

Oakville, Man., Sept. 24, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—I feel you certainly are my friend indeed since you have shown so thoroughly in "Mother's Corner" what a deep mother love you possess. I am a mother of thirteen children, two of which I lost in infancy; they were my fifth and sixth babies. Many friends said to me "I'd never be fortunate to raise another baby." Since then our home has been cheered and made happy with seven more; never healthier nor more rugged babies, excepting my last, and some might say with a smile, "No wonder, thirteen is unlucky, anyway."



Elwood Dwight Gibson.

I am enclosing you a little snap of Mildred May, taken at home. Have you been greeted by a much dearer little darling than she looks to be? You should see her personally to know her grandeur. True, each mother loves best you know in the human as well as the animal world, but I am sorry you can't step into my home for a time and see my interesting little school.

Mildred will be three years old the 26th inst. Just two days to wait now, and oh, how happy she is. She weighs 33½ lbs., chest 23 inches, height 36 inches, head measures 19¼ inches. At birth she weighed 8½ lbs. Her hair is light in color and a wealth of it. Her eyes are hazel, large, and seem changeable; some days they seem almost a deep brown, and again seem a blue. None of my little ones had eyes more grand. Mildred's cheeks have always that rosy bloom of perfect health, which she always has enjoyed. She is never quiet except when asleep; in fact, I never saw such energy exercised in a little being, and she was a bottle baby, too. My last three were. Mildred was so little trouble I can scarcely remember doing much for her even now in three years. I put her on one healthy young cow's milk. I think it was one to eight measures of milk, one of milk and boiled eight, gradually strengthening it to more milk and less water. Always the latest and freshest milk. My greatest trouble was to see the next older baby did not rob Mildred of her share. There was only thirteen months between them and while Lorena had plenty of whole milk, the little baby's milk was best. And such a picture those two often presented to us, Lorena comforting the little sister with one hand, while she enjoyed the bottle herself. The same little cow brought these babies through infancy and into



Evelyn Beatrice Lewis.

childhood perfectly. Many neighbors could assure you of this, and now I just want a few words about my last baby. Have no good snap of him, but will try to send you one later. He was a problem to me. At birth he weighed 9¼ lbs., was a dimple of pink perfect baby flesh. The doctor advised herd's milk, so I began with it, one to eight parts. Baby seemed satisfied for days, but went backward instead of forward. He was never sick, but took every feed regular. But he got so very thin and looked so old; was always good of nights. I bathed him regular, and I often shuddered for fear the little hip bones would break through the skin, as I hoped each day to see a change for the better. He took a cold and a bad cough with it. I called in the doctor. I had been consulting him before and he advised juice of fresh steak, a teaspoonful in each alternate feed, and I had been adding extra cream to his daily feed, but even with all this and increased beef juices later in each feed, and orange juice, a teaspoonful in water three times a day. Of fresh boiled water I gave him often every day as much as he cared for. I gave him oc-

asionally a teaspoonful of castor oil—I did with all my children—and bathed his stomach and bowels with olive oil, and as a tonic I gave him a little olive



"The man at the wheel," Alexander Broken-shire.

oil night and morning. He went down to 8 lbs. and stood at that weight for weeks. It was at about nine weeks the doctor said he had strong symptoms of rickets and he advised Mellin's Food. I

could see a change in a week. Just imagine my joy if you can. From the thin little white face taking on a hue of returning health, digestion began an improvement. I was also given a tonic three times a day from our doctor. Always using the freshest herd's milk with the directions as to the use of Mellin's Food. I now am proud to say that at 6 months old, I have a lovely, fat, blue-eyed, jolly baby, good-natured, always laughing. He has two teeth, which he cut almost unawares.

I omitted the orange juice when he was about 6 months of age. Now I am beginning to feed him arrowroot biscuits in his milk, also beef gravy and milk foods, such as custard, milk pudding, etc., a little porridge well cooked, and all these in limited quantities. He is a dandy baby—the pride of the home.

Kisses are forbidden as a general rule to perfect health, but since he began doing well he has received maybe more than his share of kisses. Where there are so many to care for him, how could I forbid them, when I can't possibly resist the temptation myself!

He weighs now, at 6 months, 13 lbs.



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