

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

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The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-lives"

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 "For two years, I suffered tortures from Severe Dyspepsia. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth.
 I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking 'Fruit-a-lives', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."
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In the treatment of all skin troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected parts. These fragrant super-creamy emollients tend to prevent little skin troubles becoming serious if used for every-day toilet purposes.

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THAT CHANGE IN WOMAN'S LIFE

Mrs. Godden Tells How It May be Passed in Safety and Comfort.

Fremont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Godden, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

Such annoying symptoms as heat flashes, nervousness, backache, headache, irritability and "the blues," may be speedily overcome and the system restored to normal conditions by this famous root and herb remedy Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If any complications present themselves write the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for suggestions how to overcome them. The result of forty years' experience is at your service and your letter held in strict confidence.

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

RUTH FINDS AN APARTMENT. SHE PLANS TO DO IT OVER.

CHAPTER IX.
 "Now, dear, I want to talk to you."
 It was the third day after they had arrived in New York, and also the third day of Ruth's fruitless search for a place to live. They had finished dinner, and Ruth, utterly worn-out, had slipped into a comfortable kimono, and was lazing on the couch.
 "Go ahead, Brian, dear. But don't expect me to answer. I am tired to death. The perfectly awful places I have seen, have given me a horrible headache."
 "All right. I'll do the talking. Now Ruth darling, there isn't any use pretending. We are poor, poor as church mice, and we have got to find a place to live in and get out of here. Cheap as it is, it is far more than we can afford for a while. Tomorrow is Sunday. I will spend the day hunting a place. Then Monday we must get a few things and move in. You can buy the fol-de-rols gradually. We'll get the necessities, and start housekeeping. Of course, Ruth, we won't be as poor as we are now very long."
 "Of course we won't! Why, you'll soon have a big law practice, then we can get into a nice place and have Rachel!"
 "Yes," rather impatiently. "But Ruth, I am afraid you will not be contented. You have seen many apartments just as good as any we can afford now, and you say they give you a headache. I should hate to come home and find you always with a headache."
 Ruth laughed merrily. She was really tired, really disgusted with the places she had seen. But she was also in love, also young and enthusiastic.
 "Oh, I'll be happy, Brian dear. We'll fix up the place so prettily, on almost nothing at all, that you won't recognize it. Only please don't take a place where there are cockroaches."

Ruth's idea of "nothing at all" was a little less than she had used to decorate her aunt's house.
 "Of course I won't! Now we'll turn in early, get a good start in the morning, and by night we will have a home, little girl. It will be better than this old hole, anyway. And the way the bills mount up here, is scandalous."
 Ruth was about to tell him they weren't a tenth of what her's and Aunt Laura's were at the Ritz, when they stopped there. Then she remembered that Brian was not rich like Mrs. Clayborne, and said nothing. But it seemed to her that Brian talked a good deal about money, and how careful they must be—for a while. She never had heard money discussed. It was there; she had used it. That made her get married. Her pocket book was nearly empty. Her aunt had not given her a very large amount—in line with her ideas of what Ruth would do when she found she had to economize—and it was Brian for money? That would be unbearable. But how else was she to get it? She couldn't do much without money, especially in New York.
 "Are you going to give me an allowance to run the house?" she asked. "I read a book, once, where a young couple like us got married, and they divided the money the man earned. So much for the rent, so much for clothes, so much to run the house, etc. It was an awfully nice story. I recall, I read it aloud to Aunt Laura. She said that was the only way for people of moderate means to do."
 "Why, yes—if you would like to do that way, I have no objection," yet, as he said it, Brian flashed with embarrassment. He had not told Ruth the size of his income. He really had not been able to get courage to do so. Her absolute disregard

of money at Atlantic City had shown him more of the manner of her upbringing than he had before known. It had frightened him, a little. He loved Ruth passionately. He hated to deny her things to which she had been accustomed. He wouldn't have to, very long—just until he got a few good, paying cases. But in the interim it would be hard to make her understand. He must be patient. Sunday dawned bright and lovely. In high good spirits they set out to find a home. Someway, things looked different to Ruth with Brian along. The sordidness did not seem quite so sordid, the dinginess of the cheap flats quite so dingy. About three o'clock, after looking for hours, they found a little five-room apartment that Brian said would have to do. The rent was thirty-five dollars a month. The entrance to the apartment was up one flight of stairs. The janitor—rather, the janitress—seemed good soul, and promised to do all she could to help Ruth.
 The rooms had been lately "done" and were clean. But Ruth's spirits sank as she heard the woman tell Brian that the owner would not repaper for anybody. He had papered to suit the last tenants, and then they had remained only three months.
 "But he won't mind if we paper ourselves?" Ruth asked.
 "No, I don't guess he would mind if you done it yourself, but he won't do nothing for nobody, so it ain't no use asking."
 "We'll do them over in soft pretty colors, Brian. It won't be so bad then." Ruth shivered as she looked at the glaring colors that no amount of furnishing could tone down.
 Brian made no answer. But Ruth never noticed.
 To-morrow—Ruth Unsuccessfully Attempts Keeping House.
 a couple of times. Think I'll go along," he remarks.
 "Do dear it will do you a world of good. I want the house to myself while I get this 'copy' finished up," I rejoice agreeably.
 "Will you go for a spin round with me when I get back? I won't be finished until quite late. Take Mildred, she'll like it."
 "Mildred makes me tired," savagely. "Why can't you come?"
 "Mildred's a charming young thing," tolerantly. "and I am very busy." Husband is now openly mutinous. "I'll be hanged if I'll be bundled off like a school boy. Who wants to spend a whole evening with that rattle-brained flapper? If you don't come I'll stay here whether you like it or not."
 Then I look up with a mixture of surprise and regret and leave the typewriter reluctantly, as he begs me to "come on the lake just we two so we can have a good time."
 He flirts with me scandalously in his relief that he escaped Mildred for the whole evening—Oh most inconsistent man!

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

How I Do It—How Do You?
 Write something about how to retain a husband's affections as one gets older. The Comely Matron who is beginning to put on a little extra weight. That's a subject which interests every woman who has a husband.
 This command was directed at me. Just as if I were an authority on retaining a husband's affections; or could impart the knowledge for such a stupendous task in five hundred words! I've only been on the job a short time. I wished she had asked me something easy like "when will the war end," or "what shall we do with the Kaiser?"
 Of course, I have theories on the subject. Most women have, who have a husband. But then, my theories are the result of studying my particular man, and so are not applicable to the whole sex. However, I will enter a compro-

mise with my readers. I'll tell how I retain my husband's affections, or rather how I try (one can never be sure, men are born camouflagers) and in return I expect my readers to be equally generous and tell me how they do it. We should in that way get together a very interesting collection of theories on this fascinating subject.
 My husband has a flirtatious disposition. Oh, don't make any mistake I wouldn't change him for the world. I simply couldn't live with one of those stogy men who "go out" like a snuffed candle as soon as they are married. I like my husband to flirt. It keeps me from regarding him as a fixture. It is his nature to pursue romance continually. I realized this very soon after we were married and took my cue. I have been poised for flight ever since. I am the elusive female that my husband can't quite catch.
 He is very handsome, very gay, and very witty. Pretty young girls made goo-goo eyes at him, and young matrons flirt with him bewitchingly. He loves it. But he gets too much of them. They don't know the art of restraint. Mildred just phoned to say she is going round the links



Two of the leading characters in the new song play "My Irish Cinderella," the opening attraction at the Grand Opera House on Saturday, Aug. 24th, matinee and night.

were week-end visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Smith, Brockville.
 Mrs. Ovelia Quesnel and children, Kingston, have returned from visiting their aunt, Mrs. Robert Willey, Leno.
 Miss Loretta Burns, Brockville, is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. Nourry, Clergy street.
 Miss Mabel Herman, who has been the guest of Miss Ethel Saunders, Albert street, left on Monday for Toronto.
 Miss M. Alexander, of Toronto, formerly of Kingston, is the guest of Miss Sleeth, Johnson street.
 Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Macnee, Union street, are home from their summering at Little Metis.
 Mrs. R. H. Best, Cobourg, is the guest of Mrs. George McCallum, University avenue.
 Mrs. Z. Prevost, Earl street, accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Lachance, to Montreal on Monday. The latter will return to Kingston to reside with her parents.
 Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Dyde, Johnson street, returned on Monday from an outing in the Laurentian Mountains.
 Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rees, Bagot street, have left for Bon Echo for a holiday.
 Miss Avis Stewart, Ottawa, is visiting Miss Jennie Phillips, Johnson street.
 Mrs. (Dr.) Stewart, Chesley, is visiting Mrs. Joseph Hiscock, William street.

Blame the Nerves

When you cannot sleep and are easily irritated and worried you have reason to suspect that the nerves are below normal. They are not getting proper nourishment from the food you eat and need a little special help. A few weeks' treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for anyone in this condition. Note your increase in weight while using this food cure.

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)
 Fred Angly, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Langdon, Westport, is returning home to Kingston.
 Miss Annie Elliott, Renfrew, is holidaying with her sister, Mrs. M. R. Clark, at Kingston.
 Brig-Generals Mrs. C. S. Maunsell are in Ottawa from Kingston for the week-end, and are staying at the Chateau Laurier.
 Mrs. Harold Stothers and two children, Ottawa, recent guests of Mrs. B. J. Hanon, Division street, have left for Nanapanee to visit Miss Diana Miller.
 After visiting her parents in Brockville, Mrs. Harold Hunter, has returned to Kingston, accompanied by her sister, Miss Doris Parlow.
 Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Baillie, Lansing, Mich., guests of Mrs. Baillie's sister, Mrs. A. W. Hayes, Brockville, are now visiting relatives in Kingston. Mr. Baillie is assistant attorney-general for the State of Michigan.
 Rev. F. C. Whalley, St. George's Cathedral, has been the guest of his father, Rural Dean Whalley, Ottawa, on a fishing trip up the Rideau.
 Mrs. John Donaldson, Joyceville, is leaving for a visit with friends in Nanapanee, Tillsonburg and Detroit, shortly.
 Mrs. Jack Porter returned on Saturday to Rochester, N.Y., after spending several weeks with her parents, Col. and Mrs. C. N. Spooner, Frontenac street, and Dr. and Mrs. Williams, Brockville.
 Rev. Father O'Connor, Nanapanee, and niece, Misses Mary and Kate Oldin, Kingston, are holidaying at Christie's Lake.
 Hugh Robertson, Kingston, is visiting in Perth and vicinity for a week or so.
 Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Mallagh, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. Arthur Lingham, Gore street.
 Sir John and Lady Aird arrived in Vancouver last week. They were accompanied by Miss Aird. They motored to Victoria from Nanaimo, from which port Miss Aird is sailing for Japan to spend a few weeks with Bishop Hamilton.
 Quartermaster Sergt. Meade, Mrs. Meade and little daughter, Kingston,

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