

In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

Its Unmistakable Economy in Use- is speedily proven in a Tea-Pot Infusion.

"SALADA"

100% Value 100% Pure Sealed Packets Only.

Hood's Meat Market

GOOD VALUES FOR THIS WEEK

- 500 lbs. Choice Breakfast Bacon 48c a lb.
- 500 lbs. Lamb Chops 32c and 35c a lb.
- 500 lbs. Home-made Sausages 25c and 30c a lb.
- 500 lbs. of Lard 35c a lb.

Cor. of Earl and Barrie Sts. License No. 9-5624

Purity Flour is a high-grade flour, because every care is used to make it so.

PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)

"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry"

Canada Food Board License Nos. Flour 15, 16, 17, 18; Cereal 2-009.

"Purity Oats Make Better Porridge"

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO. LTD., TORONTO, ONT.

STRIKINGLY SUPERIOR! 300 CUPS TO THE POUND



LIPTON'S TEA

DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDEN TO THE TEA POT LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD



A glance at a cake of Gold Soap will show you that it is unusually large. Actual comparisons will show that it is bigger than any other cake of laundry soap at the same price. This big cake of Gold Soap is heavy, solid, it wears away slowly and evenly, lasting longer than ordinary soap. It is made only from the choicest materials suitable for laundry use, it goes farther than ordinary soap. A single trial will convince you that Gold Soap is the best and most economical yellow laundry soap that you can use.

Gold Soap is made in the Procter & Gamble Factories at Hamilton, Canada

Gold Soap

"THE WIFE"

By Jane Phelps.

BRIAN REALIZES THE JOY OF HELPING OTHERS.

CHAPTER CLIV.

Ruth had not neglected her "war babies," nor their mothers, since Brian's return. Now that he was nearly recovered from his wounds, he visited some of the boys "over there" and gave them all the comfort he could if their soldier husbands were among those who never would return. He became as interested as Ruth in trying to do all he could for the wives and babies of the men who were lying in Flanders' Field. And in ministering to them his own heart was softened, his life made more unselfish.

Mrs. Clayborne still remained in the south, but she sent Ruth all the money she needed for her pet charity. One little woman whose baby was delicate, and the mother-heart almost broken because of the loss of her husband added to the fear she would not keep her child, she told Ruth to send south, and on the old plantation, where Ruth had spent her own childhood days, the baby grew stronger, and the young mother more resigned.

"Isn't it wonderful what a help it is to oneself to try to make others happy?" questioned Ruth one night as she and Brian sat planning what they could do for one of her war babies' father who had come home terribly maimed.

"Yes, and Ruth had it not been for you I never should have known much about that kind of helpfulness. I have been very self-centred all my life. I am afraid. I have looked at things only in the light of affecting Brian Hackett. But between the war and my brave little wife I have learned many things."

"We all have learned to feel differently this last year or two, Brian. Things that loomed so large before seem scarcely worth thinking of now. And things which passed by us because we were engrossed by self, are taking their place. But we'll all get adjusted after a bit."

Ruth was so happy in her home life that she had not one single regret in her heart. She worked faithfully during the morning upon plans from the shop sent her. Mandel paid her generously, and she insisted upon paying Rachel's wages as, without her, she would have been unable to apply herself to her tasks. Finally she and Brian came to the point where there was no more talk, no more feeling, even, about WHO earned the money. It was a common sense, and spent for common needs. Brian's business did not materialize to any great extent all at once. But gradually clients came to him, some of them rich men whom he charged fair prices. Others, soldiers who wanted advice and whom he charged nothing, or just enough so they would not feel objects of charity.

"The rich must pay enough so those who cannot afford to pay can be cared for in every way," he remarked to Ruth one night in discussing the happenings of the day.

"That's just what Dr. Moore said this morning. Baby has been a bit fretful with his teeth, and I dropped in to see him. A poor woman was there with a sick baby, her husband still overseas. The doctor wouldn't take a penny for what he did for her; and made the same remark you just made; that those who could afford it, must pay for these others as well as for themselves."

Kenyon Roberts was much interested in Brian's change of location. They had grown very intimate since Brian's return. Kenyon never tired of listening to Brian's talks of what had been done, of how the boys had been looked after, and of the splendid Americans, Canadians and the others had played in the result. His inability to go himself because of his lameness, had been a very real and bitter trial. And he often told Brian that it was like being in the fight himself to listen to his (Brian's) graphic descriptions.

In all this talk Brian eliminated himself, his own part in the struggle. He was not alone in this; it was a trait common to the men who had returned. Privates as well as officers belittled their own part in the great drama, while they gave all praise to their "buddies"—to the other fellow—no matter what his nationality, so long as he was one of the Allies, and fighting for the same cause.

Finally Kenyon yielded to Brian's urging and took two rooms adjoining those Ruth had fitted up for Brian. While not exactly a partnership, they would be able to work together, in a measure, to the advantage of both.

Kenyon's office was very simply furnished, but he had asked Ruth's advice in selecting his rugs and chairs, so that they would, in a way, not be too different from Brian's when the doors were opened between them. She gladly assisted him, and the result fully proved her taste, even when she was very limited as to money.

"A law firm with an interior decorator as a side partner," Brian said laughingly as he kissed her.

To-morrow—Mrs. Clayborne Plans to Help Ruth's "War Babies."

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

"A Laddie From Hell" and a Doughboy

The Doughboy fitted his overseas pipe back in his mouth and didn't say another word. But you bet I didn't want him to sing any hymn of praise; he had measured me up and he said I was 'all right' and that was good enough for me."



Appointment Major E. Snider.

Cobourg, Feb. 3.—At the late session of the County Council of Northumberland and Durham, Major E. Snider, principal of Port Hope high school, and late of the 139th Battalion, was appointed public school inspector for division one of the county, vice Dr. W. E. Tilley, who resigned after thirty-five years' service.

I was new at the game and a bit chattering about the teeth; the Highlandman was like a Sphinx, and I wouldn't have let him know for a farm that the dark was getting my goat—I stuck—. We were sitting in that listening post for several years I KNOW—the Highlander said it was "just" his wife, but he couldn't put THAT over on me; it must have been a day and a night AT LEAST.

"After several hours had passed, my Scotch friend whispered, 'We'll gang back noo' afor daylight.' We nearly clasped him round the neck and kissed him, but I restrained myself and said, 'What's yer hurry?'"

"We had just gotten out of the tunnel and were crawling across the open when BINGO!!!—there was one roar and the dirt flew in every direction. I got a lump of dirt on the small of my back—ZOWIE, it weighed a ton. The Highlander gave a dry laugh and pulled me into a shell hole with him, and glanced back toward the noise and said, 'Thank ye, vera much.' 'What was it,' I asked him.

"The 'listenin' post, laddie—I think it was vera considerable o' the Boche to wait till we got out."

"Sufferin' cabs, my heart was in my mouth as I thought of the narrow squeak we had had, but I just answered him as calm as could be. 'It SURE was,' I said, and we crawled on again.

"When we got back Jock shared my coffee (he doesn't like coffee) and I ate part of the oat cake he sent him (I hate oat cake), then we sat and smoked, after an hour of silence had passed, Jock took his pipe out of his mouth and said, 'Yer bet, right, laddie, then he clasped his

Don't Torture Your Child!

TO MOTHERS! See your little one's terror at the very thought of a dose of castor oil, mineral oil, calomel or pills. Ugh! Cascarets "work" better, safer, surer on the tender little liver, stomach and bowels, besides Cascarets taste like candy. Even bilious, constipated, sick kiddies coax for this harmless candy cathartic.



Each 10 cent box of Cascarets, the pleasant candy cathartic, contains directions and dosage for children aged one year old and upwards. When the little one's tongue turns white, breath feverish, stomach sour, there is nothing better to "work" the nasty bile, souring food and constipation poison from the child's system. Give Cascarets, then never worry.



Fry's Pure Cocoa

THIS "bonnie wee thing" is a FRY'S Cocoa Girlie. Her cheeks are rosy—she's plump and strong—she's a sunny, healthy, romping little Jenny Canuck because she gets FRY'S regularly. She plays harder than most people work—but FRY'S gives her richly back all the spent energy—and more to grow on!

Have you any little "pale faces" at home? Liven them up, build them up now with FRY'S.

"Nothing will do but FRY'S"



MORE PUBLIC WORKS TO GIVE EMPLOYMENT

The Dominion Estimates Will Be Increased, Following Retrenchment Policy

Ottawa, Feb. 3.—Expenditures by the Department of Public Works during the last fiscal year had a total of \$14,955,027, of which nearly six million were spent on public buildings and over five million on harbor and river works.

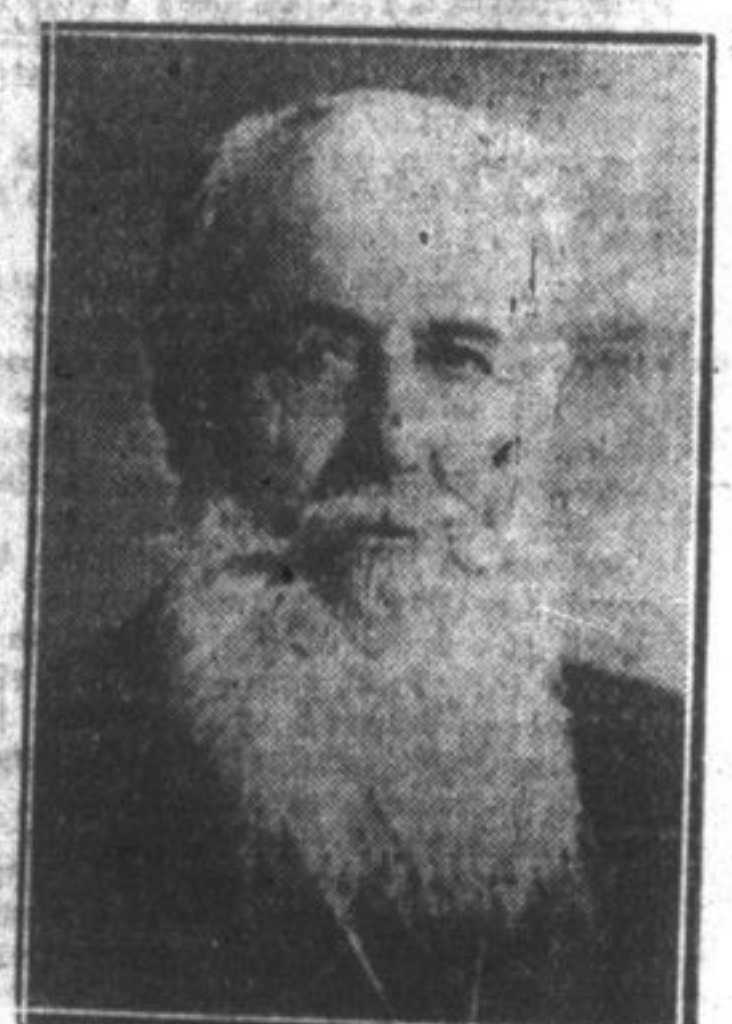
With the war over, it has been estimated that estimates to be placed when the session meets will provide for a large increase in expenditure on public works during the next fiscal year, in order to afford employment for returned soldiers and others.

Dies In Ninety-fifth Year. Brockville, Feb. 3.—Mrs. James Watson, one of Brockville's oldest residents, is dead. She had entered upon her ninety-fifth year, and for the past half-century had resided here. Two daughters survive, Mrs. D. B. Jones, Brockville, and Mrs. Uptargroff, Matawan, N.J. She was grandmother of Lieut.-Col. Elmer W. Jones, D.S.O., commander of the 21st Battalion, killed in action last summer.

SERBIA AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE



DR. R. M. VESNITCH.



M. PASHITCH.

One trouble with the man who is fond of his own jokes is that he expects everybody else to be fond of them. It sometimes happens that after eating his cake the small boy makes the painful discovery that he still has it.

"There is a Tiger Within Me!"

This is what Barbara Forbes discovered when she had her first pangs of jealousy over the intimacy between her husband and Blanche Orton. And she feared this tiger—feared that it might wreck her marriage, if she could not become master of it.

For Barbara knew she had no proof of grounds for her jealousy. She knew that her wild, ungovernable suspicion were entirely unreasonable. And suspicion of the innocent always ends in disaster.

But, on the other hand, what a pity it was that Neil—her husband—did not try to help her conquer the wild thing within her—help her by being over-particular to give her no cause to suspect him. Neil was so careless about appearances; often, he did not even take the trouble to rectify a misrepresentation.

Yet, Neil loved Barbara deeply. It hurt him to see her unhappy. And, this being the case, it looks as though things were going to end happily, doesn't it?

But proof is surer than supposition, so to find out conclusively, read "The Promoter's Wife," which starts in the Whig on Feb. 7th.