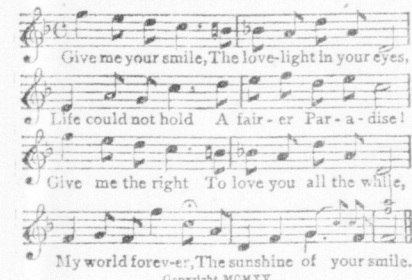


A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

NEW YORK'S NEW
CLASSICAL SONGHigh-Class Work Aimed To
Develop the Voice.

So many trashy songs are written these days that it is a relief to find a work that is an example of high-class composition. Such is a song just out, called "The Sunshine of Your Smile," which possesses a simple melody linked with a harmonic arrangement that leads the singer gradually from a low note to a stirring climax. The effect, when sung, creates quite a unique surprise. Following are a few bars of the song's refrain clipped from a copy just received.

The Sunshine of Your Smile



This is the melody without any accompaniment. The harmony has many fascinating effects which lend a charm to the work, on the order of "The Jolly" by Nevin, and Carrie Jacobs Bond's "A Perfect Day."

The song, although only recently, is being sung by many prominent singers in lyric and concert work. It contains no less than twelve different arrangements for soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, bass and mezzo voices.

SIFTO SALT
IT FLOWS

Never clog the shakers in the dampest weather.

DOMINION SALT CO. LIMITED
Sarnia, Ontario

If eyes are inflamed, one drop of
COMPASS OIL
once a day will quickly cure them.
Soothes, then soothes.

LUX Washing
Compound
WON'T SHRINK WOOLENS

HUNT'S
DIAMOND
FLOUR
ALWAYS THE SAME

CEETEE
UNDERCLOTHING
Guaranteed Not To Shrink.

FRY'S
COCOA

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.]

The Flag of Poland.

Dear Miss Grey—I am off for a short vacation today, so will not stay long. As I have the flag of Poland amongst my collection, I am inclosing it separate from the others for "W. A. R." Perhaps some other reader would like the soldier flag, as I am not collecting them. Thank you all the same, "W. A. R." Will close now, and enclose to our Mail-Box. May I call again?

JOYCE.

Ans.—The Poland flag is being sent to "W. A. R." who will be ever so pleased. I am sure. Do you know, your pen name is one of my favorite names? There's something so cheery and "jovous" in the very sound. By all means be a return visitor. May your holiday be a pleasant one.

Much In Demand.

Dear Miss Grey and Hello, Everybody. I have been for some time a very interested, if silent, reader of your page. Now, like "Spunk," I am a reader, and unfortunately am very much in demand in this hot weather, so would like very much to exchange recitations with some good-natured reader. Would like to come on especially, and in return to do some of your "Wynne" pieces. "Miss Minerva's Disappointment," "Aunt Jemima's Courtship," "Dad's Bep Plant," "The Convict's Escape" and "Asleep at the Switch."

Won't someone please come to my rescue, quick?

The following is a splendid cure for headache or catarrh, to be rubbed on and inhaled in the nostrils: 5 cents worth of camphor gum, 5 cents oil of peppermint, 10 cents white vasoline, 10 cents menthol. Dissolve the camphor gum in the vasoline on the back of the stove, adding the rest when nearly cold.

I also have a brother in khaki and Kaiser Bill a punch.

Will close with the time-honored question: What about my writing?

SAUCY KATE.

Ans.—Some of our readers, please come to Saucy Kate's aid. Mrs. Buzzy has a headache, and perhaps others, will welcome your headache cure.

As to your writing, well, S. K., I've seen better and I've seen worse. Does that verdict satisfy?

Who knows? Dear Miss Grey—Have been a reader of your page for some time and am now coming to ask a question. Some time ago there was a cure for getting printed as follows: Pure iodine 2 drachms, tincture of cantharides 2 drachms, glycerine 4 ounces, spirits of ammonia 4 ounces. Could the sender of this tell me if it takes the ink off the paper before it takes the ink away? Mother has been trying

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ADVERTISER
PATTERNS

A COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE STYLE.

1742—Girl's Summer Dress, with Guimpes having Long or Short Sleeve. This is a lovely model for summer fabrics, and its lines are so comfortable and simple. For wash fabrics it is especially attractive. With a guimpe of dotted Swiss or tulle, and the jumper of linen, poplin or repp, it would be a serviceable dress. It could be made of tulle or chamois, and a guimpe of crepe or lawn. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the guimpe, and 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress, for an 8-year 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 of child or miss's pattern.....

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

Caution: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is mailed, please use only mark 22, 24 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss's or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "Inches" or "Years." Patterns must reach you in less than one week from date of application.

Dear Miss Grey—Could you or any of your helpful readers supply me with words and music for a Scotch song entitled "A Highlandman's Toast." The chorus runs as follows:

"Here's the health, the hills and the heather,
The hammer, the plaid, the kilt and the feather,
Here's the health, the hills and the heather,
The hammer, the plaid, the kilt and the feather."

May their names never die in a Highlandman's toast.

Thanking you in advance, and wishing you and all the readers the best of luck, I will sign myself,
ONE OF YOUR MANY SCOTCH READERS

Ans.—Can anyone prove a friend in need, and supply this Scotch reader with the toast? Now don't crowd!

Who Should Sit Where?
Dear Miss Grey—If a young gentleman is taking his lady friend (whom he has been going with for some time), to a garden party or drive in an auto, and his sister goes also, should the

lady and gentleman sit in the front seat of the car and sister in the back seat, or do you think the sister and girl should sit in the back seat? A much-discussed question. Thanking you in advance, I remain,
A READER.

Ans.—I'll vote with both hands raised—both girls should sit in the back seat! Now, have I started a riot?

Blustering March Wind.
Dear Miss Grey—Acting upon your kind little hint, here comes a blast of March wind, in July, just think of it! Doesn't the very thought of me being married, for thinking of me being married, and red noses. Think of me and be glad you won't feel my icy breath for a few months yet. You know there are pleasures in dog days, don't you? Let's try to find 'em.

Now, "Mrs. Homebird," where art thou—not seeking revenge upon that big Irish husband of yours and "Roe" of Sharon, I hope. Oh, these husbands and these big Irish husbands!

Hope "Mrs. Gay" has improved in health, and that all the Mail-Box circle may keep well and strong, able to fill the corner allotted to them during this war, which is trying the nation to its utmost. What a relieving there will be when peace is again a reality.

With best wishes to Miss Grey and all, I remain,
TORY.

If stung by a bee, wet the blue tag and apply.

Ans.—For a convalescent, you did wonderfully well, in fact, had you not told me your hands trembled, I should

The Joy of a Vacation may be turned to the sorrow that comes from indigestion. The battle with notel menus is a losing one for the man with a weak stomach. Happy is the man who listens to the call of the wild—who goes fishing, hunting and canoeing—who takes with him Triscuit, the Shredded Whole Wheat wafer. Triscuit is made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked. A tasty Summer snack, supplying the greatest amount of nutriment in smallest bulk. Delicious with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

Made in Canada

Daily Bible
Question ClubBy Rev. T. S. Linscott, D. D.
(All Rights Reserved.)

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:

"The Grace of Giving." II Cor. ix. Golden Text—In all things I give you an example, that so laboring ye ought to help the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, that he himself said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts, 20:35.

10. Verse 8. Call to mind the liberal givers you have known and compare their financial positions now with, say, ten or twenty years ago, and say whether they are richer or poorer?

11. Verse 7. What does Jesus command concerning giving?

12. Should a man give according to his feeling, or give by rule, and if the latter, what should be the rule and why? all necessary money to come to us, but what absolute assurance is there, that he will do so?

The vera deli is in them sometimes. Me? I know. I have one too—Irish.

Well, "Rose of Sharon," you gave us a good picture of your tea party, with "Mr. H. B.," and made us all quite jealous of your friendship with "Mrs. H. B.," and "Irish Jack."

Now, am I too late to offer a bit of sympathy for "Faded Lily"? Just a few selected verses from Mrs. Adelaide's last letter lifted me from the depths, "Faded Lily"—for I have been "thru' the mill." Here they are:

Nothing is our own, we hold our pleasures
Just a little while, ere they are fled,
One by one, life robs us of our treasures
Nothing is our own except our dead.

How the children leave us: and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band,
Gone, forever gone, and in their places
Weary men, and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones still ours,
They have kept the baby smile we know,
What we used one day, and hid with flowers,
On their little white faces long ago.

Only the dear heart's forsake us never,
Death's hand has been the glitter of a ghost,
Consecrating love, our own forever,
Crowning it eternal and divine.

Best wishes to all,
MARCH WIND.

Ans.—I'm glad to publish the verses and trust they may prove of some help and comfort to "Faded Lily." So you expect a cold wave in the Mail-Box right away. Your personal note just "touched the spot." I enjoyed it ever since. The particular brand you mention is not Irish, but—Irish!!—See? But when I need help I'll let you know.

He's in the A. M. C.
Dear Miss Grey—I would you please tell me as soon as possible what address to put on a letter to a friend in the A. M. C. at Guelph, Ontario. I am sending a note for about macaroni, which are delicious.

Best wishes to yourself and all Mail-Box readers.
KELLY.

Walnut Macaroni—One small cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 tablespoon sweet milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup chopped walnut meats, 4 tablespoons flour. Add sugar, simply add a dash of salt in case of the A. M. C. I suppose, give address as full as you can.

The macaroni do sound delicious; they're to be dropped with a spoon on a buttered pan, I suppose.

Has Been Ill.
Dear Miss Grey—I am inclosing a book for "Aunt Nannie," with love and best wishes; I sincerely hope she and her husband may get the pension, that her good man may regain his health and strength, and that each may live long and enjoy the sunset of life. I have been ill, and the book is my first need—work, and my hands trembled. But I know "Auntie" will find a corner for it, although it could be better. A thousand thanks, "Auntie," for thinking of me as a "weak lassie." Glad you would like to do your bit for King and country.

I have just received a letter from two nephews who are training at Otterpool Camp, Kent, England. One tried three times to enlist. Brave young men don't like to be left behind when their country needs them.

Hope "Mrs. Gay" has improved in health, and that all the Mail-Box circle may keep well and strong, able to fill the corner allotted to them during this war, which is trying the nation to its utmost. What a relieving there will be when peace is again a reality.

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have seen no reason for so thinking. The blocks all go forward to "Aunt Nannie" this week, and I know she will take as much delight out of them as I have myself. Only wish all our Cynthia might have seen them together.

NOTES.
"Jean"—"Apple Eaters" embroidery patterns have been sent on to you.

"Jackie"—Your letter is short and sweet! December 24, 1896, came on a Friday.

"Poor Man's Wife"—Do send your address to me for "Aunt Nannie." She writes that she will gladly make the block if you give instructions.

"Silver Bell"—"Wee Gates" to think of you being at Port Stanley—and liking it! Somehow I fancy you're one of those bright girls who can enjoy herself almost anywhere. You'll see the song printed elsewhere.

"Half Breed"—Please send your address for a letter from "Aunt Nannie."

"Girl of the Limerick"—I've mislaid your street number, and a letter for you from "Eloph" is reposing in my desk, waiting to be forwarded.

"Patriotic"—I blush with shame, but your envelope with pieces inclosed "got shipped behind a crack," as Mrs. Homebird said last week, and I have since hastened to mail it. Yes, your quarter reached me all right.

Her name was Minnie Kronenbach, and her father, far from being a dead end, drove a coal wagon by day and rushed the coal by night. Where a marble pallo belonged there were a million freckles, and in place of a yearning expression she had a collection of assorted features that vied with one another for supremacy, with the nose slightly in the lead.

Mr. Cohen did not frequently stop at her counter and bathe the surrounding atmosphere with the glitter of a chestful of diamonds while he implored her to go riding with him in his rich red jaguernaut.

Nothing of the kind. Mr. Cohen was a stout, bald-headed man, who wore thick-lensed glasses and rubber overshoes, and instead of stopping at the stationery counter he went right on about his business.

And then when Minnie spilled a bottle of ink over a considerable area of the stationery counter, she didn't cry and carry on like a child, and the floorwalker didn't put his jeweled hand on her shoulder and tell her it was all right, and whisper venom in her ear about hot birds and cold bottles.

In the first place the floorwalker didn't have any jewelry hand on her shoulder, and he didn't whisper venom in her ear about hot birds and cold bottles.

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