Ont. W.I. Would Ban Marriage Of Divorcees

Resolutions Dealing With Divorce and Criminal Laws, Social Hygiene, Etc., to Come Before Institutes at Annual Convention Next Week

That the Women's Institutes of Western Ontario are prepared to do their share in the big nation-wide affairs of the moment is demonstrated by some of the resolutions which will be considered at the annual convention taking place in this city next week.

These resolutions have come in from the Social Service Council, from the various branch institutes, and from other sources, and cover many of the pressing needs for which improved legislation is required at the present time.

A Kingsville resolution "deplores the increase of divorces, and would favor a law preventing the remarriage of divorcees," also recommending that "the minimum marriage age be 18 with parental consent, 21 without parental consent."

Outstanding is the resolution urging the Government "to make all immigrants understand that our country is and always will be Canadian, and that any attempt to establish foreign customs, language, etc, will not be tolerated."

MEDICAL INSPECTION.

From the Orlinda branch comes the resolution "that medical inspection of parties before marriage shall be compulsory, and that such as are affected by venereal disease shall be prohibited from marriage."

This branch asks also for supervision of public dance halls, and "that false registration in hotels be a criminal offense, and that the law dealing with this matter be reinstalled and become effective."

Other resolutions are:

"That we are unanimous in our opinion that every married woman should be permitted to take out papers in her own right."

"That we, as branches, are decidedly in favor of parents educating their children in sex hygiene; of encouraging the establishment of playgrounds, swimming pools and gymnasiums; and of having qualified supervisors in attendance wherever public dancing is permitted."

"hat the branches approve moving pictures that amuse, educate and uplift."

Among the subjects for discussion during the convention will be the care of the feeble-minded, social hygiene, criminology, and Indian affairs. As a result of the discussions it is expected important resolutions dealing with these matters will be formulated and sent on through the Social Service Council to the Government.

DUNDI'S CENTER L.A. PLAY QUAINT COMEDY

Going back to the days of bonnets and crinoline, of mitts and reticules, the cast chosen for the presentation of "Afternoon Tea in Friendly Village" offered a very clever and attractive production at Dundas Center Methodist Sunday school last evening.

Given by the Ladies' Aid Society as a benefit for the Children's Memorial Hospital, the play proved so successful and so popular that the "company" is seriously considering a second performance.

The plot of the little comedy hinges around Aunt Mary's family album of life-size photographs. The cover is opened and, presto, there are the portraits, and living portraits at that, displaying the quaint gowns and furbelows of grandmother's day.

The tea party continues through the visit of two fashionable ladies from town, whose ultra frocks create more than a ripple among the Friendly Village folk, and features the reading of a paper on "Women's Rights" from the viewpoint of 1862. Old songs and recitations and the closing chorus, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," were cleverly introduced.

Mrs. E. J. Allen, as stage manager and director, is deserving of much praise for the smoothness and ease of the presentation, in which Mrs. W. R. Grant, as Mrs. Kelly, played the leading role in a delightful fashion. The remaining characters, whose work was exceptionally good throughout, were:

Mrs. De Vere .....Mrs. J. P. Morris
Mrs. Barton .....Mrs. Wendell Holmes
Mrs. Goodsense .....Mrs. John Garbutt
Mrs. Hicks .....Mrs. Ben Noble
Mrs. Vernon .....Mrs. Heber Gibson
Mrs. Good .....Mrs. J. Alden Jones
Mrs. Runkle .....Mrs. W. Edlington
Mrs. Meek .....Mrs. L. Tait
Mrs. Bond .....Mrs. J. Haskett
Mrs. Donnelly .....Mrs. W. B. Wortman
Mrs. Jacks .....Mrs. Albert Cowley
Mrs. Lane .....Mrs. Geo Copeland
Miss Skimming.Mrs. Raymond Heuston
Thomas' Wife .....Mrs. Brazil
Semantha Hammon.....Mrs. Letteney
Nancy Ford .....Mrs. E. J. Allen

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Nestle in Your Daddy's Arms.
Sweetheart.
Stand Up and Sing for Your Father.
Wyoming.
It's All Over Now.
Don't Throw Me Down.
Sunnyside Sal.
Ma.
Tippy Canoe.
Little Town in County Down.
Make Believe.
I Wonder If You Still Care For Me?
I'm Missing Mammy's Kissing.
Old Pal (Why Don't You Answer Me?)
You Made Me Forget How to Cry.
Stolen Kisses.
Moonlight.
My Sunny Tennessee.
Wabash Blues.
Leave Me With a Smile.
Little Girl.
Deep In Your Eyes.
Dreams of Long Ago.
Remember the Rose.
Winning Ways.
Teach Me.
I Want Love.
Tuck Me to Sleep in My Old 'Tucky Home.
Plantation Lullaby.
The World Is Waiting for Sunrise.
All By Myself.
Peggy O'Neil.
There's Only One Pal After All.
It's You Dear.

Regular price 45c and 60c per copy.
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NOTICE

By special arrangement made with Loew's Theater their concert orchestra, under the leadership of Joseph Tiri, will play the following medley as an overture:

List of orchestrations:
It's You.
Stop.
When Buddha Smiles.
Ain't You Comin' Out, Melinda?
Toddle.
Singing the Blues.
Why Dear?
Blushing Rose.
Ilo.
Where the Lazy Mississippi Flows.
Oh Me, Oh My.

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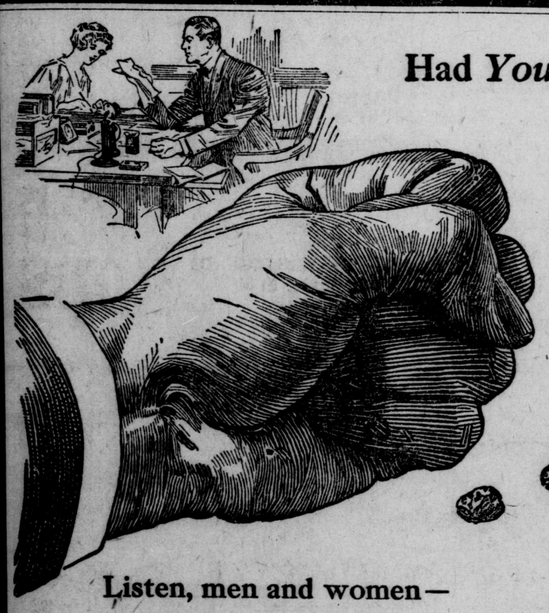
THIS WOMAN'S RECOVERY

Shows Remarkable Restorative Power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Chesley, Ont.—"Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had terrible pains in my sides and was not regular. Finally I got so weak I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest half way up the steps. I tried two doctors but they did me no good. I saw your medicine advertised in the newspapers and thought I would give it a trial. I took four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and was restored to health. I am married, am the mother of two children, and do all my housework, milk eight cows, and do a hired man's work and enjoy the best of health. I also found Vegetable Compound a great help for my weak back before my babies were born. I recommend it to all my friends who are in need of medicine, and you may print this letter if you wish."—Mrs. HENRY JANKE, R. R. No. 4, Chesley, Ontario.

It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.



Had *Your* Iron Today?

Listen, men and women—

How they *brace* you

against "3 o'clock fatigue"

When your speed slackens—
When your brain fags—
When you begin to yawn—
And look at the clock—
And it's only 3 o'clock—
And there's a pile of work—
Still on your desk—
That you must do—
Before you've done—
A good day's work—
It's then you need—
These little nuggets—
Of NEW ENERGY—
Called Little Sun-Maids—

"The Between-Meal Raisin"—
In a handy little 5c package—
Containing 146 calories—
Of energizing nutriment—
Practically pre-digested—
So it gets to work at once—
And "picks you up"—
And starts you off again—
And first thing you know—
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And you've finished—
Feeling like—
You could lick—
Another deskful.

Look for this Display Carton on your dealer's counter. Sold at all drug, grocery, candy and cigar stores—5c

You need but a small bit of iron daily yet that need *is vital*. Raisins are rich in iron. Safe, healthful sweetmeats for the children, too.

FREE—Send Today

Send coupon for book containing more than 100 valuable raisin recipes to make delicious dishes with the "big sister" Sun-Maid packages you buy at the neighborhood store.

LITTLE Sun-Maids—5c
"Between Meal Raisins"

Buy at noon **Always buy at noon so you'll have them for your afternoon refreshment—make that your daily profitable habit**

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GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Not liking her neighbor on her right at the fair, Henrietta Hen sidled up to the wire netting on the opposite side of her pen. Peering through it she examined the person whom she saw just beyond, in a pen of her own.

A very sleek hen was this, who gave Henrietta a slight nod.

"We may as well speak," she said, "since we're to live next to each other for a week."

"A week!" Henrietta groaned. "Shall I have to stay cooped up here as long as that?"

"Yes!" said Neighbor No. 2. "And I don't blame you for feeling as you seem to. A week is a long time for everybody here—except me."

Henrietta Hen didn't understand what she meant.

"I'm going to win the first prize—with my chicks," Neighbor No. 2 announced. "Of course, that's worth waiting here a week."

"Pardon me!" Henrietta exclaimed. "I don't see how you can win the first prize."

"Why not?" demanded the other. And she pressed against the wire netting of her pen and stuck her head through it as far as she could, as if she would have pecked Henrietta had she been able to.

"Because—" Henrietta explained—"because the lady on the other side of me is going to win it."

"Who said so?"

"She did," Henrietta answered.

"Ha! ha!" cackled Neighbor No. 2. "That's a good joke. She hasn't any more chance of winning than—than you have!"

23

"We may as well speak," she said, "since we're to live next to each other for a week."

Now, Henrietta Hen couldn't help being puzzled. But whoever might win the first prize, she was sure it couldn't be she. Hadn't her neighbors on either side of her the same as told her that she couldn't win?

Henrietta would have felt quite glum except that she couldn't very well mope in the midst of the terrific racket all about her. Soon her neighbors—both No. 1 and No. 2—were having loud disputes with the hens in the pens on the further side of them. It seemed as if every hen at the fair had left her manners at home—if they ever had any.

"Goodness!" Henrietta Hen murmured to herself. "If there's a prize it must be for the one that make the most noise.

In a little while throngs of men, women and children crowded into the poultry hall. They paused before the pens and looked at the occupants, making remarks that were sometimes full of praise and sometimes slighting.

Henrietta Hen felt terribly uneasy when people began to stop and stare at her. She dreaded to hear what they would say. After the way her next-door neighbor had talked to her she didn't believe anybody could have a word of praise for her.

She soon heard all sorts of remarks about herself. Some said she was too little and some said she was too big; others exclaimed that her legs were too short, while still others declared that they were too long! As these—and many similar—comments fell upon Henritta's ears she promptly decided that there wasn't anything about her that was as it should be.

Having always called herself (before she left home) a "speckled beauty," she began to feel very low in her mind. And there was only one thing that kept her from being downright sad. All the sightseers agreed that she had some pretty chicks.

Henrietta couldn't help wishing that they had a different mother—one that was worthy of them.

Styles BY *Lenore*

PARIS (By Mail.)—Two important features indicate the extreme newness of this blue serge dress. The draped waistline, drawn into the figure by the jet cabochon at the side, where the back of the bodice is brought around to the side front for fastening. And the transparent sleeves, colorful with delicate embroidery tracings in soft rose and silver. Note, too, the cut of the sleeves, which, though fitted at the armhole, flare out gradually into quite a circular shape at the wrist, which is emphasized by the deep band of rose chiffon. The hem is fashionably irregular, broken by the funnel-shaped panel effect at the side.

Not a gown is this for the small woman, and not a gown for the kind of hard service usually demanded of a blue serge dress, but I include it for the attractive suggestions it offers in the way of a new silhouette and the novel sleeves. It is a design which will lend itself very gracefully to silk.

Women's News of Western Ontario

W. I. PROGRAM.

The Thames River Women's Institute, of Chatham, presented a pleasing program at a recent meeting held at the home of Mrs. W. T. Mead, Blenheim, the numbers including several charming solos from Mrs. Garnet Thompson The members and guests, numbering 70, were entertained at tea by Mrs. Mead.

* * *

BOTHWELL O. E. S.

Mrs. Alice Meadows, past grand matron of the Ontario Order Eastern Star, successfully organized a new chapter at Bothwell this week, to be known as Bothwell Chapter, No. 87. Mrs. Annie Tullett, grand marshal, and past matron of Forest City Chapter No. 13, of London, officiated, and Maple Leaf chapter, of St. Thomas, exemplified the degrees.

* * *

KINTYRE W. M. S.

The thank-offering meeting of the Kintyre W. M. S. was held successfully this week, the resulting sum being most gratifying. Mrs. Robertson, of Toronto, was a welcome guest at the gathering, over which Rev. W. A. Leitch presided. Mrs. Robertson's talk on the history of the W. M. S. and the work carried on by this society in parts of Canada proved very interesting, and the church choir added a great deal to the pleasure of the evening by its selections.

SIDE TALKS
—BY—
RUTH CAMERON

"I DON'T BELIEVE IT."

Do you ever find yourself saying when anything passes your comprehension or seems unlikely to you, "I don't believe it?"

Once upon a time when I was a little girl another little girl told me that she had heard how a man was killed because he took hold of another man and tried to pull him off an electric wire, and he just stuck to the first man, and another man stuck to him, and they were both killed. I thought that was a very silly story to expect me to believe. "I don't believe it," I said. She defended the authenticity and veracity of her source, and as I remembered we nearly came to blows over it.

Of course, I have looked back many times since and laughed at the pugnacity and the cocksureness of that foolish little girl who had learned that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in her philosophy.

And yet how often older folks who have been taught their ignorance over and over again by finding how tiny an island is their knowledge and experience, in the vast sea of possible knowledge and experience, will still say "I don't believe it' (or think it if they do not say it) when confronted with some fact or condition which does not square with what they know, or think they know.

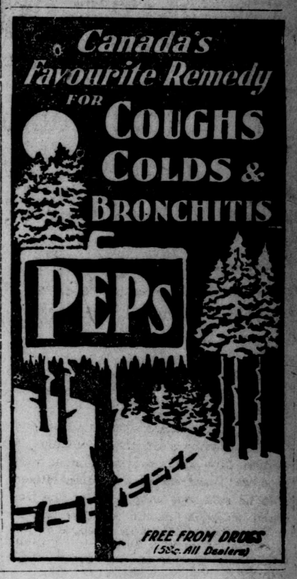
The same little girl who said "I don't believe it" when she was told of the deadly effects of electricity, was told some years ago of a certain author who had been getting $800 for her short stories and who was not satisfied and put up the price to $1,200. I had no idea then of the prices authors received for fiction and in my mind I promptly said, "This story has been exaggerated. I don't believe it.'

That was only five years ago, yet in the time that has passed between I have seen something of the inside of the fiction market and I know that while only a skilled and well established writer would get $1,200 for a short story that it is far from the top price. As a matter of fact a very popular writer who was receiving $2,500 for a short story was recently offered $3,000 by a magazine which wished to steal him away. Very likely the story as told by the author was perfectly true.

Of course, the well bred grown up does not say "I don't believe it" whenever anyone tells him some fact which he does not believe, but if he thinks it, he is establishing his narrow mindedness and ignorance just the same.

To be sure one is not supposed to believe everything one hears. That would be silly. But neither is one to reject a thing because it does not fit in with preconceived notions. The source from which information comes is a better criterion of its value than the average person's judgment of its likelihood. If you read or heard a thing and the person is rekable who said or wrote it, why not try to withhold judgment even if the thing runs counter to your ideas.

What a wonderful thing a reputation for reliability is, by the way, a sort of personal trade-mark copyrighted in the courts of character.



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Rest assured you will not be urged to buy. We wish to give you helpful service in selecting the coat that will meet your requirements. If you come just to "look," you'll not be forced to buy. If you do buy, WE GUARANTEE SATISFACTION OR MONEY CHEERFULLY REFUNDED.

NO. 551
Beautiful Electric Seal Coats, $138.00
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No. 485
Fine All-Wool Velour Coat $32.50
With large shawl collar of French beaver. Trimmed with heavy silk stitching and buttons. Colors: taupe, marine blue and brown. Hudson's maker-to-wearer $32.50

NO. 304.
All-Wool Bolivia Coats $57.50
With French beaver collar and cuffs. Beautifully embroidered, lined throughout with silk foulard. Newest shades of browns. Hudson's maker-to-wearer price $57.50

No. 786
MISSES' ALL-WOOL TRICOTINE DRESS $22.50
Collar and vest in gray Canton crepe, sleeves and skirt trimmed with black brocaded braid. Hudson's maker-to-wearer price, $22.50

No. 3428
Charming Peach Taffeta Evening Gown $45.00
One of the prettiest frocks of the season, daintily fashioned in new petal skirt effect, plain bodice with square yoke, trimmed at shoulder with rosebuds, self sash, with ivory silk girdle. Hudson's maker-to-wearer price $45.00

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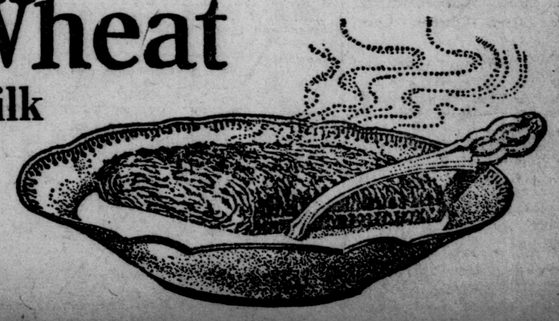
"That Warm, Comfy Feeling"

These are Hot Milk-and-Shredded Wheat mornings. Start the day right and get that warm, "comfy feeling" by eating

Shredded Wheat

With HOT Milk



Heat two Biscuits in the oven to restore their crispness; pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and salt, or sweeten to suit the taste. Nothing so nourishing, strengthening or satisfying. Furnishes all the strength-giving nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of a few cents. The perfect food for children or grown-ups—ready-cooked and ready-to-eat.