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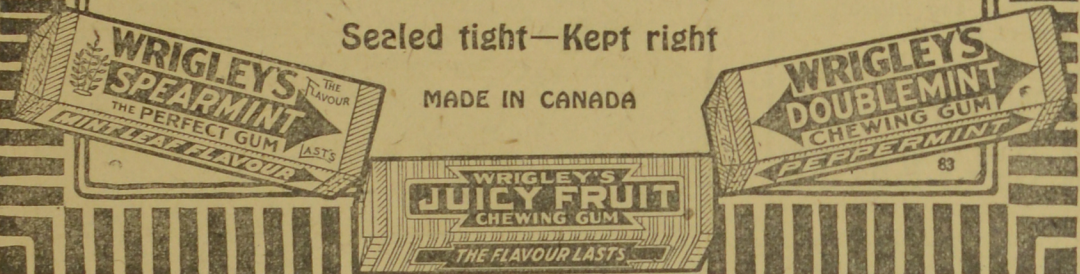
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MEETING OF THE I. O. D. E. WAS LIVELY AT TIMES

Lady Pope Opposed Madame Casgrain's Plan to Establish Huts in the Devastated Districts of France---Some Members Forgot Themselves and Hissed Speaker---Toronto Did Well for the Delegates

(Canadian in Toronto Saturday Night)

Someone or other has pointed out that woman is exceedingly sensitive the subject of age—and the critic has referred in proof of this to the "Who's Who," where hardly a woman of them all gives the date of her birth. Even in the Old Testament, frankest of all chronicles, continues this philosopher, the age of only one woman is mentioned in the record of her death. This may all be true, but woman in the society or the club is only too proud of the age of the institution to which she belongs—and so the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, which assembled in annual meeting in Toronto last week, boasted unblushingly that it was the eighteenth birthday and that it had put utterly behind it the flapper stage and was looking forward to years of maturity. Now an organization which has raised three million dollars in three years and has taken an active part in just every form of patriotic activity you can imagine is a wonderfully grown-up society, and one cannot be surprised at its pride in the forty thousand (and over) members of the Order.

"Why do we come to Toronto again?" said a delegate from the West "Because Toronto wants to have you," was the tactful reply of an Ontario person.

"But it's toujours Toronto," said a delegate who has a slightly French and wholly charming accent. "Toronto—well, of course, it is a fine, growing place—but it is rather triste."

"Cheer up! It does not rain every day," said a Torontonian, who was wearing one of those hideous, shiny waterproofs. "Toronto's a fine old town. It's an Indian word, you know, which means a place of meeting, and ever since the name was given, Toronto has been toiling to live up to it. Everything teems here, and you'll see that the Peace articles will be drawn up in Toronto."

"Not if Manitoba has anything to say about it. We want the Kaiser in Winnipeg for a few minutes after the war."

Toronto Did Well

Toronto did its very proudest this year for the delegates, with, of course due regard for war-time conditions. The Head Office of the Order is in the Capital of Ontario, and, in spite of a

rumor or so, as to the formation of a Federal Executive at Ottawa, there was no real disposition, it seemed, to make any change in the Headquarters City.

The I.O.D.E. began the sessions nobly. Having in mind, perhaps, the omissions of the Women's War Conference at Ottawa, it determined to have an Intercessory Service, which was arranged for Monday night in Convocation Hall. There was a representative programme for this service, with a fine breadth of selection. Professor Law, Presbyterian; Rabbi Jacobs, Father John F. Burke; Dr. H. J. Cody, Anglican; Dr. S. D. Chown, Methodist; Dr. F. J. Day, Congregational, and Dr. McCrimmon, Baptist, should assure any annual meeting of a united and successful gathering. However, I met one Toronto delegate of Scottish descent who was not going because she thought there was too much clergy, and it might complicate the discussion—which just shows how hard it is to please some canny citizens.

High-Tide of Debate

Tuesday was a day of routine, but Wednesday, being mid-week, brought its own high-tide of debate, which threatened to reach Bay of Fundy dimensions. It is well known that Madame T. Chase Casgrain, Regent of the Magdeleine de Vercheres Chapter, Ottawa, has been interesting various various chapters, especially those of the West, in a scheme of French relief, to furnish huts in the devastated regions of France, adorned with tablets explaining that the I.O.D.E. were responsible for this work. Lady Pope declared such a memorial peculiarly unfitting, either to give honor to our French Allies or to immortalize our dead, Lady Pope's resolution: "That Madame Casgrain's scheme for French relief be definitely rejected; that the scheme for French relief be chosen at this meeting or referred to the chapters; that money for French relief be sent direct to the French Government or societies mentioned," was discussed fervently, but, in the end an amendment was passed expressing sympathy with the desire to have a memorial in France to our men who have died in the war, also expressing a wish to aid the suffering districts in France and resolving that the money already received, or to be received,

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under "Special Appeal for France" in the official circular letter of March 11 1918, be applied to furnishing houses or huts, either built or to be built in the devastated areas of France, or for the immediate relief in some other form of the inhabitants of these districts, as designated by the chapters; that the expenditure of the same be entrusted to a committee or committees to be named by the National Executive.

In the course of an eloquent protest Lady Pope had said: "Every mother looks forward with longing to visit the land where her sons have fallen. Would a few huts, which when the doors were opened, revealed only broken chairs and tables, rusty stoves and a leaking stew pan be a fitting memorial?"

Now this seemed like an entirely legitimate bit of discussion, but it "peevish" some hysterical delegates who actually forgot themselves, the Order and the "visiting lady" so far as to break forth in hisses, thereby bringing upon themselves a dignified reminder from the President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham and a further word from Lady Pope—"and I am your guest."

Caused Indignation

It was my bad fortune to arrive at the picturesque Art Gallery in which the meeting was held, just after the hissing ladies had done their worst—and properly disgusted were some of the out-of-town delegates. "Why could not we discuss it without that?" said a weary woman. "Each side had a right to an expression of opinion but no one needed to be a boor."

After the vote was taken, we were swept suddenly outside by a wave of disappearing delegates and found a post-meeting on Grenville street a matter of interest.

"Just like Toronto," said a matron from the East.

"Not a bit of it," I retorted valiantly, prepared to do or die for the City Hall, the Parliament Buildings and Queen's Park with the monuments in it. "Some of us know how to behave, and the hissing ladies ought to be mentioned in the minutes."

Lady Pope, who is a charming person in speech and manners said sadly "You see my four boys are fighting at the front—and this seems very strange." The Torontonians present straightway assured the lady that the wayward persons were not anything but the merest mite of a minority, and that everything was going to work together for the good of France, Britain and the rest of them. The question was raised, "Who did the hissing?"

"One thing is certain. If they were so unladylike as to hiss, they ought to be gentlemen enough to apologize, said an indignant daughter.

"And Miss Boulton insinuated that we were too well dressed and didn't care about the troubles of the French Just as if I wasn't wearing a suit that's three seasons old," remarked a bright-eyed matron.

"Anyway," concluded a member of the defeated side, "we carried most of it and Madame Casgrain herself withdrew 'I.O.D.E.' from the soup kitchens which she is going to establish in France. And there's no use worrying, for the majority rules." Thus said a green-garbed philosopher, as she put up her umbrella and proceeded towards Yonge street. Just a gentle voice was heard and I turned to meet the gaze of a timid young person in a pretty gray gown with a hat trimmed with a very few choice cherries.

"Would you mind telling me," she asked, "why the president didn't put the resolution?"

"The resolution!" I repeated stupidly.

"Yes. It didn't seem fair to put the amendment first and let it carry and not put the resolution."

"But you see," I replied, making a wild clutch for such knowledge of debate proceedings as I once possessed. "Parliamentary rules require that an amendment should be put first and it isn't necessary, after the amendment has carried, to put the resolution."

"Thank you," she said pensively. "Of course, I suppose it's all right—but it doesn't seem quite fair to the resolution."



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