

# In The Realm Of Woman---Some Interesting Features

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**Comfort Lye**

## The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

### A SHORT TRIP WITH GEORGE

CHAPTER CXXXVI.  
George had to make a short business trip and asked me if I would like to go along. I was well enough and it would be a change. I was delighted and expressed myself so extravagantly, he laughed and said: "Don't anticipate too much, then you won't be disappointed," which was very good advice, as things turned out.

It was dusk when we arrived in Chicago. We drove to a hotel, then, because I was a little tired, George insisted that we dine in our room, although I wanted to go down to the dining room. We had scarcely commenced our dinner when the telephone rang, and someone wanted George to come down stairs at once—so he said.

"Go on with your dinner; it will get cold if you do not," he said. "I will get back as quickly as I possibly can."

I said nothing, but I thought that if he had had dinner down stairs he could have had whoever wanted to talk to him come to the table with us. I had undressed and slipped on a negligee, so there wasn't any use thinking of going down. Minutes passed. The dinner was fast becoming cold when the telephone rang. It was George.

"Eat your dinner and go to bed, Helen. I shall not be up until late."

"But your dinner! Aren't you coming up to eat?"

"No! I shall eat with some people I know who are dining down stairs. Go to bed soon," and I heard the click of the receiver as he hung it up. It struck me as so heartless, that sharp click.

A Sudden Impulse.  
I tried to eat a little more, but couldn't. I drank my coffee, however, then picked up an evening paper George had left on the table and tried to read. It was impossible. I was too nervous, too anxious to know who these people were, with whom George was dining.

Suddenly, an impulse seized me to find out. I quickly dressed, and putting on my hat, I took the elevator and asked the boy the way to the dining room.

"Most people are in the grill room as late as this," he volunteered.

I would look in the main dining room first, then, if he was not there, I would look in the grill. I made up my mind to say I had come down for a book if he should see me. So I also asked where I could find the news-stand.

I felt a little ashamed of myself, spying on George when he had been so nice since my illness, as well as during it, but he was my husband, and I had a right to know whom he was with.

I wandered slowly toward the main dining room. There were many people in the corridors, so I was not at all conspicuous, especially as I had on a dark suit and hat. I looked carefully in the door. The big room was nearly empty. I could easily see that George was not there. I turned and walked away, this time toward the grill. As I neared the room the laughter and talk let me know that I should not find it as empty as I had found the other room. I was not surprised when I glanced in the doorway to see the room almost filled with a gay crowd.

At first I could see but a few seated by the door. A large party were leaving, and hid the tables from my view. I moved on down past the door and waited until they came out. Then I walked back again. No, I could see no one who looked at all like George. He must have finished

his dinner and gone out. How I wished I had not undressed! Had I not, I should have been down much sooner and would probably have found him.

An Unhappy Moment.  
I walked over to the news-stand and bought a book. Now it was no excuse; I really wanted something to read—something to keep me from thinking and worrying. It must be something important that would make George leave me alone, the first night in a strange hotel. I would try to be sensible and not worry.

I chatted a moment with the girl at the stand. She recommended a book, then smiled as I said I wanted something exciting.

"I'm not a bit sleepy," I told her, glad to talk to someone, and she was such a nice looking girl, "I shall read until my husband comes in. I think I should like a detective story."

She found me several and I looked them over, finally deciding on one with a very thrilling title. Then I bought a box of chocolates and turned toward the elevator.

Something, I don't know what, made me hesitate, then retrace my steps to the grill room. I would look in once more before I went up stairs. I noticed more people leaving. I would be better able to see the entire room.

Casually I strolled along, holding my book and box of chocolates where they could easily be seen, and so give an excuse for my being downstairs. Not because of George, I did not expect to see him, now, but because of the people wandering in twos and threes up and down the corridor.

I looked in the door of the grill just as some people rose from a corner table.

It couldn't be—yes it was! George, Julia Collins, and two or three others I didn't know.

(To be continued)

Food Board flashes for feminine folk.

"Botulism" has an unpleasant ring in the ears. In plain English it means poisoning from the eating of canned vegetables or fruits.

There is no reason why there should be one case of botulism in Canada this year provided the war garden produce is properly handled. No bacterial life exists, or can exist, in successfully canned products. Bacillus botulinus will never be found in properly canned goods.

Cooking canned vegetables for ten minutes at the boiling point after opening the par for use will remove any danger in cases where complete success has not rewarded the efforts of the grater canner.

I felt with that little fool hanging on to my hand. Then he didn't have the sense to fasten the glove, but simply dropped my hand and looked as guilty as everything.

"Well I met his wife coming in just now and she simply COULDN'T see me. Heaven! If she could only know what sort of a shrimp I think her husband is, she wouldn't worry a minute!"

"Bless your heart," said the Feminist, "if she knew YOU thought him a shrimp she wouldn't want him herself!"

## TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

### A Hint To the Male Flirt.

"I wish men would realize that I DON'T want them to make love to me!" said the Journalistic Girl dropping into a chair with a dejected air.

"Bah!" said the Teacher, "you like it!"

"I DO NOT!" the Journalistic Girl sat up sharply as she spoke. The tears of vexation stood in her eyes. "I've just been snubbed by a woman I like—and just because her husband is a vain little fool!"

Her lips quivered and she hid her face in the cushioned arm of the chair.

The Feminist smoothed her pepper and salt locks with smug satisfaction. "Well," she remarked, a mop of red hair and a pair of comelike eyes are mighty poor arguments when you want to convince a man that you can't see his love-making with a magnifying glass. Deep in his heart every man is convinced that in order to become the subject of a woman's wild devotion, he has

only to mention that "same would be acceptable." The plainest little runt of a man would have the nerve to make "love to the Venus De Milo herself!"

The Journalistic Girl blinked back a tear and laughed with the others. "Oh, I'm silly to mind I guess, but the thing was so humiliating. And there is nothing to be said, because the mere mention of it would only make the matter worse. You see I have known her a long time but I only met the husband a few days ago. He began to pay me extravagant compliments right away—his wife was present so I took it in good part thinking it was his usual manner."

"This morning I met him in the corridor (our apartments are on the same floor) as we walked towards the elevator I inquired after his wife. I was fighting with my glove fastening. He asked to be allowed to fasten it. I said that I really didn't want it fastened as the wretched thing was too tight anyway. He wouldn't take the hint, but captured my hand in both of his. Just then his wife opened the door to remind him of something, and you can imagine how ridiculous"

### War Garden Bulletin

Practical Daily Guide For Vacant Lot and Backyard Gardeners Enlisted in Great Production Campaigns.

Issued by the Canada Food Board in collaboration with experts on the staff of the Dominion Experimental Farm.

Save Your Onions

The onion maggot differs from the cabbage-maggot in its habits in that it deposits its eggs mainly on the leaves and stems of the onions and the young maggots find their way down into the bulb, where they soon reduce the interior to a rotten condition. If you notice that the young onions are drooping and the leaves are wilted and discolored, it will generally be found that the maggot is responsible for this condition. Bulbs thus affected should be destroyed by burning. If they are put in the compost heap the fly will be propagated.

One peculiarity of the onion maggot is that there are two or three broods of the fly in a year and the second crop of flies usually appears about the middle of July. Where trouble is anticipated it is a good thing to try the following poisoned bait: Sodium arsenate, 1/2 oz.; molasses, 1 quart; water, 1 gallon. Apply the mixture in strips across the plot with a watering can.

## LESSONS FOR THE Home Embroiderer

Specially prepared for this Newspaper by Pictorial Review.

### A "Rainbow" Boudoir Cap Crocheted in Silk.

A dainty cap for boudoir or breakfast will win the heart of any bride. There are sure to be times when a woman's tresses cannot be arranged as becomingly as desired and an attractive cap for such moments is a wonderful boon. And what could be

like the after math of a summer shower. The entire cap is made of a diamond mesh formed of chain stitch and finished with a narrow picot edging. It is lined with pink china silk and trimmed with ribbons of pink or blue made into rosettes having loops and ends of uneven lengths. This diamond or lattice stitch is easily mastered by the amateur and is so quickly done that even the most impatient worker will not weary of it.

Other novelties which are attractive worked in silk are a belt, and a hand bag of the saddle bag type. The belt is crocheted in alternating open and solid mesh flat. Three crocheted buttons and loops form the front fastening, while two natty triangular pockets are placed one on either side. Made in one or two colors, this belt would be a smart addition to many one-piece dresses. The hand bag which is a combination of crocheted and tatting may be carried out in white or any of the delicate shades when it is to be worn with the popular organdie dresses or it is equally attractive in darker tones to match millady's suit.

Pictorial Review Crochet and Tatting Directions of boudoir cap, belt and saddle bag, 10 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope.

"Rainbow" Boudoir Cap.

more charming than a cap crocheted in silk of delicate coloring. Instinctively one calls this the "Rainbow" cap for with its pastel shades of pink, lavender, blue, gold and white it is

Pictorial Review Crochet and Tatting Directions of boudoir cap, belt, and saddle bag, 10 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Pictorial Review Crochet and Tatting Directions of boudoir cap, belt, and saddle bag, 10 cents and a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Fresh as a Flower, and just as fragrant!

# "SALADA" TEA

is just the tiny buds and young leaves from hill-grown shrubs—So economical because it yields so generously in the teapot.

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Leading Undertaker  
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Tweed Rain Coats. Large stock of all wool and worsted suitings, Indigo blue serge.

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Civil and Military Tailor. 131 Princess Street

# HIRST'S PAIN Exterminator

Have a bottle handy—and stop the Pain!

(When you have an attack of rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, or get a lame back, or a sprain—you don't need to suffer. Just get the bottle of Hirst's Pain Exterminator, and use it according to directions. It stops the pain quickly. Buy a bottle, and be ready. For 40 years it has been a family friend. 35c a bottle—all dealers—or write us.)

HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, HAMILTON, CANADA  
Also makers of HIRST'S Family Salve (50c), and HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup of Horehound and Eucalyptus (50c), for coughs and colds.

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Leave Kingston 12.00 Noon / Leave Ottawa 10.30 A.M.  
Arrive Ottawa 5.25 P.M. / Arrive Kingston 3.45 P.M.

Daily Except Sunday.  
Kingston, Toronto.

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for Table Cloths, Napkins and other Linens

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For Repair Work of All Kinds. Valves, Cams, Cures Washed. We sell gasoline, oils, tires and accessories. Open Day and Night.

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**Kingston Hat Cleaners.**  
163 Princess Street  
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## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE IN EFFECT MARCH 31ST.

Trains will leave and arrive at City Station, Foot of Johnson Street, Going West.

Love City Arr. City  
No. 19 Mail . . . 12:29 a.m. 12:57 a.m.  
No. 18 Express . . . 2:10 a.m. 2:52 a.m.  
No. 27 Local . . . 2:45 a.m. 3:17 a.m.  
No. 1 Intern'l. Ltd. 1:49 p.m. 1:59 p.m.  
No. 7 Mail . . . 3:00 p.m. 3:40 p.m.  
Going East.

Love City Arr. City  
No. 18 Mail . . . 1:40 a.m. 2:17 a.m.  
No. 18 Express . . . 2:10 a.m. 2:52 a.m.  
No. 6 Mail . . . 12:25 p.m. 12:52 p.m.  
No. 14 Intern'l. Ltd. 1:30 p.m. 2:20 p.m.  
No. 28 Local . . . 2:45 p.m. 3:27 p.m.  
Nos. 1, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17 run daily.

Other trains daily except Sunday.

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