

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

HONEST OPINION

The Rev. "My personal opinion of Zam-Buk is that I know of nothing like it! Moving amongst sick people of my charge, I have proved it an absolute fact that for old wounds, cuts, eczema, and skin diseases, Zam-Buk is really marvellous."—Rev. A. D. MacLEOD, Harcourt, N.B.

The Magistrate "Eczema was my trouble, and I suffered for years. Tried practically everything, in vain! Zam-Buk cured me; and from the day the last sore was healed there has been no trace of return of the disease."—J. E. ARSENAULT, J.P., Wellington, P.E.I.

The Nurse "Speaking professionally, I would apply Zam-Buk to all cases of eczema, ulcers, abscesses and allied diseases. I have proved Zam-Buk able to cure the worst cases."—NURSE KEITH, Olds, Alta.

THE MOTHER "Give me Zam-Buk! It is the finest all-round healer known. It cured me of a poisoned hand, my 3 children of bad scalp sores, and my husband of a badly crushed finger. No home should be without it."—MRS. VILLIERS, Stadacona St., Montreal. Zam-Buk is purely vegetable, and for skin, eczema, cuts, burns, baby's sores, ulcers, and all skin diseases and injuries is the best known and safest cure. 50c. box, all druggists and stores. The opinion of the majority of the mothers in the Dominion is—



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"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

CLAUDE BECKLY SUCCEEDS IN SPOILING RUTH'S EVENING

CHAPTER LV.
"The d— fool!" Ruth heard Brian say under his breath, then, as a wave of crimson dyed his face, he said: "Mollie has some business that I am looking after for her and it saves time if I do it at luncheon instead of when I might be seeing someone else."
He realized that, in view of what Claude Beckly had said, that it was a lame explanation. While it had really been more than an hour since Beckly had seen them—the now Ruth wouldn't believe it—yet he had sat over the luncheon all the afternoon. He recalled that he looked at his watch just as they rose from the table and it had been just five-thirty. It was now only a little after seven. So Beckly wasn't so far off.
Ruth felt stunned. Had things gone so far that Brian neglected his business, remained away from the office the entire afternoon, to be with Mollie King?
"Where did you lunch, Brian?" she asked very quietly. Too quietly Brian thought. Her voice sounded ominous.
"At the Brevort."
Suddenly Ruth knew what to do. She would not upbraid him. She thought him guilty of any wrong—neither was she at all sure in her own mind that he had wronged her in any way.
"I wish you had called me up and asked me down there too. I should have enjoyed it immensely." Brian was so taken aback he couldn't speak for a minute, then he said gruffly:
"How did I know your boss was going to give you the afternoon?"

"I have to lunch somewhere every day. I can always take an hour—or a little more. When you have time to go to a really nice place, I wish you would call me up and ask me to meet you."
"All right! I will," he breathed more freely. Was she going to be nice about it? He had been afraid of a scene. Yet, knowing Ruth, he should have known she would make no scene in a public place. Perhaps when they got home he'd catch it. How he hated that fool, Beckly, Meddlesome boob.
The waiter came with their order, and while Brian ate what he had ordered he noticed that Ruth scarcely ate a thing. And she had told him she was hungry. She asked for coffee with her dinner and drank two strong cups. Something she never had done before, and consequently Brian looked upon it as an added proof that she was trying to hold back the noon hour. He was getting when they reached home; she was bracing up on coffee. So he expressed it in his thoughts.
In one way he was right. Ruth trembled as she could scarcely control herself. To appear indifferent when she was so furiously jealous, was hard. She had asked for the coffee to help steady her nerves.
Ruth also could not help but wonder, as she pretended to eat, and occasionally made a remark about someone near them; if that was the reason Brian had no money that he was 'broke' as he had told her before they left home. She had given him ten dollars the night before, perhaps he had not found it. He had on the same clothes—She would ask him. It

wasn't the money! K, he had spent it, every cent, on himself, she would have laughed at him for his boyish foolishness; but to take the money she had earned—how should she approach the subject. She couldn't ask him pointblank if he had done as she suspected.
She tried to chat unconcernedly about some people near them, and Brian was so thankful for her forbearance that he seconded her in such a way that they both breathed more easily.
They tried to chat unconcernedly about some people near them, and Brian was so thankful for her forbearance that he seconded her in such a way that they both breathed more easily.
Their dinner as ordered would take about all of the five dollars, including the tip.
"I believe I could eat a baked Alaska," Ruth finally said. She had selected the most expensive dessert she could think of.
Brian flushed again, looked uncomfortable, then hurried out:
"We haven't any left! I told you we had better not come to such a place as this with only five dollars."
"But we didn't!" she almost held her breath, so anxious was she for the result of her little ruse.
"What do you mean?" Ruth knew, faintly. Ruth perhaps had more than she had told him.
"Why I slipped a ten dollar bill in your vest pocket last night! You remember you said you were out of money," the last words dragged. After one look at Brian's face there was no need to tell her. Ruth knew, "I spent that!" he said. Then, "Gad, Ruth! let's go home. I'm sick of this! If I have to give an account of every cent I spend, I'll—"
To-morrow—Brian Becomes Angry And Is Anxious to Go Home.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Daddy on the Right Track.
They were long legged girls of twelve and fourteen respectively with tumbling masses of lightish brown hair bleached flaxen in places by an ardent sun. They were hitting the ball with more vigor than science, cutting their "inlets" all over the approach with far too energetic and very misguided slashes.
The middle aged man who accompanied them was wearing his instructions and encouragement in one breath "Keep your eye on the ball—keep your hands together—not as bad as it might have been—oh never mind—kick back the turf," and so on.
"They're green at golf," he explained as I waited for them to hole out, "but they're great tennis players. Marjory would get on better if her clubs were smaller, but she wanted the biggest ones they had. You see" he chuckled and glanced teasingly at his daughter, "Marjory is a suffragette, and she doesn't believe that there is anything too big for her too handle."
"Not even her father," Marjory flashed back at him. "And Daddy if you say any more I'll tell that's all! Evidently sure that this threat would squelch any further confidences on the part of "Daddy" she strode off to the next tee.
"They're a couple of great girls!" he said with fatherly pride watching them race each other across the turf. "I've brought them up myself. I lost their mother when the younger one was born—sometimes I wonder if I'm on the right track. I've played all their games with them or rather they have played all mine with me, for we have played tennis, and gone swimming and fishing together, ever since they were big enough to do without a nurse. We're really pals, and sometimes I find Marjory hard to handle on that account. She argues most things with me instead of taking my word—but she's a fine girl!" then laughing reminiscently he added, "she tricked me the other evening, that's what she threatened to tell."
"She's been complaining that I'm too one sided, always deciding what we are going to do without letting her make a suggestion. In defense of myself I said that it wasn't so, and she could propose anything at all and I would be willing to fall in."
"All right then, Daddy," was her answer "We'll knit this evening." I was fairly caught. She has started me on a pair of socks and I daren't back out." He followed his two breezy daughters laughing over his shoulder with me at the joke on himself. I think those two girls have wonderful Daddy. And I don't think he need worry about being on the wrong track. I think he's on the right track and heading for the right station.

MAROOED ON ISLAND.
Terrible Experiences of Two Settlers In Northern Ontario.
Marooned on an islet in Lake Rimy, without food, without the means of catching a fish, or shooting a passing bird, even without matches, Joe Pelletier and George Imbau suffered the agony of slow starvation for thirteen days. When rescued by a search party they were in a state of collapse and unable at first to tell their story, but the state of the shrubbery on the island was an eloquent testimony to their sufferings. The leaves were plucked off, the twigs broken, even the grass on the shallow soil had been torn up for food. A few days' care partially restored the men, and Pelletier is now on the way to complete recovery. Imbau, unfortunately, ate a bit of moose meat before he was able to endure such heavy diet, and died from the effects.
Lake Rimy is situated about three miles from Moonbeam, a station on the National Transcontinental Railway, some 50 miles west of Cochrane. The lake is about 15 miles long and seven or eight miles wide. It teems with fish, and plenty of big game is found along its shores. About a mile from the shore is an unnamed islet scarcely larger than the backyard of a city home. A great rock rises in the middle of it, and there is a growth of small shrubs, but no trees upon it. This was the scene of an adventure, which, for unmitigated horror, could scarcely be surpassed, and experience endured within four miles of a railway station.
Pelletier and Imbau, who were bachelors living near Moonbeam, French settlers from the Lake St. John country, determined to celebrate Dominion Day by a three days' hunting and fishing trip. They made no secret of their intentions and the inhabitants of the village knew that they intended to cross the lake and go up one of the streams entering it.
They loaded fishing tackle, guns, ammunition, three days' food, and ordinary hunting supplies in a canoe and set out in reasonably good weather. Little was thought about the fact that they did not return within the time they had set. But when four, five, and, at last, six days had passed the men's friends grew anxious and organized a search party. The whole district was combed, without result. The island was passed on the way out, but no one dreamed of landing on it. On the thirteenth day the dejected and returning party called at the island, more by impulse than design, and the lost men were found.
When Pelletier recovered he said that he and his partner, while passing the island, resolved to go ashore for no particular reason. One of them got out of the canoe without trouble, but the other, in stepping upon the rock, slipped. The canoe was kicked away and before could be secured was caught by the wind and blown out of reach. Little is said by Pelletier of his experiences. They were not such as could be easily described, but the imagination is staggered by contemplation of them. The weather for the most part was bad. There the men were—helpless, raging, despairing, without shelter and without food, for thirteen weary days. It is a miracle that they survived the experience. Men less inveterate to the wilderness and to its hardships would have succumbed long before the search party arrived.
Chicks Travel by Post.
Hundreds of day-old chicks are now being shipped into Canada from Trenton Junction, N.J. The majority are shipped in the island and stand the long trip by post quite chirpily.
A Youthful Veteran.
Pte. Walter S. Brady has returned to his Charlottetown home from overseas, a veteran with two years' war experience and two wound stripes at fifteen years of age.
One of the privileges of man is to live and learn.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE
IN EFFECT SEPT. 29TH, 1918.
Trains will leave and arrive at City Station, Foot of Johnson Street.

Going West	Leaving City	Arriving City
No. 19 Mail	12:29 a.m.	12:57 a.m.
No. 13 Express	3:49 a.m.	3:53 a.m.
No. 6 Mail	12:29 p.m.	12:57 p.m.
No. 14 Intern'l Ltd.	1:15 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
No. 7 Mail	3:38 p.m.	3:47 p.m.
Going East	Leaving City	Arriving City
No. 18 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.
No. 16 Express	3:10 a.m.	3:53 a.m.
No. 9 Mail	12:29 p.m.	12:57 p.m.
No. 14 Intern'l Ltd.	1:15 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
No. 28 Local	4:45 p.m.	7:16 p.m.
No. 3, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19	run daily.	

Other trains daily except Sunday.
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Poor fellow, you had your arm and leg shot off.
No, I let the doctor use them for splints.

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Mr. Mouse—There's a line of defense the Hun can't get over!

HARD LUCK
You have a terrible cold. Yes, that fool cook shut me up in the refrigerator all night.

Children Perished in Flames.
Cobourg, Oct. 7.—In Haldimand Township, ten or twelve miles from here, two little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Finley Simpson, aged three and one and a half years, lost their lives in a fire that consumed their parents' home with its contents. Mr. Simpson was working at Hastings, and Mrs. Simpson had gone to a neighbor's on an errand. When help arrived it was too late to do anything.

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