

WOMEN'S HOME AND MAGAZINE PAGE

Seeing Week-End Market With Aunt Maria's Eyes

Buying what you want at a bargain sale is like being a virtuoso of the piano or violin. You can't do it by ear. Unless, possibly, you are a genius born. Under any circumstances it would appear you must painstakingly (and painfully) acquire the technique. You must develop a strong and elbow-protector constitution. You should have a working knowledge of the ethics of the jungle and the law of grab. A mastery of jiu jitsu would stand you in good stead in order to take adequate care of competitors.

Not always is the race to the swift. Likewise, it isn't always the early bird that gets the worm. The foregoing is the sentiments of Aunt Maria. She knows whereof she talks. She has been to a bargain sale, and come away with nothing but a frayed disposition.

She rose sometimes of Saturday morning and sallied gaily forth, determined that if taking time by the forelock and a moderate amount of cash would buy her the robe she had gazed admiringly at in the window the day before, why, the gown was a line up at the front door, where she had expected to arrive first.

She tried another door. Ha! (as the villain mutters) there were but two ahead, and they looked hot, very plump, and easily winded. The minutes dragged away, the bolt shot back, the door flew open, and Aunt Maria catapulted herself in head first.

She reached the stairway first and nearly bowled over the respectable scrub lady descending, who fervently exclaimed: "Good Lord, what's coming."

Tramp, tramp, came the sound of rushing feet, as if an army were dashing to an exactly timed attack. The absurdity of the simple caused Aunt Maria to smile a literary smile. Octopus Wood Shine.

Her little idea, thought up in jest, came home to roost a few seconds later in dead earnest. She burst in, "Come here! Rush! She was almost overtaken. But she did manage to drive waiting clerks out of the way, and grab the right automatic salesman on which the coveted sale gown was hung.

Aha! The one she wanted! Three-fourths, six of them, all alike, and all exactly as desired. But nary! A one of the right girth or length! The silent salesman was whirling so fast, possibly she only imagined there was more than one of a kind. No first guess was right. Those ideal dresses scattered in all directions, borne away by the triumphant who had come forward with knowledge, as well as forewarned. Forearmed? The equipment of an octopus would seem an enviable possession under such circumstances.

When she couldn't get first choice, why The Advertiser's chronic marketer tried for a second. She bore a quiet corner, enhanced by a mirror, a creation of which she was a bit dubious. It was one of those things that look awfully well on other people, or in the right size. It wasn't the right size. She hadn't dared hope it would be. It wouldn't have been the right length, even a year ago of shocking inches from the ground.

To that selfsame corner came a smiling acquaintance, carrying the gown, the right sized gown for which Aunt Maria had wrecked her morning slumber, broken the speed limit for walking in July, and sent her dignity to the four winds. The smiling acquaintance slipped on the delectable confection, smiled at herself in the glass, was sorry there wasn't two equally large dresses in the style, paid her coin, and started away.

A course in essential finishing would seem to be an essential finishing course. The education in getting what you want at a bargain sale.

"Anyway," said Aunt Maria nastily in farewell to the smiling acquaintance, "the people who have been here this morning won't be able to say I bought my dress at a bargain."

Early to bed, satisfaction that was Bargain sales aren't such a far cry from the week-end market. The discovery was made that a lot of people are on the market shortly after 8 o'clock, and a lot of people have their marketing done by 9 o'clock. Yet at 12 o'clock and much later.

The week-end market is overflowing with fruits, vegetables, poultry, honey, dairy products, enough to feed a cityful of people.

Summer squash was a new arrival Saturday, 5 cents apiece the owner of a big load was asking for the very last.

"But aren't they watery?" asked a prospective buyer, she steamed, hers.

"Not nearly so watery as vegetable marrow," he answered, "and nice and dry if you cook 'em the right way."

He suggested popping them in the oven and baking them whole, then scooping them out afterwards. The neighborly woman next volunteered the information she steamed hers, puts them right on top of the potatoes when the spuds are cooking, and thus saved fuel.

All manner of vegetables were 5 cents a pound, to see their summer beets, onions, white turnips.

How the cabbages of the spring would gaud in aristocratic horror, the quantities that retailed for 9 and 10 cents a pound, to see their summer cousins selling at three substantial ones for 10 cents. That is what marketers discovered in some places.

Cauliflower, 15 Cents.

Cauliflowers were 15 cents, or two for a quarter.

Quantities of red raspberries were to be found, by the box or crate, Cuthberts all, practically, some selling for 22 cents, some for 23, 25 and even 27. Gooseberries were a better price than a week ago, 12 1/2 cents a quart for the ripening ones, big and plump, 10 for the green. A few red ones were spiced, and a good many black at 23 cents a box.

The poultry was present in noble array, big year-old fowls for \$1.40 and \$1.50; spring chickens from 65 cents apiece up, and delectable ducks for \$1.25, \$1.40 and \$1.50 apiece.

The honey crop was well represented, numbers selling at the rate of \$1 for a five-pound pail, and 35 cents a section in the comb, while a few offered just as good-looking sections for 30 cents apiece.

A certain man was selling honey. It was good honey. The sections were well filled, and when held up in the light showed beautifully clear. But their former vendor puffed cheerfully away at a pipe as he waited to sell, and even when he was actually making sales.

No quarrel with smoking in itself, but how would he like to eat his dinner if he saw the cook smoking a pipe or cigar right over the pots and pans while the meal was in course of preparation?

Possibly his pipe was the one and only reason that some buyers passed him by, despite the excellent value he offered.

The manner in which butter is presented goes a long way in deciding customers.

Butter? 38 and 40 cents a pound, if it please you, and eggs, 28 and 30 cents.

As for flowers, the only difficulty was to make the choice in such a riot of summer blooms, in price all the way from 5 cents for bunches of cornflowers, dahlias, to 75 cents a dozen for gorgeous gladioli.

But enough for Saturday, July 22. Isn't it appalling how the year's getting along, a whole month after the shortest day?

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

Guests staying at Lake View House, Grand Bend, include: D. S. Tait, Detroit; Margaret O'Connor, Chatham; Daisy Ward, Chatham; Inez E. Slater, Chatham; Mr. and Mrs. F. Tesch, London; Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Wyler, London; G. R. Norfolk, London; L. McCormack, London; S. Young, London; Mrs. J. W. Leonard, Brampton; Mrs. George Armstrong, Brampton; Mrs. F. Armstrong, Brampton; Mrs. G. Armstrong, Brampton; Mr. and Mrs. T. Hord, Stratford; Violet Dierland, Listowel; Gladys Hall, Listowel; Mrs. Peter Hord, Parkhill; Lena Prangley, Chatham; Norma Stewart, Detroit; Audrey Weichel, Waterloo; Meta Waller, Waterloo; Minnie Weichel, Waterloo; Eva Birdale, Waterloo; Normie Weichel, Waterloo; Dr. Kinfield, wife and daughter, Kitchener; Mrs. Ide and two boys, Kitchener.

SHARING LITERATURE.

The Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. J. H. McKay Friday, and although not a very large gathering, an enjoyable afternoon was spent. It was decided to send magazines, etc., to logging camps and other places, where people are hungry for literature. After the meeting was over the hostess served cake and tea.

TRY A MEAL AT THE NEW, CLEAN Lascelles Cafe

Dundas, Near Wellington. zzv

CAUTION: Be careful to enclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent measure, you need mark only 38, 44 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 yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cahill and daughter of this city, are guests at Lake View House, Grand Bend.

Major Gordon Ingram and Allan McLean motored up to Goderich to spend a week-end with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Corcoran and children have left for Port Stanley, where they will spend the next three weeks at Fort Long.

Miss Luella Waddell of Toronto is spending a part of her vacation in town, staying with her aunt, Mrs. B. Smith, 435 Ridout street.

Miss Edith Brown of Highland Park, Illinois, is the guest of her cousins, Mrs. J. H. Cook, King street, and Mrs. S. Winslowe, William street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Barton, with two children and sister, Miss Muriel Hutton, have returned from a two-weeks' motor trip to Kingston and Renfrew.

Miss Mary Manley, who is engaged in literary work in Toronto for the summer, spent the week-end at her home in this city, returning Monday morning.

Mr. Aurelius E. Wigle and Mrs. Wigle have left in their touring car on an extended trip through the Catskill Mountains and Berkshire Hills.

Mrs. D. C. MacGregor and sister, Miss Miller, have left to spend some weeks in Orillia, where they will later be joined by Rev. Dr. MacGregor on his return from Spokane, Washington.

Mrs. Robert Hague, a visitor in London and vicinity, during the absence in England of her husband, who has gone over with the cricket eleven taken by Norman Seagram, is staying this week at "Loveholm," Springbank, the guest of her brother, Mr. Purdom Love.

Mr. and Mrs. Bert Smith and son Clarence, of Woodstock, motored up the end of the week to see their nephews, who had just arrived from Ireland, Austin and Kenneth Rylands. While here, Mr. Smith skipped a prize-winning rink at the London Bowling Club. They were guests of Mrs. C. H. Rice, Glenwood Hospital.

Mr. A. Scream, 232 Queen's avenue, has been entertaining a happy house party, including his son, Mr. Fred Scream, Mrs. Scream and their two children, Margaret and Isabel, of Paris, France, and Mrs. Scream's sons, Jay Alexander and Charles, Ohio, with Mr. Alexander and Billy and Jim Alexander.

Mr. Fred Scream left Sunday evening on a short trip to New York. On his return he will bring back with him his son Billy. Friends who are in town in the holiday season have been giving a warm welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Scream, during the past week.

London and Western Ontario people staying at the Hotel Imperial, Grand Bend, include: Misses A. M. and L. H. Traver, London; Miss L. E. Mottashed, London; Miss M. H. Jackson, London; Miss E. Stevens, London; Miss P. M. Wilson, London; Mr. J. A. Fraser, London; Mr. G. E. Tudor, London; Mr. G. T. Gurny, wife and children, Toronto; Madge Monahan, Brantford; W. A. Webb, Galt; Annie Mather, Brantford; Kathleen M. Keen, Brantford; F. St. Lawrence, wife and family, London; Misses M. and M. L. Elliott, Sarnia; Misses Isla and M. Reed, Sarnia; Roy Dale and Mrs. Dale, London; Mrs. A. Dale, London; Miss Maryann Malloch, London; H. W. Wadner, Waterloo; J. O. Hemphill, Waterloo.

HERE'S TOMBOY TAYLOR.

Dear Miss Grey—I would like to send you with Ashputtel, as I will be 13 on the 17th. I think it interesting to write to somebody you don't know. I hope Ashputtel doesn't mind tomboys.

MUST GO TO SCHOOL.

Dear Miss Grey—Hello, Miss Grey, don't you wish you were with me picking berries? I wish you were. Well, Miss Grey, do you know if the law is enforced that the children have to go to school until they're sixteen? I am **PUSSY WILLOW NO. 3.** Mean of you to talk about berry-picking when you know I have to sit up primarily in a proper newspaper office pounding a typewriter and usefully trying to make myself sent that way? The fund is growing fine, isn't it? Find inclosed 25 cents for it. Also inclosed self-addressed envelope for you to forward Ashputtel's address. I will have to ring off. As before.

TOMBOY TAYLOR.

Hello, Tomboy Taylor. I'd like to get a closer-up acquaintance with you. I suppose such a sedate person as I am (supposed to be) shouldn't admit it, but I always chuckle over Tomboy Taylor's pranks, and sort of wish I were doing the things myself, which, of course, I never would or did.

So you think you've got to be a sober, settled-down person just because you are entering high school? Remember, lady fair, all work and no play, and all sense and no nonsense, make both Jill and life deadly dull. Of course, you will be properly dignified, and you'll get ahead swimmingly in your studies, but you'll climb trees and play baseball, and camp trips (or under it) when you receive permits, and be a good, jolly, whole-souled young person, who laughs at difficulties and smiles so cheerily at the world, the world's just cannot help smiling back. Did I ever feel the way you do, Tomboy Taylor? I am (supposed to be) shouldn't admit it, but I always chuckle over Tomboy Taylor's pranks, and sort of wish I were doing the things myself, which, of course, I never would or did.

ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE.

Dear Miss Grey—These are vacation days, and I am sending a personal invitation to all the "Lancashire Lads and Lassies," who may read this to meet me at 2 on Saturday afternoon, and we will take a little trip to dear old Manchester. Oh, here we are, at Regent Road Barracks, the big gate is wide open, and the soldiers are out on the "square," and going to drill. Let's stand and watch them a few moments. Along Regent road we go out to Liverpool road and the market.



Cynthia Greys

PLEASED WITH VINE.

Dear Cynthia Grey,—I received the cinnamon vines O. K., but just one grew and it is lovely. I will set it outside soon. Sorry I didn't inclose my mite. I thought after I sent my letter away that I didn't put mite in, but would wait till I saw my letter in print. So have inclosed 25 cents. Wishing you all good luck, **FLORABELLE.**

ADDRESSES WANTED.

My Dear Miss Grey—Just a few lines asking you if you will please forward me Hope's and April Showers' addresses. I sent a parcel to London to a party who wanted the coats I offered, and also a parcel to Hampshire. Must close my spirit here. Sincerely, **HERTFORDSHIRE.**

DON'T ALL SPEAK AT ONCE.

Dear Miss Grey—I am writing to ask you if you know if those cinnamon bulbs are to be taken up in the fall the same as other bulbs. I have an idea they should but would like to make sure. Mine are growing fine.

WANTS COON SONGS.

Dear Cynthia—I have been a reader of your column for a long time and find it quite interesting. I am coming for help this time.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

SENDING SHIN PLASTERS.

Dear Miss Cynthia—Inclosed find two shin plasters for your S. C. H. fund. Wish to touch with someone who has white peony or fax roots to spare. Will give more for roots if I can get them. Sincerely, **TILDIE.**

SENDING PICTURE BOOK.

Dear Cynthia—I am returning crochet patterns which you sent, and thank you very much for them and the cinnamon bulbs. I wonder where our old Boxite March Wind is hiding. I am sure we would all be glad to see S. C. H. cases. I can send company in the funny jingling movie picture books and thought they would be nice for the little sick children. Could you tell me who to send them to. Best wishes to all. **MAILED 11/4.**

WHOLL HELP?

My Dear Miss Grey—I am coming to you for assistance, which I have tried to do without for so long, as I know there are so many boxes coming to you in the same way, and I know the response has been so wonderful. I have a family of five children. I expect to be mother again this

Purdom-McKay Wedding Saturday Is Charming Summer Social Event

A charming house wedding took place Saturday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's mother, 131 William street, when Ella Isabel, only daughter of Mrs. McKay and the late W. R. McKay, Esq., was married to William Wallace Purdom, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Purdom, 387 King street. Rev. F. W. K. Harris, assistant minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, officiated. Miss Anna Mills of Wallaceburg playing the wedding music.

Great clusters of pink gladioli added an effective decorative touch to the living-room, where the ceremony was performed in the presence of 60 guests, the bridal party presenting a most attractive picture against a background of palms, in front of which was placed a white satin prie-dieu.

During the signing of the register, Miss Merlyn Pococke sang an appropriate number, "Sacrament," by MacDermid.

The fair bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Ross McKay of this city, was lovely in her wedding robe of white canton crepe, with panels of lace, over which fell in graceful folds her bridal veil of Limerick lace, had done service on her mother's wedding day. A coronet of orange blossoms held the veil in place, and she carried Ophelia roses, showered with sweet peas. A very winsome bridesmaid was the groom's sister, Miss Maybelle Purdom, in frock of pink satin, veiled with lace, and carrying pink sweet peas. Mr. Clair McKay of Detroit, brother of the bride, was best man. Following the service and receiving of congratulations by the happy young couple, a buffet luncheon was served in the dining-room, adorned with pink sweet peas, falling from the electrolite were caught to the bride's table.

Out-of-town guests included a large party which motored over from Wallaceburg. Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Gordon, Dr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gordon, Mrs. Stenbuss, Mrs. D. C. McDonald, Miss Anna Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Guy McDonald, Mr. James McDonald, Mrs. J. Rowe, and Miss Adelaide Rowe, Capt. J. Laurie and Mrs. Laurie came up from Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. A. J. McKay and Mr. and Mrs. James McKay from Woodstock, and Miss Jennie Reed from Port Colborne.

The young couple left on a motor trip to Atlantic City, after which they will take up their residence in the city. For traveling, Mrs. Purdom donned a modish gray costume of tricotine, the suit coat opening over a tangerine blouse, and a scarf in the same vivid tone giving a smart finishing touch. Her hat, shoes and stockings were also of gray.

Champion Camper Is Her Title.

ARE you a good camper? Do you know if you are? Have you ever had an opportunity of finding out?

The members of the Barracks Company of Girl Guides, who, by the way, inaugurated the summer camp movement for guides in the city this year, were afforded the chance of proving their efficiency as campers. A competition added zest to the interest, and at the end of two weeks' outing at the Sabine county home across the river from Springbank Park, a prize was awarded to the girl considered to be the best all-round camper. The guide who had so distinguished herself was Katie Howard. Training competitions were held during the camp, Marjorie Videll coming first.

HAD TO GET PERMITS FROM SINN FEINERS

Austin and Kenneth Rylands Arrive From Ireland To Join Parents.

"Before we could come away, it was necessary to go to the Sinn Fein headquarters and get permits to leave the city," said an interesting young visitor in the city on Sunday afternoon, Austin Rylands, who, with his younger brother, Kenneth, aged eleven, has just reached here from Athy, County Kildare, Ireland, and is visiting his aunt, Mrs. C. H. Rice, Ridout street, and uncle, Mr. C. R. Smith, Mount Pleasant avenue.

Coming to Canada a few years ago, their parents, who are living in St. Thomas, left behind the young lads to finish their school course in Dublin. Owing to the continued unrest, however, Mr. and Mrs. Rylands have considered it advisable to have their boys with them.

Further, with regard to the passports from the Sinn Fein officials, the older of the boys said: "We were given to understand the permits would be much needed, and that we would be required to show them at every turn. As a matter of fact, we weren't asked to show them one, and altogether we had a very pleasant trip."

Reference was made to the destruction that has been wrought in Ireland, the boys showing snaps they had taken themselves, and stating no attempt had been made to take these from them or otherwise interfere with their leaving.

Nothing had been heard before they left of conscripting the boys of fourteen. Real young Irishmen as they are, Austin and Kenneth Rylands are happy to be in a peaceful country and with their own family once more.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

WITH THE BRIDES

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

WARD-MEPHAM.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday, July 20, at St. Matthew's Church, by the Rev. H. B. Ashby, when Ellen Jane Mepham, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Mepham of Hastings, England, became the bride of Lewis Garfield Ward of this city (formerly of Toronto). The bride, who was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. W. G. Mepham, wore a graceful gown of ivory duchess satin, prettily combined with white georgette and pearls and a veil of white tulle falling softly from a coronet of grape blossom. She carried a bouquet of bridal roses and sweet peas.

SIXTY-FOUR PLACES HAVE ACTIVE GUIDES

Movement Goes Ahead Rapidly in Ontario—Every Guide Owns "Foxlease."

Ontario now boasts active Girl Guide companies in sixty-four centers, so rapidly is the movement progressing, according to the July number of the provincial council official organ, the Girl Guide Bulletin, edited by Miss Beth Pennington, and published in London. The places are: Ancaster, Apsley, Arthur, Aultsville, Aurora, Aylmer, Bala, Barrie, Belleville, Bobassee, Brantford, Cobourg, Cochrane, Damascus, Durham, Espanola, Fergus, Fonthill, Ford, Fordwich, Fort William, Guelph, Hamilton, Hanover, Harrow, Ingersoll, Islington, Jordan Station, King, Kingston, Kitchener, London, Merritt, Mount Dennis, Napawan, New Liskeard, New Toronto, Niagara Falls, Orangeville, Ottawa, Port Hope, Port Arthur, Port Carling, Port Colborne, Port Hope, Renfrew, Rodney, St. Catharines, Smiths Falls, Sudbury, Sunderland, Timmins, Toronto, Verona, Walkerton, Walkerville, Warkworth, Waterloo, Weston, Westport, Whitby, Winchester, Windsor.

Swam 50 Yards.

London Guides will be interested in the report from Orangeville, that the daughters of the Empire gave the Guides of that place a picnic one day at Caledon Lake, and during the afternoon, three of the girls swam the fifty yards for their first class test.

An interesting story is told of "Foxlease," Lyndhurst, Hamilton, England, the rendezvous of the Girl Guides of the world, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Sawnderson, of Greystown, Washington, D.C.

Referring to the large amount required to decorate and put the place in shape, a quotation as follows, is given from the "Foxlease" file:

"Some may think, perhaps, that Princess Mary's gift is only being used to put the place in order, and for decorating and furnishing, but this is not so. With that money, we hope to enable Guides from a distance to find their way to Foxlease, who otherwise would not be able to do so, and it is being invested for this purpose." Mention is made of assistance being given by girls' schools and from other sources in equipping "Foxlease" for the WHOLE GUIDE FAMILY.

An interesting story is told of "Foxlease," Lyndhurst, Hamilton, England, the rendezvous of the Girl Guides of the world, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Sawnderson, of Greystown, Washington, D.C.

Referring to the large amount required to decorate and put the place in shape, a quotation as follows, is given from the "Foxlease" file:

"Some may think, perhaps, that Princess Mary's gift is only being used to put the place in order, and for decorating and furnishing, but this is not so. With that money, we hope to enable Guides from a distance to find their way to Foxlease, who otherwise would not be able to do so, and it is being invested for this purpose." Mention is made of assistance being given by girls' schools and from other sources in equipping "Foxlease" for the WHOLE GUIDE FAMILY.



Corns?

—just say **Blue-jay** to your druggist **Stops Pain Instantly**

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in two forms—a colorless, clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. Use whichever form you prefer. The plasters or the liquid—the action is the same. Safe-gentle. Made in a world-famed laboratory. Sold by all druggists.

PAINS IN BACK AND SIDES

Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ontario.—"I used to have very bad pains in my back and sides, and it often was so bad that I could not get up. I tried many medicines before I began to take yours. I was very lucky. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Toronto Globe' and now that it has helped me I recommend it to all of my neighbors. I keep it in the house all the time and take it once in a while no matter how well I feel, for one ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—Elizabeth Campbell, 13 St. Paul St., Lindsay, Ont.

To do any kind of work—and you know there is much to be done—is next to impossible if you are suffering from some form of female trouble. It may cause your back to ache or a pain in your side. It may make you nervous and irritable. You may be able to keep up and around, but you do not feel good. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a medicine for women. It is especially adapted to relieve the cause of these troubles, and restores them to normal health.

REECHAM'S PILLS

for Sick Headaches