

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

Whoever enjoys a perfect cup of coffee—fragrant, delicious, satisfying—will find an added pleasure in a cup of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In 1/2, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—Ground—Pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.

## The Promoter's Wife

### BAB IS ANXIOUS BECAUSE NEIL IS DRINKING

CHAPTER XVIII.  
I did not relish the idea of entertaining business people in my home, but, as in all else, if Neil thought it necessary that was enough for me. But I confess I was astonished one night when he remarked quite casually:

"I have asked a couple of western oil men up to dinner tomorrow night. Have things bang-up. I met Blanche Orton on my way up-town. She said she'd come over and help you entertain them."

"Is Mr. Orton coming?"  
I asked the question as carelessly as I could. I had no intention of letting Neil know that a feeling of jealousy against Blanche Orton had been aroused; or that I objected to having her invited. But I was a little surprised at his reply:  
"No—he scarcely ever goes out, you know. And Blanche said he was not as well as usual. It must be jolly annoying to be married to a man who is always illing."

So Blanche Orton was coming alone. Surely Neil might have consulted me before inviting her. Once I had heard a man call her: "A man eater;" of course he had said it jokingly, but now the epithet recurred to me.

"I wish you had asked me first—before you invited her."  
"Too late now. What's the matter with Blanche? Jealous of her and want to entertain both men and women? You women are beyond me. She is always gay and dresses stunningly. One would think you would be delighted that I was thoughtful to ask her."

"I'm sorry you asked her, all the same. Why didn't you invite Lorraine Morton instead? She's single."  
"Lorraine's all right. Have her too, if you like. But when it comes to entertaining people who count in a business way, there is no one like Blanche. She's a great little pusher for a man."

"But Neil, you wouldn't ask another woman than your wife to help you in a business affair?" I asked, astonished and puzzled at this phase of affairs.  
"I'll ask Lorraine, but I have a hazy impression that she said something about having a date for tomorrow night."

As I feared, Lorraine had an engagement. But I had learned to accept the unexpected where Neil was concerned, so I made my arrangements for the dinner for five.  
Neil came home early. I was in the dining room looking after the decoration for the table when he came in. He called Tonko, the butler, and ordered what he wanted to drink cooled. I could not help a gesture of discouragement. That was another thing which had come with Neil's financial success—the constant need of stimulant.

The dinner was a jolly affair for Blanche, who looked absolutely charming, tho' in almost maddeningly immodest décolleté. At first I was embarrassed, accustomed as I was by that time to the extreme in dress. But I knew I also looked well, and putting all uncomfortable thoughts away, I exerted myself to entertain my husband's guests. I would not allow Mrs. Orton to monopolize them; or to put me in the background.

Neil had cocktails served, and Blanche Orton drank hers and then begged for another one. She drank a good deal of wine too, as did Neil. Blanche fairly scintillated, but most of her conversation was directed at

me. Neil, her parteeer flung at him, while I was left to entertain the two business men.  
They were plain sort of men, one of them especially. Rather heavy and silent. One could easily see that, even tho' they were very rich men—Neil had told me they were millionaires—that private home dinners were not an everyday affair with them.

I finally spoke of the business—Oil. They could talk about that and talk in so interesting a fashion that I almost forgot to watch Neil and Blanche, or to pay any attention to their conversation.  
But just before we rose from the table, while liquors were being served, I heard her say:  
"If people had a little more sense they never would mistake my unconventionality, which I shall never give up, for common, vulgar, sinfulness. To be conventional myself, or to be with people who are, bores me to extinction."

I realized perfectly that Blanche Orton would not allow herself to be bored, and that consequently Neil must interest her or she would not devote her time to him. But what I could not understand was his feeling that, tho' married, he could keep up the same friendship with her that had existed before his marriage.

(To be continued.)

The death occurred at Lisbon, N.D., on Saturday morning of Mrs. George Hanna. The deceased had lived in Lisbon for a number of years. Before her marriage deceased was Miss Mary Boulah, a daughter of the late William Boulah, Bishop of the Mills.

The death occurred in Montreal Friday of Mrs. Sykes, mother of A. G. Sykes, Brockville.

**Irritable Nerves Restored And Health Regained In a Simple Way**

The man or woman who is run-down, not feeling up to the mark, perhaps irritable, nervous or sleepless can well afford to learn about the wonderful results the newly discovered blood-food is giving to folks that use it.

There is wonderful power in this new blood-food, and every weak, pallid person can be quickly nourished back to health that uses it as directed.

After each meal, with a sip or two of water, you simply take two little chocolate-coated tablets, sold in all drug stores under the name of "FERROZON." The effect is noticeable at once. You feel happier, brighter, more contented. That old-time feeling of weariness departs—you forget your "nerves" and no longer get irritable or cross over trifling annoyances.

There is a reason for this change and that reason consists of the fact that Ferrozone contains blood-making materials you can get in no other way.  
Ferrozone makes the blood thick and sim' with new vitality. This ensures lots of nourishment and strength being supplied to every part of the body.  
No wonder the eyes brighten and the cheeks radiate color and happiness; With abundance of strength, a keen appetite, good digestion, and plenty of sound sleep—all the result of Ferrozone—you quickly feel as if life held new charms and pleasures.

### A Discouraged Wife.

Dear Lorna Moon—I have seen that you have given some good advice to others, and I would like to tell you some of my troubles. My husband enlisted in 1914, went to one of the large cities and was there for five or six months before going overseas. While there he met a married woman with a family and kept company with her, and corresponded with her for nearly three years. I found this out through returned letters after he came home, and when I told him he got angry and went away for three or four weeks, when he came back I forgave him.

Now, dear Lorna, that was bad enough, but I got letters from him from a girl in England, that he had while convalescing. There he even went so far as to get engaged to her, and gave her rings and other presents, and never even sent me a post card from there or to his four children, two of whom are grown up, fifteen and seventeen years, and the other two, six and four years old. Now, I can't forget that, and when I keep throwing it up to him, he gets mad, and says he won't live with me. But when a woman gives the best of her life to a man, and lives a good, true life, and then thinks of him, I can't help it. I cannot feel the same towards him, for he deceived me many times, and he thinks nothing of it. He is just a poor man and has nothing to give but his day's work. If he was a man of means he would not care so much. He ought to have sense, as he is not a young man. When I say anything about the girl in England he says, "I can go to her. I will be made welcome." Now, dear Lorna, what do you advise me to do. It seems as if my heart was stung when I think how I worried when he was away, and think how he had forgotten me, except for a letter now and then.—A Discouraged Wife.

Dear Discouraged Wife—Yours is indeed a hard lot to bear. It is only too true that a number of our soldiers almost forgot their loved ones at home when they were away, but their lives "over there" were hard and cheerless, and in some cases their mistakes were only slight. Your task is to win him back to you so that he will never again wish to go away. I know this is asking a great deal, but your letter tells me that you still have some love for your erring husband, and that you would be only too pleased to have all his devotion and love. You can win that only by letting bygones be bygones in every way, by not mentioning to him his past mistakes, and by forgetting all that has gone before that has been unpleasant. I know that this calls for much forgiveness, but the Book of Books tells us that we must forgive not seven times, but seventy-times seven. Your letter tells me that you would gladly have him with you as before he went away, and by forgiving to the fullest possible extent, and forgetting that he ever erred, you will keep him by you, and will regain his love, if indeed you have ever lost it. Show a little forbearance by not talking of the other women, and that will give him no cause for "getting mad," and your battle will be more than half won. I do hope that you will have success in this, and that your loyal heart will again be made happy by your soldier husband in the days when wars and all their trials and troubles are forgotten.—L.M.

**GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.**  
Labor Members of Council Have Bold Programme.  
Correspondence.  
London, Feb. 12.—Londoners will have the chance of declaring their views on some striking proposals affecting the government of their city at the County Council elections in the first week in March.

Among the reforms suggested by the Labor party are:  
Parliament for Greater London, with full legislative and administrative powers.  
Abolition of rates. Graduated taxation on incomes of over £250 a year, levied for local purposes by Parliament.  
Public control of tramway-cars, motor omnibuses, taxicabs, underground railways, steamboats, ferries, and lighting, power and water supplies.  
Public control of coal, bread, meat and milk supply.

Expels Russian Envoy.  
Copenhagen, Feb. 27.—A special to the Berlingske Tidende says the Bolshevik representative in Denmark, Garin, was shown out of the country on Saturday. Garin has just returned from Germany, where he was not wanted either. He will now have to try some other country.

Mrs. William Conyn, a resident of the vicinity of Glen Buell and Lyn practically all her life, died Sunday at the residence of her son, George Murray, Hammond, N.Y. Deceased before her marriage was Miss Caroline Reid, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Reid, North Augusta, where she was born sixty-six years ago. She was twice married.

The quarterly board of the Methodist church, Morven, has unanimously invited their pastor, Rev. R. G. Carruthers, to remain for the fourth year.

Mrs. Robert Oliver, Perth, fell downstairs and has been in a precarious state of health since then.

On Saturday Mrs. Bessie Sanford's former resident of Belleville, died at Detroit, Mich.



Has it a Bluish Cloudy Look?

DAMPEN a piece of cheesecloth, wring out the excess water, add a few drops of O-Cedar Polish to the cloth—then rub over the varnished surface. Finish with a dry cloth—and all that bluish cloudiness will have disappeared.

The O-Cedar result is a smooth, glossy surface that improves with each O-Cedar treatment.

**O-Cedar Polish**

"Clean as it polishes." On the photograph, piano, table, floor—any varnished surface—its influence is sanitary and hygienic, as well as in the interests of "the home beautiful."

The O-Cedar Polish Map, treated with O-Cedar Polish, is obtainable in either round or triangle shape—price \$1.50.

O-Cedar Polish is sold in various sized packages from 25c to \$3.00. You will find both Polish and Map at any Grocery or Hardware shop.

CHANNELL CHEMICAL COMPANY LIMITED  
369 Bloor Street, Toronto

This advertisement is intended to keep the old familiar name

# PURITY FLOUR

(Government Standard)

fresh in your mind.  
"More Bread and Better Bread and Better Pastry"

Canada Food Board License No. Four 16, 17, 18; Corral 8-000.  
Also remember Purity Oats.

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

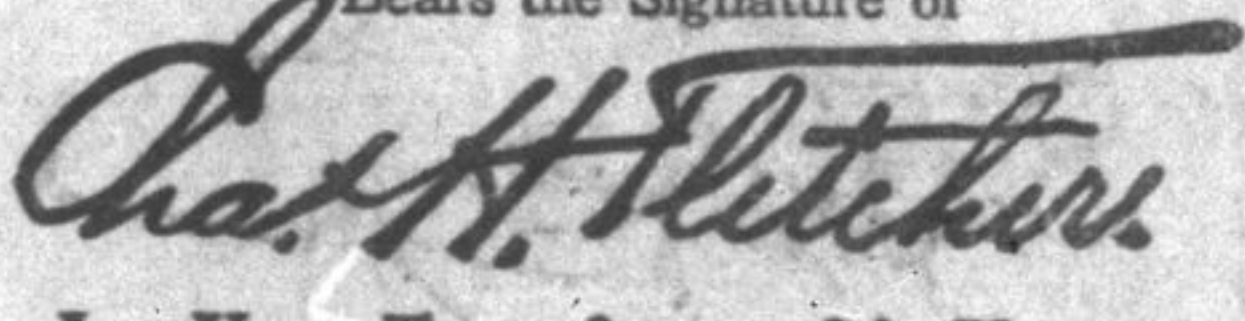
## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of**



**In Use For Over 30 Years**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Mrs. Robert Oliver, Perth, fell downstairs and has been in a precarious state of health since then.

On Saturday Mrs. Bessie Sanford's former resident of Belleville, died at Detroit, Mich.

We have a supply of cut hard wood and kindling.

Order your hard coal through the fuel controller.

**J. Sowards Coal Co.**

**FOR SALE**

Several Motor Boats, Sailing Skiff, Rowboat.

**W. H. GODWIN & SON**

Real Estate & Insurance  
89 Brock St. Phone 424

## INFANTS-DELIGHT TOILET SOAP



**M** Stands for MARY, Who doesn't feel right Unless mother bathes her With "Infants-Delight."

Early teaches cleanliness and purity by making these qualities attractive.

Send us three of these ads—all different—for a FREE trial size cake of INFANTS-DELIGHT.  
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, Dept. 14 TORONTO.

Strikingly Superior!  
300 CUPS TO THE POUND

# LIPTON'S TEA

DIRECT FROM THE TEA GARDEN TO THE TEA POT

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD

## Gold Soap

Gold Soap is not only big but solid. This is proved by its exceptionally heavy weight and by the way it lasts. Instead of crumbling and softening, Gold Soap wears away very slowly and evenly. It can be used down to the thinnest wafer.

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

# Gold Soap

The Big Gold Laundry Soap

## TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

### The Key Note

He was running his nickels and dimes over in an effort to get me the right change, a heavy bag of papers weighed him down on one side. "POIPAH," he shouted, in arrest of any passing trade, not meaning to let him what to do when he grew up; he had it all thought out himself. Self-reliance is the keynote of our race. It sings through the stories of our self-made magnates, it hums in the biographies of our greatest statesmen, it sounded in the hymn that led our soldiers to victory, and it echoes in the anthem of our national life. It is the note on which our citizens build their songs of triumph; it sings down through the years from the day that the Pilgrim Fathers launched the good ship Mayflower.

here woman, and he left his favorite topic of conversation, and went shouting, "Poi—pah, poi—pah."

His symbolized the very spirit of this continent—decision, unwavering and courageous. He was not waiting for someone to tell him what to do when he grew up; he had it all thought out himself. Self-reliance is the keynote of our race. It sings through the stories of our self-made magnates, it hums in the biographies of our greatest statesmen, it sounded in the hymn that led our soldiers to victory, and it echoes in the anthem of our national life. It is the note on which our citizens build their songs of triumph; it sings down through the years from the day that the Pilgrim Fathers launched the good ship Mayflower.

"Say—have you ever been up in one of them machines over at the flying fields?" he asked taking a little interest in me for the first time.

"No, have you?"

He looked at me as if he suspected some mental deficiency had prompted me to ask such a question, and said, "Costs twenty-five bucks for fifteen minutes, my name ain't Rockefeller—but, say, I'm makin' one in the cellar at home, got a pint o' dope from a Looft I know, and I've got lines 't' everything." Here his business instinct reminded him that he was wasting valuable time on a

Just fine after a feller's been playing outdoors—Bobby Post Toasties—Hot Milk