

Daily Page For Advertiser Woman Readers

HOLD "RUBBER DAY"
TO HELP TUBERCULARMOLLY McDONALD
A TALE OF THE FRONTIER
(By Randall Parrish.)
Copyright 1913 By A. G. McClurg & Co.Women's Sanatorium Aid Hope to
Raise Funds This Way—Need
of Second Nurse.

Increasing from 38 visitors in January, 1914, to some 80 cases during the 31 days of January, 1915, the free clinic work of the Women's Sanatorium Aid Society, has become quite a serious task. Miss Hanson, who has been and is a most faithful and capable visiting nurse, has a very large territory to cover, and the need for a second nurse is being felt more and more strongly all the time. Since the first of the year, expenses to the amount of \$407 have been paid out by the society, quite a heavy drain when it is considered that owing to so many calls for money, the organization has made no special appeal for help this year, although the funds are low, and the need, in any form. The fee for active membership is but \$1 per year, for associate membership, \$5. Quite a number of the latter fees are still unpaid, and the finances of the society would be augmented considerably if associate members bore this in mind.

Old Songs and Poems

The Red River Voyageur.
(Sent by "Only I.")

Out and in the river is winding,
The links of its long red line,
Through belts of dusky pine-land,
And gusty leagues of plain.

Only at times a smoke wreath
With the drifting cloud-rook joins,
The smoke of the hunting-lodges,
Of the wild Assiniboine!

Dreadfully blows the north wind,
From the land of ice and snow,
The eyes that watch are weary,
And heavy the hands that row.

And with one foot on the water,
And one upon the shore,
The Angel of Shadow gives warning
That day shall be no more.

It is the clang of wild geese?
Is it the Indian's yell?
That lends to the voice of the north
Wind.

The tones of a far-off bell?
The voyager smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace,
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turret twin,
To the boatman on the river,
And to the hunter on the plain.

Even soon our mortal journey
The bitter north winds blow,
And thus upon Life's Red River
Our hearts, as oarsmen, row.

And when the Angel of Shadow
Rings his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.

Happy is he who hears
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.

For delicious flavor and all-round fine
quality there is no tea equalled with dust,
as many teas are.

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Foot by foot, feeling his passage,
he dragged his horse after him.
Behind him, the soldier swaying
on the back of the last, swearing
and snarling at the bank.

He was well protected from the cruel
snow which blew over the shoulder
of higher and higher in the open space
again circulating freely through his
blankets from the back, and spread
upon them, the soldier's exposed flesh
again rubbing the soldier's exposed flesh
with the roughness of his hands.

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Drygoods, Carpets, Etc.

Kingsmills

Silk Sale

Hundreds of women
are buying these good
silks. The prices are
most unusual. Buy now.

\$1.25 yard wide Pail-
ette Silk, all colors and
black. On sale... 89c

34-inch Natural Shan-
tung Silk. Fine even
finish. 1,000 yards. On
sale... 33c

36-inch Habita Silks,
in black, white and
colors. Splendid to wash
and wear. Sale price... 79c

Colored Honan Raw
Silks, yard wide, good
choice of colors and
black, excellent quality.
On sale... \$1.00

Mail and Phone Orders
Filled.

Kingsmills

The Quality Store.

least propose to himself to be better
this year than he was last must be
either very good or very bad indeed
and only to propose to be better is
acknowledgment of our need to be so
well as the first step toward amend-
ment. But in fact, to propose to one-
self to do well is in some sort to do
well positively; for there is no work-
ing as a stationary point in human
endeavor; he who is not worse today
than he was yesterday, is better; and
he who is not better, is worse.

Charles Lamb.

YOUR SICK CHILD

IS CONSTIPATED!

LOOK AT TONGUE

If cross, feverish or bilious,
give "California Syrup
of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a
gentle, thorough laxative should al-
ways be the first treatment given.
If your little one is out of sorts,
half-sick, isn't resting, eating and
sleeping badly, constipation is the
cause. If tongue is coated, if stool
is hard, if there is a greenish, yellow
or brownish discoloration of the
tongue, if the child is cross, feverish,
bilious, or has a bad stomach-ache,
diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold,
give a teaspoonful of "California
Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours
the constipated poison, undigested
food and sour bile gently moves out
of its little bowels without griping,
and you have a well, playful child
again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving
this harmless "fruit laxative," be-
cause it never fails to cleanse the
little one's bowels and thereby sweet-
ens the stomach and they thereby
love its pleasant taste. Full directions
for babies, children of all ages
and for grown-ups printed on each
bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups.
Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bot-
tle of "California Syrup of Figs," and
then see that it is made by the "Califor-
nia Fig Syrup Company."

Our Mid-Winter
Furniture Sale

IS NOW IN FULL SWING.

Everything in Furniture, Carpets,
Rugs, Stoves and Druggs, reduced
from 25 to 50 per cent.

COME FOR BARGAINS.

H. Wolf & Sons

283-285 Dundas Street, London.

LUNDY'S
CHOCOLATES

"A REPUTATION IN EVERY PIECE"

VEGETABLES

DIRECT TO CONSUMERS.

SPECIAL!

CELERY

CHOICE, HOME-GROWN.

All other vegetables supplied.
Inquiries by telephone or mail
have our careful and prompt at-
tention.

MAIN & COLLYER

Telephone 2831. P. O. Box 278.

To Remove Blackheads

Sprinkle a little Po Theoline (pre-
parable at any drug store), on a hot,
wet sponge, and rub over the
affected parts. Then rinse and rub
towel. The blackheads have disappeared.
Anyone troubled with these un-
pleasant blemishes should certainly
try this method.

CUBES

LAUNDY

ALL PARTICULAR MEN AND WOMEN PATRONIZE.

THE PARISIAN

FOR GOOD LAUNDRY WORK, GUARANTEED PRESSING AND CLEANING

PHONES 658, 559.

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CANADIAN WM. A. ROGERS

LIMITED

SPOONS

Perpetuate the Memory of Our Heroes

The First of a Patriotic Series of
Souvenir Spoons on Sale

SATURDAY

EVERY Canadian and Briton will welcome this opportunity of securing a beautiful, useful and lasting souvenir of the great leaders of the British Army and Navy—British leaders of To-day are British Heroes of the Future! You can express your admiration and enthusiasm for the Heroes that guard the freedom of Canada and are fighting to establish the lasting peace of the world by commencing to-day to collect this wonderful series of British Hero Souvenir Spoons. Think of the great influence you can exert on the minds of your children or before them every day on your table. The series will include Kitchener, French, Jellicoe, Fisher and other famous soldiers and sailors. A new spoon will be on sale each Saturday. The Kitchener spoon is on sale Saturday. Clip out the coupon, look up the nearest distributing station—list given below—and commence your collection of the greatest souvenir spoons ever offered to Canadians.

This is Lord Kitchener Week

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

A BONNIE LADY, YOUTHFUL AND PRETTY,
IS NEW "FIRST LADY" OF IRELAND

[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.]

A Kind Old Lady.
OLD LADY.—So kind of you to send the missing chorus; someone else supplied it yesterday. The old song you ask for has been published. If you send me your address and a stamp, shall be pleased to mail you a copy.

Like a Schoolgirl.
BLUE-EYED FLIRT.—I, a Friday.
2. Your penmanship still has the earmarks of a schoolgirl hand. Not good. The poem has been mailed you.

Lost Her Dog.
MEADOW LARK.—I, No, except in the case of a dog, then the privilege is extended.
2. Saturday, Sunday.

How to Cook a Husband.
EAST INDIAN WOULD try and get the address of the little prize-winning lady at the carnival, about whom U. S. A. was inquiring. If the latter belonged, and did not answer the advertisement, he may be prosecuted.

East Indian encloses this amusing clipping on "How to Cook a Husband." How to Cook a Husband. As so many ladies are sending in such splendid recipes, I will donate one to the benefit of those unused to cooking them. A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; some keep them in a stew by irritating ways and words; others roast them; some keep them in pickle all their lives.

It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way, but they are really delicious when properly cooked. Tie him in the kitchen by a strong cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crab apples, when you have to cook them while alive, make a clear, steady fire out of love, meanness and selfishness. Set him on a spit, and turn him round and round, as the sputters and fizzes, do not be anxious; some husbands do this till quite done. Add a little vinegar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is tender. Stir him gently; watch the while, lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless in selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in mackerel, or by the golden tint of salmon. Do not go to market to your husband as the best is always brought to your door. Be sure to select him yourself, as taste differs. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, and agreeable with you and the children. The best of it is, he will keep as long as you want him, unless you become careless and put him in too cold a place.

What One Girl Did.
Dear Miss Grey—I see someone in your paper would like to discuss the temperance question. Perhaps few have read your lovely paper have seen more than I, of the other side of temperance—mean temperance. After being four years spent in visiting from house to house in different towns, Miss Grey, I could tell you the saddest things, and have often said after coming out of a house: "My, my, what the four walls of a house do hide to be sure!"

Many years ago, in the town of M—, lived a family; a short time before the seven was taken to the asylum for the insane, leaving the eldest, a girl of 14 years. This woman had a drunkard father, the house, a very humble home, it seemed, belonged to the eldest daughter, thereby keeping the roof over their heads. Now, this girl plodded faithfully

for years, raised this family, the young man passing her entrance. In the interval, M—, as I called her, nursed her poor drunken father in his last illness, took her poor old grandmother, who was nearly blind and shared their frugal living till she, too, "went the way of all the earth." In telling me of the incident afterward, poor M— said: "I did not want to take Granny, Mrs. B., but could not get her out of my mind, and she was so old and childish no one else would take her." That family was raised with about as little in the way of food and clothes as possible, yet it had not been for intemperance they could have had sufficient in place of dry bread that they had to live on until some of the family were big enough to work. In time they were married, one by one, and I often think of that one girl's faithfulness, the brave she baked, the clean bare floors—I don't know how she kept soul and body together, and not till the youngest was old enough to earn her own living did M— settle down for herself. If little girl of 18 reads this I hope she will think that after all some girls have a heavier load to struggle with; also trust the lovely letter signed Beth will strengthen her. I often think of that verse, "As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man."

OLD WOMAN IN THE SHOE.
Ans.—What an inspiring story of a woman's character! No doubt there are many heroines of this sort whose life histories are never told, on earth at least, yet who deserve a high place in the annals of those who sacrifice self for others and count it but gain.

To Make Maple Cream.
AN OCTOBER OPAL.—I have them come to within two inches of your shoe-tops.
2. Yes, I think so.
3. Quite neat.

4. Maple Cream.—One cup maple syrup, one cup brown sugar, one cup milk, one cup English walnuts, chopped; place sugar and milk in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and boil for five minutes; then add the maple syrup and boil until it forms a soft ball when dropped into cold water. Pour onto a platter, and as it cools wait until it becomes thick, add nut-meats and pour into a buttered pan. Less syrup and more sugar may be used, as desired.

Legal Queries.
Dear Miss Grey.—Will you please answer the following questions through the column in your valuable paper?
1. In a girl lawfully married at the age of 14 years, without her parents' consent?
2. What should the parents do first to annul the marriage?
3. How long after the marriage could it be annulled?
4. Hoping to see this in print soon, and thanking you in advance, MRS. M. C. C.

Ans.—1. I have consulted legal authorities about this. No.
2. Best consult a lawyer and lay all the facts of the case before him.
3. Better ask a lawyer.

Dear Miss Grey.—No doubt you will remember me. Your answer to my last letter, which got lost after you received it. Thanks very much for the answer. The other question I asked was if you knew whether or not Protestants had a right to be Catholics in Canada or not.

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Lady Winborne

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.

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 clothing, fill out, and mail with your donation, to treasurer of either society.

is to sleep alone while in that condition, and see that he does it. If you think this is worth space, I would be pleased to see it. If not, I will not be a grouch.

MRS. F. W. P.
Ans.—Very glad to hear from you again. In the Dominion of Canada about two-fifths of the population are Roman Catholics, three-fifths are Protestants. In Quebec Province, however, 87 per cent of the inhabitants are Roman Catholics, and your interest in all the more prized on that account.

About Curtains.
DOLLY.—I. The general way now is just to hang them simply from a brass rod, without a heading or any drapery. The short curtain still retains its popularity. For the parlor a nice lace or net curtain would answer, and plain ones of cream or muslin, cream, white, or with a fringe, for the dining-room.

The store where you purchase your new curtain material will, I am sure, show you up-to-date methods of hanging them, if you ask.

2. May be either way; to have it run-ning lengthwise seems to me to be the sensible thing.

3. It can be very successfully cleaned at home by making a paste of flour and gasoline; rub well into the material with the hand; leave for several hours, then remove much of the powder, but it will also require a thorough brushing with a whisk, not too stiff.

Mary and John.
Dear Miss Grey.—Here comes another to bother you. Seeing in your paper a week or so ago a request for your wife, says Mary: "I don't care a rap," says John, I am sending this copy hoping it is the one you requested.

Could you or any other reader get for me the music of that old song, "Till We Meet Again, My Love, in My Prayers"? If so, I would gladly send my address. Yours truly

AN ADVERTISER READER.
Ans.—The song you sent was indeed highly appreciated; as years would not appear in a recent issue, I request for the music is referred to our readers. Hope we may get it for you.

Dear Miss Grey.—I have been an asthmatic sufferer for years. First I tried doctor after doctor; it did not seem to me I was never to get rid of it. Then I tried everything save and insane people recommended as sure cures, and found stramonium (thornapple) leaves the quickest to give relief. I smoke it in a clay pipe and inhale as much of the smoke as I can. I use it several times a day, and in the night, too. I would recommend the sufferer if he uses tobacco, to quit it. As for me, I have choked me right up.

"The Dark-Eyed Sailor" was the best old song I liked. A big, lusty, young man used to visit our house when I was

a child, and I can see him so plainly, "holloing" that song at the top of his voice, and O, we thought it was grand. I did laugh at it, and what I thought myself, and yet, Miss Grey, I honestly took things just as funny for asthma. Here are some scraps of castle soap, a teaspoon every morning for six months. A teaspoonful of salts every morning for a year.

ANY OLD LADY-MAGARET.
The best cure for "Lonesome" is to forget oneself; get busy, and do something—fancy work, crocheting, patchwork quilt, or something like that. I did laugh at it, and what I thought myself, and yet, Miss Grey, I honestly took things just as funny for asthma. Here are some scraps of castle soap, a teaspoon every morning for six months. A teaspoonful of salts every morning for a year.

Ans.—I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed your letter, especially the part "just meant for me." Your boys should be proud indeed of having such a fine little mother, and I am sure they are credit to you, although I do not know them personally. Thanks for regarding this paper so kindly, and also for the hint re asthma cure.

Meat Substitute Sent.
Dear Miss Grey.—I am a very much interested reader of your inquiries, but have never written before, though often tempted to do so, as I find the column helpful, and am sure others must be, also. I am sending a recipe for a meat substitute which we have tried and found very good indeed. In fact, our men did not know but what it was meat, and they were eating, only ground a little finer than usual. I hope "Dell" will find it good. This quantity serves four people for two meals, and is good either hot or cold.

Near-Veal Loaf.—Cut up small onion in 1 pint of water, let boil to get the strong steam over two Oxo cubes to dissolve. Soak 1 teaspoonful plain gelatine in a little cold water and add to Oxo. Season nicely with salt and white pepper and a dash of cayenne. Put into a