PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN SOCIETY

Master James Rogers of this city has returned home after visiting friends in Point Edward.

Mrs. Alice Henderson and Miss Mary Bishop have returned home after spending the winter in California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooper of Parkhill spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Davidson, Ridout street south.

Miss Marie Wachemuth of Ridout street south, has returned home after spending the winter with relatives in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Insell, Waterloo street north, have returned home from San Diego, California, Mr. Insell much benefited in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Eccleston and their daughter, Miss Ella Eccleston, have returned home after spending the winter in Southern California.

The Soldiers' Wives League is holding ing a tea and musicale at the lovely home of Col. and Mrs. Coles, South London, on Friday afternoon.

The Campbell-Becher and Princess Patricia Chapters, I. O. D. E. are planning a big military ball to be held on Armistice Day, November 11, of this year.

Miss Genevieve Overend entertained at Wong's Cafe on Friday last at the luncheon hour in honor of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Hugh A. Overend. Covers were laid for eight.

Mrs. R. B. Ross, nee Gertrude Richardson of St. Marys, will receive on Tuesday afternoon, April 26, at her home, 35 Gerrard street, and afterwards on the first Thursday of each month.

Mrs. E. B. Smith, Mrs. Emerson Nichols and Mrs. F. J. Greenaway leave today for Hamilton, where they will attend the meeting of the Provincial Chapter, I. O. D. E., being held there on Wednesday. Mrs. E. B. Smith will be the guest of her father, Mrs. Nichols will visit at the home of Mrs. Sifton, while Mrs. Greenaway will leave on Thursday morning for Dundas, where she will visit relatives.

Trinity Chapter, O. E. S., is arranging for a progressive euchre party to be held at Hyman Hall on May 4, Mrs. Hookway, Mrs. White and Miss Mitchell in charge. Last night this same chapter held a euchre at Wong's Cafe, Mrs. Milton Jackson, Mrs. Manness and Mrs. Lyons acting as conveners. Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, grand matron of the chapter, received with the committee. guests arriving to fill 30 tables. During the evening, Mr. Ed. Webster rendered a vocal solo.

WOODS—MARTIN.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized on Thursday, April 14, by Rev. B. Greatrix, 428 Park street, Peterboro, Ont., when Mrs. M. A. Martin of Oshawa, Ont., fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hardy of London, became the bride of Mr. B. A. Woods of St. Thomas, Ont.

CLARK—McLACHLEN.

On Thursday, April 14, Robert Leslie Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Clark, of East Williams, was united in marriage to Christena Isabel McLachlen, daughter of Mrs. Jas. McLachlen, of East Williams, the ceremony being performed at the manse, Nairn, by Rev. A. Rintoul. Miss Mary Clark, sister of the groom, and Mr. James McLachlen, brother of the bride, were in attendance.

SMITH—HERRICK.

A very quiet wedding took place at Mecheche on March 18, when Maggie Belle (Daisy), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Herrick, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Walter Hugh Smith of Mecheche, Rev. David Dack officiating. The bride who was unattended, wore a gray satin gown, embroidered in beads and robe silk with knife-pleated frills of tulle. While the guests sat down to the wedding breakfast the Mecheche band serenaded the happy pair. Amid showers of rice and confetti the bride and groom left for a short honeymoon to Calgary, and will be at home to their friends after May 1.

ANDERSON—SARGENT.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sargent of 796 Dufferin avenue was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Saturday, April 9, when their daughter, Lillian Dorothy, became the bride of Mr. Wm. Anderson. The bride, who looked very charming in a gown of navy silk, hat to match and carrying a bouquet of pink roses and sweet peas, entered the parlor on the arm of her father to the strains of the wedding march, played by Miss May Balsden. Miss Irene Sargeant, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, looking pretty in a gown of navy silk, navy milan hat and carrying a bouquet of pink carnations. Mr. R. Watson acted as groomsman. After the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Mr. McKinley, a delightful wedding luncheon was held. The young couple, who were the recipients of many gifts, left on a short honeymoon trip to Toronto. On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson will reside in this city.

FUNNIEST RAILROAD IN WORLD OPERATED IN WEST OF IRELAND

Cars Run On Mono-Rail Raised Three Feet From the Ground.

The Irish people, noted for their humor, have exhibited this characteristic in building the queerest railway in existence. It is known as the Lartigue Railway, and links Ballybunion and Listowel on the west coast of Ireland. It is a mono-rail road twelve miles in length—the most curious "contraption" in the way of transportation in existence. It has a single track elevated above the ground a distance of about three feet. The engines as well as the cars are all twins, balanced on the mono-rail.

In its balance of traffic, therefore, it is always a case of "fifty-fifty," or an "even break," in the weight of passengers and freight. If there happens to be five passengers in a car on one side of the rail, a bag filled with sand has to be placed on the lighter side to keep the train from tipping over.

Passengers by Weight.

This peculiarity calls for a train crew possessed of tact, for passengers must be placed by weight, not preference, an arrangement that they do not always take kindly to. Particularly in the case of women does the guard have to exercise a fine discrimination; not only do they object to being separated, but frequently resent his estimate of their weight.

This funny little railroad has its own way of reckoning with the problem of street crossings. There the rail has to be cut to permit vehicles to pass. Here and there drawbridges have been built over the track, which can be raised or lowered at will, but these are considered cumbersome, and not very practical.

A Track Gate.

The solution is usually a "track gate." The most amusing experience on the road with such a gate comes when the train passes a farm-house. The farmer who would be unable to enter his yard because of the elevated rail, cuts and makes a swinging-gate of the track. When, therefore, the train approaches the farm-house, the engineer, may find the swinging track-gate wide open—in which case, he blows his whistle, and after several toots, the farmer comes out, closes his gate, and the train, which has been waiting, is permitted to resume its speed of four miles per hour.

Speed is not an essential in the operating plan of the funniest railroad. With traffic subject to the kind of interruption just described and an engine capable of the magnificent speed of four miles an hour, one does not expect too much of it. The necessity of rushing from place to place has not penetrated this part of Ireland as yet.

Beautiful Scenery.

Indeed, the passenger is more than compensated for his loss of time by his enjoyment of the beautiful country through which he passes, an enjoyment that a speedier train would make impossible.

Thousands of Irishmen travel over this unique railway, as Ballybunion is one of the prettiest resorts in Erin, and one of the most popular. Speed is not the essential that it is in America, this fact testifies.—The Mentor.

"VENUS" RESCUES COLLIE FROM A DROWNING DEATH

Carries Him To Shelter and Food At Humane Society Cottage.

"Venus," the Great Dane, now the property of the London Humane Society, and during the great war an important Red Cross dog, won his way still further into the hearts of the members of the Humane Society by his action yesterday, when he sprang into the Thames River and rescued a collie, which a number of children were trying to drown. The time was about 8:30 in the morning. The Great Dane was having a stroll with his master, George Tustin, when he spied seven small boys at their murderous work. It was but an instant before he sprang into the water, rescued his canine brother, and made for Mr. Tustin's home, taking the dripping animal into warm shelter.

FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]

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LXV.—A DEEP GAME.

Betty Gordon sat in the deep window embrasure of an upper room in the Red Cottage, and—like Sister Anne—looked anxiously along the twisting ribbon of road which led out into the world.

Day after day had passed, and Trevor never wrote. . . .

"I've got no pride," Betty told herself a little wearidly, "sitting up here watching for the postman!"

It was ridiculous to expect that Jack would write, now, that she had received such a revelation of his character. . . . What did he care how much he hurt her?

The perfidy she herself had witnessed in the Astorbilt apartments—would she ever forget it?

"And yet—and yet"—desperately she clung to a mere straw—"he came down here to say good-bye to me before he went away!"

Ah! but he had only come to break things off between them!

"Lucky April—to belong to him!" Tears sprang to Betty's pretty eyes. Though he had acted cruelly towards her, Betty couldn't find it in her heart to condemn him. . . . He was her first love, and she had thought him perfect. . . . She couldn't change in a week or two.

"He—he didn't know his own mind about me—that was it." She defended him even to herself.

Her meeting with April two days ago had brought the old pain back in full force.

So Jack had written to April, asking her to come up to Maine and marry him at once. . . .

The news, blurted carelessly out by April, had been like a knife in Betty's heart.

"I used to be so happy before I met any of those people from the Manor House." She brushed a little tear away impatiently.

No, there wasn't any use sitting up here by the window, watching eagerly for a message that wasn't going to come.

She would go down and help Aunt Marion with the village club accounts and the poorhouse reports and the mothers' meeting programs. There was plenty of vital work to do even in this little backwater of a village. Work was the only thing that could possibly dull the first keen edge of her sorrow.

She brushed her curly hair and bathed her eyes with some eau de Cologne. She didn't want her aunt to guess she was unhappy.

While Betty was pursuing the quiet tenor of her way in the Red Cottage a series of heated arguments was taking place between Miss April Moore and her quondam fiance, Charlie Davon.

The latter was clever enough to realize that April had some secret up her dainty sleeve.

Inherently inquisitive and suspicious, he resented the fact that he was being kept in the dark about it.

He had quite determined in his mind to marry April. Even though she hadn't any money of her own, she would be to him a valuable asset.

She only needed a little more tuition in cards, for instance, to become a veritable sharper.

Her face would be his fortune, too, he told himself exultantly. Had not April on many previous occasions—when they were both unconsciously hard up—wiled many a foolish fly into the spider's web?

April and he, united in the lawful bonds of matrimony, would be a powerful combination!

At the same time, he saw all her faults quite clearly. Love had not blinded him. To such a man as Charlie Davon love was a myth, a pretty, foolish fable. . . .

He didn't trust Miss April, either. But, then, he trusted nobody.

It was tiresome that the girl was still hankering after Trevor! I've got to put a stop to that," he told himself.

Therefore, when April told him of her plan to go to Maine, he indignantly forbade her to do anything of the sort.

"The fellow doesn't care two pins about you, so why run after him?" he queried angrily.

April laughed her tinkling, irritating little laugh.

"You're actually growing dense, my friend!" she said, with a patronizing smile.

"Do as you please," responded Davon. "But let me tell you, if you go to Trevor, then I'm through with you!"

He stared insolently at the girl.

"I gave you credit for mere brains," was her reply.

Davon shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Oh, don't speak in riddles all the time—it bores me," he said. "Tell me just what the game is this time."

"Suppose I do not choose?" April coolly returned his look.

"Then—as I said before—I wash my hands of you!"

April hesitated. In so far as she was capable of caring for anyone, she did care for Davon.

"Perhaps I'd better throw my cards down on the table," she remarked at last.

Davon smiled this slow, inscrutable smile. He knew full well that the girl would only let him see the cards she chose! She dealt in half truths—but Davon could put two and two together.

"You know I'm awfully hard-up at the moment," she began.

"Say 'we' instead of 'I,' corrected Davon, cheerfully.

"Yes," she went on, "we're hard-up—and this hanging round other people's houses gets a bit uncomfortable—"

"Particularly when there's no foolish sheep to fleece—and no high play a cards!" interrupted the man beside her.

"Exactly." April nodded, no whit abashed.

"And so"—Davon smiled again—"and so you plan for higher game?"

Tomorrow—Breach of Promise.

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Club News

NORMAL-LIGHTS.

The literary meeting held recently in the assembly hall of the Normal School was one of exceedingly great value. Mrs. D. C. MacGregor (Marion Keith) gave a valuable talk on "Canadian Literature," and Miss Ruby Boyer played a very pretty instrumental.

VICTORIAN ORDER OF NURSES.

To show how the work of the V. O. N. in the city is increasing, it may be interesting to compare the first three months of 1920 with the corresponding months of 1921. During January, February and March, 1920, the nurses paid 1,087 visits, and of these 1,012 were nursing visits.

In January, February and March, 1921, the nurses paid 2,010 visits, and of these 1,720 were nursing visits. These figures show an increase of 913 in the total number of visits in 1921, and of 708 in nursing visits.

In these months in 1920, 38 night visits were paid, and in 1921, 72 night visits, showing an increase of 34 night calls. To overtake this work the nurses were on duty in January, February and March of 1921 on an average of 11 hours a day and four hours on Sunday.

The number of infants born in these months of 1921 under the care of V. O. nurses was 87, as compared with 77 in 1920.

This work of the order in London has been carried on most efficiently by its staff of three nurses with relief nurses in times of stress.

The present staff consists of Miss Wilson, Mrs. Hart, Miss King with Miss Page on relief duty.

The postponed annual meeting of the order will be held early in May, when business of importance is to be discussed.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HOSPITAL.

The following contributions for the War Memorial Children's Hospital fund have been received by Mrs. Cl. T. Campbell, honorary treasurer: Pride of Perth Chapter, I.O.D.E., Stratford, $7.50; Babes of the Cradle Roll, Strathroy Baptist Sunday School, $3.50; Dickson's Corners Ladies' Aid Society, $25; Komoka Women's Institute, $180; Janey Canuck Chapter, I. O. D. E., London, $200; Edinburgh Castle Camp, No. 109, Daughters of Scotland, $65.

WOMEN TEACHERS' GUILD.

The submitting of a report of the Ontario Educational Association meeting in Toronto by Miss Tarrey was the principal business of yesterday afternoon's meeting of the Women's Teachers' Guild. The next meeting on May 16 is the annual meeting, and yesterday a nominating committee was appointed, including Miss Howie, convener; Miss Spence, Miss Smith and Miss Isabel Carson.

PRINCESS PATRICIA CHAPTER.

At a meeting of the Princess Patricia Chapter, I. O. D. E., held yesterday afternoon plans were made for a big bazaar, which the chapter expects to hold about the end of November or beginning of December. The chapter members have promised to spend the summer months in making and collecting articles for this bazaar such as hand-painted Christmas cards, baby clothes, kitchen things and other novelties. Arrangements were also made at this meeting for the big military ball which the chapter has decided to hold jointly with the Campbell Becher Chapter on November 11, Armistice Day.

ST. GEORGE'S GUIDES.

The Girl Guides of St. George's Church conducted a most successful sale of fancy work at the church hall on Saturday afternoon. The decorations were chiefly carried out in the blue and white colors of the Guides, while a pretty spot was the Japanese tea room, gay with lanterns and toy umbrellas. Over sixty Guides now belong to this company.

GOOD CHEER CLUB.

The Good Cheer Club are holding a band concert next Sunday evening, April 24, in aid of the Children's Hospital.

RUTH CHAPTER, O. E. S.

The members of the Central Star Chapter, O. E. S., of St. Thomas are coming over to London on Wednesday evening to put on degrees at Ulster Hall on the invitation of the local Ruth Chapter. About two hundred are expected to be present on this occasion.

Women's Activities Western Ontario

Address News For This Column to The Editor of Woman's Page.

GLENDALE LADIES' AID.

The annual business meeting of the Ladies' Aid of Glendale Methodist Church was held recently at the home of Mrs. Thornton.

The annual report read showed that the society had had a most successful year.

The following were elected as officers for the coming year: Honorary president, Mrs. John E. Dale; president, Mrs. Hodgson; first vice-president, Mrs. Butler; second vice-president, Mrs. Fortner; third vice-president, Mrs. Nichols; secretary, Mrs. John M. Dale; treasurer, Mrs. Berry, and collector, Mrs. Ridley.

At the close of the business part of the program light refreshments were served, and a social hour was enjoyed.

SARNIA RED CROSS.

Dr. James W. Robertson chairman of the executive committee of the Red Cross Society is coming to Sarnia on the evening of April 29 to deliver a most interesting address on the subject of the peace time program for the Red Cross and the membership campaign which is to be carried on in that city.

Already the women of the Red Cross have done remarkable community work in Sarnia, particularly among the foreigners who have located in the city, and the prospect is that this work will reach still greater magnitude. The society has maintained the services of a visiting nurse whose work has been a great boon to hundreds.

Baby Clinics.

The baby clinics held every Thursday afternoon at the library has proven an institution that has been highly appreciated. Two local doctors attend every Thursday from 4 to 6. After the baby has been examined a conference is given the mother, who is tendered advice, and splendid work has been accomplished. These clinics are for well babies.

The ambition of the nurse and the women of the society is to have a real community house, with facilities for instructing the visitors in the art of housekeeping in all its departments. When such is available special days will be devoted to the requirements of the various nationalities, when their special dishes will be demonstrated and instruction will be given in the management of the dining-room table and in the taking care of the household generally.

An Active Part.

There is no doubt that the Red Cross will take an active part in the children's welfare work during the coming summer. The youngsters are looking forward eagerly to outings that will be arranged and there is every prospect that the citizenship of Sarnia will get behind the movement with its characteristic vigor. The only sources of revenue possessed by the society is that from the membership fees and some small donations or fees paid by those having the services of the nurse. The intention, however, is to interest the entire citizenship of Sarian in the work and in this task the prospect of success is most encouraging.

Puppy Stories (by Vincent G. Perry)

THE LITTLE LAME DOG.

Dr, Will-o'-The Wisp was just about to start out on his flight for the day when a bark sounded close by his ears. It was so long since Dr. Will-o'-The Wisp had heard a dog bark he was quite surprised.

"Who is that that dares bark in my presence?" said the funny old fellow.

"It's Ting, the tramp dog," said a voice of a dog we all know quite well. You see Ting and Limpy had arrived in good time on the back of the Irish Wolfhound.

"And pray who is Ting?" asked the funny old doctor. He was funny, indeed. He was dressed from head to foot in a green suit and he wore a tall pointed hat on the top of his head. At first you would think he was a man—but he wasn't. He was a bird, such a sharp-beaked bird at that.

"Who sent you here and who is that with you?" asked the doctor, for he had been using his sharp eyes and had made out the forms of Limpy and the Wolfhound.

"Please, your honored sir, it's Limpy, the lame puppy, and the biggest Irish Wolfhound in the world," answered Ting quite respectfully, for he knew how to get on the right side of the conceited old surgeon.

"We were sent here by the wise old owl," the Wolfhound spoke up for the first time."

"It's about my leg," Limpy managed to find his voice.

"The wise old owl! Humph!" exclaimed Will-o'-The Wisp. "It's time that person was remembering me! I haven't heard from the wise old owl for many moons."

"Please, sir. I'm lame. I want to have my leg mended. When can you operate?" asked Limpy, hopefully.

"Operate," cried Will-o'-The Wisp. "Who said I operated?"

"No one sir, but I thought you did—that is, the wise old owl said you could fix my leg," Limpy explained.

"And so I can," said Dr. Will-o'-The Wisp. "Let me see your leg."

How excited Limpy was. Would he really be cured he wondered.

[To Be Continued]

"Puppy Stories," copyrighted and controlled by British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Temptation will vanish and seem trivial by the mere act of telling it, as the charm of fond words vanish when one repeats them to the indifferent.—George Eliot.

Clothes and Carpet Balls.

Dear Cynthia Grey,—Have been an interested reader of your page for some years, and always enjoy the letters, also helpful hints, so am coming to offer some clothing, too. Was it Mother of Three who was asking for some? Have some things that would fit a girl of twelve years or larger. If she or someone would send address and postage, I would be glad to know they will be useful to some one. Also have some carpet rag balls for inquirers. How would they be sent—by mail or otherwise? Saw where some had been offered, and were soon spoken for. If some reader would like them, she might contribute their worth to the S. C. H., which is progressing so nicely now. Yours sincerely. HELPER.

Ans.—Any one wanting the clothes or carpet balls may have your address, and you can send them direct to the persons requesting them.

Jenny When.

Dear Miss Grey,—I notice this evening Kiddie Cowboy says she has some clothes too small for her sister. I know two little girls who need some more clothes badly. I could fix them over for them if not quite right. One is 8 and one 5, so if she thinks they would do for either one I would be glad to have them, and would pay postage. I could call at the office for them. JENNY WREN.

Ans.—Kiddie Cowboy did not give her address, but possibly she will see the numerous requests and send it in.

Wants Songs.

Dear Miss Grey,—I read your interesting page every day, and noticed where Opal wanted to correspond with someone of her age, 14. Please send me her address, and I will write her, as I am 14 years old. Do any of the Mail-Box readers know a song, part of which is "Give my love to Nancy, she is the only girl that I adore"? I would like to get it. I hope to see my letter in print. Inclosed find a dime for S. C. H. also self-addressed envelope for Opal's address. Will sign myself COUSIN.

Ans.—Am mailing you Opal's addres. Can anyone supply this song? Many thanks for dime.

Killed Rose Bush.

Dear Miss Grey,—Doesn't the lovely days make you feel like going on strike and want to get out in the open? I feel as if I'd like about a ten-mile tramp right now, but that is quite out of the question here, for it rains nearly all the time the past few days; just comes in showers, making it miserable for all. And, oh, the mud and slop! It's terrible, but I suppose in a few months, we'll wish we had some rain. However, we should be thankful for the rain, for it is surely making the wheat and hay crops look beautiful. The trees here are coming in leaf nicely, and the robin is here with his merry cheer-up. Makes one think about pruning and whitewashing the orchard. My happiest days are when I'm working in the garden or orchard. But sympathize with me, Miss Grey, I've killed the Thousand Beauty Climbing Rose by putting too much ashes on it. I thought I was doing right, but Daddy says I should have scattered them instead of putting so many in one place. Well, as it's too late to cry about it I shall just love the hedge roses all the more. I see by March 1 paper that Golden Locks and Brown Eyes No. 2, I believe that's their names, ask what are the popular songs now. Are they not "I Want to Love 'Em" "Marjory," "O Pal, O Gal, Call On Me"? If these girls will write to me I would love to hear from them. Are any of the readers of this page students of the Women's Institute of Scranton, Pa? If so, will some of them please write to me?

Can anyone give me the words of the songs, "The Last Long Mile," and words of a song that has these words in it: "It makes no difference whether you're on the highroad or on the byeroad, there's no place for a vagabond like me?" This song was sung in England four years ago.

I must close now, before Miss Grey sticks me into the W. P. B. Thanking you for your valuable space and time, and hope I may be of some help next time. Sincerely, TRAMP.

Ans.—I am very sorry you killed your rose bush, Tramp. Can anyone supply these songs?

QUICK-WASH Washing Tablets

You cannot conceive how wonderfully easy QUICK-WASH makes washing until you have tried it. It does away with rubbing or scrubbing and makes your clothes as white as snow.

10 Tablets – 25 cents
Good for 5 large Washings

If your dealer cannot supply you, let us have his name and address, and we will send you a FREE SAMPLE good for one washing.

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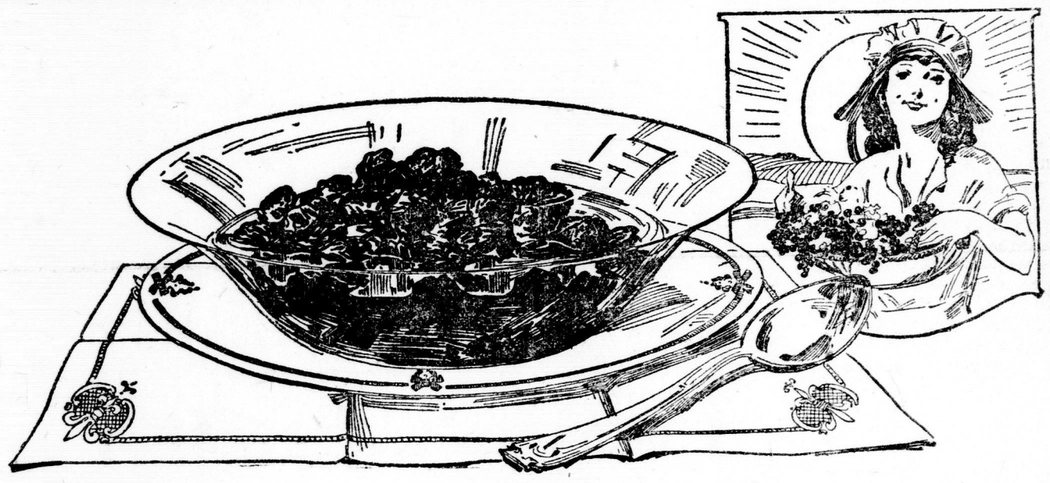

"A Beauty Sleep"—and then

"A Beauty Breakfast"

Try it for 30 days—to prove

This is what thousands do at the direction of experts to win back the healthful rose tint to pale cheeks—as told by the editor of a famous magazine which is read by half a million women.

They take regular exercise, sleep regular hours, and then start breakfast with stewed raisins. The raisins are plump, delicious fruit-meats stewed so the juice forms a luscious sauce. Note recipe printed on this page. A more alluring fruit dish never has been served in any home—nor any other food that's more effective in this way.

Read opposite what Dr. J. H. Kellogg, an authority who has made a life-time's study of foods, thinks of the raisin. You'll serve stewed raisins every morning when you know the good they do.

Luscious nuggets of food-iron

Raisins are nuggets of food-iron—and food-iron is an essential to good blood.

Get what you need of it each day, and an incomparable, natural rose tint on the cheeks is the reward—nature's irresistible attraction—the good looks of good health.

No need to imitate with rouge when nature thus provides.

Youthfulness is the real beauty, as every woman knows. And good blood is the first consideration. Women of fifty often look but thirty if that natural rose tint is still there.

Stewed raisins are mildly laxative also. Those who eat them regularly are apt to have the clear, white skin that sets the color off—unmarred by blemishes or sallowness.

Great sanitariums serve stewed raisins to rheumatic patients when other fruits might disagree.

So this simple but effective food is one of the most important that any woman ever used. Try daily for a month and see. Begin tomorrow morning. Look in your pantry now.

Let every member of the family have stewed raisins.

Be sure to mail coupon below for "100 Raisin Recipes," a valuable free book that every woman ought to have.

Try These

Stewed Raisins.

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange to each half pound. Place on fire; bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar. Serve with or without cream.

What Dr. J. H. Kellogg says:
(Dr. Kellogg is head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

"Raisins are served on the Battle Creek Sanitarium table every day. A pound of Raisins has twice the food value, an equal amount of iron and seven times as much food lime as a pound of choicest lean steak. The sugar of Raisins is much more wholesome than cane sugar, requiring no digestion and being absorbed in one-fourth the time required for ordinary sugar. If the American people would eat more Raisins and less meat the results would be better digestion, less rheumatism, less Bright's disease, less heart disease, greater efficiency and longer life."

Raisin Rice Pudding

½ cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
1-3 cups rice
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk
1 cup water
2 eggs
¼ teaspoon nutmeg (may omit)

Wash rice and place in double boiler with 1 cup water. Cook until water is absorbed. Add 2 cups milk, cook until rice is tender. To the remaining 1 cup milk add the sugar, spice and well-beaten eggs, combine with rice and raisins, pour into pudding dish, set in pan of hot water and bake until custard is set.

Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
2 cups cold water
4 tablespoons corn starch
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Cover raisins with one cup water and bring slowly to boiling point. Mix corn starch, salt and sugar with remaining cup water and add to boiling raisins, stirring constantly. Allow to boil ten minutes. Add lemon juice and rind and pour into pastry-lined pie pan. Cover with pastry. Put into very hot oven, decreasing the heat after ten minutes of baking. Bake until brown.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Always use Sun-Maid Raisins for your every cooking need. Made from California's tenderest, sweetest, juiciest table grapes, noted for their fragile skins.

Packed in a great sun-lighted, glass-walled plant. Sweet, clean, wholesome American raisins—the kind you know are good.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). All dealers. Insist upon the Sun-Maid Brand.

Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

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