

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

How to Look and Feel Bright in Hot Weather

When depressed by the heat and you want to freshen up for the afternoon or evening, just bathe the face in a lotion made by dissolving an ounce of pure powdered salicylic acid in a half pint of witch hazel. You will find this more refreshing than an hour's rest.

As a wrinkle-remover the salicylic lotion is remarkably successful. Its action is almost magical. The deepest furrows, as well as the finest lines—whether due to age, illness, weather or worry—are immediately affected. Enlarged pores are reduced, flabby skin is drawn, a facial contour is improved wonderfully. The simple ingredients of course can be had at any drugstore, and you need not hesitate to try the lotion, as it will not harm any skin in the least.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Treman's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed, is guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color or money refunded. Positively not a dye and non-injurious. Price \$1.00. On sale in Kingston by T. H. Sargent, Druggist, Princess and Montreal Streets.

For Women's Ailments

Dr. Martel's Female Pills have been ordered by physicians and sold by reliable druggists everywhere for over a quarter of a century, don't accept a substitute.

Freckle-Face

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable dealer, that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine—as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Bryn Mawr School
College Heights, Ontario
A Church, Residential and Day School for Girls.
Established over fifty years.
All Departments from Kindergarten to University Matriculation.
For Calendar apply to the Bursar.

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN

Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled.

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, at very, very small cost.

Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn, and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Every 10c Packet of **WILSON'S FLY PADS** WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN 50¢ WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER.

Clean to handle. Sold by all Drug-stores, Grocers and General Stores.

Give it Fair Play

Why not decide NOW to give ZUTOO Tablets, the remedy so generally used for headache, a fair and square trial?

If there is any doubt in your mind as to the worth of these tablets or of their harmlessness, try them and KNOW the truth.

Don't sacrifice your comfort on account of prejudice or skepticism. Try the tablets and know. 25c at dealers or by mail prepaid. B. N. Robinson & Co. Reg'd. Guelph, Ontario.

Zutoo

Returning from college and finding her father's deputy in the army, Miss Margaret McCord, of Seymour, Ind., decided to take the job, and was immediately sworn in as a deputy sheriff to assist her father in his duties.

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

CHAPTER VI.

Ruth chattered gaily with her aunt at breakfast. That Mrs. Clayborne was not quite pleased that she was going to marry Brian, she knew. But, so long as that displeasure took no other form than cutting her off from spending money, Ruth did not worry about it. For, one who has always spent money recklessly knows nothing of its value.

Mrs. Clayborne had allowed Ruth her own way in regard to their wedding. It was no part of her plan to alienate her niece. So Ruth was to be married in the little church she attended ever since she came to "The Terrace." The same old white-haired minister who had patted her on the head, then, and said he hoped she would help her aunt forget her sorrow because of the death of her husband, was to marry her to Brian. There were to be no engraved invitations. Ruth herself had gone from house to house and invited the few whom she wished to come to the church, and to the wedding breakfast afterward. There were only a few dozen young people, and some old friends—"of Mrs. Clayborne's" as Ruth would call them. Ruth laughed when she overheard one of the servants say:

"Dat Miss Hopkins' Eliza said dat Miss Ruth warn't havin' no kind of weddin' at all. She said she warn't invitin' nobody and that she was marryin' a pore man."

She was marryin' a poor man, perhaps, but he wouldn't be poor very long! He had told her he wouldn't. And he couldn't be so very poor; he dressed nicely, and his uncle was a prominent man in the town. Ruth was clever, in many ways, but in others she was as ignorant as, when a child of ten, she had come to live with her wealthy aunt.

After breakfast she went upstairs and quietly went over the entire house, not missing a room.

"What a welcome we received! But Mrs. Babcock met me at the train, although it arrived at a very early hour."

"You have grown handsomer than ever," Mr. Babcock said, as he kissed her—after asking George's permission. "Haven't she mother?" he turned to his wife.

"Yes, I think she has," she returned her head on one side as she inspected me, her eyes twinkling. "It must be the babies."

"It is," I replied, then launched into a description of them.

George had been cross with me for fretting over them, and I laughingly told him so.

"I know dear," she said laying her hand over mine, "but you have such wonderful help, and you really must learn to leave them occasionally both for your own and your husband's sake. It isn't fair to either for you to give up everything to them."

I was glad George was beside Mr. Babcock who was driving the car, so he couldn't hear us.

"But I never have left them, and I am so afraid they will get sick or that something will happen!" she said. "Your husband loves them?" she asked, making me look at her in astonishment. The question was so unexpected.

"Of course! he almost worships them, all three."

"Then try to forget to worry, and let him enjoy the trip as much as is possible when business is his reason for coming. Believe me we women sometimes make a mistake when we neglect our husbands for our children—no matter how much we love them."

The Stame Story.

"Everyone tells me the same story," I laughed just as we reached the house.

GOOD-BYES

"What do you all do?" Rachel asked, "I've got you dress and the rest of you things on the bed last you told me. Twelve o'clock comes mighty soon, missy Ruth." (Twelve o'clock was the hour for the wedding.)

The Dear Old House.

"I'm saying goodbye to the rooms, Rachel. I'm going a long way and may not get back to visit for some time."

"It ain't dem rooms what it's gwo' to miss yo, honey; it am old Rachel and Missy Claiborn, and all the rest of us uns."

I know, Rachel, but you will soon be with me. And Aunt Laura got married when she was young— younger than I am. I am almost twenty-one. She was only eighteen, and she was happy, too," she added, a wistful tone in her voice. "she told me she was—that she was always happy until Uncle Clark died. If I ever have a boy, Rachel, I shall name him 'Clark.' It would please her so much. I haven't told her, but I made up my mind, yessy ago, that I would."

"Yo sho'll be quare, missy Ruth— talkin' about namin' a baby," and old Rachel laughed and cried together as Ruth went into her aunt's room to talk, a few moments, before she put on the shimmering satin dress spread out upon the dainty lace-covered bed.

Mrs. Clayborne was sitting quietly by the window, the morning paper still unfolded in her lap. Her thoughts were sad, and she did not hear Ruth enter the room.

"Guess who it is?" Ruth said gaily, putting her hands over Mrs. Clayborne's eyes, then leaning over to kiss her before she took a chair beside her.

"Ruth, dear, you haven't much time. It is eleven o'clock."

"I know, but I wanted to talk a little. I shall be ready in time. Rachel has everything laid out for me. I know you don't like Brian, Aunt Laura."

"You are mistaken, Ruth. I DO like him. I simply do not believe he is the right man for you to marry."

Strong Ties.

"But Auntie, please don't stop loving me because I can't do as you want me to, will you? I just couldn't bear it if you did!"

"I shall never stop loving you, dear. You and my dear husband have been all I ever had to love. I shall be very lonely."

"I know, Auntie, that is what saddens me. You never said it before, but I have felt that your loneliness would be hard to bear, and it has been the only sad thought I have had, aside from thinking you did not like Brian. I don't care about the money one bit, Auntie. Anyway, it is a man's place to take care of his wife," Rachel says; and, of course, I know that Brian will always take good care of me. And now that I know you love me just the same as ever, I must run away. A bride must not be late to her own wedding, must she?" Ruth threw her arms around her aunt and kissed her fondly. "This is our REAL good-bye. The other will be before people."

For a few moments longer Mrs. Clayborne sat quietly by the window. The paper had slipped to the floor unnoticed. Several times she wiped the tears from her eyes and whispered:

"I shall be so lonely." Then, she called her maid, and carefully made herself attractive for the wedding of the child she was to lose.

When she joined Ruth for the ride to the church, she was the same calm, dignified woman she always had been. While Ruth, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, talking and laughing and cried a little, all the way.

To be Continued.

The Woman Who Changed

By JANE PHELPS

IN CHICAGO

"It is true," she answered soberly. We had a most delightful time. They entertained us by giving a dinner and musicale, and Mrs. Babcock also gave a luncheon. She asked Julia Collins, as I persisted in calling her, and we really had a good time talking things over together. I never would have believed we could be so comfortable together. She told me of her new home, and Mrs. Babcock and I accepted an invitation for tea the following afternoon. Her husband was on the coast, a business trip, she explained. But she told me she was ideally happy.

"I suppose it sounds foolish to you, but I think no one ever was any happier than Tom and I."

"That is because you do not curb his freedom; or require him to lose his individuality," Mrs. Babcock returned. I at once thought of the night up in Maine when George had said nearly the same thing. That one could not destroy another's individuality and be happy."

"Oh, I never would do that!" Julia laughed. "He might retaliate and that never would do."

That night we went to hear Paderewski play. I never had heard him, and was overjoyed at the opportunity. But when after the concert Mr. Babcock presented him I said to Mrs. Babcock:

"It was worth leaving the babies for."

How she laughed.

"I imagine you are a sort of hero worshipper, aren't you?"

"Perhaps," I replied, thinking of Merton Gray and how at first, and even yet, he had seemed so awfully attractive to me.

At Last Perfect Content.

We remained three days. We had a delightful time, but most of all I enjoyed the long heart to heart talks I had with Mrs. Babcock. I told her of my boys, of how wonderfully happy I was now that I had learned some of the necessary things of life—to be unselfish, and to trust my husband.

"That is all there is to married life—happy married life, I mean. Unselfishness and trust. Without it no marriage can be happy even if he be so comfortable as manna in heaven. With it, nothing else matters much. I have watched you dear, watched you change from a very sweet attractive girl, into a well poised beautiful woman. You have a husband of whom you may well be proud; three lovely babies; and one of the most complete homes I have seen. And you also have the love and respect of the man you married. The other day when you were dressing he and I had a little talk. I was surprised that he opened his heart to me as he did. I am glad to tell you that, he said, he had spoken in praise of you, and he replied:

"I am a very fortunate man. I have a very perfect married life. Mrs. Howard, but a very young girl when we were married, and she had a great deal to learn. But now there is no one I know who has more poise, more real kindness of heart, who is a more perfect hostess, or makes her home the restful place she does. When you add to that her accomplishments and her beauty, and that she has given me three lovely boys you cannot wonder that I say my married life is perfect."

"My eyes filled with happy tears as I bade my hostess good bye. I knew I was changed, but to have George admit that his life with me was perfect gave me such happiness as I never had dreamed of possessing."

THE END.

TALKING IT OVER
With Lorna Moon

The Quiet Gentleman From the South

I really hadn't taken much notice of him; he doesn't signal for notice to be taken; everything about him is quiet, his voice, his clothes and his eyes. I mistook all this quiet for insouciance. Then the other evening I saw him in a new light.

The hotel veranda was gay with colored organias and white flannels with here and there a sprinkling of navy and khaki; fanning and rocking in an endeavor to keep cool. Along the sidewalk lurched an old woman, gray hair streaming over her face, her hat rakishly askant; she swayed dangerously near the curb, then regained her balance and reeled along towards the street car crossing.

The occupants of the veranda viewed her with varying degrees of emotion and lack of emotion. The

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mrs. John Sherman, Brock street, is back from Tamworth, and was accompanied by Mrs. James Aylesworth.

Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Sills, Brockville, are in Kingston. The former will accompany his health.

Miss E. MacQueen, nurse-in-training at the Eastern Hospital, Brockville, is spending her vacation in Kingston, the guest of Miss O. R. Fisk.

W. D. Weaver, Kingston, is spending a few days with W. R. Vallance, Commercial street, Belleville.

Miss Verna Burgess, Lakefield, is spending her vacation at Kingston.

Dr. and Mrs. A. Jaquith, Chatham, N.J., are the guests of Mr. G. W. Myke, Williams street. They are also visiting with relatives at Sydenham.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gilpin and children, Hamilton, are expected to spend the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. D. Taylor, Victoria street.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Davis, Univer-

sity avenue, left Wednesday for a three weeks' trip through the Highlands of Ontario and Quebec, returning by way of Toronto.

Mrs. George Birch, after spending the past two months with her mother, Mrs. R. Meek, University avenue, left for her home in Fort William on Friday. Her two sweet little daughters have charmed all her friends with their

Nursing Sister M. E. Cairns, Queen's Military Hospital, is spending two weeks' holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cairns, Lindsay.

Mrs. L. Black and Prof. and Mrs. Nicol, Kingston, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Black, Devonshire Apartments, Brockville.

Mrs. Quenest and children, and Mrs. P. McClevery, Kingston, are visiting Mrs. Robert Willey in Lyn.

Master R. A. Breckenridge, Peterboro, is the guest of Master Ted Jenkins on Wolfe Island.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Harriet Whitney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whitney, Watertown, N.Y., to Lieut. Roland M. Glenn, commander of the post at Madison Barracks. The wedding will be a military one, and will take place Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Lieut. Glenn was in Kingston on Dominion day in command of the American soldiers visiting here that day.

Mrs. Joseph Hicks, of Aylmer avenue, Ottawa, announces the engagement of her daughter, Marion Edna, to Winfred Stanley, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Breakenridge, Westport, Ont. The marriage will take place early in September.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wormwith and Miss Gill, Earl street, are spending several weeks at Rockport.

Miss Gretta Haycock, Adolphustown, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Davis, University avenue, for a few days last week.

Capt. George W. James, Registrar's office, has been spending a few holidays at the Britannia Hotel, Lake of Bays, Muskoka.

Miss Madeline Saunders, Kingston, was a recent guest of Mrs. Chester Marsh, Carleton Place.

Mrs. Lorne W. Saunders and son Donald, staying at her father's, G. H. Bickell, Bowmanville, have returned to Kingston.

Mrs. E. Gilmour, Kingston, is visiting at Mrs. N. A. Stewart's, Folger's Station.

Philadelphia has a government factory in which every employee is a woman.

The authorities of Coney Island prohibit women from bathing without stockings.

Miss Ruth Chivis is now in Detroit investigating industrial conditions among female workers.

Women employed on Maryland farms are paid at the rate of \$15 a month and their board.

Mary MacArthur, a Scotch woman, is a candidate for a seat in the British Parliament.

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In the town of Amarillo, Tex., there are more women than men entitled to vote at the coming election.

The Union Pacific railroad will shortly try an experiment by using women to load freight cars.

Hotels and club in Columbus, O., have barred all women from securing intoxicants in their places.

Trade unions in Great Britain have shown enormous increases in feminine membership during the last year.

One of the latest forms of war work for women is that of beef raising to increase the supply of honey.

Women in Texas may vote in the

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

primaries under a restricted suffrage act passed by the last session of the legislature.

In England there are many women superintendents and overseers of munition factories with men working under them.

The shortage of male help has made imperative for New York city restaurant proprietors to engage women as managers.

Hundreds of women in the South have joined egg clubs which enables them to purchase eggs at a reasonable price.

Mrs. Hazel Drew, of Allston, Mass., has the distinction of being the first woman since the establishment of the British and Canadian recruiting mission in the United States to pass the physical examination for service in the woman's royal air force.

The SAFEST MATCHES in the WORLD
Also the Cheapest! — are

EDDY'S "SILENT 500'S"

Safest because they are impregnated with a chemical solution which renders the stick "dead" immediately the match is extinguished.

Cheapest, because there are more perfect matches to the sized box than in any other box on the market.

War time economy and your own good sense, will urge the necessity of buying none but EDDY'S MATCHES.

SPRINGTEX is the underwear with a million little springs in its fabric which "give and take" with every movement of the body, and preserve the shape of the garment despite long wear and hard washings.

It is the year-around underwear, light, medium or heavy weight, as you like.

"Remember to Buy It— You'll Forget You Have It On"

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KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

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WHITE LIQUID WHITE CAKE

FOR MEN'S, WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SHOES

The F. F. DALLEY CORPORATION, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

One bar in every five FREE—there's economy!

The bigger Comfort Soap bar gives you more soap for the money than ever before. The weight has been increased because, as you know, there are no premiums with the Bigger Bar's wrapper. Here is a real chance to save in housekeeping expenses.

COMFORT SOAP

If you really want more GOOD soap for your money you'll just firmly ask your grocer for the bigger Comfort Bar—he can supply you. If you are still getting the former, smaller Comfort Soap, keep on saving the wrappers, they are still good for premiums.

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Toronto

