

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

Rideau Hall Coffee advertisement featuring 'Fresh from the Roaster to You' and 'Rideau Hall Coffee'.

THE CHILDREN'S COUGH REMEDY MINTINE advertisement.

Purity (SALT) advertisement with the slogan 'See that Spout Purity'.

The Best Cough Syrup is Home-made advertisement.

Miss Allen's TESTED RECIPES No. 34 advertisement, including a Cheese Soufflé recipe.

CRISCO advertisement for light, tender cakes and for light, tender cakes.

Efficient Housekeeping

TOMORROW'S MENU: Breakfast: Apple Sauce, Cereal, Coffee, Fried Eggs, Wholewheat Toast, Luncheon: Celery, Corned Beef Hash, Muffins, Jam, Dinner: Hamburg Meat Balls, Mashed Potatoes, Spinach, Orange-Banana Salad, Coffee, Cornstarch Pudding.

Recipes Called For in Menus to Come. 'Baked Tuna Royal': Turn one can of tomato soup into a bowl and season it to taste with salt, pepper and a drop or two of Worcester sauce. Now place in a baking dish or casserole two heaping cups of cooked rice, arranging this rice in a circle so as to leave a cavity in the middle of the dish; in this cavity put the contents of one can of tuna fish. Pour the seasoned tomato soup over all, sprinkle with buttered bread crumbs, cover the dish and bake for 30 minutes in a hot oven. I am sure other Column Readers will find this dish delicious. Contributed by Mrs. M. M.

TWO SINNERS. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. There was a man, it was said one time, Who went astray in his youthful prime. Can the brain keep cool and the heart keep quiet, When the blood is a river that's running riot? And boys will be boys, the old folks say, And the man is the better who's had his day. The sinner reformed, and the preacher told Of the prodigal son who came back to the fold. And Christian people threw open the door, With a warmer welcome than ever before. Wealth and honor were his to command, And a spotless woman gave him her hand. And the world strewed their pathway with blossoms a-bloom, Crying "God bless lady, and God bless groom!" There was a maiden who went astray In the golden dawn of her life's young day. She had more passion and heart than head, And she followed blindly where fond Love led. And Love unchecked is a dangerous guide. To wander at will by a fair girl's side. The woman repented and turned from sin, But no door opened to let her in. The preacher prayed that she might be forgiven, But told her to look for mercy—in Heaven. For this is the law of the earth, we know: That the woman is stoned, while the man may go. A brave man wedded her, after all, But the world said, frowning, "We shall not call."

OPERATIONS PERFORMED. Walter Woods, Burridge, Won Spread at Bazaar. Westport, Dec. 3.—Mrs. Manford Blair underwent a successful operation for gonorrhea on Saturday last in the Toronto Hospital. Dr. A. L. Lockwood, performed the operation. Vincent Brown, Bedford Mills, underwent a successful operation for appendicitis at the Kingston General hospital on Saturday. A number of radio sets are being installed in Westport and vicinity. All the Sunday schools are busy preparing Christmas programmes and they promise to be very interesting. The embroidered bed spread donated by Miss Florence Simcoe and drawn for at the bazaar held by the Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's church on Saturday, was won by Walter Woods, Burridge. Dr. H. J. Fahey, Belleville, who has been very ill in the Kingston

GRANDMA NEVER LET HER HAIR GET GRAY advertisement for Gray's Syrup and Red Spruce Gum.

Her Father's Bark

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

The proprietor of Shadow Mountain Inn sat at his breakfast table alternately opening mail and stowing away a substantial meal. It was so decidedly pre-season that he and his daughter Sylvia were the only occupants of the big dining room, which was built out over the lake and afforded an appetite-stimulating view of blue lake, forested islands and dim hay peaks backgrounding the lower hills of the opposite shore. Sylvia, immersed in her own thoughts, paid little attention to her father's running commentary on his correspondence, which dealt mostly with the reservations of would-be vacationists at the inn. Suddenly, however, she jumped. "Dad!" she exclaimed in startled wonder, for her father had uttered a peppy remark about the table with clenched teeth and regarding an open letter with wrath that threatened to become even more explosive. "What is it, dad?" "Of all the cast-iron nerves," thundered her father, "wants a job, does he? Had the pleasure of talking to him, would he? Well, he shall, and hear what I think of him. Soaked me twenty dollars for towing me last summer because an idiot nephew doesn't know a crank shaft from a piston ring." "Drake Stuart," slipped the letter over to his daughter, still growling. The incident still rankled. It had occurred the previous summer when Carter Stuart, Drake's nephew, whom he had hired to run his party launch through a white infatuation. His party, growing restless, hailed a passing boat, which wheeled them aboard but could not tow the larger launch. Promising to send help from the inn, the passengers departed. Darkness was fast falling when a powerful motor boat swung into the bay. Carter described the episode to his uncle with bitterness. "One of those rich guys from the harbor. It was blowing up some and I told him I was up against it, but he wanted to know what I was doing. He haggled and he held out for fifteen, but when I gave in and he got me here he stuck out for twenty—said that was the bargain. Nothing for it, uncle, but to turn over my week's wages that I happened to have with me. What can you do about it? Not my fault!"

of course, what uncle had done had been to reimburse him, but between what he called his aggrieved relative and the rich guy from the harbor his vocabulary of smarting epithets was well-nigh depleted. Twenty dollars for an eight-mile tow! And now this letter. Sylvia was reading it. "Dear Mr. Stuart,—Can you find me a job this summer? I'll do anything, but running your party boat would most hit me. Had the pleasure of towing the Shirley last summer. Would like to have a talk with you about it? Not my fault!" "John Griswold!" said Sylvia to herself in amazement. Then aloud: "Didn't the Griswolds lose their money or something recently?" Her father nodded. "Yep—guess so. He's a rich guy, but he's got no job at present, but—" and he laid ominous emphasis on the words. "I'd be glad to have a talk with him!" Sylvia, who acted as her father's clerk until the regular occupant of the position arrived, sat long over the compass telephone that day, talking with Griswold, with whom she was not acquainted. She had thought the towing business rather shabby, but he danced—oh, wonderfully! And he smiled—oh, gloriously! When John received her note, he smiled contentedly. "Would like to talk with him—" So far, so good. There was lots to be said. Sylvia was down on the dock painting her canoe on the late June morning that he arrived. She saw him swing up the veranda and disappear so evenly. Her heart, beating, she laid down her brush, followed him to the office door, and listened shamelessly. A moment later she crimsoned and fled in shame and dismay. Oh, how could she! A grievance nursed all winter, a long compass telephone that day, talking of the past ten years was retiring from chafing, a delayed consignment of cantaloupes—they all combined to make Drake Stuart the personification of anger. "Well—well—well! Here's the young bandit that stung me to the tune of twenty dollars for towing my Shirley, that my unambukal nephew didn't know merely had a loose wire! Don't you know the towing rates on this lake, young man? I've been just dying to find out who the blankety-blank robber was and tell him what I thought of him. Taking advantage—"

It was right here that Sylvia had had and that Griswold had interrupted. "Look here, Mr. Stuart, you've got the wrong man. I towed the Shirley, but as for taking a cent—" "Never was towed but the once," thundered the other. "Don't lie—" The young fellow's eyes blazed. "Careful, please. Not one cent. Who told you any such nonsense? That fellow you had running the launch?" "My nephew?" said Stuart. "You insinuate that my nephew—" "You called him a unambukal nephew," the other reminded him pleasantly. "Perhaps he is a scrotal as well." Stuart choked, then seemed troubled. This young man confronting him had a way with him and a level

The Only Way

To Test Tea is to Taste it.

"SALADA"

Natural Leaf Green Tea is proving a revelation to those who have been users of Japans.

TRY IT—YOU WILL LIKE IT

Death of a Young Woman. Pittsford, Nov. 30.—A gloom was cast over this community on Monday, when word was received that Miss Viola Gillespie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gillespie, Woodburn, had passed into eternal rest after an illness of over two years. The late Miss Gillespie was nineteen years old and was a general favorite with everyone. Her sweet disposition won for her many friends who deeply mourn her death. She was a member of Woodburn Methodist church and before her illness took an active part in all the church's activities. She leaves to mourn her loss her parents and little sister Dorothy. The funeral service was held at her home on Wednesday afternoon and was conducted by Rev. W. E. Long, Easton's Corners.

Mrs. Stillman Confident. New York, Dec. 5.—Mrs. James A. Stillman will not be in court on Wednesday when Mr. Stillman's appeal to set aside the judgment against him in his recent divorce suit comes up for hearing. Mrs. Stillman, confident of victory, is spending about ten days in New York shopping, and will then return to Grand Anse, Que., for an old-fashioned Christmas in company with James "Bud" Stillman, her oldest son; Alexander, the second, and Baby Guy.

WE TAKE ALL, GIVE NOTHING.

Destroy Forests, Sea Food, Etc., Without Thought of Replenishing. Once more the scientists and publicists are tuning up their voices to sing a song of warning against waste. One gathers that civilization is spending its capital like a drunkard sailor, destroying forests, animals, sea food and all the rest of it, without proper care to refertilize the earth with a tithe of the goods extracted.

Such conduct would have been irreligious in ancient times. To-day we call it uneconomic. The language has changed from that of the heart to that of the head, but the crusaders for conservation of national resources would not be sorry if we could get back enough of the old-fashioned feeling to keep us from starving our mother planet.

When the wise men of Athens used to pour upon the ground a libation to the gods before draining their goblets in the free and hearty fashion of those times, what did they suppose they thought they were doing?

The custom was a dramatization of the fulfillment of man's sacred obligation to replenish the earth. To-day that obligation is no longer sacred. It has become an academic question for the economist to worry over, or the forester, or somebody. The forests are disappearing, greatly to the detriment of soil, climate and the earth's future fertility. But it isn't a religious question.

The latest example of our criminal waste has just been announced by the United States Bureau of Fisheries. We're exhausting our oyster supply so far as the Maryland oyster beds are concerned. How? By not pouring the empty shells back into the waters where the oysters breed, so that the young oysters may have a firm foundation to cling to while growing large enough to grace a banquet.

Jet Used Ages Ago. Jet has been used for ornamental purposes since prehistoric times. According to Pliny, the name is derived from a river or town in Lydia called Gagas, hence the term "gagates," which has been gradually shortened to "jet." Buttons, rings, amulets and other jet ornaments have been found in barrows of the bronze age in England. Jet seems to have been valued by the metamorphosis of wood. Minute examination discloses woody structure, and the general structure of coniferous wood. When rubbed it acquires a static charge and draws particles toward it from his property. It has probably acquired the name "black amber." It ignites readily. The value of the total annual world production of jet is estimated at only \$20,000.

When Noah Fished. In a public school recently the children were called upon to write an essay, and at the appointed time little Hugh submitted an effusion on the ark, in which he made the statement that Noah fished one day for about five minutes. When the teacher looked over the composition she was not a little puzzled. She couldn't understand why anybody fond of piscatorial sport should give up in so short a time. "Hugh," she remarked, looking up from the essay, "you say that Noah fished for only five minutes?" "Because," was the prompt explanation of Hugh, "he didn't have but two worms."—Harper's Weekly.

Ready to Concede. An army officer tells of a friendly argument that arose between two young chaplains of different denominations, in which the senior chaplain cleverly got the better of his opponent. "Let us bury the hatchet, my brother," he said. "After all, we are both doing the Lord's work, are we not?" "We certainly are," replied the junior chaplain, quite unarmad. "Let us, then," said the senior, "do it to the best of our ability, you in your way and I in His."—Harper's.

Her Short-Range Experience. From a story—"Trix was but a frail child and this life of sin and infancy was all she had ever known."

Rowing Coach—You want to come out for the crew? Hub! Ever rowed before? Candidate—Only a horse, sir.

Advertisement for "SALADA" Natural Leaf Green Tea, including a testimonial from Mrs. Stillman.

Advertisement for Constipation with Kellogg's Bran, including a testimonial from a woman.

Advertisement for Ladies' Over-Gaiters and The Sawyer Shoe Store.

Advertisement for Peerless Erasmic Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and a child.