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**Pop**

a packet of Edwards' Soup into the pot or pan when you are making that stew—or that hash or sauce, or whatever it is.

Let it boil for at least half an hour. You'll find that the home-made Irish soup will make your pet recipes tastier than ever, by bringing out their full flavour.

**EDWARDS' SOUPS**

DESICCATED

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soup is made on three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

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**W. G. PATRICK & COMPANY, TORONTO.**  
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**First Come, First Served.**

**COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA**

WHEN the fun is over and you're fagged out with your romp in the winter air, Cowan's will make you feel fit. You want something nourishing after an evening's exercise—something that will digest easily—something that will let you sleep well. Cowan's is all that. It is pure cocoa ground from the choicest cocoa beans.

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Oh, I guess we know that, but— Suddenly Miss Weston's glance became suspicious. "Of course you're reconciled to Tom's latest venture, aren't you, since you've got nicely settled, acquainted around, I suppose, and started the children to school for the—how many times is it, Fannie, since school days began for them?"

"Four, dully."

"You like it here?" Miss Weston eyed her keenly.

"I like it, yes; but I liked the other towns, too, didn't I? I'd come near loving any of them if I lived in them long enough to call for you and the children, isn't it?"

"I can't talk for the children."

When they entered the bright, airy bedroom the listlessness which had enveloped her was gone.

"Joan," she cried stormily, "I could hug you for coming. I've been dying to talk to some one. I wouldn't write it on mother's account. I told you I liked this town. But, Joan, it's a case of moving on again, way south this time. Just as though I'm not shut off enough from all of you as it is. Don't imagine I wouldn't go to the antipodes with Tom if I had any assurance that he'd stick, but when our home practically is in trunks and packing cases I'd rather be travelling around near you folks than going where we're off for now. And, Joep, the sum you got from his father's estate is getting dreadfully small and not a thing to show for it. Tom is making good money, but he's got the land fever now, and he's going south to raise pecans, I think, or farm or something, and he's never had a box or a rake in his hand in his life to amount to anything. He's always detested the country, anyway."

At last Mrs. Shephard paused. Her eyes took on a faraway, troubled look. She sat with her chin propped in her hands, staring out the window. Then there was a certain squaring of Miss Weston's shoulders.

"Fannie," she said, "has it ever struck you that it's time you stopped making a fool of yourself? It's about time you came to your senses and ceased giving in to these idiotic and extravagant whims of Tom's. No, wait!" as her sister raised a reproachful hand. "The first move seemed all right to us, because we knew Tom was bettering himself. But we've discovered he'll never be satisfied in any corner of God's earth. There'll be always some place for Tom just a little bit better. And, Fannie, this 'whither thou goest, I will go,' is all right sometimes, but it's pretty poor logic in your case. There's no justice in it and it's time to cut it out. For pity's sake be firm this time and think of the children."

"I'm always thinking of them," wearily. "It's all right to talk, Joan, but I can't have a row with Tom. He's my husband and it seems to me that he must insist upon what he did I'd love him just the same."

Miss Weston's sniff was sarcastic. "Very lovely of you, I'm sure, but just a little short sighted, don't you think? Fannie," she went on as Mrs. Shephard looked at her questioningly, "if you love Tom so you're doing the very worst thing possible in humoring him. Don't you know he'll never amount to anything as long as he's a rolling stone? It's only a question of time when into your love will creep a little shadow of contempt. Oh, yes, you want your children to grow up and despise their father? Perhaps detest him when they realize all he has deprived them of, because it's a downright deprivation blotching up their education the way you two are."

"Don't know it!" Mrs. Shephard waived, "but under the sun am I to do? If I tell Tom I won't go—I have before—there'll be a dreadful time to go through."

"Don't tell him you won't go," crisply. "Tell him you'll follow him, then don't. Give him a dose of single blessedness in a strange country. When he writes of his loneliness, as he eventually will, or I don't know anything about a man, put him off until he gets a siege of it. Then write and tell him that you're not going at all."

"It all seems so dreadful, Joan! Of course," there was almost a note of hope in her voice. "I don't believe Tom will consent to go alone and—"

"Won't he? Just try him. That love of wandering that's in him will win the day."

And it turned out Miss Weston was right. Naturally Tom objected strenuously at first. By degrees, however, he began putting forth the fact that Miss Weston kept so prominently to the front that ere many months had passed Fannie and the children would join him. Probably, he conceded, Fannie would be the children should finish the school term. By the time the holidays came he would have the new home ready for them.

So, about a month after the arrival of Miss Weston, Fannie, the children and she had the house to themselves. "You're not going to get rid of me yet," she informed her sister. "Not until your rolling stone rolls back here for keeps. The first glum letter you had from him, if you were alone, you'd be for packing and going; but we're off for now, my dear."

And, indeed, during the months that followed it was well she was here. Enthusiastic letters came from Tom describing the "glorious country." Once he wrote "I'd give anything if you were here; the climate is the greatest ever. Only trouble is it's a little more such a conundrumly enormous appetite and I don't get any homey things to satisfy it."

"No, I guess not," Miss Weston remarked when Fannie read this part of the letter aloud. "Now, cut out your 'poor Tom' business, Fannie. Just remember that he didn't have any kick on the climate; and if he's up against the food question pretty hard, so much the better. Nothing will bring a man to his senses quicker than his stomach. When you are writing I'm going to give you a few questions to ask him about his 'glorious country.' Questions which brought forth the information that the nearest town was eight miles off, his nearest neighbor a half the district school two miles."

"Fine, isn't it?" said Miss Weston. "It would be truly 'glorious' if you and the blessed youngsters. You notice he isn't harping so much on the climate, don't you? Stomach's grumbling. Oh—! Suggests you take the children out of school, at Fannie Shephard, you've got to keep a stiff upper lip for two months more; then give Mr. Tom the piece of news that's liable to take his mind off the climate for a while."

But, before a month had gone Tom wrote that he must insist upon Fannie coming to him. It isn't as though the children were at an age where breaking in on the school term really mattered. It's lonely here, deucedly so. I can't seem to set my mind to my work. I can't accomplish wonders, I know, when you are here to help and advise."

"You see, Joan," Fannie's face was quivering, "how he depends on me and wants me?"

"I see, Fannie Shephard that that 'great climate' has given your husband an enlarged nerve. When did he ever listen to you? No! The whole thing in a nutshell is that he's dissatisfied as usual—sick of the country and I'll venture to say if you were good enough to go to him, you'd find he has another Utopia up his sleeve. The time has come for you to write that letter we've talked about."

The next day the following letter went south.

"I have put off writing you on the subject of my going to you, dreading to tell you what I feel for your children's sake, for the sake of our happiness in the future. I must tell you, Tom, I'm not going south to you. I feel, I know, that it is only a question of time and you'll live of your 'glorious' country, just as you tired of this dear little town, and the town before it and the one before that. I'm weary of being a tramp, Tom; weary of making wanderers of my children. If you will not come to me and make for them and me home, not a stopping place, then I must do it alone."

There was no reply to this letter as the days passed. Even Miss Weston became a little alarmed at the silence; and for the first time postoffice one day empty-handed, if she had done the wise thing interfering. "They were happy in their way, I suppose," she murmured; "but still—a thought of what the future inevitably would have meant to her—'No, I did right, I know it. Tom would only—'"

Then as she turned round a corner suddenly she was looking straight at Tom, suitcase in hand and he was looking back at her smiling sheepishly.

"Well," he said brilliantly as his hand went out. "I'm back."

"And—about—time, Tom Shephard! Why didn't you write? Don't you know you've just been torturing Fannie? Where are you going?" as he started forward.

"Home!" he answered, and in his voice was a note that had never been in Tom Shephard's voice before. "Guess I know what it means—really, now. And, Joan, after I've seen Fannie and the youngsters I'm going to see if Mr. Tarrant won't take me on again. I think, humbly, 'since Fannie talked plain English, I'll be satisfied with almost anything at first. I say, Joan, I can't wait for you. Feel as though an airship wouldn't be fast enough. So long for a little while."

"Well, I never!" Miss Weston exclaimed as she was left behind. "Cool, I must say; but still—" her smile was radiant—"I like it. Looks good for Fannie and the children."

**VALUE OF THE ONION.**

Is Splendid Cure for Sleeplessness—Good for Skin.

"Onions are worth their weight in gold," from a health point of view. Such was the statement of Herman Senn, lecturer for the Board of Edu-

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A wonderful help in entertaining during the Winter

Coming in from the wintry cold your friends will appreciate the quickness, convenience, and handiness of Oxo Cubes.

A tin of cubes and hot water, and in one minute you can offer each of your friends a steaming cup of delicious Oxo—that will warm and invigorate every fibre of their bodies.

Better than beef tea and much more nourishing—each cube the same in size, in strength, in flavour, and in goodness.

One Oxo Cube to a cup

4 CUBES-10c. 10 CUBES-25c. TINS of 4, 10, 50 & 100 CUBES.

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**BIBBY'S LIMITED,**  
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attention, in an address at London, England.

Onions, continued the lecturer, possessed an important medicinal value which could not be overlooked. They were considered a cure for skin diseases, and when eaten late at night are the finest form of antidote for sleeplessness.

Mr. Senn, had a good deal to say, too, on the subject of potatoes. Although they were known to be no fewer than three hundred methods of cooking potatoes, the only methods practiced in England were boiling and baking and frying.

The main nutritive qualities of potatoes existed immediately under the skin and were often lost by careless cooking.

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**MISS GABY DELYN.**

The noted dancer, whose beauty dazzled the king of Portugal, and who received many precious crown gems and much jewelry, sitting in Harry Plier, her dancing partner, and on the right Clarence Harvey, the comedian. She arrived in America a few weeks ago, and will be in Canada shortly.