PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN SOCIETY

Miss Agnes Irwin of English street is visiting friends in St. Thomas.

On Saturday afternoon the girls at Western University entertained at another of their delightful students' teas.

Mrs. Fred Matthews of Toronto is spending a short time with her mother, Mrs. N. S. Williams, Cheapside street.

Mr. H. V. Canton, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Diggs and Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Steele of this city have been visiting in Tampa, Florida.

Miss Myrtle Kent and Miss Olive Nobbs of Otterville are visiting in the city, the guests of the former's aunt, Mrs. H. G. Collamore, 471 English street.

Miss Katharine Cronyn entertained the members of the Alliance Française at her home on Friday evening, when French conversation prevailed throughout the evening. Piano numbers by Miss Madeline Simson and Mr. Bateman Edwards, vocal numbers by Mr. Gilles, and readings by Mlle. La Mieux, Madame Foley and Mlle. Foley were given, and French choruses, with Mrs. A. D. Jordan at the piano.

ROWELL—SCOTT.

A quiet wedding took place at the Talbot Street Baptist Church on Wednesday last, when Miss Clara Agnes Scott of this city was united in marriage to Mr. W. F. Rowell of Winnipeg, formerly of Woodstock, the Rev. T. S. Roy officiating. After a delightful wedding supper had been served at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rowell took the evening train for Toronto and other eastern points. They will later spend a short time in London before going to their home in Winnipeg. The choir of the church showered the bride with many handsome and useful presents previous to her marriage.

HUTTON—HAYES.

A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes on March 9, when their only daughter Hazel, was united in marriage to Mr. Stanley Hutton of Uniondale. The ceremony was performed beneath an arch of white roses and myrtle by Rev. Eric Anderson of Wellburn. The bride entered the parlor accompanied by her father, to the strains of Wedding March played by her aunt, Mrs. Robert Hayes, while Master Lawrence Hayes, brother of the bride, and Master Warren Hayes, cousin of the bride, acted as pages. The groom's gift to the bride was a set of Old Colony silver, and to the organist a gold brooch. After the ceremony the happy couple led the way to the dining-room, which was beautifully decorated with pink carnations and yellow daffodils. The bride wore a navy serge suit with pink crepe blouse embroidered in blue and wore a corsage of Ophelia rosebuds. Immediately after the wedding dinner, Mr. and Mrs. Hutton left on the evening train for London and Lawrence, amid showers of confetti and good wishes. On their return they will reside on the groom's farm on 9th con. of East Nissouri.

WHITE—McKAY.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. A. McKay, Wyoming, when his only daughter, Alma Florence, was married to James J. White of Wyoming. Miss Rae White of Sarnia, sister of the groom, announced the coming of the bridal party by playing the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. The bride, escorted by her father, took her place under a bridal arch of evergreens banked with carnations, tulips and sweet peas. She looked sweet and girlish in her wedding gown of ivory satin and mallne with mallne veil, caught up with her mother's orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful shower bouquet of Ophelia roses, orchids and fresias. The attendants were Miss Ida McIntyre and Mr. Sam Robb, the former wearing a pretty gown of robin's egg satin with large black hat and carrying a bouquet of American Beauty roses. The Rev. J. T. McLeod read the marriage service.

The groom's gift to the bridesmaid was an opal ring; to the pianist, a wrist-watch, and to the groomsman, gold cuff links. During the signing of the register, Miss Ida McIntyre sweetly sang, "O Perfect Love." Then a dainty wedding dinner was served in the dining-room, which was artistically decorated with pink roses and white tulips.

Mr. and Mrs. White left on the afternoon train for Port Arthur, Winnipeg and Saskatoon. The bride travelled in a blue tricotine suit with small hat to match, and wore the groom's gift, an Australian fox fur. Among the many lovely tokens of esteem shown the bridal couple was a beautiful walnut dining-room suite, a gift of the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. White will be at home to their friends after April 16.

BUSHELS OF EGGS ON SATURDAY MARKET HERALD EASTER TIME

Maple Syrup Drops Ten Cents But Is Very Scarce.

It certainly was an egg market on Saturday. There were bushels and bushels of them, which began selling at 40 cents a dozen, but which came toppling, toppling down as low as 35 cents by noon. And even then there were so many of them that the farmers' wives who brought them to market must have had to carry many of them home again. The Easter season will not be lacking in the proverbial egg food this year, and Johnny will be able to eat as many as his little "tummy" will hold. Poultry, however, was very scarce, and sold at the fabulous price of 41 cents a pound wholesale.

Maple syrup had dropped ten cents a quart, but there were only six or seven syrup merchants on the market, with the warm weather pointing to very little more to come. Even at the high price of 90 cents a quart, it seemed to find buyers, however, and they could be assured that the article they bought was genuine, as the Government pure food inspector was on the market, ready to convict any seller who failed to have his name and address prominently affixed to his cans or jars.

Fresh salad vegetables, such as parsely radishes, lettuce and green onions were conspicuous, while pretty fresh bunches of rhubarb sold for 15 cents or two for 25 cents. Bottles of fresh-looking ground horse-radish sold for from 25 to 30 cents, while mushrooms and a very little celery could be purchased by those willing to pay high prices.

Great quantities of freshly-dug parsnips were also noticeable, as well as the regular all-winter roots, and some very fine-preserved apples and potatoes. Flowers in profusion were shown, the seasonable Easter lily selling at 50 cents a bloom or about $1 a plant.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Facts about your name; its history; its meaning; whence it was derived; its significance; your lucky day and lucky jewel.

MADGE.

The numerous names which come from the Persian word for pear, Murvarid (child of light), include the very charming Madge. It made its first appearance as Margarite and named the virgin martyr, who became, before the 5th century, the recipient of the allegory of feminine innocence and faith, overcoming the dragon. Though the legend was Greek, it did not flourish in the Eastern Church, but Cremona laid calim to the maiden's relics and Hungary, in its first Christianity, eagerly adopted the name.

Curiously enough it reached Scotland almost at once, and from there it went to Norway with the daughter of Alexander III, whose bridal cost the life of Sir Patrick Spens. It nearly came back from Scandinavia with her child, the Maid of Norway, but the Maid died on the voyage, and her name reached England through France and Germany.

There were many English forms of this 'pearl-name.' Margarite was the general favorite, though Margery ran it a close second. It is from the latter that Madge is descended. It found great popularity in England, but it remained for its appearance in this country to mark the zenith of its vogue.

The pearl is, of course, Madge's talismanic gem. The Persian notion that a pearl is formed from a drop of dew on which the moon's rays shine, imbues this gem with the power to bestow its charm and its exquisite purity on its wearer. Monday is her lucky day and 5 her lucky number.

FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]

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XLII.—AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

People passed her in the streets like figures in a dream. Several looked curiously at the pretty, pale-faced girl with the dark, tragic eyes staring unseeingly straight before her.

"How am I going to face the future?" she was drearily asking herself. "How can I go back to the old routine, when my dreams have all been smashed to atoms?"

She walked along, her young face set and rigid, tragedy lurking in her lovely eyes

"I trusted him with my whole heart—it isn't as though I'd ever trifled with love before. I believed in every word he said."

Ah, it seemed incredible, the whole affair!

That enchanted evening of a night or two ago—spring, with its rush of passion, its bewildering scents, its heavenly song—finished with, broken, done!

"And I've got to go on living—without him!" whispered Betty brokenly.

Life seemed stretching out before her, no longer with glad, welcoming hands, but as a dreary, unending, hopeless vista. . . .

To think that Jack Trevor—the image in her mind of all that was fine and straight and true—should have acted so! Was there no chance of a mistake?

April Moore was involved in the affair, and Betty had always instinctively distrusted April. She had been ashamed of the feeling, and had tried to crush it—but it had been very real all the same. Was it not possible that April was at the bottom of the whole wretched business?

Ah, but it was Jack's love for April that had drawn him back to her! Even though April had schemed, Trevor's treachery, the lies he had poured into Betty's trusting ear, could never be explained away. . . .

"He has been outrageously false all round!" A little sob rose in Betty's throat.

He had told them both the same old tale. He was utterly untrue where either of them was concerned.

April, of course, had sent the anonymous letters, but they were so badly written, with such an air of illiteracy about them?. Ah! that was merely a blind—April was their instigator—the actual writer of them, had been delegated to the pert maid.

That was clever of April, distinctly clever. But why—why had she summoned Betty from the country all the way to town merely that Betty should witness her own humiliation?

If Trevor loved April, then why drag Betty into the affair? April's motives seemed incomprehensible.

Did the apartment belong to April? The girl had always spoken so pathetically about being homeless. . . certainly this didn't look like it.

It was an expensive apartment—even the pert maid looked expensive.

Betty could not know that moneyless ostentation had always been April's stock in trade.

"There's one thing of which I'm positive," she told herself. "Jack didn't know I was hidden in the next room and overhearing things . . . he isn't quite so cruel as all that. . . . I shouldn't have read his letter. . . I did it because I thought it was meant for me. . . ."

On through the busy city streets walked Betty, mechanically, yet tirelessly. For a great unhappiness seemed to drive all physical fatigue out of the human frame.

Some force within her compelled her feet on and on. She tramped for miles and miles. There was a relief in action, and for nearly two hours she roamed the streets. She had had no food since early morning, and it was now almost six o'clock.

At last she found herself in surroundings that seemed familiar. All unconscious of it, she had reached the railroad station.

The clock, moon-faced stared down at her. Why, a train was due to leave for home in five minutes!

"My head feels so light and queer—I wonder what's the matter with it?" Betty put a hand up to her throbbing forehead.

Had she a return ticket? She couldn't remember. Thinking seemed now a stupendous effort.

She ought to go to the ticket office and buy a ticket. Where was the ticket office? How curious that she had forgotten its whereabouts!

And the people in the station seemed swaying about in a ridiculous sort of ragtime step!

She found herself mysteriously at the ticket office, purse in hand.

Only three minutes till the train was due to start!

Several people were crowding in front of the ticket window . . . she would never catch that train.

Mechanically she opened her purse and looked inside. There lay the return half of her ticket!

"And now to run for it!" she said.

She took a few uncertain steps away from the ticket office. Turning, she saw a man and a girl were hurriedly buying tickets. The man's face was towards her, though he did not see her. . . . It was Trevor!

The fair-haired girl who accompanied him and who was laughing up into his face was—April Moore!

"They're traveling—together—on the same train as I am!" Betty whispered. "Oh, it's too cruel—"

She gave a little shivering sigh, and swayed, with one hand out to steady herself . . . then a kindly darkness swept over her, dragging her down, down into its depths. . . .

Tomorrow—"Mrs. Jones in New York."

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STORE HOURS 9 A.M. TO 6 P.M. DAILY.

New WOOLEN MATERIALS

For SPRING and SUMMER

STANDARD WEAVES AND FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES GOODS THAT ARE RIGHT IN FASHION, QUALITY AND PRICE.—Dress Goods Department, Second Floor.

ALL-WOOL PLAIDS AND STRIPES, French serge weave, attractive designs, in the new spring and summer colors; ideal for suits or separate skirts; light grey with pin stripe of mauve, fawn with light blue, grey with overcheck of mauve, sand with light blue; width 50 inches; exceptional value. At, a yard $5.00

FINE WORSTED NOVELTY PLAIDS, light shades, in dainty color blendings, grey with blue, blue with tan; width, 54 inches; priced in keeping with quality. At, a yard, $7.50

FINE CHECKED WORSTEDS, in medium and dark grey, with overcheck of white; a neat-appearing and serviceable fabric for spring suits; for the quality, extra good value. At, a yard $6.00

NOVELTY PLAIDS in the new sport color effects, lovely fine soft twill; width, 54 inches (one width to skirt); splendid value. At, a yard $4.50

GABARDINE, TRICOTINE AND SERGE, materials you may depend upon for smart appearance and long service. All are moderately priced.

GABARDINE, one of fashion's most favored fabrics for spring wear, fine Australian wool, suitable for suits or separate skirts; colors of navy, copen, taupe, fawn, browns and black; width, 54 inches; extra value. At, a yard $6.00

TRICOTINE, in a lovely fine soft twill, for the better-tailored suits, black and navy; width, 54 inches. At, a yard $6.50

56-inch width. At, a yard $8.00

SUITING SERGE of reliable quality and dyes, in a full line of spring colors, navy, browns, greys and black; in a big range of prices. From ..... $3.00 to $10.00 a yard

MISS HAGEN
in charge of Ladies' Tailoring and Dress-Making Department.—Fourth Floor.

THE DELINEATOR
APRIL, 1921.
Smart spring styles..... 25c a copy
Special at ..... $1.50 a year
On sale at Butterick Pattern Counter.

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Agents for the Butterick Patterns, The Delineator and Butterick Quarterly.

GRAY'S LIMITED PHONES 115, 116.

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MacDONALD COLLEGE.

COTTON FIBRE AND YARN.

The expansion of the cotton cloth industry in the last hundred years is almost a measure of industrial development. More clothing is made from cotton than from any other fibre.

Cotton fibre is the downy substance or seed hairs which inclose the seeds of the cotton plant with the pod or "boll," until it is ripe. Under the microscope it shows a flat ribbonlike fibre, with thick edges and a slight twist at intervals throughout its length, which varies from one to two inches. These twists give it elasticity, and make it valuable for spinning. The fibre has a single cell, the thick walls of which are covered with vegetable wax and oil. The absorbent quality of cotton is from 5 to 8 per cent, and is higher in a moist temperature.

When the cotton bolls have ripened and opened, the cotton is picked and ginned, that is, the fibre is separated from the seeds, a process formerly done by hand at the rate of a pound a day, but since Whitney's invention of the cotton gin late in the eighteenth century, by machinery, in increasingly large quantities.

Rid of the seed the cotton is packed in bales of 500 pounds, covered with heavy bagging and bound with iron hoops. These bales are compressed and shipped to factories to be spun into yarn.

For yarn, the cotton is cleansed, and the fibres are smoothed out and laid parallel to each other by machinery. As it issues from the last machine it is drawn into a thick strand called a sliver. For very fine yarn only long fibres are used, and the consequent waste of short fibres increases the cost of the cloth.

BANANAS.

Bananas, containing a high proportion of starch and some oil, are far more nutritious than other fruits, and should be used with this fact in mind. In the places where they are native they form, with plantains, from which they differ little, the staple article of food, like potatoes or rice in other countries.

A banana with whole milk and two good slices of bread and butter constitutes a meal for a child from six to nine years old. It contains a hundred calories, two cups of whole milk, three hundred and fifty and the bread and butter another two hundred. Such a child needs from fourteen hundred to two thousand calories a day, about six hundred a meal.

Bananas should not be given to children under five, for they can not easily digest the starch, and for children of delicate digestion the fibrous covering inside the skin should be scraped off and only the soft pulp given. Bananas should not be given between meals as oranges and apples should, but as a considered and considerable part of the day's food ration.

There are many ways of using bananas at meals, and nearly everyone, child and adult alike, is fond of them.

For banana pie, take a half dozen bananas, one eighth of a cupful of powdered sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a cupful and a half of whipped cream. Bake a single crust of pastry, fill it with the sliced bananas, add salt and sugar, and cover with whipped cream.

A pretty way to serve bananas is to slice them lengthwise and serve them in their skins, either with powdered sugar, as dessert or with salt or mayonnaise dressing, as a salad. Salt really brings out the flavor of mayonnaise better than sugar. Halved English walnuts served on bananas sliced lengthwise make a rich salad, equal in nutrition to meat.

Everywhere in the Dominion

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Made at Bridgeburg, Ontario

Advertiser Patterns

Owing to the pattern manufacturers increasing the price of patterns to us, all patterns advertised from this date will be 15 CENTS EACH.

A Simple House Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Styles.

2991—Percale, gingham, chambrey, lawn, flannelette and drill are good materials for this style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a band cuff, or loose, at elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches, bust measure. Size 38 requires 5⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is about 2¼ yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

Measurements: Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 38, 44, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

Personal Health Service

(By WILLIAM BRADY, M.D., Noted Physician and Author.)

The Feeling of Forty.

When I was twenty years old I used to feel sorry for poor ginks who had arrived at the advanced age of thirty. At thirty my sympathies went out to those unfortunates who had ten years less than I had still coming. At thirty-seven or thereabouts I firmly and highly resolved never to have another birthday. I peered forward at forty with an actual shudder. What a sad life it must be when you're forty, and only thirty years left to spend! To realize that in all likelihood you had already spent more than half of your fortune and there was no chance to recoup, for no matter what success you might have attained, there could be just so much left to spend! It didn't seem right. It was a most unhappy subject to cogitate late at night when you really should have been asleep. Not so horrible to think about in broad daylight, but it had a way of obtruding on your thoughts around bedtime, this idea of the extreme brevity of human life. Of course, death was not at all terrible, just the appropriate end of the play, and yet forty seemed a bitter pill to swallow.

Well, morning comes and dispels all these gloomy thoughts. And forty, after all, turns out to be not half bad. Indeed, it would be a happy enough event if some low, mean wretch did not go out of his way to call your attention to the prominence of the bald spot on yo[illegible] unconscious dome or to comment [illegible] crow's feet around your eyes or [illegible] noticeable shortness of wind or your increasing girth or some such thing.

It is a sound idea to get into training a year or two before forty, so that you will have a good running start and hit the peak of life at fair to middling speed, which will carry you along for quite a distance down the other side. In lieu of time and opportunity for sufficient daily walking or play or work in the open air, if you can persuade yourself to devote just fifteen minutes a day to a regimen of room exercises, that, together with what daily walking and occasional play you can enjoy, will go far to fit you to sail around the Cape of Great Promise in good shape. It certainly is a shame to round the cape with your vessel already beginning to give under the strain of ill use and bad management.

Dr. Osler would have been right had he said what he oftener said he said. You may become rich or famous or happy or president after forty, but if you do, it is because you laid the foundations before forty. You may publish your first story or buy your first home or win your first election or have your first baby after forty, but you've been preparing for it long, long before you ever dreamed of that venerable age. The world is slow to hand you what you have earned.

No use pretending you wouldn't go back to thirty or twenty or ten, if you could, and do it over again just as you have done it thus far. And still, at forty you find a lot of contentment which you never suspected was there, and aside from the great demands poor old geezers of fifty make upon your sympathy, the halfway station proves a delightful vista in your exploration of life.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Page General Dawes.

I don't agree with your opinion that every married couple should have a baby in their home. How could a nervous, highly-strung young woman be bothered with a pettish, crying infant? Do you not think that a young woman when married should have seven or eight years' of recreation among her friends before settling down to raise a family? (Mrs. I. J. L.)

ANSWER—It is properly a swearing matter, but in printable words, why should that kind of a woman burden herself with a husband at all? Every married couple without at least one baby ought to be taxed so heavily that recreations would be out of their reach. Your idea of marriage may be that it is [illegible] fashion to be a butta[illegible] fly bore. [illegible] responsibility of motherhood, [illegible] sweetness in your heart, might change you from a nervous, high-strung [illegible] into a normal, happy woman. If your mother had been squeezed with your selfish outlook on life [illegible]

The Nutriment in Oranges.

Is there any nourishment in an orange or a grapefruit? Is macaroni with cheese contained in it, or the cooked milk, liable to cause constipation? (C. H. W.)

ANSWER—The food value of an egg is about 80 calories, of an orange about 70 calories of an average grapefruit about 80 calaries. Macaroni cooked with cheese is an exceedingly nutritious and wholesome dish. Cooked milk or cheese is not constipating. Cheese is a concentrated food, leaving little residue after digestion; likewise milk leaves little residue—hence if the diet is limited to such foods wholly or to a large extent, there is little occasion for intestinal evacuation. But such foods do not produce constipation. Indeed, I know of no food that can be considered constipating, save boiled tea or boiled coffee (boiling extracts tannin from these otherwise wholesome foods).

(Copyright National Newspaper Service)

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

If you have gracious words to say,
Oh, give them to our hearts today;
But if your words will cause us sorrow,
Pray keep them till the last tomorrow.

Seven Little Shirts.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am sending Fuzz Wuzz seven little undershirts for the baby brother; hope some others will send along some dresses. There were 149 letters in the Mail-Box in the month of February, all real live folks too. I see where Anchor was asking for the book "The Lost Ten Tribes"; will send it to her if she hasn't already received one. Please send me Annie's address; I will send magazines for her Laddie to read. Can anyone tell what to do for lice on a dicky-bird? "For Love of Betty" is a real live story. Please find inclosed stamped addressed envelope, also dime for S. C. H. Wishing the Mail-Box every success, JULY.

Ans.—Am mailing you Annie's address. It is lovely of you to help so many. Thanks for dime.

Attention, Busyville Reader.

Dear Miss Grey,—Just a line to thank Busyville Reader for pillow case lace, and as she asked me to return it I am sending it to Miss Grey. I am not very good at crocheting, but that pattern was very easy to copy. Well, I will close, wishing Miss Grey and readers good luck. I remain, JEFF'S SISTER.

P. S.—Am sending mite for hospital fund.

Ans.—Thank you very much for hospital mite.

Attention, Matilda Jane.

Dear Miss Grey and Boxites,—have not written to your page for some time, so thought I would write again. The last time I wrote I sent some Shirley poppy seeds from Flanders Fields to Matilda Jane in exchange for some orange perennial poppy seeds, but I never received any from her.

I am glad that you are discussing books now in the Mail-Box. I like L. M. Montgomery's books, "Anne of Green Gables," and am just reading the last one "Rainbow Valley"; also Nellie McClung's "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance," are favorites.

Aren't you all glad spring is coming soon? I have had spring fever early this year, as I have been looking forward to spring time and flower time all winter.

I am inclosing another mite for the wee kiddies. Will you please send me a sachet bag when they come in?

I saw where someone had taken my pen-name, or is hers Miss K.? With best wishes for the Mail-Box, K.

Ans.—Thank you for recipe and hospital mite. Have put your name down for a sachet. We will have to call the other Boxite "Miss K."

To Remove Apple Stain.

Dear Cynthia,—I am coming to you for help. Could you tell me what would take apple stain out of a light fawn coat? The child sat on an apple, and it lift a big dark mark. Some day before long I will send you in some poppy seeds for the readers, and would you send me some seed of The Snow on the Mountain? I certainly do enjoy your corner of the paper. Inclosed please find mite for S. C. H. I wish you and all the Mail-Box readers success. LOVER OF POPPIES.

Ans.— Iam sorry there are no seeds left of the variety you ask for. Many thanks for the hospital mite. Can anyone tell how to remove this stain?

Jed.

Dear Miss Grey,—Am sending recitations back that you sent me, and thank you. Am sending self-addressed envelope for the other two, "I Want a Man," and "Should Woman Propose." Where is Ima Goat keeping herself these days. As she is my cousin I'd like to see her name in Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box. The days now are just like spring, aren't they? Well, good-bye everybody. Will sign as before, JED.

Ans.—The recitations you ask for were sent out and never returned, Jed. If they are sent back I shall forward them to you.

Easter Lily.

Dear Miss Grey,—I have just read where some of the readers are giving clothes to help the needy. Now, I wonder if there is anyone among the wealthy of the city people who would care to help me out a little in this way. I have a friend who has been an invalid for about ten years, whom I am taking care of in my own home. She is still young, under 35. She has a very trying, lonely life, and all those years has been unable to earn anything to help herself, and her expenses for medical treatment and other necessities had been very heavy, and we find it takes all we can earn to get along without the extra cost of clothing, which she requires, as I wheel her out as much as possible when the warm days come. Now, if anyone has a discarded suit, spring coat or separate skirt (bust measure 40) which could be turned or fixed over, as I am a good sewer and could easily fit over anything like that, I would be very grateful for anything that may be sent in to Miss Grey, and will gladly send her the postage to send the parcel on to my address. Will sign myself, EASTER LILY.

Ans.—You did not inclose your address, Easter Lily. Kindly send it in, in case it is asked for. It is much more satisfactory to send parcels direct than to send them to the Mail-Box to be forwarded.

Requests and Mites.

Dear Miss Grey,—Have you room in your cosy corner for another new comer? I have read your paper for a long time and take great interest in it, especially the Mail-Box as there are a lot of good things in it. Now, Miss Grey, will you please send me Anchor's address for I saw in February 28th's paper that she had some quilt patches that she did not need? Now I would like to get them if I could and would gladly send what they were worth to the S. C. H. fund. Now I must close as my ink is getting low. Will try and be of some help next time. HAPPY MOLLY.

Ans.—Am mailing you Anchor's address.

Dear Miss Grey,—Ass so many are suffering from colds just now I thought it might not be too late to send to the Mail-Box a remedy or preventive. This was used most successfully by an American physician during the "FLU" epidemic and nothing but the old remedy Oil of Eucalyptus and Mineral Oils. Keep in a good sanitary condition and use in a spring tonic a day or more, this mixture: 2 ounces of Mineral Oil and 1 dram "Oil of Eucalyptus." If found too irritating use less eucalyptus. If there are any white aster seeds or morning glory seeds left, may I have a few? Inclosed please find ten cents. G. E. M.

Ans.—Thank you for sending in remedy G. E. M. also for hospital dime. Am mailing you morning glory seeds, but there are no white asters left.

Club News

FROEBEL SOCIETY.

The kindergarten of the Talbot Street School presented a most attractive appearance on Friday last, when the members of the local Froebel Society held their annual banquet there, Miss Ethel Teasdale, the president of the society, acting as hostess. Dinner was served from small tables centred with sweet peas and adorned with tiny colonial bouquets of sweets at each cover. A large central table was beautiful with daffodils, pussy-willows, and violets under the soft light of candles. About forty-eight were present, including two guests, Mrs. Dorland and Miss Wallace of Toronto. A delightful social evening followed the banquet, which was one of the most successful yet held by the society.

The Froebel Society members are now looking forward to the big International Kindergarten convention, which is being held in Detroit during the first week of May. For this occasion the local kindergartens will be closed, and the members of the London Kindergarten staff will attend the convention. This is the first convention in twelve years, which has been held near enough to the city to permit of a large attendance there.

RED CROSS DANCE AT WESTMINSTER.

The local Red Cross Society visiting committee, is entertaining the men at Westminster Hospital at a dance on Tuesday evening, when the orchestra of the Oriental Lodge, Oddfellows, will provide the music.

Mrs. James Eggett of Dean street is holding a talent tea at her home on Tuesday evening next under the auspices of the Wortley Road Mothers' Club. This is one of a series of teas which the club has been holding in aid of relief work in the district.

RUTH CHAPTER, O. E. S.

The social committee of the Ruth Chapter, O. E. S., recently entertained the chapter to a euchre and supper party, the function being held in Ulster Hall. A handsome cut-glass bonbon dish and a pack of cards donated by Miss Blanche Rowe, the worthy matron, were won by Mrs. Farrow and J. C. Doidge, while Miss Margery Rowe was the winner of a $5 gold piece donated by Mrs. George Logan and drawn for at the meeting. Forty dollars was realized from this drawing, Miss Carrington, winning the library scarf donated by Mrs. Lois Russell for the member selling the largest number of chances on the gold piece.

DUNDAS CENTRE C. G. I. T. GROUP.

The Dundas Centre C. G. I. T. group held a very enjoyable St. Patrick's social last week, the guest of honor being Miss Helen d'Avignon, Y. W. C. A. girls' work secretary. Green and white streamers and Irish flags were used effectively as decorations, while the St. Patrick's idea was further carried out in an interesting contest. A vocal solo by Miss Gertrude Andrews; violin solo by Miss Dorothy Cahill; the telling of a ghostly Irish folk tale by Miss Eleanor Higgins, and an Irish sing-song brought the program to a close.

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Women's Activities Western Ontario

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

KOMOKA GIRLS' CLUB.

The senior girls of Komoka recently organized the Komoka Girls' Club, which will meet on the first and third Tuesdays of every month. The officers are: President, Miss Laura Macdonald; vice-president, Miss Violet Ross; secretary, Mrs. Mary McDougall; treasurer, Miss Frankie Murch; and executive committee, Miss Blanche Barber, Miss Beulah Cornell, Miss Rosa Wernham, Miss Alice Janes, and Miss Esther James.