

WOMEN'S HOME AND MAGAZINE PAGE

Personals

Miss Eulalie Murray is holidaying with friends in Port Huron.

Miss Mabel Thorne has left to spend a holiday at Lake Rousseau, Muskoka.

Douglas Tait has returned after a jolly outing at the boys' camp, Fisher's Glen.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. MacLachlin have left for Warton for a few weeks' vacation.

Mrs. Mary Dalton, Trafalgar Park, is the guest this week of Mrs. Hanson, 2 Chester street.

Miss Verna Ardell, Lorne avenue, arrived home from a delightful holiday at Gregory, Muskoka.

Miss Marie Orendoff of this city is visiting in Baltimore, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Peter E. Costello.

Mr. Thomas Martin has left on a trip to Montreal, where he will be the guest of his nephew, Martin Bluthner.

Mrs. Donald McLean is going to Goderich this week for a little visit in the summer home of Mrs. Allan McLean.

Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Hiles, of Robinson Memorial Church, are on a motor trip to Lake Simcoe and Atherley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ball are spending their holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Charles Wilson at Burlington Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Kemp and children, Grosvenor street, are spending a few days with Mrs. Kemp's parents at Ekfrid.

Dr. K. P. R. Neville has returned home after reading examination papers at the department of education in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wesley, Richmond street north, have returned from a vacation at Burleigh Falls, Kawartha Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tait and

family are going up Tuesday to their summer cottage, Grand Bend, for the month of August.

Mrs. Teasdale of this city, accompanied by her granddaughter, Miss Dorothy Lettney, has left to visit relatives in Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Norman Spencer and son are leaving this week on a trip abroad, sailing Saturday, August 5, on S. S. Regina.

Mr. J. A. Ross and daughters motored up recently from Toronto for a little visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Greenaway.

Mrs. William Lamb has returned to the city after a happy visit in Toronto in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Passmore.

Mrs. Robert Haque of Toronto has been the guest during the past week of Mrs. McClary Moore at her summer cottage, Port Stanley.

Miss Thelma Williams, of Toronto, has returned home after holidaying for two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Ewart MacNeill, St. Johns.

Miss Margaret Lobban has returned to St. Joseph's Hospital after spending two weeks' vacation with her parents in the country.

Mrs. Wm. Jones and the Misses Hazel and Edith Jones are spending a few weeks at Pinedale Summer Resort, Gravenhurst, Muskoka.

Mrs. Ed. Martin has been called to Minneapolis, owing to the serious illness of her niece, Mrs. William Miller Phelps (formerly Vera Martin Mitchell).

Mr. and Mrs. Morley Aylesworth and family have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ball at the latter's summer home at Huron Beach.

Miss Cannell, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Melbourne of British Columbia, goes on Tuesday to spend a few weeks at Hillcrest Inn, Port Stanley.

The Misses Winnie and Connie Parker, of Dufferin avenue, are leaving Monday to join a holiday party of London girls being held at Gregory, Muskoka.

Mrs. J. W. McIntosh is summering at Barrie, Ontario, where she was recently joined by her brother, Dr. W. G. Ross, of England. Dr. Ross has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Humphries and family, St. James street, have left for their cottage at Ipperwash Beach, where they will spend the month of August.

Miss Beatrice McIntosh has arrived in the city after a holiday at Grand Bend, and is visiting her grandmother and aunt, Mrs. and Miss Hanson, 2 Chester street.

Miss Bertha Tait arrived in the city Saturday from Ottawa, and will be the guest of her brother, Mr. Leonard Tait, and Mrs. Tait at their summer home, Grand Bend, for the next few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Whitlow, Dundas street, arrived in New York on the Aquitania, after a delightful trip in England, France and Switzerland. They are expected to arrive home about August 1.

Miss Helen Pitman, 14 Stanley street, who has been in Toronto for the past two weeks staying with her aunt, Mrs. W. Topping, has left on a motor trip with her uncle to visit her grandmother, Mrs. James Pitman in Kingston.

Mrs. W. D. MacGregor and children, and Mrs. A. S. MacGregor, leave Wednesday evening for Guelph Bay, Annapolis, Lake, Magnawan, where they will be the guests of Mrs. Merrill Macdonald, of Toronto, at her summer home.

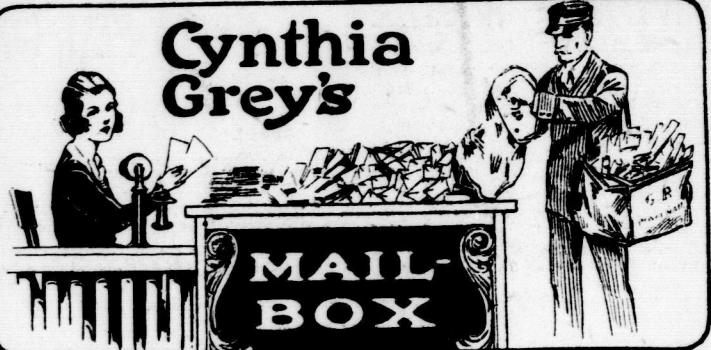
Mr. and Mrs. Will Brown and two children, of Tillsonburg, were weekend visitors in town, motoring over to join Mrs. Brown's sister, Mrs. George White, of Vancouver. Mr. White and three children at the White farm in London township.

James Ross, Jr., son of Senator James Ross, formerly of this city, has arrived back in London after taking his degree of Doctor of Science in the University of Geneva, Switzerland. "Jim" Ross, who attended school for some time here, served overseas with distinction during the war.

Officers of the Admiral McDougall Chapter, I.O.D.E., of Ingersoll, paid a visit to the city last week to consult with Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, honorary secretary of the War Memorial Hospital committee, with regard to what the chapter could do for the hospital in the way of sewing, etc. They announced their intentions of doing some definite work.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Slater, who are leaving next week for California, the staff of the Imperial Bank of Canada, London, held a very enjoyable picnic on Invererie Heights, around a prettily-decorated and well-laden table an address was read by Mr. Goodall, the manager, and Mr. Slater was made the recipient of a traveling bag with fittings. Following his reply, a game of ball was most entertaining.

A happy event of the end of the week was an informal gathering arranged by the girls of "Lenmore," the Y.W.C.A. downtown residence, in honor of two members of the staff who are leaving shortly, Mrs. A. M. MacEach, dietitian, and Mrs. L. Chute. Each was presented with a ten dollar gold piece, Miss Margaret Watson making a graceful and appropriate little speech, and Misses Eileen McCartney and Marion Pettipiece bestowing the gifts on behalf of their associates. Mrs. Chute is joining the staff of the Byron Sanatorium and Mrs. Mitchell will take a well-earned holiday before assuming other responsibilities.



ALL ABOARD FOR SATURDAY!

Dear Cynthia,—Who writes so often as I do lately? No one, I'll be bound. But I simply had to write after reading Lonesome for Blighly's letter. She's a dear soul, whoever she is, to speak of the very next we came from. I guess she's been in Canada a good many years by her letter, but she has a good memory. Mother would love to have her address if she is willing. Manchester and Salford are one new, Lonsome or Blighly, but they each take their own name. We used to live off Cross Lane (Salford), but, of course, you will know where that is. Perhaps some of the Canadian Boxites will take us on some trips around their cities, but I find up for the needy ones if we take another trip to Manchester, but to go Cross Lane way instead of Regent road, and to make the Stowell's Memorial Church (Eccles New road corner) our meeting place, and all be on time, as time flies, and of course, we must take Cynthia this time. But we will all need our coats, as it is cooler in Salford than it is here. But while we are waiting for Saturday and our trip to come, how will it be if the (already generous) Boxites see what we can do for the needy ones in our circle. And don't forget the hospital fund, will you? So bye-bye till Saturday at 2 prompt. Well, here we are, and all on time. That's good! We will take the left-hand side of Cross Lane, pass the lovely potteries, and make our way along Cross Lane, pass by the Regent Theatre and opera house, then we will cross over the London North-western bridge, and lo, here we are at Cross Lane market. My such a crowd! Now all keep to the left and we will be in the market and see what we can buy for the needy Boxites. There, now, we mustn't tarry too long, but we must take in some of the sights at least. And now we are at Cross Lane corner by the Salford Hippodrome. Now watch the statue of Queen Victoria, the monument and at Prince Albert's, too. Then we pass by the museum and Technical School. And now we will go through to this path, through the archway formed out of a whale's jawbone. A little further along the path we come to the statue of a little shoeblack, and still another statue of the little chimney sweep. But we are getting too interested in the park, so we must turn back and follow the road to Manchester. We will proceed along the Crescent and till we come to the Crescent, where the hospital stands a bronze statue of a Lancashire fusilier, placed there after the South African war, and the tank 241 is standing behind the soldier facing Oldfield road. And now we have reached the end of the road, where we will go along Hanging Ditch, pass by the oldest house in Manchester, and look, here we are at Manchester market, Shudehill. I hope you all have some money with you, as you will all want to take us to the market and get on to Oldham street! Let us go into their tea-room and have a cup of tea and a biscuit. And now we had better go along Market street till we reach Deansgate corner; and now we had better take the car home. Shall we ride on the top of the car? Well, all right. All have your pennies ready. Here is our car to take us to Blighly took us on her trip along Regent road—it's about 1 1/2 miles for two cents on the electric car. And here we are back again at Eccles New Road corner, so we will bid each other a cheery good afternoon. And now we can take us for a trip to the Trafford Road docks or to Boggart Hole Clough to see the peacocks, or to Eccles market, or better still, take us a trip to Worsley through the Rocks? A REAL LANCASHIRE LASS.

Boxites and the Sick Children's Hospital first and pleasure afterwards! And even on our ramble, you insist we must shop in the market for those with empty larders before we buy lollipops and afternoon tea for ourselves. Better not call my attention to the coal trucks. I may make a raid on them, and I'd hate you to think I'm not a perfect lady. Do you know, I'm not going to be so tremendously interested Saturday in studying the Lancashire branch of my family I'll be forgetting to look at some of the sights unless you keep poking me with your elbow. Know Lonsome for Blighly, Mrs. H. and the rest of the family. I am going to be thrilled at the idea of trip No. 2. Am sure Mrs. H. will be delighted to personally conduct an expedition to Boggart Hole Clough. Sending address of Lonsome for Blighly. Am sure she is willing.

WHO WEARS NO. 6?

Dear Miss Grey—I see so many asking for help, and though I have not much to offer, what I do give is given freely. I received a wee few patches from one boxite, and oh, say, she wrote such a beautiful letter that my conscience would not allow me to keep them so I gave them to my neighbor lady, and did not say where or how I got them. I paid 25c postage for them, and it only cost 5c to mail them, so I paid pretty dear for my whistle, eh, Cynthia? I have a pair of shoes, patent leather buttons, with dull uppers (button size 6. Anyone can have them and gladly, too, as I have no use for them. Hoping to be of more use next time, I remain, with kind wishes for all, WINDY.

I wonder, Windy, if you understood the spirit of the letter you received? You know, there is such a thing as being in a wrong way, and I think in days when the best of people in the world have "chips on their shoulders," and everything seems designed to injure and annoy them. Can't you remember the days when father, mother or older sister or brother told you that you must have stepped out of the wrong side of the bed that morning? I think some of the best of us are unfortunate in being unable to express themselves, either in speaking or on paper. I knew a girl once upon a time, who said she "never opened her mouth but she put her foot in it." (She blamed it on her husband's shoes.) Isn't it just like your correspondent may have been one of the people who say the wrong thing all unwittingly? I haven't used the name. Took the liberty of "deleting" it, just like the censors used to do with the news in war time. Am afraid if I used it, there might be war in the Mail-Box, and what would Cynthia ever do for a row in her nice, kind, helpful, forbearing, sympathetic family? Am sure someone will be glad to get those shoes of shiny and dull leather. I'll be pleased to give your address to anyone inquiring.

ALMOST LOST WEE BOY.

Dear Miss Grey, I went down to that lady's house and she gave me a coat, a pair of shoes and a nice hat, which I think will do for my oldest girl. Miss Grey, I think you are very kind for being such a wonderful help to all those in need. I am very sorry I did not write to you before, but I intended doing this week, but I have been in such trouble. My little boy has been so sick this last week, we feared the worst, but thank God, he is much better. I do wish that I could hug those dear mothers that are expecting little ones. Oh, how my heart aches for them, but God will take care of them. I am ever so thankful to all those kind souls that have been good to me and mine.

APPLEFACE.

Am so glad, Appleface, that you have found a good friend. One of the beautiful things about the members of our Mail-Box circle who are ever in their spirit of gratitude. They never fail to acknowledge promptly and so heartily any kindness or favor done them. Am glad, too, that your little kiddie has been spared to you in the road to recovery. Your chance will come some day to help others, and I know the needy then will have good reason to bless your sympathy and generosity. How good of you to include mine!

SHARES HER LITTLE.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just a few lines again to thank you for sending my address to Sardonxy, and at the same time am sending my very best thanks to Sardonxy for sending me the parcel. I was very thankful indeed. The things came in very useful for myself, for I was in real need of waists. I would like to try and help some of the boxites, too, and have some new patches from samples I had given me, but I am not able to make quite so many as I used to, and my health is not very good. I love to sew for my children and am very useful to help others with the same. Dear Miss Grey, my husband is no better. He will be away for a long time, I think, yet. Well, I would be very thankful if any boxites have anything to help me with. My two boys are 8 and 13 years, and could make pants over for them. I have two girls, one 2 years and the other 11 years. I wish your Mail-Box every success. I have sent mine for the S.C.H. HARD-UP LIZZIE.

It is splendid of you to send along that note for the War Memorial Children's Hospital, when your own needs are so great. Hard-Up Lizzie. And it is thoughtful of you, too, to offer to share the patches with others. It is the people who have felt real pinch themselves, as a rule,

Want Inscriptions For Plates

INSCRIPTIONS for name-plates for endowed cribs, cots, wards, sun-rooms in the War Memorial Children's Hospital are wanted at the earliest possible date by the secretary of the hospital committee. In order that the work of engraving the plates may be finished before the formal opening on September 24, and these all in their places. Mrs. Greenaway has written all individual organizations, etc., that have generously given endowments, asking them to forward the inscriptions.

who are first to hold out a helping hand and divide what they have with more needy. The beautiful thing about the Mail-Box circle is the deep gratitude shown for kindnesses received, and the promptness in saying "thank you." It is a great asset to be able to sew well and make over clothes satisfactorily. Your children are to be congratulated upon having such a capable mother. Trust your husband will soon show signs of recovery. It is sometimes amazing after long, discouraging illness, how miraculously the change for the better seems to come. Cheer up. Better days are surely ahead.

ANOTHER FROM BERKSHIRE.

Dear Miss Grey,—On looking over the most interesting page of The Advertiser I see where a Berkshire Lass would like to know if there are any in the Mail-Box from that place. I came from there a good many years ago. I still have parents and brothers and sisters in dear old Berkshire, a place called Enborne, three miles from Newbury, if the lady would like to correspond she can have my address from Miss Grey. I have also a romper pattern. Inclosed a mite to help on the good work. I will sign myself A NEWBURY LASS.

Delighted to welcome you to the Mail-Box corner. After the nice compliment you pay our page we feel it will be necessary to put a gusset in our halo. Have filed your address for reference, and will be pleased to let A Berkshire Lass have it, or anyone else who calls for it. Sure, we're getting all divided up into counties. But that doesn't affect the unity of the circle as a whole, does it? Thank you so much for the mite. I'm getting such an expert, with so many to handle, I can tell the denomination from the outside of the envelope. But I never mistake a penny for a quarter. I'm too much of an optimist for that. Come again, when you have time to send us a line of greeting.

LONGS FOR LAKE SUPERIOR.

Dear Miss Grey,—I noticed in today's paper that Berkshire Lass wished some creeper patterns. I have several I will send her by mail. I used to be a year old, and my dear little girlie is eight months old; she is creeping and climbing into everything, so my time for letter-writing is limited. Kindly send me the address of Miss Rose, also where is Avon? She owes me a letter, isn't it? I've been reading and answering letters, Cynthia? This weather makes me wish I was on the shores of Lake Superior. I spent my teaching days up amid the rocks, and such grand summer weather, but oh, ye winter! for about eight months at a stretch. The babies would attend to me, so I must go. Inclosed a wee mite. MRS. RIELLEY.

You might be surprised to know but there are lots of things in newspaper work hotter and harder than reading and answering the Mail-Box letters. Am sure Berkshire Lass will be delighted to get such prompt response to her request for patterns as she has had today. Am sending you her address, also that of Miss Rose. Yes, where is Avon? I cannot find her address on the Mail-Box list, and want to get it again, soon as possible, because we cannot have a complete family record without her.

You make me hungry for a breeze from the north shore, a breath of the pure, clear bracing air, and a glimpse of the rolling blue water, oh, so terribly deep and cold, with a blue sky above, just flecked with clouds. Once upon a time I had a trip in winter along that north shore, and nearly everyone was dreading we would be storm-stayed in the wilderness—I'd hate to tell how many degrees below zero. One woman said she thought they must have a different kind of thermometers up in that part of the world. She was sure no Western Ontario around-London thermometer could ever get down far enough to register that cold.

But it has been a pretty nice summer after all, hasn't it? I do not think I can remember a better sample of summer. Do you remember how we broiled week in and week out last year? What dears your babies must be. Give them each a kiss from Aunt Cynthia. Many thanks for mite.

PLEASE SEND NAME.

L. H.—Will you please send in by return mail the name of "Another of Your Hardups" or "A Pifful Case" as you called her in your second letter? A reader has sent in some money for her and I cannot forward it until we have the name. All you have sent is a box number. Also, you omitted to send your own name. We want the name of such a good Samaritan on our family list.

YOU are doing experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment. It relieves skin itching, chafes, and keeps the skin soft and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment sent to you on this paper and send a stamp for postage. 60c. a box; all dealers or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Seeing Week-end Market With Aunt Maria's Eyes.

Saturday was the day for poultry, the plump spring ducks, the well-nourished chickens. After 12 o'clock, even numbers of them were left from which to pick and choose, amongst these an oh, wonderful duck, just 75 cents. Even the women who never miss a Saturday in the basement asking peak load prices were inclined to be reasonable. "I've been selling for \$1.50 apiece," said one to a prospective customer, "but I'll let you have this duck for a dollar and twenty-five cents. Just three months old, and feel the weight of it!" A mother, displaying the charms of her firstborn, could scarcely have revealed more pride than did that woman over her ducks. Another farm home-maker endeavored to clinch the bargain by appeal to memory and imagination. "Just think how good that duck would taste with a little dressing in it, served with apple sauce or currant jelly on Sunday," she said. "That's the kind of an argument to use with a man, not with a woman who has to go to a picnic early this afternoon," laughingly evaded the feminine marketer.

The picnic bogey again! the beggar of fruit growers, who only a day or so before were declaring that disposing of their wares has been seriously affected this season by the fact that the city women are going to so many picnics, they haven't time for such mundane things as preserving, canning and jelling. A good-sized young chicken could be bought for sixty cents, a number, better developed, for seventy-five cents, away ahead of last Saturday from the buyer's standpoint, when a seventy-five-cent chicken was a rare bargain.

Turns Down "Shin Plaster."

A woman at the week-end market tendered a twenty-five-cent American bill, otherwise a "shin plaster," in payment for a purchase. The farmer's wife, to whom it was offered, refused to touch it. "That money doesn't pass in this country," she said, whereat the woman with the "shin plaster" chuckled, remembering the times her good Canadian coin and bills had been similarly turned down "over in America." (Puzzle: Where is Canada?) Twenty-five cents would buy a gratifying number of things in the week-end market. A man, not at all nervous about marketing, discovered it would buy a dozen big, yellow eggs, or white eggs, or both, shells reassuringly rough, not to mention the guarantee of the kindly-looking woman in the buggy selling them, who declared they were absolutely fresh, and she would be in next Saturday again. The man wanted to drag every acquaintance he met to show where he got the best bargain in eggs on the market. He did. Even if one woman, selling eggs at 25 cents, assured she "had them right out of the basket."

Twenty-eight cents was the more usual price met, and some had the temerity to ask thirty.

Butter ascended from thirty-five cents to forty.

Vegetable marrow appeared at ten cents each (perhaps it has been there before, but it was the first sighted by Aunt Maria.)

"We call it spinach beet," a woman explained a vegetable offering with beet-like leaf and stalk resembling rhubarb.

"It isn't Swiss chard, is it?" she was asked.

"Now, I believe I did hear it called that," she said.

The prevailing price for beets, onions, carrots, etc., was three bunches for ten cents.

Once more, sections of honey were thirty and thirty-five cents, according to where they were purchased, and the thirty-cent honey was, in some cases, much better looking than that for which thirty-five was asked.

Potatoes were quoted at thirty cents a peck to Aunt Maria, six-quart baskets of apples for cooking, thirty cents, red raspberries, twenty-two and twenty-three cents.

Along Come Plums!

Home-grown plums were a reminder that summer is slipping away, plums at fifteen cents a box. It's pearly days for the "cave dwellers," who, missing the toil (and pleasure) of gardens of their own, can deck their flats, apartments, suites, or whatever they call them, with gorgeous summer flowers. Scarcely answering to the adjective were the water lilies one lad was offering Saturday, exquisite things of waxy white and gold in a setting of delicate green, for just five cents a dozen. Aunt Maria was stopped more than once by a stranger woman who wanted to know: "Will you please tell me if you got those beautiful lilies on the market, and where they are selling them?" Bunches of snapdragons were selling for five cents each in the basement, and flaming nasturtiums, three bunches for ten cents. Mingled with the newest and most up-to-date flowers were the grandmother's garden favorites, and, proud in its exclusiveness, a pink cactus. It had been sold early in the forenoon, and was to be delivered. Four bunches of leaves like cabbages poked out in different directions, while tall above them soared long stems, topped by bunches of delicate gray-green, toning into rose bloom, dainty little flowers, not the kind usually associated with cactus. And, by the way, this cactus was wonderfully free of prickles.

"Tomatoes, just ten cents a box, while they last," sang out the small boy who had been chanting the refrain for hours, never varying in intonation. Even if the supply regaled the widow's cruise, Aunt Maria "fell for" the siren song.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS



A Pretty Summer Frock.

3376-3396—Here is a very youthful model, with pleasing lines. As illustrated, tissue gingham in a pretty plaid pattern was combined with orange. Crepe, voile and pongee are also attractive for this style.

To make of one material will require 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. To make as illustrated, will require 2 1/2 yards of plain material and 1 1/2 yards of figured material 36 inches wide for a medium size. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is in 6 sizes: 25, 27, 29, 31, 33 and 35 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 24 yards.

TWO separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 15c FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps. Address all pattern orders to Pattern Department.

Name

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 past measure, you need mark only 35, 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 "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

TRY A MEAL AT THE NEW, CLEAN

Lascelles Cafe

Dundas, Near Wellington, ONT.

Prince Edward Hotel Windsor

MAKING you feel at home is our constant effort. Every modern appointment is provided for your comfort. Courtesy is the rule. Unexcelled dining and luncheon service. Have your railway ticket read "Windsor." Make this your headquarters while in this district.



DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

SURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE JOINTS AND BONES. IT SHOULD ALWAYS BE KEPT ON HAND FOR SUDDEN PAIN. VISIBLE PREPARATION. USE IT FOR ALL PAINS. BOTTLE 10 CENTS. THE TIME WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

NEARLY CRAZY WITH PAINS IN BACK

Read How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Mrs. Beecroft

Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pain and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Hamilton Spectator' and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular unless I overwork or stay on my feet from early morning until late at night. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble. I have recommended the Vegetable Compound to several friends."—MRS. EMILY BEECROFT, 16 Douglas St., Hamilton, Ontario.

For nearly fifty years women have been telling how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has restored their health when suffering with female ills. This accounts for the enormous demand for it from coast to coast.

If you are troubled with any ailment peculiar to women why don't you try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound? It has helped others, let it help you.

Wear Your Best Things Every Day

No need to save your pretty clothes—those specially becoming blouses and fine lingerie every woman loves to wear. No reason whatever to hang away your crepes and chiffons—wear and enjoy them and wash them.

A package of Princess Soap Flakes solves the cleaning problem for all fine materials. Satin and silk, crepes and laces can now be washed with perfect success—kept fresh and dainty as new with simple soap and water.

Makes them prettier

Princess Flakes were perfected for fancy washing—for cleansing delicate crepes and silks and laces without harming color or material. They are also the ideal soap for general laundry use.

This is because each curly flake is pure, whole soap, with no fillers and little moisture to rob them of cleansing power.

It makes them the practical, efficient washing machine soap. And it makes them a real economy because they go so much farther.

For woollens, too Whether you are squeezing out a sweater or a pair of leggings and mittens or having a grand blanket washing, use Princess Soap Flakes. No shrinking—no danger of drying harsh and stiff. Instead, everything soft, warm and woolly, just like new.

How to buy for economy

Once you learn the value of Princess Flakes you will order by the 24-pound carton, which allows a big saving. You will use them for every laundry purpose and for general household needs.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA

Limited MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



PRINCESS SOAP FLAKES

MADE IN CANADA