PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN SOCIETY

Miss Wigle of Kingsville is a guest with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sherlock, Stanley street.

Miss Doris Lambert of Detroit is spending a couple of weeks with relatives in this city.

Miss Blanche Coppersmith, Grey street, is spending two weeks with her cousin in Toronto.

Mrs. C. W. Nicholls, St. George Apartments, has returned from a month's visit to Chicago.

Mrs. F. Berry and Miss Mary Berry of Springbank are the guests of Mrs. James Y. Foster, John street.

Miss Helen De Coursey of Lucan is spending a few holidays with Mrs. O. L. McComb, Windsor avenue.

Miss Helen Comber is returning this week to Detroit, after a pleasant visit with her parents in this city.

Mrs. George H. Channer of Colborne street, accompanied by her small daughters, Margaret and Marion, is visiting in Detroit.

On Tuesday evening the students of the O'Brien Business College held a delightful skating party, followed by dancing and cards.

Mrs. Ray Lawson, Cheapside street, was the hostess of a most enjoyable bridge party yesterday afternoon, when she entertained in honor of Miss Olive Wallace of Woodbridge, who promises to be a much-feted guest while in the city. Mrs. William Green and Mrs. D. McArthur assisted Mrs. Lawson in entertaining her guests.

The home of Mrs. Frank Lawson, Cheapside street, was filled with daffodils on Tuesday afternoon, when she entertained from fifty to sixty of her friends at the tea hour. Mrs. Ray Lawson received with her. In the tea room a great silver basket of daffodils centred the table, over which Mrs. Fritz Beck and Mrs. Gordon Hunt presided. Mrs. Beck pouring tea and Mrs. Hunt cutting the ices. They were assisted by Miss Wigle of Kingsville, Miss Florence Wilson, Miss Anna McArthur, Miss Wallace of Woodbridge, and Mrs. D. McArthur of Kilworth.

The annual inaugural banquet of Western University Medical School will be held in the Tecumseh Hotel on Tuesday evening next, and several prominent speakers, graduates of the above institution, will address those present. Practically every doctor in London district will attend the banquet, which, although an annual affair, was suspended during the war, to be revived with striking success last year. Arrangements for this function are in the hands of the sophomores, who will take this opportunity of introducing the freshmen to other students and alumni.

The home of Mrs. F. R. Clegg, 688 Dundas street, presented a pretty sight yesterday afternoon, filled as it was with palms, ferns and spring flowers, for the occasion of her reception. Mrs. Clegg received her many callers, wearing a lovely gown of burnt orange satin with tunic of Pekin blue georgette, trimmed with silver and crystal beads and her corsage was of orchids and violets. Mrs. W. D. Brock of Windsor and Mrs. Clegg, sen., received with her, the former wearing a handsome gown of black organdie trimmed with jet beads and ermine, and corsage of white sweet peas, while the latter was gowned in black charmeuse, beautifully braided, and wore a corsage of freesias. Ushering to the tea room was Mrs. G. Q. Warner in a tailored frock of blue serge, mink furs and pretty toque.

In the tea room, Miss Helen Harris presided over a pretty table laid with a handsome Cluny cloth and centred with a silver basket of Ophelia roses. She was assisted by Mrs. Morrison of Thorndale in a navy tricolette gown and wearing pink sweet peas. Mrs. (Dr.) McFarlane in a pretty frock of pink and silver tafteta with silver lace trimming, and large white hat, and Miss Lexy McCormick in blue charmeuse with touches of silver and large picture hat. Miss Norma Ferguson, wearing a smart frock of pale blue georgette, admitted the guests as they arrived at the door.

The Masonic Temple was prettily and airily decorated with slender garlands of evergreen and ropes of smilax, for the big Tuscan Lodge "At Home" last night. Over three hundred guests were present to enjoy this annual function, which is anticipated with pleasure each season. A huge Union Jack over the entrance door flanked with tall standards headed by wide-spreading palms, greeted the arriving guests. Inside garlands of smilax and evergreen lowered the ceiling and screened the windows, while on the stage itself, palms, ferns and flowers vied with each other to separate the orchestra from the dancers below. From this vantage point Master C. H. Beard welcomed the guests at the beginning of the dance music. Ante-rooms and lodge rooms were thrown open as rest rooms and card rooms for the guests, while below the supper room was a bower of green beauty. Garlands of evergreens and smilax were again used here effectively against the fresh blue of the walls and pure white ceiling. As is the custom at Tuscan dances, the lodge members were stationed at different tables to see that the guests were well-looked after.

It was due to the splendid committee in charge that this function proved such a success, the members being: Will. Falls (convener), W. H. Abbott, Geo. McLaughlin, Fred Marshall, R. Foster, Chas. Jones, Chester Butler, Albert Reason, George Montgomery, Wm. Martin, Emerson Nichols, Harry Morgan, Fred McIntosh, N. Waller (secretary), and Morley Adams. George McLaughlin was convener of the decoration committee, W. H. Abbott of the refreshment committee, and Chester Butler of the music committee.

The list of guests who were invited to the "At Home" is as follows: Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Langford, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Harley, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Higgins, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Johnson, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Newcome, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baines, Dr. and Mrs. G. L. Jepson, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. M. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Tambling, Mr. and Mrs. M. Blackie, Miss Boomer, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blackie, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Nash, Mr. and Mrs. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Quigley, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hawke, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Wilson, Dr. and Mrs. Colling, Mr. and Mrs. W. Venton, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Lawrason, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Hurley, Mr. and Mrs. Downham, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Taggart and son, Mr. and Mrs. G. Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Judd, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Broome, Mrs. A. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Jackson, Miss Graham, Prof. and Mrs. A. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. MacDermott, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barnard, Col. and Mrs. French, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Kent Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. N. Keene, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Todd, Dr. and Mrs. S. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. M. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Keyes, Mr. and Mrs. G. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Greenlachi, Dr. and Mrs. D. C. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Jarvis, Mrs. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Newton, Miss Gladys Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boomer, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brownlee, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McBride, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Grant, Dr. and Mrs. Nelson George, Dr. L. F. Burdon, F. H. Burdon, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ashplant, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Adams, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitwam, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Truax, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hutz, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Lamb, Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Baulch, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Peters, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Silverwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Nicholls, Dr. H. R. Abbott, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cairncross, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cairncross, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Reason, Col. Reason, Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Reason, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. R. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Falls, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. McMahen, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. M. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. H. Neiles, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Purdom, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Spittal, Mr. and Mrs. Cogdon, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. C. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Edy, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Montgomery, Col. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Greenlees, C. Udy, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Daly, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Chapman, Mel Brock, H. C. Hart, Dr. and Mrs. S. M. Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mara, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McKillop, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Clark, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. King, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Waller, Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Waller, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Beard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Abbott, Mrs. Roe, H. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Seaborne, Mr. and Mrs. Cam Fraser, Dr. and Mrs. Banghart, H. Crouch, Major Eaton, Dr. Hogg, Mr. Watt, Mr. Clark, Mr. Kitchen, Mr. Tobias, W. A. Jenkins, Dr. and Mrs. Bowman, Fred. Weldon.

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FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]

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III.—Congratulations.

Betty Gordon was the first to break the silence following the abrupt announcement of the engagement. The blood had ebbed from her face, leaving it very white though in a shadow which the rising moon cast over the trees her pallor was invisible to the other two.

She turned to Trevor, bravely forcing herself to smile.

"I must congratulate you," she said her voice calm and level. "You are very fortunate. I did not know you were engaged."

He nodded, turning his head abruptly aside to hide the miserable look on his face.

"We're going to be married very soon, aren't we, Jack, dear?" April's tones were sweet and silky, though the acute listener would have noticed in them an undercurrent of annoyance.

But Trevor could stand no more. The situation was unendurable. He was undergoing moments of regrets and self-reproach. And yet he could not take his miserable eyes from Betty's face. Oh, what must she think of him? If only he had explained. . . .

But there had been no time.

"I must be going now. No, please, don't come with me—I know these roads so well—it isn't really late." Betty spoke lightly, though her one thought was to be alone, to get away from this torturing situation, to fight her battle out by herself, far from the sharp suspicious eyes of April Moore and the man whom she had believed in.

"You can't go home alone." Trevor stared unhappily at Betty.

"I'm going, so good-bye," said Betty. "And—since I may not see you again—I must thank you once more for—for everything." Her voice caught on the last two words, but only Jack Trevor heard the little break in it.

Before he could answer she had vanished, her slim, white-coated figure swallowed up in the shadow of the woods.

"What on earth are you looking, so blue for, Jack?" April spoke querulously. "One would certainly think you'd lost your heart to that girl the way you stand staring after her. Come, let's get home—I'm tired." She gave a little shiver as she spoke.

Trevor did not answer. He was too sick at heart to think coherently.

"You're not a bit attentive to me, Jack. April had taken up the petulant theme again. "Charlie Davon was saying only this morning that we don't act a bit like an engaged couple."

"Let Davon mind his own affairs," came the brusque reply. "I never could endure the fellow at any price." Trevor turned sharply on his heel.

"Charlie is awfully fond of me." Her voice was silkily smooth as she hurried after her fiance, putting an appealing little hand upon his arm. "He would marry me any day, you know." She sidled close to him, smiling up into his face.

But these blandishments were entirely lost upon Jack Trevor. Miserably unhappy, his thoughts were with the girl who was even now hurrying back to the quiet haven of the Red Cottage.

He almost groaned aloud.

Betty had acted so sweetly, too, under the staggering announcement of his engagement to another girl! She had kept herself well in hand, exhibiting such perfect poise. Ah, but perhaps she didn't care a bit for him? Why should she care?

The walk back to the Manor House, with April's chatter falling on his unwilling ears, seemed, interminably long to him.

Charlie Davon met them in the hall when at last they arrived. A curious fellow, Charlie Davon! Good looking, with pleasantly ingratiating manners, no one really knew anything about him—and yet he went everywhere, was received in the best houses!

Trevor walked into a small library opening off the hall and closed the door carefully behind him. Here he would surely find quiet for reflection.

"What have you been doing to old Trevor?" Charlie Davon looked quizzically at April.

The latter shrugged her shoulders lightly, looking coquettishly up at the attractive man beside her.

"Oh, I don't know—perhaps, he's jealous!"

He caught her hand in his, pressing it carelessly. Women were curious creatures—they had to be humored. And April's affection was extraordinarily useful to him, though demanding and involving a tiresome amount of trouble.

"It's I who feel jealous of him, April!" Davon whispered to the girl, touching her cheek lightly for a moment. "If I could only—only have you all to myself—" He paused, his eloquent eyes continuing the tale.

"You want me?" The girl's voice trembled. "Oh, Charlie, if you want me, why, I'll—I'll—"

"No, April, you won't do anything foolish." Davon realized he had gone too far, that to play on April's feelings might land him in an embarrassing quandary. "You know, dear, I haven't any money. That alters things. Trevor is rich, remember. He's worth while. And," lowering his voice in mock humility, "I am not!"

Suddenly tears sprang to April's eyes. The girl was genuinely fond of Davon. It was maddening to think that Trevor's money should stood between them. And yet—oh, how she would hate to be poor!

"If only you had some of his money!" The eager words broke from her lips.

"Perhaps I shall have, April—if you don't do anything foolish meantime." "You want me to do something—for you?" she was whispering.

"Not just at present, dear," Davon was growing restless under the interview, and the fear, too, that Trevor might come out of the library and find them whispering in the hall. "We'll discuss all this later on—come down now and have a game of billiards." April, smiling and happy once more, went off with him.

Tomorrow—An Unwelcome Engagement.

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.

A Simple Frock for the Growing Girl. Pattern 3432 was used for this model. It is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

As here shown the dress is of plaid ginghams with collar, belt and cuffs of white drill. One could have checked woolen, serge, velveteen, taffeta, gabardine or percale.

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 carefin 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, 24, 26, 28, 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.

Personal Health Service

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

The Peptic Ulcer,

In a study of 500 cases of petic (stomach, gastric or duodenal) ulcer treated at the Battle Creek Sanatorium, Dr. E. L. Eggleston reports in the Journal of the American Medical Association, that complete relief and apparent cure (at least no relapse within three years) may be reasonably expected in 70 per cent of the cases, provided—

And this is the secret of success in the treatment of stomach or duodenal ulcer—

Provided the patient remains under treatment for an average period of five weeks.

Nearly thirty per cent of all the cases treated remained under treatment an average period of only three weeks and suffered recurrence. There's a lesson in these striking figures for anyone afflicted with this particular variety of so-called "acid dyspepsia" or indigestion.

It seems to be characteristic of the peptic ulcer patient to rebel against the necessary dietetic and other wise restrictions as soon as he or she is free of the immediate and more troublesome symptoms. This willful conduct explains why so many victims of ulcer fail to continue long enough with treatment—and suffer recurrence.

The symptoms, of course, do not concern us. We need not suggest symptoms here, goodness knows. Symptoms are something for the patient to tell his doctor. But no harm will be done by explaining that hyperacidity or excessive acidity, with burning or boring pain a few hours after eating, especially hunger pain (relieved on taking some food, is never just dyspepsia or indigestion; it may be ulcer, gallstones, or some other serious disease, but never just dyspepsia or indigestion.

The important features of the most successful treatment of ulcers of stomach or duodenum are (1) rest in bed for from one to three weeks, a difficult thing for the habitual gambler to submit to; (2) more or less frequently repeated lavage (stomach washing) as in the method of treatment so successfully employed by Dr. B. W. Sippy of Chicago, and known to physicians as the Sippy method; (3) very large and very frequent feedings with suitable alkalis; (4) the moist abdominal bandage worn constantly during the early days of the treatment (when the patient is in bed). A method of treatment which obviously cannot very well be carried on at home unless the patient can afford heavy expense; but readily carried out in any hospital without extraordinary expense.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Stains on the Teeth.

What will remove the dark greenish stains from the teeth? (L. C.)

ANSWER—Scrub with a few drops of iodine on the moistened brush, followed with a scrubbing with a few drops of aromatic spirits of ammonia on the moistened brush, and finally brush with peroxide on the brush. This may be done once in ten days if necessary.

Too Much Water.

I have just been reading in a paper that bedouins they drank too much water the Pilgrims had diseases and were short-lived. It was Horace W. Morse who said that. Do you think so? (M. B. M.)

ANSWER—If the paper gave it as the utterance of Horace W. Morse, it is fair to assume he did say it. Assuming that, we may next jump to the conclusion that Mr. Morse says more than his prayers in the paper. If I am not in error, Mr. Morse is the man who said in a newspaper that after the Pilgrims waded ashore to do some washing they had an epidemic of "hoarse coughs," etc. If Mr. Morse takes as much for granted in his history as he does in his hygiene, he'll have those Pilgrims winning the battle of Santiago presently. No one drinks too much water. Most of us drink too little.

Puppy Stories

(by Vincent G. Perry)

THE CURIOUS PUP.

Part Sixteen.

The giant was indeed a good-natured fellow. Nibbles felt that when he saw how gentle he was in handling him. The big fellow was afraid he might hurt the little animal that he had found so mysteriously, and that was the last thing he wanted to do.

The little mayor and the tiny citizen, too, were beginning to gain courage, for they could see that the giant meant no harm, and although they were very much dismayed at the sight of such a big man they felt more like themselves, and were quite delighted with the adventure after all. Nibbles' arrival in Little People's Land had certainly brought some surprises to this tiny little pair.

But if Nibbles and the tiny men were amazed at the giant, how much more amazed they were when he carried them off to his city, and they saw hundreds and hundreds of other people every one as large as the giant—in fact some were larger. The little mayor and the tiny citizen were just as well pleased that they had not been discovered in their hiding place in Nibbles' ear.

"Look at the tiny dog, I found," the giant called in his thundering voice to some of his friends.

"A dog!" some of them cried as they gathered around and looked at the shivering little pup in the monstrous hand of the big man. "Why, that looks more like a mosquito!"

"Wait until we get him beside a real dog," one of the big men said, and with that he whistled. My, what a whistle he had! It sounded like the great big factory whistle that summoned Nibbles' mother's master to work every morning. No sooner had the whistle died on the man's lips than there was a bound of heavy feet, and then sounded the loudest bark that Nibbles had ever heard. The little dog nearly dropped dead with fright as a dog, every bit as big as an elephant, leaped forward. Would wonders never cease? No wonder the little mayor and the tiny citizen fled away down Nibbles' ear to hide from this new terror.

The big dog took one look at Nibbles, then opened his mouth ready to take the dog down in one gobble.

"Stop that, sir," ordered his giant master, but he was too late. One grab, and Nibbles was in the big dog's mouth, then there was a swallow and down his throat Nibbles traveled as fast as he could.

"What's happened?" cried the little mayor in Nibbles' ear. "Everything is dark."

"We have been swallowed by the giant dog," Nibbles cried. "We are prisoners in his stomach. Oh, my, what are we to do?"

[To Be Continued.]

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Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

"Dare to go forward. Never be discouraged. Never tell business lies. Be polite to everybody. Employ your time well. Be prompt in everything. Pay your debts promptly. Bear all trouble patiently. Do not reckon upon chance. Maintain your integrity as a sacred thing."—Rothschild.

Around the Grate Fire.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is my second visit to your Mail-Box, but I thought I might be of some use this time.

I saw where Anchor was going to send in some seeds. Now I have some small envelopes which I am inclosing, perhaps you can put the seeds in them.

Have you the story of "The Marriage of Anne?" I was not at home last fall and I didn't have a chance to read it. If you have will you loan it to me please?

I received the seeds and I want to thank you for them. HIST-O-HIST.

Ans.—Thank you for envelopes. Yes your letter was addressed correctly. "The Marriage of Anne" is published in serial form only.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is not the first time I have written to your Mail-Box, but the second. I did not see my letter in print the time before. Well can anyone in the corner give me any help? I would like a few songs as follows: "Dear Heart," "Hey Young Fellow Where Did You Get That Girl" and "Golden Gate." Hoping I haven't asked too much for the first time, for I will do all I can to help the next time. ROSE.

Ans.—Can any one supply these songs for Rose?

Dear Miss Grey,—I wonder if you or any of the Boxites could supply me with a poem, the subject (not the title) of which is the foreigner in Canada? Each stanza ends with "Dago, Sheeny and Chink." I would be very pleased to receive this if anyone will lend it to me.

A MOTHERS' CLUB MEMBER.

Ans.—Has anyone this poem? If not, maybe someone knows the title of it, or where it may be procured.

The First Locomotive.

Dear Miss Grey,—Will you please inform me through your column the date the first locomotive came to London, and oblige, CONSTANT READER.

Ans.—The date you ask for is 1854.

Mona Sends Pattern.

Dear Miss Grey,—Do you know how delightfully warm it is in Arizona at the present?

Mother Goose, you make me smile—Nevertheless, I believe your cure is a good one, plenty of soap for the naughty tongue and a good wash and extra good rub for the ears that refuse to come home.

Ruby Rebecca, are you still looking for a sleeper pattern? Now, if you have a husband who wears heavy underwear in the winter, I have just the thing for you. When they wear thin at the seat, the rest is usually good, and the inclosed pattern I use cuts out that bad spot and makes the coslest sleeper for a child about 3 years, and with a little care in making, they look as good as bought ones, and are less expensive. Who knows; it might become as famous as the stocking-foot pattern? Let me have a shot at that please, Miss Grey.

Here is one of my old stand-bys:

Lemon Pudding.—Heat four cups of milk, pour it over two cups of bread crumbs and two tablespoonfuls butter; when cold add beaten yolks of four eggs and one cup of sugar, the grated rind of one lemon; bake in a buttered dish till firm and slightly brown; when done cover with a meringue made of whites of four eggs, whipped with four tablespoonfuls of sugar and juice of one lemon, and brown slightly in oven. Eaten warm with lemon sauce, and is real good cold.

Now, one question, please. Who will tell me the cause of clothes firing up like scum when boiled in a galvanized boiler? Is the boiler at fault, or soda, soap or soap chips, or hard water? I very rarely boil clothes, but there are times when some things need it, and I have tried every way I know, and finally blamed the galvanized iron boiler.

Anne is coming out on top at last. Who'll lend me the "Revelations of a Wife"? I'll return when finished. I'm always shy where there is a crowd, so please make me comfortable, my feet are so cold, and, Rose of Sharon, I believe your roots will freeze. Take care of her too. MONA FROM ARIZONA.

Ans.—You were a little too late with cake recipes. Am forwarding pattern to Ruby Rebecca, and its future popularity will rest with her. Can anyone give cause of above-mentioned scum? Thanks for recipes.

A New Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey,—Have been an interested reader of Advertiser for many years and especially of your columns. Have found so many helpful ideas. I come to ask for that famous stocking-foot pattern. Am inclosing 25 cents for Children's Hospital fund. Am sending a recipe for syrup which is so like maple syrup one can scarcely tell the difference.

Puendo Maple Syrup—2 quarts of water in which potatoes have been boiled with the skins on. Add 3 pounds white sugar, 2 pounds brown sugar; boil 15 minutes, then add 1 level teaspoon of baking soda to clear it, taking care not to let fizz over when adding soda. Boil till thick enough. Yours, HURONITE.

Ans.—Am mailing pattern. Many thanks for hospital mite and recipe, which I am sure would be a splendid substitute for maple syrup.

Sympathizes With Jeff.

Dear Miss Grey,—Hello, everybody! I thought I would drop into your cosy corner for a few minutes. How are you all enjoying this beautiful weather? Isn't it simply grand? And with the chickens cackling out in the yard it seems for all the world like spring.

You surely had a lovely tramp in the woods, Betty Bide at Home; we all enjoyed it. A few days ago I took a walk through the woods myself. The day was bright and warm, with the snow crinkling underfoot. The crows were cawing about, and a rabbit scurried across my path when I neared the clearing I happened upon a patch of ice. It was so smooth and looked so tempting that I decided to slide across. I stood back a few feet, so as to have a good start. Then I ran. My, what fun! When, crash! down I go, head foremost, having struck a piece of wood protruding from the ice. Now my head did ache! I can sympathize with Jeff when Mutt becomes angry with him; and, let me tell you, I didn't try it a second time.

Well, I must not take up too much of your valuable column, so au revoir. Inclosed find a shinplaster for the kiddies from your COMRADE ROSALIE.

P. S.—Hist-o-Hist, I would greatly love to correspond with you, but I will leave it to you to write first.

Ans.—I am sorry your walk had such a disastrous ending, Rosalie. Many thanks for shinplaster for the hospital fund. I am forwarding your address as requested.

Freckles.—Many thanks for recitations. Let us hear from you soon.

Another Opinion.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just a few lines. Is this not beautiful winter weather? Now, I would like to express myself about youngsters. It certainly gets on my nerves to have some people talk about the mode of training. I hate the word naughty; you would rather think they were speaking of young infants. We read in God's word that wickedness is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him, and the wise man says, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." The idea of washing out a child's mouth with soap and water—it is enough to poison him. No wonder we have so many bandits in the world. Parents are to blame. A LOVER OF GOOD SENSE.

The Rich Flavour of SALADA GREEN TEA is due to the freshness and purity of the leaf.

B727

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Club News

JANEY CANUCK CHAPTER.

At the annual meeting of the Janey Canuck Chapter held on Tuesday evening, the retiring regent, Miss Carrie Fitchett, was presented with a handsome onyx bar-pin, the presentation being made by Miss Inez McArthur on behalf of the girls. Miss Fitchett has been regent of the chapter ever since its organization in 1917, and the girls wished to express to her their gratitude for the energy which she has put into the work. Another interesting presentation was to Mrs. A. A. Campbell, the honorary regent, who was given a pretty corsage of flowers, the presentation being made by Miss Florence Widdon.

The meeting, which took the form of a banquet, was held at Wong's Cafe. Reports read showed that the chapter had raised $853 during the past year, $300 of which has been paid over to the Children's Hospital fund, with more to be added to this fund later. In aid of the hospital, the chapter is planning a dance to be held at the Ontario Hospital on February 11.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Honorary regents, Mrs. A. A. Campbell and Miss Carrie Fitchett; regent, Mrs. Alma Egelton; vice-regents, Miss Aileen Raymond and Miss Agnes Smith; secretary, Miss Inez McArthur; assistant secretary, Miss Florence Widdon; treasurer, Miss Edna Petch, and standard bearer, Miss Inez Sutherland.

LORNE AVENUE M. C.

Mrs. A. T. Edwards will give an illustrated travel talk at the regular meeting of the Lorne Avenue Mothers' Club, to be held at the school this evening.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The regular meeting of the Women's Christian Association was held at the home of Mrs. Nelson Marshall, Central avenue, yesterday afternoon. Splendid reports of the month's work were read. The chief matter which came up for discussion concerned the plans for converting the stables of the Grand avenue property into a well-equipped laundry for the new Victoria Home for Incurables. Roy Moore was present at the meeting to explain his plans.

After the meeting a pleasant social hour was enjoyed, Mrs. Nelson Marshall, the president, serving tea.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL COMMITTEE

Important business concerning the Children's Hospital will come up at the regular monthly meeting of the Children's Hospital committee, which will be held at Victoria Hospital on Friday afternoon, Feb. 4, at 3:30 o'clock.

TRAFALGAR CHAPTER, I. O. D. E.

The annual meeting of the Trafalgar Chapter was held Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Harding, King street. At this meeting Mrs. Atkins, a life member, was made honorary regent of the chapter; $300 was voted towards the Children's Hospital fund, this amount making the chapter's total paid subscription $800. The chapter is planning a tea to be held at the home of Mrs. John Laughton, St. George street, on February 22, at which there will be a sale of home cooking. A St. Patrick's tea is also being planned for March 17. At the close of the meeting Mrs. Harding served tea to the members.

OVERSEAS CHAPTER.

At the annual meeting of the Overseas Chapter, held Tuesday afternoon at the Y. W. C. A. residence, King street, Mrs. Fitchett was elected second vice-president; Mrs. Collier, standard-bearer; Miss Cora Patten, corresponding secretary; Miss Blanche Pigot, educational secretary, and Mrs. Dyer, Echoes secretary. Mrs. Heard and Miss McQueen, who were the hostesses for the occasion, served tea at the close of the meeting.

The chapter is planning a bridge and euchre to be held at Wong's next Tuesday evening, February 8. At yesterday's meeting Mrs. Ira Owen and Mrs. Norman Gauld were appointed convenors. The chapter is also planning a dance for February 18 at the Ontario Hospital.

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