

Always keep

BOVRIL

in the House

Bovril prevents that Sinking Feeling.

From a Bench in the Park

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

PART I.

This was a joke! The girl on the park bench shivered. It was a shivery joke. She laughed—she would laugh, she would!

"I feel a draft!" laughed she. If it were not sufficiently funny to be sitting out here—on a bench—at eight o'clock at night, there were the



After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

and give your stomach a lift.

Provides "the bit of sweet" in beneficial form.

Helps to cleanse the teeth and keep them healthy.

D35



"For the Home"

Hotpoint IRON

IRONING, with a Hot-point Iron, becomes a pleasant task. This famous iron is so constructed that you simply tilt it back on the heel stand without having to lift it at all. As a result the tired feeling, so many women experience after ironing, is entirely eliminated.

For sale by dealers everywhere.

"Made in Canada" by Canadian General Electric Co., Limited

Head Office - Toronto



Slick!

No wonder Smart's Mowers are so popular! They cut so easily and with such little "push".

Material and Workmanship Guaranteed AT EVERY HARDWARE STORE.

SMART'S MOWERS

JAMES SMART PLANT, BROCKVILLE ONT.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

rooted-uply, hurt-ly. Never would she be dependent on this heartless stranger who had—had taken advantage of her and beguiled Martha Mary into thirty-three-year-old foolishness.

In her twenty-year-old zeal she had lost no time. Straight to the city marched Shirley. The work she had found for herself she must begin upon at once, they told her. Shirley began at once. Her steady young hand on the plow, she had no idea of turning back. And it had been a straight clean little furrow she had plowed from that time up to two short weeks ago when she had been caught in the general exodus from so many of the work places of the city. Turned loose with the rest of them—Shirley and Tom and Dick and Harry.

She had not been able to go back to Martha Mary. But, of course, all along she'd written cheerful letters, carefully designed to keep Martha Mary from worrying. But because she had adhered so firmly to her own independence and twenty-year-old foolishness, she had given no address and so had received no answers.

So that was that. "And this is—this!" smiled Shirley on her bench. My, but a year could be as long as an age—and two weeks as long as a year! She absolutely refused to shiver again. This particular park bench was well situated for watching a gay stream of theatre-goers turn in at a playhouse across a patch of park lawn and a street.

Shirley watched. The motors edging up to the sidewalk for a moment disgorged their happy loads and went on to find parking space. Honks and faint laughter and even appetizing smells from a nearer restaurant drifted Shirley's way. She watched and gently sniffed and persisted in calling it all a joke.

One touring car drew up directly across the patch of parkway and she interested herself—because she wanted to forget that she was cold and hungry—in the rather curious actions of the man behind the wheel.

"He's going to the show—no, he isn't going! He doesn't know whether he's going or not! Lonesome—that's the trouble. There, he has decided to go!"

She watched him disappear in the gay little stream. Well, she'd have to find something else to concentrate on. A moment or two later when she chanced to look back at the spruce little car which had acted as if it were moving on, there it was! The owner—or chauffeur—was hunching down comfortably as if for an indefinite stay.

"He likes to sit and watch, same as I do," concluded Shirley. "But I must say he has a softer seat." She stirred into a new position and then for the first time noted that she had company on her hard seat; a woman holding a clumsy bundle. The woman did not seem even to breathe, so still did she sit there at the further end of the bench. There was something disturbing about her stillness. Shirley decided to make her move.

"Good evening—neighbor!" Shirley's voice was gravely sweet.

The woman stirred but did not nibble at the sociable little bait.

"Don't you feel a draft?" asked Shirley. "I do! Don't you wish the city fathers furnished good warm blankets?"

At that, the woman at the other end of the seat turned and—she was not a woman but a girl, with a sharp, white profile.

"What's a good warm blanket?" she asked in a strange voice that made Shirley shiver worse than ever.

"Oh, you are cold!" she cried. "It blows so round one's legs! I guess my petticoat isn't any too thick."

"My petticoat's round the baby."

"Round the—baby?"

"Yes. An' my sweater. Everythin' I've got. She's asleep now but Lord knows what'll happen if she wakes up! She's terrible sensitive to the cold, Maudie is. Do you know the kind o' kids poor folks'd ought to have whose men get kicked out o' their jobs?" The thin voice broke into a sorry laugh. Shirley shrank at the sound of it.

"Fleece-lined kids! That wouldn't need their mother's petticoats an' sweaters."

Shirley could no longer make a play out of this park-bench episode. It was no joke when there was a Maudie—terrible sensitive to the cold.

"I am so sorry! Couldn't I put my petticoat round her, too? Doubled all up it would be almost thick—"

"No. Keep it on. No need of all of us freezing in our tracks."

"But you can't sit—she can't sit here all night!"

"Watch an' see us sittin'!" cackled the dreadful young laugh. "We ain't

goin' to any charity place. I'm bringin' her up respectable. Freezin's respectable!"

"Don't laugh!" begged Shirley, a great new tenderness welling up in her. Let's talk about—about when the baby grows up.

"Lord! Grows up!—Well then, Maudie's goin' to marry a fur coat an' muff an' a automobile with a fur laprobe! An' her man's goin' to work in a big factory that don't never shut down! Hear that, Maudie? She's dreamin' of it now!"

"What factory was it that shut down," questioned Shirley. She must say something.

"Tim's factory." She gave a name that had no significance for Shirley. "You better ask what one ain't shut down! Tim's did hold out a spell—Tim's my man." The white-faced mother of Maudie spoke of her man with a curious little undertone of pride in her tone.

"She likes him," Shirley thought. The rest of her thought she put into speech.

"How could he go away and leave—I suppose he has gone away?"

"He'd be here freezin' with us if he hadn't. Or he'd set fire to the benches

McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE JELLY

Most people prefer it, because it is easy to digest, and delicious, with a full, juicy, fruit flavor.

It is easy to make tasty desserts with McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE Jelly Powder.

Sixteen Different Flavors
One package serves eight people.
At all Grocers
Insist on
McLAREN'S INVINCIBLE JELLY POWDER
Made by McLAREN'S LIMITED, Hamilton and Winnipeg.



A Lifebuoy bath

Cool, fresh, rested skin tingling with health and comfort—
Feeling cleaner than you ever felt before—
Because of the big, creamy lather of Lifebuoy.

to keep us warm! That's Tim! But he's off job huntin'. The landlord turned me an' Maudie out to-night." "I know him!" cried Shirley almost growing warm with indignation. "I know that landlord—his tribe is Kimmer! When I get my new place—" "When Tim gets his job—" "Yes, then we'll settle with the Kimmers, Tim and I!" Shirley leaned toward the other girl with an eager little impetus of friendship. "My dear, if we can just stand to-night—don't you think we feel a little warmer when we talk?" But the other girl did not answer. Shirley, repulsed in her friendly advance, remained silent, too. Then it happened. (To be continued.)

Minard's Liniment for Corns and Warts



KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT

BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH

Will not burn Easy to use



They Do a Hundred Calories in About 9³/₅

EAT a box of little raisins when you feel hungry, lazy, tired or faint.

In about 9³/₅ seconds a hundred calories or more of energizing nutrition will put you on your toes again.

For Little Sun-Maids are 75% fruit sugar in practically predigested form—levulose, the scientists call it.

And levulose is real body fuel.

Needing practically no digestion, it gets to work and revives you quick.

Full of energy and iron—both good and good for you. Just try a box.

Little Sun-Maids

"Between-Meal" Raisins
5c Everywhere



Had Your Iron Today?

WANTED

Young ladies to take a Three Years' General Nursing Course in the Ontario Hospital, 999 Queen Street West, Toronto. \$25.00 a month with board, uniform and laundry for the first year, with increase each year afterwards. Applicants must be healthy, and under 30 years of age. Apply to Medical Superintendent, Ontario Hospital, Toronto.