DAILY PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Tears the Cleansers and the Danger Signals of Your Eyes

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG,
A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins University.)

DR. HIRSHBERG

Tears were not placed in the eyes for their own sake, but to serve a definite purpose as a cleansing fluid. It does not take long for tears to gather, for just a wink or two will bring them on. When some foreign matter finds its way into your eyes, therefore, keep your fingers away from your lids.

If you rub your eyes when something gets into them, the foreign object is apt to recede farther and farther. Your lids, moreover, are apt to become inflamed when you rub them, and then you have a double portion of pain, the dirt in the eye and the inflamed lids.

The best possible way to try to remove the dirt particle is first to give the tears a chance. Wink the eyes two or three times and let the tears flow, so that the piece of dirt may be washed out. If in a few seconds you feel no relief, press a perfectly clean handkerchief to the eyes and wink again two or three times.

If still you do not feel free from the extraneous particle, pull your upper lid down with the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and the lower lid up with the same fingers of the other hand, and fold the upper beneath the lower. The lashes of the upper lid will search out the dirt particle if it happens to be in the lower part of the eye. Then put the lower lid beneath the upper, so that the lashes may search out the dirt from the upper part of the eye. Wink two or three times after each process.

Guard Your Eyes.

See to it each time that your fingers are perfectly clean before you apply them to your eyes, for infection may very easily result.

You may easily inflame or otherwise injure your eyes by carelessness or thoughtlessness. It is carelessness, for example, to sit down and read at night by an unshielded gas flame or electric bulb, and allow the strong rays to shine directly into your eyes. Your tears again serve their purpose, and come to your aid with definite warning. They flow abundantly, but you perhaps carelessly wipe them away and go on with your work or pleasure.

Not only are you apt to neglect your eyes by working them under strong rays of artificial light, but you are apt also to forget yourself by day. There are certain hours of the day when the sun shines strongest on one side of the street. You perhaps wear a small-brimmed hat, or may be none at all, and yet you promenade freely on the sunny side of the street, squinting every once in a while, and perhaps shielding your eyes with your hand when you think of it. You do not, however, think of walking on the shady side of the street.

These little acts of neglect are supposedly minor, but when they are committed from day to day and week to week they add up, and it is hard to undo what has once been done. Along with these little deeds which you should seek to avoid you are apt, moreover, to neglect the welfare of your eyes when at work.

Eye strain is soon brought home to you to make you realize the result of your bad habits. There are sharp pains in your eyes, and the eyeballs, front and back, feel as if they were filled with sand particles.

Consult Your Oculist.

If your eyes have deteriorated to this extent, do not squeeze, press or rub them, for they are now in a stage of serious weakness and need careful attention. This attention cannot be given quite as well by anyone as by an oculist, whom you should consult without delay.

An oculist is a man well trained in the profession of eye treatment, and is best able to discover whatever may be ailing the eyes. If it is only strain, he can prescribe the proper lenses; and if other associated ailments have grown up, either in connection with the eyes direct, or in connection with the rest of your anatomy, your head, nose or throat, for instance, he can discover these also and send you to the proper specialist.

Answers to Health Questions

E. L.: Q.—Please give me a remedy for epilepsy.

A.—Much help comes at times from the use of triple effervescent bromide tabloids in water. Drink three quarts of water a day. The intestines should be always kept active. No muscular work or housework should be done. Eat no meat. The diet is not essential other than the avoidance of gluttony and all excesses, or the artificial stimulation of tobacco and drugs.

MRS. B. T.: Q.—Will you please tell me why babies eat dirt? Is it harmful? She seems to be perfectly healthy.

A.—Yes, it will hurt her. At present she may be healthy, but years later she will not be if this habit is continued. The child needs milk, eggs, vegetables, cakes and other foods. She needs lots of sleep, food, and close watching. Many persons do not look far enough ahead. Bad habits of childhood do most harm twenty or more years later.

O'N.: Q.—Please give me a good remedy for blackheads.

A.—Gentle massage with a sterilized piece of absorbent cotton or chamois, followed by the application of a little paste made up with the following will help:

Fuller's earth	4 drams
Vinegar	2 drams
Glycerine	3 drams

Dr. Hirshberg will answer questions for readers of this paper on medical, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He cannot always undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest, letters will be answered personally, if a stamped and addressed envelope is inclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. L. K. Hirshberg, in care of this office.

ADELE GARRISON'S NEW

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

How Madge Answered the Wounded Officer's Embarrassing Questions.

My first startled impulse as I heard the astonishing query of the wounded officer was to look around at the nurse in order to see whether or not she had heard his words. Indeed, my head had involuntarily turned ever so slightly when I was able to regain my poise and force myself to a calm demeanor. I knew that nothing would so soon excite her interest and comment as an admission upon my part that the young officer's question annoyed me, or that I attached any importance to it.

But I was flaming with embarrassment, for I feared that even if she had not heard the query, I couldn't keep from her ears other and similar utterances of the sick man. He was evidently "primed," as Harry Underwood used to say, to keep on talking indefinitely and there was a look in his eyes, an expression on his face, which affected me indefinably. I felt myself shaking with a nervous tremor as I gathered myself together to answer his question.

"Yes, my husband is living," I said in as low a tone as I could manage without making it a whispered murmur, which would, of course, attract more attention from the nurse than would a shout.

The flush left his cheeks and a pallor replaced it so quickly that I was frightened. Again I turned slightly toward the nurse. Before I could call her the wounded man had clutched my hand. He had seen and understood the fright in my eyes.

"I—am—all—right," he said falteringly. "My—heart—goes—back—on—me—once—in—a—while."

A Saving Thought.

His smile was wonderful, so brave and yet pathetic, that something unaccountable rose in my throat and almost choked me. I am not a particularly vain woman, but it would have taken a very obtuse bit of femininity indeed, not to have seen through his gallant pretence.

"There was no egotism in my recognition of the patent fact that the young wounded officer was becoming more interested in my personality that I wished. I remembered only too well the words I had once heard from the lips of a dear friend of mine, a wonderfully successful trained nurse:

"All sick men are like children," she declared. "Of course they cling to the nurses, the women who minister to them. Silly people call it falling in love, but it's really only a craving for sympathy and affection born of intense physical weakness. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred returning strength banishes the sentimental feeling as thoroughly as if it had never been experienced. If wives and sweethearts only recognized this there would be far less jealous misery in the world."

"Do—You—Mind—"

I knew that to the young officer's delirium-weakened brain I was not only the woman whose hands and voice had power to quiet him, but the helpless creature he had rescued from death—and worse—and I realized that the situation was one which would require delicate handling upon my part.

I must do nothing that would encourage his fancy. Upon the other hand, I knew—far better than did anyone else—how much the sick man depended upon me. I could not cease my visits to him because I had discovered the character of his feeling for me, but I realized that I must tread very warily until the time of his complete convalescence should release me.

"Do—you—mind—my—asking—you—questions?"

The faltering voice came to my ears again, and the clutch of his hand upon mine was almost convulsive. I put my other hand over his soothingly, as I would have done to a trembling child.

"No, indeed," I answered with an assumption of cheerfulness which I was far from feeling. "But don't you think would would better wait to ask questions until you are stranger?"

"I'm strong enough now," he returned obstinately, and indeed his voice was firmer than it had yet been. "And I must know these things. It is necessary in my work."

A little smile twisted the corners of his mouth. It was a sad little grimace, with a hint of melancholy mockery in it. I caught the meaning of it at once Poor chap! In his weakness he fancied that he was concealing the real reason for his questions.

He lay quiet for a long moment, then said clearly, slowly:

"Pardon me, but I must ask you this. If your husband isn't dead, are you divorced or living apart from him?"

Impulsively, angrily, I withdrew my hand from his. Even if he were ill, there was a limit to my patience. But as I looked again at his sunken face, his suffering eyes, my heart condemned me for my harshness. I schooled my voice to calmness.

"My husband and I are very happy together," I said, with a tiny prayer for forgiveness for the lack of truth in my answer.

A late discovery by Germans is that for extracting oil in quantity from grain. By a process called degerminating, a small germ resembling a hen's egg in composition, designed for the nutriment of the young plant, is extracted. Distilled, this germ yields a very good table oil, and at the same time a raw ingredient for margarine and an albuminous powder, which latter contains 3½ times the nourishment of wheat. Twenty grains are equal to one egg, and already it has been put to use as an egg substitute.

Cocoanut Oil Fine For Washing Hair

If you want to keep your hair in good condition, be careful what you wash it with.

Don't use prepared shampoos or anything else, that contains too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and is very harmful. Just plain mulsified cocoanut oil (which is pure and entirely greaseless), is much better than anything else you can use for shampooing, as this can't possibly injure the hair.

Simply moisten your hair with water and rub it in. One or two teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather, and cleanses the hair and scalp thoroughly. The lather rinses out easily and removes every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves it fine and silky, bright, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get mulsified cocoanut oil at most any drug store. It is very cheap, and a few ounces is enough to last everyone in the family for months.—Advt

Like Being Hit By Rattle Snake

Says that every time you cut or pick at a corn you invite lockjaw

You reckless men and women who are pestered with corns and who have at least once a week invited an awful death from lockjaw or blood poison are now told by a Cincinnati authority to use a drug called freezone, which the moment a few drops are applied to any corn, the soreness is relieved and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts right out with the fingers, without one particle of pain.

This freezone is a sticky substance which dries the moment it is applied and just loosens the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. He says a quarter of an ounce will cost very little at any of the drug stores, but this is sufficient to rid one's feet of every hard or soft corn or callous.

You are positively warned that cutting or picking at a corn is a suicidal habit.

HER PROBLEMS :-: *By Annette Bradshaw*

THE SLACKER SISTER.

She doesn't knit and she doesn't make sweets for the soldiers, and yet she wonders why she isn't quite popular in that college group.

A Beautiful Speaking Voice the Reward of Beauty Culture

BY LUCREZIA BORI
The Famous Spanish Prima Donna

LUCREZIA BORI

We are accustomed to hearing the voice of the average American criticized as being too flat, and lacking in the round, sonorous qualities of many of the European races. Whether this charge is true or not, very few women understand how much their voice is affected by their physique. Unrelated as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that a badly-fitting corset, a habitually awkward position of sitting or standing, all affect the tonal quality of the voice.

If you wish to give yourself an opportunity of developing a beautiful speaking voice, then the first thing is to watch carefully your method of breathing and sitting and standing. The breath controls the voice, and the breath is in turn affected by the diaphragm. As the diaphragm contracts it increases the size of the chest, and allows the lungs to expand, and then the diaphragm relaxes and the chest is decreased. By this process the air in your lungs rushes out.

You can readily see, then, that if your figure is too tightly bound by stays, that you hinder breathing, and thus not only distort your body, but also unpleasantly affect what might otherwise be one of the most charming accessories to your personality.

Your Clothes Count.

If you wear corsets they should be low enough and just tight enough to support the abdomen, but the lower ribs should be left free so that the chest can be expanded and full of air. The chest supplies the sounding board for the voice. With the chest thus free, ample breathing is possible, so that you can introduce flexibility and tone variations into your speaking voice.

In order to cultivate a beautiful voice it is necessary also to keep the lungs well expanded, with frequent pauses for breathing at regular intervals. Plant the feet firmly on the ground so that the body is well braced. If you're tilted on shoes that have too high heels the strain will show in your voice.

A few simple exercises of the trunk will aid considerably in developing your body so that you can cultivate a good speaking voice.

Two Fine Exercises.

Stand erect with the feet a few inches apart, holding your arms and hands straight over your head. Then slowly bend your body backward as far as possible without disturbing your balance. Return slowly to the erect position.

Now bend forward, still keeping your arms over your head, and return to the erect position.

Then backward and forward alternately three or four times.

Another simple exercise is to stand as directed above, then bend down to one side as far as possible, straighten your body and bend in the opposite direction. When bending to the left raise your right leg slightly off the ground, and when bending to the right raise your left leg slightly. Do this three or four times.

If you will take this exercise in the morning after your bath, but before dressing, you will find that it not only increases the beauty of your form, but also helps you in developing a more liquid, resonant speaking voice.

WINIFRED BLACK

Writes About "His Insurance Policy."

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They have only been married a year and they are quarrelling. They don't quarrel all the time — sometimes they kiss and make up and then everything is sweet and lovely for days together. But then the grocery bill comes in, or somebody doesn't call who said they would call, or someone rings up on the 'phone who ought not to ring up, and the air is tense—and then the old quarrel breaks out anew.

They began by having sulks and then by being injured and after that by open accusations, and now the little bride, who was so happy she could scarcely believe it just one little year ago, says she wishes she were dead, and some of the time she almost means it.

And the man who just a year ago would have felt like suicide at the very thought of losing this girl for his wife sometimes wishes—and wishes aloud—that he had never even heard her name at all.

And it's all about an insurance policy. Just a mean, little, measly insurance policy for a mean, little two thousand dollars. The man made it out to his mother long before he ever met the girl and now she thinks he ought to change it and make it out to her.

She says she has turned over all of her own little savings to their joint account at the bank, and is trying to save for him and with him, and she doesn't see why he should keep his life insurance policy made out to his mother.

The man says it's all right because he knows his mother would turn it right over to his wife, if he should die, and his wife and her friends say yes, she will, when she hates the wife like poison and doesn't take the least pains to hide it, even now.

And it's all very sordid and mean and bitter and discouraging, and I wish they hadn't written to me about it, but they have, and here I am writing in answer as if I were that poor, hard-working demon summoned by the rub of a lamp when all the world was young and Aladdin wore his turban of sea green with the sapphire jewels.

Change the life insurance from his mother to his wife? Why should he? Has his wife taken care of him for over twenty years, and did she lie awake nights and listen to every breath he drew? Did she give half her life to bring him into the world? Did she sacrifice her friends, her youth itself, to him?

Why shouldn't the man give something to his mother, especially if he has been in some measure her support? What's going to become of her when he dies, if he doesn't leave something to her? His wife is young, vigorous probably, and she ought to be able to take care of herself in case her husband should die and leave her alone.

Of course, if he is the right sort of man he wants to look out for her, so if it should have to be between the two, the money should go to the one who needs it most, who is oldest and most helpless and most dependent, and to whom he is under the most obligation.

If I had a wife who quarrelled with me about my life insurance I should be sorry I had ever met her, and if I had a husband who wanted to make me put all my little savings in a joint bank account I would begin to wonder just how long I could stand it to live in the same house with him.

Money, money, money! That's what over half the quarrels in this world are about! And what is it all worth, after all? I am not particularly interested in this case because I cannot find it in my heart to sympathize either with a man who takes an interest in his wife's little savings before she married him or the woman who is beginning to think now how much money she would get if her husband should suddenly die.

Better Than This.

If I were that husband, I would—well, never mind what I'd do. I don't have to worry about that, and you don't either. You can think about your violets in the garden and the roses and the lilies that are blooming so beautifully, you can watch the clouds soaring in the blue sky and remember all the kind things that have ever been said to you and all the people that you love and bless them and wish them well, and that is a lot more fun than fussing about a few rather insignificant dollars, after all.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvus

Illustrated by Gruelle.

DAVID AND THE ANTS.

"Oh!" cried David, as he watched a swarm of small insects spread their wings and fly to the other side of the yard. What funny flies!"

"Flies, nothing!" exclaimed a merry voice at his side. "Those aren't flies."

"Oh, hello, there, Happy Giggles," laughed David, turning and seeing his little friend from Makebelieve Land. "Surely they can't be a swarm of bees—they're too slender."

"Certainly they're not bees," replied the elfin.

"Then tell me, what are they?" asked David, running to where the winged insects had lighted on his sand pile.

"What are they, Happy Giggles?"

"Why, ants, of course," replied Happy Giggles.

"But ants can't fly," exclaimed David. "They haven't any wings."

"There's where you're wrong," said Happy Giggles. "All ants have wings when they're young."

"I never knew that before," said David.

"Yes, indeed," continued Happy Giggles. "First the mother, or Queen Ant, lays her eggs, hundreds of them, in the warm sand. After some time they hatch, and out comes a crowd of hungry, lively little baby ants that look for all the world just like small white worms.

"Then the little ant nurses, who live in the ant-hills, take as much care of these baby ants, or larvae, as they're called, as your mamma did of you when you were a baby. The baby ants have to be washed, fed, kept warm and dry and taken out for air and sunshine.

"Well, when they're full grown, they spin fine silk nets around themselves—like little soft blankets—and there they sleep until they're full-grown ants with legs and wings. You can imagine how crowded those little ant homes must be with so many children in them; so out they come into the warm sunshine, spread their wings, and fly away to seek new homes. That's what that swarm you saw were doing—hunting a new home."

"Oh! look!" cried David, as he saw one ant, larger than the others, shed her wings and lay them down.

"Yes, that's the Queen or Mother Ant," replied Harry Giggles. "When she finds a suitable place to build a new home she sheds her wings and sets to work. She's not like the Queen Bee —the Queen Ant loves to work."

"But doesn't she ever put her wings back on again?" asked David, as the Mother Ant began digging in the soft sand.

"No, never again," replied Happy Giggles. "Once off, she never puts them on again. Never again will she care to fly," and bidding David good-bye, Happy Giggles disappeared.

David spent the greater part of the day watching the Mother Ant and her little tribe making their new home in the sand pile.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

BY ISOBEL BRANDS
OF THE APPLECROFT EXPERIMENT STATION.

Six Delicious Ways to Make More Use of Spinach and Chard in Your Menus.

The cooked summer greens—spinach and chard—are a most necessary item in the regular diet. It is true that both of these vegetables are very flat in taste, which accounts for the prejudice which many have against them. The children may not take to this food very readily, but certainly it is an article of diet that should not be neglected.

The mineral content of spinach and chard is a purifying element which is very essential in the dog-days, when the body needs such cleansing properties. Remember that spinach contains more iron than any other vegetable, and yet the iron content is so perfectly proportioned that it can be eaten daily without any unpleasant results.

Spinach Salad.

2 cupfuls of cooked spinach
Lettuce and dressing

Season the spinach with salt and pepper, chop it finely and mold it in large cups, which have been rubbed with olive oil. When cold, unmold the salad and serve it with lettuce and any preferred dressing.

Creamed Chard.

3 cupfuls of cooked, chopped chard
Dash of nutmeg
1½ cupfuls of white sauce

Mix the chopped chard with the white sauce. Add the nutmeg and heat all together. Serve hot as a vegetable with meats.

Creamed Spinach.

½ peck of spinach
1 cupful of cream or milk
2 tablespoonfuls of butter or margarine
1 tablespoonful of flour
1 teaspoonful of salt
½ teaspoonful of pepper

Boil the spinach and when tender chop it fine. Mix the butter and flour and add the spinach, salt and pepper. Boil for five minutes, then add the cream or milk and cook for three minutes.

Spinach Soup.

1 pound of spinach
1 quart of boiling water
3 tablespoonfuls of butter
3 tablespoonfuls of flour
1 cupful of milk

Boil the spinach in salted water until tender. Rub it through a sieve. Make a white sauce of the butter, flour and milk. Boil for five minutes. Add the spinach pulp, heat all and serve.

Spinach Souffle.

2 cupfuls of boiled spinach
2 eggs
1 tablespoonful of butter
¼ cupful of cream
Salt, pepper

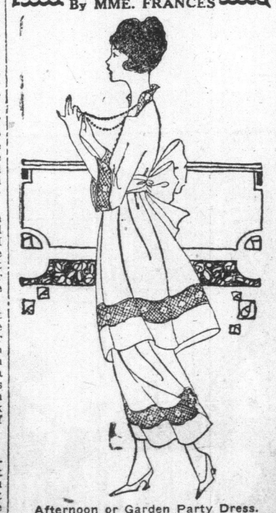
Chop fine the boiled spinach, add the beaten egg yolks and the butter. Season and beat in the cream. Last beat in the well-beaten egg whites. Turn all into a buttered dish and bake in a quick oven until a light brown. Serve at once.

Spinach With Baked Eggs.

Form cold, seasoned spinach into a neat border on buttered toast. Break an egg in the centre of each round, season and sprinkle very lightly with buttered crumbs. Bake in oven until eggs are firm, then serve on hot dish.

Today's Fashion

By MME. FRANCES



Afternoon or Garden Party Dress.

Here is a simple, girlish dress, suitable for a garden party or afternoon wear. It is of flesh-colored chiffon voile, with a belt and huge butterfly bow of flesh-colored satin. Cream lace insertion above the hem of the skirt and at the collar and sleeves give an additional touch of summeriness. The skirt has a white tunic finished with a deep hem.

To-morrow's HOROSCOPE

By Genevieve Kemble

THURSDAY, JUNE 27.

A rather complex and disturbing chain of influences prevalent on this day calls for careful conduct of the affairs in all phases of life. While these forces do not operate with great strength, nevertheless they are rather adversely arrayed against, and great successes or happiness growing out of undertakings either commercial or in other directions. A malefic Saturn thwarts, disappoints and delays, and an unfriendly Mars tends to make the mind irritable and rash and the actions hasty, unkind and extravagant, with the conduct generally intemperate. Shun quarrels and litigation. Take no risks financially, and women particularly must be cautious and circumspect in all their dealings.

Those whose birthday it is may have a year requiring careful and deliberate handling. A child born on this day will be bright and clever, but must be schooled in patience and amiability, as well as frugality. Perhaps it shouldn't enter into business on its own account.

COMFORT SOAP

the new bigger bar makes soap cheaper

The bigger Comfort Soap bar for the same money is pretty good news in these days of high prices isn't it? What does it mean? Simply that our tremendous buying power in the soap-materials market can give you infinitely better value in Soap than it can in premiums.

Owing to the war hundreds of factories are now making more essential goods than premiums, and the premiums still offered us are too far under Comfort standards of quality, and are certainly too high in price, to be good value for you.

So we will discontinue premiums until after the War, anyhow.

All premium-bearing Comfort Soap wrappers and coupons now out will still be redeemed from our present ample Premium stock.

No premiums—but every fraction of every cent you pay is returned to you in splendid Comfort Soap—the best way in war time.

It's all right

14 Pugsley, Dingman & Co., Limited, Toronto

The Origin of Famous Sayings

John A. Dix—1789-1879.

If anyone attempts to haul down the flag, shoot him on the spot.—An Official Dispatch, January 29, 1861.

William T. Sherman—1820-1891.

Hold the fort! I am coming!—Signalled to Gen. Corse in Allatoona from the top of Kenosaw, October 5, 1864.

Edward Everett Hale—1822-1909.

To look up and not down,
To look forward and not back,
To look out and not in, and
To lend a hand.

—Rule of the "Harry Wadsworth Club."

The parish church of Lullington, Sussex, proudly boasts of being the smallest one in England. The population of this parish is 16 in number, and is contained in two cottages. There is a certain picturesque sense of proportion in this number, for the church is 16 feet square; so each soul has his foot's space wherein to annex salvation for himself. The church just holds four pews, a font, a pulpit, and a harmonium, besides the little communion table.

To throw waste paper into house garbage cans has been forbidden by the German general commanding the Berlin district on a penalty of $25 or a term of imprisonment. All scraps of paper must be carefully collected and delivered to the local waste paper bureau.

Nearly all the creals contain a proportion of fat, oatmeal ranking highest.

Three Minute Journeys

BY TEMPLE MANNING

Where Men Tag Fish to Save a Nation's Food.

When this continent was sparsely settled—not so long ago in some sections that men now living cannot recall their personal experiences in those days—there were fish by the millions which seemed only to await capture to make delicious food for the pioneers.

But today the greed of some short-sighted men has lowered the fish supply far below what was thought possible. For instance, the method on some Pacific coast rivers of capturing salmon that run up the streams to spawn before they can spawn, and "efficient" methods by which some rivers have been blocked so no fish possibly could achieve its goal, has reduced these fish in those certain streams to pitiful numbers.

So, too, the eagness of the fishers for shad and the lovers of shad roe, whose demands those fishermen supply, has in some quarters made these delicious fish comparatively rare.

However, during recent years the bureau of fisheries has made great progress and the tide is turning. To the work of this bureau must go the credit for some measure of the cheap fish that should solve the high-cost-of-meat problem for many a family.

The success of this work rests upon scientific knowledge of the habits of each fish studied. Of great assistance have been the metal tags which—as shown in our illustration—are gently attached to the fins of fish under observation. The fish are then released and when caught again, perhaps many months later, give, by comparison with the records of where the fish was released and where found, invaluable information for their protection, breeding and consequently saving for the food supply of the nation.

Little Bo-Peep
Has lost her sheep
And doesn't know where
To find them.
"Infants-Delight"
Will make you bright,
So dry up your tears—
Don't mind them.

INFANTS-DELIGHT
TOILET SOAP

A PURE white soap of exquisite quality, borated to soften the water and penetrate the pores of the skin. Fragrant and refreshing. Conveniently curved to the hand.

¶Send us three of these ads—all different—for beautiful Mother Goose Book in colors.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited,
Dept. 4, TORONTO.

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