PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Y. W. C. A. HAS NO OPTION ON LOCAL BUILDING FOR HOME

General Secretary Indignant At False Reports Circulated.

Mrs. Henderson, general secretary of the Y. W. C. A., declares that there is no truth in the story circulated by a local paper that the Y. W. C. A. has an option on property which it intends to convert into a new recreational and administrative building. For some months past the Y. W. C. A. board has felt the great need of a new building better adapted to its purposes, but abandoned the idea of such a building for the present, when the last campaign for funds was launched. This campaign was advertised as one to raise funds for "carrying on" purposes only.

It would be impossible for the Y. W. C. A. board to option a building, when there are no funds available for its purchase. It is true that a better-equipped and larger Y. W. C. A. building is necessary in London, and that without doubt the Y. W. C. A. will come to the city for funds in the near future to make such a building possible, but it has taken no steps toward the purchase of such a building as yet.

The Y. W. C. A. general secretary was indignant that untrue stories about the board's actions should be circulated.

COLLEGE GIRLS AT HOCKEY—Young women of the Faculty of Education hockey team, Toronto, who were the losers in the match with McMaster University. The girls were unable to hold the McMasters down. Left to right—Miss O. R. Russell, Miss H. Buchnam (captain), Miss M. Sqeur, Miss J. Grant, Miss F. Fitzgerald and Miss L. Burchell.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Marie Warburton left today for an extended visit with her aunt, Mrs. J. W. Smith of Chatham.

The marriage is announced of Edna Margaret Roegele of North Easthope to John D. Fisher of North Easthope.

Mr. Ross Blodgett of Pittsfield, Mass., has returned after a short visit with his mother, Mrs. A. F. Blodgett, 374 York street.

The Nightingale Club is giving a dance on Thursday evening in the Ontario Assembly Hall, the proceeds to be given towards the fund for the Children's Memorial Hospital.

Miss Evelyn Bradshaw, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Bradshaw of Dowie, and a bride-to-be, was presented by the people of S. S. No. 5, Dowie, with a mohogany serving tray, a set of silver knives and forks and a berry spoon, Miss Bradshaw having taught in this school section for four and a half years. The members of the Thomas G. Delamere Chapter, I. O. D. E., also presented her with a silver bread dish.

The members of the Senator Coffey Chapter I. O. D. E. have every reason to feel gratified at the successful card party held under their auspices at Wong's Cafe on Monday afternoon. In every respect it was conceded to be a most enjoyable affair, and the goodly sum collected will be devoted to the Sick Children's Hospital. Prizes given for bridge were won by Mrs. McCrimmon, Mrs. A. E. Millar and Mrs. C. Brown. Miss Cullilfe was fortunate in winning the euchre prize. During the course of the afternoon a vote of thanks was given Mr. Wong, who generously gave the full use of his largest room, this being his contribution towards the worthy object. The committee had many friends, who helped to make the afternoon such a huge success, and already they have been requested to repeat this form of entertainment.

JONES—FOX.

At the Methodist parsonage, Woodslee, a quiet wedding was solemnized last Wednesday, when Edith, daughter of Mrs. Robert Fox of Gosfield North was united in marriage to John Everett Jones of Olinda. Mr. Robt. Fox, brother of the bride, and Miss Mabel Manchester were the attendants, Rev. C. L. L. Couzens officiating. The young couple will be at home after February 15 on the groom's farm on the 10th concession, Gosfield North.

GOOD—RICHARDSON.

On January 28 a very quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Richardson, when her eldest daughter, Cora Elizabeth, was united in marriage to John Nicol Good, in the presence of about forty relatives. The bride, looking charming in ivory satin, with veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carrying a bouquet of bridal roses, entered the parlor on the arm of her brother, Mr. Earl James Richardson. The ceremony was performed under an arch of evergreens, the wedding march being played by Miss Gertrude McCaul of Lakeside, and the Rev. G. F. N. Atkinson of Motherwell officiating. The couple were the recipients of many beautiful presents, among them valuable checks. The groom's gift to the bride was a crescent set with pearls. The happy couple will reside on the groom's farm in Downie.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

He that respects himself is safe from others; he wears a coat of mail, that none can pierce.—Longfellow.

ADDRESSES WANTED.

Will IZZY and LITTLE CHATTERBOX please send their names and addresses to Mail-Box.

Pattern and Fund Contributions.

This will acknowledge gratefully receipt of the following kind Box folks to whom patterns have been sent with pleasure: Pussy 1st, Hytone, M. B., Lightfoot Raider, Grandma, Mrs. Mac, Mrs. A. J., Sweet Clover, M. M. M., School Girl, Daddy Long Legs, Mrs. E. D., Temperance, Nuisance, Mother of Six, English, Mrs. R. J. S., Another Grandmother, Mother of Four, Pineapple, Ima Nutt, Rose Leaf, Girl With Apron, Mrs. L., Canadian Lilly, Peggy K., Blue Eyes, A Reader (sent 10 cents for song supplied), A. Happy Country Lass, Busy Wife, Mrs. W. G. P., Phlox, Sweet Brier, Bill, Fernwood, Merry England.

Country vs. City Life.

For such a long time I have been wanting to write to your very interesting Mail-Box. So many things in the letters make one feel like expressing an opinion. Here is my view of country vs. city life, and as I've spent several years in each, I know whereof I speak. It's only the well-to-do in town that live as well as the farmer. He has the best of everything, if he isn't blessed with a stingy wife. Go into the fruit cellar of most farmers about here, and see row after row of jars—fruit, pickles, canned vegetables, sausages, head-cheese, honey and home-made lard, some fine home-cured hams, and most all who send milk to a cheese factory have a half or whole cheese, made in the fall for home use; those with lots of milk, cream and fresh eggs, a chicken, duck or goose when he feels like a change, enables the farmer to have a table second to none—but man does not live by bread alone. Has the farmer a good time? As a rule he works late and early; if he doesn't his farm will show it at a glance, and after a few years he will quit and try something easier, for there are easier ways of making a living than farming. But, Oh, I do prefer God's great, wide country to some streets I've seen in town.

Now, if I could have a decent home set back from the street in a beautiful yard of grass and flowers, and could afford my favorite horse, and lots of friends, I would hike to the city tomorrow, and enjoy the books, lectures, concerts, etc., that are right to hand in town.

I do also want to say a word along another line, that of teaching children to sleep alone. It may be all right and work fine in a home that's well heated and ventilated, but where the temperature falls low when the fires go down, it's well for an infant or small child to be cuddled in the warm blanket of an elder, and taken care of, and there would not be so many sick children. I have heard of poor, wee kiddies in cold country homes having their feet frozen by being exposed after throwing off the cover in the first part of the night, and then when the rooms got chilled there was no one to cover the child.

A small hand brush (the two for 5 cents) is splendid for cleaning potatoes that are to be baked, and if in a hurry parboil for a few moments before putting in oven. For potatoes that are to be put in with roast meat select those not too large, peel and boil about fifteen minutes, and finish with meat.

May I have the stocking foot pattern? Will send small offering, and hope I may help someone at some time. Best wishes to you, Miss Grey, also friends of the Mail-Box.

ANGEL WITHOUT WINGS.

COSY CORNER CHATS.

Here is an excellent idea few know about. Before cutting peel for use put it in the oven to heat. It saves a great deal of time. Also feed your cactus castor oil or blood occasionally and it will help. I have lovely flowers and feed them this way. Good luck to all readers. Might I have the pattern? Inclosed find 10 cents for hospital fund. PLUGGY.

(a) How can ink stains be removed from natural linen?

(b) How do you recommend cleaning a white velvet girdle?

(c) On what days of the week did the following dates fall: April 30, 1869; January 2, 1883; May 30, 1899; August 3, 1902; November 10, 1903; August 16, 1906? AN EKFRIDITE.

Ans.—(a) Try salt and lemon juice. Saturate ink spot well with this mixture then pour on hot water. (b) Try gasoline. (c) Friday, Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday.

In reading the Mail-Box letters I noticed where Betty Brown wanted a filling for sandwiches. Take sardines skinned, boned and mashed with a little vinegar. This makes a very nice sandwich. SNOWDROP.

This is my first visit to your Mail-Box. I have enjoyed reading your page for some time. I saw in the paper a few days ago where "Honey B" asked for an old reading about a Bag of Beans to be given at a bean supper. Although I cannot supply this, am sending some suggestions for such a social, which she might like to use. Am inclosing two copies. I wonder if any of the readers could supply me with the name of the author of a book called "Tracy Park"? This is quite an old book, and I have never been able to learn the name of the author.

Wishing you and the Mail-Box every success. MARIE.

I have renovated very rancid lard by frying raw potatoes in it until brown. Also tainted meat by cooking potatoes with it.

A small amount of corn starch added to salt in shaker will keep it from hardening.

One fifth corn starch added to common flour makes best pastry flour. Please ask readers for a recipe for bakers' fruit crackers? Miss Grey, did the crippled boy get the bicycle with sweetheart coupons. Mail-Box is very helpful. OLD LADY ON FARM.

Ans.—Many thanks for your help. Haven't heard from the little crippled lad. Perhaps he will let us know.

I enjoy reading the Mail-Box very much, the letters are all so very interesting. I do wish I knew Ura Kid's Pal. Aren't her letters great? Can you tell me what day December 31, 1899, fell on. Inclosed find my mite to help the fund. JUNE.

Ans.—Sunday.

I have read your page for some time and enjoy it very much. I am sending 25 cents for Children's Hospital, which I think is a good idea. What size of patches does Bean Pole want? I would send her some if I knew. Talking of prices, my mother remembers when butter was 8 cents and 10 cents a pound and eggs 6 and 7 cents a dozen. IMA CANUCK.

I have forgotten just who was asking for "Life's Lullaby." I am inclosing it. Hope I'm first in my contribution this time.

"Someone" else asked for a good tart filling. Am sending a very delicious one, called lemon cheese filling.

Also 10 cents for the Children's Hospital fund. We have a new Baby Grand Chevrolet, in which we take much pride and pleasure.

Some time ago "Another Farmerette" wrote that she would like to correspond with me. If she doesn't see this notice I will write to anyone else. I am past eighteen.

Ura K. Pal spoke of her lovely cactus. I received a very nice bouquet of red carnations today.

I really must "terme la lettre."

FULL-FLEDGED FARMERETTE.

P. S.—I live on a two hundred-acre farm and love horse-back riding.

Filling—1 cup granulated sugar, 1 egg. Add the juice and rind of 1 lemon, large piece of butter. Put in a double boiler and boil until quite thick. Then cool.

Permit a stranger to come into your corner. Have read and profited by the useful pattern and shall try some day and send some of my own. Could I get information as to where to apply for the government fund for mothers and widows of our men lying in France?

An early reply would greatly oblige. The inclosed is for the children's hospital. ONE OF A THOUSAND.

Ans.—Many thanks for donation. Write the Associated Kin, Kidout street, London, Ont. We appreciate your interest in the Mail-Box and invite you back again.

I have a brother who is a female impersonater, and who is on the stage. I accompany him on the piano when he is around here. He used to be in a concert company in France in the army. Did you see "Biff Bing Bang," Miss Grey? We did, and my brother knew them all as friends in another concert troupe.

I wonder if "Euphemia" lives in Euphemia. I do myself. I am aunt to five children. AUNT DOEY.

Ans.—I thought "Biff Bang Bang" was splendid, Aunt Doey, and I'm sure you are very proud of your soldier brother.

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MacDONALD COLLEGE.

HER HOUSE OF DREAMS.

The first day in her new home a young woman wrote to her mother, "I'm writing from the place where dreams come true." It was not the first house that she had lived in, but it was her first real home. She and her husband had lived in rented houses before, and she had tried to make them fulfill her ideal of beauty, but this was her own home, planned by herself and built for her to live in. It was not perfect, but it was the expression of her ideals as far as bricks and mortar, wood and stone, paint and paper could make it.

They had selected the site to give as good an outlook as was possible, had so placed the building as to secure some sunshine in every room, and had examined the soil to make sure that they were not building upon made land which might affect injuriously the health of the household. The land had good drainage and the cellar was as well constructed as the superstructure.

With more than ordinary precautions this wise little woman had made sure that all the plumbing was selected and placed with every attention to economy and to fitness for the household needs, and that the drains had been carefully laid.

As she looked about her she remembered with much satisfaction that there was no waste space and that the living space was well proportioned to the halls. The stair steps had been the subject of much discussion and she had prevailed upon the contractor to alter the relationship of the tread to the riser, by explaining to him that every day and many times each day she must go up and down these, and that therefore they must be correct. The kitchen had been studied in the light of the thousand meals that must be prepared there and of the many hours each week that she herself must spend in it.

It might yet be possible to make improvements in this house, but it had been built only after years of study to avoid all the mistakes that she had had to endure in other houses. This was to be a home to nourish human lives, and it was the best that she could make it with the knowledge she had. It was her House of Dreams.

Puppy Stories

by Vincent G. Perry

BUSTER IN DOGLAND.

Part II.

Buster was so surprised at his sudden growth, he stood still for a long time. All at once a great sound of barking rang through the streets.

"The King, The King!" he heard hundreds of doggies shout, and then all was still again. Buster started down the street toward the place, where the noise had come from.

"Halt, who goes there?" came a command close by. Buster stood still. A dark shadow passed over the street, and then the largest dog that Buster had ever seen made its appearance. It was every bit as big as an elephant. Buster's heart filled with fear, but he gained courage again when he remembered that he had grown to be a big dog, too.

"Who are you?" asked the guard-dog. Buster could see he resembled a Great Dane.

"I'm Buster," the foxterrier answered respectfully.

"Indeed, and where did you come from?"

"From a hole in the grate-fire," Buster said, wondering if his story would be believed.

"So you are from the world," said the guard-dog. "The King and Queen must hear of this. We have not had a visitor from the world for years and years."

"What miscreant is this?" roared an angry voice, and Buster jumped around in fright. Facing him was a bulldog—a bulldog ten times as large as an ordinary one—and he was showing his teeth angrily.

The Great Dane saluted the new arrival. "It is a dog from the world, Captain," he answered, showing due respect to his officer.

"Well, well," the Captain exclaimed. "How fortunate we are to have discovered him. We must take him before the King and Queen.

"Come along, sir," he addressed Buster.

Buster followed him meekly. They were now in the centre of the city, and the foxterrier was filled with wonder by the sights. Large kennels were built just back from the road, and in front of every kennel was a large drinking fountain. Trees with good things to eat hanging from their branches were everywhere.

They were coming near to a large open square, and in the square was built a huge castle. "This is where the King and Queen live," the Captain told Buster.

"You must not speak before you are spoken to in the castle, or your head will be cut off."

Poor Buster! How he trembled as the massive doors of the castle opened for them to enter.

(Buster's adventures in the castle will be told in tomorrow's paper.)

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COOKERY COLUMN

COCOA PIE

4 tablespoons Cowan Cocoa
3 tablespoons cornstarch or ½ cup flour
1½ cups hot milk
1 tablespoon butter
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla

1. Heat milk.
2. Mix cornstarch, sugar, salt and cocoa.
3. Add gradually to hot milk.
4. Cook over hot water 45 minutes.
5. Beat egg yolks slightly, add and cook a few minutes longer.
6. Fill baked crust cover with meringue made of beaten whites and two tablespoons icing sugar.
7. Brown in oven.

Send for recipe booklet to THE COWAN COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO

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 Pleasing Bit of Lingerie.

3045—This comfortable model is lovely for crepe, silk, lawn, nainsook, dimity or satin. For trimming one may have bands of embroidery and edging or lace with insertion to match.

The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small, 32, 34; medium, 36, 38; large, 40, 42, and extra large, 44, 46 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver, or 1c and 2c 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, 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' 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 ten day from the date of application.

TALKS ON HEALTH

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

Dr. Brady will answer all signed letters pertaining to health. Writers' names are never printed. Only inquiries of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed. Requests for diagnosis or treatment of individual cases cannot be considered. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this paper.

Not Eating Much.

Fat folks who are frankly and avowedly fat are crabbed by nature, contrary to a popular belief. It is the folks who are getting fat, not yet avowedly fat, who are good natured. These folks are too good natured about it for their own welfare. They actually welcome the excess weight, in many instances, as a sign of health, whereas it is a sign of impaired physical efficiency and an omen of shortened life.

It is a most amazing thing, how complacently a human being takes a steadily increasing obesity. If a man has a horse worth anything at all, he gives the horse a certain amount of feed every day and a certain amount of exercise, to keep the animal in condition. When a man feeds a horse too much or fails to give the horse a sufficient amount of daily work or exercise to burn up the nutriment assimilated, people feel sorry for the man, for he isn't bright. The horse soon peters out if so unintelligently cared for.

But the man can keep a wife, and feed her all sorts of fancy feeds and not give her any exercise to speak of, and she begins to grow fat, and it is all right, because that is the way with women. A woman is the queerest creature ever made. When she is young and has an ideal youthful figure she yearns to ruin it with corsets, freak shoes built more like stilts than anything else, and everything that makes exercise disagreeable, expensive or impossible for her. Then she goes on eating enough for herself and one or two other women, and the inevitable result is that she piles on a lot of superfluous weight. Then she chases round looking for absurdities which purport to take down flesh here and there, or maybe trying some Epsom salts, baths or something equally foolish—anything but exercise and moderate eating.

A woman at eighteen has a beautifully, youthful, naturally oily skin. All the old girls envy her the perfect skin. But is she contented? She is not. She invests in whatever the wily druggist offers under the title of complexion beautifiers; she yearns to find that non-existent cream or skin food which the far-away actress pronounces just the thing for a swell make-up; she powders her nose and watches her "pores"—whatever they may be—and does about everything in her power to defeat nature and ruin her complexion.

Now it is the simplest, plainest fact in the world that a horse or a man or a woman does not become too fat unless he or she eats too much or exercises too little or both. But what does milady say when her physician tries to state this fact in diplomatic language? Oh, she invariably declares, "I do not eat much. Why, I am a very light eater."

It is immaterial whether she eats an ounce or thirty pounds of food a day. She is obviously eating more than her system can properly utilize, otherwise there would be no deposit of fat. Well, then, there is a habit. Intemperance in eating. In the old days of booze, one man could "carry" several times as much poison under his belt, for a time, as another, but it got him sooner or later. So does overeating.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A. J. M. Hair Tonic.

A. J. M. declares that the following has stopped the falling of hair and that he is now proud of his hair—though he doesn't say he was ever ashamed of it:

Cocoanut oil (not cocoa butter)	1 ounce
Colonne water	2 ounces
Tincture nux vomica	2 drams
Tincture cantharides	1 dram
Tincture capsicum	½ dram

To be kept in a wide-mouth jar, and vigorously massaged on the scalp, parting the hair and using the fingers until the hand tires, then some. Perhaps the oil and the massage does the business.

WHOOPING COUGH
SPASMODIC CROUP ASTHMA COLDS INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS CATARRH
Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879
A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.
Send us postal for descriptive booklet.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS
VAPO-CRESOLENE CO. Leeming Miles Bldg., Montr'l
Used While You Sleep

LUX and Your Sweater

There is a delightful way of washing it—so easy you can do it yourself—so pure that your sweater may be washed again and again and each time look like new.

It is with the rich creamy lather that the wonderful LUX flakes make. No rubbing or twisting necessary. Just dipping and rinsing. So pure is LUX that it has the uttermost cleansing power. So gentle that it harms nothing that pure water itself may touch. There is no substitute for LUX.

LUX is sold at grocers, departmental stores, etc.

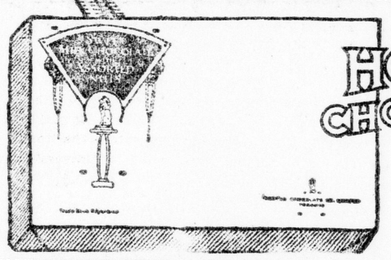
Recipe booklet, "The Care of Dainty Clothes" sent on request.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

LUX

Made as *only* HOOTON'S *is* made—

AN exclusive blend of selected cocoa beans, pure sugar, rich milk, and the choicest of nuts and fruits—*enticing*, as a confection; *nourishing*, as a food. Your Dealer has—



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½ lb. Cakes: Imperial Yacht, Sweet Milk, Sweet Vanilla, Assorted Nut

5-cent Bars: Almond, Filbert, Peanut, Raisin, Plain Milk, Nut Lunch, Sweet Vanilla

Hooton's Tulip Buds

QUALITY Rolled Oats

Start the day right!

A HEAPING dish of steaming porridge gives zest and energy for the day's work.

And made from QUALITY Rolled Oats you'll find it unusually inviting, unusually good.

For, QUALITY Rolled Oats are made *fresh each day* for each day's demand. Shipped direct from our famous Tillsonburg Mill. Made by the exclusive "pan-dried" process.

Extra big wholesome flakes—to preserve the fine flavor. Extra thin—quickly cooked. The most economical food you can buy.

Think of the kind of porridge you enjoy and you'll think of the name—QUALITY Rolled Oats. Now in packages—sealed airtight. At *your* grocer's.

Sales Agents, CRUICKSHANK & GUILD, 32 Front St. W., Toronto

Official Reduction On All Suits

Made of the best materials obtainable in all the season's shades. Regularly from $35 to $65. Sale price $27.50 to $55.

Justrite Ladies' Wear

354 Dundas Street. xxv

LAST DAY OF EXHIBITION

The exhibition of fine paintings brought from the "Cooling Galleries," Bond street, London, England, positively closes on February 4. Do not miss seeing this choice collection of English oil paintings and water colors now on view at

O. B. GRAVES, LIMITED

203 Dundas Street. 22c