A PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. E. C. Bowker has returned home after spending a fortnight at the Roycroft Inn, N. Y. On her way back she had the misfortune to sprain her ankle and is confined to the house as a result.

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Mrs. A. E. Tutt, with Mrs. Moyer, has left for Stratford to attend the annual conference of the Epworth League.

* * *

A quiet but pretty wedding of local interest took place in Windsor last Friday, when Miss Gertrude McDonald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McDonald, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mr. C. H. Westman of Windsor, Rev. J. T. Marshall officiating. The marriage was performed in the presence of only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties. The bride was prettily attired in a traveling suit of blue broadcloth, with seal cape, and large picture hat to match, and carried a bouquet of bridal roses. Following the ceremony a buffet luncheon was served, the tea-room artistically decorated with pink and white flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Westman left on a wedding trip to New York, and on their return will reside in Windsor. Out-of-town guests present were Mrs. E. Westman, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hourd, London, and Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Detroit.

Capt. James Moore, M. D., was a recent visitor in Listowel.

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Rev. H. D. Moyer has returned from Toronto, where he preached in the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

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Miss Wardell has returned from St. Thomas after visiting her uncle, W. E. Wardell.

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Miss O. Johnston has returned from a visit in Listowel.

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Rev. W. J. Doherty has returned from St. Marys, where he conducted the services in St. James' Church on Sunday.

* * *

Capt. McGillivray has returned from a visit spent with friends in Woodstock.

* * *

Mr. J. C. Mitchell, with Dr. Stanley, have returned from Owen Sound, where they spent a few days with the former's parents.

* * *

The opening meeting of the Lorne Avenue Mothers' Club will be held on Thursday evening, October 4. Mrs. (Rev.) Ferguson will give an address on "Women as Citizens." A short program will be carried through.

KEEP A RECORD

The attempt to hold in the memory the endless details of numbers of yards and widths and possible methods of piecings, for the garments at home for one's family needs, is as poor efficiency as the effort to "swallow the cook-book whole." Either burdens the brain sells unnecessarily, and so pushes out far more vital things that ought to be given their precedence over such mere mechanical data.

And yet—one has to know which pattern was used for those little petticoats, made in the spring of last year, and how much edging was used for them, and which rolls of white cambric contains the odd pieces from them, for letting down and refacing the hems. There are so many small rolls of white cambric and nainsook in one's piece trunk—and no two exactly of the same weave. And if the Mother Person could only remember the number of the embroidery cotton used for the little eyelet embroidering on Big Sister's smock, that kept its tint so well—so that more of the same color and weight could be purchased with certainty, for Lassie's pretty afternoon frocks.

Patterns get mislaid, or the fragile tissue paper is torn and crumpled. A year may go by without a call for the especial one held so essential—and then —where is it? And what was its number? And how many yards was it found to need? How many inches saved by just that one piecing down the back? And will the remnant one runs across unexpectedly be enough for the blouse for Boy John?

The answer to all these things lies in keeping, for constant record, a "sewing-room book," in which a journal of materials bought can be kept, as well as one of the patterns bought, with number and name of publisher, and particulars of cutting out, that will often save several yards when a second batch of garments is to be cut from the same pattern. This record should be made at the time of cutting out and sewing, while all the details of making, widths and qualities are fresh in the mind. If there is a way by which economy in cutting can be gained, it should be put down, without delay. And the roll of pieces should be labelled to correspond with the page in the book, where the record of the garments made from that particular fabric is to be found.

One page of this journal should be given to the measurements of each grown-up in the family. Glove and stocking sizes should be kept here; chest and waist measures, skirt lengths and shoe numbers; collar sizes and hat measurements. The children's records may well be allowed more room, as they vary through the months. When these are set down, the date should be noted, so that allowance for growth may be made, and each new measurement should be recorded without fail. This record has an especial and occult value —around Christmas time, or when birthdays loom ahead. To be able to know for certain just what size gloves or silk socks or shirtwaists will fit some one dear member of the family, without having to lead up to the subject and find out by casual accident, will often solve quite troublesome problems for young, as well as older gift-givers.

Now if the Mother Person will make out for herself a memorandum in her shopping book of the amounts of material needed for the average garment for each member of the family, and of the hosiery and glove numbers fitting each one of them, and make this list an occupant of her hand-bag, she will always be ready to take advantage of real bargain sales (and they do exist), knowing definitely that this length of chambray can be made into a smock for Jean, that remnant of embroidery be entirely adequate for Lassie's aprons, and that the pairs of stout stockings will be the right number for Boy John —without having had to load her brain with endless figures, in order to shop as shopping should be done.

Recipes In Season For Our Readers

Gingered Apples and Apple Jelly.

Two and one-half pounds apples, pared, cored and chopped fine, add 2½ pounds sugar, grated yellow rind, and chopped pulp of one large lemon (none of the white part), one level teaspoonful of ground ginger. Cook slowly several hours till apple is clear. Keep the kettle covered and stir often. The skins may be used for jelly made with gelatine. Cook the skins in one pint of water, strain and pour hot on one envelope of phosphated gelatine, which has soaked five minutes in one cup of cold water, add half-cup of sugar, stir till sugar is dissolved. A little pink coloring may be used. Served cold with cream.

* * *

Apple-Rice Pudding.

Boil one-quarter cup rice in two cups of water, and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, till water is absorbed and rice tender. Then add half-cup of brown or maple sugar, and pour over three medium-sized cooking apples, which have been pared, cored, quartered and put in a buttered baking dish. Bake (covered) till apples are tender (about one hour). Serve warm with cream or butter.

* * *

Apple Corncake.

Beat two eggs, add one cup milk, one cup fine cornmeal, one cup white flour (pastry), four level teaspoons baking powder, half-teaspoonful salt, 3 tablespoons melted butter. Put in shallow baking pan and over the top put apples, pared, cored, quartered, pressing the narrow edge into the dough enough to cover the top of dough; mix half-cup sugar with half-teaspoonful cinnamon and sprinkle over apples, dot with bits of butter and bake till apples are done and the cake a nice golden brown. Serve warm with butter as a tea-cake, or with cream for a dessert. Also good cold. Halved peaches may be used instead of apples.

* * *

Escalloped Apple.

Two cups apple which have been pared, and either cut in small pieces of chopped; one cup bread crumbs passed through chopper; melt half-cup butter and pour over the crumbs, allowing them to absorb all possible. Butter the baking dish, put in a layer of crumbs, one of apple, just a dash of sugar and cinnamon. Use up apples and crumbs. Cover at first and bake slowly. Delicious with maple syrup or caramel sauce.

Sauce—Half-cup brown sugar, one teaspoonful butter, half-cup boiling water. Allow to simmer. Flavor with lemon or cinnamon.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

A Canadian Girl.

Dear Cynthia Grey,—May I ask question or two?

1. Are little hats and wide-brimmed hats going to be worn this fall and winter?

2. What do the following names mean? Marguerite, Nora, Mary, George, Vernon, Varna and Bessie. Will sign myself A CANADIAN GIRL.

Ans.—I asked at a well-known local hat shop the other day which was having greatest vogue, small or large hats. The lady in charge promptly said "Small. We sell a great many small hats this year, toques with feather mounts, velvet tam o' shanter effects, and small-rimmed sailors. But, of course, the large, wide-brimmed hat always comes in for a share of popularity. And we sell many to town women, who seem to consider them smarter than the small hat for afternoon street wear."

2. Marguerite means "a pearl, or precious"; Nora, a contraction of Honoria, which means "honor." Mary —did you not see the letter from "Extorris" in issue of Thursday last? George, "a landowner"; Vernon and Verna, probably derived from "vernal," or another meaning for Verna is "true woman"; Bessie (Elizabeth), "consecrated."

Of Course We Remember.

Sussex, England.

Dear Friends,—It's so long ago since I've written to you that perhaps you've forgotten me, but here I am again, quite a distance away from the place I wrote from last. You'll notice the address is "Blighty," but I wish it were "Canada," and so do the rest of the boys over here.

How is the Page coming on now? I wonder if I'd ever recognize any of the names of those writing now. I'm sure none would hardly remember mine.

Well, England is some place all right, although I like Scotland better. I had my leave for six days there, and there's only one place I would have enjoyed better, and you all know where that is. The scenery is certainly grand, hills and valleys all the way, just the kind you read about, but very seldom see.

I received a letter from "Retta Romaine" just lately, and you can thank her for this letter—that is, if you count it a pleasure, because at the time I was too busy to write anyone. I must say, Miss Grey, that you have some very nice girls who write to you. Believe me, I enjoy their letters, especially "Poretta Romaine's" and "Silver Bell's," and I hope they see this and write more.

Well, I must say good-bye now and get to work. I'll write more again when I have the chance, and in the meantime I wish the Mail-Box all success and prosperity. Couldn't you write me a letter yourself, Miss Grey? I'm sure I'd be delighted to get one, and to see you sign your right name, although I think I know it now. There's one secret gone. I wonder if I'll ever be able to keep anything to myself? Well, au revoir. Best regards. One of Cynthia's soldier boys. LAURIE.

September 10, 1917.

Ans.—It WAS a pleasure to get your letter "Laurie," I assure you, and "Retta R." should have a vote of thanks for reminding you to write. "Silver Bell" is evidently a deserter, it's so long since she wrote us. But we still have some of the old friends with us, and no doubt many of the silent ones will recollect "Laurie."

Someone Must Plow.

Dear Cynthia,—Do they call you Cynthia in their first letters, or should I say Miss Grey? If so I hope you will forgive me. I have been reading the letters for so long that "Cynthia" seems the most appropriate. Don't criticize my writing, please. I am sure you won't when I tell you that I have a 24-pound, four-months-old baby boy on my knee, snatching and grabbing at the pen. I have another dear little curly-headed boy of two. He is out with his daddy helping(?) to hitch up the horses. His daddy is not in khaki, and let me say that neither is he a shirker. He is a FARMER, and he is just as necessary to the country as the man in khaki. Someone said in your column the other day that the conscripts should all (did she say labelled or marked, or what word did she use?) Does she think there are not as brave men here in Canada as in France or England just because it fell to their lot to do their duty in some other way than by fighting? There will be just as brave men among the conscripts as ever crossed the water. I don't deny that it takes more courage to fight than it does to plow, but somebody has to plow or the fighting man will starve.

I was looking over the war menus last night, and thought how nice it would be if we could only have some of those delicious things mentioned. That apple sauce for supper—oh that apple sauce! And fresh fruit for breakfast. My! We have the strawberry vine, raspberry bushes and apple trees, but nix the fruit. And those two meatless days they talk about. Say, Cynthia, some of us would be very glad if we could have two meat days in a week (nuff sed?). May I ask what has become of Mutt and Jeff. Have they really and truly for sure gone to the war, or has Bud himself gone? I imagine I see the W. P. B. So good-bye, Cynthia. With love and good wishes to all.

MIS CELLANEOUS.

Ans.—What a boy that twenty-four pounder must be! Would be a grand advertisement for Blank's Food, or do you just rear him on common sense?

It is interesting to hear various comments on these war menus. In some households they will be considered fairly simple; in others decidedly the opposite. Certainly this year the once despised apple sauce is a rare dish and one to be coveted. Mr. Fisher should soon return from his vacation; then watch for the reappearance of Mutt and Jeff ere long.

A Plea for Modesty.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am inclosing $2 for the poor prisoners of war. How we do pray for the war to cease. I love to read the letters where the mothers take an interest in teaching their little ones in the way of truth. One can't begin too soon to start their little feet in the way of life. If mothers would be modest, and teach their girls to be modest, in many ways the world would be better. The time has come when man looks at a woman with suspicion if she is a stranger. If she is modest, no harm will come to her. I think ministers ought to preach on such things more than they do. Miss Grey I want to send something to help the comforts for the soldiers. Please let me know where to send it. I will sign,

A MOTHER OF A SOLDIER BOY.

Ans.—I'm glad to hear somebody putting in a plea for modesty. Somehow it's a word we hear used less and less in this age of peek-a-boo blouses and abbreviated skirts—even on the grandmas! By comforts for the soldiers, I don't just know if you mean for the overseas lads or for those at Byron, and if it is money or dainties you wish to send. Fruit, eggs, etc., may be sent to Hyman Hall, London; money donations to Red Cross treasurer, at the same address. Your gift to our prisoners' fund acknowledged with thanks.

A Contrast.

Dear Miss Grey,—If you resent my arrival at the Mail-Box so soon again, you may just fasten the door and keep me out, or if I happen to slip in unbeknownst to ye, please shove me out the window.

A letter written by "Babskite" re the London sideshows has caused my hasty return. I also was a visitor of the fair, and about the first thing we ran up against was a SHOW, no doubt, the same one that "B." refers to. Its exterior allurements were extremely disgusting, to say the least. The whole thing was nothing but a great big BLOT, and its presence on the grounds a proof of the laxity of London's police. I would just love to have seen those sickening, painted creatures horsewhipped off the grounds, and those husky, sensual-looking managers prodded clean to the firing lines. That's just an outburst of righteous indignation. Soon after passing this obnoxious place, we came to a large tent, from which issued strains of gospel singing. A gentleman stepped out and invited us in to rest and I thought how refreshing it was after the other scene.

Has that other "Rose" purchased her fall hat yet, "O. L."? If she has, I feel sure that it is most becoming, and the embodiment of perfect judgment on the part of its owner. I agree with "Boss" Wife," that a great many of the printed stories are insipid. If a writer once gets his or her name up, they can pass any old stuff along for publication and it will be considered O. K.

Well, say! Here's where I get off at right now, with best wishes for all the writers and our editress. I am still ROSE OF SHARON.

Ans.—Since you ring the bell, "Rose," we'll have to let you out—no, no, not by the window—but next time take a longer ride, and let us have a more lengthy chat. Your "study in contrasts" is well worth thinking about.

No Mother to Send.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am sending in a lonely soldier's address. He has been in the trenches for a long time and is very deserving of a letter, also a box once in a while. His parents are dead, so he has no mother to send him dainties. I send what I can, but I have several to send to, so he gets less than I would like to send him.

Yes, dear, I got rid of the ants. Yours, ANT-HATER.

Ans.—I saw a photograph of Mary Pickford, the well-known movie actress, the other day, with two "stacks" of letters much higher than her pretty head. They were requests from hundreds of her admirers for a signed photo of her fair self. This may seem apropos of nothing, but it brings to mind the large number of applications I am likely to receive for your "lonely's" address! "Fairly swamped" will describe it, I know. But how nice to think of that lad getting a shower of letters and packages after the postman passing him by so often!

And, dear "Ant-Hater," which of the remedies did you use to drive 'em away? Do tell me, for the general benefit of the Cynthians.

Husband and Friend.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have at last decided to enter your already long list of correspondents, and so hope you will not mind one more.

My purpose of writing to you is to ask you if I might have the great pleasure of adopting "Pte. A. P. Fighting Eighteenth," and also another real lonely Canadian lad. Now, if you will be so kind as to send me those two addresses I will do all in my power to make life more cheery for them. I have a girl chum just 21, whose husband has just made the supreme sacrifice at the front, and also in the same week I received the same word of my friend at the front; therefore, I think that by writing and sending parcels to these other brave soldier boys it might help to fill up that awful loneliness we both now feel, that we may find some relief in helping others who have no one to send them letters.

Will sign myself KHAKI KID.

Ans.—I am more sorry for you and your friend than I can tell you, but believe that in trying to forget your sorrow in cheering others you are finding the best possible way to healing and courage.

Mushroom Growing.

Dear Miss Grey,—Can you tell me where I can obtain information re the culture of mushrooms? Also, have you any recipes handy for preserving quince, and for grape jelly or jam? Thanking you, I remain,

HANK'S FOOD CONTROLLER.

Ans.—On first thought I felt like referring you to the editor of the "Wait a Minute" column, who is said to have recently become an authority on the subject. But also you might write the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, for a bulletin on their culture; and any bookstore would order for you W. Falconer's volume (considered one of the best) "Mushrooms, How To Grow Them."

Here are several recipes, all pronounced "good" by Mail-Box readers:

Quince Honey—Eight quinces grated, 2 quarts of granulated sugar, 1 quart of water; boil sugar and water 30 minutes, add grated quinces and boil 20 minutes longer, or until thick. It is delicious.

Quince Jam—Cook the quince in water until soft, pour off the water and put fruit through a sieve until smooth; add ten ounces sugar to one pound of fruit, let boil twenty minutes, remove from fire and place in sealers.

Grape Conserve — Five pounds of grapes, 3 pounds of sugar, 2 pounds of raisins, 1 pound shelled walnuts. Pulp grapes 10 minutes and then put through colander to remove seeds. Cook skins, pulp and above recipe three-quarters of an hour and fill into sterilized jars.

Grape Marmalade—Pulp the grapes, but put the skins and pulp together into a preserving kettle and let boil. When the skins are tender, let cool until you can work the mass through a fine colander. Wash the kettle and return the strained grapes, set over the fire, and add the same measure of sugar as there is of the grapes. Let boil five minutes and put hot into jelly tumblers. If grapes are not quite ripe, the marmalade will be more firm.

Grape Jam—Three-quarters of pound sugar to one pound grapes; squeeze the pulp from the skins. Boil the pulp a few minutes. Remove the seeds by putting through a sieve, then add the skins and sugar. Boil until it thickens, and put up like other jams.

Blight on Geranium.

Miss Cynthia Grey,—Can you please tell me a remedy for this blight on ivy geraniums? I find it is pretty general all through the country. Every plant that I have examined is afflicted. We have tried nicotine, but that is useless. Also please send me "A. P.'s" address (of the fighting 18th).

Gratefully yours, C. S.

Ans.—Sorry, but I could find no remedy advised for this blight, and appeal to readers for aid.

The leaf inclosed by "C. S." has several dry, brownish patches thereon, which looks as though all the life had been drawn out. Has anybody had a similar trouble and found a remedy?

To Knit a Scarf.

Dear Miss Grey,—Some time ago I got two good directions for knitting from your column, but lost them. Will Miss Grey please ask someone to send in to your Mail-Box the brioche stitch and the crow-foot stitch, as I want to knit a scarf, and oblige,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—Fortunately I had saved these clippings, and you will note the directions reproduced as follows:

Brioche Knitting—Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by three. First, make one by bringing the yarn forward; slip one, knit two together. Every row is the same.

Crow's Foot Stitch—Cast on the same as brioche stitches. First row, purl; second row, make one, slip one, knit two, pull the slipped stitch over the two knitted stitches and repeat. Cast off after doing a purl row. Nice for scarfs.

Soap Is Pink.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have just made some soap by the recipe that was given to "Olive." Now, after I cut it in bars, I notice that the grease all seems to have risen to the top. It is all hard, but what looks to be the grease is white, and the other has a pink color. I boiled it the hour. Now, as I want to make some more right away, I would like to know if that is right or not. I never made or saw soap made before.

I have noticed in your paper where the debt for the war is ninety billions, and in figures, it is placed at ninety thousand million (90,000,000,000). As I learned in the old country there are hundreds of millions, thousands of millions, and millions of millions, and then come the billions, so if ninety billions, it is 90,000,000,000,000,000,000!

I will inclose a very nice recipe for ginger cake, without sugar or milk. I will sign myself, CAN YOU TELL ME.

Ginger Bread—One lb. flour, 1 pint molasses, 2 ozs. lard, 1 egg, 2 teaspoons carbonate of soda, 2 teaspoons ginger. Melt lard with molasses, add soda, ginger, egg and flour, and mix all together.

Ans.—As you fail to give me either your name or address, it is difficult to trace up your order for pattern. However, I have asked the Pattern Department to look into the matter and duplicate the order.

Hope some reader can give you information re soap-making. The recipe was highly vouched for, but as I have not tried it personally, cannot say if it should have the pink tinge or not.

3. I think the confusion in the billions arises from the fact that in America a billion is one thousand millions (1,000,000,000); and in England, a million millions (1,000,000,000,000).

She's Lonely, Too.

Dear Miss Grey,—As this is my first time of writing you, will try not to make my speech too long. Dear Miss Grey, I would very much like to get some addresses of lonelies, as I am sure there are some poor lads that would like to get mail from Canada. Yours truly,

A LONESOME COUNTRY GIRL.

Ans.—A name or two is being sent with pleasure, and are you really truly "lonesome"? To a busy woman like—well, like me, for instance!—one wonders how there can be any people with enough spare time to get lonesome. Now, of course, I mean outside of those whose "dearest and best" are overseas.

An Honored Guest.

Dear Miss Grey,—My sister and myself tried the carrot jam, and we used oranges with lemons for it. We all like it very much. It would be difficult to tell it from orange marmalade if it were eaten in the dark.

I am sending recipes for two cakes that I am sure your readers will find very nice. Now, Miss Grey, I must not take up more of your time, so I will write those recipes, then close.

Economy Cake.—One cup brown sugar, shortening size of an egg, 1 cup sour milk, 2 cups flour, 2 cups bran, 1 cup raisins or mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch of salt, ½ of nutmeg grated. Bake in moderate oven.

Belfast Cake.—One egg, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup stoned raisins, 1 cup sour milk, ½ cup butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ of a grated nutmeg and 2 cups of graham flour.

These are both good, so I hope your readers will try them. May I come again? Best wishes from MELBA.

Ans.—To think that such a gifted lady as a prima donna visits our column and comes around with two economy recipes! Madame, the doors of the Box are wide open whenever you choose to honor us with your presence, but next time we may insist on your "singin' a chune."

Advertiser Patterns

A SMART SUMMER FROCK.

Waist—2125. Skirt—2105.

Comprising Ladies' Waist Patern 2125 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2105, Shantung in a natural shade with figures in green and red was used in this instance. The model is nice for white or colored linens, for batiste, voile, embroidered and bordered goods. The waist pattern 2125 is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt 2105 in six sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. For a dress in a medium size it requires about 5½ yards of double width material. The skirt measures about 2⅛ yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, FOR EACH pattern, in silver or stamps.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT.

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

Name .....

Town .....

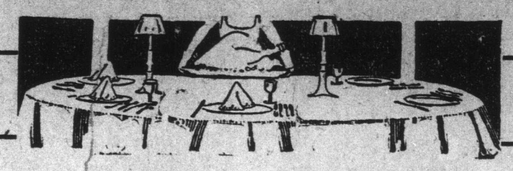
Province .....

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' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from date of application.

Thanksgiving



Linens

GRAY'S LINENS

are famous for quality and value, and we show a full assorted stock of desirable and dependable qualities at most reasonable prices. Many of the items listed below are less than present wholesale prices. It would be to your advantage to buy from our present stock.

TABLECLOTHS IN GREAT VARIETY

20 Tablecloths, 1¾x1¾ yards, each $1.25
2 Tablecloths, 1½x1½ yards, each $3.50
2 Tablecloths, each $3.75

Tablecloths, 2 yards square, priced as follows:

10 Cloths at, each $1.98
8 Cloths at, each $2.69
10 Cloths at, each $2.98
36 Cloths at, each $3.50
9 Cloths at, each $3.69
5 Cloths at, each $3.98
14 Cloths at, each $4.50
11 Cloths at, each $5.00
6 Cloths at, each $5.50
10 Cloths at, each $6.00

2 Scalloped Cloths, round pattern, at, each $6.50
5 Cloths, 2¼ yards long, at, each $1.50
4 Cloths, 2¼ yards long, at, each $1.75

Tablecloths, 2x2½ yards, at following prices:

7 Cloths to sell at, each $2.19
4 Cloths to sell at, each $2.50
11 Cloths to sell at, each $3.39
7 Cloths to sell at, each $3.50
6 Cloths to sell at, each $3.69
22 Cloths to sell at, each $3.98
9 Cloths to sell at, each $4.50
23 Cloths to sell at, each $5.00
16 Cloths to sell at, each $5.50
8 Cloths to sell at, each $6.00
8 Cloths to sell at, each $6.50

16 Cloths to sell at, each $7.00
4 Cloths to sell at, each $7.50

Tablecloths, size 2x3 yards:

3 Cloths priced at $2.19
4 Cloths priced at $3.98
3 Cloths priced at $4.50
4 Cloths priced at $5.00
7 Cloths priced at $6.00
3 Cloths priced at $8.00

Tablecloths, size 2¼x2¼ yards:

12 Cloths to sell at, each $3.98
1 Cloth to sell at $4.50
4 Cloths to sell at, each $5.00
6 Cloths to sell at, each $5.50
2 Cloths to sell at, each $6.00
3 Cloths to sell at, each $7.00

TABLE LINEN SETS

Tablecloth and a half-dozen Napkins to match. The following are all pure linen qualities. Cloths are two yards square:

7 Sets priced at, per set $5.50
4 Sets priced at, per set $6.19
5 Sets priced at, per set $6.75
2 Sets priced at, per set $7.00
2 Sets priced at, per set $7.25
4 Sets priced at, per set $7.50
3 Sets priced at, per set $7.75
7 Sets priced at, per set $9.00
9 Sets priced at, per set $9.25
2 Sets priced at, per set $9.50

Tablecloths, 2x2½ yards, with one dozen Napkins to match:

3 Sets priced at, per set $5.00
4 Sets priced at, per set $7.75
3 Sets priced at, per set $9.50
8 Sets priced at, per set $10.00
3 Sets priced at, per set $10.50
3 Sets priced at, per set $11.00
4 Sets priced at, per set $12.00
7 Sets priced at, per set $14.50
4 Sets priced at, per set $15.50
1 Set in old willow pattern at ... $17.00

Tablecloths, 2x3 yards, and one dozen Napkins to match, priced at, per set ..... $10.50, $11.00, $14.50 and $17.00

Tablecloths, 2¼x2¼ yards, and one dozen Napkins, at, per set ..... $10.50, $11.00, $11.50 and $13.00

TABLE NAPKINS

At the following prices:

25 dozen priced at, per dozen $1.00
25 dozen priced at, per dozen $1.50
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50 dozen 22-inch Napkins, a doz. $2.50
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VERSE
NEW AND OLD

[Copy Sent By Patriotic.]
YOUNG FELLOW MY LAD.

Where are you going, young fellow my lad,
On this glittering morning of May?
I'm going to join the colors, dad;
They're looking for men, they say,
But you're only a boy, young fellow my lad;
You aren't obliged to go,
I'm seventeen and a quarter, dad,
And ever so strong, you know.

So you're off to France, young fellow my lad,
And you're looking so fit and bright,
I'm terribly sorry to leave you, dad,
But I feel that I'm doing right.
God bless you and keep you, young fellow my lad,
You're all of my life, you know,
"Don't worry, I'll soon be back, dear dad,
And I'm awfully proud to go.

Why don't you write, young fellow my lad?
I watch for the post each day;
And I miss you so and I'm awfully sad
And it's months since you went away.
And I've had the fire in the parlor lit,
And I'm keeping it burning bright
Till my boy comes home, and here I sit
Into the quiet night.

What is the matter, young fellow my lad?
No letter again today.
Why did the postman look so sad,
And sigh as he turned away?
I hear them tell that we've gained new ground,
But a terrible price we've paid;
God grant, my boy, that you're safe and sound,
But, oh, I'm afraid, afraid.

They've told me the truth, young fellow my lad;
You'll never come back again;
(Oh God! the dreams and the dreams I've had
And the hopes I've nursed in vain!)
For you passed in the night, young fellow my lad;
And you proved in the cruel test
Of the screaming shell and the battle hell
That my boy was one of the best.

So you'll live, you'll live, young fellow my lad,
In the gleam of the evening star,
In the wood-note wild and the laugh of the child,
In all sweet things that are.
And you'll never die, my wonderful boy,
While life is noble and true;
For all our beauty and hope and joy
We will owe to our lads like you.
—By Robert Service.

"The Letter Edged in Black."

"A Soldier's Wife" has asked for the printing of an old song, "The Letter Edged in Black":

I was standing by my window yester-morning,
Without a thought of worry or of care,
When I saw the postman coming down the pathway,
With such a happy smile and jaunty air.
Oh, he rang the bell and whistled while he waited,
And then he said, "Good-morning to you, Jack,"
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

Refrain—
As I heard the postman whistling yester-morning,
Coming down the pathway with his pack,
Oh, he little knew the sorrow that he brought me,
When he handed me a letter edged in black.

Then with trembling hands I took the letter from him,
I broke the seal, and this is what it said:
"Come home, my boy; your poor old father wants you;
Come home, my boy, your mother dear is dead.

Your mother's words—the last she ever uttered—
Were, "Tell my boy I want him to come back.'
My eyes are blurred, my poor old heart is breaking,
While I'm writing you this letter edged in black."

Oh, I bow my head in sadness and in sorrow,
The sunlight of my life it now has fled,
Since the postman brought that letter yester-morning,
Saying, "Come home, my boy, your mother dear is dead."
"Oh," it said, "forgive the angry words 'twere spoken,
You know I never meant them, don't you Jack?
The angels bear me wittness I am asking
Your forgiveness in this letter edged in black."

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