e had at 48 or f figured net or pleated borders.

pleated borders, and with pretset of pale pink, ribbons.
in Hats.
est and newest selling at less
A black Milan narrow black w and tabs at purple populer. purple pansies ls for \$6.23. A k Belgian split vine of berries \$8.73.

s may be had nts to gorgeous t on plain silk t \$12.50 to \$6.23

ET CUSS WORK de at Parkdale

gement of id Society met. W.C.A., yester-O'Sullivan pre-lague and Rev-

the guests of inspiring short spoke of the and gave most s of the life in ging the mem-r zealous work ne of the Scot-trenches.

s of this great freedom. rts showed that \$637 worth of socks com-

rom Dr Donald rge at the Can-neliffe, acknowreceived socks also read ng a patriotic for the work. XHIBITION

John's Church ionary sketches orner of Kings-bine avenue, on RMONS

at St. Alban's a special con-Church, Port-

E FORUM. ing are as fol-James, subject achers' Associ-

eet School willing at 8 o'clock

MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

FEMININE FOIBLES : By Annette Bradshaw

Winter—and Haunting Fragrance from Those Street Sold Violets By WIN FRED BLACK Copyright, 1815, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.



AME & TENSIAY

THEY'RE in the market again, in the streets

How sweet they make the air.

Yesterday I hurried down a crowded ave There were many women walking there women with tired eyes, women with strange faces lowed, and little, weary women with haggard looks, and tired girls out of the shops.

And there were men there, too, hawk-eyed men, with eager faces, discouraged men with failure written all over them; sleek men, prosperous and nug-men and women-in a great city.

it all faded-the hurrying street-and I was in the woods little strip of woods that edged the little village where I lived before I knew what a great city looked like. And there were five of us together-the red-haired girl who was clever, and the black-haired girl who was kind, and the brown-haired girl who was always a little spiteful, and

Wildflowers of the Woods And it was spring, and the ground was soggy under our feet, and the boy carried a stout knife and cut bark from the slippery elm, only we didn't -I was a woman grown before I knew that "slippery allum" had

ar to do with an elm tree-and we hunted for blood root and sassafras.

and us in the sheltered nooks where the snow had only melted they sprung, the wild flowers of the woods. as and aenemoni and spring beauties-"painted ladies," we calle auties sometimes. I'm glad I never learned their botanical many stamens and pistils they had, and what family they

And there was moss there, too. What's become of all the moss? We never see it anywhere nowadays, and we used to fill baskets with it, and think it was so pretty. And once in a while we found an Indian tobacco pipe, a tiny, tiny pipe, as white as ivory and as brittle; and then the goodnatured boy broke it off and pretended to smoke it, and we all scolded him and he pretended to "get mad" and chased us. And we ran home at nightfall with wet feet and muddy shoes and mussy frocks, but, oh, the spring was in our hearts, and in our hands we held wild flowers from the woods.

Those Violets Never Fade.

She's a Greek professor now, the red-headed girl who was clever, and the black-haired girl who was kind has stayed kind through all her troubles and her joys, and the brown-haired girl is sometimes a little spiteful still, but only on the surface, for if you are in real trouble she would walk the world

And the good-natured, laughing boy laughed himself into a good deal of trouble and out of it again. He's still good-natured, and still a boy-and always will be. I wonder if his children go down into the woods to pick

And it all came back to me again today in the winter streets of a great city, just because a hawk-nosed man stopped and held before me a tray of

"Here's rosemary, that's for remembrance," says poor Ophelia in the play. "I would give you some violets, but they withered when my father

plendid flowers from the conservatory, but, oh, they never really fade—the

Author of the new novel, "Diane of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by Ida M. Tarbell and S. S. McClure as judges. All the others wither, the gorgeous blossoms from the hothouse, the

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

MAKING A FROCK FOR BOTH HOUSE AND STREET WEAR. WENT sauntering down town just

The extreme edge of the skirt is trimmed with two gathered ruffles of the silk, and 12 inches above are three more ruffles, arranged to fall one over the

thing suitable for both house and street patterns of silk. The prettiest piece is a chiffon taffeta in a quaint striped design. The background is pale tan and the stripes are formed of tiny, rose-

colored flowers.

The second pattern is a black and white checked taffeta, which every one seems to think will be one of the popular materials for spring wear, and the last is a natural colored shantung with a small flower design embroidered in fones of blue, green and red.

I think there is enough of this to make a three-piece costume.



I was in search of ideas to use when Mrs. Mathon comes to make my one-piece frocks. It is so hard to get sometre, and this skirt is the modish ankle length.

grant me one promise.'



REALLY SO EXCITING.

BESS-Don't you love Lent? TESS-Oh, yes! There's so many interesting things happening.

PETER'S ADVENTURES

IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Drink Plenty of Water If You Want Rosy Cheeks

By LUCREZIA BORI, Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.

The princess tried in every way to recover the ball, but it was not to be

found. Then she sat down and began to weep. Soon she heard a voice say, "Do

not weep so sorrowfully, lovely princess. I will find the ball for you, if you will

The princess looked about until she discovered that the voice came from

THE GLASS BALL:

By LUCINA DIALEXTMEN.

Aprile of the see many. There was many. There is a first of the see many. There is the see of the see many. The see of the see many. The see of the

Advice to Girls & DEAR ANNIE LAURIE

"Only give me back my glass ball and I'll promise anything," said the We are girls about 19 years of

You two don't want any particular man, you just want "fellows."

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Woolen Underwear Breeds Shivers and Colds

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins).

FRENCH officer, wounded and in the Havre Hospital, says that the English and the Irish are the bravest fighting people in the world, but in the matter of woolen underwear they are worse than mollycoddles. He might have added "also the Americans,"

of more than bundling up the flesh is worse than idol worshipping. Heat, instead of being kept within the uman body, is thus dissipated into the surrounding air.

Heat is controlled in the human tissues by the food which enters the body and the muscular efforts which chemically explode the "calories," or heat units, which accu leaves the body mostly by radiation from the skin. Seventy-three per of the heat dissipated goes from the

Often a shiver will then occur as na-

Answers to Health Questions.

ventilated, and drink plenty of fresh milk and water. Eat lots of green vege-tables, fruit and cereals. Do not eat anything before retiring.

Sobleski, while in Italy, had secretly married a Mr. Sackville of England, who had mysteriously deserted her a few

months later. When the child Thaddeus was born his grandfather insisted that he should not be given the name of the faithless husband, but should bear the illustrious

"Old-Fashioned Freek of Striped Taffeta.

The shope were filled with toward the shope were filled with toward freeks and I sketched stward of them freeks and I sketched stward them freeks and I sketched stward of them freeks and I sketched stward of them freeks and I sketched stward them freeks and I sketched stward of them freeks and I sketched stward them freeks and



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