

A Page

Cynthia Grey's Daily Mail Box.
Talks on Styles We'll Be Wearing.
Recipes by Advertiser Readers.

For

Series on Backyard Gardening.
Activities of London Women.
Items of General Interest.

Women

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.]

Thoughtful "Tubby."
Dear Miss Grey—Some time ago I noticed a request in your "Mail Box" for a recipe entitled, "Nellie's Prayer." I do not remember who was

The advantages of institutional over private teaching are many and indisputable. One of the most important of these is the guarantee of efficiency on the part of the teaching staff. Every teacher, in addition to the faculty of the London Conservatory, must be fully qualified on three points—playing ability, teaching ability, and the ability to hold the pupil's attention and interest. In addition to which every teacher must possess a pleasing personality, and a genuine love for the work of teaching.

London Conservatory of Music

354-6 Dundas St. Phone 1101.
Lottie L. Armstrong, Regis.
Tr. L. Willigose, Mus.
Bac. (Dunelm), Principal.



"Oh, Goody! An Irish Jelly"

She calls it Irish, because it is a beautiful green jelly. And it is easier, too, to say Irish than Pistachio, which is the name of this particular kind of delicious

Shirriff's Jelly

There are many other delightful flavors that girls and boys, mothers and fathers will enjoy. Also many delicious ways of combining fruits, preserves, etc., with Shirriff's Jelly. See recipes in the packages.

FREE

Aluminum jelly moulds are given free to users of Shirriff's Jelly. See particulars inside packages.

"I wonder if I can get away with it."

REGAL

"Made in Canada"
Table Salt

Be practically patriotic. See everything you buy—whether it costs 10c. or \$1,000—is "Made in Canada."

Free Running
"REGAL" Salt is made in Canada by Canadians, and it is an ideal salt for the table because it stays dry and free running the year round.

EXILED PRINCESS FINDS HOME IN ENGLAND



Princess Marie Louise

PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE OF VENEDOME, NIECE OF ALBERT OF BELGIUM, NOW AN EXILE IN ENGLAND.

of the dainty ivory. Have any of our readers found a remedy for the trouble?

1. Monday.

2. Quite excellent. Should take you beyond that I do not think my writing is sufficiently characteristic to judge.

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100. I guess so.

Mark into squares before the taffy hardens.

Songs Asked For.

Dear Miss Grey—We are constant readers of your paper. This is the first time I have written to you. Can any of the readers supply these two old songs: The chorus starts with: "There are many sad and weary eyes in this pleasant world of ours."

This song is called "Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers?"

The next old song is called "Baby, Baby." I think it is a last verse.

"Baby, baby, close your pretty, close your pretty blue eyes;

Angels, angels, watch you o'er the sky my darling."

Yours truly, L. A.

Ans.—Referred to readers.

She is Ambitious.

Answer to Nurse—Address your letter to the lady superintendent of any of these training schools: Victoria, Hospital, London; St. Joseph's Hospital, Toronto; Sick Children's Hospital, London. A blank will be sent to you to fill out with information regarding your qualifications, and also containing full particulars of the course. Sometimes an applicant has to wait for a while before a vacancy occurs.

I hope Nurse, that your ambition may be realized.

He Cannot Be Beat.

Dear Miss Grey—I have read so many different letters in your daily paper, and certainly enjoy reading them. You do serve credit to your part for giving such good advice to the different questions put before you.

It's the old married women that make me laugh with their troubles. I am married myself for the last five years, being married at 20. Time just simply flies this last five years, as I have enjoyed my married life so much indeed, and my husband cannot be beat. He is only a common farmer, but we take in all kinds of crops, more than before we were married. I have never had a chance to regret my step in life so far. I have two nice children to boot, one a boy and one a girl, nearly 2. Regarding being married at 19, one might better gather their crumbs together while young.

OLD SPORT.

Mother Sang Them.

Dear Miss Grey—I am coming to you the same as a lot of readers, to see if you can get me some old songs or if any of your readers who know them will send them to you, and I will send address, for if I remember right, they are all long. I do not remember the name of any, only a few words here and there. Mother used to sing them when I was a wee child. I think they were English songs, for she learned them from her father, and he was born and raised in England. Following are some lines of each:

"Way down yonder valley, forsaken, all alone,

There stands a little cottage with blooming vines overgrown,

Look into the window, and see the blood stains on the floor,

Oh, mightily is the blood of poor Fanny Moore."

Another one is:

"Oh, if Johnnie he was here this night,

He'd keep me safe from harm,

But he's all in the field of battle, All in his uniform."

"My parents they have taught me, Have taught me for well,

They have taught me to be thankful To shun the gates of hell,

But their way I slighted and my own way I took,

So remember all ye young men, my name is William Cook."

And another song. It is about a lady and robbers. Two lines are all I can remember:

"There were three loaded pistols, Some powder and some shot,

Now for a few questions. What day of the week did the following dates fall on: September 29, 1858; May 2, 1859; April 27, 1882; November 15, 1886. Thanking you in advance, I remain, E. A. STRATFORD.

Ans.—1. Requests for songs referred to our readers.

2. Wednesday, Monday, Thursday, Monday.

Try, Try Again.

Dear Miss Grey—Thank you, and also "Little" for the advice re baby's carriage robe. If you haven't done so too recently, would you please print a recipe for ginger snaps. My first and only attempt was perfectly horrible.

2. Speaking of the distress call "S. O. S." a friend said he thought the letters stood for "Save Our Ship."

Can you tell us if that is correct?

PEGGY ANN.

Ans.—1. I hope "Peggy Ann" that you have been successful with this:

Ginger Cookies—One cup sugar, half cup shortening, one cup molasses, half cup boiling water, one and a half tea-

spoons soda, two teaspoons ginger, one teaspoon allspice and cloves, and sufficient flour to be rolled out and cut.

2. Yes, that is the correct meaning.

Few Silly Whims.

My Dear Miss Grey—I think it was very mean for all those ladies to crush all "Silly Whims" efforts. Could you answer a few silly whims of mine?

1. What day did March 12, fourteen years back, fall on?

2. Is it or "S. O. S." you use to make your eyelashes grow long and curly, and how long would an ounce last? How much is it? Also how to apply?

3. I saw where some people wanted to name a baby. Here are some names: Eloise, Elizabeth, Leanne, Barbara, Dorothy, for boys, Billie (William), Roderick, Ted (Edward), Jack, Ian, and all sorts of family names.

What is your opinion on my scribbling?

Hoping not to be too much bother, I pass as

DEAN OR TOM.

2. Dear boy, I expect that the preparations are patent remedies. I never heard of them, and should advise you to ask at a drug store.

3. Thank you for the names you give.

4. Your writing is not so bad, only don't make "th" and "k" so much alike.

CASTS IN HER "MITE."

Dear Miss Grey,—In the Morning Advertiser I noticed "Auchentrie" asking for the words of the poem entitled, "The House by the Side of the Road."

I am only too pleased to have a chance to cast in my "mite" by sending along, and hoping it is the one wished for. I think there are still more verses to be added. Yours truly,

AYLMERITE, NO. 2.

Ans.—Many thanks, "Aylmerite" No. 2. Your clipping has been returned, as requested.

A Reader—"One who lives by the side of the road" sends a copy of the poem, including the extra verse which is missing from "Aylmerite's" copy. In answer to "A Reader's" query for a phonologist, I do not know of one in the city.

Advertiser Patterns

1261—A Dainty and Attractive Dress For Mother's Girl.

Dotted chaille in pink and green and cream ground was used in this illustration. The model is lovely for other stances. The model is lovely for other stances. The model is lovely for other stances.

soft fabrics, such as albatross, crepe, or chine, muslin or organdy, and tissue fabrics. The sleeve may be in wrist or short length, and the neck cut in low outline, or with a yoke and collar. The waist and skirt may be piped or corded, or it may be omitted. The pattern is cut in five sizes, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years.

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' patterns).....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose the above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, measure you need only use the waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a girl, give waist and length measurements. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from date of publication.

Don't ask for "tea." Specify "SALADA" and avoid the risk of getting old, dusty tea, sold for the sake of extra profit. Generous sample to prove our superiority to anyone not using "SALADA." Address postal to "SALADA," Toronto, and whether you use Black, Mixed or Green Tea, and at what price.

"THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD."

(Samuel Walter Foss.)

There are hermit souls that live with-

In the peace of their self-content;

There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart,

In a loneliness permanent;

There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths

Where few have ways never ran;

Where he live by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—

The men who are good and men who are bad,

As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorners' seat,

Or hurl the cynic's ban,

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,

By the side of the highway of life,

The men who press with the ardor of hope,

The men who are faint with the strife;

But I turn away from their smiles nor their tears—

Both parts of an infinite plan—

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened

And mountains of wearisome height;

That long road passes on through the

And stretches away to the night;

But still I rejoice when the travellers

rejoice,

And with the strangers that

Nor live in my house by the side of the road,

Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,

Where the race of men go by—

They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,

Wise, foolish—so am I.