CHILDREN'S PAGE | FASHION

WOMAN'S INTERESTS

HOUSEHOLD | COOKING

Personal

Rev. A. Appleyard, of Woodstock, was a guest in the city this week.

* * *

Mr. Douglas Weld is spending a fortnight at the Caledon Country Club.

* * *

Mrs. Joseph Nolan, Queen's avenue, was a tea hostess of the week.

* * *

Miss Jean Hawkins is spending the holiday week-end at her home in Goderich.

* * *

Mrs. Philip Pocock, Queen's avenue, entertained on Thursday afternoon, at the tea hour.

* * *

The Misses Macklin are leaving shortly to spend a vacation at The Clevelands, Muskoka.

* * *

Mrs. Torrance Boardmore and children, of Toronto, are guests with Mrs. J. S. Niven, Colborne street.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Hunt, and Master Barry Hunt, left yesterday for Goderich, where they will occupy their cottage for the summer.

* * *

Mrs. W. N. Fox and family, of Grosvenor street, are leaving shortly to spend the holiday months at their summer home in Orillia.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Hunt and Mrs. Talcott are week-end guests with Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawson at their cottage, "Maple Grove," Grand Bend.

* * *

Mr. H. B. R. Craig, and Mrs. Craig, with their son, have arrived in the city from Windsor, and have taken Dr. Budke's house on Wolfe street.

* * *

Mrs. Stanley, of Chicago, who has been a much-feted guest in the city with Miss Margaret Stanley, Wellington street, has returned to her home.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Dillon, of South London, with their daughter, Mrs. Perchard, leave to-day to spend the summer at their Port Stanley cottage.

* * *

Miss Madeline Green, Grosvenor street, leaves next week on a visit to Judge and Mrs. Edward Lewis at their summer home "Wildwood," near Goderich.

* * *

Mrs. M. J. Dudley, Thornton avenue, with her daughter, Miss Marguerite Dudley, and Miss Iris Graham, are guests in Detroit, Mich., for the holiday week-end.

* * *

The Misses Margaret Letteney, Marjorie Tanton and Lenora and Charity Webber left on Thursday night on a two weeks' vacation in Montreal, where they will be the guests of Rev. A. J. Thomas and Mrs. Thomas at St. James' Methodist parsonage.

CANADIAN GIRL GUIDES MAY TRY HIGH TEST

Mrs. F. P. Betts, provincial commissioner of the Girl Guides, with Mrs. Harmon Westland, has recently returned from a meeting of the provincial executive and a conference with the national executive held at Dominion headquarters, Toronto. An interesting bit of business transacted was the decision to hold a "blue card" test in September in Canada, probably in Toronto. The "blue card" test is one of the highest in the order and there are less than half a dozen "blue card" guides in the Dominion. A representative of the British Girl Guides is now in the United States with reference to these tests, and will visit Canada in the fall, when it is hoped that a number of the guide leaders who took the special training course at Holiday House, Hamilton, this month, will qualify.

Mrs. Betts and Mrs. Westland visited Holiday House before returning home and were delighted with the work being done there.

THE NEW IDEA.

Uncle Timseed—I'm goin' to pull up at this watering trough an' give the old nag a drink.

Sammy Sittibed—Does his radiator need fillin', uncle?

BABY BYRNE.

Has Never Caused One Disturbed Night.

27, York Street,
Sacriston, Durham.

Dear Sir,

I am sending a photograph of my baby Alice, aged 12 months, who has had Virol since birth. Though very tiny at birth, and artificially fed since two weeks old, she has never required medical advice, nor given me one disturbed night. Her weight is now 22½ lbs., and she has nine teeth, which she has cut without trouble. She is a most lovable and happy baby, and I am very grateful for the great benefit she has derived from Virol.

Yours faithfully,

(Sgd.) (Mrs.) M. BYRNE.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilizing of milk: it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

VIROL

Sole Importers: BOVRIL, Ltd., 27, St. Peter's Street, Montreal.

WEDDINGS

Giles-Stewart.

The marriage of Thelma May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, of Algonac, Mich., to Fred. Giles, of Glencoe, was recently quietly solemnized at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Giles will visit Canada on their honeymoon and will make their home in Detroit.

* * *

Taylor-Kirkpatrick.

On Wednesday, June 29, a pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Kirkpatrick, Burgessville, when their only daughter, Florence Irene, became the bride of R. Earl Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Taylor, of Woodstock. The house was prettily decorated with ferns and American Beauty roses. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was very sweet in her gown of ivory satin, with filmy veil falling from a coronet of orange blossoms, and carrying a shower of Ophelia roses. Miss Isabel Fraser, as bridesmaid, wore a pretty frock of orchid organdie, and carried a bouquet of Ophelia roses and mauve sweet peas. Little Miss Patricia Taylor, the groom's sister, who was the flower girl, wore a pale pink gown, touched with blue, and carried a basket of pink sweet peas and roses. Mr. Carmen Thornton, of Woodstock, was the best man. During the signing of the register, Mrs. Percy Howell sang in charming voice, "Because." Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left on a short trip to Muskoka, the bride traveling in a navy broadcloth suit, with becoming gray hat.

* * *

Sewell-Lee.

On Thursday, June 16th, Winnifred O., eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Lee, of Saskatoon, Sask., and granddaughter of Mrs. Lee and the late John W. Lee, Wilton Grove, Ont., became the bride of Mr. Wilson J. Sewell, a prosperous rancher, of Chauvin, Alberta. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Norman Campbell. The bride was attended by her sister, Violetta, the groom by R. John Lee, a cousin of the brides. The bride looking lovely in her bridal robe of white silk and lace-bead trimmings, entered the parlor on the arm of her father, who gave her away. The groom's gift to the bride was a sunburst, set in pearls, to bridesmaid a signet ring, to groomsman, cuff links. After congratulations a sumptuous supper was partaken of. The bride and groom received many rich and beautiful presents, showing the esteem in which they are held by their many friends. She was also a worker in church. A reception was held in the evening, 150 guests, immediate friends of the bride, being present at the ceremony. The honeymoon trip was to the bride's new home in Alberta.

Women's News of Western Ontario

RIPLEY RECITAL.

Upwards of 400 friends of Miss Mooney responded to her invitation to attend her recital by being present in the township hall, Ripley, on Tuesday evening last, when Mr. C. E. Peccy, of the London Conservatory of Music, opened the program with a piano solo. Miss Adeline Mooney, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Mooney, Ripley, was given a hearty ovation when she came forward on the stage for her first public appearance, and her many friends were charmed by her rich, full musical voice. Wearing a becoming organdy dress, she looked very sweet and winsome and after giving "The Sunshine of Thine Eyes" and "Merry Maiden Spring," the ushers showered her with bouquets, gifts from her admiring friends. After a round of applause she sang "The Chrysanthemum," which brought a hearty encore.

Perhaps Miss Mooney's best numbers were the second group, "The Fairy Pipers," "A Heart of Mine" and "Promise," received in a sympathetic silence.

George McCracken, of the London Conservatory, sang two solos that gave promise of a noted Canadian base singer. "Out in the Deep" was heartily encored and responded to, as was also his last selection.

Little Doreen Lewen, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Lewen, of Bervie, gave several selections on the violin, accompanied by her father on the 'cello and her mother on the piano. Rev. and Mrs. Lewen are well known to the musical world, but their little daughter captured all hearts by her masterful execution on the violin.

This delightful evening was concluded by "A Spanish Romance" from Miss Mooney. After "God Save the King" the friends lingered to convey their thanks and congratulations.

MOTHERS' CLUB READY WITH SECOND THOUSAND FOR CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

The union mothers' clubs of the city will shortly present a check for $1,000 to the treasurer of the sick children's hospital, the second $1,000 installment on the club gift of $2,500 for the endowment of a room in the hospital.

While the mothers' clubs are practically school organizations, and, as such, relieved of active duties during the holiday season, the month of June has seen a number of entertainments arranged as hospital benefits, and the above sum is now in hand.

The donation is of value at the present time, as the committee is desirous of receiving all moneys available during the summer to carry on the work of building without delay; and the Mothers' Club payment, which, it is understood, the treasurer will receive next week, will be most welcome. The money represents real effort on the part of the members of the individual city clubs, and has been raised by a series of concerts, bazaars and other entertainments.

* * *

ST. LAWRENCE PICNIC.

The second annual picnic of the St. Lawrence Mothers' Club, held recently at Mr. O'Hagen's farm, proved a happy and successful event, capably arranged by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. V. Box. A delicious out-of-door supper was a feature of the gathering, and Mr. Moule and Mr. T. Patterson were welcome visitors. The attractive program of races resulted as follows:

Girls and boys, under 5 — Stanley Barker and Bowan Roulison.

Girls, 6 to 8—Louie Insel and Ada Murray.

Girls, 8 to 10—Verna Pennington and Margaret Waide.

Boys, 8 to 10—Norman Box and Jas. Barker.

Girls, 12 to 14—Hazel Lily and Evelyn Lavender.

Boys, 12 to 14—Andrew Henderson and Ernest Granger.

Soda biscuit race—Andrew Murray and Roy Brown.

Peanut race, girls—Ruth Insel and Bessie Rigney.

Ball throwing contest—Alma Brown and Laura Patterson.

Wheelbarrow race—Charlie Worrall and Alma Brown, 1; Walter Moule and Isabel Brown, 2.

Thread and needle race — Mildred Worrall, Grace Gibson and Irene Moule.

Clothespin race, ladies—Thelma Worrall and Lorna Flannigan.

Members' race—Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Inkpen.

Three-legged race—James Insel and Walter Moule, 1; Arthur Box and Geo. Brown, 2.

The concluding sports feature of the afternoon, a baseball match between the boys and girls, resulted in a victory for the former by one inning.

LONDON RANKS WELL IN INDUSTRIAL GIRLS' WORK

Mrs. John Crawford Brings Home Many Suggestions From Y. W. C. A. Conference in Michigan.

That the industrial department of the London Y. W. C. A. is behind those of the larger American centers in few respects, and even a little in advance in some, is the opinion of Mrs. John Crawford, local industrial secretary, after returning from the great central field industrial conference of the American Y. W. C. A., held this week at Dewey Lake, Michigan.

Mrs. Crawford was the only Canadian present in a gathering of nearly 300 girls and leaders, and speaks warmly of the reception accorded her. "Because I was a Canadian and a visitor, I was treated as the pet of the conference," she declared laughingly, "and I was especially honored in being admitted to all the classes and discussions.

Asked as to the attitude of the American industrial girl and woman toward present-day labor conditions, Mrs. Crawford declared herself as particularly impressed with the educational side of the work done there.

COLLEGE COURSES.

"Twelve colleges in the central field have co-operated with the industrial department," she said, "and summer courses have been opened for industrial girls at Bryn Mawr. In some cases the college girls are taking over the industrial job to set the worker free for this course. Co-operation is more highly developed there than here. They have co-operative boarding homes and there is a very warm feeling of fellowship between the industrial and the college girls.

"The girls at the conference, over 250 of them, were of an excellent type, representing shops, factories, domestic service, operators, etc., and more and more the business girls are joining in the interests, while the study of industrial history is an important feature on every program.

"A very splendid creed for wage-earning girls was brought in by the girls' own council, and accepted by the national board, and the 'Essentials of a Working Religion' was the subject of one of the finest discussions I have ever heard," Mrs. Crawford said.

"The whole immense gathering was an inspiration," Mrs. Crawford went on, "especially when one remembered that simultaneously, industrial conferences were going on in three other centers, with a negro girls' conference, as well, in the South. Messages of greeting came from all these gatherings, and from Miss Goldie Green, of Detroit, who is representing the central field industrial department at the British School of Industry in London, England.

LONDON DOING WELL.

"They are doing some really fine things among the girls over the border," Mrs. Crawford continued, "but I think, according to our equipment, we are well to the fore in advancement. One idea I liked was their decision to receive a thank offering from each of the 113,000 members on Armistice Day, and the girls have also adopted a highly sane and worth-while health code.

"We were privileged to hear addresses from some of the leading women of the States, including Florence Simms, founder of the industrial department in the United States Y. W. C. A., a really wonderful woman. A great many other secretaries were present, and the meetings were full of inspiration, while the recreation hours on the shores of the lovely wooded lake were a delight.

"I am glad I went," Mrs. Crawford summed up, "there was much to learn and much to be gained by intercourse with these leaders, but I was proud of Canada, and of the London Y. W. C. A. all the time, and I mean, when I can, to enlarge our local program, for the inclusion of older girls, and to widen out in a number of ways that I have discovered are quite possible among the industrial girl population here in London."

Efficient Housekeeping

BY LAURA A. KIRKMAN.

ANSWERED LETTERS.

A Young Wife: "Will you kindly give me a recipe for one pie crust that will not rise? Mine always rises."

Answer: Good Crust for One Pie: Put one cup of bread flour into a bowl and work into it, with the fingers, ½ cup of lard and 1-3 cup of butter. Now add enough cold water to moisten (about three tablespoons) and toss the pastry on a slightly floured board. Cut into two halves (one half for the lower crust, the other for the top crust) and roll out each half into as nearly a perfect circle as possible—the size of the pie plate.

D. M.: "I have gotten some chocolate on a light brown satin waist. Can you tell me how to take it out without discoloring the goods?"

Answer: There is only one thing you can do: Sprinkle the chocolate spot with borax, then dip it in cold water and let soak a short time, after which pour a little boiling water through the goods. Press with a moderately warm iron. This should not affect the dye of the waist, although dyes to-day are not always to be depended upon.

Mrs. C. F. B.: "Please tell me how to make marshmallow cake icing?"

Answer: Make an ordinary boiled icing, using one cup sugar, one egg white, ¼ cup water and flavoring, then, just before beating the mixture, add to it five marshmallows which have been cut into quarters.

A Reader: "Can you give me a recipe for fig cookies, the kind consisting of two white layers with a fig filling between them?"

Answer: Filled Cookies: Beat to a cream one cup sugar, ½ cup lard, ½ cup milk and one beaten egg; sift together 3½ cups flour and three teaspoons baking powder, and add this to the mixing bowl. Turn out on board and roll thin. Cut into rounds with a cookie cutter, place a heaping teaspoon of the following filling on some of the rounds, and place other rounds on the top of the filling, pressing the edges of each cookie well together over the filling. Bake in a quick oven until light brown.

Fig Filling for Cookies: Mix together ½ pound of figs finely chopped, 1-3 cup granulated sugar, 1-3 cup boiling water and one tablespoon of lemon juice; put this mixture on range and let cook until thick. The following is another good cookie filling:

Raisin Filling for Cookies: Mix ¾ cup sugar, one cup boiling water and one cup of chopped raisins together; thicken with one tablespoon of flour. Let boil until thick. Add one teaspoon of chopped walnut meats if desired.

Clubs

TRAFALGAR CHAPTER.

Trafalgar Chapter, I. O. D. E., is in command of this week's Sunday band concert, which the I. O. R. C. R. Band is giving in Victoria Park to-morrow evening. Proceeds are to be devoted to the chapter fund for the children's hospital.

A Soldier of The Legion

BY C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

(Copyright by the British and Colonial Press.)

"Not yet," Max confessed. "Neither a name nor the way to make it. Nor the country most likely to make it in."

"As for that"—and Col. DeLisle smiled—"we of the Legion are more used to men without names and without countries than to those who have them. Not that your case is allied to theirs. Shall we go in? I want to thank you, as I've not been able to do yet, for your chivalrous behavior to my daughter. She has told me all about that, too—all. And I had a feeling that this room, in which our Legion commemorates honorable deeds, would be a place where you and I might talk."

As he spoke he led Max into a short corridor, at the end of which hung a large frame containing portraits and many names of men and battles with the crest of la Legion Estrangere at the top. Pushing open a door at the right, DeLisle made way for his guest. "Here are all the relics that are to us men of the First Regiment most sacred," he said. And as he passed in, he saluted a flag preciously guarded in a long glass case: the flag of the regiment decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor on an historic occasion of great bravery. An answering thrill shot through Max's veins, for in them ran soldier blood. Involuntarily he, too, saluted the flag and its cross. Col. DeLisle gave him a quick look, but made no comment.

Two out of the four walls were covered with portraits of men in uniforms ancient and modern; paintings, engravings, photographs; and the decorations were strange weapons, and torn, faded banners which had helped the Legion to make history. There were drums and weird idols, too, and monstrous masks and great fans from Tonkin and Madagascar, and relics of fighting in Mexico. On the long table lay albums of photographs, and upon either side were ranged chairs as if for officers to sit in council.

"Whenever we wish to do a guest honor, we bring him here," said the colonel. "We are not rich, and have nothing better to offer; except, perhaps, our music."

"I have already heard the music," answered Max. "I shall never forget it. And I shall never forget this room."

"Such music wakes the hearts of men and helps inspire them to heroic acts like these." Col. DeLisle waved his hand toward some of the pictures which showed soldiers fighting the Legion's most historic battles. "I am rather proud of our music and our men. This room, too, and the things in it—most of all the flag. My daughter has spent hours in the Salle d'Honneur looking over our records. Presently she will join us. But I wanted to thank you before she came. Corisande is a child, knowing little of the world and its ways. Some men in your place would have misunderstood her—in the unusual circumstances. But you did not. You proved yourself a friend in need for my little girl, on her strange journey to me. I wish in return there might be some way in which I could show myself a friend to you. Can you think of any such way?"

The voice was earnest and very kind. A great reaction from his first prejudice against the speaker swept over Max. Beneath this one voice which questioned him and waited for an answer, he heard as a deep, thrilling undertone the voice of the Legion which had called to him through the music to come and share its bath of fire. A sudden purpose awoke Max Doran, and he knew then that it had been in the background of his mind for days, waiting for some word to wake it. Now the word had come. All his blood seemed to rush from heart to head, and he grew giddy; yet he spoke steadily enough.

"I have thought of a way, Col. DeLisle!"

"I am glad. You have only to tell me."

"Accept me as one of your men. Let me join the Legion."

"Mon Dieu!" The Legion's colonel was taken completely by surprise. Max had thought he might perhaps have expected the request, but evidently it was not so. The dapper little figure straightened itself. And from his place beside his adored flag, Col. DeLisle gazed across to the other side where, close also to the flag, stood the young man he had wished to serve. Max met his eyes, flushed and eager and, it seemed, pathetically young. There was dead silence for an instant. Then DeLisle spoke in a changed tone: "Do you mean this? Have you thought of what you are saying?"

"I do mean it," Max replied "I believe I have thought of it ever since I saw those men of all countries getting out of the train to join the Legion. I felt the call they had felt. But it is stronger to-day. I know now what I want. In the Salle D'Honneur of the Legion I decide on my career."

"Decide!" the other repeated. "No, not that, yet! You have got this idea into your head because you are romantic. You think you are ruined and that the future doesn't matter. You will find it does. This is no place for poetry and romance—my God, no! It's a fiery furnace. In barracks we should burn the romance out of you in 24 hours."

"If I've got more in me than any man who loves adventure ought to have, then I want it burned out," said Max.

"Adventures will cost you less elsewhere," almost sneered DeLisle.

"I don't ask to get them cheap," Max still insisted. "Though I've not nothing to pay with except myself, my blood, and flesh, and muscles."

(To Be Continued.)

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silver

Illustrated by Neva Harrison.

DICKY DISCOVERS A QUEER LITTLE BIRDLING.

One beautiful morning Dicky was attracted by a beautiful melody floating over the meadows. He could hear the beautiful trills distinctly, but nowhere could he see the tiny feathered singer.

"Oh, shoot, I wish—" but before he could voice his wish the very object of it hopped out of a bush and tipped his tiny red cap and smiled at him.

"Oh, Squeedee!" Dicky cried, warmly, shaking the little elfin's hand, "Isn't that funny? I was just going to wish for you. Do you hear that pretty song over in the meadows? I've been trying to get a glimpse of the singer for the last 15 minutes, but I can't find him. Who is he, anyway? Surely not Robin Redbreast?"

"No, indeed!" laughed the elfin, as the beautiful song began again. "That's Bobby Bobolink. He's so shy a little fellow that he wouldn't sing for the world if he thought anyone was paying any attention to him."

Squeedee touched Dicky with his magic whistle and Dicky's eyes fairly danced as the merry song once more drifted over the grasses. For at the touch of Squeedee's magic Dicky could understand every word of Bobolink's merry song:

Spink—spank—spink, what do you think,
I can change from black to brown without the use of ink.
Spinkity—spankity, spinkity—spat—what do you think of that?

"Well!" laughed Dick when the notes once more died away. "What's he talking about, anyway? That's a silly song, isn't it, Squeedee?"

"Rather," laughed the elfin. "But you really have to know Bobby to appreciate him." And he blew three times on the magic whistle.

In a few minutes there was a whir of wings above their heads and when Dicky looked up, there, perched on the limb of the apple tree, sat a dear little bird. His suit was jet black and across

"Bobby Bobolink This Is Dicky."

the back of his neck, like a standing collar, was a great three-cornered patch of yellow. His wings and tail feathers had a spot of yellow on their edges, while the upper feathers of the wings were dashed with white.

"Bobby Bobolink, this is Dicky," said Squeedee.

Bobolink looked at Dicky shyly, then laughingly extended his claw.

"Glad to meet any friend of Squeedee's, for we always know his friends are also friends of ours," he said politely. "I just wondered when I saw you coming across the meadows if you were out hunting. You see, Mamma Bobolink is of such a nervous temperament that the sight of a hunter gives me a start."

"Never worry about me," laughed Dicky. "I'm not the kind of hunter that would harm you."

"I should say not," laughed Squeedee. "He was just wondering what you meant by the funny song you were singing."

"Oh, me!" laughed the little feathered fellow. "You see, we have most of our birdling friends guessing. They all know I change my clothes in the fall, and they'd like to know how I do it. Why, they even hint that I dye my suit in berry juices to make it brown. Just as if such a thing could be done!" Bobolink laughed until the tears stood in his eyes. "What foolish things some wise birds say!"

"But what's the idea of changing your suit at all?" asked Dicky. "Other birds don't have to."

"Some of them do," corrected Bobby Bobolink. "I don't know why they do it. But I change from this black suit to a dull yellowish brown in the fall. It's the right thing to do, you know, and I can't be discovered so easily among the foliage. When I have on that garb most folks call be Reedbird," and without another chirp he spread his wings and soared away.

"Just like Bobolink," laughed Squeedee. "He's a timid fellow and you probably never would have seen him if I hadn't been with you. But timid as he is he's sort of a reckless fellow. He generally ends up in a bird pie, for he will persist in eating in the rice fields of the South, and there they most always find their fate."

Dicky watched the bird grow smaller and smaller until he disappeared among the grasses and when he turned around again Squeedee had disappeared also. But Dicky never forgot Bobolink's song and he tells every one he meets what a queer little fellow he is and how he changes his clothes with the changing seasons.

HEALTH TALKS

By John B. Huber, A. M., M. D.

KEEP THE PORES OPEN.—I.

When the doctor in his laboratory painted a frog with a coat of varnish, he did it with the purpose of applying his discoveries to the welfare of human beings. And a very important lesson can be learned from the varnished frog.

The science of life (biology) has proved that the varnished frog croaks its last croak in an atmosphere warmed above 96 degrees Fahrenheit. This is about two degrees below the normal temperature of the human body. But the unvarnished frog will survive this ordeal, though no doubt preferring its natural and much cooler environment.

There is a reason—in fact, there are several reasons. The frog, to continue in health, must use the pores of its skin to radiate its superfluous bodily heat, and this it cannot do through a coat of varnish which closes up its pores. Nor can the skin, when varnished, help the frog's kidneys to eliminate the body's impurities and poisons in the form of sweat. Nor can the skin perform its office of re-establishing disturbed circulation and relieving congestion in the internal organs. Nor can the skin perform its functions of excretion and secretion and of general sensation. Nor can such a frog breathe through the skin as all living things normally do.

A frog will survive for some time the loss of its lungs, respiration going on through its skin. In the healthy and intact frog, under its ordinary living conditions, three-fourths of the total gaseous exchanges which normally go on through the lungs may be cutaneous—that is, going on through the skin. Thus one frog lived 33 days and another 40 days after the removal of its lungs.

In man, respiration does not go through the skin nearly as much as in the frog; but the difference is of degree and not at all of kind. Respiration means taking in oxygen from the surrounding air or water and throwing off carbon dioxide and other waste. In man, some at least of the body's carbon dioxide is due to putrefactive processes on the surface of the body; thus is explained in part the heavy odor of a "close" room. But no harmful products appear to be exhaled from the human skin when it is properly cleansed.

It has also been demonstrated in the laboratory that of two frogs, the one varnished and the other not, disease germs will—all other things being equal—make shorter work of the varnished reptile. And that fact, too, we shall find, has a bearing on human susceptibility to infectious disease.

Questions and Answers.

I have just got over diphtheria and may I ask how long does it take for the antitoxin to work out of one's system? And does this make a person lame in their feet and limbs? Now what can I do for this? Am also troubled with tonsilitis very much.—B. H.

Answer—The diphtheria antitoxin has not done you any harm. If your tonsils are troubling you, you should have a doctor remove them.

A PRETTY FROCK.

Pattern 3188 was used for this style. It is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 6¼ yards of 44-inch material.

The width of the skirt at lower edge is 1½ yards. Printed voile, challie, crepe or organdie will be attractive for this model. The tunic portions may be omitted.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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Town ..... Province .....

No. ..... Street .....

Pattern No. .....

Measurement—Waist ....Bust....

Age (if child's or miss' pattern)—

Allow 10 days for pattern to reach you.

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots—How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.—Advt.

Entrust Your Personal Linen TO US .

We will send your linen home, fit for a king to wear.

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Night and Morning. Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists and Opticians. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

What To Wear And Why

By Louise Williams.

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HOW ABOUT YOUR BATHING SUIT?

Even if you're one of the very modern girls who swear by a one-piece bathing suit and don't like to wear skirts in the water, you must admit that this one of Bebe Daniels is most attractive. And it's perfectly easy to swim in, too, which is strongly in its favor.

Made of black taffeta, it has a plain, tight bodice, which fastens in the back. The skirt, which puffs over the hips, has a little fullness in the back, and in front is cut so that it hangs straight and plain to just above the knees. It is slightly longer on the sides than in front and back.

Under it is worn a pair of black satin bloomers, which are sewed to a black satin camisole, elastic being run through the top of the camisole to hold it up. The bathing suit's one shoulder strap does adequate service for it in this respect.

One of the smartest features of the suit is its trimming of appliqued flowers in brilliant shades of green and yellow silk. These flowers are sewn to the suit with a buttonhole stitch, yellow yarn being used; there is one flower on the bodice, at the end of the shoulder strap, and there are several smaller ones around the edge of the skirt.

Even though your verdict on this suit is "thumbs down," you will be interested in its accessories. The silk handkerchief which covers the rubber bathing cap is rubberized, and its brilliant yellow and green tones are most becoming to a girl whose hair and eyes are as dark as Miss Daniels. The black silk socks are held up by black garters each of which has a tiny yellow and green flower, and the black slippers laced trimly around the ankles.

The bathing suits this year are very smart indeed; some of them quite exotic in coloring, and vivid embroidery is seen on even the most sedate ones. The use of short lengths of vari-colored ribbon, which has been so popular as trimming for spring frocks, has found its way to bathing suits, and one very smart suit, of dark blue silk has a trimming of inch length long ribbons of bright red around the edge of its skirt and around the neck as well.

The girl who insists on wearing a one-piece suit will find that she can solve the problem of keeping her stockings up if she will sew them to the edges of her bathing tights. Very heavy thread should be used, and the stitches should be small and placed very near together, so that there will be no gap between hose and suit.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

"Cap'n, suh," explained the unbleached motor cycle courier who had unsuccessfully attempted to navigate a French highway in night traffic, "everything was jest goin' along fine and den Ah see mah chance to dodge in between two motor cycles."

"Well, what of it?"

"Dat's all dey was to it, Cap'n, suh. Dem two motor cycles was a truck."—The American Legion Weekly.

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The Cash Awards Amount to $3150

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Every amateur band is eligible. But, as all entries close on or before July 25th, applications must be made immediately. Enter your band at once. Drop a line today for full particulars as to Adjudicators, test pieces, classifications and prizes.

The Secretary

Exhibition Band Contest Committee

145 Yonge Street - Toronto, Ont.

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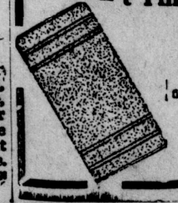

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