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Kingston Mattress Company
554 Princess Street. Phone 682v.

The Luck of Geraldine Laird

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

One hot June day, wandering through Easthampton with the little girls, a real sense of satisfaction came to her when she realized that she was unhappy. It was a fact to be faced: she was lonely, unloved, and unhappy, she told herself. No man had a share in her thoughts, her work, and her love, and she felt the essential lack.

The abruptly-terminated friendship with Roger had left a strange ache in her heart. It had reminded her poignantly of what she was losing, of what married companionship and the oneness of interest leads to both lives. Sometimes she deliberately reviewed all the steps that had led to her separation from Dean, to remind herself of her own innocence and helplessness in the matter.

It was the first knitting Summer; the country was slowly but fully awakening to the thought of war. When the little family went back to town it was to find the Avenue blowing with flags, that showed a ripple of pink from the Plaza far down toward the Flatiron building. Men in olive-drab filled the foyers of the hotels, and saluted each other on the Avenue, the jaunty white caps of blue-jackets were everywhere.

Geraldine, absorbed, knitted and watched; sent the elevator boys flying for newspaper extras, and felt her soul growing so rapidly that the process hurt her. She stopped suffering for herself, her heart began to take in all Belgium, all France all the wistful and bewildered bravery of astonished America. The blowing Stars and Stripes were no longer simply a flag to her; behind them she began to see the grave dignity of Washington and the sublime beauty of Lincoln's homely face, unknown men quietly dying on the slope of Bunker Hill, boys of sixteen at Gettysburg, other boys—she could just remember these coming home in the

ing it—by telephone? In person? At all events, he was not an hour's journey away!

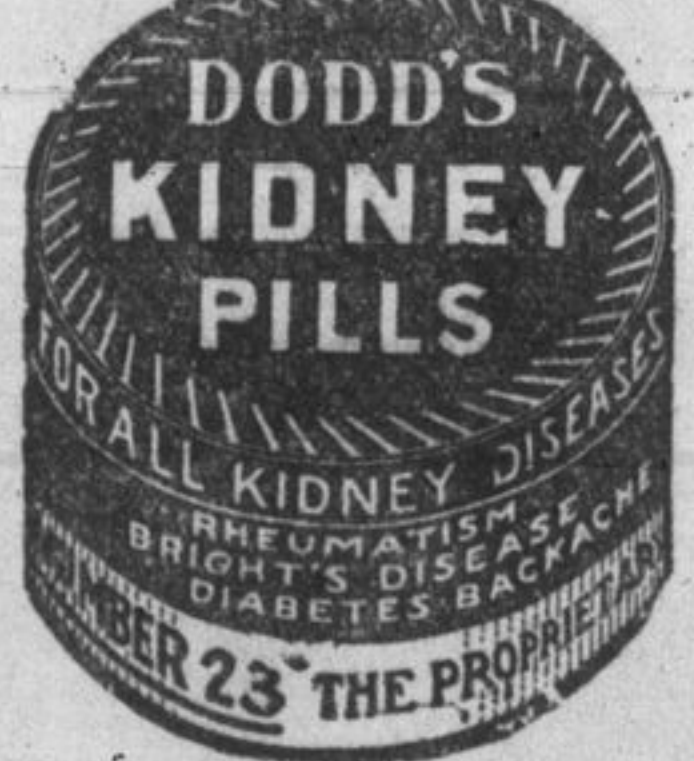
"My dear Jerry," said the letter, "all my plans are changed, and I will probably leave New York on the tenth of January, for Arizona. It may be Arizona, or Colorado, or Idaho; it will be just where Tom Underhill, the fellow who has been shaving rooms with me for a year, is most apt to find his health again. I am giving up everything here. I may try to go on writing, although I have been pretty well discouraged of late. But I would like to see you before I go and see the little girls. I think even your anger would not endure if you could know how I have been hungering for my wife and children. Don't reveal all tendencies, everything is changed and by my own hand—I know it. But you were always generous to me, Jerry, be generous now. Let me come to see you, for the sake of the old days when we were first so happy. Send me—"

Geraldine pressed the letter over her heart as if there was a burning pain there, and rose blindly from her chair. In a great surge of feeling that almost sickened her with its violence, all the old feeling came back, the memory of the times when he had been all tenderness, all consideration. The exquisite first thrill of desire weakening toward him came to her; she would do the impossible thing, she would humble herself, forget reason and logic, forgive him. Trembling, she went straight to the telephone.

Mr. Laird had given up his rooms, the new tenant in the Washington Square apartment told her, his address was a delay—his address was Waldruh, Colorado. Or a letter might be forwarded from Stockholm, New York.

A little daunted, Geraldine tried the first address. Delay was trying, but she must reconcile herself to it. Her public welcomed her eagerly, and the always-expected and always astonishing Spring set her heart to singing. After a while the letter, limp and grumpy, came back to her. "Person Unknown" was penciled more than once over the different addresses.

(To be continued.)



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Follow the directions on the label

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

TALKING IT OVER

With Lorna Moon

Remember Your First Sweetheart

Do you ever recall your first sweetheart? Of course you do, you may forget the third, the fifth and the time you may forget the last, but never while spring comes round and you are here to see its coming will you forget your first sweetheart?

Nothing that comes after ever has the poignant sweetness of that first devotion; it is a blind worship in which there is no thought of self. With each love that follows, we look more and more for reward for our devotion; we seek to be adored, rather than to adore.

My heart was broken when I was fourteen. Oh yes, the whole family laughed and thought it was a great joke. I can laugh at it now, but nothing has ever hurt me as that did. He was the senior school master, I was only ten at this time and too young for his class; but I had been sent to him to be punished for a mischief that could only be atoned for by a stick in the hands of the senior. During a lesson I had reached up and jerked the teacher's wig over one ear; and so, with an explanation of my crime in writing, I was sent to see Mr. Robinson.

"Why did you do it?" he asked as he stood, cane in hand in the punishment room.

"I just HAD to," I confided. "I've always wanted to know if it was real."

"Don't you realize that you've hurt your teacher's feelings very much," he said severely.

"I'm sorry, but my hand worked before I knew it. I was wondering about the wig, and then in a minute I had pulled it." I explained.

"I see," he looked me in the eyes for the first time as he said this, and there was a twinkle in his. "But I must punish you."

"Don't you want to?" I said sensing that he wasn't very angry with me.

"I don't, but I MUST."

"Don't bother," I said comfortingly. "I can cry just as well if you don't," and without heeding his protest I ran weeping loudly to my own class room followed by the most guilty looking school master in the world. He kept our secret, although he scolded me about it afterwards.

After that for four years I brought him a flower every day for his button-hole. I decided to marry him. I adored him. In the summer I would get up early to search for a rare wild flower for his coat and would carry it in water to the school. In the winter I pestered the garden for a treasure from the hot-house; but I never failed to bring him a daily offering.

Then, he got married. And he checked me under the chin when he told me about it! But my heart didn't break until he returned to school after his honeymoon wearing a rose bud in his coat, and my poor little flower lay unnoticed on the desk.

At Alexandria Bay, N.Y., a small fire occurred Sunday at a candy store, soda fountain and restaurant, owned by C. Bokas. The gasoline used in a percolator caught fire and spread to the decorations, curtains and woodwork. Little damage. Enterprise is a sprout that is pruned by experience.

Told in Twilight

(Continued From Page 3)

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Sayer, Warwick, N.Y., are returning to their home to-day after a very delightful visit at the homes of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Vair and Mr. and Mrs. John Baxter. They were accompanied by their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Harold F. Smith, Cambridge, Mass., who left a few days ago to attend the Mariel-Lamont wedding in Toronto, where Mr. Smith was best man. He is the son of the late Judge Smith, Montana, and a graduate of Harvard University and started on Sept. 14th with President Lowell of Harvard and Elliot Wadsworth, who was chairman of the International Red Cross on a tour of the western states in the interest of the Howard endowment fund.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Millar, Kingston, are spending the week with Mrs. Pottinger, Kentrow.

Mrs. C. C. Hodgins, Kingston, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George Otton, Woodstock.

Mr. Oqden, Kingston, is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Olmstead, Mississippi.

E. Bradley, Kingston, is spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bradley, Westport.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pound, Kingston, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stoney, Westport.

Mrs. F. Healy, who was in Kingston with her husband for some months, has left for Hamilton to reside.

Mrs. W. J. Chapman, Garrett street, has returned from Ottawa after having a pleasant visit with Mr. and Mrs. Peaker.

Albert E. Dowdall, Kingston, spent the week-end in Brockville.

Dr. J. Howard Box and wife reached Vancouver on Monday on the return from China. They had a pleasant passage and will reach Kingston about Sept. 30th.

Mrs. James Stafford and Mrs. Florence Beesley, Watertown, N.Y., are to visit friends in Kingston, Nanpance and Kingston.

Mrs. W. St. Pierre Hughes, Ottawa, is on a ten days' visit to her daughter, Mrs. John Gowski, Drummond street, Montreal.

Miss Melita Elliott, Kingston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. D. J. Robertson, Cornwall.

Mrs. W. K. McCaw and Mrs. Carpenter, Tweed, are visiting Bath and Kingston friends.

Mrs. H. Empson, Belleville is visiting friends in Kingston. She was accompanied by her young son.

Miss Nan Skinner spent the past week with Mr. and Mrs. Francis Macnee, St. Lawrence Cottage, and left on Monday for Ottawa where she will be the guest of Miss Evans.

Miss Doris McClellan, Clergy street, is in Ottawa visiting Major and Mrs. G. I. Campbell.

Prof. and Mrs. F. G. C. Campbell and sons, Masters Charlie and Ian, returned on Monday from Prince Edward Island where they spent the summer. Until the end of this week they will be at The Residence, Bath street.

Prof. and Mrs. J. F. Macdonald, Stuart street, are spending the week at Queen's camp, Bob's Lake.

The marriage of Frances Tupper, daughter of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Bart., and Lady Tupper to Col. Guy Kirkpatrick, D.S.O., ex-O.C. 72nd Seaforth, has been arranged to take place on Sept. 24th, very quietly at St. Paul's Church, Vancouver, B.C.

The man who is long on words is apt to be short on deeds.

By Appointment to H.M. King George V.

From War to Peace

The war restrictions on the shipment of Biscuits having been removed

Huntley & Palmers Biscuits

are once again being sent to all parts of the world. They are of the same standard of Unrivalled Quality as in the past, and to prevent disappointment the public should place their orders at once with their usual suppliers.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS, LTD.
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PREPARED COFFEE

Made in the cup at the table. All size cans in stock.

Prompt Delivery.

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Quality counts when you are buying food supplies more than any other article. Our stores are stocked with the best that can be bought. Call and see or

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Photographer

wishes to announce that he has taken over the Photography Business of W. L. Richardson, 151 Wellington Street, and is now prepared to do first class work in this line.

Workmanship guaranteed.
PHONE 1738.

Mrs. Thomas Lindsay, a former well known resident at Bancroft, Toronto, deceased was a year ago injured in an automobile accident and never recovered.

A quiet marriage took place in Morrisburg, on Sept. 22nd, when Miss Luella, daughter of the late Geo. E. and Mrs. Myron, Morrisburg, was married to F. A. Garrett, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Garrett, Tweed.

It's Natural, Isn't It, that he should have eyes only for his sweetheart on the shore? And it's just as natural that he should not worry because

Kellogg's

Sweetheart of the Corn

has fallen into the water.

He knows that the delicately toasted, thin, golden flakes are fully protected by the

WAXTITE

Moisture Proof Wrapper

Campers, Summer Hotels, Folks at Home, save themselves worry and ensure having their Corn Flakes as fresh and crisp as when they left the ovens in our Toronto Kitchens by insisting on having their grocer supply them with

Kellogg's
Toasted Corn Flakes
in the
WAXTITE Wrapper

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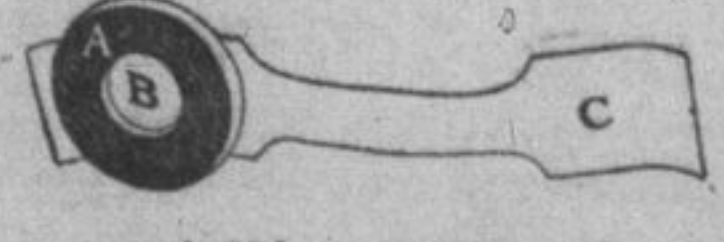
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co.
Battle Creek, Mich.—Toronto, Can.

Cut Here With Sharp Knife

The Man Who Banished Corns

Blue-jay was invented by a scientist of distinction. By a man whose lifetime has been spent in the study of surgical dressings.

This is a master's method—correct, complete and efficient. And the millions of people who know it, never think of enduring a corn.



All in One

The first step is to stop the pain. This is done by removing all pressure—by the soft protecting ring marked A.

The next step is to gently cause the corn to disappear.

This is done by the remarkable B & B Wax, which no corn can resist.

This bit of wax—marked B—is centered on the corn. It cannot spread. So, unlike old-time methods, it acts on the corn alone.

C is rubber-coated adhesive. This snugly wraps the application, protecting everything.

You apply this Blue-jay in a jiffy. The corn pain stops at once. The wrapping is comfortable and you forget it.

In two days you remove it and the corn can be lifted out. Only rare corns need a second application.

This is the scientific way, the easy, sure and right way to end corns. You will never return to any wrong method when you try a Blue-jay once.

Try it tonight.

B & B Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly Ends Corns Completely
25c—At Druggists

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