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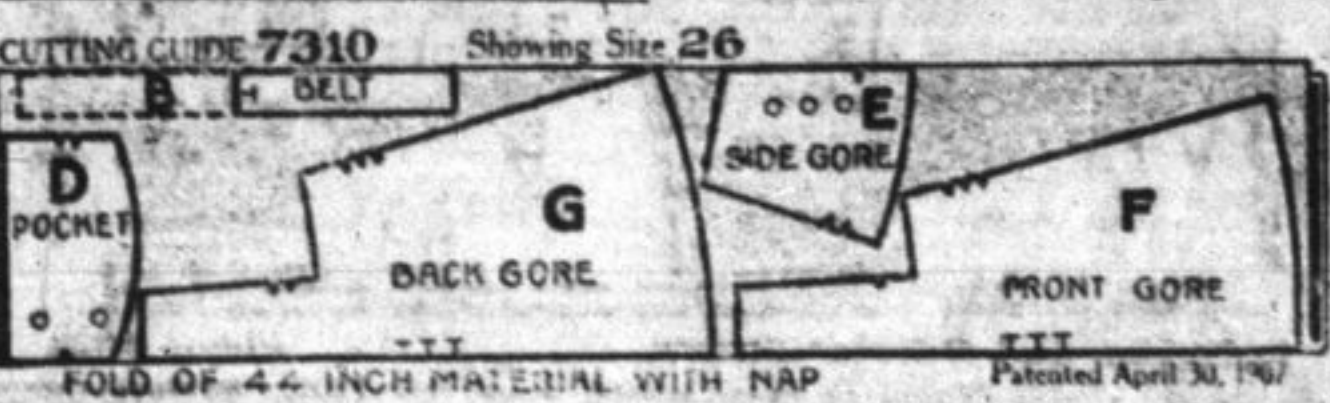
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THE CONFESSIONS OF ROXANE

(By Frances Walter)

ON THE THRESHOLD OF DARING ADVENTURES

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Mariam and I having definitely decided that we were not to earn our living, the next question which arose was where should we live. Should we continue to keep our few rooms or should we bundle up and go to her home or to mine?

Mariam approached the subject guardedly, thinking very rightly that the same objections which had arisen once before still might apply to our residence in either place.

"What do you think of staying here and continuing this independent life of ours?" she asked. "I have found it very, very jolly, except when we were worried about our future. Now that we are content not to have a future, perhaps we shall not worry at all. I think we can be very happy here until Arthur returns, or until Uncle John comes home. What do you think?"

I did not answer immediately. Down in my heart I knew that it was not the kind of place in which a girl of Mariam's rearing should live, but on the other hand I was quite sure that no harm could come to her so long as I was with her, and it would be impossible for her to lose social caste by it, because of the simple fact that she had only a few intimate friends in the whole city and it was not likely that they would ever learn of our escapade. Outbalancing these considerations was the fact that we were very comfortably situated and felt as free as air.

"Do you have any compunction at all about remaining here?" I asked her at length.

"Not the least," she returned.

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promptly. "Of course, I would not live here alone for anything, but with you here it is different. There is not even a servant to pry into our affairs and make us remember that we are supposed to occupy a place in the world. If we want to do anything unusual we can do it without the least hesitation.

"Your argument is irrefutable," I told her. "It is evident that we both want to remain here, so why not do it?"

"Yes, why not?" echoed Mariam. "And speaking of unusual things, why can't we do a few of them, too? All my life I have had to act the part of a pampered and spoiled young woman whose daily routine led me along a path which never seemed to change. Now that I have the opportunity I would like to see other phases of life. I want to peek behind the curtain that has hidden certain people from me. I want to see how the poor live and how they amuse themselves. I would like, most of all, to slip into some of those deliciously daring places down town which one never visits unless one happens to belong to the class which patronizes them regularly. There is so much romance and mystery in them; so much that is really worth while to see and to hear. What do you think of it, Roxane?"

Again I was silent, unwilling to give my consent to anything which might result in compromising my beautiful friend, yet not wishing to withhold from her anything which would give her enjoyment or add to her knowledge of life.

"I know what you are thinking," Mariam declared, interrupting my thoughts. "You are thinking that we have no business in such places. But why haven't we? So many people go there, and surely when that is the case they cannot be so very bad, can they?"

"It is not that they are bad, as you express it," I said. "A place cannot be bad nor can it be good. There may be bad people in a certain locality and good in another, or there may be both bad people and good people in a certain place. You and I could go anywhere and not be damaged by contact with those we met."

"Let us go, then," cried Mariam. "I am all agogness to see these things I have read about!"

If she had only known what entanglements she was about to become involved in, her face would have been pallid instead of rosy with the joy of anticipation.

Probably the most potent reason why I consented to live with Mariam in our diminutive apartment sprang from the economy of the arrangement. If I made my home with her in her uncle's residence it would mean no end of expense. Aside from the food that I would eat and the small luxuries which a woman in affluent circumstances requires there were clothes which would have to be purchased, and I was not willing to become so deeply indebted to Mariam as long as my future was uncertain.

I tried to persuade myself that Arthur would answer my letter very promptly and that he would immediately make provision for me until such time as he would be able to rejoin me, but deep down in my heart there was a doubt which I could not get rid of. Yet it was so indefinite that it did not give shape or substance to my foreboding. I merely felt that something impending that a crisis was approaching and that Arthur was to be the cause of it, but further than these vague murmurings my intuition told me nothing. However, the uncertainty was sufficient to make me cautious and I set my foot down very firmly when it came to borrowing any large sum from my friend.

In our little apartment it was possible for us to live very comfortably on a very small outlay. There were two bedrooms each opening into the sitting room, from which, in turn, one entered the dining-room. A swinging door hid the kitchenette from view, and that was all there was to the habitation. Nor had we spent much on the furnishings. It was one of those places, provided by thoughtful landlords for rent in order to avoid the responsibility and expense of owning furniture, which meant that what furnishings there were were cheap. But they were new and clean, and Mariam insisted on adding a few things which she declared were needed.

"I think it is wonderfully comfortable," Mariam declared after these articles had been moved in. She was standing in the middle of the sitting-room surveying the place with an air of proprietorship which was entirely new to her.

"And so do I," I agreed. "We could not be more comfortable in a palace."

"Besides, it is ours," Mariam continued. "And we are perfectly free

to do as we please. We can put on our hats and depart without telling anyone where we are going or when we expect to return. We do not have to leave messages about this or that, and if we do not want to be at home when the door bell rings all we have to do is not answer it. And the maid will not know we are flitting, because there is no maid."

"Very true, and very logical," I agreed with a smile.

"Then, too, we can have things cooked as we want them. Of course, they may not be properly cooked, but having cooked them ourselves we are compelled to like them, if for no other reason than to save our pride."

"You forget that I know a great deal about cooking," I returned with mock hauteur. "I have had much experience, and I assure you that I am not accustomed to have slighting remarks made about my dishes."

"Do not be offended, Roxane," Mariam assured. "I have great respect for your ability, and as I am to be your pupil so far as this culinary business is concerned, I shall see that this respect is retained. I shall study to please. Indeed, I shall try to become as great and as good a cook as you are."

"A very laudable ambition."

"Of course. But what I am interested in is the bright lights which we are to see. You are to take me out very soon to see all those things that a girl should not see, aren't you? That is what I am eager to do, so please set the date. What do you think of going tonight?"

I looked at her keenly. Was it possible that she possessed a hidden affinity for the white lights which she insisted upon seeing, or was her eagerness merely the result of a child's curiosity?

"I am ready any time to go," I told her with resignation. "I shall be glad to accompany you, but in this matter I cannot be your teacher. I know nothing at all about the city's light life."

(To be continued.)

A DOUBLE WEDDING

Young People From Sheffield Township Pledged Troths.

Bright and early on June 6th, a very happy wedding party motored to Napanee from the home of Murray Stinson, two miles east of Tamworth, upon the occasion of the marriage of his two eldest daughters, Pearl to William John Tyner, and Margaret to John Gee, all of the Township of Sheffield. It was a lovely morning, but no lovelier than the youthful mirth of the happy hearts that were about to take the sacred vows of holy wedlock, which had been preceded by the publications of banns. Only but seldom do two sisters marry upon the same day, at the same time, with the same minister officiating, and therefore more than usual interest centered in the event, besides the brides and grooms were popular and young. The solemnization of the marriages was performed in St. Mary Magdalene church, Napanee, at high noon, and the Rev. J. W. Jones, rector of Tamworth, officiated. Only immediate friends were present. Pearl, the bride of William John Tyner, wore a brown travelling suit, a Georgette crepe blouse and a very becoming white hat trimmed with coral trimmings. Margaret, the bride of John Gee, wore a travelling suit of John blue a Georgette crepe blouse and a lovely hat tastefully trimmed. After the ceremony the bridal party and friends partook of an excellent wedding breakfast at the Campbell House. The usual toasts being enthusiastically honored, the two happy couples took the train west for Toronto, Wallaceburg, Niagara Falls and Buffalo. Upon their return they will take up their residence in the groom's respective homesteads, accompanied by the heartiest wishes of the whole community. The wedding presents were costly, numerous and useful. Mr. Tyner's gift to his bride was a gold pendant set with pearls, and a gold wrist watch, and to Mrs. Gee a gold pendant set with pearls, and Mr. Gee's gift to his bride was a gold wrist watch and brooch set with emeralds, and his gift to Mr. Tyner was a gold stick pin.

They Want Brickyards.

Brookville, July 3.—Prof. O. Ledoux, of the staff of Toronto University, is investigating for the Ontario Government the extent and characteristics of sand and gravel deposits in the territory tributary to Brookville with a view to reporting as to the economic utilization of the potentialities. The existence of excellent clay for brick making in this vicinity was demonstrated in years past by the successful operation of brickyards, but the prosecution of the industry was halted by the appearance of an antagonistic element in the clay. Prof. Ledoux is endeavoring to prescribe such a corrective as will permit of a resumption of the industry.

Remembered Fine Young Man.

Newburgh, July 3.—The congregation of St. John's church met at the home of Harry Sutton, and his bride, and presented them with a china cabinet. The people of Strathcona, Harry's neighbors, also gave them a dozen of sterling silver teaspoons and a cut glass fruit dish. These presents are not merely of the sentimental kind, but are bestowed in recognition of service, for in connection with the Red Cross, and all useful work, Harry has been a cheerful and willing worker, and there is no doubt but that he and his young wife will continue to be useful members of the community the good wishes of which, for a long and happy life, is freely expressed.

Nature heals—the doctor makes out the bill. It is a poor elevator that won't work both ways.

Fry's
Makes muscle for the munition worker

The Great Food Drink

Most drinks are mere stimulants. FRY'S Cocoa, however, is a complete food in itself. It acts quickly too. Tired muscles are nourished—worn nerves are fed and toned—thinned blood is enriched by this delicious beverage much quicker than with ordinary foods, and at less cost. Of course,

Remember—nothing will do but FRY'S

FUNERAL OF AUTOMOBILES

At the Burial of Mrs. Angeline Benson at Salem.

Salem, June 29.—The remains of the late Mrs. Angeline Benson were interred in Salem cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Benson was born in Salem seventy-nine years ago, and was a daughter of the late Henry Parliament. Her husband, James Benson, who died about ten years ago, followed the profession of school teacher for many years. She leaves to mourn her loss one son, Edward of Picton, Public School Inspector of Prince Edward County. Another son Henry P. died two years ago, and a daughter many years ago. Her body was brought from Picton in a motor hearse, and the funeral procession consisted of automobiles, alone, being perhaps, the first of its kind ever held in this county. She passed away while sitting in her son's automobile. Mrs. Benson was a Methodist all her life.

Death visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dolan taking their infant son Joseph. The remains were taken to Trenton last Saturday for burial.

C. C. Wannamaker and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Kemp were in Trenton last Saturday.

Farmers are busy finishing their road work. Haying has been started and although the yield will be much less than last year the quality will be much better if the weather conditions are favorable.

Gunner Lapp "Watched."

Cobourg, July 3.—Gunner Clarence T. Lapp, editor and proprietor of the Brighton Ensign, was present with a handsome wrist watch by Brighton citizens before leaving with a Cobourg heavy battery draft.

KEATING'S POWDER
will kill them all to-night

KEATING'S kills every Bug, Flea, Fly, Roach, and other household insect it comes in contact with.

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POOR BLOOD AND WEAK NERVES

(By F. Raymond Ward, M. D.)

Lack of strength is about the first symptom of violation of the laws of health. There come nervousness, restless hands and limbs, skin eruptions, dizziness, sleeplessness, heart palpitation, and with the feeling that the life blood is being sapped comes complete prostration. In this condition the sufferer is indifferent to all things—and looks upon life with a gloomy, melancholic view.

It is given as a statistical fact that seven out of every ten people in the United States are suffering from nerve exhaustion, and of this number less than half realize it. They know that they have gloomy thoughts, a depression of mind, an impaired memory, dizziness and headache, wakeful nights and spells of extreme exhaustion, but they attribute it to any other cause but the right one. They feel languid, irritable and restless, the way and character of which they cannot explain. They are suffering from nerve exhaustion, a condition which is undoubtedly the means of causing more misery and crushing more hopes than any other trouble that flesh is heir to.

Nerve exhaustion will not cure itself. The sufferer who thinks that nature alone will bring about a restoration of health is simply deluded by a false hope. He will realize that if the power of realizing is lost him, when he becomes a hopeless victim to one of the many diseases which follow in its path.

Those suffering from nerve exhaustion or loss of energy as a result of overwork, mental worry or violation of nature's laws are quickly restored to sound health by Dr. Ward's special treatment. Dr. Ward's office is located at 79 Niagara Square, Buffalo, N. Y., which is right opposite the McKinley Monument. His office hours are to 9 P. M. and Saturdays 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Consultation and examination is always without charge.

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