please publish some subjects for debates for boys 15 to 20 years old.

ASSISTANT SEC., NO. 1.

Ans.—Please see answer to "Nan." I am sure some of the subjects suggested to her should appeal.

Richards
QUICK NAPTHA
THE
WOMAN'S SOAP

PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN CONVENE TODAY

Hamilton Road Church Scene of Large Missionary Gathering.

The annual meeting of the London Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society will open this afternoon in the Hamilton Road Presbyterian Church. Features of the session will be the presidential address by Mrs. D. L. McCrae, wife of the pastor of the church; annual reports from presbyterial secretaries of auxiliaries, mission bands, supplies, literature, etc.; an address by Miss Glendenning, a missionary on furlough from India, and a solo by Miss Gilmore.

Tea will be served at the close, and at 7 o'clock a mission band conference will be conducted by Miss Rennie, of Stratford.

The meeting in the evening will be open to the public. An address will be delivered by Rev. D. C. McGregor; Mrs. J. M. McEvoy will give a resume of the year's work of the society, and special music will be provided by the church choir, under the direction of A. B. Egin. The banner will be presented to the band that has taken the highest stand in the presbytery during the year.

The Seventh Regiment Chapter gratefully acknowledges the following generous donations, which enabled the Chapter to present mittens for the guard of 52 men at Christmas time:

Mocha Temple (The Shrine) ...	$15 00
Guard (per Sergt.-Maj. Slatter)	5 00
Miss Ethel Hendershott	1 00

The Seventh Regiment Chapter gratefully acknowledges the donations of chickens and money from the following, viz:

Mrs. Carowthers, Mrs. Kelly, Muncey; Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Matthews, Howlett; Mrs. Dale, Mrs. Patrick, Ridout street; two unknown friends, per Mr. Moore.

These donations enabled the Chapter to provide extra supper for the guard at Christmas time.

News of the Canadian War Contingent Association

The thanks of the C. W. C. A. are due for the following donations:

Mrs. Talbot Macbeth (For the Shorncliffe Hospital)	$20 00
Mr. Pierce Graydon (Sao Paulo, Brazil)	25 00
Mrs. Shore (Wilton Grove)....	3 00
Miss Boon	2 00

At an executive meeting of the association a very hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Ed. Reid and Mr. Riach and their very able performers for the enjoyable minstrel show, given in the hall of the First Presbyterian Church last week, in aid of the C. W. C. A., and also to Mr. Ray Lawson, who so kindly gave the hall free of charge. It was a splendid performance in every way, and the proceeds, amounting to nearly $160, were very gladly received and are gratefully acknowledged by the association.

Please note the new coupon, kindly inserted by the editors, and celebrate its appearance by using one for either the Red Cross or the C. W. C. A.

Few people believe nowadays that cheapness is necessarily economy. Cheap tea, loaded with dust, is a poor bargain at any price. Salada tea is all clean, whole leaves, and marvellous value.

Mothers' Clubs

The quarterly meeting of the Union Mothers' Clubs of this city will be held in the Alexandra School on Thursday night, January 28, at 8 o'clock. A large attendance of the members is requested, as the speaker for the evening will be Rev. D. C. McGregor, of St. Andrew's Church, who will give an address on "Parental Delinquency." A cordial invitation is extended to all parents, fathers and mothers to attend.

Grand Avenue Mothers' Club.

The regular meeting of the Grand Avenue Mothers' Club will be held on Tuesday evening, January 26. Dr. Fidlar will address the meeting on "Smallpox, Its Cause and Prevention."

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.

Ruffs of fur and tulle are among the new things offered for the contemplation and envy of smart womanhood. There is a high standing tulle ruching flaring upward from a rather narrow, snug collar of fur that clasps snuggly about the throat.

Musical Advantages of Conservatory Training.

ADVANTAGE NO. 6.

Every student likes to have some special object to work for. It induces him to put forth his best efforts. This desire is met by yearly competitions for medals, prizes and scholarships.

Six post-graduates have announced their intention of competing for the big $500 bursary. Other students will compete for the lesser prizes. This competitive feature of Conservatory work is an advantage which shows itself in actual results.

London Conservatory of Music

Lottie Armstrong, Registrar; F. L. Willgoose, Mus. Bac. (Dunelm), Principal.

354-6 Dundas St. Phone 1101.

BELGIAN RELIEF STILL GOES ON

Head Committee Acknowledges W. C. C.'s Third Carload—More Donations.

The treasurer of the Women's Canadian Club has received a grateful acknowledgement of the recent shipment of food and clothing from Hector Prudhomme, treasurer of the Belgian Relief committee for Canada. He writes as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Edwards:

"We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of January 21, which we received with the bill of lading for car No. 75894, containing 12,500 pounds of very valuable eatables and clothing, so kindly donated to us by the Women's Canadian Club of London, by whom the goods have been collected from a number of places.

"We are also pleased to learn that at the time you wrote, you expected to send a fourth carload. We cannot express to you how very grateful we feel towards yourself and your fellow workers for your very generous work. I must congratulate you on the splendid result of the same.

"This car we will re-direct at once to Halifax, where it will be loaded on the fifth steamer sailing for Europe next month. The fourth carload announced by you, will be very welcome. We are rather short of goods for our fifth steamer load, but we have made up our minds to fill said steamer.

"Will you kindly thank the members of your club in our name,

PRUDHOMME,
Honorary Treasurer."

Splendid assistance for the above carload of goods and foodstuffs was received from Newbury, Camlachie, Ridgetown, Florence, Centralia, Iona, Dutton, Brucefield, Ilderton, Blyth, Iona Station, Forest, Woodstock, Kensal Park, Oneida, Delaware, besides many money donations, which have been acknowledged from time to time.

Mrs. Edwards wishes to acknowledge a second contribution from the Women Teachers' Guild of $100, proceeds of choir concert given by the Hyatt Avenue Methodist Church, $30.61; Bart Cottam, $10; Cronyn Memorial Sunday School, $37.05.

INDIAN WOMEN FINE WORKERS

Splendid work for the Belgian sufferers has been done by the Indian women of Oneida and Delaware. Another handsome donation containing men's and children's clothing has just been received by the Women's Canadian Club of Relief Workers from the Delaware and Oneida Sewing Circle. These garments are neat and comfortable, mostly being hand-made, and are a creditable tribute to the painstaking efforts of the women who are making them.

Mrs. S. D. Dulmage, of Halifax, N. S., who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, is now in Detroit, but will return this week and remain for a few days before leaving for her home.

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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"All right, Mapes," commanded the man with the light. "Let the fellow get up until I get a look at him. Who are you?"

"Sergeant Hamlin, Seventh Cavalry."

"Darned if it ain't. Say, what does all this mean, anyhow? Who's shot? Turn the body over, somebody. My God! It's Lieutenant Gaskins!"

Hamlin's heart seemed to leap into his throat and choke him; for an instant he felt faint, dazed, staring down into the still, ghastly face under the rays of the lantern. Gaskins! Then she was concerned in the affair; he really had seen her hiding there against the wall. And the man's eyes were open, were staring in bewilderment at the faces. The sergeant of the guard thrust the lantern closer.

"Lift his head, some o' yer, the man's alive. Copley, get some water, an' two o' yer run fer the stretcher—leg it now! We'll have yer out o' here in a minute, Lieutenant. What happened, sir? Who shot yer?"

Gaskins' dulled eyes strayed from the speaker's face until he saw Hamlin, still gripped by the sentry. His lips drew back, revealing his teeth, his eyes narrowing.

"That's the one," he said faintly. "You've got him!"

One hand went to his side in a spasm of pain, and he fainted. The sergeant laid him back limp on the grass, and stood up.

"Where is your gun, Hamlin?"

"I dropped it when I fell over the lieutenant's body. It must be back of you."

Someone picked the weapon up and held it to the light, turning the chamber.

"Two shots gone, sergeant."

"We heard three; likely the lieutenant got in one of them. Sentry, what do you know about this?"

Mapes scratched his head, the fingers of his other hand gripping the prisoner's shoulder.

"Not so awful much," he replied, haltingly, "now I come ter think 'bout it. 'Tis a mighty black night, an' I never saw, ner heard, nuthing till the shootin' begun. I wus back o' officers' row, an' them pistols popped up yere, by the corner o' the barracks. I jumped an' yellow; thought I heard somebody runnin' and let drive. Then just as I got up yere, this feller come tearing 'long, an' I naturally grabbed him. That's the whole of it."

"What have you got to say, Hamlin?"

"Nothing."

"Well, yer better. Yer in a mighty bad box, let me tell yer," angered by the other's indifference. "What was the row about?"

The cavalryman stood straight, his face showing white in the glow of the lantern.

"I told you before I had nothing to say. I will talk tomorrow," he returned quietly. "I submit to arrest."

"I reckon yer will talk tomorrow, an' be glad of the chance. Corporal, take this fellow to the guard-house, an' stay there with him. Here comes the stretcher and the doctor."

Hamlin marched off silently through the black night, surrounded by a detail of the guard. It had all occurred so suddenly that he was bewildered yet, merely retaining consciousness of the circumstances to keep still. If they were assured he was guilty, then no effort would be made to trace any others connected with the affair. Why Gaskins should have identified him as the assassin was a mystery—probably it was merely the delirium of a sorely-wounded man, although the fellow may have disliked him sufficiently for that kind of revenge, or have mistaken him for another in the poor light. At any rate, the unexpected identification helped him to play his part, and, if the Lieutenant lived, he would later acknowledge his mistake. There was no occasion to worry; he could clear himself of the charge whenever the time came; half his company would know he was in barracks when the firing began. There were women out on the walk, their skirts fluttering as they waited anxiously to learn the news, but he could not determine if she was among them. Voices asked questions, but the corporal hurried him along, without making any reply. Then he was thrust roughly into a stone-lined cell and left alone. Outside in the corridor two guards were stationed. Hamlin sat down on the iron bed, dazed by the silence, endeavoring to collect his thoughts. The nearest guard, leaning on his gun, watched carefully.

Voices reached him from outside, echoing in through the high, iron-barred window, but they were distant, the words indistinguishable. As his brain cleared he gave no further thought to his own predicament, only considering how he could best divert suspicion from her. It was all a confused maze, into the mystery of which he was unable to penetrate. That it was Molly McDonald shrinking there in the dark corner of the barracks wall he had no doubt. She might not have recognized him, or imagined that he saw her, but that spear of light had certainly revealed a face not to be mistaken. White as it was, haggard with terror, half concealed by straggling hair, the identification was nevertheless complete. The very piteousness of expression appealed to him. She was not a girl easily frightened; no mere promiscuous shooting, however startling, would have brought that look to her face. He had seen her in danger before, had tested her coolness under fire. This meant something altogether different. What? Could it be that Gaskins had wronged the girl, had insulted her, and that she, in response, had shot him down? In the darkness of conjecture there seemed no other adequate explanation. The two were intimate; the rumor of an engagement was already circulating about the garrison. And the stricken man had endeavored to shift the blame on him. Hamlin could not believe this was done through any desire to injure; the Lieutenant had no cause for personal dislike which would account for such an accusation. They had only met once, and then briefly. There was no rivalry between them, no animosity. To be sure, Gaskins had been domineering, threatening to report a small breach of discipline, but in this his words and actions had been no more offensive than was common among young officers of his quality. The Sergeant had passed all memory of that long ago. It never occurred to him now as of the slightest importance. Far more probable did it appear that Gaskins' only motive was to shield the girl from possible suspicion. When he had realized that Hamlin was a prisoner, that for some reason he had been seized for the crime, he had grasped the opportunity to point him out as the assassin and thus delay pursuit. The chances were the wounded man did not even recognize who the victim was—he had blindly grasped at the first straw.

But suppose he had been mistaken? Suppose that woman hiding there was someone else? Suppose he had imagined a resemblance in that sudden flash of revealment? What then? Would she care enough to come to him when she learned of the arrest? He laughed at the thought, yet it was a bitter laugh, for it brought back a new realization of the chasm between them. Major McDonald's daughter interesting herself in a guard-house prisoner! More than likely she won't remember, even that she had ever before heard his name. He must be growing crazy to imagine that she permitted him to remain on her list of friendship.

He got up and paced the cell, noting as he did so how closely he was watched by the sentry.

"Have you heard how badly the Lieutenant was hurt?" he asked, approaching the door.

The sentry glanced down the corridor.

"He'll pull out all right," he replied confidentially, his lips close to the door. "Nothin' vital punctured. You better go to bed, an' forget it till mornin'."

"All right, pardner," said Hamlin, as he returned to the cot. "Turn the light down a little, will you? There, that's better. My conscience won't trouble me, but that glare did."

With his face to the stone wall he fell asleep.

(To Be Continued.)

LUNDY'S CHOCOLATES
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Clearing Sale
OF LADIES'
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For the best bargains in Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses and Whitewear, come to this store tomorrow.
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FOR GOOD LAUNDRY WORK, GUARANTEED PRESSING AND CLEANING
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To Remove Blackheads
Sprinkle a little Po Theoline (procurable 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. ywt

How To Get Rid of a Bad Cough.
A Home-Made Remedy That Will Do it Quickly—Cheap and Easily Made.
If you have a bad cough or chest cold which refuses to yield to ordinary remedies, get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents' worth), pour into a 16-ounce bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Start taking a teaspoonful every hour or two. In 24 hours your cough will be conquered or very nearly so. Even whooping cough is greatly relieved in this way.
The above mixture makes 16 ounces—a family supply—of the finest cough syrup that money could buy—at a cost of only 54 cents. Easily prepared in five minutes. Full directions with Pinex.
This Pinex and Sugar Syrup preparation takes right hold of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the dry, hoarse or tight cough in a way that is really remarkable. It also quickly heals the inflamed membranes which accompany a painful cough, and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough. Excellent for bronchitis, spasmodic croup and winter coughs. Keeps perfectly and tastes good—children like it.
Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, rich in guaiacol, which is so healing to the membranes.
To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex"—do not accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Company, Toronto, Ont.

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The Children All Like It
Krumbles
Pleases the little folks as well as the grown up. The toasty, crisp morsels have a flavor that satisfies. Good any time of day. Always ready. 13 cents, two for 25 cents.
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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."
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