

# In the Realm of Woman --- Some Interesting Features

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

## Gold Soap

## The Promoter's Wife

### BARBARA'S FIRST LOVE LETTER

CHAPTER IV. Neil's letter commenced: "Dear little friend Bab: I miss you more than I can tell you. I miss our walks together, our tennis and the croquet—even if you did always beat me. New York seems awfully hot and stuffy after the cool, shaded streets of Huntington. I find myself wishing that I were sitting in the hammock with you instead of on a roof garden, these stifling nights. You know nothing of summer heat. Your cool, grass grown, shaded village has nothing in common with the sun-baked streets of this big town. "Some day I am coming back for another visit. Will you be just as kind to me, or shall I find you have changed—perhaps (awful thought!) married to some of those good-hearted young men? Please don't! I should hate to find you Mrs. Somebody, instead of Barbara Hill, one of the dearest playfellows a man ever had. "Tell me all about yourself, Bab. I am going to send you some new books occasionally, something I am reading. Then we can talk about it in our letters. Would that please you? "Remember me to your father and mother. They were good to spare you to me so often. Really, as I look back, I seem to have rather monopolized you during my stay with Aunt Grace. By the way, she is awfully fond of you. Perhaps you already know it, doubtless you do. But in view of the fact that she told me, and that she is a relative of mine, go and sit with her occasionally, won't you? I see that I haven't given you any real reason that you should but do just the same. "I am having some pictures taken for mother. She has hounded me to death for months to have my face put on a card. Would you like one? Don't be afraid to say 'no.' It won't hurt—yes it will too. I find that I really want you to have my picture as a first one, isn't it, Bab? Do write me soon. I shall be looking for a letter every day now until I receive it. "Very sincerely, NEIL FORBES." My first man letter. Yet no one could call it a love letter, I thought as I pressed it to my lips after reading it. How could he make fun about my getting married? That hurt. Just as if I would think of marrying one of the village boys, now—after meeting him. "I was delighted that he proposed sending his mother he was reading. It would seem like being together to talk of them in our letters. But what delighted me most was that I was to have his picture. I had tried to get up my courage to ask for it before he left, but couldn't. Now I was glad I had not. It was so nice to have him offer it to me. "Of course I would go and sit with his aunt. I had done so frequently since he left and we had spent the entire time talking of him. Mrs.

### MARRIED FOR 65 YEARS

THE COUPLE ARE NATIVES OF PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

They Have Lived Continuously on a Farm on Little Sandy Bay—Three Things Outstanding in Their Lives. Pictou Gazette.

In Hallowell township, Prince Edward county, on Jan. 22nd, 1831, there was born to the union of John J. Hyatt and Susan McDonald, a son, whom they named James McDonald Hyatt. Within five miles of this place a little over five years later, on May 9th, 1836, to the union of James Harris and Mary Levens, a daughter was born whom they named Lydia Jane Harris. On Jan. 18th, 1853, these two were married by the Rev. Mr. McFadden in Pictou. On the same day Mr. Hyatt took his bride to his home on the south side of West Point on one of the jaws of the mouth of Little Sandy Bay. On this farm Mr. Hyatt has lived continuously for sixty-five years, and with his bride for sixty-six years. To them were born on this farm seven children, four boys and three girls. The youngest girl died when eighteen months old. The other members of the family are still living. Three of the boys, Robert M., George and Garret, are in Attauque, Cal., and J. Clayton at the old home of Jennie, Mrs. P. L. Weeks, in Tentwanda, N.Y., and Minnie, Mrs. J. D. Stephenson, in Hillsburg, Ont. Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt have been hard-working, industrious people, and through their long married life they have been blessed with unusual health. They are growing old gracefully. There are two persons living to-day who were present at their marriage—Robert McDonald, West Point, cousin of the groom, and Mrs. Richard Jackson, Bloomfield, cousin of the bride. Mr. Hyatt has always taken an interest in the municipal and political affairs of Canada. He has been a Reformer in politics, and says he has often been disgusted with the corrup-

tion in politics and thinks that both Grits and Tories need to be reformed. To-day, at the age of eighty-nine years, he is ready to tell you what he thinks of the misdeeds of Sir Wilfrid—as well as of Sir Robert. In religion Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt are Disciples of Christ, and have been members of the West Lake church for sixty years. There are three things that stand out clearly in the lives of these two persons. First, hard work, that is the key to health; second, devotion to each other and their family, that binds together with strong affection; third, religion, the foundation of every true character and which makes people thoughtful of others and opens the door to the chamber of blessedness. For sixty-six years they have lived where night and day they can hear the wash of the waves as they break on the lime-rock shore, and in the house by the side of the road where the races of men go by and they are ever the friends of men.

### NOW AND THEN



Mr. J. A. Richard, of Montreal, as he looked in 1894.



## TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

### Sparing the Rod

Careless Ned left her high and dry again the other evening. I forgot all about getting the tickets for the opera; and there were the guests she had invited for dinner and theatre party, all dressed up in evening clothes and no place to go!

Of course, he beamed his good-natured smile on everybody as he explained that he had gotten a chance to buy a "peach of a driver" from a fellow who was selling his golf outfit, and that the tickets had slipped his memory altogether when he tried, there were not seats to be had. The guests agreed that the driver was a beauty, and attempted to spare the hostess by saying that they would enjoy a quiet evening so much more.

Careless Ned is always like that—he sounds promising, and he's good natured, with a smile that would earn a fortune in celluloid, but when he has to shoulder responsibility he simply isn't there. A year ago he had a fine opportunity for promotion—the overseer at one of the distant plants died suddenly. Ned was sent down to look after things. Instead of taking hold and showing that he could handle the job for them; he bought a horse and spent most of the time galloping round the country. When things had run themselves into a muddle, the president paid an unexpected visit, and Ned

spent the first half hour enthusing about fast horses, and the next writing his resignation. But he is still congratulating himself on getting all that exercise while he had a chance. "It isn't hard to understand his outlook, if you hear his mother tell stories of his boyhood, and it's very easy to place the blame for his failure where it belongs. There's a story she tells of the day they sent him for baby food, he didn't come back for hours, and when he did he was wreathed in smiles and bearing a brand new kite; "of course," she says, "we were so glad to see him that we didn't mention the baby food." "All right, mother! But unfortunately for your boy, the world is not so lenient—it insists on mentioning the baby food—also on punishing the culprit!"



"It's dood for me"

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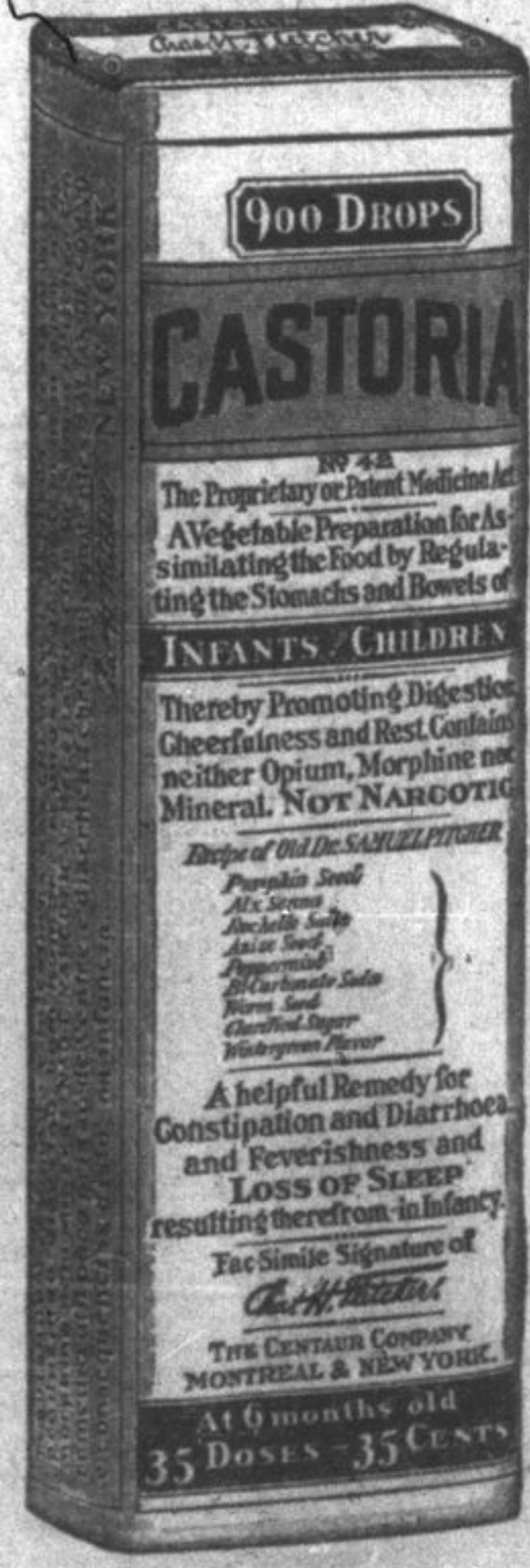
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