PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN SOCIETY

Mrs. Robert Orr is spending a few days in Ottawa.

The Rev. J. D. McCrae and Mrs. McCrae, accompanied by their small daughter, are guests with Mr. McCrae's parents, Dr. and Mrs. D. L. McCrae, Hyatt avenue. Mr. McCrae will preach at Chalmers Church on Sunday.

The sacred musicale to be held in St. Peter's Hall next Sunday afternoon from 4 to 5 o'clock in aid of the Christmas Cheer for city orphans, promises to be a most enjoyable function. It is being held under the auspices of the Cheerio Club, and the program will include such excellent local talent as a trio by Mr. A. D. Jordan, Mr. Maurice Poure and Mr. Cortese and vocal numbers by Mr. Carmen Learn, Miss Clois Terry and Mr. Ed. Bottoms. Christmas carols will be a feature of the program.

Mrs. S. Hill was the hostess of a delightful tea held yesterday afternoon at her home on King street, in aid of the Children's Hospital. The many guests were received by Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Warcup. During the afternoon Christmas novelties and home-cookery were sold, and Mrs. Carnie told some very entertaining fortunes. Tea was served from a flower-decked table, presided over by Mrs. McLeod. The proceeds from the function are to be turned over to the Trafalgar Chapter, I. O. D. E., of which Mrs. Hill is a member.

Mrs. E. H. Young of this city and Miss Francis Brownlee of St. Thomas entertained at the tea hour yesterday afternoon for the women students of Western University at the home of Mrs. Young, Oxford street. This charming tea was held in honor of Miss Anderson and the Misses Auden, daughters of new members of the Western University staff.

Tea was served from a pretty table, over which Mrs. Clarence Foreman presided, assisted by Miss Edith Brownlee and Miss Kathleen Brownlee of St. Thomas and Miss Margaret Thompson.

The second annual rugby dance held in the Western University gym last night under the auspices of the Western Athletic Association, was a brilliant function. The "gym" itself had been transformed into a huge arcade by means of purple and white streamers falling from a gigantic purple and white dome in the centre, and caught at the corners by great brown rugby balls, through which streamed softened light. Throughout the whole gym dark green cedar boughs were used effectively, framing the Western shields on the side walls and decking the trellis work which gave entrance to the dancing floor, and fenced off the sitting-out space at the extreme west of the building.

The floor itself was constantly thronged with beautifully-gowned wo- dergraduate women and men in evening clothes, while all about the professors and their wives lent dignified patronage to the whole affair. A clever arrangement of searchlights transformed the whole scene into a dreamland of light and shadow during the moon waltzes. The orchestra was stationed on the raised stage beneath palms and ferns and fragrant with cedar boughs. At the west end of the hall lending artistic effect to the sitting-out space had been stretched a huge tapestry, on which a pretty Venetian scene was painted. Particular interest is attached to this mural hanging, because it was used by the Western University unit in their Red Cross hut in France.

The dance was held under the patronage of Dr. and Mrs. Sherwood Fox, Mrs. Fox in a handsome black satin gown; Dr. and Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Crane in navy charmeuse with overdress of black lace and touches of silver; Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Little, the latter in a smart gown of black charmeuse with tunic of sequins, and Dr. and Mrs. Paul McKibben.

The dance committee, to whose energies the success must be attributed, included Professor N. C. Hart, Mr. W. E. Mace, Mr. G. M. Brock, Mr. A. T. Little Dr. J. W. Crane, Miss G. Webster, Mr. T. O. Smith and Mr. H. E. MacMahon.

McCLEARY—MANNEL.

A very interesting event took place at the residence of the groom's aunt, Mrs. Hill, Moorefield, when Miss Harriet Mannel, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mannel of Rossrohlin, N. Wales, became the bride of Mr. John A. McCleary, only son of Mr. George McCleary. Mr. and Mrs. McCleary will reside in London.

CATES—MANNING.

A pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Manning, Plympton, recently, when their eldest daughter, Ellen, was united in marriage to Mr. William Cates, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Cates, the Rev. S. Muxworthy officiating. The ceremony was performed in the presence of about 40 guests, after which Mr. and Mrs. Cates left on a short honeymoon for points east.

CHAMBERLAIN'S

Pneumonia Insurance

During the half century that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been in use we have never known of a cold resulting in pneumonia, when this old family medicine was freely given: Can you afford to be without a bottle in your home?

35c and 65c.

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And Ragtime Piano Playing

Short, rapid course for adults. Success guaranteed or money refunded. No tiresome scales or exercises. Popular songs taught immediately. Call for demonstration, or phone for free booklet.

The Marks-Winn School

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The Value

of an institution is the value of the service it gives. We pride ourselves on the service we are giving the women of London—service in collection and delivery—service in whiteness and cleanliness, and service in the length of life of all linens entrusted to our care.

Send it to the Laundry

and be agreeably surprised at the results obtained from the investment of a very nominal sum.

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"Of your service"

DRY-CLEANERS & DYERS

WHITE WAGONS.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results.

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

GARDENING SCHOOLS FOR WOMEN MAY BE ESTABLISHED HERE

Miss Louise Carling Re-elected President of Women's Gardening Association.

The annual meeting of the Women's Gardening Association, held in Cronyn Hall yesterday afternoon, resulted in the re-election of Miss Louise Carling to the presidency. Mrs. Ibbotson Leonard and Mrs. Frank Ware are vice-presidents; Miss Miller, secretary, and Miss Stockwell, treasurer.

The Gardening Association hopes to bring an interesting speaker to the city some time early in the new year, in the person of Mrs. Houston of Toronto, who will lecture on "Women Workers in Greenhouses." Mrs. Houston studied this work while in England before the war, working herself in the king's greenhouses near Frogmore. She hopes to be able to establish in Ontario gardening schools for women, such as they have in every county in England, and the London Gardening Association will co-operate with her in this work. The aim is to have one such school near London, another near Leamington and still another near Toronto.

Prize List.

One of the chief features of the meeting yesterday was the giving out of prizes to the winners, in both community and private gardens; $1.50 was awarded as first prize to each community garden, and $1.00 as second prizes, the judge of the community gardens being James Boucher. The prizes for these gardens were as follows: Sherwood avenue garden: 1, Sergt. Grant Harris; 2, Mrs. Moylan. Regent Street Garden: 1, Miss Miller; 2, Miss Brown. Ann street garden: 1, Miss Gilderson; 2, Miss Woolley, and an extra prize for Mr. Stewart, a man of 88 years of age, who did some splendid work. Talbot street garden: 1, Mr. McVanel. Belvedere: 1, Mrs. Ryan; 2, Mrs. Smith. Boyle Memorial School garden: 1, Mr. Morley; 2, Mr. Penelagan. Oxford street soldiers' garden: 1, Sergt. Grant Harris; 2, Mrs. Harrison.

Private Gardens.

Mrs. Macdonald of 12 Argyle street was the winner of the $10 prize for the best private garden in the city. Mrs. Barnes of 59 Horton street, came second, winning a $5 prize, and Mrs. Manuel of 33 Marley Place, third, with a prize of $2.50. Mr. Gilbert of Woodland Cemetery was the judge in the case of the private gardens.

Miss Carling's report of the year's work was most comprehensive, showing that the work is progressing splendidly in the city. This year three judgings were made of the gardens before the prizes were awarded, the judging being made in June, September and November.

Miss Carling spoke of how well Canada was adapted to successful private gardening, with its detached houses and small plots of ground. She urged that citizens make their gardens more attractive, planning them with an eye to beauty as well as utility.

This was the fourth annual meeting of the Gardening Association, which was organized during the war to help increase production.

Western Ontario Women's Activities

Address News For This Column to the Editor of Woman's Page.

GROVE W. M. S.

The Grove W. M. S. met at the home of Mrs. Phillip Brooks for their regular monthly meeting this week. A report of the recent convention was given by the delegate, and a very excellent program followed. The closing number on the program was an address and presentation of a life membership certificate and pin to the pastor's wife, Mrs. H. Williams, to which she responded thanking the W. M. S. for their kindness.

COLDSTREAM W. I.

The Coldstream W. I. will meet at the home of Mrs. Cameron, Poplar Hill, on December 14.

MRS. GRACE ORFORD

MRS. GRACE ORFORD, who is asking a Toronto court to compel her husband to pay her $500 a month. She told a startling story of her relations with Mr. Orford since she first met him in Toronto in 1913, and described extraordinary scenes, in which she alleged he put powder in her drinks. The evidence was such that the court had to be cleared of all except officials and counsel. The court resumes today.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

JUSTINE.

Justine may almost be classed as a "legal" name. It is derived from the Latin word juro, meaning to swear or take oath, and is one of the many such names that show the strong impression made upon other languages by the Roman law. It signifies "just."

In early times there was a St. Justus or Juste in Lyons, but the feminine form was directly evolved from Justa, a virgin martyr, whose fame was later eclipsed by that of Justina. Her martyrdom at Padua caused that city to adopt her as its patron saint and her purity made the unicorn her emblem, since it is said to lend obedience to none but a spotless maiden.

The Venetians believe that the victory of the great battle of Pepanto, which was fought on St. Justina Day, was due entirely to her intercession. For that reason, Justina, or Guistina, as she is called in Venice, is very popular in Italy and France has made her equally popular as Justine. The English accepted the French spelling, but we have adopted both versions in this country, employing Justine and Justina indiscriminately.

The moss agate is Justine's talismanic stone. It promises her courage and victory through all difficulties. Sunday is her lucky day and 4 her lucky number.

Advertiser Patterns

Owing to the pattern manufacturers increasing the price of patterns to us, all patterns advertised from this date will be 15 CENTS EACH.

3230

A Very Attractive Dress for Porch or Country Wear.

Pattern 3230 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches, bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 5¼ yards of 36-inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1⅝ yards. Checked gingham and chambrey are here combined. This model is good for linen, shantung, percale, lawn, taffeta and wash silk; also serge, gabardine and check suiting.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)....

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

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

THE MARRIAGE OF ANNE

BY MAY CHRISTIE

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LXXIX.—Margery's Schemes.

Margery's home-truths were scarcely palatable!

Not "a real pal to a man!" Such was my character.

She smiled so sweetly, however, while delivering this opinion, that it was hard to show anger.

At school I did not credit Margery with much perspicuity. Apparently however, since leaving school she had developed it—or thought she had!

She went on, dreamily:

"I can wind John Courtney round my little finger. He hasn't proposed to me—not yet. But I intend that he shall, tonight."

I stared at the speaker, astonished at the calm way in which she could voice her intentions.

She went on, blowing rings of smoke toward the ceiling:

"He'd have proposed yesterday, if I had given him the opportunity. This afternoon, too——" She broke off.

Then:

"It's rather good for a man to make him jealous sometimes. I tried that game this afternoon. Result—John is twice as keen on me as ever!" She favored me with a triumphant glance.

"How? Made him jealous?" Surely Margery's self-confidence was carrying her too far!)

"Yes—jealous!" she repeated, airily. "By the simple process of showing such enormous pleasure in your husband's company. That upset John Courtney no end!"

I drew a gasping breath.

"Don't look so utterly amazed, my dear." She twisted round into a more comfortable position in the rocking-chair. "Married men are not immune from little flirtations, these days!"

Then I spoke up:

"Neil wasn't flirting with you." I addressed her bluntly. Her daring was carrying her a shade too far.

"Oh, don't you be jealous, too! Or Courtney and you will be a pair! Then you'll have to cling together, and console yourselves!"

Her tone was bantering. But all the same I did not like it. No bride cares for that kind of joke.

I think she saw that she had gone too far, for she added:

"Of course I've no further interest in Neil—now!" (she emphasized the "now") "than that of an old friend. But I do intend to make Mr. Courtney propose tonight."

I was astonished at this naive frankness. It seemed out of keeping with the rest of the young woman's character, as I judged it.

"You are in love with him?" I looked at her with puzzled brow. Small, plain, and rather unattractive. Mr. Courtney seemed to have little to recommend him to a girl like Margery!

"Love! Poof!" Margery blew a cloud of smoke into the air. "Don't be a romantic little goose. But, of course, I forget—you are a very new-made bride, aren't you?"

A momentary sneer twisted her delicately pretty features.

I did not lose my temper. I merely answered quietly:

"Most people marry because they fall in love, don't they?"

Margery shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, I don't think so at all. There are other motives, other factors. Neil, for instance——" She broke off, biting her lip, as though she'd said something that she did not mean to say.

"Yes? Neil?"

"Oh, it isn't so in this particular case, I'm sure." She smiled in a queer way. "But I've always considered Neil the type of man who'd be easily caught—who might marry a girl out of pity or chivalry—just to help her out of an awkward situation or something of that sort——" She paused, feigning an embarrassment that I'm sure she did not feel.

"Of course he adores you," she added. "One can see it."

I flushed with wounded pride. For her last words, I knew, were meant to be sarcastic. Neil had not shown himself particularly attentive to me today, except when Margery was out of sight.

Besides was there not some truth in her comments on Neil's character? Pitying my forlorn condition in New York, had he not offered himself as a haven and a refuge? He was quixotically chivalrous.

It never occurred to me that beautiful Margery Langhorne might actually be jealous of me, humble Anne Saunders! If I'd only thought of such a thing it might have saved me a considerable amount of misery!

"To 'return to our muttons,' as the French say," proceeded my companion gaily, "and the metaphor's appropriate, because there's something sheep-like about little Courtney—I wonder just how ardent he'll be tonight, at proposing time?"

I answered her question with another.

"So you intend to marry him?"

"Marry him? Oh, I don't know about that yet!"

"But—haven't you just told me that you're going to get him to propose?" I sat up on one elbow, and regarded her intently. She was puzzling.

"Of course. I'm going to get him to propose. It's really kinder to the man, and more satisfactory for me. It gets his trouble off his chest, so to speak—and it gives me an immense pull with him."

"A pull with him?"

"Yes, exactly that. Really, Anne, you've an absurd way of repeating my remarks after me, as though you hadn't two ideas in your head, and were a sort of dunce." She laughed unpleasantly. "Of course, I want to receive a proposal from a millionaire. Most girls would. I can dangle him for a bit, then. Besides—the presents—think of them!" She rolled her eyes dramatically.

"But how can you take presents, if you aren't going to marry the man?" I asked brusquely.

Again she laughed.

"That's easy. He'll 'shell out,' all right, so if I gently indicate to him that present-giving is the surest way to win my love. I may even go as far as to have a 'private engagement,' so as to get the ring, you know. I've set my heart on a gorgeous diamond, price twenty-five hundred dollars. And I intend to get it, love or no love."

Tomorrow—Reappearance.

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MacDONALD COLLEGE.

SMOCKING.

Smocking is a pretty way of arranging and holding in place the fullness in various parts of garments, as across the shoulders or front of a blouse, or at the wrists or waist of a child's frock. The cloth to be smocked must be gathered with even stitches and drawn up to about one-fourth the measurement when plain, and the smocking then consists of ornamental stitches on the surface of the gathers.

The material should be chartered for gathering, on the wrong side, by horizontal rows of dots, the space between the dots, usually from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch, depending on the weight of the material, and the amount to be gathered; the distance between the rows varies likewise, from three-eighths to three-quarters of an inch. The dots may be marked in pencil, measured and guided by a ruler, or transfer patterns may be bought for this purpose. For the gathering, strong thread, forty to sixty should be used; the gathering should be done on the wrong side with one little black stitch at the first dot to prevent the knot from slipping through the cloth. The needle should lift the cloth between dots, passing over just a few threads on each dot. When all the lines of gathering are in, the material should be drawn up to one-fourth its original width and fastened by each thread, wound on a pin, or by two threads tied together. Then on the right side of the cloth the gathers should be pulled evenly into place, exactly alike on each row.

The decorative stitches are then put on with any embroidery cotton or silk suited to the cloth, of the same or contrasting color. The first stitch always used at the top of any design is the outline, worked on the first row, the thread being allowed to drop naturally below the needle, and the tip of one plait taken up in each stitch.

The single cable is worked from left to right, like the outline, but the thread is reversed at each stitch, that is dropped below the line for the first stitch, thrown above the line for the second, below for the third, and so on. Double cable is made by working another row of single cable close under the first row, but reversing the thread in the opposite order, that is, above the line first, then below and so on.

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Personal Health Service

(By WILLIAM BRADY, M.D., Noted Physician and Author.)

Isn't Work Hateful?

Have to summon old Dr. Webster today.

Work: Exertion of strength or faculties for the accomplishment of something; toil, labor; as the work of a teamster or a doctor.

Play: Exercise intended for amusement; state of not working or attending school; a game.

Just not working. That's plenty, thank you, Dr. Webster. Now kindly tell us what exercise might be.

Exercise: Exertion for the sake of training or improvement.

Very good. Going back to the beginning again, we find that exercise is work. No doubt that explains why exercise is so seldom done in our best families—what, everybody?

Some hypocrites let on they like to work. Others utter brave sentiments about the dignity of work. People who invent these fine sentiments never work themselves; only others.

Work is a low, hateful thing which every honest person is ashamed to be caught doing. That is why working clothes never become really fashionable. Work is a noble thing in the world of romance and imagination, but a sordid evil in the world of reality. Show me a human being who likes work as a steady diet, same as you and I like play, and I'll show you a freak o' nature. No sane person likes work, save as a wholesome occupation for other folks.

Do you fancy that I would spend fifteen minutes of my valuable time just doing muscular work every day if I believed I could keep as well and feel as fit without squandering those fifteen minutes? Well, I wouldn't. I begrudge every minute I devote to exercise. So does every other plain man or woman.

Ah, but play, that is very different. I don't mind taking an hour or two off any old time to play. If I could only find some game to play that would give me as much and as beneficial exercise as I can get in my fifteen minutes daily workout, I'd certainly grab that game and say a fond farewell to the Brady symphony.

The symphony is work, hard, hateful, sweaty, vulgar, muscular work. I hate it! Yet I do it every day without fail, because I have the notion that it keeps me happier all around.

There may be better music than this Brady sympathy—symphony, I mean (there's no sympathy in or about me). And if any of the thirteen thousand readers who have sought and received copies of the symphony know a better tune to play over on the poor old metabolism every day, they haven't sent me a copy. A copy is yours for the inevitable self-addressed, self-stamped envelope.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Lead Poisoning.

I am a monotype operator. The machine produces fumes from the lead or oil, I don't know which, and I inhale the fumes when at work. I would like to know whether the fumes will cause tuberculosis or injure health in any other way. A. L. G.

Answer.—If lead is melted and fumes arise, inhalation of the fumes would be very likely to cause chronic lead poisoning, which may produce all sorts of grave and obscure disturbances of health. The tuberculosis rate among printers is high for some reason. The fumes should be carried off by some suitable ventilating system.

Smile and Grow Better.

I have always said to my children that if "chronics" would get the habit of reading your articles and answers they would learn to forget some of their "symptoms." I have found that Dr. Brady helps one to laugh and grow better. Please tell that farmer's wife to send what ham is left to us—we'll eat it without cooking it! Every member of our family enjoys a bit of uncooked ham occasionally. MRS. L. Y. G.

Answer.—Better watch out. Trichina worm infestation has been traced in numerous cases to indulgence in raw ham or pork, and if you ever get trichinosis you may smile and smile and not be one bit better.

Club News

WOMEN TEACHERS' GUILD.

The Women Teachers' Guild and the extension department of the Western University are uniting in bringing Prof. J. A. Dale to London. He will lecture in St. Andrew's Hall on Monday evening next on "The Workers' Educational Association Movement."

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB.

Prof. J. A. Dale of the Social Service Bureau of Toronto University will be the speaker at the Monday afternoon meeting of the Women's Canadian Club, to be held in the Normal School. Next Saturday the Hon. W. M. Martin, premier of Saskatchewan, will address the club.

ABERDEEN M. C.

The Rev. A. A. Bice was the speaker at a recent meeting of the Aberdeen Mothers' Club, his subject being "Parental Obligation." A further program included reading by Miss Helen Collyer, Highland dances by Miss Dorothy Burns, piano selections by Miss Madeline Langford, and vocal numbers by Miss Ruth Dodd.

S. O. CLUB ENTERTAINS CHILDREN.

Never did children spend such a delightful time as did the boys and girls of the children's Shelter last night, when they were entertained by the C. O. Club of the Somerville paper box factory. The large recreation hall had been decorated in the typical Christmas colors, scarlet and green, and the long supper tables were lit up with candles.

After supper, J. K. McDermid, transformed into a most delightful Santa Claus, distributed huge bulgy Christmas stockings to all the small guests, who departed happier than kings. Owing to illness the children of the Protestant Orphans' Home were unable to be present, so their stockings were taken over to them and ice-cream as well. Miss Blanche Friend and the club members worked energetically to make this treat a success.

AN APPEAL FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

There are some soldier boys out at the Westminster Hospital just longing for an orchestra and a band, so the hospital committee of the I. O. D. E. is endeavoring to secure the instruments necessary. Feeling that there may be many musical instruments in the city which are being unused, the committee is making an appeal to the public for donations of this kind, so that they may be presented to the men at Christmas time. Donations may be made to Mrs. J. B. McKillop, convener of the hospital committee.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Forgiveness is a woman's gift to the man she loves—and a man's parting gift to the woman he no longer loves.

Puts Feet in Stockings.

Dear Miss Grey—I am like others that just come for help, too. I do put feet into stockings, but would not mind if I had your pattern, and also mat pattern and bead portiers. I often read the corner and am pleased with it. Inclosed please find self-addressed envelope and ten cents for S. C. H. Have you a knitted tam pattern? Please forward one. W. E. P.

P. S.—Please excuse lead pencil, but I am the mother of some romping youngsters and my pen is not to be found.—W. E. P.

Ans.—Am mailing patterns. Many thanks for mite.

Butter Scotch.

Dear Miss Grey—I am sending in the directions for a knitted tam asked for today. Here is a recipe for butter scotch:

Butter Scotch—2 cups of white sugar, 2 tablespoons water, butter size of a walnut. Boil without stirring until it hardens on a spoon. Pour on buttered plates and square when almost cold. I missed clipping "When Hulda 'Spects Her Beau," may I still have a copy, please? I am inclosing some recitations for children for concerts in return. If there are any other recitations on hand please put one in my envelope too. I am also inclosing pink hollyhock, columbine and marigold seed and mite for C. H. F. Please send me a package moon flowers or verbenecas, or candytuft. Thank you. SELINA SUE.

Ans.—Am mailing recitations also moon flower seeds. Many thanks for mite and recitations.

A Chocolate Drops In.

Dear Miss Grey and Boxites—Can you make room for a chocolate in your cheerful corner of friends who seem always ready to help another. I have been a silent reader and am now coming with help and am selfish enough to ask for some in return.

If you please, first have you a stocking-foot pattern and the mitt also for me? There are eight of us that means a deal of darning for mother and I.

Next, has anyone this recitation which begins this way:

"Two little stockings hung side by side
Close by the fireside, broad and wide.
"Two?" said St. Nick as down he came
Loaded with toys and many a game.
"Ha! ha! my little one, —etc. etc.

I can't remember the rest only that Santa finds a note in the stocking saying if there are not enough for both stockings to please fill the one for her neighbor friend next door It is a very suitable piece for any child and has the real Christian Christmas spirit. I think the name of same is "Two Little Stockings," but am not sure. I should indeed be very, very pleased to get it again, as I lost the copy I had.

I am sending some large double white poppies that look like snowballs for you to use as you like in the Mail-Box to help a little for the hospital fund. Glad to see it growing so fast. Accept my mite, please, herewithal.

I am sending, too, a few copies of a child's recitation I have, also a comic one, "Red Wing" and "How a Man Became His Own Grandfather."

Would you like a piece of birch bark, Miss Grey? If so I will send you some next time or did you ever get any?

Could you send me the beautiful poem of which these are the first two and last two lines:

Laddie, beloved laddie.
How soon we cease to weep;
Over the hills of God, laddie,
The beautiful hills of home.

Now must not take any more of your space nor time. Hoping you will not refuse a CHOCOLATE.

Ans.—Seeds and patterns have been mailed. Many thanks for poppy seeds, recitations and mite. Possibly some of the Boxites will fill your request for recitation and poem. I would be delighted to receive the birch-bark, Chocolate.

Touch-Me-Not.

Dear Cynthia Grey,—I saw in today's paper that Aunt Maria sent in the names of several firms where one might get dialogues and recitations. Please send me those names as soon as possible. Am inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an early reply. Sprite also said she had several she would send; please give me those too, or send me her address. Am inclosing dime for S. C. H. TOUCH-ME-NOT.

Ans.—Am mailing addresses, also Sprite's address. Many thanks for the hospital dime.

A Suggestion From Spring.

Dear Cynthia.—I want to thank Patsy and Redwing, who kindly sent in the verses I asked for. Certainly I could make it out, Redwing. Your writing differs from mine; I must say you write a very lovely hand, and as for the Scotch words, well, as our folks say, "I know the Gaelic," not t understand that "langwidge," bu forefathers were quite good at it. here is a suggestion I believe wo quite good for a social evening, everyone was well acquainted: slips of paper, and on each one one line of a popular song, the firs on about four slips, the second li four slips, and so on for the verse; then pass slips around. person must find the ones who h part of their song, and when each has "found itself," go to the pla and sing verse and chorus. M some will think this is not very Well, it does not need to be, to be good fun. Now I must get back t sewing. I'm making my moth plush coat. Have any of you ever that kind of sewing? SPRIN

Ans.—Thanks for stamp and su tion.

Our Gift Seeds.

Dear Miss Grey,—I saw in Saturd paper where Mistress Mary was as Lonely Maggie to send her the direct for baby's bootees and mitts. So h am in prompt response to her cal hope they will be all right. One pa bootees is longer than the others, a a knitted pattern. I thought she m like both. I have been sick with silitis, and so could not read the pa very much. I wonder if Miss Grey any seeds—any kind I'd like. I h Mistress Mary likes the pattern. I a little baby, but lost him Easter S day, and I always made use of knitted patterns. LONELY MAGGI

Ans.—Many thanks for filling Mist Mary's request so promptly. If you me know what seeds you like, I s forward them. Here is a list of the o in Mail-Box at present: Candytuft, p ties, sweet william, petunia, zin marigolds, hollyhocks, asters, nicot four o'clocks, African daisy, larksp columbine, scarlet runner, Canterb bells, cosmos, sweet peas and spr phlox. There is quite a variety to cho from, isn't there?

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