

In The Realm Of Woman--Some Interesting Features

COULD NOT STOP THE HEADACHES

Until She Tried "Fruit-a-lives" — Made From Fruit Juices

112 CONROY ST., ST. JOHN, N.B.
 "I feel I must tell you of the great benefit I have received from your wonderful medicine, 'Fruit-a-lives'. I have been a sufferer for many years from *Violent Headaches*, and could get no permanent relief. A friend advised me to take 'Fruit-a-lives' and I did so with great success; and now I am entirely free of Headaches, thanks to your splendid medicine."
MRS. ALEXANDER SHAW,
 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price, postpaid, by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

Pratt's Annual and Poultry Regulator and Remedies

Pratt's Baby Chock Food.
 Buy them now from us. New stock just arrived.

J.R.B. Gage,

MRS. DOOLEY'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS

Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would be just worn-out with pains which dragged me down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."
 Mrs. H. Dooley, 1185 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Working girls everywhere should profit by Mrs. Dooley's experience, and instead of dragging along from day to day with life a burden, give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It has overcome just such conditions for thousands of others, and why not for you? For special advice, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.



THE DAINTIEST OF FINE FOOT-WEAR
 The newest designs in grey and brown. Shoes that are smart and dressy.

The Sawyer Shoe Store

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

CHAPTER LIII.
 I had decided, partly because George neglected me, partly because I so enjoyed his society, that I was perfectly justified in being with Merton Gray whenever I could do so. I was convinced that George thought me not a good wife for him; that he even regarded his marriage to the country girl, so ignorant of social duties and amenities, as a mistake, but one which he would make the best of by leaving me to myself.
 Of course I did not feel this way all the time—not when George was nice. And he could be awfully nice. But I was not sufficiently trained in the ways of the world, not sufficiently interesting, to make an interesting companion. He showed it in his manner; of course I could not notice it.
 So, in spite of Mrs. Sexton, of my determination to learn my social duties as soon as possible, I was very often unhappy and discouraged. At such times Merton Gray was more than welcome. And it ever a shadow of a doubt as to the wisdom of being with him, or of allowing him to drop in when I was alone, crossed my mind, it was immediately dismissed. Then, too, Merton was good for me, so I argued. He had traveled extensively, and just to talk to him was a liberal education.

The Danger Signal.
 If there is a time in the life of a married woman when she should hold the danger signal, it is when she commences to make excuses—to herself—because she is with another man than her husband. So when I said to myself that this polished man of the world, this much sought after artist, could help me become the kind of woman my husband was longing for me to be, I was treading very close to the danger point—for me.
 Something like great waves of pity would occasionally break over me; pity for myself. Another danger signal which I did not heed. For it is amazing how much comfort one can get from self pity. It is possible that had George been less neglectful, I never would have intrigued myself into thinking so much about

LET HIM LIVE.
 The following verses are inscribed on a brass plate in a local office and are so appropriate that the Whig has been asked to give them wider publicity:
 As long as the flowers their perfume give,
 So long I'd let the Kaiser live,
 Live and live for a million years,
 With nothing to drink but Belgium tears.
 With nothing to quench his awful thirst,
 But the salted brine of the Scotchman's curse.
 I would let him live on a dinner each day,
 Served from silver on a golden tray,
 Served with things both dainty and sweet,
 Served with everything but things to eat.
 And I'd make him a bed of silken sheets,
 With costly linens to lie between,
 With covers of down and fillets of lace
 And downy pillows piled in place.
 Yet, when to its comfort he would yield,
 It should stink with rot from the battlefield.
 And blood, and bones, and brains of men
 Should cover him, smother him, and then,
 His pillows should cling with the rotten clay,
 Clay from the grave of a soldier boy,
 And while God's stars their vigils keep,
 And while the waves the white sands sweep,
 He should never, never, never sleep.
 And through all the days and

Face Covered With PIMPLES ASHAMED TO GO OUT.
 Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly pimples, blotches, flesh worms and various other blood diseases. Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted as well as pain and regret to their friends.
 Many a cheek and brow cast in the mould of beauty have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.
 Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?
 There is an effectual remedy for all these defects.
 It is Burdock Blood Bitters. This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.
 Mrs. Katherine Henry, Fort Sydney, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my face was so covered with pimples I was ashamed to go out at all. I tried several remedies, but they were of no use. At last a friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I got a bottle, and by the time it was used I could see a difference. I then got two more, and when I had used them the pimples were completely gone. I can highly recommend B.B.B."
 Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PLAYING WITH FIRE
 Merton Gray. But, quickened to life, the cells of my soul stirred and became articulate clamoring for what was my due; for what every woman believes is her heritage—the love of some man.
 Never before had I contrasted myself with the women I met in a casual manner. Never had I envied their loveliness, the intimate beauty and bravery of their lives. Now, suddenly, there loomed always before me the idea that I, too, must be possessed of all this, if I would hope to cope with them. The thought was appalling. Yet I was determined to make good—to show George Howard that the woman, the country girl, he had married, was the equal of any he had known. I knew there was something in my life; this untried life upon which I was entering, upon which I had entered, which alternately thrilled and frightened me; but for which I sensed an imperative need, the need of poise, of worldliness, of all the social graces lacking in a country girl. At times I felt as if I was playing in some frantic masquerade. That I would wake up and find myself back home with father and mother and the boys, just a plain, happy, country girl.

The Surge of Love.
 Then again, when George would show an unwonted affection for me, I would forget all but him; and at his sudden and unexpected revival of affection, which seemed to spring up with renewed vigor, life would not seem so dreary, such a puzzle, after all. To have him back again seemed the one issue, the one desire of my life. Then I would forget Merton Gray, and the others whom I knew, sometimes even Evelyn and Karin, and devote myself with all the abandon of youth to the task of pleasing the man I had married. Then the reaction.
 How wretchedly George had treated me. This always lay in a vague heap in the background of my mind, even while everything was subordinate to my keen desire to have him care for me. He neglected me so. Was life worth living under such an emotional stress?

through all the years, There should be an anthem in his ears,
 Ringing and singing and never done,
 From the edge of light to the set of sun,
 Moaning and moaning and moaning wild
 A ravaged French girl's bastard child.
 And I'd build him a castle by the sea,
 As lovely a castle as ever could be,
 Then I'd show him a ship from over the sea,
 As fine a ship as ever could be,
 Laden with water, cold and sweet,
 Laden with everything good to eat,
 Let scarce does she touch the silver-edged sands,
 Scarce may he reach his eager hands,
 Than a hot and hellish molten shell,
 Should change his heaven into Hell.
 And though he'd watch on the wave
 Sweep shore,
 Our Lusitania would rise no more.
 In No Man's Land, where the Irish fell,
 I'd start the Kaiser a private hell,
 I'd jab him, stab him, give him gas,
 In every wound I'd pour ground glass.
 I'd march him out where the brave boys died,
 Out past the lads they crucified,
 In the fearful gloom of his living tomb,
 There is one thing I'd do before I was through,
 I'd make him sing in a stirring manner,
 The wonderful words of the Star Spangled Banner.

Canadian Ships to Arm.
 Ottawa, April 22.—By virtue of an order-in-Council dated April 18th, the Minister of the Naval Service is empowered to give directions that any British ship registered in Canada shall be equipped with such apparatus for protecting it against operations of the enemy as may be specified, and the crew of the ship shall be properly instructed in the use of such apparatus.

Breadless Three Months.
 Rome, April 20.—The Viennese Reich Est reports that a commune in Tyrol, called Windrischmatrei, has been breadless for three months. Since December 18th, 1917, they had bread four times up to January 1st, 1918. Since then they have had it only three times. A potato ticket allows a pound of potatoes weekly. Fat and butter are non-existent.

Germany Must Stay Out.
 New York, April 22.—Declaring that Germany should never again be allowed to secure a foothold in the Orient and the Pacific, Count K. Yoshii, in an interview Saturday stated that Japan would under no circumstances consent to the restoration of Kiao Chiao after the war.

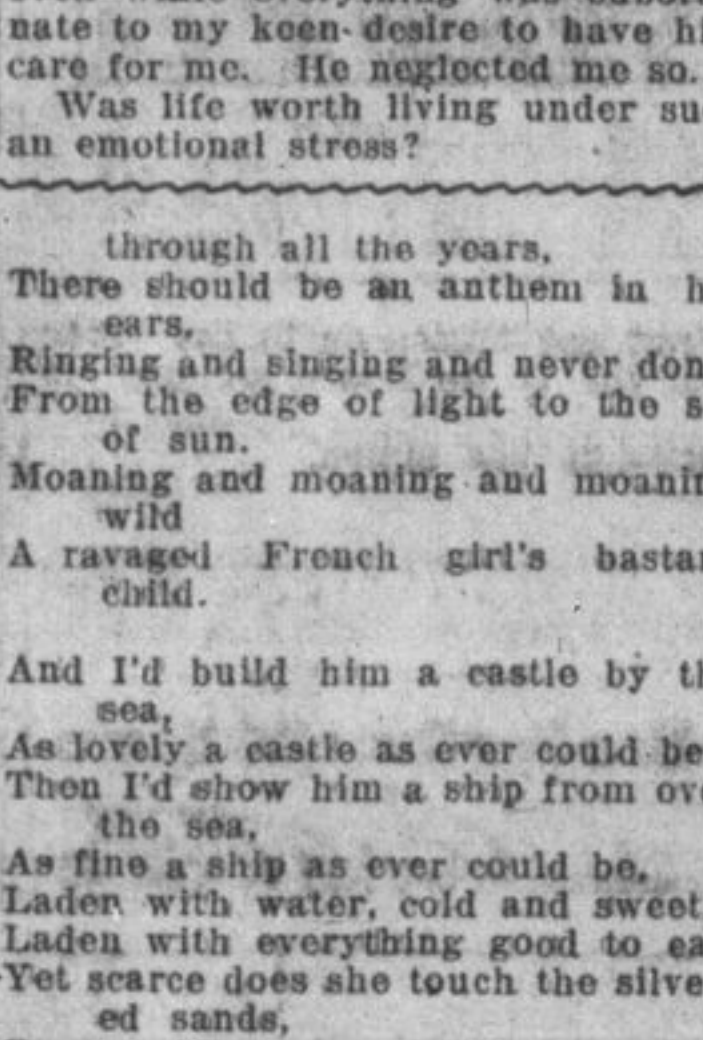
No more hard coal is to be permitted to be shipped into the Canadian West, and only a small supply to Winnipeg.
 Vancouver has arranged for a fish market for five years, where fish is to be sold to the consumer at from five to eight cents a pound.
 The minute a man begins to realize that things might have been worse he becomes an optimist.
 The man who is afraid to take a chance seldom succeeds.

Dead Mother Mine.
 By John Stuart Thomson, author of "China Rejuvenated" and other books.
 I passed through all the colonnades of Fame;
 I overcame the sun in Tropic ventures;
 There was no danger, but I gave indolence
 To meet it laughing, light as those that game
 For baubles. Chivalry knew me by name!
 There was no sea that wreathed God's spinning sphero,
 But I each spray unravelled and made clear.
 Hard battling over, I have called life tame
 In India, Cathay and Egypt's sand—
 There I heard praise; there saw I Glory stand!
 Dead Mother mine! to-day a new oath:
 To find a thousand deaths a recreation;
 Your name my banner and the Hun's curse—both!

By the rectification of the Polish border Germany will secure nearly all the coal fields of those provinces. The only advantage in looking for trouble is that you may be prepared to dodge it when it comes.

LESSONS FOR THE Home Embroiderer
 Specially prepared for this Newspaper by Pictorial Review.

Guest Towels Distinctive For Their Simplicity.
 By KATHRYN MUTTERER.
 What is true of the unusual originality displayed in the design of costumes, also applies to embroidery. Events in general have their



No. 12240—Guest Towel Design.
 effect upon everything used in the home, it seems, for no sooner was conservation inaugurated in the kitchen, than the idea spread to pantry, dining room, bedroom, etc.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 12240, blue, supplying 6 of the motifs illustrated. Price, 15 cents.
 Pictorial Review Patterns on sale by local dealers.

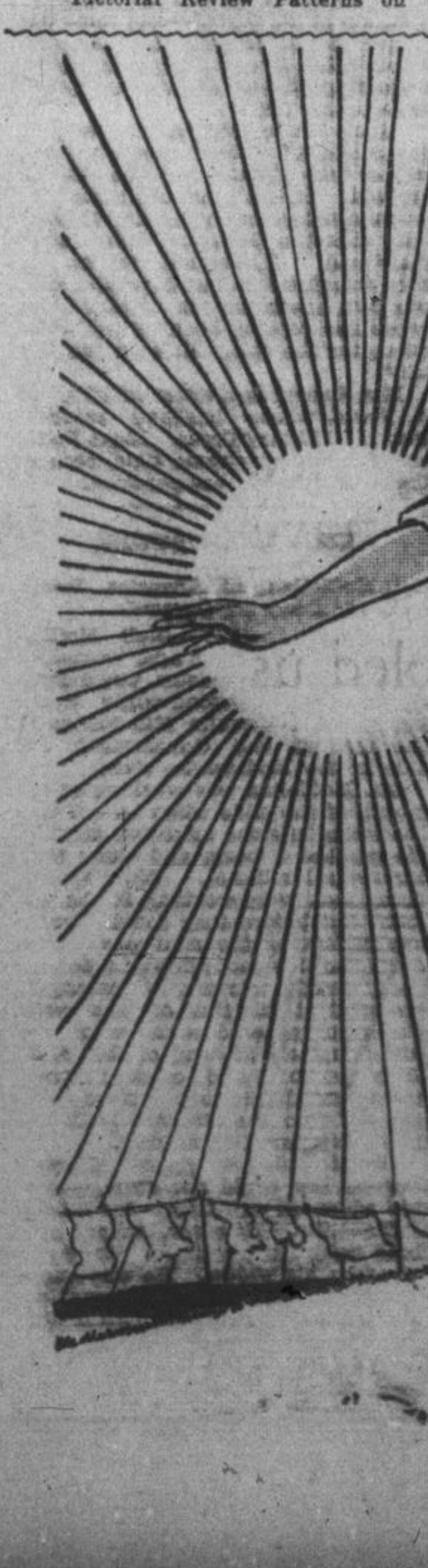
I felt belittled and chagrined when I thought of my position as the wife of a wealthy and popular man. My husband evidently looked upon me as mentally, as well as socially, the inferior of his old time women friends.
 I often wondered if he loved me at all. If ever he had really cared for the married folks at home seemed to care for each other. The married people went everywhere together, had the same friends, enjoyed the same pleasures. But here, in this new life, each seemed to go his or her own way. So long as there was nothing wrong, no scandal, they seemed as free to enjoy themselves as they wished, as did the unmarried people.
 It was all horribly complicated anyway. I would do the best I could and try not to worry.
 (To be continued)

KEEP YOUR STOVE BRIGHT
BLACK KNIGHT STOVE POLISH
 Is easy to use and will not burn

Children To Province Schools.
 Paris, April 22.—Arrangements are being made to send children of Paris to primary schools in the provinces to protect them from the enemy's long-range bombardment.
 The question has frequently been asked whether Paris theatres and places of amusement ought not to remain open, provided the proper measures are taken to assure the safety of the public. The artists and employees' views and those of the directors themselves are overwhelmingly against closing.
 Fuel Controller Magrath advises the people to arrange at once for their coal supplies for next winter to be delivered during the summer.



Come into the Sunlight—
 Come out of the gloom of wash-day drudgery into the sweet, wholesome air of the Sunlight wash-day.
Sunlight Soap
 is the purest form in which laundry soap can be made. Because it is all pure soap—no impurities or "fillers"—it will do more washing with less work than ordinary soap.
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 ought to take matters into his own hands, and write for our booklet:—
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 Blenders and Roasters of "Seal Brand" Coffee



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 Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

Can be used on either warm or cold stove

