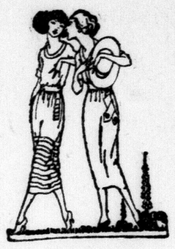
WHITE SKIRTS

That Are Smart, Tubable and Inexpensive



THE well-dressed woman depends on many fresh Tub Skirts for her smart appearance in summer. Crisp and white, with an appropriate blouse, they can be worn whenever informal dress is in order. In cotton gabardine, good quality, with plain and diamond tucks, fancy pockets and pearl buttons.

$5.50, $6.00, $6.50 UP TO $10.50

Brick & Dundas Limited

158 DUNDAS STREET.

PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

TELL IT TO THE SOCIETY EDITOR.

Miss Aileen Boomer is holidaying at Bayfield with her aunt.

Miss Ila Ellber is spending the week-end with her parents at Centralia, Ont.

Rev. R. E. Charles and Mrs. Charles are the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fry of Wyoming.

Mrs. G. L. McDonald, Hyman street, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Masterman, of Winnipeg.

Mrs. Robert Hague (formerly Miss Mary Love), is a guest in the city with Mrs. Allan McLean.

Mr. Chester Clark of Toronto is in London visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James J. Clark, Wharncliffe road.

Ex-Alderman C. H. Merryfield of Gibbon, Nebraska, is in the city, and will remain in London for about two months.

Miss Callista McDonnell, 272 Hamilton road, is spending her vacation with Mrs. P. Schille, 5253 Prairie avenue, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bush and their two children motored from Lansing, Mich., and are visiting Mrs. B. Lewis, Hamilton road.

Dr. J. J. Davis of Gananoque and his small daughter Helen are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Davis of William street.

Adjutant J. Wright of the local command of the Salvation Army is taking a few weeks holidays. Captain Escott will take charge of his command at No. 1 citadel.

Mr. Jack Cortese has returned from a successful concert tour through the western middle states, accompanied by his brothers, Mr. Angelo and Mr. Joe Cortese.

Adjutant Wm. Sproule who preached his farewell sermon at the Salvation Army citadel last evening, has been called to the States to take over a command there.

SUMMERS—BOYLE.

A quiet wedding took place on Tuesday, July 6, in St. Mary's Catholic Church, East London, when Amelia Mary, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Boyle of Newcastle-in-Tyne, England, was united in marriage to Percy John Summers of this city. J. C. Hopper and Miss Edith Summers were the attendants.

The bride, who was given away by the groom's brother, George Summers, loooked very beautiful in her wedding gown of cream charmeuse and wore a georgette picture hat. Rev. Father Dignan officiated.

On their return from their honeymoon to Niagara Falls and points east the happy couple will reside in London.

"COME AGAIN" WAS PETER M'ARTHUR'S FAREWELL MESSAGE

Women's Press Club Picnics At Ekfrid Farm.

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS

Motor Bus Vies With Red Cow in Sweetness of Temper.

Whoever could imagine a more delightful spot for a picnic than Peter MacArthur's farm in Ekfrid Township, with the well-known humorist there himself to kindle the camp fire! Fourteen members of the London Women's Press Club arrived there on Saturday afternoon on the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur, who picnicked with them in the woods. A huge carry-all motor took them the thirty-odd miles from the city, and as it bore down upon the quaint log cabin on the Appin road, Mr. and Mrs. MacArthur appeared to greet their guests.

If the host were not a subscriber to The Advertiser and so, certain to read this account of the visit to his home, the press' pen might try to sketch a picture of him. As it is, the press hardly dares, but will say this much: that though he may have a farmer's delight in working the soil, he hasn't the appearance of a farmer at all. He looks entirely the man of letters. His wife is a gracious hostess and his children a delight to meet.

Everyone scrambled out, as soon as the bus came to a halt within the MacArthur property. Here they were confronted by the quaintest of log cabins, whitewashed and decked with vines—the original MacArthur homestead. Rose bushes flank the green stretch of lawn which leads up to the house and off to one side are the wild plum trees, which the host is guarding so carefully against the inroads of the curculio pest.

Original Manuscripts.

The party was invited inside by the gracious hosts, there to revel in sight of original manuscripts and letters of such cherished writers as Bliss Carman and Campbell Scott, shown willingly by their proud possessor, on request. for Peter MacArthur is the personal friend of many a well-known writer on the continent. That he counts many friends among the artists, too, was evinced in the color and black-and-white studies on the walls of his living-room, which seems more like a studio.

Here, too, everyone became acquainted with Sir Thomas White, who appeared in all his furry feline whiteness upon the arm of Miss Elizabeth. Sir Thomas was cautious about making new friends, however, and whined objectingly at too obvious advances of friendship. There was just a slight air of sadness in the atmosphere when pets were mentioned, for "Sheppy," whose doggy presence had long been one of the charms of the home, was missing.

Picnic in Woods.

Out of the house, past the barn, and through the fields, where the original Red Cow was chewing her cud, in the most placid and uncharacteristic manner, and into the woods, the party went to picnic. Mr. MacArthur constituted himself as chief fireman and soon a hot fire, made with dry twigs, hastily gathered, sent the water bubbling in the pot. By this time, the women had united their forces and opened the picnic boxes upon the grass, all in readiness for the repast. Then the tragedy occurred. The pot becoming too lively, turned over on itself, the water sizzling out the glowing embers. Everyone blamed it on the chief fireman, although he declares he was several yards away at the time. But who knows what witchcraft he may have learned from the Red Cow? Be that as it may, his intention could not have been to put a stop to the banquet altogether, for soon he had another scalding pot ready, and seemed as eager to begin as anybody.

After supper several of the party, accompanied by their host, went to see the young forest, put in about ten years ago by Mr. MacArthur, thus making him the pioneer in Ontario reforestation. Some of the trees out in the open have grown to a goodly height already, while the smaller ones within the forest are gradually reaching up, some day to take the place of the growth now in different stages of maturity there.

Off Again.

By this time the sun had slanted down out of sight altogether and the carry-all was chugging at the cabin door. It was in a fretful mood, having had a series of burst tires since its arrival at the MacArthur home, as if in defiance of the driver's attempts to bring it into a journey condition. It was therefore deemed wise not to delay its irate will longer than necessary, so the press women obediently climbed aboard, bidding reluctant farewell to their charming host and hostess and holding closely the club "guest book" bearing the "Peter MacArthur" signature and his added "Come again."

Noisily cheering, the picnic party disappeared through the gate. Five delightful hours had been spent in the journey to the MacArthur home, rambling about its delightful nooks and picnicking in the woods. Little did the party think that five dragging, adventurous hours would be consumed before London was again reached, but such was the case. The press equipage preferred to exhibit its temper periodically in blow-outs.

Stranded.

A couple of miles along the way saw it stranded with the friendly countryside in helpful attendance. At one time as many as six or eight cars were drawn up about the cumberous bus, offering cement, advice, patches, anything which would speed the parting guests on their way. At the first stop it was fun becoming introduced. At the second it was a renewing of acquaintanceship, rather reluctantly because of the circumstances under which the meeting happened, but, nevertheless, sincerely. At the third—but why go into harrowing details? Suffice it to say that the friendly neighborhood kept turning up at each stop with assistance. Else where would the press party be today? A friendly farmhouse with a telephone got into communication with London and set the waiting minds at rest there with the hopeful expectation of an arrival at an indefinite sometime. A farmer lent a lantern to aid in the perpetual cementing process and another had a motor pump to give. Still others offered manual assistance.

Traffic Policeman.

One press member constituted herself traffic policeman, when the congestion of cars assumed Dundas and Richmond-like proportions, and one motorload escaped an unhappy time in the ditch on account of her careful watching. Other members of the press club ran on ahead of the scene of disaster, to stop cars possibly bound for London, in an effort to secure transportation for two or three of the crowd who thought they "had" to reach home early. Early in the stages of blow-outs, one member got excited and could think of nothing but stomach-pump, when sent on an errand for a tire pump. Sometimes fireflies were mistaken for headlights, and stars twinkling through the trees, for farmhouse windows, to the sleepy eyes of the press women seeking assistance.

But the troubles came to an end at last. A brand new tire brought from Melbourne did the deed, and the bus decided to settle down into an uninterrupted run for London. The long-looked-forward-to visit to Peter MacArthur's farm was over, marred only by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stringer, who had promised to come down from Cedar Springs and join the picnic, had failed to turn up.

WRIGLEY'S

After a hearty meal you'll avoid that stuffy feeling, if you chew a stick of

WRIGLEY'S

Other benefits: to teeth, breath, appetite, nerves. That's a good deal to get for 5 cents!

A2

Sealed Tight—Kept Right!

TALKS ON HEALTH

BY WILLIAM BRADY, M. D., Noted Physician and Author.

Dr. Brady will answer all signed letters pertaining to health. Writers' names are never printed. Only inquiries of general interest are answered in this column, but all letters will be answered by mail if written in ink and a stamped, self-addressed envelope is inclosed. Requests for diagnosis or treatment of individual cases cannot be considered. Address Dr. William Brady, in care of this paper.

The Ole Swimming Bunk.

About this time of year and a little earlier a feller suffers something fierce from the heat and the reports of the condition of the water given by fellers who are not handicapped with pampering parents. It is certainly awful to have to hear the other fellers telling all about how many times they went in today and yet not have the privilege of joining them.

A boy is a boy but once, and he ought to stay a boy as long as he can. Forty or fifty years is a short enough boyhood for any boy with real stuff in him. It is a shame that these all too brief forty or fifty years should be made unhappy just to please the superstitions and prejudices and whims of the old Saireygamps who never were boys, never liked boys, and never can see anything human in boys.

There is no reason in the world, so far as health and hygiene are concerned, why any boy, or for that matter, any girl, old enough to swim and not old enough to quit swimming, should not go in swimming at any time of the year or at any time of the month. It is all nonsense, and very unwholesome nonsense, this old granny notion that a feller may "take cold" or "get cramps" or I don't know what all just because he goes in swimming without a doctor and a trained nurse to look after him all the while he is taking his bath.

Yes, I blush to admit that a few old fossil doctors, even a few medical authors who ought to learn to think for themselves instead of copying the ancient bunk of medical authors before them, do still sideswipe the question by hinting that, "while" this and that and the other, "however" it may be unwise for a girl to go in swimming if so and so or for a boy to go in and get his feet all wet when the weather is damp or something like that. But we must not believe all we read in medical books. There is a lot of bunk handled by our more prolific medical authorities, take it from one who sometimes poses as an authority.

A feller is justified, I sincerely believe, in disobedience, when father or mother insist on spoiling a feller's rare days of sport just because they are afraid it isn't good for a feller's health. I don't know how many hundreds of times I have been guilty of such disobedience, and my conscience, usually a most troublesome one, has never bothered me a bit about that. I hold no resentment against father and mother because they were under the sway of the Saireys and perhaps an old fogy doctor or two, for I know they meant well. But a feller can't have his whole happiness ruined by anything like that.

Swimming is one of the finest exercises a boy or girl of any age can possibly have. Every one should swim or learn to swim. It is a part of one's education which should not be neglected. It may mean the saving of life some day.

It is never too early in the season, nor too late I assure all boys and girls, to go in swimming, if you enjoy it. There is no hygienic rule about the length of time to stay in. Stay in as long as you enjoy it, and go in as often as you like. That is, provided you are not defective in the attic.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Three Quarts of Good Old Ale.

To settle an argument, inspired by your valued writings, would you mind saying whether you drink, and if so, what you take? This is not an invitation, but merely an inquiry, though it would afford me pleasure to make it an invitation. (C. G. E.)

ANSWER—I do. About three quarts of good old Adam's ale keeps me happy for a day, thank you.

Naturally.

Since May 1 I have been on a reduction diet, omitting all sugar, starches and fats from the diet. All I seem to be losing so far is my strength. I am 43 years old, 63 inches tall and weigh 178 pounds. (E. J.)

ANSWER—Some beauty doctor or long-distance specialist must have suggested the diet. It is based on misconception of human nutrition. Not one or two food elements make fat; each and every food element contributes toward the making of superfluous tissue. Therefore it is wrong to attempt to cut sugars, starches or fats out of the diet, and in some cases serious injury to health occurs from such unintelligent dieting. The wholesome, safe and invariably beneficial plan is to moderate in all food elements, cut down the total, a little less of everything you eat, but not total abstinence from any proper food. It is not what you eat, but how much you eat, that determines weight.

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MacDONALD COLLEGE.

By Mrs. Elizabeth Kent.

HEALTH GAMES.

There is a sort of savage instinct in boys which makes them resent discipline of civilization, but there is also a play instinct so deeply rooted that we can teach them almost anything if we can make a game of it. When no amount of imagination can make a game of tasks, we can still get fun out of them by calling them health chores, and calling upon the instinct of rivalry.

In this way the drudgery of the rules of health, for shelter, food and personal cleanliness is lightened. We have a game score for opening the windows, watching the thermometer to regulate the house temperature, and keeping things picked up, and put where they belong. If I miss, I am it until he makes a mistake, and then he is it. His standards are painfully high, and his eye for mistakes sharp, but he recognizes that it is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

The food game teaches him the value of milk, green vegetables and fruit, and we have sugar prizes for the winner of certain records. He loves to catch me in mistakes in calories, which already mean more to him than they ever will to me, and his arithmetic often beats mine.

Washing the hands at least three times a day, the weekly hot bath, the daily cold rub, constant care of the teeth, a regular bed hour, and what is very important, a daily movement of the bowels at a regular hour, these are all rules of health that must be learned somehow, the more easily, the better. Without undue emphasis, for children should take health for granted as much as possible, we play the game of right living.

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WANT TEMPERANCE TO BE MADE SUBJECT OF STUDY IN THE SCHOOLS

Huron W. C. T. U. Elects Officers at 23rd Annual Meeting at Clinton.

CLINTON, July 10.—The Women's Christian Temperance Union of the county of Huron held its 23rd annual convention in Wesley Church here.

There was a large attendance of delegates.

Miss K. Morton of Toronto addressed the convention at both the afternoon and evening sessions, the theme of her addresses being "Sacrifice and Service," especially with regard to the coming referendum and the future welfare of our Dominion.

At the evening session there was also an enjoyable literary program by some of the gold and silver medalists of the county.

Among the resolutions passed was one urging that temperance in its various forms be made a subject for study in the day schools.

The reports of department superintendents showed that there were some live wires in the union.

Zurich Union extended an invitation for next year's convention.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Beavers, Exeter; vice-president, Mrs. McGuire, Brussels; corresponding secretary, Mrs. A. T. Cooper, Clinton; recording secretary, Miss M. Aitken, Goderich; treasurer, Miss S. Bentley, Goderich.

WORTLEY ROAD MOTHERS PICNIC AT SPRINGBANK

A Few Fathers Lucky Enough To Be Present.

Just beyond the end station at Springbank on Friday afternoon might be found the Wortley Road Mothers' Club at picnic. There were one hundred altogether, including children and a few fathers who were lucky enough to be present.

The races, of course, were the most important events of the day, excepting supper, which was spread out under the trees in sumptuous array. The results of the races were as follows:

Balloon race—Mrs. Rennie, Mrs. Emery.

Children's race from 4 to 6 years—Verey Cockerill, Lorne Bamford.

Girls under 8—Elsie Ellis, Marguerite Finch.

Ladies' egg and spoon race—Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Jarvis.

Boys under 10—Murray Milner, Harrison Evans.

Egg contest—Fred Milner, Viola Emery.

Throwing the ball—Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Cockerill.

Girls under 10—Marguerite Finch, Peggy Willgoose.

Ladies driving the nail—Mrs. Uphall, Mrs. Cockerill.

Blind pig race—Howard Dicks, Eleanor Bamford.

Clothespin race—Mrs. Hamilton, Miss M. Skelly.

Chewing the string—Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Evans.

Boys chewing the string—Elwyn Spencer, Jack Mowat.

W. CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION HOLDS REGULAR MEETING

At a recent meeting of the Women's Christian Association a resolution of sympathy was passed and forwarded to the sisters of the late Miss Frances Buckle, who was a valued member of the association and up to the time of her illness convener of the religious services committee. Her kindly presence is much missed by the members at the meetings. Expressions of sympathy were also tendered the president, Mrs. Marshall in her continued illness and Mrs. I. D. Kelly, treasurer, whose recent accident will prevent her from her active duties on the board for a time.

Routine business of the homes was transacted and the improvement committee authorized to have a wire fence placed on the Wellington street side of the association property in the north end and the boulevard put in order.

Plans were also formulated for the receiving of the new superintendent for the Home for Incurables, who takes the place of Mrs. Price. Favorable reports were heard from the various committees. The treasurer's statement, sent in by the treasurer and read by the secretary, showing a balance on the right side.

All the world over

LIPTON'S

is the household word for

Thomas J. Lipton TEA COFFEE AND COCOA PLANTER CEYLON. TEA

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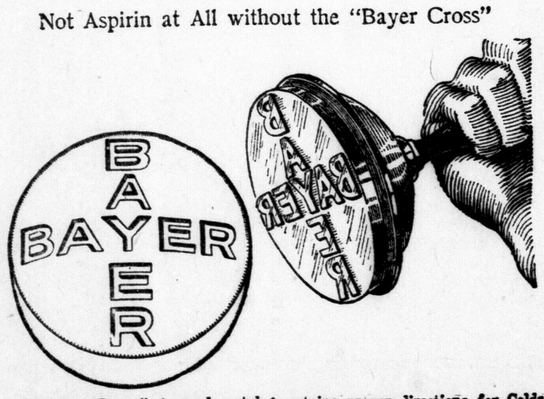
24 Front St. West, Toronto

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



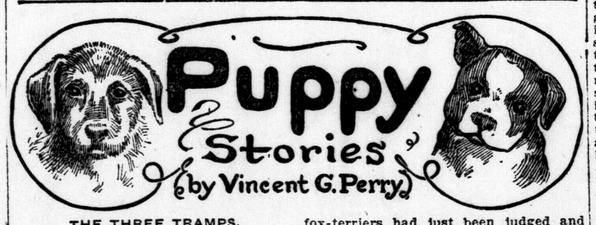
The name "Bayer" stamped on tablets positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes containing 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



THE THREE TRAMPS.

Part XIII.

Would you believe it, Freddie and the foxterrier had a secret, too! You have thought all along that he had been a wandering dog all his life, but like Sammy the spaniel and Herbie the hound, he had not. No, indeed! Mr. Freddie was none other than the Honorable Ferdie, if you please. Perhaps the Honorable Ferdie is not a familiar name to you, so we had better tell you that it was the name of a great show dog who had disappeared at a show one time. And to think that Freddie had been wandering around like a tramp all this time!

But now that his friends had left him, Freddie did not enjoy being a wandering dog. Truth to tell, he had not liked being a show dog, for he had been forced to travel long distances in stuffy old baggage cars and benched in drafty show buildings, where the other dogs made so much noise he could not get to sleep. But then there had been the kindly treatment and the good meals he had had back home in his kennel. If he had thought of these perhaps he would not have run away from the show that time. Now that he did think of them, Freddie made up his mind to hunt up his old master.

It was at the big city dog show. The fox-terriers had just been judged and all the men who owned show dogs were standing around talking about them. "There's none to come up to the Honorable Ferdie," one man said with a sigh. "I wonder what has happened to him."

And right at that very moment who should stroll leisurely in but our friend Freddie. Then what a hue and cry was raised. "It's the Honorable Ferdie back," cried everyone, and Freddie was placed on a bench and evryone crowded round.

"It's just like Freddie," laughed his old master when he came and found his dog. "I just knew he would turn up like this, he was always such an odd little dog."

So it was that Freddie was taken back to the fine city kennel and there spent the rest of his days. Soon he won so many prizes they did not have to show him any more, for he was a champion, so his happiness was complete. Just the same he looked back with pleasure at the days when he had been one of the "thre tramps."

The End.

Monday "The Performing Dogs" Begins.

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Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

As in friendship, so in love, we are oftener happier from ignorance than from knowledge.

Dear Cynthia,—I hope you don't object to me calling you by your first name, but it seems too formal to call you Miss Grey, when you seem like an old friend to me.

As I am all by my lonesome tonight, I decided to have a little visit with you. What lovely letters the Mail-Box has been containing lately. Really, it is an inspiration to read them.

Someone suggested that in discussing our favorite authors, we should tell just why we liked that particular author. Personally, my favorite authors are Ernest Thompson Seton and Gene Stratton-Porter. I love nature and everything connected with it, so the works of these authors appeal to me. There is a charm about Gene Stratton-Porter's works that makes one long for more. The charm of the woods, of the flowers, and all living things woven in with such glorious love stories as that of Freckles and the Angel has a sentiment which must appeal to all.

Ernest Thompson Seton writes in such a style that his works can be understood by even the smallest child. The lives of the animals are very vividly described and every lover of nature must enjoy Seton's works.

I also enjoy the works of the earlier writers. Shakespeare and Dickens are among my favorites. I could go on writing pages about my favorite writers, but I know that space is limited.

Just a word for Peggie Mac. So you think you know me, Peggie. Well, I'm afraid you're mistaken about my identity. If we don't know each other, let's correspond, for I like you, Peggie.

About the time the Mail-Box was flooded, I wrote you a letter and sent ten cents each from the six members of our family. But the letter evidently went astray, as it was never in print.

Well, bedtime approaches, and I must heed the call of sleep, for at 5 o'clock I must awake and wend my way along the dewy lanes to the velvet pasture fields and drive up the peaceful cows. Oh, the exhilarating effect of the country air in the early morning. What food for the soul to gaze upon the beauty of the rising sun!

Fat Fifteen, alias Ambitious Sixteen, must once more change her penname, as she is sixteen no longer.

Good luck to the Mail-Box.

SUMMER BREEZE.

P. S.—Those articles on nature which frequently appear on the editorial page are wonderful. Sometimes I suspect they are from your pen, Cynthia.

Inclosed is a dime for the fund.—S. B.

Ans.—Thanks for your dime, Summer Breeze, and for the appreciation of our editorials. Tell me why you suspect Cynthia Grey. We all love to see letters like yours in the Mail-Box, and hope others in the same vein may be prompted. Write us again about a particularly lovely sunrise, won't you? We're lazy folks, some of us, you know.

Requests.

Please find inclosed an addressed envelope for the stocking-foot pattern.

I wonder if any of the Boxites could supply me with words and music of "You're Still an Old Sweetheart of Mine," as I have tried several places and could not get it, and I would like to have it. Am inclosing mite for S. C. H. So will close, hoping I am not stealing anyone's penname, and wishing the Mail-Box every success. I am,

ONLY A ROSEBUD.

Ans.—Thank you for your contribution. Your request is referred to readers.

I am inclosing my envelope. Will you please send me "School Marm To Be" address, as I have a book she was wanting. A high school book. It is nearly new. Have also six other high school books I don't need. ANCHOR.

Ans.—Address has been mailed to you.

Veranda Chats.

I just dropped in to say I received the papers with the story all right, and if anyone else would like to read it I will gladly send it along. It doesn't start just where it left off in The Advertiser, it starts just where Grace Draper is out of prison and everyone is trying to keep her out of Madge's way.

I will leave my address with Miss Grey. If anyone wants the papers just send along some postage and I'll do the rest. I will sign as before.

BEAULESS SEVENTEEN.

Ans.—I am almost afraid to publish your kind offer, Beauless Seventeen, as I'm sure you will have a deluge of requests.

Always enjoy your helpful hints and am inclosing a dime for the much-called-for stocking-foot pattern.

Is it compulsory or a matter of taste to have an engagement announced in the paper before the ceremony?

Can you give me a good recipe for cream pie? Thanking you,

MARCNIA VAN CLUPP.

Ans.—Thank you for the dime for fund. It is quite optional whether an engagement is announced or not. Here is a recipe for cream pie, which I am assured makes a good as well as deep one: Two eggs, save whites separately; two tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, 3 tablespoons white sugar, 1 pint milk, cook until thick, add flavoring after removing from stove. Beat whites and use as meringue. Brown in oven.

Western Ontario Women's Activities

Address News For This Column to the Editor of Woman's Page.

The Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, Wardsville, held a meeting recently at the home of Mrs. Wm. Gould, four and a half miles east on the Longwood road. Alex Douglas presided and introduced a most interesting program. Mrs. (Dr.) Husser gave a reading on "Tithing" Miss Olive Gordon spoke on the "Work in Japan"; Mrs. John Belton gave a talk on "The Leaflet," and Mrs. G. A. Love gave a most exhaustive and deeply interesting report of the London conference branch convention which was recently held in Kincardine.

PALMYRA W. I.

Grandmothers' meeting of the Palmyra Women's Institute will be held at the home of Mrs. H. Lampman on Tuesday, July 13, at 2:30 o'clock. After a short business meeting the program will be given by the grandmothers.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Half a Pineapple For One Dessert

In Jiffy-Jell desserts the fruit flavors are abundant. For instance, half a pineapple is crushed to make the flavor for one pint dessert. This is done in Hawaii from fruit too ripe to ship.

All Jiffy-Jell fruit flavors are made from condensed fruit juice. They come in liquid form—in vials—a bottle in each package. That is true of no other quick gelatine dessert.

A few cents will serve a real-fruit dessert for six people. No artificial flavor, no saccharine. It is the most delicious fruit dessert available, and it comes in ten choice flavors.

Nothing prevents sunburn

But Campana's Italian Balm will greatly relieve you from the effects of it, and if rubbed on the arms, neck and face once or twice a day will prevent extreme discomfort and freckles. 30c. At all druggists and stores.

Newest Arrivals

OF SUITS, COATS AND DRESSES in the season's latest styles and shades at reasonable prices. Your inspection invited.

Justrite Ladies' Wear

254 Dundas Street. Phone 261