

PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

IN SOCIETY

Miss Margaret Dewan has returned from a delightful visit in Detroit.

Mrs. (Dr.) McKenzie of Japan is a guest with Mrs. B. H. Robinson of this city.

Miss Norah McAteer, Dundas street, is spending a week with friends in Montreal.

Mrs. Peter McArthur of Ekfrid has returned after making a brief visit in the city.

Miss Helen Raymond, Ridout street, South London, is visiting Miss Edith Raymond in Toronto.

Mrs. R. M. Graham is in Toronto attending a conference of mothers' pension investigators there.

Mr. George Harris and Miss Harris, Ridout street, have returned home after spending the winter in France.

Mrs. H. Templeman of Windsor avenue has returned to the city after a delightful visit with relatives in Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Wright of Kingston are visiting Mr. Wright's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wright, this city.

Mrs. Commandant Adams of the Bellevue Rescue Home, Toronto, has arrived in the city and is acting as assistant superintendent of Bethesda Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. George McCormick, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brinkenden and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Greene, will spend the 24th at the beautiful summer home on River St. Clair.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar A. Evans, 55 Runnymede road, Toronto, announce the engagement of their daughter Marion Louise, to Arthur Emerson Bracken, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Bracken, Toronto, the marriage to take place in June.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Douglass of Central avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Hazel Frances, to Mr. Danbert McEachern, son of Mrs. Mary B. McEachern and the late Alexander McEachern, the marriage to take place early in June.

HOME ECONOMICS

MRS. ELIZABETH KENT, MACDONALD COLLEGE.

COMMUNITY HYGIENE.



It is difficult to say just how much interest a mother should take in the health of the community in which she lives; but surely it is safe to say that she dare not be indifferent to conditions which surround her own children in any place where they must spend a considerable portion of their time.

We have now nearly everywhere compulsory school attendance, and yet the physical conditions of many schools are such as a mother would not permit in her own home. She must not then listen to the slogan that "a woman's place is at her home," but must try to safeguard her children and the children of the community by trying to improve conditions wherever her children and other children must go.

Even merely to protect her home, she must be interested in pure water, milk, clean schools, individual drinking cups, protection against contagious diseases, clean shops where food is offered for sale, clean laundries, the health of cooks and waitresses in public eating places, in school nurses and first aid clinics.

While people travel in trolley cars, while crowds go nightly to moving picture theatres and other places of amusement, just so long is it a matter of importance to every mother that all such places should be kept clean, that they may not be a menace to the health of her children.

There is no such thing as living to one's self. In matters of hygiene, personally, the interests of the home, the school, and the community are essentially one and the same. There may be a board of health, but this does not release from a certain amount of responsibility every person in the community. The use of a board of health depends upon the extent to which it is backed and stimulated by public interest in its work.

GIRLS! LEMON JUICE BLEACHES FRECKLES

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, which any drug store will supply for a few cents, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle and tan lotion, and complexion whiter.

Massage this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles and blemishes bleach out and how clear, soft and rosy-white the skin becomes.

DIAMOND FLOUR has a record for good baking

THE LITTLE LAME DOG. (Part 2.)

All at once a tiny ray of light found its way in from the door of the dog's cage.

"Please, I'm awfully frightened of the storm and I don't know where to go," cried the little lame dog, in a nervous little voice.

How glad the dogs were that it was there to give them light.

"You stay with us and we'll see that no harm comes to you," Tingling said to the little lame dog, who was our friend. See, we don't mind them at all.

True enough the dogs didn't, for strange to say, the storm played all about them, but took good care not to hurt them.

"What comes of being friends with the wise old owl and the blind-headed eagle," Tingling remarked, and the little lame dog agreed with him.

"Where can I go, for I am not a friend of the storm," the little lame dog asked.

GIRLS OF CITY ARE HELPED BY EFFORTS OF LOCAL W. C. T. U.

Mrs. Ida Harrison Gives Annual Report At Yesterday's Meeting.

A splendid report of the year's work in the social service department of the local W. C. T. U. was given yesterday afternoon at the regular meeting by Mrs. Ida Harrison, secretary of that department. In her report Mrs. Harrison gave a vivid account of her work among the mothers and girls of the city, referring to cases where a remarkable transformation had been brought about through the efforts of the W. C. T. U. During the year she visited 365 homes with 410 visits made at her office. Twenty-six visits were made to police court, 8 to the jail, 4 to the shelter and 8 to the hospital. In all 29 girls and 5 women were helped through their difficulties. At Christmas time 21 baskets were sent out, and 110 children entertained at the W. C. T. U. Christmas tree.

The Mothers' Club is one of the most important of the clubs carried on under the direction of the W. C. T. U. The members of this club come to the rooms on Clarence street weekly and bring their sewing and children along. Here in this resting-place which they call "Bethel," they strive to get out of the narrow lives in which they live, said the speaker. And they not only work for their own betterment, but they help the mothers and girls of their number in a material way by the holding of grocery and fruit showers.

Kept Six Families. Last winter they kept six families in food until they were tired—over a period in which the father of the house was out of work. By means of two concerts and the putting aside of one cent a day by some of the members, they raised \$30 for the Children's Hospital. Then the receipts during the year amounted to \$182.90, \$24.00 coming from the sale of clothing, kept regularly in the W. C. T. U. cupboard for their purchase. The total expenditure was \$146.73.

The very best work of the W. C. T. U. was also mentioned. There is a membership of eighteen young girls in this branch of the union, and they do excellent work, sewing for the Day Nursery, etc.

The girls in the city outside the club, however, had a large place in Mrs. Harrison's report. She pointed out that what wonders could be done with them, if they were only given a chance. So often girls come to her at night, having no place to go and without money, and there was no accommodation for such girls in the present building. She pleaded with the members to provide such accommodation in the new building, if it were only one room. As it was, she often had to put them up on a couch in her own room.

The next meeting of the W. C. T. U. held on Tuesday, May 31.

Advertiser Patterns

Owing to the pattern manufacturer's increasing the price of patterns to us, the advertiser's advertisement on this date will be 15 CENTS EACH.



A New Play Suit For a Small Child.

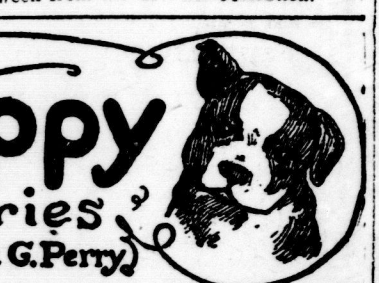
Pattern 3532 was used for this model. It is cut in four sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Crash, drill, gingham, pongee, poplin, repp, chambray, lawn, percale, flannel, serge and crepe may be used for this design. If desired the smock may be closed on the shoulders.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Name.....
Town.....
Province.....
Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....
Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size pattern wanted. When the pattern is sent, you need only mark 28, 44, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 28, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write inches or yards. Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.



beam wailed, its happy little face clouded in a frown.

Your only place of safety is near the pot of gold," Limpy told the Sunbeam.

"Oh," cried the Sunbeam, "I wouldn't dare go there. It's not permitted."

But just then a great clasp of thunder and more storm clouds came and the Sunbeam was terrified. It quickly consented to follow the advice of the dogs and seek safety near the pot of gold.

"But you must come with me to protect me from the storm," pleaded the Sunbeam.

That's exactly what the dogs wanted, so of course they needed no coaxing. With the little Sunbeam they guide the pot of gold would be quite easy to find.

(Puffy Stories, copyrighted and controlled by the British & Colonial Press, Limited, Toronto.)

FOR LOVE OF BETTY

[BY MAY CHRISTIE.]

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

LXXXIV.—"HE IS DYING!"

A piquant recollection had forced its way back into the recesses of Mrs. MacTurk's mind—the "April" brooch forming the one word, "April."

"Did you say he called her 'April Moore'?" she queried eagerly.

Her sister nodded.

"Stranger names, isn't it?" she answered carelessly.

A light gleamed in the other's eyes. "The girl was wearing a brooch of diamonds shaped to the word 'April,'" she said. "And when she saw me looking at it, she stammered out that April was her birthday month, or something—I wondered what it was it made her seem so flustered."

Miss Crowell sat bolt upright, her teacup poised in one hand. "It does look fishy, doesn't it?" she observed. "And there's another little thing that makes this visit still more curious. I'll tell you of it if you promise to keep quiet in the meantime."

The other signalled for her to continue. "I won't tell anyone till you give me leave," she said.

"What was it?" resumed Miss Crowell, "when they carried Mr. Trevor in after his accident, I happened to be on duty there that day, for they were short-handed. The papers that were in his pockets were given to me to put into the hospital safe. I didn't look very carefully at any of them—but now I remember he had scribbled something in a notebook—a memorandum of some sort."

"What was it?" asked the other, her eyes upon her sister.

"Something like this: 'Bills, value \$2,500 in sealed envelope in bureau,'" came the reply. "And it's my firm conviction that this girl—April Moore—whatever she calls herself—has walked off from your house with the envelope containing them."

"What?" almost shouted the distressed sister. "If you give me your word, I'll tell you the whole story, and him dying too?"

The other motioned her to speak in a lower key before she replied: "If anyone's been robbed, it's you, my dear."

"How? Me? What d'ye mean?"

"Oh, I don't mean that she's stolen any of your property," came the quick answer. "I only imagine that you may be held responsible for the robbery of poor Mr. Trevor's money—that's to say, if the girl did actually take it."

Mrs. MacTurk leaned back and wiped her forehead, though the day was chilly. "I had no idea that that envelope contained anything valuable, or I'd have looked it up," she managed to whisper, at last.

Jack Trevor lay in the narrow hospital bed, and over his young face hovered the shadow from that valley whence there is no return.

Though the shadow hung over him, it had not fallen yet.

"It's enough and go, tonight," the doctors had decided.

It was young Armstrong who had gently broken the difficult tidings to April Moore. He felt desperately sorry for the girl. She seemed so young and lonely.

"If you've any relatives don't you think you'd better let me wire for at least one of them to come and be with you through Trevor's crisis?" he had suggested.

"I've no one in the world," April had answered, with a pathetic droop to her rosy mouth.

"And what of him? Has he no relatives either?" the sympathetic doctor had continued.

April had replied in the negative. So the only person who had been wired for was Trevor's business manager.

"I can't possibly arrive until tomorrow—unless he comes by aeroplane," April had complacently reflected. "When he turns up I'll have to absent myself—he always did dislike me."

The doctor had told her that she had better sleep in the hospital that night to be at hand.

"He'll possibly have a moment or two of consciousness, and may want you to be near him," they had told her.

April made a wry little face to herself over this news. Only—she decided—mercifully, Jack would be much too ill to get the news away.

Suppose he died, who would inherit his money? Ah, if she had only married him before this happened!

"Betty Gordon, at any rate, won't get it," she reflected, glumly, thinking of the blighted ashes of the will.

Perhaps it wasn't too late, even now, to marry Jack?

She would speak to Dr. Armstrong, she would tell him that if only she could have Jack's name to carry with her throughout life, then some tiny measure of happiness would still be left to her.

But Dr. Armstrong had only stared at her, astounded.

"Your nerves have got the upper hand," he said. "Mr. Trevor is quite unconscious—so how could he take any part in the marriage ceremony?"

April had no answer—faded.

It was after midnight when the doctor came to rouse her, summoning her to Jack's bedside.

She rubbed her eyes as the doctor touched her on the shoulder.

"Wake up and come with me, Miss Gordon," he said, and in his voice was a world of compassion. "Mr. Trevor wants to see you—he is dying?"

Tomorrow—Within the Shadow.

Asparagus Cooked in New Ways

With asparagus "in" it behooves the cook to use it as often as possible. But even this most delicious of vegetables will pall if served time after time in the same style. Here are five tasty ways of preparing asparagus:

Luncheon Asparagus. Two or three dozen stalks of asparagus, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1-4 teaspoon paprika.

Wash asparagus and snap off tough ends. Cook in boiling salted water till about three-fourths done. Drain and put in a well-buttered baking dish. Melt butter and pour over. Sprinkle with cheese and paprika. Separate stalks with a fork, and serve with 1-4 teaspoonful salt. Spread over asparagus, which has been in the oven till the cheese was melted, make little hollows in the stiffly-beaten whites, pour the yolks of eggs and water into the oven to cook the eggs.

Baked Asparagus. Thirty-two stalks asparagus, 1 cup white sauce, 2 tablespoons grated bread crumbs, butter, salt and pepper.

Wash asparagus, snap off tough ends and tie the tender stalks in small bundles. Cook in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and put in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of white sauce and another layer of asparagus. Cover with white sauce, pour the yolks of eggs and water over the crumbs. Dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven for 20 minutes.

Asparagus Souffle. Twenty-four stalks asparagus, 3 tablespoons butter, 2 eggs yolks, 1 cup milk, salt and pepper.

Cut asparagus in inch pieces and cook in just enough water to keep them from burning, until tender. Rub through a sieve. Melt butter, stir in flour. When smooth add milk slowly, stirring till thick and smooth. The mixture will be stiff enough to leave the sides of the pan. Add yolks of eggs beaten till thick and lemon colored, and salt and pepper. Add asparagus, flour, ham, butter, a little salt, as the ham is salty, and pepper to make a thick batter. Turn into a buttered mold, cover tightly with a buttered cloth, and bake in a pan of boiling water and boil for two hours. Turn out of mold onto a hot dish to serve.

Molded Asparagus. One cup asparagus, 2 half-inch pieces, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon minced ham, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, milk.

Beat eggs well and add asparagus, flour, ham, butter, a little salt, as the ham is salty, and pepper to make a thick batter. Turn into a buttered mold, cover tightly with a buttered cloth, and bake in a pan of boiling water and boil for two hours. Turn out of mold onto a hot dish to serve.

Asparagus Pudding. One cup asparagus, 2 half-inch pieces, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon minced ham, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and pepper, milk.

Beat eggs well and add asparagus, flour, ham, butter, a little salt, as the ham is salty, and pepper to make a thick batter. Turn into a buttered mold, cover tightly with a buttered cloth, and bake in a pan of boiling water and boil for two hours. Turn out of mold onto a hot dish to serve.

Personal Health Service

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

A Filling in Time.

The baby teeth must be kept sound if good, regular, sound, permanent teeth are desired. It is crucial to permit a young child's teeth to decay or neglect baby teeth that show cavities, merely because the teeth are only temporary.

The first molar tooth of the permanent set appears at about the age of seven years. If there are already neglected decayed teeth in the child's mouth, this first permanent tooth is very likely to become decayed; in fact, it is frequently found with a cavity at the very first examination and it is steadily all the way generally fail to understand that this first molar or seven-year-molar is a permanent tooth, and therefore they fail to take the child to the dentist to have the cavity properly treated. The caries progresses until the tooth is damaged beyond redemption. Then arises a serious problem: Hobson's choice of allowing the decayed tooth to remain, with its menace to the integrity of the other teeth and of the enamel and adenoid body and to the child's general health, or extraction with its menace to the regularity of the future permanent set and the development of the jaw. My own preference is to have the decayed tooth removed from a cavity in the back molar tooth. Some throat specialists view this relation from the other side—they think that infection travels rather from the tonsils to the back molar teeth. I am not a throat specialist and do not see

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Water With Meals. I am a boy of sixteen years old and drink about four glasses of water each meal. My aunt thinks it floods my stomach. Does drinking that much do me any harm? (H. S.)

ANSWER—It does no harm. Howard, a glass or two of cold water with meals may be all right. Why the sudden thirst at meal time? It certainly does harm if you use the water to wash down food.

Blue Eyes Change to Brown? If a child is born with blue eyes it is possible for the eyes ever to turn brown, or vice versa? (D. A. E.)

ANSWER—All eyes are blue. If there is much pigment, the eyes are dark brown ("black"). If none, albino. Very little, "blue"; if more, grey; if darker than that they are infancy. They never grow lighter.

Cataract Need Not Ripen. How long does it take for what is called an "inside" cataract to ripen? Have you known in your extensive experience of any instance of a cataract passing off the eye of its own accord, or rather drying up? (C. R. W.)

ANSWER—Cataracts take months or years to ripen, but it is no longer necessary to wait for ripening. I have

sary to wait for ripening. I haven't any particular experience with cataract, other than the casual experience of any doctor, and I have never known of an authentic instance of cataract clearing up spontaneously.

(Copyright National Newspaper Service)

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

Daughter of Heaven and Earth, coy and spring, With sudden passion languishing, Maketh all things softly smile, Painteth pictures mile on mile, Holds a cup with cowslip wreath, Whence a smokeless incense breathes.

Attention Charming.

Dear Miss Grey—I see in today's paper where Charming has some bulbs to spare, and as I have lost my house plants, I thought if I would write to you, perhaps I could get some, and if anyone has any house plant slips to spare, as I am lonely without flowers, will you please send them to me? I am sending my mite to her for postage and hospital fund. I am always pleased to see the fund growing, besides helping each other also. I am sure all the Mail-Box friends feel like singing "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," over the referendum vote. I hope the next vote will be to stop making it; then we will have prohibition in sixth year. I was there before.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Ans.—Can anyone supply these slips or bulbs? Thanks for hospital mite.

For the Bride-to-Be.

Dear Miss Grey,—It is now nearly nine months since I have written to your page, so hope you'll give me a little welcome.

The Boxites are discussing books, so thought I'd give my opinion. "Eight Cousins" and "The Rose in Bloom" (serial books), by Louisa M. Alcott, are splendid. "The Lamp-lighter," "By Still Waters," "The Wide World," "East Lynne" and "Judith" and all good books; I can't remember the authors.

I am very sorry for Seven Years Sadness, for I know what a hard life she must have. My sister ran away from home when she was 16, and got married, and her husband is a brute; she has three children, and has to get out and work for them because he won't. But she had forgiving parents, who were willing to help her all they could. We do not do it to help him, because we do not like him, but for the sake of her and the kiddies.

I would like to get three satchet bags, one for myself and mother and sister. Please find inclosed 25 cents and address envelope for same. I will send more for the fund next time I write.

1. Please, Miss Grey, could you print a list of things necessary for a linen chest for a bride-to-be? I would be very much obliged to you.

2. Could you tell me if English brogues or Oxfords can be bought in white?

Well, Miss Grey, I will close before I reach the W. P. B. May I come again, as I'm the same old MERRY MAY.

Ans.—I am a trousseau generally includes half a dozen and a half of sheets at least, a dozen pillow-cases, two dozen hand towels, half-dozen bath towels, one dozen tea towels, three or more table napkins, three or more pairs of blankets and counterpanes. 2. Yes, Am mailing satchets. Thank you for hospital mite.

Lovey Mary.

Dear Miss Grey,—Have been a silent reader, but thought I would slip into your cosy corner for a chat. I enjoy reading the letters discussing books, and have the books I have mentioned in my favorite list. St. Elmo, "The Sunshine Sky Pilot," "Red Pepper Durne," "Dinmore," "Tempest" and "Peggy" (Autumn at Home). My favorite author is Ralph Connor.

Seven Years of Sadness, put your faith in God, and you are sure to win. I am sure we all sympathize with you. I saw in the paper some time ago where A. P. was asking for crumb cake recipe. I am sending it in. I remain a collection of crumb cake patterns ready to help someone. Well, good luck to the Mail-Box and other readers. I remain as ever, A SINGING LARK.

Wants Slips.

Dear Miss Grey,—Inclosed please find an envelope and mite. I was just wondering if you might send me a slip of the English vine that one of the Boxites has.

PEGGY.

Ans.—The Boxite who offered slips may see your request and send for your address. It is impossible for me to handle slips through the Mail-Box. Thanks for hospital mite.

That Quilt.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am returning you Aunt Nannie's patterns, for which I thank you very much, and any time you have some of her cosmos I will send them to me. I love to read the Mail-Box letters and the discussion on books. I have just finished reading "The Bookings" by Miss Barclay. I think it is a sweet love story. I have derived much good help from the recipes. I am anxious to see some good Mail-Boxite start this quilt. Thanking you. MRS. K.

Dear Miss Grey,—I saw some time ago that one of the Boxites wished to get some foliage slips, and so far no one has offered to furnish same.

Would be pleased to send some if the party still wishes them. I have a few.

Would like to get a couple of patterns of crocheted edgings, and one or two wider patterns.

Inclosed mite for hospital fund.

ANSWER.—RIBBON GRASS.

Ans.—Anyone wishing these slips may have Ribbon Grass address. Am mailing some patterns. Thanks for mite.

Attention, Mrs. Home-at-Times.

Dear Miss Grey,—How did you like the snowstorm we had yesterday (Sunday)—real winter again after some nice spring weather? I see in the Mail-Box where lady has written about her home-at-times for the asthma cure, but received no answer from her. I wrote to her myself, and got no reply; I guess she has moved all right.

If I wish to write to me I can give her Mrs. Home-at-Times' remedy for asthma. My address will be with Miss Grey. I see where someone has taken my pen name, Springtime, so I will sign myself RIBBON GRASS.

Ans.—Mrs. Home-at-Times, you must be living up to your name, or have you changed your address?

Dear Miss Grey,—Well, here comes another newcomer. I have seen where you are giving away seeds, so I would like moonflowers, Canterbury bells and snapdragons. Hope you will be able to help me, as I would like to get these seeds. Inclosed find mite for hospital. Please tell me what you think of my writing. Yours truly, LITTLE JEFF.

THE SEEDS YOU ASK FOR HAVE ALL BEEN SENT OUT; kindly let me know what other kinds you would like. Your hand isn't formed yet. Thanks for hospital mite.

Dear Cynthia Grey and Readers,—I have been so busy for a spell I have hardly had time to write to your page, but now I thought I would drop a line to see how everybody is. I have

Full of flavor gathered from mountain breezes in South America

Riveau Hall Coffee

NOTHING ADDED NOTHING TAKEN AWAY
SOLD IN TINS ONLY—BY ALL GOOD GROCERS

Big Spring Sale of Smart Voile Blouses Tomorrow

\$2.98

Best D'Allaird Values Ever Offered

And you know what that means. Since our supremely good values are famous!

The Voiles in these beautiful blouses are extremely fine—all advance models. Equally smart with spring or summer skirt.

Also a great variety of perfectly stunning Voile Blouses at **\$3.98**

Many exquisitely embroidered and trimmed with fine laces.

D'Allaird's BLOUSES

"Twenty-One Stores in Canada."
212 1/2 DUNDAS STREET.

had letters from several of the readers. I think it is a splendid thing. If so, I would like one. If you can find the "Corporal Cameron," by Ralph Connor, and "The Doctor," by the same author, will they please send them to me? I have read a number of books. My favorite ones are "The Patrol of the Sundown Trail," "The Sky Pilot," "Red Pepper Durne," "Dinmore," "Tempest" and "Peggy" (Autumn at Home). My favorite author is Ralph Connor.

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Full of flavor gathered from mountain breezes in South America

LIFEBOUY SOAP

Protect your health by washing your hands and face with it—by bathing and shampooing with it. The mild antiseptic odor quickly vanishes after use.

USE LEVER BROTHERS' LIFEBOUY SOAP AT ALL GROCERS



More than Soap

Lifebuoy Soap is a perfect soap and a perfect antiseptic acting together in perfect unity. Its rich, abundant lather makes it a delight to use.

LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP

Protect your health by washing your hands and face with it—by bathing and shampooing with it. The mild antiseptic odor quickly vanishes after use.

USE LEVER BROTHERS' LIFEBOUY SOAP AT ALL GROCERS