

In the Realm of Women --- Some Interesting Features

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Harpicid Mary

HERPICIDE IS SOLD AT ALL DRUG AND DEPT STORES. APPLICATIONS AT BARBER SHOPS EVERYWHERE

The Promoter's Wife

By Jane Phelps

ONCE MORE BARBARA CONFIDES IN MR. FREDERICK

CHAPTER CVI.

While I was glad of Blanche Orton's visit, it in a way made me very uncomfortable. More so perhaps than I had been since the day I had been so snubbed by Scott. I tried to put myself in a business man's place, but try as I would I could see no reason why a legitimate business should be carried on in such a way; why it should be necessary to use the means Neil was using to interest them in his projects—if those projects were perfectly legitimate ones.

But I said nothing to Neil, although I told him of Mrs. Orton's visit. He seemed rather surprised I thought at first, but afterward I concluded I had been mistaken. He asked me no questions, and seemed to take it for granted that it was simply a social call without any ulterior object.

Yet while I said nothing to Neil, I did not keep his visit—the cause of it rather, a secret. Mr. Frederick called in the afternoon of the following day and found me alone, although it was my afternoon at home. My afternoons were not as well attended as formerly, a cause of chagrin to me.

"I poured him tea, then said: 'I had a caller yesterday; Mrs. Orton. You know she was so nice to me the other night that I began to like her again—I used to think she was really charming when her husband was alive—she came to tell me why she received those women.' I would not betray her in any way, but I felt I must put the questions which were so bothering me to someone. 'She said that men like Tearle and Connor weren't happy unless they were entertained by handsome women who could play cards.' I realized as I finished that I had not said what I intended, and that it sounded rather peevish. 'Yes, they are rather fond of the ladies.' 'Tell me, please, Mr. Frederick, is it necessary to do business in that way—legitimate business I mean? It seems so strange to me. Father always attended to business at his office. I thought that was what of these were for.' I tried to speak lightly. I did not want him to think I was too much worried. 'I scarcely know how to answer you—Barbara,' he had hesitated over my name. He seldom addressed me so. 'But it is done sometimes. Men like Tearle and Connor

CLEANLINESS IS HEALTH

By the use of Gillett's Lye, house cleaning is made a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It softens the water and cleans thoroughly whether the dirt is visible or invisible. Destroys all bacteria and infectious germs, removes obstructions from drain pipes, closets, sinks, etc. Refrigerators are made delightfully fresh and clean by using one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in two gallons of water.

"GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT"

Made in Canada.

EVERY DAY A SUNDAE BY AND BY

Sweet sundae,
Fair and cooler even
Than any hock,
I hasten to sing to thee,
And to thy sisters, the soda waters,
And the root beers,
And the sarsaparillas,
And the orange nectars,
And all the ambrosial brews of times,
And eke the lemonic tones,
(If you insist)
The brewy things from tropic climes
That, say whimsical doctors,
Put people's nerves
On the blink—

You know,
Brewy things of the cola leaf,
And lury coca things,
And then
(God bless it)
The old milkshake
That one gets only after a heated
Argument and a near fight
With the Adonis
Behind the marble-slabbed counter.
Nor forget the malted milks,
With nutmeg sprinkled o'er,
By way of camouflage;
Nor denatured buttermilk
That ne'er saw churn or dasher—
Why, I could go on
And on
Like this here
Till Cincin-
Nati's
Still is still.
But I hasten to hymn to thee—
'My fizzy,'
Otherwise some rummer hard
Will beat me to it. For
They'll all be doing it.
The bacchets that in better days
They strummed on strummy harps to
boos

The faithless wights
Will saw of Sunday nights
Indite their lays to sundae knights
Reeling 'neath chocolate fags—
Soaked, spiced, yeast, stewed,
Tanked, tight and tooted,
And pickled, piped and petrified
Lit up, illuminated and loaded
On cherry phosphate.
They'll sing of old Bill Bryan
And Carry Nation;
They'll hail the grape-juice ration;
And hitch
Their water-wagon to a star—
Yes, that bunch of stars.

That pasteurated water,
With fizzy verbs and 'dizzy
Adjectives
Till Omar with his jugovine
Looks like a piker.
No, them birds will be right on the
job
With their little poems
About the sweet dry and dry,
When St. Louis
And Milwaukee
Look like Sahara's desert,
And I just want
To beat them to it
And be the first to sing—
'My fizzy,'
My fizzy.'
—T. D. O'Donnell in Cartoons Maga-
zine.

If laziness is a disease, then a
whole lot of people are seriously ill.

Convenient to handle—
Easy to pour.

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FREE RUNNING
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Ask for the package with the Handy Little Spout.

Drink Charm Black Tea

Sold in Packages Only

GEO. ROBERTSON & SON, Limited

TALKING IT OVER

—With Lorne Moon—

SMILES



The Megaphone

She talked too much; that was what they told her when they gave her a cheque covering two weeks salary and told her that her services were no longer required.

She was a remarkably good stenographer and an unusually bright girl, that was why after a year in the office she had been promoted to the position of private secretary to the president of the company. She did her work well, her employer who had always used a man in that position before, expressed his gratification.

And then one day things began drifting back to the office, scraps of gossip and bits of information. She would refer to her employer as "a gray old boy," and hint that his business trips were not always purely business. The climax came one day when she was recounting the "boss's latest affair" to a friend in the tea room one Saturday afternoon. In a loud voice she told all the frills and twists even to the cheque for flowers for the fair lady, which she had had to make out. Her object in telling was merely to impress her friend with the importance of her position and the amount of trust placed in her. A friend of her employer's sat at the next table and took it all in and reported the incident at once.

So now she is out of a job, and what is more, her employer refuses to give her a recommendation, and he swears that he will never give a woman a position of trust again. Of course, we can't admire the man, but we can't excuse the girl; for while her gossip may have been well founded on fact, she was not being paid to megaphone it to the world.

SOME HOPE

"Reggy, do you ever intend to quit smoking cigarettes?"
"Deah boy, why should I?"
"Because if you don't they will kill you."
"Well, when they do deah' boy, I'll quit."

GOOD RIDDANCE

Jack—So you asked old Jenks for his daughter's hand. What did he say?
Fred—He said: Take her and let me be happy.

MODESTY IS THE BEST POLICY

Visitor—You were altogether too modest in talking to that gentleman about your girl.
Mendacious—But that gentleman is the chairman of the handicap committee.

Her Comeback

"What's the prima donna sore about?"
"First she sang a chanson of her own composition. That didn't get much applause."
"Well?"
"So she went out and gave them Hall Columbia."

The South is reported from Ontario, California, of Benjamin C. Shepherd, a former resident and manufacturer of Brockville.

She Knew 'Em.
Husband—Yes, my dear, that's a man-o-war.
Wife—How splendid! And what is that little one just in front?
Husband—Oh, that's only a tug!
Wife—Oh, yes, of course—tug-o-war, I've heard of 'em.
Don't bank on scientific plans until after a thorough try-out.

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