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News of the Week

The Canadian army for overseas is to be increased to 500,000.

Hydro light and power by-laws were carried wherever voted upon in Ontario.

Henry Ford has returned to New York.

Gen. Castelnau, Chief of the French General Staff, is now on the Balkan front, inspecting the positions of the Allies.

The British Cabinet introduced into the House of Commons a bill providing for a modified form of conscription, giving the Government the necessary power, if needful, to bring single men to serve in the trenches or make munitions.

Indian troops in France have been transferred to another region, probably Mesopotamia or Egypt.

Great indignation has been aroused by the sinking of the British passenger liner Persia, by an enemy submarine and without warning, off the Island of Crete, on Dec. 30th. About 100 of those on board were landed, and over 300 drowned; among them Mr. Robert McNeely, United States Consul at Aden. The ship was bound from London to Bombay.

During the week the most significant fighting news has been the strong offensive of the Russians, who, prevented by Roumania from crossing her territory to the Balkans, has turned her attention to Bessarabia, Volhynia and Galicia.

In the Balkans the Montenegrins, reinforced by a body of Servians have had some success in driving back the Austrians from Montenegro, but the Bulgars are forcing a way across Southern Albania towards Durazzo. The Teuton armies, also, have been ordered to advance into Greece and attack the Allies, hence before this reaches its readers fighting may be in progress in the vicinity of Salonika.

From the Western front little has been reported save the usual desultory bombardments, resulting in taking or re-taking of a trench here and there. The unusual activity of enemy submarines in the Mediterranean, resulting in the loss of several vessels, will necessitate the immediate transference to that region of the system of trawlers and destroyers, which has done such effective work for the Allies in waters nearer home. Mr. Lloyd George is strenuously urging a greater output of munitions in Great Britain, especially of long-range guns and machine guns.

A Stingy Man and a Sacrifice that Paid a Hundredfold.

My own father died when I was three years old. My mother married again, this time a typical farmer of the old school, whose one object in life was to attain land and money. To achieve this purpose he worked unremittingly, gave up all enjoyments and forced every one under his roof to do likewise. He was, moreover, a widower with several children. I was offered a home with him and my mother, but refused to leave my grandparents, with whom mother and I had lived after father's death. I think that my guardian angel prompted my decision. Surely no mere child could have seen clearly what I see now: that to have accepted the offer would have meant years of profitless drudgery and the foregoing of all that makes life worth while. Yet I loved my mother and the baby brother who came the following year with all the passionate devotion of a child who is starving for love. My grandfather was affectionate, but during all of these years my grandmother never gave me a caress. Many a time I have cried myself to sleep because I so longed for the touch of mothering arms.

After her second marriage my mother's hands were tied. Her husband forbade

her to give a cent of money for my support, or to take a stitch in my garments unless I would come there and slave as the others were slaving. Mother's share of my father's property was promptly swallowed up by the farm; my uncle guardian squandered my share.

A childless uncle and aunt offered me a home in the village. As I had reached the limit of the district school I accepted, and was graduated from the Union School in one year, and from a nearby High School in two years more. Then I longed to go to the Normal School. My uncle and aunt were unable to shoulder all of the expense that this would entail, but they furnished my clothes and a little money. I worked for my board at the home of a dear old lady who was very kind.

I was graduated from the Normal School, where I took the classical course, in three years, and I promptly secured a position as teacher. My uncle had meanwhile died. When I became a teacher my stepfather was proud of me, and welcomed me gladly at vacation-time. I was earning money, real money, more than any of his children who had been denied an education could earn. During the preparatory years he had scoffed, 'pooh-poohed' all education, and declared that I might better be working out and bringing in three dollars a week. Now, figuratively speaking, he patted me on the shoulder and boasted about what a bright, plucky daughter he had. I writhed in spirit, but accepted it with outward grace, for it gave me a chance to be near my mother and my brother.

During the next few years I fought my way up in my profession. I liked my work and was successful. I denied myself fine clothes and theater tickets in order to give my mother and brother something beyond the bare necessities with which they were supplied by my stepfather. There was little that I could do. I wanted to educate my brother, but my stepfather insisted that he should work on the farm until he was of age. An older brother who had tried to escape had been dragged back by the laws of our State. It was useless to attempt to oppose that iron will and narrow prejudice. I longed to give my mother a vacation. She was needed on the farm. I offered to buy an oil stove to replace the big range which made the kitchen insufferable in summer. Mr. A. would not have one in the house. All that I could do was to supply books and magazines and give the family what pleasure I could during vacations.

Why did I not go home and help my mother? I could not. I even stayed away for weeks during vacations, because as soon as I shouldered a part of the housework her presence was demanded in the fields. Every one under that roof was required to work every hour of the day and a few hours of the night. I might have helped to swell my stepfather's bank account by sacrificing my life, but I would have added no whit to any one's pleasure or well-being. Indeed my mother gloried in the thought that I was out of it all.

One forenoon I was handed a telegram saying that Mr. A. had been found dead. There was no will. When the estate was finally settled, the old homestead went to Mr. A's children, while my mother and brother received an abandoned farm which had been one of Mr. A's last acquisitions. My mother was verging on a nervous breakdown. My brother was not yet of age and had never had the spending of five dollars. The house was considered uninhabitable. They wrote that they needed me.

The same mail brought me a letter which offered me a coveted position, with a comfortable salary, for which I had been working—in brief, the goal toward which I had been straining every effort. I had worked hard to attain just this. My education had been won by self-denial and strenuous effort. To drop out now meant that when I returned after years of absence I must again begin at the bottom of the ladder; that I would probably have to spend the remaining years in mediocrity. I knew that the call from home was only temporary. Eventually my brother would marry, and there would be no real place then for the sister. I had learned to hate farm life from the bitter glimpses I had been accorded. I had planned a trip to the mountains for that vacation. It was a hard fight, but I

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wrote mother that I would come as soon as school closed.

I began haunting the library and reading works on domestic science and agriculture. I attended one or two farmers' conventions, visited the State Agricultural College, inspecting some model farms, subscribed for agricultural papers, and prepared in every way to give just as good energy to this task as I had given to pedagogy.

I shall never forget that first day on the farm. My mother was tearful and shrilly fretful by turns. There was a new house at the homestead; she had given twenty years of her life to attain it. They had no right to take it away, she said. My brother's face was clouded and sullen. The two were at cross purposes. My mother nagged my brother constantly. He hated the old farm. He wanted to go to the city. He had been neglecting his work and running with some utterly worthless village lads, as well as with girls of questionable character. He had been playing cards in low places. He had let the cows go without milking, and crops were half put in or not put in at all. My mother was on the verge of despair; but it didn't worry me. I knew that there was good stuff in the lad. My years of teaching had taught me discernment of boy character. He had never been permitted legitimate amusement or companionship. No matter how hard he worked there had always been another task awaiting him. Now that the restraint was removed he did not know how to use his freedom—that was all.

My mother wailed over the expensive new clothes that my brother had bought. I shuddered at parts of them, the taste was so execrable. He told me that my stepfather had always bought his clothes—cheap, ill-fitting ones—and that when he came home from town with the last suit he lay awake all night hating it.

And the house—an old, gray, tumble-down, frame building! The paint was black with age. The moldy and ugly wall paper hung in dismal strips. Some of the floor boards were broken. It was enough to dishearten anyone.

A paper-hanger and a painter transformed the big living-room; a soft, buff paper and white paint wrought wonders. An inexpensive rug harmonized perfectly. White muslin curtains, simple furniture, scattered books and magazines were added, and there was one restful place in the house. The other rooms took longer. Some of them I painted and papered myself. Meanwhile there was the regular routine work to be attended to. I had never put up a jar of preserves or a glass of jelly, but my brother liked them. My mother was not equal to the work, so I took a book of recipes and plunged in. I followed directions as explicitly as I had followed the chemical formulas in the laboratory, and was rewarded with perfect results. My head ached and my back ached from the unaccustomed toil, but I stuck to it resolutely and kept cheerful at any cost. By early autumn the house was cozy and livable. There were jars of jellies and preserves in the cellar, and chickens ready for broiling, and my brother had begun to manifest some symptoms of interest in his work. A hammock under the big, old elms, and a croquet set on the smooth grass, had proved effectual lures.

Meanwhile I had been trying to win my brother for a chum, since I knew that in that way only could I influence him for good. I rode with him, went with him to the pastures, asked him to take me