

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

## H.P. SAUCE

Good to the last drop



There is no sediment—the last drop is just as delicious as the first.

Of all Grocers

### Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.



Gouraud's Oriental Cream

F. D. COCHRAN & SON, Montreal

## PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Caused Disfigurement, Itchy and Burning, Had Restless Nights.

"My face came out in little pimples that were sore, and I scratched them constantly, and then they turned into scales, causing much disfigurement. The skin was so itchy that I scratched it by scratching. The burning was fierce, and I had restless nights."

"This trouble lasted about a year before I used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and after using three cakes of Soap and two boxes of Ointment I was healed." (Signed) W. Byrns, St. Basile, Que., Nov. 23, 1918.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations.

For free sample each of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum address: "Cuticura, Dept. A, Boston, U. S. A." Sold everywhere.

## Send them to Parker's Cleaners & Dyers



Never mind a spot

TORONTO MONTREAL & BRANCHES

## He Knows

All doctors know what a wonderful protector to the skin there is in the healing, soothing oils and disinfectant properties of

### LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

and how effective Lifebuoy is for washing blankets, bedding and all accessories that touch the skin.

The carbolic soap in Lifebuoy is a sign of its distinctive quality—resisting quickly after use.



## The Promoter's Wife

By Jane Phelps

### BAB'S INDIGNATION IS ALL DIRECTED AGAINST BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER LXV.

I was terribly indignant with Neil. Nothing, I told him, could exceed the baseness of his proceedings. That he should make Blanche Orton, a widow, the repository of his business affairs, was scandalous. There were clubs, restaurants and hotels where he could take such men as we could not receive in our home. It wasn't necessary to take them—and incidentally himself—to her.

He listened for a while in silence. He had exhausted himself before I had a chance to say all that was in my mind. Then he broke out:

"You refused to help me. You ever the you are angry because of Blanche's kindness to me, have not offered to do what she is doing—help me. You are too high and mighty to make yourself agreeable to men who mean success to me, money for you. Yet you object to having a friend who cares enough for me to make herself attractive to my business acquaintances that she helps me already more than you ever have in all the years we have been married. I recalled what she had said about getting rested so she could properly entertain and interest some one who bored her.

She did this for Neil.

The full significance of this action on her part rushed over me. She was in love with Neil and had taken this way to make him care for her. She had been in love with him before Orton died, I thought bitterly, as I recalled many little things which were unnoticed at the time because I had thought of her as married, and so not free. Now they fairly glared at me. Had Neil also loved her? Did he care for her now as a woman, or only as a means to an end? That, I must know at all hazards, and—at once.

Jealousy of her was the predominant feeling now. I cared nothing about the business, her connection with it. It was Blanche Orton, the fascinating widow, with whom I was occupied.

"What did you do after you finished eating?" I asked. "You certainly didn't stay at the table until one

## TALKING IT OVER With Lorna Moon

Re-adjustment I-Don't-Cares

"Dear Lorna Moon: I have just got back from France, where I fought ten months. I am damaged a little, but nothing that time won't set right. I've got a grouse on, but it isn't with anybody but myself. Everybody has been awfully square with me. The boss gave me my old job back at an old salary; my dear old mother had my room and my freshly done over before I came home, my sisters make all kinds of a fuss over me; and my girl was true while all the time I was away and all tickled to bits to get me back. This reads as if everything is rosy, doesn't it? But it isn't. I just can't stand the office. I want in the worst way to throw up my job and get something to do out of doors, and when I get home at night it seems as if all the fuss and frills will smother me. Worse than all of that, my sweetheart expects me to marry her right away, and I'd just as soon get hanged as marry anyone. I hate to whisper it even to myself, but I don't love her. I haven't a single thing in common with her. She's a lovely, clever, and good, and all that a man would want in a wife, but it's no use me trying to fool myself. Her kisses mean nothing to me. I've kept ever since I came home, but a pretty hard for she expects me to be around her most of the time, and I want to be with the fellows. I sound like an ungrateful pup. I'm not trying to get out of marrying her (she's waited for me three years), but is it fair to marry a girl when you don't care for her?"

"It isn't fair to marry a girl if you don't care for her; but I am not at all sure that you don't care for her. You see, soldier boy, you don't care for the office, or the fuss and frills at home. I think you are just suffering from an attack of re-adjustment—I don't care. You've been with men for six months, in camp and ten months overseas. It took you a while to get used to them, you know; now, it will take you a little while to shake down into the old place again. Don't tell that nice girl that you don't love her, not yet anyway. Wait until you are sure. Good luck—and me some of the wedding cake!"

## Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hardy, Brockville, have left on a trip through the western states en route to Portland, Ore.

Mrs. H. S. Lea, Concession, has been in Toronto the guest of her father, Alfred Smith, of Hawthorpe avenue, and is leaving shortly for home.

Mrs. D. R. Beer and Miss Georgina Lowden, spending some time in Kingston, have gone to Toronto.

Miss Jessie Dickson is expected from Toronto to spend Easter with her sister, Mrs. Hugh C. Nickle, Earl street.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Kirby and Mrs. Marjorie Kirby, who were here for the Kirby-Phillips wedding on Wednesday, have returned to Ottawa.

Mrs. Charles Askwith and little son left to-day for Ottawa to be the guest of Mrs. C. Hopewell.

Capt. R. M. Calvin is visiting his

slater, Mrs. Walter Boyd, Ottawa.

Miss Ruby Duff, Toronto, is the guest of Mrs. H. E. Richardson, Johnson street.

Mrs. Gayley Brown and little daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. W. G. Simmons, Barrie street, returned this week to New York.

George Thompson, Toronto, has been spending a few days in town.

Mrs. W. G. Anglin, Earl street, left to-day for Philadelphia to visit Mr. and Mrs. Wendling Anglin.

William Kirkpatrick, Ottawa, is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. William Kirkpatrick, Barrie street.

Nursing Sister Marguerite Ashby, who has recently returned from France, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. E. Livingston, Toronto.

Lady Perley entertained in London lately in honor of the Queen of Rumania, Lady Kirkpatrick, Lady Drummond and the Marchioness of Donagel were among the Canadian guests present. Mrs. Rivers Baileys, for whom Canada has such warm regard, was also in the party.

Major and Mrs. R. B. Smith, who have been living in Kingston since their return from overseas last year, have moved to Columbus, Ont., and intend to make their home there at Rossanagh Lodge.

Mrs. Hazen Hansard, Wainpog,

## WHEN A STRANGE YOUNG MAN WANTS TO MARRY DAUGHTER

Don't Call in a Detective, But Do Find Out Who and What He Is—The Married Men Who Courted Girls in Wartime.

By Margaret M. Luker.

The many instances in which married men represented themselves as single men during the confusion of the war and paid court to girls ought to teach girls a good sound lesson. They should know just what and what a young man is before they encourage his devotion—no matter how attractive it may be.

To some girls a few honeyed words or a stolen kiss is about all that is needed to vouch for a man's past, present and his future. The slightest suggestion on the part of any one else in the household that it would be well to find out a little more about the young man before he is admitted the freedom of the family circle is taken as unwarranted and branded as rank suspicion.

Not so long ago a mother wrote to the page saying that her daughter was about to marry and go to the other end of the continent with a young man who was in the navy. The girl had known the young man for six months. The mother did not care for the boy. Still she would not have stood in the path of her daughter's happiness but for one thing. She knew nothing about him. He just seemed to have dropped in from nowhere other than to casually mention once in a while to relatives some 2,000 miles away. Intuitively the mother felt something

## III--TRAGIC BATTLES ON THE BRITISH FRONT

(Continued from Page 13.)

machine gun fire, and thousands of wounded poured back again to the dressing stations and field hospitals. These men of ours cursed the weather as the cause of their ill luck. They cursed it with deep and lurid oaths, cursed it wet and cursed it cold, by day and night, by duckboards and mule tracks, by shell holes and swamps. For it was weather which caused their defeat, and held them in the mud when they had set their hearts on the heights. It was this mud that beat them. Man after man said that to me. "Fritz couldn't have stopped us," said an Australian boy, warming his hands and body by a brazier after a night in the cold alone which was still plastered about him. "It was the mud which gave him his chance."

"It was the mud that did us in," said an officer of the Berkshires, sitting up in a stretcher and speaking wearily. "We got bogged and couldn't keep up with the barrage. That gave the German machine gunners time to get to work on us. It was their luck."

A young Scottish Borderer, shivering so that his teeth chattered, spoke hoarsely, and there was no warmth in him except the fire in his eyes: "We had a fearful time," he said; "but it was the spate of mud that kept us back."


"Whenever we got near to Fritz he surrendered or ran," said a young sergeant of the East Surreys. "We should have had him beat with solid ground beneath us, but we all got stuck in the bog, and he came out of his block-houses and machine-gunned us as we tried to get across the shell holes, and sniped us when we could not drag one leg after another."

Those were some of our bad battles. But through them all shines out the valor of the British soldier, grim, enduring, patient, refusing to surrender the courage of his soul to the devil of despair, and going on to the end of his job, even though his goal were death.

## Millinery Economy

You can freshen up your Old Straw Hats, or take new ones, if they are not the color you desire, and recolor with "DY-O-LA STRAW HAT COLOR." Black, Blue, Navy Blue, Tan, Brown, Green, Cardinal Red, Pink, Purple and Redder. Handy little brush with every bottle. Complete set. TRY IT! Ask your Druggist or Dealer for

### DY-O-LA Straw Hat Color



## When Visiting Toronto Put up at Cook's



HOMES FOR GENTLEMEN

Every day and all night except Sundays and Ladies' Hours.

FOR LADIES

Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays 8:30 a.m. to 2 p.m.

Prices, \$1.25 to \$2.25, according to sleeping accommodation. Good meals served at moderate prices.

### COOK'S TURKISH & RUSSIAN BATHS

MOST COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT IN AMERICA

202-204 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Only 3 blocks from the Union Station

## Onyx and Georgina Shoes

THE new styles for spring as developed by our artists and craftsmen are fascinating in their charming lines and beautiful finish. Concealed in them is a wonderful ease and comfort, and a serviceability given only by leathers of fine, even, close-grained texture.

Our trade marks guide the way to supreme shoe satisfaction.

Built Exclusively By

### Blachford Shoe Manufacturing Company Limited

Toronto

Obtained through Canada's leading boot shops





And in Kingston

GEORGINA Shoes for sale by GACKETT'S Boot Shop.

ONYX Shoes for sale by J. H. SUTHERLAND & BRO.

## RED ROSE TEA is good tea



A SURE test of the value and quality of a product is the number of years it has been upon the market.

Red Rose Tea has stood the test of time. It has given the best of tea satisfaction for more than 24 years.

Its high standard of Quality has been maintained under all conditions during that time. It is always the same "good" tea. Rich, full-flavored, fragrant and refreshing.

Sold only in sealed packages.

### RED ROSE TEA is good tea