

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

OUCH! CORNS! LIFT CORNS OFF



Doesn't hurt a bit to lift that sore, touchy corn off with fingers



Drops of magic! Apply a little Freezone on that bothersome corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then you lift it off with the fingers. No pain at all! Try it!

Why wait? Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without soreness at all.

NOTES FROM BARRIEFIELD.

Soldiers With Brides Have Arrived From Overseas.

Barriefield, Aug. 27.—Mrs. J. Merchant and her brother, Edward, have left for Toronto to visit with friends there. Mrs. J. McCartney and little son, Jack, left this week to visit friends at Brantford. Miss Ethel Anderson, Toronto, is visiting with her mother, Mrs. William Anderson. Mrs. H. Saunders, who has been ill, has been removed to the Hotel Dieu. The showers of the last few days will greatly help the gardens in this district. Miss Greenlay, Joyceville, is visiting with her aunt, Mrs. H. Fowler. Mrs. R. Dowler is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. William Vanborne, Pittsburg. Alfred Smith, who has just returned from overseas, accompanied by his wife, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Knight, at "The Pines." Miss Mary Douglas, New York, Nursing Sister E. Bradley, who have just returned from overseas, are visiting Isabel Hutton, Henry Byrnes, who has just returned from overseas with his bride, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Werdin. Fred Byrnes is with his sister, having just arrived from overseas. Miss Lillian Hadden, New York, at Mrs. Knapp's. Capt. Malone, who has been ill, is able to be around again. Mr. and Mrs. Todd, city, spent Sunday at her parents', Mr. and Mrs. H. LeHeup.

No, Stanley, a man isn't necessary a th... because he takes a picture. He may be a photographer.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles. No surgical operation is required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and as certainly cure you as a penicillin, or Edman's, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 10 stamps.

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, it is always the source of flattering comment.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Old Dutch

A few rubs with Old Dutch leaves cooking utensils bright and clean. Economical-Through-Hygienic

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

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

A few days later the manicure came, the corsets were tried, and Geraldine's thick, neglected hair was dressed. Her face, rubbed and creamed and powdered, felt strange, as did her tightly drawn and netted hair. But the "harness," as she called it, was strangest of all; it made her move slowly and stand erect. She slipped on a wisp of silky blouse, over a wisp of silky camisole, fitted the little tailored skirt trimly, put on the plain jacket, straightened the frill. Paula Lucas pressed on the tiny hat, with its rakish angle, and into the heavenly green Springs of leaf and blossom every day, smiling and content. Mrs. Lucas, proud of her own discernment, confided to her every detail of the business, and raised her salary.

and the massed, bright hair, and the white hands, framed in immaculate cuffs. Geraldine did not know herself. Her face was not the speech of Floss and Miss Harris; the words she chose were not the words they would have chosen. She talked to the best customers as if she were playing an amusing role; she piqued and teased with a French phrase here and there; she used an odd word correctly. She flattered them subtly; they were used to flattery, but not of this sort. She liked to be slim, popular, and useful. She walked out into the heavenly green Springs of leaf and blossom every day, smiling and content. Mrs. Lucas, proud of her own discernment, confided to her every detail of the business, and raised her salary.

It was a March day and Geraldine went out into sunshine that was somewhat like Spring—that was hot. There were crowds on the tops of the omnibuses; she walked and rode about aimlessly, but in deep excitement and satisfaction. Every shop-window gave her back her slender, charming person; she saw in every man's eyes that she was beautiful and young. With the odd sense of nervousness she ate her frugal lunch—sweets were not for her. A sort of pleasant faintness remained with her illness, an aloofness. Women looked sharply at her hat and veil, and hastily averted their eyes. The whole world was flashing and gleaming in the Easter sunshine, and she was of it, at last. She sent Janey and Deanie Easter Eggs, and went into the Cathedral and prayed. But she felt like an entirely different woman from the Geraldine Laird of last October, not a changed woman, but one who had never been that erratic, half-educated person.

It had been arranged that she should stay at Mrs. Lucas's for another week or two. Geraldine knew her mother would not have approved of this, or of Mrs. Lucas at all, but she felt only a dreamy indifference to that, as to all the influences of the old life. She was turning back from the sun-bathed Avenue to walk to the St. Satisfax when she encountered Dean.

He was walking slowly along, looking about in his keen, quick way, and alone. Every drop of blood deserted Geraldine's heart, and if he had been an armed foe she could not have had a more sickening sensation of reluctance and fright. She could not meet him—she could not speak to him—she was all unready to think of Dean.

He glanced at her, swept her figure with a swift, appraising look that is a man's deference to beauty, and walked on. There was no change of color in his face, no change of expression. The astonishing truth burst upon her, and she went swiftly on, walking quickly and quietly, only that, as to all the influences of the old life. She was turning back from the sun-bathed Avenue to walk to the St. Satisfax when she encountered Dean.

Her husband did not know her. It was the most amazing moment of her life. The memory of it nerved her to play her new part splendidly and boldly. Dean had not known her nobody knew her! Indeed, looking into the dimmed, surrounding mirrors of "Emelle's" at the slender, pretty woman with the wistful face

TALKING IT OVER

—With Lorna Moon—

"The Perfect Guest"

She answered by return of post. The invitation of her host; She caught the train she said she would. And changed at junctions as she should; She brought a small and lightish box. And keys belonging to the locks. Foods, rare and rich, she did not beg. But ate the hotted or scrambled egg; When offered lukewarm tea, she drank it. And did not crave an extra blanket. Nor extra pillows for her head. She seemed to like the spare room bed. She brought her own self-fitting pen. She always went to bed at ten. She left no little things behind. But stores now, and gossip kind. I found the above in my morning paper. It made a special appeal to me, for a friend had just been recounting her trials with a newly departed guest.

"A Mother's Trials"

Care of Home and Children Often Causes a Breakdown.

The woman at home, deep in household duties and the cares of motherhood, needs occasional help to keep her in good health. The demands upon a mother's health are many and severe. Her own health trials and her children's welfare exact heavy tolls, while hurried meals, broken rest and much indoor living tend to weaken her constitution. No wonder that the woman at home is often indisposed through weakness, headaches, backaches and nervousness. Too many women have grown to accept these visitations as a part of the lot of motherhood. But many have varied as her health troubles are, the cause is simple and the cure at hand. When well, it is the woman's good blood that keeps her well; when ill, she must make her blood rich to renew her health. The nursing mother more than any other woman in the world needs rich blood and plenty of it. There is one always unfailing way to get this good blood so necessary to perfect health, and that is through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood abundantly, and through their use thousands of weak, ailing wives and mothers have been made bright, cheerful and strong. If you are ailing, easily tired, or depressed, it is a duty you owe yourself and your family to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. What this medicine has done for others it will surely do for you.

Told In Twilight

(Continued From Page 3)

Dr. and Mrs. Richard C. Houston, of Chicago, who have been visiting the former's sister, Mrs. J. W. Campbell, Queen street, left yesterday for Belleville and Orillia, en route home. Rev. John Dawson left Kingston on Thursday for his home in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Hamilton and her daughter, Isabel, Kingston, are spending the week with Mrs. Clara Milo, Watertown, N.Y. They spent the previous week with relatives in Rochester.

Major and Mrs. William Harty, staying with Mr. and Mrs. E. F. O'Sullivan at their farm near Toronto, were at the Prince's garden party.

Mr. and Mrs. William Phillips, Kingston were guests at the Prince's garden party at Government House, Toronto.

Mrs. H. Leal and two children, Collingwood, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, 451 Albert street.

Mrs. Coy, Syracuse, N.Y., has been spending the week in Kingston, the guests of Miss Katie Dickson, Ordinance street. On Saturday, Mrs. Dickson, Miss Katie Dickson and Mrs. Coy left to spend a few days at Bath.

Miss Gladys McDonald, of Belleville, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Millan, Earl street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Elliott, Albert street, left the city on Tuesday to visit friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

Misses Ruth and Ethel Pickard have returned to their home in Hamilton after spending two weeks the guests of Miss Bernice Yeoman, Collins Bay.

Col. R. W. Leonard and Mrs. Leonard, St. Catharines, were at the R.C.Y.C. garden party in honor of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Storey, Kingston, are spending a few days in Brockville.

Mrs. James Gowsell and children returned to Kingston on Thursday after spending the past four weeks visiting Mrs. W. Gowsell and other relatives at Foxboro.

Mrs. John Gowan, Toronto, announces the engagement of her daughter, Elizabeth Thornton, to Rev. Robert Fleming Thompson, R.A., B. D., son of the late Dr. John Thompson, Sarala, and Mrs. Thompson, formerly of Brockville, the marriage to take place quietly in September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, Clafrey's Lock, announce the engagement of their sister, Florence Bernice Best, to Milton Dzell of Carleton Place, the marriage to take place about the middle of September.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rush, Peterborough, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter, Marion, to the Rev. F. J. Savers, rector of St. Peter's church, Cobourg, the marriage to take place the middle of Sep-

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"Thank heaven, she's gone! Never again!" "She must have been pretty bad," I commented, for my friend is a jewel as a hostess. "My patience is in rags," said my friend. "I invited her for a week and she stayed ten days, I really had to ASK her to go. There was nothing else to do, for I told her when she arrived, that my sister and her husband were coming the following week, but she took no notice. Then, of course, we have no car this year and she kept wishing that she had brought her own, and wondering how on earth we could get around without one. I got so tired of hearing her, that I told her I had a taxi account and that she could call a cab when she needed one and have it charged on my account."

"I noticed that she never went out without a cab but I DID think that she was at least paying part of the bill herself, you can picture my astonishment when I called up the cab company and found that she had run up a bill of twenty-three dollars. Oh, but that isn't all, she has left numerous things behind, and this morning I received a wire asking me to send them parcel post. "And she used my best face towels to wipe the dust off her suitcase and shoes, to say nothing of borrowing my umbrella and breaking the handle without even saying 'I'm sorry.' But she will never need to write 'I will be delighted to accept' to any invitation of mine again. Anger as she may, I will never see the bait or bite at it."

Owing to the oversupply of optical illusions it is difficult to make some men believe what they see.

McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas

OVER sixty-one years' experience is behind the McCormick Biscuits; yet if they could be improved they would be.

Their high degree of nutrition is attained by the selection of the finest materials.

They are made in a sunlight factory where brightness penetrates to every corner.

They are properly baked for easy digestion. No wonder there is such a demand for

McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.

Factory at LONDON, Canada. Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

Every 10c Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN \$8 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

Grand Cafe

222 Princess street, Two Doors Above Opera House Peter 10c Prop.

DURING the last few years people have had to be content with many lines of goods that were inferior in quality to those procurable before the war.

To-day, people are demanding the better grades again. Those who from a mistaken idea of economy tried to be satisfied with common teas are coming back to Red Rose Tea. They realize that they cannot be satisfied with anything less than Red Rose Quality.

And Red Rose probably will cost them no more than common tea, because Red Rose not only tastes better—it goes farther.

Consisting chiefly of Assam teas—the richest and strongest grown—three teaspoonfuls of Red Rose goes as far as five of ordinary tea. A brewing will prove it.

Sold only in sealed packages.

T. H. ESTABROOKS CO., LIMITED

St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton, St. John's, Nfld., Portland, Maine

RED ROSE TEA

is good tea