

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

CLAUDE BECKLY ARRANGES A SURPRISE FOR RUTH AND BRIAN

CHAPTER LVIII.

By the time they reached home, Ruth had made up her mind what to do. Had it not been for Claude Beckly joining them, she would have said something about "her money" and then have been sorry afterward. She was grateful she had not mentioned it. That was the one thing she never must do if she and Brian were to live happily. Suppose he had spent it for Mollie King? If he hadn't had it, he might have run in debt again, might have borrowed it from that man Clark. So when they were getting ready for bed she remarked:

"I wish you'd ask me to lunch the next time you ask Miss King. I'll not interrupt if you talk business, and I would so enjoy it."

"All right, I will. But don't suppose I'll take her again for some time," Brian answered, mollified by Ruth's tone and the thought that it was only her (Ruth's) desire to be with him that had made her act as she had on the roof. She was jealous.

Mollie King. What right had Brian to object to her working, then take what she earned and spend it on another woman? She would have a talk with him, not mentioning Mollie. She would pay all the expenses of the flat, and that would give him his money to do with as he pleased.

The rent was due the next day, so she took part of her noon hour and visited the real estate office and paid it, taking a receipt. She would lay where Brian would see it, then when he asked about it she would have a chance to tell him. It was too much to have him use her money for Mollie. It belittled her—and him. That was really what hurt Ruth more than the fact that Brian was with Mollie. That Brian, her husband, could bring himself to be unfaithful, and to demean himself by doing as he had, hurt. Yet Ruth in her thoughts gave him all the benefit of the doubt. She never would believe him unfaithful until she knew beyond all quibble that he had gone from her. She still believed it was his hurt pride that she had taken her life into her own hands; and more than that, his jealousy of her earning power as opposed to his that had driven him to do things he never would otherwise have done.

And in this supposition Ruth was absolutely right at that time. Neither in word or positive action, had Brian been untrue to her, although it may have looked as if he were.

Ruth dressed for the evening with the greatest care, although wearing a simple, plain, dark dress. But she was very attractive. She was so well groomed, so dainty in her clothes, shoes, etc., that more than one woman looked enviously at her; and more than one man turned to take a second look as she waited for the car to take her to Brian's office.

Brian was still grouchy, but Ruth pretended not to notice.

Yet Brian Hackett knew he had done something that he had no right to do; and, as a person who is in the wrong invariably does, he was cross and unreasonable, both that night and the next morning.

"Shall you come home, Brian, or shall I meet you somewhere?" Ruth asked, "I might come down to the office, then you would not have to wait."

"Oh, I don't care what you do! I don't see what you accepted his invitation for. The sort of a dinner Beckly put up won't be half as good as Crawford could cook for us."

"I think it will be nice to go."

"Oh, I'll go all right! only you'll be disappointed. What time will you come down?"

"I'll be there by six-thirty."

All day Ruth thought of Brian and

"Can you cash this check?" he asked her. "One of my clients came in to-day and instead of giving me the money, gave me that. It makes me tired." The check was for only seven dollars, "I suppose they think I am sending to the bank every ten minutes."

"Of course I'll cash it. You know I told you I got paid to-day."

"Well, I can't go down with the old bunch, without any money in my pocket, even if Beckly is going to blow. If you couldn't have cashed it somewhere—and that gives a fellow away so darn had. Getting a seven-dollar check cashed before he can pay car-fare."

"How terribly he feels the question of money," Ruth thought. "I never must say a word about mine, what I earn."

"Come on!" Brian said after he had put the seven dollars in his pocket, and Ruth had taken the check. "The dinner will be better if we get there on time."

When they went into a basement door, then to the dining room, the noise of a first bewildered Ruth. Everyone seemed to be talking at once, and a young man with a shock of black hair was pounding the tippenny piano as if by using his strength, he could make his music heard above the din of voices and dishes.

"Ah, here you are! so glad to see you. I caught Mollie, too, for tonight! I knew she'd entertain Brian and let us get better acquainted," Claude Beckly said ("screamed," Ruth would have declared).

"Good evening," Mollie King said, calmly to both Ruth and Brian. "Wasn't it good of Claude to ask me?"

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To-morrow—Brian Shows Jealousy, Which Puts Ruth's Fears At Rest.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

A Lonesome Sailor Boy

I drove off, and my ball sailed onward, and landed right in the ditch. I had been straining every effort to avoid it. As I trundled down the hill I regretted my resolution to refrain from adopting the golfers' vocabulary when I adopted his other ways. I knew that ditch—it is twelve feet deep and the bottom is covered with soft, splashy mud. When I go to the edge of it I was surprised to see a sailor standing astride the bottom groping in the dirt. He looked up with a wide grin and asked as he held a muddy pellet up for inspection, "Is this your ball?"

"I'm playing a red dot," I made answer.

He removed a little of the dirt with his palm and said "This is yours," then with another even wider grin, "Are you going to play it at of here?"

"What were you doing down there?" I asked to avoid his question.

"Was looking for my ball." This with a sheepish look. He was a very young sailor.

"If you find it, will you play out of there?"

"I have to do my own laundry," he replied.

"All right throw up my ball!" I said. "If the navy can dodge behind an alibi like that I don't need to blush. Hope you find your ball, and thanks for finding mine." I added over my shoulder.

"Say"—came back from the bottom of the ditch. I glanced over again. His ridiculous hat was perched on the back of his head where he had pushed it for safety when looking down, and his face was red with confusion and embarrassment—he was a very young sailor. "It's—I'm awful lonesome." He got it out in a rush.

"Well," I answered, laughing in spite of my effort to keep a straight face, "you're not in the best place to get company. However I hope you're lucky, and I started off again.

"Say." It was a call of distress this time. He was wiping his hands on his handkerchief and clambering up the side. "If I don't find this ball—I haven't got another."

"Why didn't you say so before," I said handing him a ball. He thanked and pocketed the ball and offered to carry my clubs. "Where are yours?" I asked, noticing for the first time that his clubs were nowhere in sight.

He looked very guilty and re-adjusted his hat at a more wildly reckless angle, then pushed it back and pulled his tie into place. Evidently coming to the conclusion that the question had to be answered he blurted out "I ain't really playing—I was just out to look for a ball, so I could ask you to lend me one—you see I—my home isn't here—I don't know any girls."

"You'd be more likely to meet girls in the city," I said wittily, for I realized that he was just a very lonely boy away from home who was aching to talk to one of the gentler sex. "I like country girls. I'm from the country." He was placing and re-

placing his hat in a frenzy of shyness.

"Perhaps you had better carry my clubs," I said. And then he shouldered them gratefully I drew his attention to the golden rod growing near saying "Isn't it glorious?"

"Gives ye hay fever," he commented. And thereupon I knew that he wasn't story telling when he said he came from the country. It takes a "city person" to appreciate wild flowers.

German Study in Canada.

The senate of the University of Toronto has accepted the decision of the Provincial Government in declaring that German should not be demanded in any of the courses required for specialist certificates for the high schools and collegiate institutes, and changes have been made in the curriculum in accordance therewith. Students who are preparing for research in the sciences will be required to know enough German to be able to read articles on the subject in the German periodicals and works of reference.

Jitneys and Red Cross.

During the recent street car strike in British Columbia cities, the local transportation problem was happily solved by hundreds of private-owned automobiles being put in jitney service, their "fares" being given to the Red Cross.

Hunnish Heartlessness.

An incident, related in a letter received by Norman G. Heyd, of Toronto, from his brother, Major C. G. Heyd, in charge of an American Base Hospital, throws an interesting sidelight on the relations which exist between the officers of the German army and the men under their command.

A German private and a captain were brought into the hospital and placed in a cage quite close together. In a short time it was seen that the private's wounds would prove fatal, and as there was no one else in the ward who could speak German, a nurse approached the officer and asked if he would speak to the dying man, and take any message he might have for his friends.

"In our country officers do not speak to privates unless it is to give commands," was the heartless answer, and the private soon passed away.

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NO FUN

Fly—Shucks, there's no fun biting this fellow. He don't kick or anything.

A man may be master of a dozen languages and still be unable to control his wife's tongue.

An expert is a man who doesn't get confused when cross-examined.

Recent research on the part of hair specialists reveals the fact that many of the greasy and obstructive scalp diseases are caused and rendered incurable by the indiscriminate use of shampoo preparations.

Chemical analysis proves that most liquid preparations for shampooing contain an excess of alkali (a harmful irritant) which eats its way into the pores of the scalp, rots the roots of the hair, discolors it to fall out.

The safest, safest and easiest way is to make your own liquid. Buy a quart of Vaseline at any drug store. Dissolve one of the small packets into half glass of fresh water and you will have an abundance of pure non-irritating liquid that will relieve itching of the scalp, falling hair and itching scalp, also improve the natural color of the hair. Sold by all druggists.

A pure concentrated powder that never spoils. Mix with fresh water as required.

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This feature, absent in the usual prepared cereal, not only saves the use of sugar but provides food material especially adapted to the cooler weather of autumn.

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BAD SCALD

"Such relief I felt when I applied Zam-Buk to a badly scalded hand!" writes Mrs. A. Risley, of 418 Timothy St., Montreal.

"I was standing near the stove when the kettle boiled over on my hand. I applied some ointment which I had in the house, but it did not ease the burning. The skin peeled off and the pain was so bad that I got no sleep for two nights.

"Then I commenced using Zam-Buk, and the first application gave me wonderful relief. It seemed to cool the burning so that I was able to sleep, and from then the scald began to heal. Zam-Buk grew new skin over the sore place and before long my hand was quite all right again."

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

No. 19 Mail	Live City	Arr. City
No. 15 Express	12:20 a.m.	12:55 a.m.
No. 27 Local	1:10 a.m.	1:15 a.m.
No. 1 Eastern Ltd.	1:45 p.m.	1:46 p.m.
No. 7 Mail	2:19 p.m.	2:47 p.m.

Going East.

No. 18 Mail	Live City	Arr. City
No. 14 Express	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.
No. 4 Mail	2:10 a.m.	2:55 a.m.
No. 14 Eastern Ltd.	1:15 p.m.	1:16 p.m.
No. 23 Local	6:48 p.m.	7:24 p.m.

Nov. 7, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19 run daily.

Other trains daily except Sunday.

Direct route to Toronto, Peterboro, Hamilton, Buffalo, London, Detroit, Chicago, Bay City, Sault Ste. Marie, Ottawa, Quebec, Portland, St. John, Halifax, Boston and New York. For full rates, accommodations, etc., apply to J. P. Hanley, Agent, Agency for all ocean steamship lines. Open day and night.

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LIPTON'S TEA

THE GENIAL DRINK

Around four o'clock in the afternoon, when the body is tired and the mind is weary, and you don't quite know what to do next, there is nothing that will stimulate you so quickly and give you renewed ambition, and make the world take on a new aspect, so much as a cup of Lipton's Tea.

But be sure the Tea IS Lipton's, because the quality is guaranteed. We grow it, blend it, pack it, and sell it ourselves. No other firm selling Tea in Canada may give you this guarantee.

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Easy and Practical Home Dressmaking Lessons

Prepared Specially for this Newspaper by Pictorial Review.

Clever Idea for a Make-Over.

tends to economize by making over last year's frocks for another season's wear. A smart example is given in this frock of black satin with a red-trim of black and white check. The foundation dress consists of a two-piece gathered skirt, closing at the left side-front, joined to a waist that closes on the left shoulder and at the left side-front. To reproduce the dress in medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch check and 4 1/2 yards plain 44-inch plain material.

To cut the overdress, fold the check material in half, placing the front and back sections of the pattern in position so that the triple "T" perforations will rest along the lengthwise fold. The girdle and pieces for the side may be placed in the space between the front and back, with straight edges on the selvage of the fabric.

Now, take the satin and fold in halves also. The front of the waist is placed with straight edge on the selvage and large "O" perforations on a lengthwise thread of material. The back of the waist and back and front gored "of the skirt have the triple "T" perforations resting along the lengthwise fold. The single "T" perforation in the collar also rests along the lengthwise fold, the pockets and sleeve having the large "O" perforations placed on a lengthwise thread of the satin.

The overdress closes on the left shoulder and has large armholes and a deep open front. If desired, the girdle may be slipped under the overdress at the back, leaving an unconfined panel from shoulder to hem.

The advance Autumn models are winning favor by lending themselves to the plans of the woman who intends to economize by making over last year's frocks for another season's wear.

One of the new styles that lends itself to the plans of the woman who is "making-over" this costume is this overdress effect in black and white check and black satin.

The advance Autumn models are winning favor by lending themselves to the plans of the woman who intends to economize by making over last year's frocks for another season's wear.

Pictorial Review Dress No. 7921. Sizes, 34 to 44 inches bust. Price, 25 cents.