

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

Tonight —
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Efficient Housekeeping
by Laura A. Kirkman

TOMORROW'S MENU

Breakfast
Grapefruit
Cereal

Coffee, Sausages and Bacon
Popovers

Luncheon
Apple Slump
Wholewheat Bread

Tea Peanut Butter

Dinner
Corned Beef
Boiled Potatoes Cabbage
Beet Salad

Coffee Tapioca Pudding

ANSWERED LETTERS

Newly-Wed: "I am giving a party to some of our married friends. I have planned to introduce two new games I have heard of, but I want a third game. Could you suggest one played with a pack of cards or with the old-fashioned 'Anagrams'?"

I do not want to buy new materials to play it with but have these.

Answer: People are now playing a new game with the old-fashioned Anagrams. Here are the directions: The players sit around a table on which the small blocks (or cards) containing the letters of the alphabet, are turned face down. The leader turns up one of these letters and says: "Bird." All the other players must immediately try to think of the name of some bird which begins with the letter the leader has turned up. For instance, if the turned-up letter happens to be "O," someone will shout "Ostrich" or "Ostrich" or "Osprey."

The general classification announced by the one who turns up the letter, need not necessarily be limited to birds. Other classifications such as "Famous Men," "Animals," "Fish," "Cities," or any others, may be used. Each player has a turn at selecting a letter and announcing a classification (indeed, this game may be continued indefinitely, each player having several turns, if desired). The contestant who shouts

out first the name of a bird, famous man, animal, fish, etcetera, beginning with the letter turned up is given the letter. And the person who gets the most letters in this way, wins the game.

Mrs. A.: "I have draw-curtains between my dining room and living room but am troubled with their not sliding smoothly on the pole. What is the cause of this? They slid smoothly when I first put them up."

Answer: The moisture in the air, combined with the natural accumulations of dust, form a deposit on the pole which prevents the curtains sliding smoothly. To overcome this condition, rub your pole, if it is brass, once every two weeks with a cloth slightly moistened with sewing machine oil, taking care not to leave enough oil on the surface to give a greasy feeling when your fingers are passed over it. If your pole is wood, however, rub it once a month with a waxy paste (or any kind of softened wax), polishing it thoroughly after application.

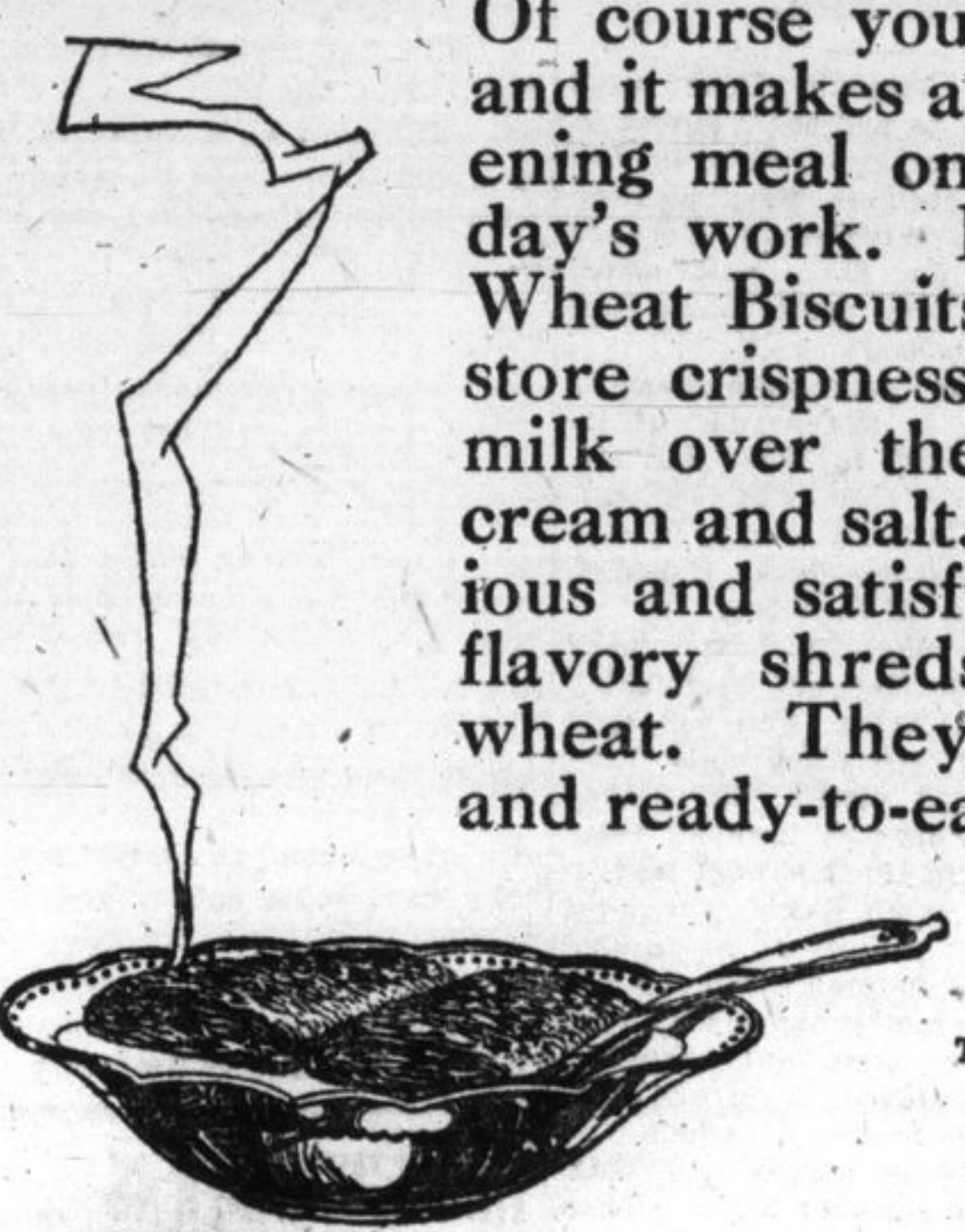
Mother - Housekeeper: "How is Javell water made?"

Answer: Javell Water: Dissolve one pound of washing soda in one quart of boiling water. Also dissolve one-half pound of chloride of lime in two quarts of cold water. Pour the clear portion of the lime solution into the soda solution and let stand to settle. Bottle and keep in a dark place.

Tomorrow:—Some Good Italian Dishes.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Kirkman in care of the "Efficient Housekeeping" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question. Be sure to use YOUR full name, street number, and the name of your city and province. —The Editor.

Serve it hot



Of course you can serve it hot—and it makes a satisfying, strengthening meal on which to start the day's work. Heat two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness and then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and salt. Nothing so delicious and satisfying as these crisp, flavory shreds of baked whole wheat. They are ready-cooked and ready-to-eat.

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SERVANT TO COUNTESS

MYSTERY MARRIAGE OF A CARDIFF GIRL.

Young Naval Lieutenant Weds Musical Comedy Artist Who Was the Wife of London Photographer Who Was Still Alive—Story Told by Welsh Uncle of the Girl.

Romance is piled on romance in the story of the mystery-marriage of the eighth Earl of Breadalbane, who died in a Boscombe nursing home.

The widowed "countess" is now proved to be no countess at all, but the wife of a photographer, named Edwards. At one time she lived at Cardiff. Her "marriage" to Lieutenant Campbell, who became the eighth earl, was, it is alleged, bigamous.

Few people knew that the young earl—he was 37—was "married."

In September, 1916, James Edward Herbert Campbell, a naval lieutenant, took a pretty, young musical comedy artiste, Marie Laura Reeves-Hunt, to the St. Giles Register Office, Bloomsbury, and married her. Lieutenant Campbell became the eighth Earl of Breadalbane last year, and Marie Laura Campbell became a countess.

They lived together as Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, and when Mr. Campbell, nephew of the seventh earl, succeeded to the title, they went to live at Bournemouth. They were known to Bournemouth simply as Mr. and Mrs. Campbell.

Now comes the startling denouement and the story of the alleged bigamous marriage.

The "countess" as a girl, lived in Cardiff. When her mother died, the orphan was cared for and brought up by a Mrs. Reeves, whose name Marie subsequently adopted.

After leaving school Marie became a domestic servant in the home of a Mrs. Edwards. She was a prepossessing girl, and Mrs. Edwards' son, Benjamin James, fell in love with her. They were married at a Bristol register office on September 3, 1916.

They went to London, but apparently their married life was not happy. Ultimately she left her husband and went to live in the neighborhood of Russell square.

She joined a theatrical touring company and presently appeared on the boards at the Gaiety. It was at that time she met Lieutenant Campbell, and "married" him, possibly having had reason to believe that her first husband was dead.

Mr. Campbell was anything but wealthy.

They appeared to be a devoted couple. As "Mr. and Mrs. Campbell" life was all roses. They smooched together at hard times. He worked in Woolwich Arsenal on munitions.

One day as the young husband, whose health was far from robust, stopped down to pick up his pet dog, he had a seizure of some kind. A doctor was called in. It was necessary to remove him to a nursing home.

His mother, Lady Margaret Campbell, frequently came to see him. The young wife was constantly at his side. Devoted to the end, she was grief-stricken at his death.

A distant cousin, Captain Charles William Campbell, inherited the

title. Relatives of the late earl began many inquiries concerning the antecedents of the widowed "countess."

Then came the revelation that the marriage was illegal, and that Mr. Edwards, the photographer, is still alive.

An uncle living in Cardiff tells a peculiar story.

Years ago his sister married a William Hunt, who hailed, he thought from the Midlands, and she came to Cardiff for the birth of her child. The mother died in confinement, and Reeve and his wife adopted the baby girl and brought her up as their own child.

She was given the name of Marie Reeve. When she left school, she went into domestic service with a Cardiff family named Edwards, and eventually went to Bristol with a son of her employer, where they were married at the register office.

From Bristol the company went to London, but the marriage was not a happy one, and they parted. Mrs. Edwards was of prepossessing appearance, and joined a theatrical touring party for a short time.

She then returned to the foster-parents at Cardiff, where she gave birth to a daughter, who was named Cleo Edwards, and who is now about seventeen years of age and is acting as housekeeper for Mr. Reeve, whose wife died a year ago.

For the next ten years Mrs. Edwards wrote regularly, and often visited the Reeves.

She was still on the stage, and her uncle and aunt understood that her husband was dead. Seven years ago they lost all trace of her.

"We brought the mother up from a baby," said Mr. Reeve, "and after she left us, and got married, she returned to us for the birth of her baby. We looked after the child. She is now seventeen years of age."

"The first news I had of her for seven years was when I saw her picture in the newspaper after the death of the Earl of Breadalbane. I have heard nothing from her direct."

Toronto Telegram.

Cave Woman Was Boss.

Old-fashioned ideas as to man's supremacy in the days when the earth was young have had a rude jolt according to an eminent statement of ancient manners and customs. It is now declared that woman, in the days of our cave-dwelling ancestors, was regarded as of the more important sex. Men held a secondary position, tolerated for the sake of the food and skins provided. Women ruled, and were the inventors of the earliest arts and sciences. It was the woman's ingenuity which devised means for storing food against times of scarcity. Women taught ways of making clothing from skins of animals, and by the efforts of their brains improved the lot of all the human race. Woman's cunning and wit were the outcome of her lack of physical strength, which obliged her to resort to strategy rather than force. On the whole, the prehistoric woman apparently held the same position and ruled man in the same manner that she does to-day. Man possibly thought he was boss, but so long as he didn't know any better, what difference did it make.

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Miss Hope Thompson, twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Thompson, Belleville, had the misfortune to break her left arm above the wrist on Friday, when she slipped while skating. A coward calls himself cautious and a miser thrifty.

Often at night come thoughts of wrongs done. Men call them nightmares.

Frank explanations with friends ways ends badly. It takes away much of the flavor of a perishing friendship and even of life to live amongst those with whom one has not anything like first, but secret discontentment; alone's fair value.

G. Lazier is the new president of the Shannonville Agricultural Society for the coming year. Law is the embodiment of the moral sentiment of the people.