10 A.M.—and Sunlight Sue, her washing through, is knitting Socks for Soldiers

Think of wash-day as a day of SUNLIGHT. Forget all about old-time trials, troubles and hard work. Look forward to wash-days as to other days, because you use Sunlight Soap.

Other days you need Sunlight Soap just as you do on wash-day, for besides washing clothes, it keeps the home sweet and clean. When in doubt think of the $5,000 Guarantee of Purity that rests upon every single bar of Sunlight Soap you buy.

Sold at all grocers. Remember the name Lever on soap is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence 9

SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROS., LIMITED
TORONTO

A Page of Interest to Women

Country Readers---A Chance For Real Service

Who Will Help This Canadian Lassie Grow Strong and Well?—Read Her Mother's Plea.

Amid all the stress of war-time and the thought of comforts for "our boys" across the sea, it must not be forgotten that there are also those "calls for service" nearer home. One of the most touching letters received in a long time by Miss Grey is the following from "An Anxious Mother" regarding the health of her little girl. It is an appeal particularly addressed to country dwellers, and, knowing the kindness of heart and generosity of Advertiser readers in rural sections, Miss Grey presents this mother's plea, with a confident hope that just the right spot will be found where the little one may grow strong and well. The mother's address is in Miss Grey's care, and any inquiries or communications may be addressed to her through Miss Grey.

The mother's trouble is simply stated in her letter. Is it not an opportunity for real SERVICE?

Dear Miss Grey,—Though mine may be a very unusual request, I am trusting it will be a successful one. I have two little girls, one aged 6 and the other 1. The elder child is delicate, and she has throat trouble too, but nothing infectious. We have been doctoring with her for a long time, and now the doctor tells me to try and get her into the country right away, next week if possible, as the country air will do for her what nothing else can, and be the making of her.

Miss Grey, we are just working people, and my little girl has been a big expense for a long time. We have no relatives here, and I know no one in the country. NOW DO YOU THINK ANY OF YOUR COUNTRY READERS WOULD TAKE MY LITTLE GIRL FOR A WHILE TO LIVE WITH THEM, AND GIVE HER THE CHANCE TO GET STRONG AND HEALTHY? I should be so grateful, and if necessary pay something towards her board. I will gladly answer any questions further in answer to this. Hoping for the best, yours truly,

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. W. H. Heal, manager of the St. Thomas branch of the Neal Baking Company, and Mrs. Heal, spent the week-end with the former's brother, Mr. A. J. Heal, Queen's avenue.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, Talbot street, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Ada May, to Dr. Duncan A. Fletcher of Calgary, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Fletcher, Strathroy, the marriage to take place the latter part of this month.

* * *

The detachment of A.M.C. that left for overseas on Friday were provided with lunch boxes by the Overseas Chapter, I.O.D.E. On their arrival at the Grand Trunk station three rousing cheers were given for the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire.

* * *

Howard Kimmerly of this city is staying with his parents in Tilbury for a short time, owing to a severe attack of tonsilitis.

* * *

Miss Davis of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. Norman Howden for a few days.

* * *

Mrs. Gordon Wright has returned from Ingersoll, where she addressed a mass meeting.

JIMMY COON STORIES

By Dr. Warren G. Partridge.

PUNISHMENT FOR TAKING THEIR PICTURES.

Mr. Possum was very much worked up to think his son Teddy should go with such a bad boy as Jimmy Coon and get into so many scrapes, and he gave Teddy a good lecture on manners, saying, "Teddy, after all our careful training, you go and bring our fine old family into disgrace! Don't you know that we shall have to leave town if you keep up this stupid conduct?"

And Teddy hung his head, and he looked as if he wished to sink under the floor and get out of sight. And Teddy said, in a very sheepish way, "But father, I didn't think I was taking my picture that night in the corn field. It was awful dark, father, and when I saw the nice carrot I thought I must take it and bring it home to mother."

"Now look here, Teddy," shouted Father Possum, "haven't I told you a thousand times to be careful of traps. That was a trap you got into that night. It was a trap to catch the picture of little fools in, and I'm ashamed to think that my own son Teddy was so foolish to pull that string and take his own picture.

"Don't you know that carrots don't grow in corn fields? You are old enough to know that carrots grow in gardens. And when you see a carrot in a corn field, and tied to a string, you ought to know enough to let it alone."

And poor little Teddy began to cry, and he rubbed the big tears on his pretty brown coat-sleeve. And he was put to bed without his supper.

And Mrs. Skunk took Bobby in hand. And he got a lecture that was over one mile long. You know, Bobby has two white stripes on his back. Well, let me tell you in confidence that he got more than forty stripes of another color on his back that night.

Well, you would have laughed the next day to see those four little scamps after their awful licking. Why they walked on their hind legs, and they didn't sit down all day. And when they walked in the great forest they held their little naughty hands over the seats of their furry pants.

They made an awful mistake to get into that trap and take their own pictures. You see, they were tempted with good things to eat, just as we are tempted sometimes.

And you would have laughed to have heard the four rogues scolding each other for the trouble they were in. It was awfully funny.

They Walked on Their Hind Legs and They Didn't Sit Down All Day.

"You were to blame, Jimmy Coon," blurted out Bobby Skunk, "for you invited me to go to the corn field that night."

"I didn't do any such thing!" retorted Jimmy Coon. "It was Teddy Possum who got up the party."

"You tell a lie" shouted Teddy Possum. "It was Sammy Muskrat who invited us."

And Sammy got black in the face with rage. And they had such a fight, I'm sorry to say, that all you could see was sixteen furry legs clawing each other into tatters.

Tomorrow—Jimmy Coon goes to see a strange sight.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

An Attractive One-Piece Dress.

2201—This is a very popular style, with its long waist and simple gathered skirt portions. The design is very becoming to slender figures and is nice for silk, cloth or cotton fabrics.

The pattern is cut in four sizes, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires for a 16-year size 5¼ yards of 44-inch material. The skirt portion measures 2½ yards at the foot.

A patern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below:

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 33, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 25 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' of 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 date of application.

Cinderella's Rubber

By Peter Gregg.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

For the twentieth time that morning Eric Spencer looked up expectantly as someone entered his private office, and for the twentieth time he sank back in his chair with a sigh. All morning he had been expecting someone, but as the hour reached noon he almost gave up in despair. With each new arrival at his office came disappointment. There seemed to be more coming in than usual, and their business was so trivial it irritated him. He would have gone to the club to get away from it all if it hadn't been for the chance of missing her. It would never do for him not to be there when she arrived.

For the fiftieth time he pulled open the top drawer of his desk and took out a rubber for a woman's left shoe. What a very small rubber it was, he thought as he placed it beside his own big foot. Carefully he placed the rubber back in the drawer and took out a folded, mud-besmirched paper, opened it and read the typewritten words on it, his face lighting up with pleasure as he read and re-read it.

"If I could only find her," he ejaculated, as he put the paper back in the drawer with the rubber.

A newspaper was the next to take his attention. He pulled it from his pocket, opened it at the classified column and found the advertisement he was looking for under "Lost and Found." There was no mistake in the insertion. It was printed just as he had given it to them, for a wonder. He read it aloud to make sure:

"Found—A lady's rubber, for a left high-heeled shoe. Picked up just as lady hearded Belt car yesterday. The owner can have same by making personal application to Eric Spencer, Spencer's, Limited."

The office door opened again. It was just "Geordie" Grant. Geordie was bubbling over with a joke, as usual, but for once Eric wasn't in a humor to hear it. His welcome was curt and business-like, but that didn't dampen Geordie's ardor.

"Well, have you found her?" Geordie asked, as he sat on a corner of Eric's desk.

"Whom?" asked Eric, assuming innocence, and hiding his annoyance.

"Why, Miss Cinderella, the lady who lost her slipper—or, pardon me—rubbers. It's a rubber this time, isn't it?" Geordie's laugh was altogether too loud, but Eric would not let him see he was angry.

"Don't be an ass. I don't see the joke. Can't I advertise the thing I find?"

"Sure thing; but people don't usually spend more money advertising in every paper in the city than the article they find is worth, do they? Come on, now, loosen up on the romance. Did Miss Cinderella leave her rubber in your car, or did she throw it at you, or what? The boys all want to hear about it. It's the joke of the club, and you'll have to offer some explanation."

Eric's anger had about reached the boiling point, but he was sensible enough to know it would be wasted on Geordie Grant. He thought it over for a minute. There was nothing in it but to explain to Grant. That was the best way to get the talk stopped at the club.

"If you'll sit down like a sensible creature, I'll explain to you, Geordie," he began. "You know what a terribly wet day yesterday was. Well, my chauffeur skidded my car and broke an axle, and I had to walk. I was crossing the road in front of Willer's when a young lady ran out in front of me to catch a Belt line car. The car had commenced to move, but she risked catching it. She struck a slippery mud spot in the road and fell backward. But I was just behind her and managed to catch her and keep her from falling into the mud. The conductor had seen her and stopped the car, and I helped her on. As the door closed after her I noticed she had only one rubber on. I looked back where she had slipped, and there sticking in the mud was her rubber. I stooped to pick it up, and beside it was a folded piece of writing paper that she must have dropped. I picked them both up, and here they are."

Eric pulled out the drawer of his desk and brought out the rubber and paper for inspection.

"Yes, but what was written on the paper?" Grant asked, still on the scent of a romance.

"I'm coming to that," Eric continued. "I opened the paper to see if it was valuable, and, say, there is some of the most brilliant little advertising writing on that paper that you ever read. If that girl wrote them she is just the woman we want for ad. writer for our specialty department. I've been looking for a competent person ever since we opened it—one who can write a little different from the average—and in this person I think I've found one."

"You haven't found her yet," Geordie muttered thoughtfully.

"I know I haven't, but I'm going to keep on advertising until I do, and you can tell that to the boys of the club, too!" Eric emphasized the fact by bringing his feet down on his desk with a bang.

Grant tried to talk a little longer, but he saw that Eric wanted to get rid of him.

"I'll bet you marry her if you do find her, Eric, old boy!" he remarked as he was leaving. But Eric pretended not to have heard.

Just after five that evening, after the last of the office staff had gone, Eric heard a timid knock on his door. It sounded as if it might be the girl he was waiting for, and he opened the door eagerly. Sure enough, the young woman of the day before was before him.

"You are Mr. Spencer, are you not?"

"Yes; and you are the young woman who lost your rubber," he answered with a smile. "I have been expecting you."

After the rubber had been restored to her pretty foot, she hesitated a moment, then said:

"You did not see anything of a piece of paper with typewriting on it, when you picked up the rubber, did you?"

"Is this it?" he asked, as he took it from his desk."

"Oh, yes!" she said eagerly, taking it from him. "I am so glad I have not lost it for good, for there are some things here that I don't think I could remember to write again."

"I read them," he said. "Did you write them yourself? Are they original?"

"Yes, all of them," she replied. "I am practicing writing small advertisements that are different. I am trying to secure a position as ad. writer for some firm. I am taking these as samples of my work, but I have been unsuccessful so far. Do you think they show promise?"

"Yes, very great promise," he answered in a tone that she knew was not flattering. "And it was because of them that I inserted that ad. in the papers. Would you accept a position as advertisement writer in our specialty department, if the salary suits you?"

"Do you mean it?" she asked, hardly able to credit her ears. "I would be so glad to accept it."

It was some weeks later that Eric met Geordie Grant.

"Did you find Miss Cinderella yet, and did the rubber fit?" Geordie asked with the same old laugh.

"You bet I did, Geordie," Eric laughed back. "And don't be a bit surprised if your prophecy about my marrying her comes true. She is just as fine a girl as she is an ad. writer, and that's saying a lot."

KNITTING

Wee One's Mitts.

[Directions Sent by Wynee.]

Cast on 15 stitches on each of 3 needles.

Knit 2, purl 1 for about 2½ inches for wrist.

Knit plain for two rounds.

3rd round, knit 2 needles plain and on last needle knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

4th round, knit plain.

5th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 1, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

6th round, knit plain.

7th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 3, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

8th round, knit plain.

9th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 5, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

10th round, knit plain.

11th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 7, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

12th round, knit plain.

13th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 9, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

14th round, knit plain.

15th round, knit 13, pick up 1 stitch, knit 11, pick up 1 stitch, knit 2.

16th and 17th rounds, knit plain.

18th round, knit plain first 2 needles as usual and on third needle knit 12. Take off 15 stitches on a thread. Now make 3 stitches on your needle, knit 1. Knit plain 1¾ inches, then decrease at the beginning of each needle every second round until there are 10 stitches on each needle. Then decrease every round until you have about 6 stitches left altogether. Break off your thread leaving about 6 inches. Take off stitches on darning needle. Draw close and finish securely.

Now pick up thumb stitches on needles, picking up 3 stitches where you added on for the hand. Knit plain about 1 inch then decrease every round until you have about 8 stitches left on needles. Finish off as you did the hand.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Shoes With Steels.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just noticed where "Juanita (2)" was worried about the wee boy's weak ankles. My baby boy was much the same, and I got what are known as corset shoes. They were shoes with steels up the sides. These he wore until size 6 was reached, which is the limit in this style of shoe. His ankles are now strong and he walks as straight as any child.

Will send the address of a young lad who has been in the trenches of France for nearly two years and who has few friends who can send or write to him.

HERB'S WIFE.

Ans.—Very glad, indeed, to pass your information along to "Juanita (2)" and to give the name of the young man to some of our daily inquirers after "lonelies."

Daddy Burned It.

Dear Miss Grey,—Help! Help! Poor baby will have to go bare handed unless you come to the rescue. Daddy burned the paper with directions for a three-year-old's mittens, and so I am asking for a copy of them to be reprinted, if you please.

Am inclosing a war-time fruit cake which is very good. I remain

MARGUERITES.

Ans.—Poor baby, we could never think of her wee hands getting blue with cold, so the directions will be reprinted just as soon as space allows. I think it is "Wynne's" instructions you desire.

War fruit cake published in Cook Book column. Many thanks. Re your private postscript, how queer! But it's a wise woman who can smile at times.

What Can Women Do?

Dear Miss Grey,—The newspapers and magazines are constantly telling women that they should fit themselves to fill positions vacated by men who are called to serve. Not one so far as I have read has offered a suggestion of how to do it nor where to go for information. I wish someone familiar with the work would give each branch for which women are wanted a little writeup for our page.

Now I am anxious to know about a course in massage which is given in Toronto. The course takes six months and the graduates agree to go to whatever military hospital they are sent. That rather vague information was given in an article I read in a magazine. It also stated that the demand exceeds the supply, but did not state what qualifications were necessary nor where to apply. Could you let me know through the Mail Box? I think we could all smile a little more while we save if we just know how we might best serve.

INQUIRER.

Ans.—Your point is very well taken, I think, and I should be very pleased, indeed, to hear from other Pageites on the subject. Re the massage course, this is the first I have heard of it. Why do you not pen a line to the editor of the particular magazine containing the article and demand fuller information? Statements of this sort should not be made unless authentic.

As to ways in which women can "fill men's shoes," I do not know that there are special training courses, for the majority of vacancies, at least. In banks we see some women clerks behind the "cages" in place of men. Doubtless they are girls who have been engaged as bookkeepers, stenos, etc., for loan companies and banking houses, and are familiar with the work. Special training would not be necessary for these, or at least only such as the bank could give. Again, as insurance collectors we hear of women being employed in place of men, as clerks in various capacities, as fruit farm assistants, as ushers in places of entertainment, and so on. The Government bureaus for employment of women in the various Canadian cities have been organized largely for the purpose of helping to fill vacancies left by men entering "active service."

Gloves Are Faded.

Dear Miss Grey,—I see my last letter escaped the W.P.B., so ventured again. Can you send me by return mail a lonely's address? I had my box most ready, only to find the one I was preparing it for did not need it. So if you could send me one I would like one with no friends, for I think they need the cheer the most.

May I ask one question? I have a good pair of grey kid gloves that are faded so I don't like to wear them. Can you tell me how to dye them black?

I remain, A. V. G. S.

Ans.—The name of a "lonely" will be in your possession ere this.

For the gloves, it is said to mix well two parts good liquid shoe polish and one part castor or olive oil; then apply to the gloves with a small brush or bit of flannel, will give a satisfactory finish. I have never tried this, but it sounds fairly practical.

Copy of "Topsy-Turvy."

Dear Miss Grey,—I noticed someone was wanting the music of the song entitled "Topsy-Turvy." I am inclosing one I had, which I think is the one wanted. The small contribution inclosed is for the prisoners' fund. I will sign myself by a name which I do not think I have seen before.

BUSY SCHOOLMARM.

Ans.—"Hiawatha" inquired for this, and will be very pleased to receive your copy. You do not say if you wish it returned or not. Thank you for the half dollar for prisoners' fund

For Juanita's Lad.

Dear Miss Grey,—In looking over your page this evening I noticed "Juanita's (2)" letter, asking about her little boy who has weak ankles. I have a dear little girl two years old, who lost her mother when five weeks old. She had weak ankles and turned her shoe so badly that her heel would come out on the side. I spoke to a doctor about her. He said to get the cobbler to fix her shoe. He took a corset steel, bent it to fit around outside of heel underneath the first layer of leather on heel and fastened the end near top of shoe by sewing a pocket of leather on shoe to slip steel under. It is better to have quite a high shoe. I found this very effective. Had only one pair fixed for her and her foot seems quite straight now. "Juanita (2)" should have it attended to by all means, as they sometimes become badly crippled for life if not looked after. Hope I have made it plain. This is my first attempt at writing. Could not resist "Juanita's (2)" appeal for help for her little one. Hope I have not been so lengthy that you will drop this into the waste paper basket.

ONE OF THE BUSY MOTHERS.

Ans.—Absolutely not the slightest danger of your kind help meeting such a fate "Juanita (2)" will be most grateful I know.

DAILY BIBLE QUESTION CLUB

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

By Rev. T. S. Linscott, D.D.

Nehemiah Rebuilds the Wall of Jerusalem. Nehemiah 4.

Ezra and Nehemiah Teach the Law. Nehemiah 8.

Golden Text—Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path. Ps. 119: 15.

1. Verses 1-8—What can be said for or against the churches in the community uniting at least once a year, in a camp meeting, with no other object but to quicken spiritual life and get sinners converted?

2. Where was this great meeting of the Jews held, and what was its object? 3. What answer would you make to the statement that it is the duty of the churches in the large centres to have street meetings?

Mid-Season Sale of Ladies'

Winter Coats

Smart, comfortable and becoming styles in Beavers, Velours, Tweeds, Meltons and Chinchilla, possessing all the new style touches, in belts, pockets, collars and trimmings; colors obtainable are black, navy, brown, grey, purple and castor; sizes range from 34 to 42.

Coats That Formerly Sold for $13.50 Now Selling for $9.75

Two Smart Tweed Coats, sizes 15 and 17 years. Sale priced at $9.75
Two Black Zibeline Coats, sizes 16 and 18 years. At $9.75

Coats Worth Up To $18.50 Sale Priced at $12 95

Twelve Coats, including tweeds, meltons and chinchillas, in brown, navy and grey, belted and gathered styles, some half lined, others lined throughout, self or plush trimmed collar; sizes 34 to 42.

$20 and $22.50 Coats Reduced to $15.50

Grey and Navy Melton and Tweed Coats, in belted styles, pockets, large collars, self, plush and imitation fur trimmed, some with imitation fur trimming bottom of coat; sizes 34 to 42.

$23 and $25.00 Coats Now Selling for $18 75

Smart Stylish Coats in velours and ripple cloths, in brown, black, navy, green and castor, half and full lined, nicely trimmed, good range of sizes.

Two Only $35 Coats for $24.75

Two Purple Velour Coats, sizes 36 and 40; handsome styles are these. Now clearing at $24.75

READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT ON THIRD FLOOR.

Gray's Limited

Agents for the Ladies' Home Journal Patterns.
140 DUNDAS STREET.
Phones 115, 116.

Gray's Limited

There is no low or medium Grade "CEETEE"

THE PURE WOOL UNDERCLOTHING THAT WILL NOT SHRINK

All "CEETEE" garments are of the highest quality.

Only the finest and purest Australian Merino two-fold yarn is used. It is knitted on special and exclusive machines—the only machines of their kind in Canada, making underwear. Each garment is shaped in the process of knitting (not cut) to fit the human form. The wearing parts are reinforced—the selvedge joins are then *knitted* together—*not sewn* as in ordinary underwear; thus there are no thick or rough seams. Finally, every garment goes through our special process, that enables us to *guarantee* it not to shrink.

Secure yours now before the price of wool advances further. Good dealers sell it.

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE CEETEE PURE WOOL

Made only by

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THE C. TURNBULL COMPANY OF GALT LIMITED.
GALT ONTARIO

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Phone 2187. 249 Dundas Street.

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Spinach, peck 40c
Brussels Sprouts, box 20c
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