



## BILL AND THE WIDOW

(Continued From Yesterday.)

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill, or paint the expression of his face as he sat there—completely dumbfounded at this startling piece of ill-luck. After awhile he stepped from the buggy, and getting on his hands and knees looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth that had cost him so much, and the show coming on, and no time to lose, for someone might be coming along to kiss him what he was fooling around there. He had no notion of spoiling his good clothes by wading in with them on, and, besides, if he did that he could not go to the widow's that night, so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then quickly undressed himself, laying the clothes in the buggy to keep them clean. Then he ran around to the bank and waded into the almost black water, and the teeth did not clatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under water and came up with the teeth in his hand, and replaced them in his mouth. He had a "What noise is that?" wagon and a little dog barking with all his might, and his horse starting! "Whoa! whoa!" said Bill, as he slashed and floundered out through mud and water. "Confound the horse! Whoa! Whoa! Stop, you brute, you stop!" But stop he would not, but went off at a spanking pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him and the little dog yelping after the bachelor. Bill was certainly in capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve, he could not touch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. He saw a white plug hat shook off the seat and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and after jamming his foot into it stuck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's horse on the hill, and what, oh what would he do! Then his coat fell off and he slipped it on, and then, making a desperate sport, he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulled the buffalo robe over his legs stuffed the other things beneath. Now the

## 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.]

**The "Heart" Finger.**  
Dear Miss Grey.—You will find enclosed the song "Dear Old Home Across the Sea," and in exchange would like to get the words of two songs. Is "The House Carpenter," and the other "The Old Brigade," the first two lines go, "Where are the boys of the old brigade, that fought with us side by side?" Also would you please answer these questions? What is the meaning of Mizpah, and on which finger should a girl wear her ring? Will you try and publish this soon, as I am going away soon and may miss it, and oblige.

**Ans.—**The song "Dear Old Home" was published on the day your letter was written, having been sent in by one of our readers.

1. "The Lord watch between thee and me" is the interpretation of Mizpah. The third finger of the left hand was anciently supposed to have a vein leading

**Richard's QUICK NAPTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP**

## MADE IN CANADA

In these troublous times, when the valor and brawn of Canada are springing to the defence of the mother country, it is a good time for loyal Canadians to stand by the industries from which come the wealth and prosperity of the Dominion.

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water and sprinkle on a little of the salts, patting them down well. Place in the sun for five or ten minutes, then wash out in lukewarm water and expose to the sun again. Press on the wrong side, between cotton cloths.

**For Distracted Wife.**  
Dear Miss Grey.—I am writing a few hints for Distracted Wife. How would this do: Treat her husband very kindly, and have his Sunday clothes very temptingly laid out for him to get into. It is likely he is tired Sunday morning and does not feel like dressing up. And then she might just ask him to get ready and go with her to church—a good place to rest and get a good appetite for dinner. Try this treatment.

**FORGET-ME-NOT.**  
Ans.—Passed on for the benefit of Distracted Wife and other readers.

**To Please Husband.**

Dear Miss Grey.—I am sending you a recipe for English Christmas pudding, as you may be asked to print one and Christmas is getting near: Three pounds raisins, 3 pounds currants, 3 cups of bread crumbs, 1 pound mixed peel, 3 teaspoons pastry spice, 1 pound chopped almonds, 6 eggs, 2 pounds chopped beef suet, 6 cups flour, mixed with 1 pint milk and 1 pint porter. This is for seven small pudding basins; fill basins nearly to the top, then put a piece of greased white paper over and tie down with a white cloth. Boil for 10 hours without stopping, and keep well covered with water.

1. Would you please print a recipe for making bread, as I am going to try to make mine to please my husband? He thinks I could manage it with your help.

2. What are the meanings of Edward, William, Samuel, Lawrence, Annie and Adelaide?

**AN ENGLISH WIFE.**

Ans.—Seeing that your husband has such faith in my assistance, I shall have to do my very best in advising you about bread-making. I can assure you that I have really made bread, and passably good bread, too! The old-fashioned process takes longer than new methods, but it is the one I know best.

Place three heaping tablespoons of flour in a crock or bowl, and when the potatoes are cooked for dinner, stir the scalding potato water over the flour, stir well to remove lumps. When this has cooled, soften half a yeast cake in a half cup of warm water, pour into the scalded flour, and add a little mashed potato if desired, say half a cupful.

Cover the crock, and let it stand in a warm place. It must not be too hot, however, or the yeast will not rise properly. By eight or nine o'clock at night the mass should be like foam. Now prepare your flour in a large, good-sized vessel. Cover the bottom with the flour and pack it well up around the sides. Into the "well" thus formed, pour the yeast, a scant quart of warm water, and a handful of salt, stir in enough of the flour to make a thin batter, and beat all thoroughly. When the batter seems smooth (nothing but experience can teach you the proper stage), cover it over the top with flour, place a plate or lid over the warmly lit, and wrap the vessel up in flannel, and let it stand for about 12 hours, probably running over the mixing tin if you leave it too long. Generally it has to be attended to between five and six o'clock.

With the hand, mix in the remainder of the flour; flour the baking bowl well, and turn out the dough thereon; form into loaves and set to rise in pans till double the bulk. When light (in about an hour's time), it is ready for the oven. A steady fire, not too hot is best for bread. Bake from one to one and a quarter hours according to the size of the loaves. Just before putting in the oven "stab each loaf in two or three places to test to prevent crust blisters." The pans for baking bread should be well greased. One of the great secrets of successful bread-making is to keep it in a uniform temperature throughout, neither too hot nor too cold.

2. Edward, guardian of happiness; William, defender; Samuel, heard by God; Lawrence, crowned with laurel; Annie, "rae"; Adelaide, a princess.

In your recipe for plum pudding you failed to mention sugar, and do you not think a quart of wetting rather too much for the dry ingredients? I never heard of using porter for mixing a pudding, and fancy to most of us it would taste better without.

The tea market is still advancing, and fine teas are hard to get at any price. "SALADA" is still sold at 35 cents for Brown Label, 45 cents for Blue Label, 55 cents for Red Label, and 65 cents for Gold Label, and of the same high quality as always.

**Local Items**

**Wilton Grove Women's Institute.**  
Owing to the Women's Institute Convention which will be held in London on the 4th and 5th of November, there will be no regular meeting of the Wilton Grove Women's Institute in November.

**Woman's Music Club.**  
Arrangements have been made by the Woman's Music Club with Mr. C. L. Chisholm concerning the starting of a string orchestra school for the club. The orchestra students will be under no expense whatever, beyond the usual membership fee. Rehearsals will be held at the North End Music School, 781 Richmond street, on Monday evenings.

**Tea for Relief Work.**  
The Ladies' Aid of Cronyn Memorial Church held a most successful Halloween Tea yesterday afternoon and evening in the rectory, when a satisfactory sum was realized for relief work in the parish. The various rooms were very prettily decorated with Halloween novelties. A table of home cookery and another of homemade candies, found ready sale.

Among those assisting were: Mrs. Frank Jewell, Mrs. Boughner, Miss Harris, Miss Bullen, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Scarlett and others.

**Victorian Order to Sell Tickets.**  
At the regular meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses held yesterday morning, each member of the board offered to dispose of as many tickets as possible for the Men's Pressing Society Show, to be given in aid of the order under the auspices of the Daughters of the Empire on Friday and Saturday evenings (and Saturday matinee) November 20 and 21.

It was also decided to send out an annual Christmas appeal, there being an especial need of nursing this year on account of so many men being away. Mrs. W. E. Hodgins presided.

## The Story of Tam O'Shanter



The mirth and fun grew fast and danced.

"Bobbie" Burns' famous "Tam O'Shanter" is an excellent Halloween tale. But if someone in the party cannot repeat it, it is the dearest wish of the story in brief:

One dark, wintry night when the hour was striking twelve, Tam O'Shanter, the pride of the valley and the pet of the tavern, rode gaily out of the village toward pitch darkness, a country road and home.

He was a jolly fellow, over-fond of the cup that cheers; and though his good wife Kate had warned and warned again, he still stuck to the habit of staying out late. It was this wintry night that Tam had more courage than sense, and his doctored horse, Meg, rode off from the lights and the laughter.

"The wind blew as 't was blawt; the last; The rattling show'ers rose on the blast; The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd; Loud, deep and long the thunder below'd; The bell had business on his hand."

Singing old Scotch sonnets, holding fast to his good blue bonnet and casting eyes around the while to see that

none should catch him unawares, he drew near to Kirk-Alloway.

"Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry."

And as he rode a storm came on. Floods of water poured down the roadway in front of him. The lightning flashed from tree to tree. Nearer and nearer the thunder rolled—

"When glimmering through the groaning trees, Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a breeze, Thro' ilka bore the beams were gleaming, And loud resounded mirth and dancing."

A strange, strange scene was there. The customary stillness of the kirk was gone. And Tam, quite unafraid, rode down and saw—coffins in which lay warlocks with candles flaming from their hands, to lend a light to

And, worst of all, upon a table were two wee, unchristened children, a thief just cut down from his rope, five tom-alawks with blood upon them and—

"A knife a father's throat had mangled," "As 'tamin' glower'd, amaz'd and curd."

He was in a hurry, and as you would say—how I love to hear you say—act in my mind. Well, and I believe in you, and you needn't imagine as long as you live that a wife like me can believe you anything but what I know you to be the kindest, most unselfish, most thoughtful man that ever lived. Get that fixed in your mind, so when I tell what they say about you, you won't care, knowing me, and you will believe in you till death.

"I'm going to skip everything except the part about you, for this letter goes by next mail. There's ever and ever so much to tell you, but I love to tell you, and I don't see how I can wait, but I'm going to find out, for wait I must. Maybe I ought to begin with Mr. Gladware, so you'll know more about him when I begin on the main business."

"We are at his house now, and the house-party is in full swing. Mr. Gladware is presiding his suit to Annabel with all his might, and her mother is helping him. Nothing stands in the way of his marrying her, except her love for Mr. Edgerton Compton. She told me all about her old romance with Wilfred, you remember him, I guess? She got to liking Edgerton after Wilfred went away, because he was so kind to her. Wilfred, maybe he does, but he isn't the same kind of man. Mr. Edgerton has spent all his money on fixing up the outside of the house, but Wilfred has spent his on the furnishings. Well, if Annabel could change her heart from one brother to the other just because Edgerton reminded her of Wilfred, I guess she won't have a very hard time making another transfer, especially as Mr. Gladware is travelling her way."

When I love anybody, my love is the part of me that comes alive whenever that person is present or is mentioned. So when I think of Wilfred, I think of another, any more than the man himself could change to another man? And that's the way I love Wilfred, and not all the wealth or fame or good looks in the world (and you have neither) could get my heart away from you!

"Or from Bill?"

"The first time I met Mr. Gladware he acted in a curious way. Of course I was introduced as 'Miss Willock,' and he started at the name and at sight of me—two separate little movements. I told him as plain as anything I could say that I was Willock, and he said he had heard the name 'Willock' in unusual surroundings, and that his face reminded him of somebody who was dead. That was all there was to it, then. But afterward he heard Annabel call all night long, and his face turned perfectly white."

"The first chance he had after that he sat down to talk to me in a corner where we wouldn't be overheard, and he asked me questions. So, of course, I told him about father and mother, taking me across the prairie to the Oklahoma country, and how mother died and father was killed, and I was with the Indians a while, and there was taken to live with my cousin Brick. He listened with his head down, never meeting my eye, and when I had finished

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TO THE JOY OF FARM LIFE.

By Eric Ross Goulding. We enjoy our farm. I believe I love the very weeds that grow on it.—Extract from a farmer's wife's letter. (The Considerate Husband Speaks.)

O lovely weeds, that in my uglier moods I never thought I could endure or cherish. Counting you stoutly as a plague that broods Over the farm, and therefore fit to perish—I learn with pride how you have caused my wife To live a happier life.

Ever I sacrificed you to the hoe That holds your roots, as talons of the culture, About the struggling plants which try to grow. Dulling the farmer's zest in agriculture—But you are not the cause, I now confess, Of any great distress.

What if men think you choke the sprouting grain. Believing you to be the country's A menace and a desolating bane? I will expose their base and foolish error. For your sweet weeds, that grow in every spot, Enrich my darling's lot!

So flourish on, and grow where'er you will. Strangling the products of my best endeavor. And twining around the tender plants and skill The wheat and corn and oats, but never—never Shall I do ought to check your wild career. Or even interfere!

It is a good plan in darning stockings to hold the darning wool for a minute or two over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. This shrinks the threads, and when the stockings are washed there is no fear of mended parts shrinking and so tearing away from surrounding parts, so that the stockings last much longer.

**MATRIMONIAL.**  
[Washington Post.] If this war keeps on much longer, some of our millionaires' daughters will just naturally have to contract ignominious marriages at home.

## GREY HAIR

Dr. Tremblay's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed, is guaranteed to restore grey hair to natural color, and is non-injurious. On sale at Anderson & Neill's drug store, 268 Dundas street, London. Price \$1.00 (postpaid). Write to Tremblay Supply Company, Dept. T., Toronto.

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