

## A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

There's only one way to wash woollens, flannels, and filmy fabrics absolutely clean without injury: The

**LUX**

way. LUX softens hard water—gives a rich, cream-like lather which the daintiest hands or filmiest fabrics need never fear. LUX coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes.

Won't Shrink Woollens

10c

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.

In hot, summer weather, use less water in making jelly powders. Even then they will scarcely "set" unless placed on ice, or on the cellar floor.

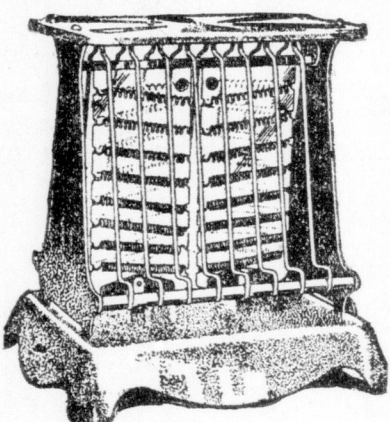
A Limited Number of Guaranteed

**Hydro-Electric Toasters**

Now On Sale For

**\$2.49**

Regular Price, \$3.25



Get Yours Today!

If you wish to get one of these splendid Toasters don't delay! You'd better get it today, as we have only a limited number and they won't last long at this low price.

Makes 20 Slices of Toast for One Cent's Worth of Electricity.

**THE HYDRO SHOP**  
PHONE 3180

Pack "ENO'S" First!

YOU cannot take a better travelling-companion than "ENO'S" when off for a trip. It is your health-insurance during the time you are away—and prevents train and sea-sickness. You should pack—

**ENO'S FRUIT SALT**

in your grip or suitcase as surely as you do any other necessary article. Errors in diet, and change in mode of living while travelling, often result in disorders of the stomach. "ENO'S" quickly corrects any irregularities and keeps you healthy. Never travel without ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

Prepared only by J.C. ENO, Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, LONDON, Eng.

Sole Agents for North America HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO. LIMITED 19 McCaul Street, Toronto (11)

Beware of Substitutes

## 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 letter can be answered privately.]

Is She Naughty?

Dear Miss Grey—This is the first letter I have written to your Mail-Box. It is a very interesting page to me.

1. I am 12 years old, and have tried for the fourth week. Do you think I am far enough advanced in school for my age?

2. I would like the words of "Our Hired Girl" and "Every Nation Has a Flag But the Coon."

3. The old, old question: What do you think of my writing?

4. May I call again?

NAUGHTY FLOSSIE.

P. S.—Could you please publish the song and recitation?—S. P.

Ans.—I think you are doing fairly well.

2. Referred to readers. I think that "Lost Heiress" offered the song you ask for.

3. You write very nicely.

4. Yes—if you'll promise to be a good girl. We have some stern schoolmarm among the "Cynthians," you know.

5. Cannot promise until I read them. Somehow the title of the song doesn't sound very attractive for our page.

"North Star" Beams In.

Dear Miss Grey—I guess you will think I have forgotten the Mail-Box completely, but not so, for I have been reading it all the time. I haven't written since I received the cosmos seeds; they are now almost half a foot high.

I think "Aunt Annie" must be a dear old lady. I did like the look of her picture. I wonder where "Stranger" has gone? I sent her some gum flags some time ago, and she was to send me some patches in exchange. I hope she sees

this, as I would like very much to get some. Where is "C. A."? I love to read her letters. She must be some sport. Come along, "C. A.," and cheer up the Mail-Box readers once more.

I read in the Mail-Box column where someone had some silk and velvet patches to dispose of. I just forgot her penname, but I would be pleased to get a few of them. I will send postage for them if you have any for me; and also sending 3 cents in stamps for the cosmos seeds I received. Please, Miss Grey, pass your opinion on my writing. I know it is simply dreadful, so won't be surprised if you say it is the worst you have seen yet.

Well, success to the Mail-Box and yourself.

Ans.—Oddly enough, I was thinking of you just recently, and wondering if you were a "deserter." Pleased that your cosmos grew so well; mine are doing nicely, too.

It was "Wynne" who offered patches, and she has had more applications than she can fill. But I hope someone else may have some for you.

No, honestly, I have seen worse writing than yours—much worse. About the poorest writing I receive is from some of our fourteeners and sixteeners! I blush to tell it.

Thanks "Mother of Four."

Dear Miss Grey—Received the quilt designs which you forwarded, and I wish to extend my thanks to "Mother of Four" for sending so many pretty designs.

I noticed in your column, where "Wynne" has sent "Mother of Four" patches. What kind of patches does she want? Maybe I could send her some, as I would like to return the kindness some way. I have a good warm spot in my heart for her, as you, too, am a mother of four. Yours sincerely,

SUNNY SUSAN.

Ans.—It was silk, satin, and velvet patches that "Wynne" offered, so I presume that was the kind "Mother of Four" made application for. She will be glad to see your note of appreciation. I am sure.

Word for Prohibition.

Dear Miss Grey,—As I was used kindly when I was here before, I am sending the bishop used on the question. He said it was essentially a question of political economy, and not of religion; that it stands condemned as a method of advancing the kingdom of Christ, and that it must be based on something else besides Christianity. He says there is not a single warrant in Christ's teaching to justify in using compulsion in ordering other men's lives.

Now, Miss Grey, we know compulsion has to be used in our day; the trouble is, it is generally after the mischief is done. Christ used compulsion when he made a scourge of small cords and drove the people out of the temple for desecrating the place of worship; he condemned sin wherever he met it, and if the drunkard isn't the worst kind of a sinner, for he had no regard for God or man. In that case it advances the kingdom of evil, for it is the direct cause of all the murders,

As he looked at the work-worn hands of the dead, "The house is large and the children small. One pair of hands could not do it all." "We tried a girl for two or three days. But I couldn't stand her dirty ways. Jane was patient, and thought she'd learn. But she broke far more than she could earn. Of course, we always had Miss Frame out here for a week when the children came. And I tell you I hated to pay, for a week's board for a girl who couldn't do a dollar a day to that old freak. The house was in one continual row. 'O! I know what I'm in for now.'"

"I suppose you always told your wife that she was the joy and pride of your life. That home wasn't home without her face. And how much you missed her from her place!"

"Well, maybe I didn't say so straight. But I said things that were in an awful state. And I was tired of cold boiled tea. And Miss Frame couldn't quit too soon for me. I told her my mother was never in bread. Two days in her life, till she lay there dead—I've often and often heard that told—She died when I was two days old."

"A splendid helpmate to you was given. You have children, too?" "Yes, six or seven. The youngest of them has not been strong. We never knew just what was wrong. See, here are the kids;" and in two short rows, Six children sat in their Sunday clothes. Kind-faced women were busy there, Bestowing upon them unwanted care. But the sad old wonder was in their eyes. Which only comes when a mother dies. The little one with the withered hand. Nobody thought he could understand; But he gathered up the air of gloom. And his voice rang out in that quiet room; If ever a baby spoke despair, That little one cried: "It is not fair!" "Come out awhile," the father said. "That kid's sharp voice goes through my head."

Outside was a day of sparkling sun. Which was an old winter's day are done—The cattle fed at the oat straw stacks, Enjoying the sunshine on their backs, And fat pigs did long tunnelling stunts. Filling the air with contented grunts: A young colt frolicked beside the mare, That lazily yawned in the soft spring air. As she nosed it about with motherly care; While hens and roosters cackled and crew. And openly conspired of prospects, too. [To Be Continued Tomorrow.]

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## Daily Bible Question Club

By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D. (All Rights Reserved.)

"Search the Scriptures—they are they which testify of me."—Jesus.

The six daily studies for this week constitute the International S. S. Lesson for next Sunday. Read the Bible story on which this study is based as you ponder the following questions:

Lessons for Sunday, July 23, 1916—PAUL AT CORINTH. Acts xviii, 1-22. Golden Text: Be not afraid, but speak and hold not thy peace. Acts xviii, 9.

20. Verses 9-11. Do Christians speak as much as they ought for Christ today, and is there any fear of being hurt by speaking for him?

21. Verses 12-17. Can any man expect, even in these days, to be unflinchingly faithful to God and not make some people angry? Why?

22. How do you estimate the character of this man Gallio, and what is there in him worthy of imitation?

23. Verses 18-22. SUM UP THE RESULTS OF PAUL'S EFFORTS AS REVEALED IN THIS LESSON.

One of the questions which may be answered in writing by members of the club.

Lesson for Sunday, July 23, 1916—THE WORD OF THE CROSS. I Corinthians, i, 1; ii, 5.

suicides, accidents and every other immorality that is going on.

Then the bishop says, "Will it pay to abolish the liquor traffic?" If so, the state has a perfect right to enforce it, even with the power of the sword.

That would be rather a fierce way to enforce it. My opinion is, if the church or God would wake up and fight this accursed traffic they would be advancing the kingdom of Christ and bringing happiness to many a home. We read that in some dry towns the jails are empty; that is a good argument in favor of prohibition. Now, Miss Grey, please excuse all mistakes, and pardon me for taking up so much of your valuable time. Yours very truly,

SEVENTY.

Mrs. Homebird's Rosejar.

Dear Miss Grey—About three weeks ago—June 26, to be exact—I sent in a quilt block for "Aunt Nannie's" love quilt, a letter and also a small contribution towards the expenses. As I have not seen the letter or the receipt of the quilt block noted, I became anxious. At first I thought you might be loaded up with letters, but since I have not heard from you, I am afraid mine has become mislaid. Please let me know, as I should not like to be out of the quilt. May I tell "Eurydice" I made my rose jar? Every day as soon as the dew had dried off I gathered the petals, and while fresh—do not dry them—I packed them in a small crock, two inches of rose petals, then a tablespoon of fine salt, and laid over them a small plate, weighted down. When the roses were gone I let them stand a week after the last ones were added; then turned them out on the table and tossed them around with my hands to loosen them up. Then I packed them in a jar, holding about two quarts, with one ounce allspice, six ounces sugar, and one ounce of namon (all the spices whole), and 50 cents worth of mixed sachet powder, rose, violet and heliotrope, putting in layers of the rose petals with the spices and powder between the sachet. The roses died out in about a year, but after four years, when I set the open jar in the room it is not long till the

sweet faint smell of roses carries you into the good old summer time even at Christmas. Hoping nothing has happened my former letter, I will make this one short. MRS. HOMEBIRD.

Ans.—Dear Lady, your letter never reached me, I'm sorry to say. Do you think there's a possibility of the postage being insufficient? Several letters containing blocks have been held up in this way lately, and this blessed newspaper has had to pay double postage on the same, until the office "heads" are grumbling. Certainly sorry if your block is among the "missing."

The Mail-Box sends its best love to the "wee birdie."

Welcome Back.

Dear Miss Grey—I just simply had to drop in and congratulate you on your success with the Mail-Box. It has grown so since my vacation last year. I hardly think you will recognize the writing, but I am again visiting in the old Stone Town of St. Mary's.

Hoping I haven't taken up too much room and wishing you and all your readers success, and as good a time, when on your vacation, as I am having. I am, as before, TORONTONIAN.

Ans.—Glad to see you again, "Queen City's" give her a real Mail-Box hand-shake all around, you folks, and hand her a fan. It's nice to hear that you think the Mail-Box a "success." For sometimes, you know, one has doubts. Hope your vacation, continuing to be pleasant—and here's looking for a visit from you next year.

Christmas Gifts.

Dear Miss Grey—Please answer these questions:

1. I am making a cushion, and I ran out of flags, and I would like to get some more. Any kind will do.

2. Could any of the readers loan me the book called, "A Noble Lord"? It is a sequel to "The Lost Heir of Lillithgow." If anyone will loan me this I will copy any of the following songs: "Mill Stream," "Genevieve," "Nellie"

3. I would like a song, a few words of which go like this: "Mother is the battle over? 'Thousands have been slain, they say.'"

4. What do you think of my writing?

5. May I call again?

I will sign myself, LOVER OF FLOWERS 2.

Ans.—Your block is very nice, I think. Am sure there was no need to make another. The rest of your letter is being discussed and considered, and I shall let you know the result later on.

Newcomers Welcome.

Dear Miss Grey—I am a newcomer to your Mail-Box, and hope I am welcome. If not, let me know. I am sending a song asked for by several Mail-Box readers.

1. What day did July 18, 1908, fall on?

2. Have you any gum flags? If so, will you let me know through the Mail-Box, and I will forward my address for them.

3. Did Lord Kitchener have a military funeral?

4. I would like a song, a few words of which go like this: "Mother is the battle over? 'Thousands have been slain, they say.'"

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6. May I call again?

I will sign myself, MISS GREY'S TRUE FRIEND.

Ans.—1. A Saturday.

2. None on hand just now. Sorry to disappoint a "true friend."

3. Do you mean a memorial service? Yes.

4. This was printed the other day.

5. It's not very good.

6. Yes; our new readers are always welcome.

## ADVERTISER PATTERNS

No. 1342—A Practical Garment—Ladies' Apron, With or Without Band Trimming.

This appropriate design will be found nearly every day in the wardrobe of a woman. It is cut in three sizes: small, medium and large. It requires 5 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT. Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to:

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Caution: Be careful to inclose the good illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, please enclose a recent photograph, whatever it may be. When in bust measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be, be sure to give waist and longest measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the bust. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from date of application.

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