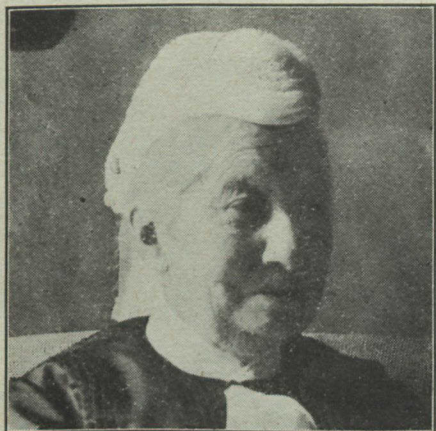


CHARMING GIRLS MORE THAN EIGHTY YEARS YOUNG

The Belles of Half a Century Ago

Queen Mary complimented Mrs. Smith on the excellence of her knitting.



HALF a century ago, Miss Margaret Critchlow and her seven sisters were the acknowledged belles of Bridgetown, Barbadoes. They were accomplished swimmers, performing many a quadrille in the ocean. When Margaret married Mr. Alexander Smith, it was to go to a farm near Fergus, Ont., where they took up pioneer life with all the vigour and vim of youth.

Many years later, Mr. Smith was made manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce in Napanee, and it was to their home in Napanee that the body of Lord Cecil was taken after his tragic drowning in the Bay of Quinte. He was buried in the Smith's family plot.

Mrs. Smith has knitted many pairs of socks for the soldiers and sent one especially fine pair through the United Empire Loyalist Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire to Queen Mary, from whom a gracious letter of thanks was received, complimenting Mrs. Smith on the excellence of her work. She is in her ninety-first year.

AT eighty-four Mrs. Thomas Scott, of Woodstock, is amazingly active in mind and body; she is never so happy as when tending her beautiful flowers. She devours the contents of the morning papers with her early cup of tea and is then prepared to discuss vivaciously the topics of the day—and those of a long gone by yesterday. She frequently takes jaunts to the Capital to shop and for a refreshing change; but after a few days in town, she grows restless, and cannot stifle an obvious longing for her garden. In the winter, her home is made cheery not only by her presence, but by blossoms which grow for her when they would die for any one else. Her intense love for her flowers is the secret of her success. She was Miss Helen Eakins, of Oxford County, and boasts of her United Empire Loyalist connections. Mrs. Scott comes of a long lived family, her mother attaining the interesting age of ninety-nine, and from present indications she is quite likely to reach the same age. Mrs. Scott's interest in the War is very keen.

Flowers grow for Mrs. Scott because she tends them with love.



At eighty-four, Mrs. Roome won a prize in a knitting competition.



NEARLY all of Mrs. Roome's waking hours, and many of those when she should be sleeping, are spent in knitting socks for the boys at the Front. Ever since the War began, this dear old lady of eighty-four has given every possible moment of her time to patriotic activities, first in Toronto, and now in North Bay, where she lives with her daughter. It is not an unusual thing for some member of the household to find Mrs. Roome at daylight busily knitting that more socks may be completed in order that the next consignment of the Red Cross may be richer by her generous donations. Her work has inspired many younger women of North Bay to learn to knit and to be proud of the accomplishment. Recently a knitting contest was held, and Mrs. Roome won the prize, though the competitors were women whose youth might have counted a more potent factor, had not skill entered into the game in a sporting way and long practice won out.

MRS. AUGUSTUS KEEFER, of Ottawa, turns back, with a still lovely hand, the pages of history and takes us to Bytown days when she came to the Capital a bride. No seat of Government then! No paved streets and apartment houses! Snipe shooting took place on Queen Street. A cemetery occupied the site which is now our principal thoroughfare. Foodpads, called "Shiners," frequently waylaid those travellers who made their way from Upper to Lower Town, or vice versa.

She talks humorously of the day when no railroad connected Ottawa with the outside world. Speaking of railroads reminded Mrs. Keefer of the courtesy of the Grand Trunk officials when they obligingly stopped the train for her to alight at her father's farm, instead of carrying her some seven miles farther on. Once she was told, apologetically, that the train could not stop for her convenience as usual. "What shall I do?" she asked. "Allow us to take you on a hand car," replied the official. And she did.

The railways used to stop the train for Mrs. Keefer in Bytown days.



Mrs. Moffatt has knit sixty-three pairs of socks, and is still at it.



ON the 25th of May of this year, Mrs. Sophia Moffatt will be ninety-five years young. She is one of the earliest pioneers of Wentworth County, Ont., her family being either the first or second to locate on the mountain above the city of Hamilton. In her girlhood King Street was the thoroughfare of a village, and the famous Boulevard now skirting the edge of the hill was a cow-path, along which she often brought her father's cattle from their bush pasturage.

Her friends say that her longevity is due largely to her indomitable spirit, and her doctor friend attributes her wonderfully preserved body, steady nerves, and sound heart, to the fact that she has taken practically no medicine in her life!

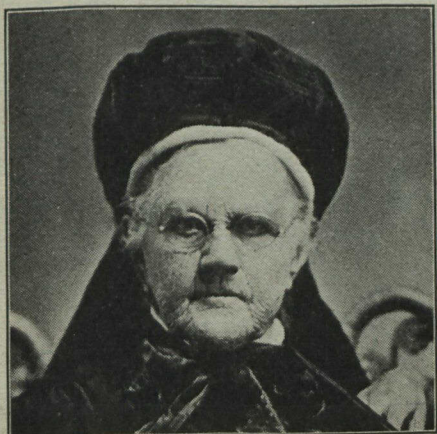
Since war broke out, Mrs. Moffatt's time has been devoted to the knitting of socks for the soldiers and the piecing of quilts for the stricken ones in the war zone. The socks to date number 63 pairs.

HERE is the mother of the Roberts Clan; of Charles G. D., of Theodore, of Mrs. Macdonald, and grandmother to other famous writers. The Roberts Clan might almost be said to have been born with a pen in its mouth! Mrs. George Goodridge Roberts is "Granny" to all those who know her, and she is "Granny" to many who only know those who know her. Her reminiscences of New Brunswick in the days of long ago are thrillingly interesting, but even more so are her personal reminiscences of the "boys," Charles and Theodore, whose military achievements of to-day are scarcely more dear to her than the successes of their earlier years. Mrs. Roberts recently had a birthday and was by long odds the "life of the party." She is as bright as sunshine, and as keen as the proverbial two bladed knife. She takes an absorbing interest in all that is good about her, from the great-grandchild's newest toy to the complications of the London War Office or the Russian situation.

Mrs. Roberts is the mother of the Roberts Clan, of literary fame.



Early rising is responsible for her longevity, Mrs. Anderson says.



JUST ninety-one years young will Mrs. William Anderson be this coming August. She is one of a family of nine children, all of whom she has survived, except one sister, who is now eighty. She clings to the old-fashioned habit of rising early and is often up and out before six o'clock in the summer. She walks as erect as any young person and is as careful of her appearance as a girl of twenty. She boasts of having had but few illnesses and believes that work and activity tend to prolong life, and that they add to health and happiness. She is still active and looks as though she will see many more summers. Her memory is remarkable, and she relates with keen zest and remarkable accuracy of detail events which happened more than eighty years ago.

We want two-hundred-word articles and photos of "Women Who Are Not Affected By the High Cost of Living," and of "Women Undaunted By Physical Handicaps." For each article and photo accepted we shall pay \$2.00.

EIGHTY-FIVE years young is Mrs. James Tibbitts, and she is brisk and alert long after her children show signs of fatigue. And she is so delightfully up-to-date. But still more delightful is she, when with a soft pink flush, she tells of the days when Fredericton was an Imperial Garrison town, for we happen to know that dashing young officers would ride in mad haste daily to pay court to the beautiful and popular Fannie Long, of Kingsclear, N.B. Miss Long

was not captured by a pink coat and gold braid. She married a "forty-niner" and went to the gold fields of California for a few years. But home-sickness brought her back to the Maritime Province, and her home was thereafter in Fredericton. Mrs. Tibbitts' daughter is the wife of the Hon. J. D. Hazen.

An old-time belle of the Imperial Garrison at Fredericton is Mrs. Tibbitts.

