

WOMEN'S HOME AND MAGAZINE PAGE

Seeing Week-End Market With Aunt Maria's Eyes

"Wasn't it the most wonderful market?" exclaimed the young woman who seldom goes.

"It was," said Aunt Maria, thinking of broilers, last year's fowls, the tender duck that was the first of the season, the mouth-watering green peas, potted and otherwise, the cherries, on with a rush, the passing strawberries, the luxuriant choice of edibles for the family refrigerator.

She thanked her stars a moment later she hadn't soaked and revealed her mundane soul.

"It was simply lovely," continued the young woman—who seldom goes—enthusiastically. "I got a HUGE bunch of larders and sweet william, and I don't know anything in the world that gives me such joy as larkspur."

And the wonders of the market didn't stop with the flowers and merchandise for the table. A whole menagerie of livestock added to the merry throng and variety of interests.

Of course there were "squealers," several crates of them, plagues seven weeks old, for which eight dollars apiece was asked by one farmer. Others were selling for sixteen, seventeen and eighteen dollars a pair. If memory is not treacherous, prospective bacon has taken a considerable jump in price since the flowers began to bloom in the spring.

While "broilers" dressed (as much as they ever are dressed in the Covent Garden Market) were announced 90 cents, \$1 and as high as \$1.50 apiece, with the exception of one case of a farmer in the square, selling for 75 cents apiece, live White Leghorns, this spring's hatching, could have been bought for 65 cents each.

The owner of a crate of fifteen insisted they were beautifully plump. But who could have the heart to chop off the heads of such graceful, snowy birds, just for the sake of tickling the palate?

Of course, there were rabbits and hares, white-furred, wiggly-nosed, pink-eyed, "just bunnies," Belgian hares, and Black Siberians, including one euddiesome mite that had just opened its eyes on June 21. A number of them, old stories at the week-end market, but never failing to attract their gallery of admirers. A wee boy almost shrieked his lungs out because his hard-hearted guardian wouldn't buy him the puppy with which he fell in love at first sight. He soon forgot his woes, however, when he discovered the biggest curiosity of all.

Presents Mr. Black Crow.

It was nothing more or less than a big black crow, safely confined in a home-made cage, evolved by tacking neat little wooden bars along the side of a box. The only other equipment was a rounded bar on which the prisoner stood.

There were no caws on Saturday morning, ecstatic or chagrined. Mr. Crow looked out through the bars at the throngs who gazed upon him, anxiety, and perhaps something of terror in his bright eyes.

What was he for?

"Why, a pet," said the gentlemanly little lad who had brought the novel offering. "They make fine pets. When my mother was a little girl she had a crow for a pet, and it used to follow her around, everywhere."

"What about that crow?" Will it follow you around?" asked an on-looker.

The boy was most optimistic. "I've only had it about a week and a half," he said, "but it is very friendly already. No, it doesn't look it just now, but you see it is kind of frightened."

A few feet away, children showed one another for position around a fascinating crate of pigeons. Fifty cents a pair, the boy exhibitor wanted (or was it apiece?). There were two among them that were double this price, because they were

"Pouters," chesty, but exquisite in their coloring of snowy-white, the most delicate of dove gray, with deeper markings of dash, and a little neck ruff of Hunter's green.

A backward youth, lacking the commercial instinct of the age, apparently gave an absolutely free exhibition of Black Siberian hares and pigeons, living together in terms of harmony in a one-roomed crate.

"Why don't you charge people to look at them?" inquired Aunt Maria.

Talking of Licenses.

"If I did, I guess I'd have to get a license," replied the long-headed boy.

Talking of license reminds of the things that pure food law license of the public health department has done to the cost of cream in the market. As much as 50 cents a PINT was asked for jars of cream, stated to be rich, thick, whipping cream.

When a farm home-maker announced the price of a small jar as 30 cents, "Does this hold a pint?" asked Lo, the Poor City Person.

"Why, no," was the answer, in a voice that hinted surprise.

"This is REAL country cream."

Which goes to prove it is rather a sin to ask personal questions.

Experience of many a woman with strawberries this season has demonstrated the value of closely watching the markets. Strawberries, in the main, were inferior in quality Saturday, and the least expensive discovered were 35 cents for two quarts. Prices ranged from eighteen to twenty. One farmer, at 11 o'clock, stated he had sold his last crate, pretty scrubby looking berries, too, at sixteen cents a box.

Over and over was heard: "Last Tuesday was the big strawberry day."

After what happened concerning strawberries, there was a big demand for cherries, twelve, twelve and a half and fifteen cents a box for ordinary red cherries (big and plump some of them, too). Baskets were 60, 65 and 70 cents, according to where they were on sale.

English Cherries Arrive.

Black cherries appeared ripe and luscious, 30 cents a box, while the first of the big English cherries were 25 cents.

With such wonderful growing weather, it was not surprising to find beet had dropped to two bunches for fifteen cents, four bunches for a quarter, and little carrots, ditto. One gardener sold new potatoes at ten cents a quart, three for a quarter, as fast as he could measure them. Old potatoes ranged in price from \$1.50 to \$1.85 a bag.

Eggs were 28 to 32 cents, one woman even asking 35, on the guarantee they had all been laid within a week.

"Lumph," said another woman selling for 32 cents, "so are mine and most everybody else's. We come in every week, and it wouldn't pay to take them home with lots more waiting there in just one day for market."

Thirty-eight cents seemed to be a fairly general price for butter, whether offered amid cooling rhubarb leaves, or surrounded by chunks of glittering ice.

Quite the pleasantest place in the market for one was the delightfully cool, dimly lit basement, after the glare of the sunshine on the square, and the waves of heat which ascended from the sidewalks and pavement. One farmer, hardened to toil in the fields, was driven by the extremity of hoisting the parol his wife left behind when she went to do her shopping. Anyway he needed it more than she did, as he stood at the back of his wagon, patiently waiting to dispose of the last of the farm produce for the day.

In the basement a couple of women were noticed passing the time profitably while waiting for customers, by shelling the peas they had brought to sell. Shelled peas sold at 30 cents a pint, or 55 or 60 a quart—depending.

Peas in the pod were 25 cents for two quarts, and that reminds a capable housewife insisted on having them in the shell. "Ever try cooking the peas in the water in which the pods have first been boiled?" she asked, adding the information, "I had been told about it, and then tried it the first time the other day. They were delicious, better I'm sure than I ever tasted them before."

Aunt Maria, like lots of other people, cooks with the pods. A sprig of mint, right fresh out of the garden, whether that is the reason or not, the peas come to the table of the vivid green of the French peas, that cost so much in a can.

WITH BRIDES

McCALLUM-CAMPBELL.

A very pretty event took place at "Orchard Grove," Dunwich, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Archie C. Campbell, Wednesday, June 21, when their daughter Mary became the bride of Mr. William A. McCallum, son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan H. McCallum of the same place.

Promptly at the hour of five o'clock the bride entered the drawing-room on the arm of her father to the strains of the Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin, played by Miss L. B. Pollock, cousin of the bride. Master Willie Campbell, nephew of the bride, made an attractive page, while little Miss Elizabeth McCallum, sister of the groom, made a winsome flower girl.

The bride looked charming in a gown of white jersey silk, beautifully draped, and trimmed with crystal beads, and a bridal veil of tulle caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of Odessa lilies and maidenhair fern. Elder J. B. Shaughnessy of Ridgeway officiated.

The groom's gift to the bride was a sunburst set with pearls, to the pianist an amethyst brooch and to the ring-bearers, gold pencils.

After the ceremony the guests, numbering about fifty, repaired to the dining-room, which was prettily decorated with roses and peonies.

Following the repast, Mr. and Mrs. Duncan McCallum proposed a toast to the bride and Mr. Robert Campbell proposed one to the groom, which were heartily responded to by the groom.

The young couple left amid showers of confetti and good wishes on their honeymoon to Niagara Falls and points east.

The bride traveled in a suit of navy tulle with picture hat to match.

Mr. and Mrs. McCallum will be at home to their friends on the groom's farm, "Maple Crest," after September first.

KIPPEN-KILPIN.

The marriage of Louise Kilpin of London, England, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Kilpin, to John M. Kippen, of Tillsonburg, son of Mr. John Kippen, formerly of London, and late Mrs. Kippen, took place quietly at two o'clock Saturday afternoon at the home of the groom's brother-in-law, Mr. A. G. Barnard, Evergreen avenue. Rev. J. D. Stewart performed the ceremony.

The bride wore a graceful gown of gray canton crepe, with a French hat to match, and a corsage of orchids and roses. Mr. and Mrs. Kippen left on a boat trip up the lakes, and upon their return they will reside in Tillsonburg.

OSMOND-KNEAL.

On Wednesday, June 21, the marriage took place at Fernwood, North Norwich, the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Kneal, of their daughter Ada, to a son of the groom, Mr. O. West Osmond. The ceremony was performed by Rev. T. B. Edwards of Burgessville, the immediate relatives being present. The wedding march was played by Miss Gertrude Jones, cousin of the bride. The bride looked very lovely in white champagne satin and lace, with a bridal veil, and carried a bouquet of roses, sweet peas and lily of the valley. She was attended by two little nieces of the groom, Margaret Dennis and Geraldine Hughes, who wore pretty little frocks of pink and green, gay with ribbons and organdy flowers.

The groom's gift to the bride was a necklace of delta pearls, to the pianist a gold bar pin and to the flower girls pretty enamel and silver pins.

The rooms were prettily decorated with roses and ferns, the color scheme of the dining-room being pink and white. After luncheon the happy pair left on a motor trip to Niagara Falls, the bride traveling in a navy tulle gown with hat to match. On their return they will reside on the groom's farm, West Oxford.

WESTLAND-BROWN.

A pretty wedding took place at Wyoming on Saturday afternoon, June 17, on the lawn at the home of Mrs. J. G. Brown, when her only daughter, Elizabeth Wanless, was married to Edwin Boyd Westland, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Westland. The bride looked lovely in a white satin gown with pointed d'espirt overskirt with tiny lace ruffles, and touches of blue and pink. She wore a bridal veil and orange blossoms and string of pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a bouquet of Sweetheart roses and valley. She was given away by her uncle, Mr. R. A. Anderson, son of Chicago. The bridesmaids, cousins of the bride, were Miss Margaret Ewart, in an apricot-colored organdy dress, and Miss Alice Wood, in dainty apple-green dotted swiss, each wearing a large white hat and a gold flange bar pin, gifts of the groom. They each carried a sheaf of Columbia roses, and scattered petals along a carpeted way to the middle of the lawn, where a tiger rug was laid for the bride party. Mr. John S. Brown, brother of the bride, acted as best man. Rev. Thomas Boyd, uncle of the groom, officiated, this being the fifth marriage at which he has performed the ceremony in the Westland family of Wyoming.

The bridal chorus from Lohengrin was played by Miss Ruth Anderson, who was becomingly dressed in orchid organdy, with picture hat and gold pins, the gift of the groom. Following the ceremony, a wedding breakfast was served in the home, which was beautifully decorated throughout with roses, peonies, syringes and daisies, covers being laid for forty guests. Many messages of good wishes were received and were read while the party dined. Among those sending telegrams were: Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Rawlings, California, and Captain John M. Fisher of Mexico, relatives of the bride. The bride party left for a trip by water to Duluth and the Thousand Islands, the bride traveling in a navy blue outfit with touches of crimson and hat to match. They will reside at Binghamton, N. Y.

The out-of-town guests were: Rev. Thos. Boyd, Bronte; Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Westland, Windsor; Mrs. Jas. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Anderson and Miss Alice Wood of Chicago; Mr. Malcolm Fisher, Sarnia; Miss Randall, Petrolia; Miss M. K. Ewart, Pt. Huron; Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Ewart, Miss Ewart, Misses Jessie, Jean and Ellen Ewart, and Mr. Hugo Ewart, Petrolia; Mrs. Robt. Wanless, Mr. and Mrs. P. T. McGibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Wanless, Masters Robt. and Peter McGibbon, Sarnia; Miss Mary Wilkinson, Chatham, and Miss Marion Jardine, London.

WANTS COAT.

Dear Cynthia—Saw in yesterday's Mail-Box where a boxite had a gray summer coat she would give to anybody who needed it. If I am not too late, could I have it? I would pay postage when I received it. Thanking you, I am,

KEALOHA OF HONOLULU.

With the boxite who offered this coat kindly send in her name and address for Kealoa?

WORLD KNOWN MUSIC METHOD BORN IN CANADA

Famous Founder and Interesting Family in London For Summer.

Children Clever Musicians, Even If Miss Margaret "Cooked Tea in Kettle."

After a week spent in Toronto and Hamilton, Mrs. Fletcher-Copp of Boston, founder of the Fletcher method of music, and her interesting family have arrived in London to take up their residence for the summer in the picturesque home of Mrs. McHardy-Smith, "Corgariff," Grand avenue. They were found there at the tea hour the other day, the gracious artist-mother, who is very much the pal of her children, Miss Margaret, who has fallen in love with Canadian afternoon tea, Mr. Colin, chauffeur on the long journey from Boston, and Mrs. Fletcher, who is an enthusiastic young gardener. Theodore, the eldest son, who is in Columbia University, is joining them shortly. In Toronto they visited Mrs. Fletcher-Copp's brother, Major Fletcher of the Queen's Own, who served overseas for six and a half years, during, and in connection with the wind-up of affairs after the great war.

Seated in the cosy library, there was much merriment over the fact that Miss Margaret, in her young American enthusiasm, had "cooked the tea in the kettle," instead of making it in a pot, according to Canadian traditions.

Her mother, though, knows better, notwithstanding years of residence in the United States.

"You see, I am a Canadian," she said. "My father was an Englishman, a barrister in Woodstock, Ontario, and went back to England to marry my mother. I spent my childhood and early girlhood in Woodstock as a consequence, and received the first part of my musical education there. I was subsequently sent over to England to school, then to the continent for further musical education."

"Then the Fletcher method, which has now world-wide recognition, is a 'Canadian product'?" asked The Advertiser.

"It originated with a Canadian," replied the founder.

"For a long time, while studying in England and Germany, the idea was gradually growing up in my mind that there was something needed in the teaching of music to children which would make it a more natural thing, something needed that would make music the joy of self-expression, and not just painful imitation. The old idea was to begin by copying, then to do the thinking afterwards. My method was evolved on the idea of recognizing music as a language and treating it just as the English or any other language."

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Cynthia Grey's

MAIL-BOX

ADDRESSES WANTED.

Dear Miss Grey—Isn't this lovely weather we are having? I think it's just fine, but we could have more rain for our gardens. The seeds I got from the Mail-Box are all coming up. Have you got any pansy seeds left? If so, would like a few, please. Will send a small mite but wish it was more. There certainly are a lot of needy ones that belong to our family. I wonder if the members have about given all the

Personals

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smallman are in Hamilton.

Mrs. Frederick Schofield is visiting friends in Sarnia.

Mrs. Kathleen Birmingham of this city is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Mulligan, Sarnia.

Mrs. W. J. Winter is visiting in Owen Sound, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Breeze.

Mrs. G. McLean of Guelph, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert Charles, William street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Boughner and family have opened their summer cottage at Orchard Beach, Port Stanley.

Mrs. W. Sheyne, formerly Florence Stevely, has arrived in town after an absence of almost two years spent in California.

Miss Myrtle Rowntree, 60 Stanley street, has returned after attending the faculty of education at Toronto during the past year.

In honor of Miss Ella McKay, a popular bride-elect of next month, Mrs. Llewellyn Purdon is entertaining at a luncheon Friday next.

Mrs. H. W. McConnell and son Meredith of Winnipeg are visiting Mrs. McConnell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Taylor, 10 Bellevue avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Flight of this city are in Los Angeles at present, and have recently sent to friends in the city-Brazilian nuts, "just as they grow."

Mrs. James Ross and Miss Margorie Ross go to Detroit Monday, where the latter is attending the convention of the American Library Association.

Miss Lillian Shand of St. John, N. B., a graduate of the public health department of Toronto University, has arrived in the city as a member of the Victoria Order nursing staff.

Dr. J. Davis Barnett of Western University is out again after an operation on one of his eyes, performed at St. Joseph's Hospital a couple of weeks ago.

Mrs. Herman J. Brouwer and little daughter Sybil Maxine of Marion, O., are visiting with Mrs. Brouwer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Shaw, 867 Waterloo street.

Mrs. Jack McWeyn and son James have returned to Montreal after a happy visit in town, guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mitchell, South London.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mitchell and daughter Miss Agnes of Grand avenue, Miss Agnes McGuigan and Mrs. Jack McWeyn and son James of Montreal, who have been guests in the home of Mrs. Mitchell, attended the Graham family reunion in Lobo last week.


Miss Brydges of New York, supervising nurse for the Metropolitan Life, with all Eastern America as her territory, including Canada east of Fort William, and the United States east, was a week-end visitor in the city, holding a conference on Saturday with the Victorian Order Nurses.

She looked after the Metropolitan work here. She expressed herself as well satisfied with the efficiency of the service in London.

At that time, though, the king was "Just the Duke of York," and Queen Mary, "Just the Duchess of York." When they were touring Canada, the duchess was very much impressed with the progress the young son of Earl Minto, then governor-general of Canada, was making with music. She inquired with regard to the little boy's tuition, and after returning to England, wrote out to have Miss Fletcher go over as musical instructor for young Edward, England's future king.

The founder of the Fletcher method was faced by a big problem. Should she make her method a fad of give its benefits far and wide on the American continent which had supported her in her pioneer experiences?

She stayed in the new world, from far and near on the American continent, and all the way from England, teacher-students have been thronging to London the past few days for the summer course Mrs. Fletcher-Copp opens Monday in the London Institute of Musical Art. Recommended by Sir Henry Wood, the eminent conductor, to take the course, Miss Elaine Jepson has arrived from London, England. Others enrolled from a distance are: Miss Mayda Williams, Penitence, R.C.; Misses Norine Selzer and Charlotte Tutt, Saskatchewan; Mrs. Hughes, Jackson, Tenn.; Miss Jean McJanet, Ottawa. Other summer students will be here early in the week from Hartford, Conn., Maine, and several provinces of Canada.



Baby's Skin Troubles

Chafing, scalding, skin irritations and itching, burning eczema, are quickly and thoroughly relieved and the skin kept soft, smooth and velvety by the use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Apply daily after the bath.

WOMEN'S CLUBS

CATHOLIC WOMEN'S LEAGUE expected that the reports will show very large increase. The president, Mrs. Joseph Leech, urged Catholics women to become members, which would greatly strengthen the league.

Reports of the weekly visit to Victoria and St. Joseph Hospital were given, also of the visits to the jail and Byron Sanatorium.

A splendid report was read from the Cheero Club, a branch of the league, referring to the field day given for the orphans, May 24, at Mount St. Joseph.

This was the final meeting for this season. Plans were made for next year, but nothing definite was decided.



Genuine Bayer Aspirin

WARNING! Say "Bayer" when you buy Aspirin.

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacid of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacid of Salicylicacid is the only manufacturer to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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Cooking Demonstration All This Week

This demonstration will be interesting, instructive and free to all.

Special Exhibit of Mofatt Gas Ranges

Let us prove to you that gas is the most CONVENIENT and ECONOMICAL FUEL.

Enamel Trimmed Gas Ranges

From \$28.00—\$5.00 down and \$5.00 a month.

CONNECTIONS FREE.

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What is more tasty, appetizing and satisfying than Victory Compressed Corned Beef for a picnic luncheon?

Every particle good to eat, no waste bone or gristle.

Inspected by 20 Dominion Government inspectors in the packing plant where these goods are made.

"Made in Canada"

NATIONAL CANNED MEATS LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Keep a shelf of these in your larder