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THE WRITER OF AN IMPORTANT CLASSIFIED AD

Will have more readers on the day it is published than Shakespeare, Browning and Kipling combined in this city. He will have to be content with a passing popularity, of course—but for the hour and the day he has a real following. And of course this means that he accomplishes the thing which he set about accomplishing.

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"PURITY OATS MAKES BETTER PORRIDGE"

The Promoter's Wife

BLANCHE ORTON MONOPOLIZES NEIL

CHAPTER XVI.
Often when I saw older married people so indifferent I would think how perfectly awful, how tragic, it was—tragic that they accepted each other simply as a matter of course, as they did their oatmeal or their coffee. Perhaps young married people were rather imbecile about many things, but wasn't it better than being cold and indifferent? Across the intimate commonplaces of marriage life ran the flashes of sympathy, the wonderful love that surmounted all else. When that was worn to indifference, where was the joy of living? Yet, to tell the truth, I wasn't much given to analysis. One isn't, often, at twenty-four, especially if one is as normally healthy and alive as was I. We kept busy too, Neil and I, or some of my friends and I, altho the novelty of New York had worn off to a degree, and I often wondered how people who had been living this theatre-restaurant sort of life for years, could keep up their perpetual vivacity and never-flagging interest in the same puerile amusements. At first I was wildly enthusiastic whenever Neil spoke of going to the play, or to some smart restaurant for dinner, or on occasion to some "Bohemian joint," as he called the sort of places frequented by girls with bobbed hair, and men with flowing neckties and frayed cuffs. But now I was a bit satiated with these evenings of noise, forced gaiety and alcohol-inspired witticisms. Yet Neil seemed never to tire of the gay places, and was over polite—so I thought—to the coarse red-faced men who often sought our table intrusively.

The furnishing of the new apartment kept me so busy for a few weeks that when night came I begged Neil either to stay at home, or to go out without me. Yet when he took me at my word and went smilingly out, after kissing me fondly and telling me to "turn in early," I felt strangely resentful and abominably lonely.

"I never saw anyone so generous with her property as you are," Lorraine Morton said to me one day when I was shopping for curtains, and had run into her at the counter. "Meaning?"

"Simply that Blanche Orton is delighted to monopolize Neil. I was at Perry's last night, and when she saw him come in alone she called him to her at once; then flirted out-

rageously with him all the evening. Why didn't you come too?"
"I was dead tired. Wasn't Mr. Orton there?"
"Yes. But that means nothing."
"I guess I shan't worry as long as he doesn't."
"I don't want you to worry. I might want to do the same thing some day! I am rather fond of your handsome husband myself, you know. I was only remarking your generosity. It is unusual—when a man is as attractive as Neil. Most women would be wildly jealous."
"Jealous because a man went out occasionally? I think that would be terribly silly, as well as almost insulting to the man. I don't expect Neil to be tied to my apron strings simply because I am his wife." Yet, as I spoke, I felt a return of the resentment I had felt the night before when he had so nonchalantly left me.

"Better tied to your apron than to that of some other woman. You know, Blanche considered him her special property until he married you."
"He's mine now," I said with a little laugh that sounded forced. I knew Neil had known Blanche Orton for a long time, and that he liked her. I wondered if Lorraine knew it also, and if she thought Neil still was in rapport with the lively Blanche.

"See that you keep him. I don't envy you your job."
On my way home I kept thinking of the parting speech of Lorraine's. What did she mean? She had said she did not "envy me my job," and her voice had conveyed even more plainly than had her words, that she thought it might be a hard job. The idea! That was all she knew about it. She was judging Neil by some of the married people she knew who had become indifferent to each other. To-morrow—Neil Takes Blanche Orton's Advice to Exercise.

A COMPARISON OF PRICES

HIGH COST OF LIVING STILL CAUSES CONCERN.

The Prices of a Few Commodities Are Dropping But in Others the Prices Are Very High.

Although the market prices for eggs and a few other commodities are falling gradually, the high cost of living is still causing housewives no little concern. At this stage it is of great interest to compare this year's prices with the prices which prevailed during the corresponding week last year, and for the corresponding week in 1914, before the war was thought of. Prices generally are lower now than they were twelve months ago, but are away up from the prices of pre-war days. For instance, butter sold in the market on Saturday at from 55 to 60 cents per pound. Last year at this time the price was 50 to 52 cents, and in 1914 it was 35 cents a pound, an increase of over sixty per cent., being shown in comparison. Eggs on Saturday were 40 to 45 cents a dozen; in February, 1918, they were 75 cents a dozen, and at the same date in 1914 they sold at 40 cents. Below is appended a list of comparative prices of the chief articles which figure in the weekly price lists for the third week in February:

Dairy Products	1919	1918	1914
Creamery butter, lb.	57c	52c	35c
Butter, rolls, lb.	55	50	32
Oleomargarine, lb.	40	38	25
Eggs, doz.	45	75	45
Poultry			
Chickens, lb.	28	25	
Hens, lb.	25	22	
Turkeys, lb.	40	30	

Meats

Beef, fronts, lb.	14	15	10
Beef, hinds, lb.	18	20	10
Pork, fronts, lb.	24	26	16
Pork, hinds, lb.	25	28	18
Lamb, fronts, lb.	25	25	16
Lamb, hinds, lb.	28	28	22

Vegetables

Beets, bushel	85	75	75
Carrots, bushel	85	75	75
Cabbage, head	10	10	5
Celery, bunch	12 1/2	10	7 1/2
Parsnips, bushel	51	75	75
Turnip, bushel	85	75	75
Potatoes, bag	\$1.75	\$2.25	\$1.10

Grain

Barley, bushel	\$1.25	\$1.50	\$.65
Bran, ton	40.00	38.00	23.00
Buckwheat, bushel	1.75	1.85	1.00
Cornmeal, cwt.	6.50	6.98	
Corn, yellow feed, bushel	1.80	2.40	.85
Flour, cwt.	6.15	6.00	2.75
Hay, baled, ton	20.00	17.00	15.00
Hay, loose, ton	16.00	16.00	15.00
Oats, Manitoba, bu.	95	1.10	.60
Oats, local, bu.	70	1.00	.45
Shorts, ton	44.00	45.00	24.50
Wheat, local, bu.	2.25	2.40	1.10

Pilot J. A. Burwash travelled by air from Deseronto to Toronto, 139 miles, in one hour.



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WE were among the first to put up tea in sealed packages.

We were the first to use automatic electric weighing machines so as to insure accurate weights.

We were the first to make known the qualities of the now world-famous ASSAM teas.

And we are now the first to adopt a new package for the better protection of these fine quality teas.

The lead package has served its purpose well for generations, but it was easily broken or torn, allowing not only a loss of tea from the package but exposing the tea to the air, odors and dust that it was so necessary to protect the tea against.

Our new package—the waxed board carton—is stronger, more secure and more completely air tight; altogether the best container for tea that has yet been devised.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Sealed Books

When they got married twenty years ago, the Near-Great-Man was a struggling young lawyer and the Sealed-Book-Lady was a pretty high school girl with a persistent giggle. The Near-Great-Man has climbed a long way since those days he is now an international figure; his wife is just where she was when he married her, she still retains the giggle, but she has exchanged the pretty face for a fat one, which no trace of intelligence ever brightens.

As her husband made the after-dinner speech which held us all spellbound, she stared round vacantly; the gentleman on her right whispered "you must be a proud woman, Mrs. M—— to have such a brilliant husband. I suppose you also are greatly interested in these momentous questions." She brought her vapour eyes back to his face and said: "No, indeed, it's all a sealed book to me," then she giggled coquettishly, as if expecting applause for her ignorance.

A sealed book! Her life has been one unending row of sealed books! Books into which her husband delved, growing bigger mentally every year, while she sat back and giggled complacently, not caring to know even the names of the books into which he looked. What an opportunity she has had to educate herself, to grow year by year with him, to climb the ladder rung by rung by his side, to be his true companion in the final years of his triumph, instead of which she has paved her path with sealed books, while he paved his with knowledge gained.

She whimpers a little now, she is lonely—but for that matter so is he. They are walking separate roads, he can never go back and join her, the feet of learning cannot walk with the path of ignorance. And she cannot now surmount the wall that she has allowed to grow up between them, she should have pulled it down bit by bit as he built it up, using youth, and energy, and a desire to learn, as her tools. But now it is here for all time, barring all companionship between them, a high solid wall of sealed books!

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