

WHEAT CONSUMPTION
WILL BE REGULATED

Encourage Thrift in
Wheat Flour Will
Be Short.

dependent upon the
food service." This is
at being sent broad-
cast on a card which
nature of Food Control
Unit. Until recently it
to believe that victory
day that we might not
Now, after three years
being pointed out, the
ke conditions a study
essential to winning
the question of men

it will be difficult to
Many will receive the
emphasis so strongly
part that food is the
real campaign of
without realizing that
really means what the
and the literature that
delivered in Toronto
um of a door-to-door
not be read too often
message sink too deeply
business of the people
ing that the commun-
ked to do will be to
ual consumption of
per cent. To make
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is for housekeepers to
home-baking by mak-
out cakes or other
bread. The doing of
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largely a matter of
rangement of the daily
a manner that home-
will appear at so many
any days of the week,
at every meal as

on of whole wheat
eral meals is only one
suggested for the con-
the food that must be
to our men and the
ea, if they are to be
to the work for which
on up so much, and
dependent upon us for
bringing to a satisfac-
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concentrate on this
saying, for the house-
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SCU'S ECONOMY.

Toronto World.
us. 14.—An enthusiastic
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day for the purpose of
nization for the conser-
A sample of war bread
it was decided to hold
in order to discuss the
economizing in food and
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BEACH INN

n a Chicken or Fish
Ice Cream Soda served
any Dining-room, over-
ke.
SHORE ROAD
HUMBER BAY.

Announcements

by character relating to
the purpose of which is
money, are inserted in the
nns at 25 cents an agate
line for churches, societies,
or organizations of future
purpose is not the rate; in-
sertion is by word, with a min-
ute for each insertion.

MAIL TODAY

ship me, all charges
OF UNIVERSAL
and I agree to pay
beginning on the first
I have paid for the

You
and other collection
anted to send out all
and to whom I will

(this order)
PER CENT.

errell

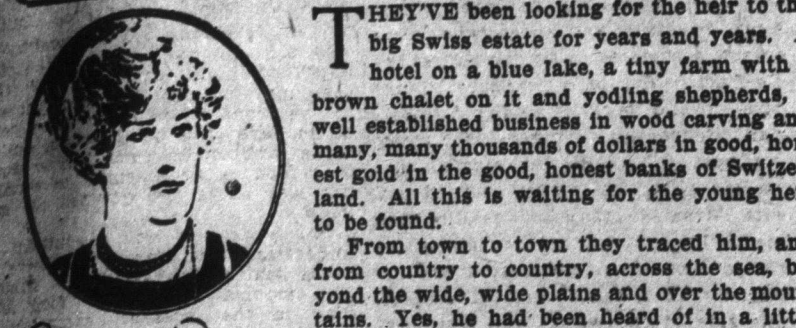
HOLD
IT!

TO

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

WINIFRED BLACK WRITES ABOUT
Your Aladdin's Lamp

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They've been looking for the heir to the big Swiss estate for years and years. A hotel on a blue lake, a tiny farm with a brown chalet on it and yodling shepherds, a well established business in wood carving and many, many thousands of dollars in good, honest gold in the good, honest banks of Switzerland. All this is waiting for the young heir to be found.

From town to town they traced him, and from country to country, across the sea, beyond the wide, wide plains and over the mountains. Yes, he had been heard of in a little town. No, he had gone down the valley. Yes, the description fitted the young stranger who had been seen in the logging camp.

He'll have to wait for that fortune, and while he's waiting what will he do? Prepare himself to handle it or will he just plan to spend it right and left, hither and yon, like a little boy letting the sand sift through his fingers at the seashore?

What Were His Dreams?

How was the fortune made, I wonder, and who made it? Some sturdy, honest burger who saved, pinched, planned and schemed to found the family fortune?

Did he think all the time of the heir, what a great man he'd be some day and how proud the old aunts and uncles would be of him? Did he watch the heir grow from a little fat cherub to a gangling boy and then to a man? Did he preach to him and try to make him follow in his own footsteps?

Now, if the old uncle could only have bequeathed something real to the boy, something worth while, there wouldn't be any prison story. Character, courage, resolution—why can't we put them in a will and hand them down?

Don't you remember the story of Aladdin's Lamp? Oh, yes, and there was another one about the peasant boy who learned the magic words. Don't you recall the time he sat down in the desert and said, "Table, table, spread for me," and said them exactly the right way, with exactly the right inflection, and, lo, before him stood a table spread with all the best things to eat in the world.

Mine always had chicken poeple, strawberry shortcake, hot biscuits and honey. You don't have to wonder why I don't grow slimmer as I grow older. What did you have on your table when you read the story? Squab, caviar and Gorgonzola? Pah! No wonder you've not kept your figure.

I remember once some one told that story on a soft day in June when the cherries were ripe. We sat on the grass under the tree and ate red cherries and listened.

She Learned the Words.

"Gee!" gasped the freckled-faced boy who sat next to me. "Gee! If I'd been there I'd grabbed that table and run off with it—just like that." And he snatched a handful of cherries from the girl with the blue eyes who leaned slenderly against the brown bark of the cherry tree.

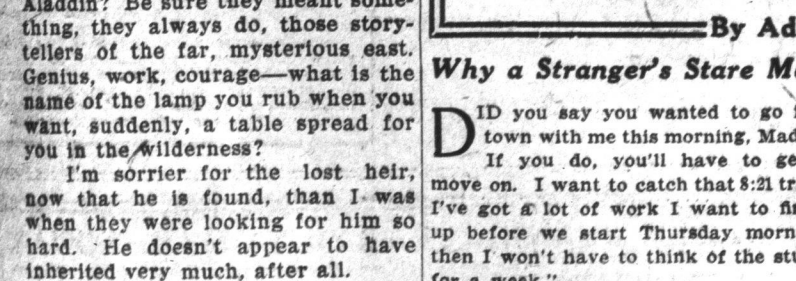
"I wouldn't," said the girl with the blue eyes. Her voice was very soft, and it had a silver thread in it like the voice of the brook when it is determined to run swiftly to the sea. "I wouldn't. I'd have listened and found out what it was said and how he said it. Then I wouldn't have had to grab anything from anybody."

When they grew up, they went on being just exactly the same kind of people. The freckled boy is freckled no longer, but he grabs just the same, and he's always getting into trouble—grabbing what does not belong to him. The blue-eyed girl listened and found out the words of the tall man. She works and she doesn't have to grab.

The wonderful lamp—what is it they meant by it in the old story of Aladdin? Be sure they meant something, they always do, those story-tellers of the far, mysterious east. Genius, work, courage—what is the name of the lamp you rub when you want, suddenly, a table spread for you in the wilderness?

I'm sorrier for the lost heir, now that he is found, than I was when they were looking for him so hard. He doesn't appear to have labored very much, after all.

Today's Fashion



A "Different" Kimono of Pink Crepe de Chine.

If you want a kimono which is just a little different from the usual, this attractive one of pink crepe de chine will meet with your approval. There is a graceful drape at the back which is drawn in with corded shirings to form kimono sleeves in front. The pointed neck-line is drawn in with a silk, tasseled cord and other tassels hang from the sleeves. The kimono is quite long and boasts of a short train.

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GIVING SPECIFICATIONS

By Will Nies



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WHAT have you told Love to bring you? Are the tablets of YOUR heart filled with descriptions of the one you wish "to have and to hold"? Have you specified "looks" and forgotten that "handsome is as handsome does"? Is your order big, with "I want" and small with "I'll give"? What is the girl of the picture telling Cupid she MUST have? Will he bring her whom she asks? We doubt it. Being a most mischievous personage, Cupid probably will give her just the sort of man she has NOT specified. And miracle of miracles—for love IS blind—she'll believe him to be just what she ordered.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

By Adele Garrison

Why a Stranger's Stare Made Madge Most Uncomfortable.

Did you say you wanted to go into town with this morning, Madge? If you do, you'll have to get a move on. I want to catch that 8:21 train. I've got a lot of work I want to finish up before we start Thursday morning. I won't have to think of the study for a week."

It was the Monday morning before Katie's wedding. She had stipulated that she was to be married on Wednesday, because, as she explained naively, "she wanted to get washin', ironin' all out of way before she left." As she was to be married early in the morning it gave me a chance to wish her goodspeed, and to go to the city in time to attend the history section of the Lotus Study Club, before which I lectured every Wednesday. We were not coming back to the house at all.

Dicky's mother had at last sulkily agreed to go to a New York hotel. She was feeling unusually well, and I knew that she was secretly very glad of the chance to live luxuriously at a metropolitan hostelry for a week. Dicky and I were to stay at the hotel with her the first night and take the Hudson river boat Thursday.

Dicky had written engaging a room for us at the farmhouse, of which he had spoken to me. A trunk containing all the things he and I would need had been expressed up there, so that a small bag was all the luggage we had to bother with.

Dicky was to escort his mother to the city early in the forenoon, while I, after seeing that everything was safely locked up for our absence, was to follow on a later train.

"I'm Ready Now."

The puppy Dicky had brought me I intended to trust to the care of Eddie Hoch, the good-natured, freckled lad who did our errands, and whose mother and sister had caused me such discomfort by their gossip. I did not quite like to give the dog into Eddie's care, but I had found that he was an unusually good-hearted boy and very fond of animals, so I ventured it.

The beautiful Angora which was Dicky's first housekeeping present to me, and which had been the cause of our first quarrel, Dicky had carried in a basket the Saturday before to Lillian Underwood's home. She had promised to care for it during our absence, and threatened to keep it ever afterward.

The meeting of the Lotus Club, which I was to address on Wednesday, was the last meeting of the season, and, en-

gaged as I had been over the preparations for Katie's wedding, I had neglected to purchase a hat for myself.

The felt sport sailor I had been wearing, when I wore a hat at all, was just the thing for my mountain trip, but I needed something more pretentious for the critical eyes of the women of the study club. Therefore, I had told Dicky that I intended to accompany him into the city, and, as always, when he had a train to catch, he was somewhat irritable.

"Hurry now," he repeated, as he drank his second cup of coffee, and rose from the table. "I'll give you just two minutes. I want you to get your hat on and panting along as you did the last time we tried to get the train together. We've got to allow plenty of time for you to walk it in or I won't wait for you at all. You can just take a later train."

"But I'm ready now," I said, smiling, as I walked by his side into the living room. I caught up my hat from the table where I had laid it, fastened it upon my head, slipped on my coat and took up my gloves and purse.

Dicky grinned good-naturedly. "That's the time you put one over on me," he said, "but it's a good thing you did or you'd be doing the trailing act after me."

What Lillian Said.

"Do you think we'd better try to lunch together?" Dicky asked, a little later. "I'm going to be fearfully busy, but I can get away for a little while if you like."

I should dearly have loved to have lunch with him, but I have learned to recognize the conventional preoccupied inflection of his voice when he proposes something for which he really has no time.

"I don't think we'd better try it today, Dicky," I returned. "I haven't the slightest idea how long it will take me to find the hat I want. The styles they have are simply atrocious."

"I know," Dicky nodded. "They look as if they were designed in a foundry." He had all the artist's genuine aversion to ugliness in dress. He turned to me with sudden good-humored vehemence.

"Now, for heaven's sake, Madge," he said, "don't go to looking at prices first when you get this hat. Find out what suits your face and hair and pay the price. If you're bound to keep up those lost lectures before those old frumps, at least let them see that you need the money they give you."

I tried to follow Dicky's advice and another my own more economical instincts as I went from store to store in New York's great shopping district, but the prices of the creations that I knew would suit Dicky's fastidious taste

How You Can Simplify Your "Fall Cleaning" Task

HOUSEHOLD HELPS By ISOBEL BRANDS

BEFORE you launch your fall house cleaning campaign take stock of your cleaning supplies. Perhaps there are a few things which you still lack—inexpensive brushes, dusters, etc.

The addition of which would considerably simplify the whole task. It may seem extravagant to have several varieties of brushes, or many styles of mops, but it is the true economy in the long run. In the first place, the right kind of brush makes cleaning so much easier than if a makeshift were used. The use

of two or three such tools, suited to their particular purpose, will outwear many times a brush that is impressed into every kind of service.

There is a wall brush, long-handled, with soft fibres, that is to be used for cleaning walls, door tops and mouldings, and which can be covered with cheese cloth if desired, but it is washable in warm suds and lasts a long time.

Then there is the thin radiator brush, which enables you to get at all the narrow places in the radiator otherwise inaccessible.

Instead of bending down to sweep the dust into the dustpan use the long-handled dustpan, which can be carried on your arm from room to room, and which closes automatically when not in use.

There is also a "button brush" with stiff bristles for brushing fabric chairs, buttons on mattresses, etc.

Many excellent varieties of polishing preparations are on the market. If you wish to polish metals quickly without the use of additional pastes or polishes you can get the special impregnated cloths with which to polish either silver, brass, nickel, etc. There is a different cloth for each kind of metal.

For the extra polish on floors there are several varieties of oil mops—square, round and triangular. These are all mounted on long handles, so that they can be used under furniture, and consist of fibre mops mounted on the end of a handle. If your floors can be washed you will find the brush on a long handle most convenient. There is also the "household's cleaning pall," consisting of a pall with a top tray containing separate compartments for soap, cleaners,

and polish. Do not forget some protection for your hands when buying your fall cleaning supplies. Rubber gloves are useful, and there is also a very cheap hand protection in the shape of cotton "tea-stainer" gloves. These are large-fingered and quite strong, and a great protection to the hands when polishing, dusting, etc.

Or you can purchase a specially made "glove duster," which is a square of felt cloth with a stitched hand pocket on it, which keeps the hand completely covered while dusting.

Another permanent help during cleaning time is the household tool box. When cleaning it is to have the right tools or right tackle, nails, etc., available is a nuisance not to have the right tools or right tackle.

The household tool box is a small, portable, light-weight box with fitted compartments for hammer, screwdriver, putty knife, and assorted sizes of nails and hooks.

The perfect equipment of your cleaning supplies closet will help greatly in making easier fall house cleaning, and perhaps greatly reduce the cost of help for your own energy.

These things, properly bought and cared for, last a long time, and are a truly worthwhile investment.

I remembered the old superstition, and felt as if some one were passing over my grave.

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Secrets of Health and Happiness

Vaccination Against Colds

Now a Scientific Certainty

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University)

If colds are eternally associated with germs, asks one of my witty correspondents, "why not put salt on their tails, snare them, parboil them and prepare them as you do typhoid and other bacteria, which have become vaccines and sure preventives against the diseases they cause?"

This very thing has been done, but not with the awaited and hoped for results. Nevertheless, it seems to help sometimes, and there is no reason why vaccines should not be tried for "colds." The worst that can be said about them is that they are harmless.

"Man," says a clever scribe, "is a very noble piece of work; is, indeed, king of kings, except at those times when he is troubled with a cold in his head." Perhaps this is not original and harks back to Strabo, Horace, Persius or to the Cynics.

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