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For Calendar apply to the Bureau

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS,

Author of "The Story of Julia Page," "Heart of Rachel," "Josselyn's Wife," "Sisters," etc.

And then came the long, serious play, the beloved labor of two long years. Dean, with a rueful glance for the thickness of the manuscript, had begun by skipping and stirring generally, but she soon stopped that, and commanded him to read every word. And while the rain stopped falling and the spring day brightened he read on and on, his voice gaining confidence and power, his points making themselves one by one.

He remembered it all with a thrill that seemed to him the beginning of a new life of wonder and emotion. It was all new and unclouded, all exquisite and bright with promise. The wonder of this day would never quite repeat itself, he knew, even though honor and achievement lay ahead. But to Dean, walking, walking, the whole miracle seemed but beginning.

Well, she had liked his play. Acted that she was, she was not acting when his words made her catch her breath, when his climax brought the tears to her eyes. She was not all acting, at least, when she sprang up, at the very end, and caught his hands and looked straight into his eyes with a laugh of triumph and delight.

Ah, that was a great moment to remember—that was a great moment to remember—

His footsteps had turned, rather without his own volition, toward home. But he remembered that Linda and Clem and the boys were to be there to-day, and he did not feel inclined to join the noisy family group. He thought of the club, too, but the Waites had taken Kennedy Bond there, and his following her would savor of anti-climax. He took another street turning, and went on and on, in the heartening sunshine.

Rather hard on a man, thought Dean, to have an hour like this come to him, an hour that changed all the

future and to feel that his house was swarming with his wife's relatives, and that his wife was so absorbed in the claims of mother, brothers and nephews that he would grant him but an abstracted reception if he should go to her. A fine, faint frown darkened his handsome forehead; he and Geraldine had been entirely out of sympathy for a long time now, and he felt a sort of impatient weariness whenever he thought of her. Sometimes he had long conversations with his wife in his own mind, and they were always of exchanged grievances and reproaches, but it died upon such a conversation now.

But it did not last long. In upon it came flooding the buoyant current of his memory of this morning's talk. Kennedy Bond had believed in him. When he had somewhat bashfully asked for a summary of her own view, she had dismissed the necessity of giving it, briefly, almost impatiently.

She had implied that he must leave Stockham, of course, and the motor business, of course. Upon his smiling assurance that he had financial responsibilities, she had shrugged.

"If I can come to New York, at twenty, unknown, with no money—and no gift like yours, Mr. Laird, remember that," she had reminded him, "don't you think a man might dare it? I'll simply have to leave that to you. I'll take this—and this—if you'll let me—to the city, and show them to a manager or two there. This one you must char. e, and with this we can do anything—now, anyway, when we have so much else to do. This is Sunday—I go home Thursday or Friday. Now, can't I telephone you some day this week and go to lunch with you?"

"Any day!" he had answered instantly. "Tuesday!"

"No, we'll not set it, darling. That's wicked and unprincipled; that's having a date with a married man," Miss Bond had said, with a momentary return to her manner of yesterday, "but I'll telephone you, and then you won't know anything about it, at breakfast and at dinner you ought to say that unprincipled Miss Bond telephoned and literally asked herself to lunch."

"Very well!" Dean had grinned.

"Then I go home," she had mused, business-like again, "and in about—this is the selling season, you see—in about a month you ought to come and have tea with me in South Washington Square, and I'll introduce you to a few of the old guard, and we'll have some dinners and things, and talk to producers."

"What a woman!" he said to himself again.

He had always wanted to write plays, in his quiet way—this woman saw it clearer, in her twenty-four hours' knowledge of him, than many of his old friends ever would. For Dean was rather a silent, reserved fellow, and admitted few men, and no women, to his inner heart of hearts. His wife, he thought to-day, might easily have been the chief recipient of his confidences. But Geraldine's interest in his writing was chiefly because his gift had sometimes been put at the service of the various charities in which she was interested.

(To be continued)

Told in the Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

"The Yacht Club tea is the social event of the week," said one of the members on Wednesday, and it is, in a sense, for here the old Kingstonians who have come back for a visit meet their friends. New-comers feel at home in the bright informal atmosphere, and strangers in the city carry away with them pleasant memories of Kingston Harbor with its blue waves, distant islands the fort, Martello towers and the St. Lawrence, just starting on its long journey to the sea. This week, there were many guests and the tea-houses were Mrs. R. S. Waldron and Mrs. D. J. Laidlaw, pouring tea, and Mrs. David Murray, Mrs. Janet McKay, Mrs. Herbert Robertson, Mrs. J. Rigney and Mrs. Gordon Smith assisting them. A great deal of interest is taken in the regatta to be held next week especially in the feminine part of it. Ladies canoe races, a tub race, yacht race, skipped by a lady swimming and diving competition, the object in view being to encourage our girls in the out-door sports so necessary to their full development mentally and physically. For the bridge players, a tournament has been arranged. Among the out-of-town guests we see Mrs. McKee, Toronto; Miss Stratford Kirkpatrick, Ottawa; Mrs. Parke Cameron, Montreal; Miss Madeleine Wilson, New York; Nursing-Sister Brady, Queen's Hospital.

Mrs. Capt. James Dix, 128 Bagot street, now visiting her son, Overton, at Newark, N.J., will spend some time at Asbury Park, the ideal ocean resort.

Miss Vera E. Dix will spend three months at Atlantic City, she is a daughter of Capt. and Mrs. James Dix, Bagot street.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Livingston and Mr. and Mrs. Ross Livingston left to-day on a motoring trip through the Adirondaack and Berkshire mountains in New York state.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Macdonnell and Miss Mary Macdonnell, University avenue, who are at Bon Echo have been joined by Major James and Mrs. Macdonnell, Capt. Hugh Macdonnell and Mrs. Macdonnell and Major and Mrs. W. L. Grant of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Kirkgarde, who have been visiting Mrs. Merrick, William street, are leaving for Montreal on Monday.

Miss Vera Wood and Kenneth Wood, University avenue, are in Plenton visiting old friends who are glad to welcome back the son and daughter of the late Rev. W. J. Wood, who was such a beloved pastor of the Methodist church a few years ago.

Miss Frances and Miss Katherine Wright, who have been spending a few weeks at Collins Bay, will return to town on Monday.

Miss Elizabeth Lyman is with the Misses Lyman, King street.

Major Turner is coming down from Hamilton shortly and will be with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Slater, Barrie street.

Mrs. Hudson, Toronto, is the guest of her brother, George Wright, Gore street.

Mrs. Jones, who has been spending some weeks with Mrs. Thomas Slater, Barrie street, left on Wednesday for a trip down the Saguenay before returning to her home in Toronto.

Miss Sara and Miss Kathleen Nixon, with their brother, John Nixon, East Orange, N.J., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Gore street, left to-day for Stella, to visit Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Moutray, Farnham.

Miss Higgerty Ottawa, is visiting Mrs. Peter Devlin, William street.

Dr. and Mrs. MacLaughlin, Smyrna, Turkey, and their son arrived in New

York on Monday, Mrs. MacLaughlin and her sons have come on to Kingston and Dr. MacLaughlin will follow shortly. They have many friends here who will welcome them home.

Miss Frances Devlin, William street, was in Stirling for a few days this week.

Mrs. E. T. Steacy and her family will go over to their cottage on Wolfe Island on Tuesday, to spend the rest of the summer.

Rev. Walter Loucks, rector of All Saints' church, Winnipeg, who has been with his mother, Mrs. Edwin Loucks, Division street, went up to Plenton to-day for the week-end.

Judge McDonald and Mrs. McDonald, Brockville, are the guests of Capt. and Mrs. W. F. Jackson, "Outburn."

Mrs. Stratford Dawson, who was with Mrs. Edwin Loucks, Division street, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lesslie and Miss Marion Lesslie, William street, who have spent a month with Mrs. Dykeman Beardale, N.Y., came back to town this week.

Mrs. E. A. Stone, who has been in Ottawa for some months, will come up to Kingston shortly and will be the guest of Mrs. D. E. Mandell, Brock street.

Miss Madeleine Wilson, New York, is visiting Mrs. W. Gibson, Gore street.

Capt. Kirkconnell, who has been in town for a few days, has gone up to Lindsay.

Rev. T. W. Savary, St. James' rector, and Master Reginald Savary, have left for Annapolis, N.S., to visit Judge Savary.

Miss Ferris, Montreal, is spending a few days with the Misses Muckleston, Clergy street.

Lieut. Kirk Loucks, son of Edwin Loucks, Winnipeg, who was in town for a few days, has returned to Quebec.

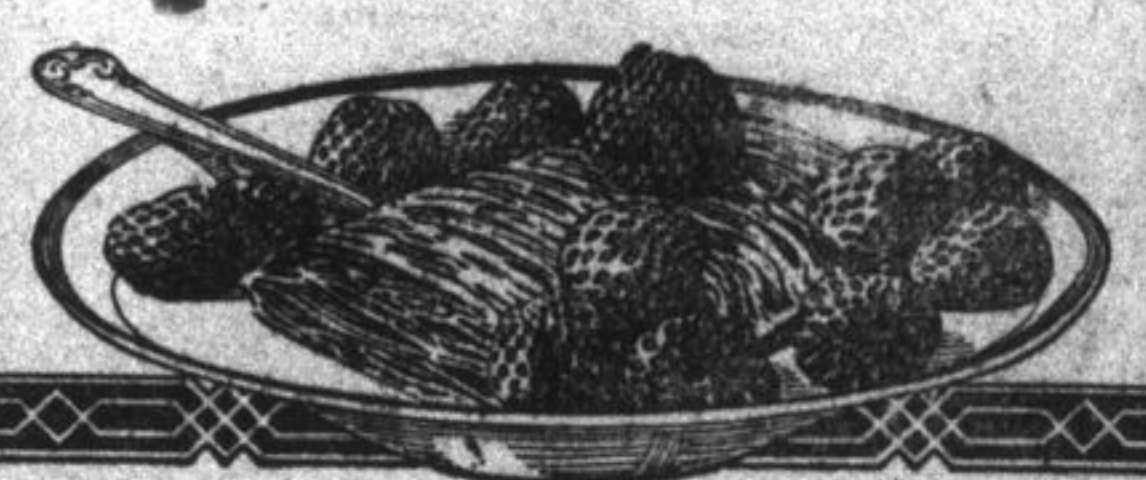
Prof. A. S. Ferguson, Union street, has left for a trip to Winnipeg.

Col. and Mrs. D. E. Mandell, who have been with their daughter, Mrs. Thomas Muir, at Southampton, for a few weeks, have returned to town.

Mrs. Herbert Wood, Vancouver, is with Dr. and Mrs. A. P. Knight, Alice street.

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in any home are the foods that insure health and strength for every member of the family. Shredded Wheat Biscuit is a Summer life-saver. The tasty crispness of the baked whole wheat blends naturally and wholesomely with berries and other fruits. A welcome relief from the heavy foods of Winter. Ready-cooked and ready-to-eat—no kitchen worry or work.



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"The cup that cheers but not inebriates."
—Cooper.

TALKING IT OVER

—With Luna Moon—

A Very Cheap Girl

The fact of the matter is, she got tired of getting up at seven o'clock every morning, swallowing a cup of coffee and a bite of toast, and then crowding into a town-going street car, in order to get to work by eight-fifteen. She would take a day off here, and a day off there, and when she had worn the office manager's patience out she got discharged.

The only new job she could get, was one for which she would have to get up fifteen minutes earlier, and go pay for off days. That decided her next step; there was a man, a fat, greasy, unattractive man, whom hitherto she had only tolerated because he spent money upon her freely; she let him make love to her, although the sight of oozy greasy skin, and the rank stench of his unclean pipe nauseated her. He proposed, and she accepted, her one exultant thought being that she wouldn't have to get up in the morning any more.

She is paying the price of her madness, every bitter penny of it. She wants to work with her body for the price of idleness, and now she is learning that she had undertaken the hardest work in the world, the soul sickening job of being a wife to a man she does not love. A job at which no woman ever made good, a job with no compensating pay day.

She doesn't deserve anyone's pity; when she cries herself to sleep beside her fat, snoring husband, she can comfort herself by remembering that she does not have to get up in the morning (and after all she has not been cheated) that is what she married for. A very cheap husband you say? Yes, but that she is a very cheap girl!

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where good eating is the rule without exception. For we exercise the most painstaking care with every dish we prepare. We look on each one as an advertisement which will bring people here again and again and how well we plan you will learn when you take your first meal here.

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Women's Children's and Men's Shoes

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Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

Do you know that the oil in your skin is necessary to keep it smooth, velvety, supple? This oil is constantly being produced by the glands of the skin. When it is too abundant the result is an oily skin and a shiny nose. You can relieve this embarrassing condition by using the following treatment as frequently as is necessary.

With warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin



firmer and drier the very first time you try it. Use it as often as your skin requires, nightly if necessary, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, New York and Perth, Ontario.