A PAGE FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

My Dear Boys and Girls: Holidays again! And such lovely days, too. Don't you think Easter is just one of the happiest seasons of the whole year? There is so much to look forward to when Easter comes. The spring flowers and all the fresh green of the trees and in the country there are baby chicks just like the little fluffy cotton-wool ones that you buy in some of the stores and then we have to think of all the beautiful summer days to come, and best of all for real "helpers", our gardens. We have gained over 250 new members since the last holidays, Christmas time, and by the rate our club has been growing the membership now is a very large one, so that I hope for a very big response to the call for gardeners this year. I hope everyone who has any ground at all will have a garden and try hard to make it a success.

Next week our first notice about gardens will appear. Please watch your corner for announcement.

Note—Will all members please take notice that in competitions where prizes are offered they will be sent out once a month. All prizes are despatched on the same day once a month, so if you have not received yours it is on the way.

Prizes Awarded.

During this month prizes have been sent to the followin gmembers: Evelyn Daniels, 1661 Dundas street; Beatrice Glickmann, 142 Manning avenue; Harold Phillips, 110 Margueretta street.

In two weeks I shall be considering the award of the final drawing prizes. That is for the best pupils who have sent in lessons every week.

I must thank the following members for letters received which will be answered in our corner in due course: Dorothea Kirby, Freda Shesler, Gertrude Smith, Rose Patterson, Helen Hough, Evelyn Heap, Arthur Ferguson, Norine Gillis, Grace Jones, and all the new members, to whom I send a big welcome—I hope you will all be real "helpers", especially in the garden work. I am specially glad to welcome some new boy members. Do any of you belong to the Scouts?

Toronto—Dorothea Kirby, 330 Howland avenue; Milleis Carmichael, 261 Delaware; Mavis Morton, 1029 St. Clarens; Georgie Whitehurst, 8 Churchill avenue; Clara Carroll, 56 Spencer avenue; George Coduer, 64 Woburn avenue; Sinclair Levack, 42 Abbott avenue; Mildred Clegg, 112 Bertmont avenue; Billy Turrell, 5 Westport avenue; Elizabeth Burk, 5 Marion street; Lois Higgeson, 69 Main street; Blanche Rumpete, 7 Nassau street; Sybil White, 128 Avenue road; Ella McClean, 986 St. Clarens avenue; Norine Gillis, 73 Wineva avenue; Aileen Casement, 44 Redwood; Muriel Riggs, 4 Selkirk avenue; Elsie Cox, 83 Woodbine avenue; Daphne Boyce, Bishop Strachan School, College Heights; Adele Rea, Bishop Strachan School.

Harrington, Ont.—Charles Kittmer.

Hamilton—Edwin Weegan, 4 Tiffany street.

Campbellford, Ont.—Joe Townsend.

Galt, Ont.—Maudie Newton, 23 Birch street.

Markham, Ont.—Russel Widener.

Brantford, Ont.—Evelyn Heap, 233 Brant avenue.

To John Blow, Whitby:

My Dear John: I think your St. Patrick's day piggie is lovely. I am just delighted with him, and have put him by the side of my pretty bird. Thank you very much.

A Member of the Girl Guides.

13 Carling Ave., Toronto, Mar. 10.

Dear Aunt June: I am very interested in your club, and I read your column every week. I enclose two pledges, one for my sister and the other for me. I belong to the Girl Guides which is a good big organization. We go out camping every year. I remember one member having a pen name. I think it was Waffles. Can I be Rose Bud? In a separate sheet I have drawn this week's drawing lesson and I hope it is satisfactory. Here are some riddles:

Question—Three-sevenths of a chicken, Two-thirds of a cat and go?

Answer,—Chicago.

Question—If Steve fell in the lake, what would Buster say?

Answer.—I got you Steve.

Two legs sits on three legs with one leg on his knee. In comes four legs, runs away with one leg, up jumps two legs, throws three legs at four legs and brings back one leg?

A man sits on a three-legged stool with a leg of mutton on his knee. In comes a dog and runs away with the leg of mutton, up jumps the man and throws the stool at the dog and brings back the leg of mutton.

I remain your loving helper,

"Rose Bud."

You are very welcome to our corner, "Rose Bird," I am glad you belong to the Guides. How jolly to camp out in the summer! That will make you well and strong.

Pledge For Our Boys and Girls

I pledge myself in the service of my King and Country to **DO MY BEST IN MY DAILY WORK** wherever it may be, and to endeavor in every way to make myself **A GOOD CITIZEN.**

Date.....

Name.....

Age.....

Address .....

LETTERS FROM OUR MEMBERS.

Dear Aunt June: I would like to be a member of your club, so I am enclosing a three-cent stamp; so please send me a scrap-book and a badge. I did not know children from any place in Canada could join. I always look for the boys' and girls' page. I remain, yours truly.

Age 12. Maudie Newton.

Dear Aunt June: I am very interested in "Our Boys' and Girls' column" in The Sunday World, and would like to become a member. I am enclosing three cents, and would like to receive a scrap-book and badge. I have signed the pledge and will try to live up to it. Please answer and tell me what to do. Yours lovingly,

Norine Gillis,

Age 10. 73 Wineva ave.

Dear Aunt June: I have been going to write every day, but I have found time now. I am finishing my scrap-book and would like to send it to a soldier overseas. We sent his pal, who had nobody to send him one, a box for Christmas, but he was killed before he got it, so other soldiers divided it among them, and they enjoyed it very much, and they sent me a silk handkerchief from France. I have a new member, Edna White, 163 Pearson avenue. Your loving friend,

Lillian Armstrong.

Dear Aunt June: I would like very much to become a member of the boys' and girls' column. I am sending the pledge (signed) back to you, and also 3c in stamps for a badge and scrap-book. I have knit about 13 pairs of socks for the soldiers. Your loving niece,

Elsie Cox.

83 Woodbine ave.

My Dear Aunt June: I have read the boys' and girls' column, and would like very much to be a member of your club. My father is a soldier, and in this letter you will find a 3c stamp for a badge and scrap-book. I am a little boy, eight years old. Yours sincerely.

George Whitehurst,

8 Churchill ave.

(Concluded on Page Seven.)

Bunnies and Buttontots greatly enjoyed their Easter game.

The Bunny and The Buttontots

BY BERTHA E. GREEN

Snuffles wasn't his right name but all the other bunnies called him that because of the funny little noise he always made, when he was wrinkling up that saucy pink nose of his at cabbage leaf or carrot.

He didn't like being called Snuffles, don't you ever believe it! For he felt he was being laughed at, and like lots of people who haven't even such laughable little wrinkly noses, this little bunny was very, very particular what other people said about him. And now he was snuffling—really, truly. And the why of it was a fine big, crisp, juicy carrot, which he had brought all the way over two fields, and under three fences, and up the long hill to the wood's edge.

It was an awfully hard job, and Snuffles first looked at the carrot and snuffled, then put his little nose right up in the air, shut his eyes, and as he thought of the carrot, he snuffled some more.

Now you must know, that this was on the morning of the bunnies' greatest holiday in all the round year, and, of course, that could be none else but Easter. But the carrot and the longing for his breakfast had driven all thoughts of holidays from Snuffles' mind. So now, as he sat with his nose up and his eyes shut, his thoughts ran just like this:

"Carrots for breakfast, carrots for breakfast, carrots for breakfast. Just as he was going to say it to himself again, something caught hold of this long ear, and something caught hold of the other long ear, and before he could do one single thing, over he rolled on his back, his two little jumpy-jumpy hind legs kicking away so fast you could hardly see his little feet at all.

After his little carroty mind stopped whirling around, he opened his eyes, and standing around him in a ring were, who do you think? They were the bouncing Buttontots, who often came to see their rabbit friends at Bunnyburg.

They were all dancing wildly round him on their short fat legs, and this is what he heard:

A button for your squeal and grunt—
Get up upon your legs,
And join us in our merry hunt
To see if eggs is eggs.

Up popped the bunny, and so glad was he to see his friends, no one of all the Buttontots laughed harder than did Snuffles, at the joke they had played on him.

Holding his precious carrot tightly, bunny hopped close by and hid the dainty under an old root, first breaking off the tip to nibble at. The Buttontots were waiting. They were the funniest little chaps you ever saw, and I'm sure as sure, you never saw as funny clothes in all your life: round roly-polies, with fat little legs, fat little arms, and round, rosy faces, and each one, when he wasn't smiling, was laughing every minute.

There were stripy coats and dotted vests; this leg would have a stocking with green rings around, while on the other would appear little pink jump-toads—no two were dressed alike, but every one of them wore buttons and buttons, where they were needed, and where they weren't, in most unexpected places, and in all colors, shapes and sizes.

They went along the wood's edge, all talking as fast as their little tongues could wag, until they reached a spot where a hill rolled sharply downward from the forest.

This was the place for bunnies and for Buttontots—everybody started on a search for something, and when they made a find, don't you know what it was?

'Course it was an egg, and then another egg, and then some more. Blue eggs and pink ones, and spotty ones, and stripy eggs, and eggs with funny pictures on—they found them all.

O, say, you should just have seen the eggs, when all of them were found and brought out in the Easter sunlight, by bunny and the Buttontots. And how they rolled them down the hill, and sometimes rolled down too, themselves, the little rompers.

They made the rainbow eggs run races down the hill, and when two came together half way down, and cracked the shell, they all ran down to get a piece of maple sugar with which each egg was filled.

The jolly game kept up until no eggs were left, except just one, each of the Buttontots had saved to take home for himself. But Snuffles had forgotten about saving any.

Poor Snuffles, he got quite a bit downhearted, but the Buttontots didn't offer him an egg, not a single one. They just grinned and said, "Oh well, you've got your carrot anyway, and we haven't got any carrots."

Snuffles knew the Buttontots were not selfish, and as he saw their dancing eyes he felt there must be something that he didn't know about.

He said good-bye to all the Buttontots, who promised all to pay a visit soon to Bunnyburg.

Snuffles hopped back to the tree, beneath whose root his carrot lay a-hidden. He peeked, and then he peeked again. His round eyes got as big as big could be, for there, where he had safely placed his carrot, lay a big salmon-colored egg. He reached down carefully, and brought it out into the light, and then, how Snuffles laughed.

Say, kiddies, Snuffles just rolled over and kicked up his heels, for, don't you see, some of the Buttontots, when Snuffles was at play, had scampered back, and cut the carrot to look like an egg, to fool the bunny when he came for it.

Snuffles sat up, still laughing, and then slapped his knee, for it had come into his mind that this year, Easter Monday morning was the first of April, too.

THE DEMON OF THE MARSH

Altho Eric made the acquaintance of so many different wild creatures on his travels and seemed to spend so much time visiting their nests and dens, you must not think that he neglected his good friends, the wild geese. Always, they came first in his consideration. His absences from the marsh where the geese spent most of their time were not long, and usually sunset found him back with the flock. But the night he visited Stripes, the Chipmonk, in his den under the stone pile had been an exception. Old Red Tail Hawk had held Piny Squirrel and himself prisoners in Stripes' den so long that when Eric returned to the marsh there was not a sign of the wild geese. Nowhere on the marsh could he see them. But as it was not quite dusk Eric decided that they must have gone in search of food. So he sat himself down on the bank to await their return.

The marsh seemed very quiet tonight. Close by, bobbing up and down on the water, rested a flock of wild ducks. Far over against the reeds the long-legged cranes flapped their great wings and gave forth their queer trumpetty calls. A flock of gulls sailed majestically overhead, and after holding themselves poised for a moment in mid-air floated gracefully down to the water's surface. The marsh was the meeting place for many kinds of creatures. And those who loved the stagnant waterways, the rotted seaweed, the thick matted grasses could ask for no better place to pass a quiet summer. In truth, it was a veritable bird's paradise.

But that there is never a paradise without its serpent was true, too, in our marsh, and the demon of these inland waters of the north is the Loon.

Eric, watching anxiously for the return of his flock, saw what he thought was a number of unusually large ducks alight on the marsh. Now it was not at all strange that he should have taken these Loons for ducks, for they are shaped very much alike, and at the distance the little Elf Boy could not tell how large they were. On closer inspection he would have seen the difference. They were really enormous—two and a half to three feet long, with great wings and a bill at least three inches long. Their heads were jet black and the fiery red eyes gleamed forth, giving them a very sinister look. The back was a black and white check and the neckband a beautiful iridescent blue-green. The long lancelike beak was also black. They had beautiful slender feet and legs, which looked as if they seldom touched the ground. And in truth this is the case—they are primarily water birds, and altho they are so wonderfully alert in the water, on the land they cannot even stand erect without resting on their tails.

So wonderfully quick are they in all their actions that they are the terror of nearly all the other water creatures. Sighting a trout in the depths of a stream they dive quickly and almost without fail come up with a fish in their bill. However, they cannot dispose of their prey under water and must come to the surface to swallow it.

Now, Eric watched the flock with great interest, and it was not ong before he realized that they were not ducks. Springing to his feet, he walked quickly along the shore until he came quite near. He was astounded at the size of the birds. In his excitement he stepped on a twig, which crackled loudly, and immediately the queer creatures all rushed together in alarm, their beaks up in the air and their heads going round and round in a very ludicrous manner. It was not long before they detected the presence of the little Elf Boy, and two of them swam in his direction. Now, Eric did not like the look of these creatures at all. Their fiery red eyes made an unpleasant chill creep down his spine, and when he saw the two approaching him he picked up a stone and hurled it at them. Immediately two pairs of webbed feet twinkled in the air and they were gone. The quickness with which they disappeared under the water was astonishing. In a few moments they reappeared several yards away. And then there broke thru the evening stillness the weirdest sound—"Ha-ha-ha!" and again, "Ha-ha-ha!" seemed to echo from every corner of the marsh.

And then Eric knew, of course, they were Loons. One could never mistake that almost human "Ha-ha" which marked these queer creatures. He had never before actually seen a live Loon, but once at his home his mother had taken him to the museum in the city, and there he had seen a stuffed and mounted specimen. But in the collection he had thought it a very silly-looking bird. It had been poised on its feet like a barnyard fowl and had lost all of it grace and alertness. And then his mother had told him of the peculiar sound they made—almost like a human laugh—and how in her old home, a little fishing village up in the Hudson Bay district, the fishermen were able to tell the approach of a storm by their loud cries. At his own home, the little Village Scarboro, on Ontario, he had never seen them, altho he had been told that sometimes they came that far south in the winter.

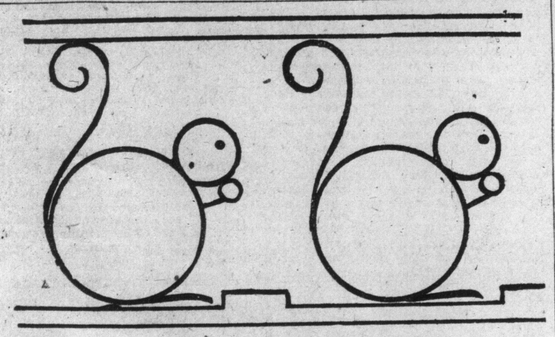
As Eric watched the two Loons rejoin the flock, which was now far out on the marsh, he grew uneasy. He noticed that the ducks which had been there a few moments ago had disappeared. So also had the gulls. The only signs of life were the cranes, who, tho they still flapped their wings, had ceased their trumpetings. Eric wondered what the geese would think of these creatures—whether they were enemies or not. Sincerely he hoped that the Loons did not intend to stay on the marsh, for certainly he did not like the appearance of the creatures and much less the sound of their harsh voices. Even yet there seemed to echo from all sides of the marsh the "ha-ha-ha" of their weird, ironical laughter.

THE FLY.

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear!
A rosebud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear.

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard seed
As fierce as coals of fire.

A loaf of bread, a lofty hill;
A wasp, a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt, as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.



The Drawing Lesson.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Dolly's little mother is sometimes rather cross,
I've seen her give her curly head a very scornful toss.
Now, it isn't well for Dolly such ways and looks to see;
Who knows but she will copy them, and then, where should we be?

For Dolly has good manners; she sits up in her place,
And always has a lovely smile upon her pretty face.
And Dolly's never haughty; so don't you think, my dear,
That she must sometimes wonder if her mother isn't queer?

And I shouldn't stamp my foot, dear, with Dolly in her chair,
And to put her in the closet is surely most unfair.
I think, that little mothers should themselves be very good;
Their dollies then will always do exactly as they should.

THE BULLFINCH.

If anyone should come to me and bid me recommend
The very nicest animal to care for as a pet,
I should answer, "As a playmate and one's own especial friend,
I have never known the creature to excel the bullfinch yet.

"The rabbit has a twitching nose and bright and startled eye,
(And when he happens to be white his eye is pinky, too),
But nothing will he do for you, however you may try,
Excepting eat, and eat, and eat, and eat, his lifetime thru.

"The squirrel is a lively little brilliant mass of fur,
Who frolics when he wishes, but to love is not inclined;
The dormouse has attractions, but for months he doesn't stir;
The silkworm is industrious, but lacks the mirthful mind.

"The bullfinch, on the contrary, is full of love and cheek;
He'll hop among the breakfast things, and peck what suits him best;
He'll nestle on your shoulder, and he'll kiss you with his beak,
And sing his little soothing song and puff his rosy chest."

MY PREACHER.

Helen M. Wilson.

Someway the morning was gloomy,
And someway the world went wrong,
And my spirits were slow and heavy
As I soberly walked along.

It was then that I met my preacher,
Down at the side of the street;
A poor little cur of a woolly door
With a draggled bone at his feet.

Now laugh, if you will—but he smiled at me.
And his big brown eyes were bright;
They were kind and trustful and full of the vim
That would put dull care from sight.

Maybe it was foolish—it seemed not so,
But for me there were sunnier skies;
And life seemed better because I had seen
The cheer in a little dog's eyes.

HORNS.

A lad of seven, who had always lived in the city, was visiting his uncle on a farm, says a contributor to The Chicago Tribune. He was much interested in the stock, particularly the cows, but he did not know what the horns were. Upon being told, he seemed satisfied. Some one of the cows uttered a long, low "moo." Turning to his uncle, the boy asked, "Which horn did she blow, Uncle Billy?"

THOUGHTFUL OF HORSE.

The son of a leading manufacturer of Brussels tells the following anecdote, which dates from the first summer of the war:

"It had been a hot day and King Albert asked for something to drink, but not a soldier had anything left. Back of the trenches a man saw a horse drinking and went over and started to pull the bucket away.

"'Don't do that,' said the king. 'Let the poor animal drink; perhaps it needs it more than I do.'

"It was not until the horse had finished that the king took up the bucket and drank the few drops that remained.

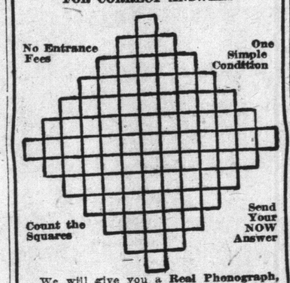
IT DEPENDS.

Mrs. Flatbush—What does your husband call your dog?

Mrs. Bensonhurst—When he's calling him in the house do you mean, or chasing him out?

PHONOGRAPHS FREE

FOR CORRECT ANSWERS



We will give you a **Real Phonograph**, absolutely Free, to every person who correctly counts the number of squares in the above diagram and fulfils one simple condition. This condition is very easy, and need not cost you one cent of your money to fulfil. It does not matter how many correct answers we receive, we positively state that we will give a Phonograph to every person sending in a correct answer and fulfilling the one simple condition. Here is a splendid chance to get a Phonograph Free. Hurry up, now, and send in your answer before the contest closes.

SELFAST SPECIALTY CO., Dept. A., Sta. F., TORONTO.

WHY THE MOON LOOKS SAD.

I saw Moon Mother, big and bright,
Bring out her baby stars one night
To play about the field of sky;
She watched them with a careful eye.

And then, as plainly as could be,
One star looked down and winked at me!
It was a naughty star, I think,
Because it gave a wicked wink.

Just then a cloudy bit of lace
Was blown across Moon Mother's face;
And while her eyes could not see thru,
What did the bad star-baby do?

It passed its little brothers by
And ran away across the sky!
Then with a merry little spark
Jumped out of the sky, right into the dark!

What happened to that baby star
Who ran so fast and jumped so far?
Perhaps he tumbled in the sea,
And now is sorry as can be.

The other stars come out to play,
But poor Moon Mother pines away,
And I can see her grow each night
More thin and faded, sad and white.

THE CLASS WANTED.

After her third day at school, says Everybody's Magazine, Pauline was telling stories of her classmates' naughtiness.

"That's bad," commented her mother. "Didn't the teacher have to correct you?"

"No," Pauline answered her. "She had to speak to all the class except me this afternoon."

"That's queer," remarked her father, somewhat suspiciously. "What did she say?"

"She said," reported Pauline, "Now, children, we will all wait till Pauline is in order."

THE SUNNY-SULKY BOOK.

Queerly enough some little boys and girls are not at all like other little boys and girls. They seem to be of two quite different kinds, the Sunny and the Sulky. There was Johnnie; he was brave and obedient and didn't mind when the boys made fun of him. Gretchen and Susie were kind and thoughtful. Faith was a little Fairy Willing Hands and Busy-Feet that the Nappyland Fairies loved, and David was a brave Sir True Blue unafraid of the dark. All these dear children were bright and happy. But then there was the other kind. Marion was careless and untidy. Edward and Allen were disobedient and Patience was quite the opposite of what you think when you hear her name, and Jamie's eyes were bigger than his stomach. These boys and girls were cross and disagreeable and did naughty things. But something always happened to make them see how wrong and foolish they were, and quite certain it is that when we meet them in a little book again there will be no Sulky side, for all will have learned to shine from Sunny pages.

FREE Grand 38 - Piece Scholar's Outfit and a Dandy $5.00 Camera

BOYS AND GIRLS—This is the best and most complete Scholars' Outfit you have ever seen. It would cost you a small fortune to go into the store and buy all these useful and necessary articles. Just read what it contains:—One large size English school bag, boy's or girl's style, three gold finished nibs, big complete printing outfit with three rows of type, type holder, tweezers, and everlasting ink pad, one dozen high grade lead pencils, a fine pencil box with lock and key, a first rate eraser, a fine quality pencil sharpener, a sanitary covered aluminum pocket drinking cup, a box of fine crayons, a box of paints containing 8 good colors, a twelve inch wooden ruler, a set of six blotters, a dandy hundred page scholar's memo pad, a point protector for your lead pencils fitted with fine eraser, and last, but not least a fine self filling fountain pen with a package of ink tablets, sufficient to make five bottles of finest quality fountain pen ink. It is a wonderful outfit. Send us your name and address to-day, and we will send you, postage paid, a free sample package of "Daintess", our delightful new, whipped cream, candy-coated, Breathlets and just 25 large 10c. packages to introduce among your friends. Open your free package and ask your friends to try a "Daintess." They'll like them so much that everyone will want a package or two at once. Just one little "Daintess" will purify the mouth, sweeten and perfume the breath, and they are irresistibly delicious. Everybody loves them. You'll sell them all in an hour or two.

Then return our $3.20 and we will at once send you this grand 38-piece scholar's outfit exactly as represented, and the beautiful $5.00 folding film Camera will also be sent to you for just showing your grand scholar's outfit to your friends and getting only 5 of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. We pay all delivery charges on your grand outfit right to your door. Write now—while you think of it. Be the first in school to win this great outfit.

Address GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO. DEPT. D. 35 TORONTO, ONT. 20B.

FREE Beautiful Big Sewing Set and a Real Sewing Machine!

GIRLS—Just think of it, You can have this beautiful complete sewing set and a wonderful sewing machine all your own, without spending a single cent to get it. **Just look at what we give you.**

First—A lovely sewing bag—just like mother's—big and roomy, so you can keep in it all your Dolls clothes, sewing, embroideries, etc. Then a high grade steel embroidery scissors, a real aluminum thimble and a shiny bright metal stand for holding six spools of thread and all your pins and needles in the top. Next comes a book of high grade needles containing a fine bodkin and all sizes of needles for sewing, darning, etc. Then a set of fine English Knitting needles, a 3-in-1 crochet hook, a tape measure, two skeins of embroidery floss and **just look**—the complete patterns for making all the finest dolls clothes that even a little Princess Doll would want—a beautiful dress, a lovely coat with flowing cape, a sweet little hat and a complete outfit of underwear including Princess Slip, nightgown, drawers, etc. The sewing machine is exactly as illustrated and is a little marvel. It operates by hand and will do fine work just like your mother's big $50.00 machine. Everybody says its simply wonderful.

We are giving all these grand prizes in order to get girls to help us to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" our new delicious Cream Candy Coated Breathlets. Send your name and address at once and we'll send you free a big **10c.** package to try yourself and to offer to your friends. We know you'll just love them. With your sample we will send you just **32** big handsome packages to sell among your friends at only **10c** each. It is as easy as can be. As soon as folks try them they want a package or two at once. Just one or two little Fairy Berries will perfume the mouth, sweeten the breath and leave a lasting fragrance. They are delightful.

Return our money, only **$3.20** when the breathlets are sold and we will at once send you your grand sewing outfit—the sewing bag, scissors, thimble, tape, spool stand, Knitting needles, Embroidery floss, Crochet hook, needle book and the doll clothes patterns all complete just as represented and the grand sewing machine you can also receive without selling any more goods by just showing your lovely sewing outfit to your friends and getting only three of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry girls! Write today and you can soon have all these beautiful presents to show to your friends. 16B

Address: THE FAIRY BERRY CO. Dept. M. 13 TORONTO, ONT.

INSPECTION

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISHES

LIQUIDS AND PASTES. FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES. PRESERVE THE LEATHER.

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