

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features



Gray Hair USE Hays' Health Hair

A preparation for restoring natural color to gray or faded hair, for removing dandruff and as a hair-dressing. Is not a dye. Contains no lead or arsenic. Is not a hair-dressing. Is not a dye. Contains no lead or arsenic. Is not a hair-dressing. Is not a dye. Contains no lead or arsenic.

TENTH DEBTOR NATION.

Czecho-Slovaks Borrow \$7,000,000 From U.S.

Washington, Nov. 19.—By extending a credit of \$7,000,000 to the Czecho-Slovak National Council today the Treasury added a tenth debtor nation among the Allies to the United States.

Veteran Minstrel Ill.

New York, Nov. 19.—George Primrose, veteran minstrel, was reported to be in a serious condition at Roosevelt Hospital, following an operation for a chronic stomach disease.

Borman Bros. have secured the Ontario bridge toll for the fourth time.

"The Wife" By Jane Phelps

BRIAN SPENDS THE EVENING WITH MR. AND MRS. ROBERTS

CHAPTER XC.
More than ever a martyr, did Brian feel as he at his solitary dinner; more than usual did he blame Ruth for leaving him. Rachel had prepared a delicious dinner, and he ate heartily, but even the food did not cause him to cease "grouching," and he often mumbled to himself between mouthfuls.

He had been a fool to feel at all conscious stricken because of Mollie King, when Ruth was spending her time with that man Mandel—that was the way he thought of Ruth's work-filled days—as being spent with Mandel. He wouldn't sit alone all the evening, not if he knew it!

After he had finished his dinner he read the paper for a while, then he crossed the hall and rapped at Robert's door. They were at home and greeted him warmly. They would play a three-handed game of bridge if he liked. He willingly agreed; anything to pass the time. Brian felt a little ashamed that he had not called before and tried

to atone by being as entertaining as possible. And when he put himself out he really was a most agreeable companion.

"How nice Mr. Hackett was tonight," Clara Roberts said when he had left them. "I like him ever so much."

"So do I! but somehow he doesn't strike me like a fellow with any great amount of pep. He's too easy going to be much of a success, I'm afraid."

"Just because you drive yourself to death, dear, you must not be critical of those who don't. You see he has a clever wife who can earn more than most men, while you have a little goose who can only cook and keep house for you."

"That's all I want you to do! And I have a sneaking idea that Hackett wouldn't care if it was all she did. He's a queer fellow in some ways. He's egotistical to an extreme in some things, yet, unlike most egotists, not disagreeably so. I have an idea that he cares very little for money or luxuries. He was one of the Greenwich village set before he married, I understand, and they pride themselves on their disregard of such things."

"But don't you think he is ambitious?"
"Not particularly, I imagine Mrs. Hackett is for him—he said, you know, that she was pleased when he took up typing so that he could be independent of office help. They are separated so much that many women would have found fault to have him take his evenings even for study. She has a very unselfish nature I think."

"I think so too! She is very clever. I like her so much. I only wish I could help you by earning something."

"You do help me, dear. I guess I am not very different from most men when I say I prefer to work a little harder and have you right where you are, and what you are; my little housekeeper in my house."

It was fortunate that Brian could not hear this conversation. It was too much like the thoughts surging through his brain after he returned to his lonely apartment.

"She's a dear!" he muttered, referring to Mrs. Roberts. "He's a lucky dog to have a wife who is satisfied with what he can give her. I'm sure they are comfortable, even if they don't have things artistic," the last word he emphasized bitterly.

It was early and he sat down to read. He was in no mood to go to bed and had no notion to lie awake another night. He would read until he was sleepy.

He became very much interested in a magazine article he was reading, concerning the war in Europe. For over two years the nations on the other side of the world had been fighting, and from the very first he had been absorbed by the news. He often thought that, had he not been married, he would have volunteered with the Canadians, although he never had mentioned it even to Ruth.

He had been so engrossed that he started when the insistent shrilling of the telephone warned him that it must have been ringing some time.

"Hello!" he said as he took off the receiver, wondering who could be calling him at eleven o'clock at night. The clock had just struck the hour.

"Hello Brian!" it was Mollie King's gay voice. "Were you asleep? I have been ringing for the longest time."

"No, I was reading!"
"Reading? Read me the book. I'd like to get hold of something that would make me deaf to the telephone. Say, Brian, what's the matter? I expected you for dinner."

"I had some business to attend to—see you to-morrow night."
"Must have been awfully important! I called you three or four times. The servant answered, but I couldn't make anything from her talk. Sure you weren't out with some other girl?"

"Sure, Mollie! You know better than to say such a thing. There's no one but you and—Ruth."

"There'd better not be. I'd be horribly jealous," she laughed, then said good-night after cautioning him not to forget to come to her the next night.

(To be Continued.)

Afraid To Tell Mother!

The child won't play or smile. He is real sick. His tongue is white, breath feverish, stomach sour. He fears he is in for a dose of awful castor oil, calomel or pills. How he hates them. He would rather remain sick.

If his mother would only learn the value of candy "Cascarets." How children love this candy cathartic—how surely it acts on liver and bowels.



TO MOTHERS! Each 10 cent box of Cascarets contains full directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards. Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the tender little bowels so gently, yet so thoroughly. Even cross, feverish, bilious children gladly take Cascarets without being coaxed. Cascarets taste just like candy. Cascarets never gripe, never sicken, never injure, but above all, they never disappoint the worried mother.

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Are Our Children Too Much In Evidence.

"I haven't got a nursery for them, so they are always under my feet." The young mother of these romping boys smiled apologetically as she spoke. Young Harry, who is two and a half, was crouching round on his Kiddle-kar, generously inviting everyone to "take 'em."

Jimmie, aged six, who discusses business with the gravity of a bank manager was trying his luck with refractory spirit lamp. Big Son, who is fourteen, was looking up occasionally to curb the hilarity of the Kiddle-Kar rider.

I was having a thoroughly good time—it was all time—I was glad there was no nursery to hustle them off to for that afternoon at any rate. It was Sunday and raining dismally, but we had a bright fire and a simmering kettle—for Jimmie had succeeded with the lamp.

INGSTON AND VICTORY DAY.
(Continued from page 9)
of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant by fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Others had trial of cruel mockings and scourings. Yes, of bonds and imprisonments.

In this vast multitude, near the throne, I see "our own," Canadian noblemen and noble women. From rank and file they have come up, one in Christlikeness, one in value in the sight of Him under whose banner they truly enlisted, fought and won.

There they stand, the Sir "Galahads" of the twentieth century, not all from around king's tables; from the humble walks of life out of the trenches into the Presence "many have come and now the Holy Grail is attained. There the white-robed and whiter-souled Edith Cavell's exulting in straightened wrists, restored hands and the bloom of eternal life, with "a light of an almost divine forgiveness, harboring their spirit faces, stand. A noble army, men and maidens, who in the harness fought to the death, work well done, victory well won.

Near them I see another goodly company of those, who, within but a few days' journey of the proclaimed peace they scoured for us, from their Pyramids were vouchsafed a view of the land alone with God in their mount before He gathered them into His everlasting arms and in that majestic care they crossed "the long river" and "went over the top" into their glorious spiritual inheritance.

These all assembled in safety and thanksgiving, I see, around the Prince of Peace whose dominion shall extend from the rivers unto the ends of the earth. "And they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it."

—CONTRIBUTED.

The Late Mrs. R. Coulter

Mountain Grove, Nov. 13.—A gloom was cast over this vicinity when it was learned that Mrs. Roland Coulter had passed away on Sunday morning. The deceased had been ill but a short time. She was in the best of health until she contracted pneumonia. The late Mrs. Coulter was born near Mountain Grove and was the daughter of Mrs. and the late Thomas Cox. After her marriage, fifteen years ago, she resided at Elmdale. She was an ardent worker for the cause of the Red Cross, a member of the Women's Institute and Ladies' Aid and a devoted mother, beloved by a host of friends and relatives.

The funeral took place from her late residence on Tuesday morning. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Buckler, who took for his text, "Whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." (James 4, 14) The remains were laid to rest in the Methodist cemetery at Mountain Grove. The deceased was thirty-six years of age and leaves to mourn her loss, besides her husband, two sons, Garnet and Maxwell, her mother Mrs. T. Cox, two sisters, Mrs. H. Scott, Arden and Mrs. George Lewis, Saskatchewan, and two brothers, Leslie, at home, and Frank of Elmdale. Friends and relatives extend deepest sympathy to the family in their sad bereavement.

A milkmaid took poison recently and his doctor evaded up an old score by pumping him out.

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Peps bathe the breathing tubes with a germ-destroying vapor, which is a sure safeguard against infectious coughs and colds.

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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE

IN EFFECT SEPT. 29TH, 1918.

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

Train No.	Leaving CHY	Arriving
No. 19 Mail	11:20 a.m.	12:57 a.m.
No. 13 Express	1:10 a.m.	2:22 a.m.
No. 27 Local	2:45 a.m.	10:17 a.m.
No. 1 Intern'l Ltd.	1:15 p.m.	1:46 p.m.
No. 7 Mail	3:10 p.m.	3:41 p.m.

Love City Arr. City

Train No.	Leaving Love City	Arriving City
No. 18 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.
No. 16 Express	2:10 a.m.	3:22 a.m.
No. 6 Mail	12:20 p.m.	12:52 p.m.
No. 14 Intern'l Ltd.	1:15 p.m.	1:31 p.m.
No. 28 Local	4:48 p.m.	7:24 p.m.

Nov. 1, 12, 14, 16, 18, 19 run daily.

Other trains daily except Sunday.

Direct routes to Toronto, Peterboro, Hamilton, Buffalo, London, Detroit, Chicago, Day City, Saginaw, Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, Portland, St. John, Halifax, Boston and New York. For Pullman accommodation, tickets and all other information, apply to J. F. Hanley, Agent, Agency for all ocean steamship lines. Open day and night.

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DAILY TRAIN SERVICE

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Arrive Vancouver 10.05 p.m. (Fourth Day)

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