Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

Dry Shampoo Better Than Soap and Water

[From The New York Graphic.]

"Once in two or three months is as often as it is advisable to wash the hair with soap and water," says Claribel Montague, the beauty expert, "The rubbing, drying and rinsing, together with the action of the alkali in the soap—especially the alkali—tend to make the hair coarse, hard and brittle. Too much moisture causes the hair to become thin and lose its color.

"A simple and satisfactory dry shampoo is made by mixing four ounces of powdered orris root with four ounces of therox. Sprinkle a tablespoonful of this mixture on the head and brush thoroughly through the hair once or twice a week. That is all there is to it. This treatment not only keeps the hair light, fluffy and lustrous, but therox produces the growth of new hair."

Monograms for Embroidery

Our new Monogram Stencils enable you to do your own marking. If you are not interested in this kind of work, your friends may be. The Stencils make a very useful and inexpensive gift. We have your initials in three sizes of two-letter monograms at 15c, 25c, 35c.

They will be mailed to any address on receipt of price and 2c for postage.

John S. Barnard

JEWELER, 170 DUNDAS ST., London, Ont. 53tf

AFTER MARRIAGE

The extravagance of the day is largely responsible for the fact that many a young man fights shy of marriage.

He may admire a young woman heartily, believe that he could be as happy as a king on his throne as her husband, but is deterred from proposing by the harrowing proposition of how she would have to be supported after marriage. Upon the girl who has an overfondness for restaurants he looks dubiously. She is the sort of girl who he knows would prefer boarding to housekeeping. She puts marriage further away when she tells him that she just dotes on hotel life.

When a man raises himself to the dignity of becoming a husband he feels that he should be a home-maker and should have earned the ability to stretch out his legs under his own table and enjoy a good, hearty, rollicking laugh without a score or more of bellboys running to his door to find out if there's anything amiss. He longs for a homely dish of corned beef and cabbage or a steak smothered in onions, such as he was wont to find on his old-fashioned mother's table.

HE LIKES THE DOMESTIC.

If business chances do go wrong with him he may not feel in the mood of dining before curious-eyed strangers. Then, again, the hotel harbors many guests to whom he must bow if introduced and be agreeable. Down deep in his heart he knows that they are the people he would give much to avoid were it in his power.

Then, again, the young wife who insists upon boarding at a hotel he knows is not imbued with the Rooseveltian ideas. "Its gilded walls and marble halls are hardly domestic enough for a family."

Then, too, one cannot be as hospitable within its walls as a man might desire unless he has a fair bank account. He loses prestige with acquaintances made who might have been valued friend under the influence genial hospitality. It has its comic as well as its grave side.

The girl who tells her sweetheart that she would rather have a home of her own than board is the one that is more than likely to get a proposal.

The man who boards after marriage is usually like the rolling stone: "He gathers no moss." It is the man who is a home-maker who accumulates. He brings home a pretty chair today, a rug next month, a piece of cut glass on silverware. Almost before he realizes it he finds himself in a delightfully cozy, luxurious home of his own furnishing.

Even boarding with a bride or bridegroom's family has its disadvantages, which need not be enumerated. It may be a saving of money, but whether it is wisdom saving is quite another matter.

Again, there may be extenuating circumstances to warrant their cleaving to the home nest; but, when it is not an absolute impossibility, every young couple should settle down to housekeeping in their own home.

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Dear Miss Grey—Please tell me the correct way to eat boiled eggs.

N. M. B.

A.—If soft boiled, break into an egg-cup and eat with a spoon. If hard boiled, remove the shell and eat from the plate with a fork.

To Cure Warts.

Dear Miss Grey—1. What will cure warts? 2. My face is shiny. What will help? 3. I have brown eyes, brown hair and a fair skin. What are my colors?

POLLY BROWN EYES.

A.—1. Apply nitric acid once daily with a wooden toothpick for a few days. Keep acid out of reach of children. 2. Wash face thoroughly with soap at night upon retiring, and do not use it through the day. It is the soap which makes the face shine. Dust with a fine quality of talcum. 3. Brown of all shades, pale blue and amethyst.

Face Cream Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey—Give recipe for almond face cream.

FANNY.

A.—One ounce spermaceti, 1 ounce white wax, 7 ounces sweet almond oil, 4 ounces distilled water, 30 grains of powdered borax, 1-4 grain coumarin, 12 drops oil of bergamot, 3 drops oil of rose, 4 drops oil of bitter almond, 3 drops tincture of ambergris. Melt wax and spermaceti, add almond oil, then carefully add the water in which the borax has previously been dissolved. Stir until cool, add the rest of the articles and stir all the while until the mixture is cold.

The PRODIGAL JUDGE

The Famous Novel by

VAUGHAN KESTER

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

Thereafter the judge went through the land with an eye out for wash-lines.

"I'm looking for a chance of linen for the boy, Solomon," he said. "Let me bring you a garment or two. Eh—how few men you'll find of my build; those last shirts I got were tight around the armholes, and had no more tail than a rabbit!"

Two nights later Mr. Mahaffy accepted a complete change of under-linen, but without visible sign of gratitude.

A night later the judge disappeared from camp, and after a prolonged absence returned puffing and panting with three watermelons, which proved to be green, since his activity had been much in advance of the season.

"I don't suppose there is any greater tax on human ingenuity than to carry three watermelons!" he remarked. "The human structure is ideally adapted to the transportation of two—it can be done with comfort; but when a body tackles three he finds that nature herself is opposed to the proceeding. Well, I am going back for a bee-gum I saw in a fence corner. Hannibal will enjoy that—a child is always wanting sweets."

In this manner they fared gally across the state, but as they neared the Mississippi the judge began to consider the future. His bright and illuminating intelligence dealt with this problem in all its many-sidedness.

"I wish you'd enter one of the learned professions, Solomon—have you ever thought of medicine?" he inquired. Mr. Mahaffy laughed. "But why not, Solomon? There is nothing like a degree or a title—that always stamps a man, gives him standing——"

"What do I know about the human system?"

"I should certainly hope you know as much as the average doctor knows. We could locate in one of these new towns where they have the river on one side and the canal on the other, and where everybody has the ague——"

"What do I know about medicine?"

"As much as Æsculapius, no doubt—even he had to make a beginning. The torch of science wasn't lit in a day—you must be willing to wait; but you've got a good sick-room manner. Have you ever thought of opening an undertaker's shop? If you couldn't cure them you might bury them."

A certain hot afternoon brought them into the shaded main street of a straggling village. Near the door of the principal building, a frame tavern, a man was seated, with his feet on the horse-rack. There was no other sign of human occupancy.

"How do you do, sir?" said the judge, halting before this solitary individual, whom he conjectured to be the landlord. The man nodded, thrusting his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. "What's the name of this bustling metropolis?" continued the judge, cocking his head on one side.

As he spoke Bruce Carrington appeared in the tavern door; pausing there, he glanced curiously at the shabby wayfarers.

"This is Raleigh, in Shelby County, Tennessee, one of the states of the Union, of which, no doubt, you've heard rumor in your wanderings," said the landlord.

"Are you the voice from the tomb?" inquired the judge, in a tone of playful sarcasm.

Carrington, amused, sauntered toward him.

"That's one for you, Mr. Pegloe," he said.

"I am charmed to meet a gentleman whose spirit of appreciation shows his familiarity with a literary allurement," said the judge, bowing.

"We ain't so dead as we look," said Pegloe. "Just you keep on to Boggs' race-track, straight down the road, and you'll find that out—everybody's there to the hoss racing and shooting-match. I reckon you've missed the hoss-racing, but you'll be in time for the shooting. Why ain't you there, Mr. Carrington?"

"I'm going now, Mr. Pegloe," answered Carrington, as he followed the judge, who, with Mahaffy and the boy, had moved off.

"Better stop at Boggs's!" Pegloe called after them.

But the judge had already formed his decision. Horse-racing and shooting matches were suggestive of that progressive spirit, the absence of which he had so much lamented at the jail-raising at Pleasantville. Memphis was their objective point, but Boggs's became a side issue of importance. They had gained the edge of the village when Carrington overtook them. He stepped to Hannibal's side.

"Here, let me carry that long rifle, son!" he said. Hannibal looked up into his face, and yielded the piece without a word. Carrington balanced it on his big, muscular palm. "I reckon it can shoot—these old guns are hard to beat!" he observed.

"She's the closest shooting rifle I ever sighted," said Hannibal, promptly. "You had ought to see the judge shoot her—my! he never misses!"

Carrington laughed.

"The closest shooting rifle you ever sighted—eh?" he repeated. "Why, aren't you afraid of it?"

"No," said Hannibal, scornfully. "But she kicks you some if you don't hold her right."

There was a rusty name-plate on the stock of the old sporting rifle; this had caught Carrington's eye.

"What's the name here? Oh, Turberville."

The judge, a step or two in advance, wheeled in his tracks with a startling suddenness.

"What?" he faltered, and his face was ashen.

"Nothing—I was reading the name here. It is yours, sir, I suppose?" said Carrington.

The color crept slowly back into the judge's cheeks, but a tremulous hand stole up to his throat.

"No, sir—no; my name is Price—Slocum Price! Turberville—Turberville——" he muttered thickly, staring studily at Carrington.

"It's not a common name; you seem to have heard it before?" said the latter.

A spasm of pain passed over the judge's face.

"I—I've heard it. The name is on the rifle, you say?"

"Here on the stock, yes."

The judge took the gun and examined it in silence.

"Where did you get this rifle, Hannibal?" he at length asked brokenly.

"I fetched it away from the Barony, sir; Mr. Crenshaw said I might have it."

The judge gave a great start, and a hoarse, inarticulate murmur stole from between his twitching lips.

"The Barony—the Barony—what Barony? The Quintard seat in North Carolina, is that what you mean?"

"Yes," said the boy.

The judge, as though stunned, stared at Hannibal and stared at the rifle, where the rusted name-plate danced before his eyes.

"What do you know of the Barony, Hannibal?" the words came slowly from the judge's lips, and his face had gone gray again.

"I lived at the Barony once, until Uncle Bob took me to Scratch Hill to be with him. It were Mr. Crenshaw said I was to have the old spo'tin' rifle," said Hannibal.

"You—you lived at the Barony?" repeated the judge, and a dull, stupid wonder struck through his tone; he passed a shaking hand before his eyes. "How long ago—when?" he continued.

"I don't know how long it were, but until Uncle Bob carried me away after the old general died."

The judge slipped a hand under the child's chin and tilted his face back so that he might look into it. For a long moment he studied closely those small features, then with a shake of the head he handed the rifle to Carrington, and without a word strode forward. Carrington had been regarding Hannibal with a quickened interest.

"Hello!" he said, as the judge moved off. "You're the boy I saw at Scratch Hill!"

Hannibal gave him a frightened glance, and edged to Mr. Mahaffy's side, but did not answer him.

"What's become of Bob Yancy?" Carrington went on. He looked from Mahaffy to the judge; externally neither of these gentlemen was calculated to inspire confidence. Mahaffy, keenly alive to this fact, returned Carrington's glance with a fixed and hostile stare. "Come," said Carrington, good-naturedly, "you surely remember me?"

"Yes, sir; I reckon I do——"

"Can't you tell me about Mr. Yancy?"

"No, sir; I don't know exactly where he is——"

"But how did you get here?" persisted Carrington.

Suddenly Mahaffy turned on him.

[To be Continued.]

Advertiser Patterns

Beauty Pattern Company.

9085—A New Design—Lady's Shirtwaist, With Under-Arm Gore and With or Without Yoke Facing.

This model will recommend itself to all women who like their shirtwaists to fit snug and comfortable. It is cut on simple lines, has the regulation shirt sleeve, and is suitable for all shirtings. The pattern is cut in six sizes—32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires three yards of 27-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address.....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

The Daily Menu . . .

Menu For a Day.

BREAKFAST.
Grapes.
Cereal. Cream.
Baked Bread Omelet.
Toast. Coffee.

LUNCHEON.
Corn Beef and Potato Mince.
Stewed Figs.
Tea.

DINNER.
Cream of Squash Soup.
Porterhouse Steak.
Potatoes. Boiled Onions.
Deep Apple Pie.
Cafe Noir.

PAPER BAG COOKERY

Baked Bread Omelet.

Soak three tablespoons of stale crumbs in a cupful of milk for two hours. Beat six eggs (whites and yolks separately) very light. Into the yolks stir the soaked crumbs and season the mixture with salt and pepper. Last of all stir in with a few light strokes, the stiffened whites. Butter a deep pudding dish, pour the mixture in, set it on the lower grating of a quick oven and bake until light and brown. Sift brown crumbs on top and serve the omelet as soon as it is removed from the oven.

FOR THE INVALIDS

When planning your holiday gifts don't forget the invalids. Make a bag of dainty flowered silk or cretonne running inch wide satin ribbon in the top for a draw string and lining it with delicately scented silk. Have the draw strings very long so it can be hung on the bedpost in easy reach of the invalid's hand, without the necessity of her raising herself in bed. In the bag is a small paper pad, pencil, handkerchief and anything she may need that otherwise would have to be handed to her by an attendant. Sometimes a little surprise can be slipped in the bag that will give much happiness and help to pass the weary hours of suffering.

UNWELCOME CANDOR

It is all very well to be candid and outspoken, but there is a limit to all things; and often the girl who prides herself on being candid finds that after a little her friends resent her candor, and let her know it, too.

And if she were to think it over, she would not be very astonished, as really some of her candid remarks bordered very much on the personally rude.

And she would not be very delighted if her dearest friend, who did not boast of being candid, were to make some of the remarks to her that she had made to others.

How can anyone be benefited by being told that her nose is a snub? Perhaps she has not realized that it is that dreadful thing, and has imagined it to be just a little bit too small, till her candid friend came along and told her so point blank. It is not to be wondered at that she has always an antagonistic feeling towards her.

WORDLY WISDOM

How dearly we pay for the things we get for nothing!

What is more unfair than some specimens of the fair sex?

Some people never appreciate a favor until they need another.

If a man thinks before he speaks some woman will beat him to it.

Any man can secure an appreciative audience by letting his money talk.

If a woman is afraid of losing her hair she might lock it up in a safe.

It takes a girl with a college education to misspell her front name.

If religion paid cash dividends most of the churches would have to be enlarged.

Economy is all right, but don't waste a dollar's worth of time trying to save a penny.

There may be people who are beneath flattery, but did you ever see anyone who was above it?

Gifts In Small Packages

A pair of gloves.

Flat leather pen wiper.

Bodkin case with three bodkins.

A favorite poem made into a booklet.

A pair of fine lisle or silk stockings.

A home-made booklet of a dozen reliable chafing dish recipes.

A blotter, the upper side made of a picture postcard of yourself.

An envelope of lavender linen filled with dried lavender flowers to perfume household linen.

And last, but not least, a Christmas letter full of good cheer to someone who is lonely or ill or discouraged, may be sent for two cents.

Save grape baskets to fill with dainties and see what charming Christmas gifts can be made. Line the baskets with dark green tissue paper and fill them with oranges, red apples, nuts, clusters of raisins, figs, dates, grapes and candy. Small glasses of jelly, home-made cookies, individual mince pies or plum puddings add to the value.

You Need a Ryrie Catalogue

to solve quickly and satisfactorily all your Christmas worries about "what to give."

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A bad scalp is no credit to anyone, especially when it can be remedied by consistent use of Parisian Sage, the great scalp and hair tonic.

The cause of dandruff is a germ. Parisian Sage will kill these pests in a few days, and thereby remove the cause of baldness.

Falling hair is caused by the dandruff germ. By killing these, Parisian Sage at once restores vitality to the hair roots and commences a vigorous growth.

If the roots are not gone, Parisian Sage will grow hair. It strengthens thin, scraggy hair and makes it healthy and luxuriant. Stops itching scalp after one or two applications; in fact, is guaranteed by Fred A. Taylor, 399 Talbot street, opposite market, to do this, or your money back. Fifty cents a large bottle.

Sagging or Hanging Cheeks or Chin

[From Woman's Magazine.]

Flabbiness of cheeks, chin or neck, has been considered very difficult to correct, until the recent discovery of a veritable wonder-worker for such conditions. The preparation is so simple and harmless any woman can easily make and apply it. It is all the more remarkable in that its beneficial effects are apparent even after the first application, both as to appearances and the feeling of comfort produced.

The formula is: Powdered saxolite, 1 oz., dissolved in 1 pt. witch hazel. Use daily as a wash lotion. The solution tends to contract and solidify the loosened, baggy tissue, smoothing out the folds, creases, and wrinkles, besides having a refining influence on skin of coarse texture and large pores. As witch hazel and saxolite can be had at any drug store at little cost, many will doubtless be glad to have this successful recipe.

DR. DE VAN'S PILLS,

A reliable regulator. Never known to fail. Dr. De Van's Pills are very powerful in regulating the generative portion of the system. Refuse all cheap imitations. Dr. De Van's Pills are sold at $5 a box, mailed direct on receipt of price, from the Scobell Drug Company, St. Catharines, Ont. Sold by all druggists in London. ywt

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

NA-DRU-CO DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

relieve and cure indigestion—acidity of the stomach—biliousness—flatulence—dyspepsia. They re-inforce the stomach by supplying the active principles needed for the digestion of all kinds of food. Try one after each meal.

50c. a box. If your druggist has not stocked them yet, send us 50c. and we will mail you a box. 33

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, . . . Montreal.

Two Minute Talks About

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for Coal or Wood

YOU can quickly get the Pandora oven ready for the baking. It is made of *Nickel Steel* which is much more sensitive than a cast or gray iron oven. It heats up more rapidly and thereby saves you many precious minutes.

After you've used the *Nickel Steel Oven* for a week you'll congratulate yourself that you invested in a Pandora Range. Get one this week. Make up your mind, you'll enjoy its many conveniences at once. Our agents in your locality will fill your order promptly.

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The Perfection is the most reliable and convenient heating device you can find. It is always ready for use. There are no pipes or flues or wires to bother you. You can pick it up and take it wherever extra warmth is wanted.

Every mechanical improvement that experience could suggest was already embodied in the Perfection Heater. This year we have tried to add to its appearance. The drums are finished either in turquoise-blue enamel or plain steel, as you prefer; nickel trimmings; as ornamental as it is indispensable to comfort.

A special automatic device absolutely prevents smoking. All parts easily cleaned. Gallon font; lasts nine hours. Cool handle; damper top.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

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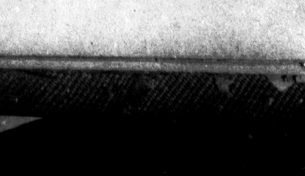
Every Woman



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If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

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Will always be free from scum, grease and grime if cleaned with

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Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can. 10c

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By taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

The following letter from Mrs. Orville Rock will prove how unwise it is for women to submit to the dangers of a surgical operation when it may be avoided by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. **She was four weeks in the hospital and came home suffering worse than before.**

Here is her own statement.

Paw Paw, Mich.—"Two years ago I suffered very severely with a displacement. I could not be on my feet for a long time. My physician treated me for seven months without much relief and at last sent me to Ann Arbor for an operation. I was there four weeks and came home suffering worse than before. My mother advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I did. Today I am well and strong and do all my own housework. I owe my health to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and advise my friends who are afflicted with any female complaint to try it."—Mrs. ORVILLE ROCK, R. R. No. 5, Paw Paw, Michigan.

If you are ill do not drag along until an operation is necessary, but at once take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for women's ills, and has positively restored the health of thousands of women. Why don't you try it?