

## A PAGE OF GENERAL INTEREST TO WOMEN READERS

## Daughters of the Empire



In response to the emergency call from Queen's Canadian Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, the following contributions for the emergency call for Shorncliffe:

Lord Roberts Chapter—Fifteen grey flannel shirts, 35 pillowcases, 39 pairs socks, 3 pairs bedsocks, 5 suits pyjamas, 12 pillowcases.

Lord Elgin Chapter—Thirteen suits of pyjamas, 51 gauze handkerchiefs, 213 towels, 82 pillowcases, 180 pairs socks.

Hamilton Gault Chapter—One hundred and seventy-three towels, 1 bathrobe, 1 flannel shirt.

Overseas Chapter—Five hundred and eight towels, 20 washcloths, 85 handkerchiefs, 48 pillowcases, 3 pairs socks, 6 bedshirts.

Mrs. H. A. Boomer, 55; Mrs. T. C. Duncanson, 52; Mrs. W. J. Bullen, 55. Through Lord Roberts Chapter, Mrs. Mayer, 6 flannel shirts; Miss Buckle, socks; Mrs. Weeks, socks.

Contents of boxes shipped to Queen's.

**ALL leading grocers sell—**

**Rideau Hall Coffee**

A choice dustless coffee, sold only in sealed tins—45c per pound; smaller tins 25c.

**Gorman, Eckert & Co., Ltd.,**  
London and Winnipeg

**MOIR'S Chocolates**

A picnic for two

Made by Moir's Limited Halifax Canada

**"Be sure it's SIFTO SALT"**

Let that be part of your next message to your grocer if you want something different, something better for table use. It always remains free-running, even in the dampest weather, never clogs the shaker, never hardens under any condition.

In handsome dust-proof cartons at the better class of grocers.

A refinement of the celebrated "Century" Salt

DOMINION SALT COMPANY, LIMITED SARNIA, ONT.

**The Lights of 65 Years Ago**

ARE STILL DOING DUTY IN THE SHAPE OF

**EDDY'S MATCHES**

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO THE FIRST CANADIAN MADE MATCHES WERE MADE AT HULL BY EDDY AND SINCE THAT TIME FOR MATERIALS AND STRIKING QUALITIES, EDDY'S HAVE BEEN THE ACKNOWLEDGED BEST.

WHEN BUYING MATCHES SPECIFY

**EDDY'S**

**GET Our Prices for Tin, Lead, Zinc, Babbitt, Solder, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe.**

**THE CANADA METAL CO., Ltd.**

Factories: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

Canadian Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, July 7:

Bale 194, 56 towels; bale 155, 108 towels, bale 157, 21 suits pyjamas, 6 pairs bedsocks; bale 198, 84 towels; bale 199, 25 hospital shirts, 12 sheets; bale 200, 80 towels; bale 201, 125 pillowcases, 30 gauze handkerchiefs; bale 202, 150 towels; bale 203, 157 towels; bale 204, 72 pairs socks; bale 205, 35 pairs socks.

It is very gratifying to those who have adopted Canadian prisoners in Germany to know that the parcels sent usually arrive in good condition. Cards of grateful acknowledgment are constantly received; while they have to be very careful what they write, as the cards must pass the German censor, yet it is quite evident that the articles sent them help to fill out meagre prison fare and relieve the tedium of prison life.

At the regular monthly meeting of the 7th Regiment Chapter, held in London, Tuesday, the 4th, \$100 was voted for the emergency call, and \$25 for the Western University Unit. They will put on a band concert in Victoria Park on Sunday evening, July 9.

## VERSE--New and Old

**DREAMS OF HOME.**

It is ten weary years since I left England's shore,  
In a far distant country to roam,  
How I long to return to my old native land,  
To my friends and the old folks at home.

Last night as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,  
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;  
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,  
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

**REFRAIN—**  
I saw the old homestead and faces I love,  
I saw England's valleys and dells,  
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy,  
To the sound of the old village bells.

The log was burning brightly,  
'Twas a night that should banish all sin,  
For the bells were ringing the Old Year out,  
And the New Year in.

While the joyous bells rang swift,  
I wended my way  
To the cot where I lived when a boy,  
And I looked in the window, yes, there  
By the fire

Sat my parents, my heart filled with joy,  
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,  
As I gazed on my mother so dear,  
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer  
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,  
'Twas the first time for ten weary years,  
Soon the past was forgotten, we stood hand in hand,  
Father, mother, and wanderer in tears.

Once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright,  
And I promised no more I would roam,  
As I sat in the old vacant chair by the hearth,  
And I sang the dear song, "Home, Sweet Home."

**ADVERTISER PATTERNS**

1365

An Attractive Apron Model.  
No. 1365—Ladies' Apron.  
This practical design is cut with a three-piece circular skirt, and a bib gathered to the belt in back and front, and made with shoulder seams and round neck edge. The apron is good for gingham, percale, lawn, cambric, sateen or drill. If desired, the back portion of the bib may be omitted. The pattern is cut in three sizes, small, medium and large. It requires 4½ 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 direction given below, to:

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's 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 sent, you need only mark 1365, 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 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 later than one week from date of application.

## 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.]

**Food for Prisoners.**

Dear Miss Grey,—May I say a few words about the question raised by "See'ty No. 1." My brother is a prisoner of war in Germany, and we send a box each week to him; also a great number of friends have sent, and we have received, receipts or acknowledgments through his letters. Also we had word from an exchanged prisoner where my brother is interned, saying that as long as enough parcels were sent to them they would get along; otherwise they would die of starvation. They are allowed to receive all parcels. Don't you think it would be much kinder to people who have no word of comfort to say than to say things which will cause those who have dear ones in such places so much worry? I'm sure it is better to risk parcels of food for the boys who have risked their lives for us than to know they are starving from our neglect.

Success to the Mail-Box and yourself.

MAPLE LEAF.

**Needs a License.**

"One, Two, Three"—I believe you would have to have a license.

2. Presume it would be quite legal to do so, as long as you paid the duty.

3. Best way to consult the city or town clerk of whatever place you reside in. The fee for such a license would not be prohibitive. If you ask the clerk you'll receive definite information.

**That Helpful Kitty.**

"Kitty"—I have sent your information, re paint for silk, on to "Friend in Need." Please accept my thanks for coming to the rescue again. I have taken the hint and made a copy, so I'll be prepared next time.

Now re that "little bird's" information. He's wrong, quite in the first instance, although I think I know who is right. (Next time tell him to get the proper spelling). She's one of the finest girls in the world, but doesn't attempt this line of work.

**English Mother of Ten.**

Ans.—The song is no doubt quite an old one, but possibly it may be known to some of our readers. I hope we secure the words for you.

**"F. E. S." to "Just 15."**

Dear Miss Grey,—I wish to thank all those who have given me information about the 15th Battalion. Also for the address you sent me.

So you have a brother in the 15th Battalion, "Just Fifteen"? Well, so have I. And he is having a hard time. They have been a long time in the trenches and have certainly earned the name of the "Fighting 15th."

F. E. S.

**A Strawberry Patch.**

Dear Miss Grey,—I have been trying for some time to get a block made for "Aunt Nannie's" quilt and have at last done so. I am not satisfied with it, but she can put it into a corner. I have been so busy. We have a patch of berries and they are very plentiful and picking for me is hard work. Then there is the hulling and canning. I get so much information from your page that I seldom have to ask for advice. With best wishes to all the members, I am, as ever, M. E. W.

**Ans.—I can just imagine how busy you must be looking after those berries, but somehow we city folks are always tempted a wee bit to wish we had a patch of berries to be busy over. It's in the cities that the ghost of H. C. L. is ever present, and mine at the "bird" is and I may set you right.**

**"Twenty-One" Thanks "Jet."**

Dear Miss Grey,—It gives me great pleasure to write to your column again, perform this time. Through the columns of the Mail-Box I thank "Jet" for the socks she has knitted for myself and friends. They certainly were dandy socks and were much appreciated by us. I have written to "Jet" privately and thanked her, but I thought the Mail-Box readers should also know that we have received and are at the present appreciating the

## DOINGS OF THE DADD'S

**PA'S TIE CAUSES TROUBLE.**  
By Little Eva.

It's funny, but the last time I wrote, you remember, I was telling about a rather unpleasant conversation we'd had at breakfast one morning. I couldn't help wondering afterwards, if I'd been born a Connaught, or some other royal, if we'd have had things at meals. I guess not, though. (By scraps I mean snippy speeches, you know; not bits to eat).

Well, as I was saying, after that, it did seem rather queer that the next day something should happen to make us all loving as pie again. And all because of Ma's Aunt Mary. You see, Ma's Aunt Mary hadn't never just quite approved of Pa Dadd's. She thought that Ma was just a little shakier above him, you see, though I'm sure I don't know why, for Pa is almost four inches taller'n Ma. Anyhow, Aunt Mary (she's awful rich, and Ma tries to keep on the good side of her, as a rule) lately she hadn't been saying much agin Pa, and Ma was sort of hopeful, like, but it was something she said the other day that made us

**The Joy of a Vacation**

may be turned to the sorrow that comes from indigestion. The battle with hotel 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.

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to air their views, and still we are in the dark as to whether we would kiss or not.

As to married ladies, all they can talk about is their husbands, children and cooking. The soldier lads would not mind a wee bit of the last—oh, yes, a great deal—for we are certainly big eaters. If you don't believe us, just leave the cookie-jar near. Has "De-serted" any correspondents yet? We think him rather "soft," if that is the word to use.

Just for one question: Do you consider it right for young people to read the dime novels? Don't you think the average girls and boys fill their minds with a lot of foolish lies, and that it would do them more good to keep in touch with the great authors, than Bertha M. Clay? Trusting we have not bothered you in the least. We remain, KHAKEE LADS.

**Ans.—Quite agree with you on the dime novel question—not necessarily because the stories are untrue—fiction is not as a rule founded on fact, is it?—but because they give false and overdrawn ideas of life. A young person, with mind unformed, cannot separate the gold from the dross, and it is difficult to read anything of a serious nature after a diet of cheap, trashy novels.**

**Her Mother Sang It.**

Dear Miss Grey,—Could you or any of your readers please tell me the song? Some of the words go like this:

"Mother, is the battle over?  
Thousands have been slain, they say,  
Of my father's come and tell me—  
Have the English killed the dear?  
Is he well, or is he wounded?  
Mother, do you think he's slain?  
If you know, I pray you tell me,  
Will my father come again?"

**Chorus—**  
"Yes, my boy, your noble father,  
Is one numbered with the slain,  
Although he loved us very dearly,  
We in heaven will meet again."

I would so like to get it as my mother used to sing it to us when we were little girls, as her father was a soldier and was killed in a war, so must be many years ago. I also have sons in the war. I would be so pleased if anyone could get it for me. I have a songbook but if anybody should want any.

**ENGLISH MOTHER OF TEN.**

Ans.—The song is no doubt quite an old one, but possibly it may be known to some of our readers. I hope we secure the words for you.

**"F. E. S." to "Just 15."**

Dear Miss Grey,—I wish to thank all those who have given me information about the 15th Battalion. Also for the address you sent me.

**Here's a Queer Remedy.**

Dear Cynthia Grey,—I noticed a few nights ago someone asking for a cure for gouts. Now, I have a cure to offer, and while it is a strange one, will work wonders if persistently tried.

During the hot summer days, gather a bunch of friends to go with you in the country. Get a big, round, wooden tub, and search for shells of the oyster bug. (These, I think, are sometimes known as "devil's darning needles") which are discarded frequently. Then make a bag of cheesecloth and fill with shells and the firmly around neck; leave this on until the shells have crumbled up and then re-fill and so on, and you will find the swelling gradually going down.

Wealthy people who have spent fortunes searching for a remedy have found a cure in this way. Hoping many others may find the same.

**AN ADMIRER OF NATURE.**

Ans.—Well, this is about the queerest cure I ever heard of, but I'm certainly glad to make it known. Where did you ever hear of such a thing?

**Still in the Dark.**

Dear Miss Grey,—May we intrude in your column for a while? There have come to the conclusion that there are a great many foolish girls in Canada, especially when the kissing debate was on. Perhaps they all come to your page

now we was a loving family all right, all right, and no mistake about it. The funny part of it all was that Ma had bought him the necktie, anyway. You see, Ma's Aunt Mary came over to spend the day. The morning passed quite peacefully with Ma getting dinner and Aunt Mary knitting socks, and following Ma around from pantry to kitchen and talking all the time. But when Pa came home to dinner, the atmosphere of our happy home was changed. Ma's Aunt Mary didn't like his tie. She didn't say a word about it, though, but all through the meal, which wasn't very festive, she just sat and glared at Pa's tie. Of course, this made Pa uncomfortable, and he quivered and twisted, splashed the gravy all over the cloth, and dropped his fork. Soon he could bolt his dinner. Pa bolted, too, and the dining-room door hadn't closed behind him when Ma's Aunt Mary said to Ma: "What on earth does Nephew Iras wear such an atrocious tie for? The color of it nearly blinded me."

Now, you see, Ma had bought Pa that tie one morning at a bargain sale, and she just gasped when her Aunt Mary said what she did. But the worst was yet to come. "Them Dadds never did have no taste," Ma's Aunt Mary said again. "I can't see what you took up with the family for at all. They're so different to the Warners, and always has been. But oh, that tie, Martha, why do you let him wear it?"

Ma rose up quite dignified like, and eyed Aunt Mary coldly. "Aunt Mary, I don't have good taste in some things," she says, "but he certainly showed judgment when he selected me," she says. And he's my Iras, and I won't have him run on so there." Ma's Aunt Mary near took a fit, but Ma continues, "As the mother of his children, Aunt Mary, and as Iras' wife, I can't bear no one, NO ONE," she says again, to give it emphasis, "to talk so of my Iras or his neckties, neither."

Ma was getting quite red in the face, and Aunt Mary and us kids was sittin' quite stunned like, when in rushes Pa, and give Ma such a L-O-O-O-Good, old girl! he says. "You'd stand up for your Iras, wouldn't you?" And then he hugged her again, and give her a big smack on the cheek, and out he ran, just as he feared Aunt Mary would start at him again. And Ma, she dropped into her chair, just as if she was shot, and Aunt Mary sniffed and says: "No fool like an old 'un." But us kids we ran out and yelled "Three cheers for Pa," waving our hands to him as he got on the car, and I guess the neighbors thought we was all gone crazy.

cantata named "Nadeschda," by A. Goring Thomas. Now, I wished to know if anyone knew the story of "Nadeschda." I knew London was a musical city, and thought someone might know about it. I hope my letter is not too long this time. I am sending a recipe for the most delicious cake I ever baked.

**Cake Without Butter—Two eggs, 1 cup sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla or lemon flavoring, beat well together; add 1 cup sifted flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, and beat again thoroughly; add pinch salt and 1-2 cup boiling water and stir well. Mix in this order and put in flat pan and bake in moderate oven.**

I know this sounds queer, but believe me, the result is delicious. Am sorry I live so far away or I'd bake you one for a sample, Miss Grey. Best wishes to yourself and Mail-Box. From, MRS. WINNIEG READER.

**P.S.—Please criticize writing.**

Ans.—I'm in hopes some of our readers in musical circles may shed light on the story of "Nadeschda" for you. Your recipe is indeed out of the ordinary, and what! you wager every housewife reader of our paper will be eager to try it?

I think you write very well, the chief fault is in the formation of "b" and "d"; the two being very similar.

**A Boy's Contribution.**

Dear Miss Grey,—I thought I would try and help you on with "Aunt Nannie's" love quilt; here is 10 cents and if you want any more just say so. I don't hear so much about "De-serted" now.

I guess the girls have him all divided up now or he is so busy writing to them that he has no time to write to the Mail-Box. Well, say, this is not bringing the auto along and giving the Mail-Box readers a ride, but just imagine the distance I am from London—over a hundred miles; but I saw where one is writing from Kincardine, I might be able to give her a ride as I do not live so very far from there. Do you remember me, Miss Grey, I have changed my pen name because another reader has chosen the same name, "A Country Boy."

Now for a few questions:

1. Which should go first to the table at a hotel, the lady or the man?
2. Are there any more corresponding from around here?

Thanking you in advance, I remain, DARY WEATHER BIRD.

**Ans.—Whether boy or girl, we welcome you, and your thoughtful contribution for "Aunt Nannie."**

1. A man opens the door for his woman companion, and allows her to precede him into the dining-room. Here, a waiter waits them to a table; the lady following him, and the man coming last. On reaching the table, the waiter, or her escort draws out a chair for the lady. If the couple enter, and are not met by a waiter, but have to choose their own table, the man should precede the woman as they proceed to it.
2. Not very many.

**Notes.**

"Rainbow"—The information you seek has been sent on in your addressed envelope.

"Busy Margaret"—Information has been forwarded you as desired.

"A Bonshaw"—Your letter is too foolish to give space to. If you're

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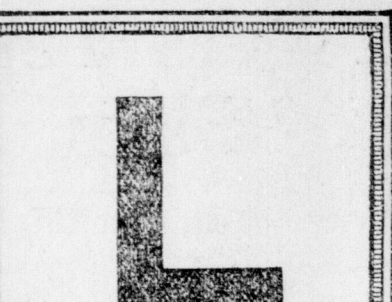
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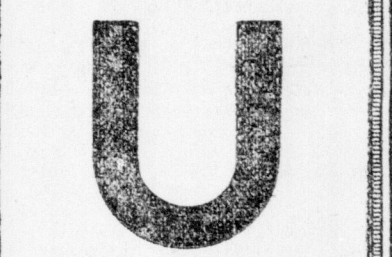
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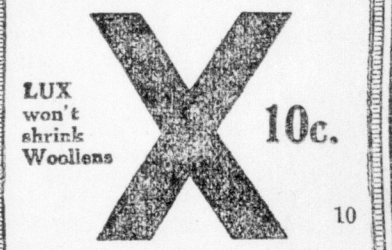
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**LUX** breaks into a foamy cream-like lather that cannot injure the finest fabrics or the most delicate hands. It softens the hardest water, thus preserving the original elasticity of fabrics and adding to their life. Try LUX in the bath.



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eighteen, you ought to know the things you ask. Now, aren't you a bit ashamed?

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