

In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

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It gives you a wider choice of ingredients for cakes and pastry, yet assures you of positive success in your baking.

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In Kingston
LOCKETT'S BOOT SHOP

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGlone Gibson

Some Old Friends
This time when I asked John if he loved me, he did not answer teasingly. "Love you?" he said. "Why girl, I love you so much that everything I do from now on, I want you understand, is done with you mind and for you. I probably shall forget you again sometime because I am the kind of a man who is absolutely engrossed in the thing at hand."

"Then it behooves me to be ever at your hand, lover," I said.

"You are ever in my heart, dear one," he answered.

A quick tap at the door, and Helen's voice interrupted our love making. "Kate, it's Helen." As I opened the door, Robert Gaylord's face loomed up behind her. I looked beyond but Ruth Gaylord was not with them. Bob saw my look and said, "Ruth thought she must stay at home with the children. I hardly get a sight of her lately. She's hardly a pal or a wife any more—she's all mother."

At the time this did not affect me greatly because I was too much interested in my own affairs, I suppose. But afterward, I found myself asking if things would not have been different for Ruth Gaylord and Helen Van Ness if Ruth had paid more attention to her mother and Helen.

"I made Bob bring your trunk and suitcase, Kate," said Helen, "and I think I got all your clothes in it safely."

"That's very sweet of you, Helen," said John as she kissed and congratulated Ruth.

"What is sweet—bringing the trunk or kissing you?" asked Bob with a grin.

"Both," answered John. "Wouldn't you like to try it?"

"Sure," and Bob made a dive for Helen, which she dexterously sidestepped. Anyway, I'll kiss the bride," he said.

"No you won't," I answered. "This bride must come first or not at all."

"Yes," said John laughingly. "Kate has just been taking me to task for letting a little business deal, in which I made a hundred thousand dollars, come first for a few moments this morning."

"Heavens!" said Helen. "You might forget me any old time you pleased for that."

"Oh, I don't know," remarked Bob. "I think there are women in the world who would care more for a man's absolute devotion than to be handed pearl necklaces and diamond rings early and often."

For some reason the gay banter left us a little serious, and to cover this somewhat strained feeling, I asked Helen into my dressing room to repair the ravages to her make-up before we went down to luncheon.

We had hardly gotten through the door, however, before Bob and John were deep in the discussion of John's new business deal.

"John's forgetting me this morning," I said, "reminds me of a story which I will tell you at luncheon. I want John to hear it."

To my surprise, Helen did not seem to be listening to what I had said. "She threw her arms around my neck and asked tremulously: 'Are you really very happy, Kate?'"

"Ecstatically," I answered. "You are a very fortunate girl."

"And I have noticed that she had tears in her eyes."

"Why, what is the matter, Helen? Aren't you happy?"

"No, dear, I think I am the most miserable woman in the world."

For a moment my thoughts swung to the many times that she and Bob Gaylord had been together lately and then I took myself to task for thinking anything like this of my dearest friend.

Ruth Gaylord had been one of Helen's classmates. Helen had known her longer than she had me. An affair between Helen and Bob couldn't be possible I decided. I looked again

to see where Helen was dabbing her face with powder.

"Surely you are joking," I said. "Of course, I am joking," she answered. "I just wanted to see what you in your great happiness would do for your friend whom you thought was in great need."

There was more earnestness in this observation than Helen would have me think, and I went over and put my arms about her, saying:

"Helen, you surely must know that I would do anything possible for you or for any other friend who was in trouble."

"Come on girls," interrupted John. "Remember, you are beautiful to us without any dolling up. It may not be a romantic confession for a newly married man, but I don't mind telling you that I am starving."

"Besides," said Helen, "I want to hear the story Kate has promised to tell."

"Can't she tell it to us?" asked Bob.

"Yes," I answered, "but wait till we are at luncheon."

"Wait a minute," said Bob Gaylord as we reached the first floor. I just remember that Ruth said something about her mother coming to our house today for luncheon and that I told her I would try and be there. Ruth's mother rather makes it a point of seeing me on her more or less frequent visits. Excuse me a moment till I phone Ruth."

"I wonder," said John, innocently, as Robert left us, "if it is a case of too much mother-in-law between Bob and Ruth?"

"I wouldn't blame him there," said John quickly, for to tell the truth I have never had any great desire for a household of children. One or two, perhaps, but more must be a great nuisance."

Helen said nothing, but I noticed the color slowly flood her face and then recede. For the moment I was deterred. Then I took myself to task for being suspicious.

"Why, John," I said, more to take his attention from her apparent confusion than any other reason. "I am sure no husband wife want to go through life without children!"

"Certainly not," he answered, "but Ruth Gaylord has been more of a mother than a wife ever since her first baby came, and now they have three, she has absolutely deteriorated into a governess and nursemaid. We were talking about it at the club the other night and Fred Smith said—and you know Fred is one of Bob's greatest friends—that he never went there any more because, although he loves children, he does not care to spend the entire evening listening to their lile and their smart sayings."

"It is a sad state of affairs, don't you think so, Helen?"

For a moment Helen was quiet, and then she said:

"Yes, I think Ruth is making a mistake. But you know, John, some women are made to be mothers, and some are wives only. I think Ruth is perfectly happy with her children."

"But what about Bobby?" I asked, curiously dazed by the turn the conversation had taken.

"Oh, Bobby can take care of himself, I guess," said John with a grin, as though he had some inner information that he did not tell us.

Again I was surprised at Helen. She looked at John with a flash of angry concern and seemed about to speak, but she evidently thought better of it and compressed her lips tightly.

"Surely you don't think that Bobby Gaylord is the kind of a man who would neglect his wife, do you John? Why, he—"

"I don't think Bobby Gaylord could be really neglectful," interrupted Helen quickly, "but I have been there quite a bit lately and I must say that Bob seems to be an unnecessary appendage to the household."

To my relief Bob returned at that moment. His arrival ended a conversation that was rapidly drifting into embarrassing depths.

"It's all right," he said. "Ruth thinks Bobby Jr. is coming down with the chicken pox and Grandma Graham and she will be too busy in the nursery to think of me or luncheon or anything until the doctor comes."

"Wait until you get to be an old married man, Jack, and you'll see of how little importance you are about your own household upon the occasions when both your mother-in-law and your children are on the scene," said Bob, fretfully.

"Don't be edgy, Bobby," I interrupted. "Listen to my story. I have been wanting to tell it to John all the morning. It shows that there are men besides my John who forget their wives."

"It seems that once upon a time—"

"Hold on, hold on, Kate," put in John. "Let's order the luncheon first. I'm starving. Everybody can have exactly what they want, but I'm going to have a beefsteak, French fried potatoes, combination salad and a piece of pie."

"Nice, healthy appetite for a lover," laughed Helen.

"Your observation, young woman," said Bob, with renewed good humor, "does not keep me from duplicating that order."

"But you're not a lover," she said quickly. Glancing up I caught the look which passed from Robert to Helen, and it said as plainly as though he had spoken: "I am your lover."

(Continued Monday).

Frank Ramshaw of Eden Mills, about sixty-five years old, died suddenly of heart failure, caused by excitement over a motoring accident near Rockwood on a return trip from a wedding.

The extension of time given Bulgarian peace commission to reply to the peace terms expires Friday. It is expected they will make their report.

Told In Twilight

(Continued From Page 3)

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. Herbert Steacy, Kirke street, received for the first time since her marriage, and many callers thronged her pretty home to welcome her to the Limestone City. She was wearing her lovely wedding gown of white satin and lace, a corsage bouquet of pink roses giving a pretty touch of color. Mrs. E. T. Steacy assisted her daughter-in-law in receiving, and wore a very handsome black gown. Graceful chrysanthemums were artistically arranged in the drawing-room, while in the tearoom a silver basket filled with white "mums" was on the centre of the table, which was covered with a beautiful maderia and lace cloth. Here Mrs. W. R. Givens made tea, Mrs. A. W. Winnett poured coffee, while the Misses Annie Minnes, Eleanor Phealan, Gwen-dolyn Folger and Helen McKay passed the dainty refreshments.

Mrs. James A. Holland, 429 Johnson street, left to-day to visit with her brother, W. A. Blackburn, at Vernonville, Ont.

Mrs. Frank Harmer and two children, of Ottawa, are the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irwin, Kingston Junction.

Mrs. J. H. Grant has returned to her home in Buffalo, N.Y., after spending the past month with her sister, Mrs. T. Sughrue, 426 Johnson street.

Capt. and Mrs. Jones are again in the city for a short time. Capt. Jones, who has been overseas, is now at the Sydenham hospital.

Capt. J. Plunkett spent a few days in Ottawa this week and returned on Thursday.

Miss Helen Duff, Alexandria Apartments, Toronto, is spending a few days in Parry Sound.

Miss Helen McKay, Sydenham street, is leaving on Monday for Montreal, where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lionel Smith, and Mr. Smith.

Mrs. Buxton Smith, Wellington Apartments, who has been visiting Miss Simmers in Montreal, is now the guest of Canon and Mrs. Patton in Prescott.

Mrs. Robert Sutherland and son, Malcolm, have returned from Clinton, N.Y., where they were visiting Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stanley, and are with Miss Bessie Smythe and George Smythe, West street.

Miss Helen Drury has left Halifax, where she spent the summer, and has gone to Boston, Mass., to spend the winter with her brother, Capt. G. C. Drury.

Money from Canteens.

Canada will benefit by a substantial sum from the proceeds of the expeditionary force canteens. These were canteens with which the U.S.A. and the Imperial army supplied all the British troops in France with extra messing supplies, liquors, cigarettes, and various other articles. Their surplus proceeds have been turned into a fund of which Gen. Julian Byng is director and which will be used for ex-service men of the Imperial army, and amounts to over \$30,000,000. An allotment, however, is to be made to the troops of the various overseas dominions, according to proportional strength. This money will be paid to the Canadian military authorities, and will probably amount to between two and two and a half million dollars.

This decision has been made known by Gen. Byng in reply to the request of the British branch of the G.W.V.A. for assistance from the general canteens fund for a clubhouse for demobilized Canadian soldiers in Britain. Gen. Byng, who was former commander of the Canadian, explained the arrangements and wished the war veterans' scheme every success.

A Brave Man to Be Honored.

The Minister of the Interior of Belgium declared in the Chamber of Deputies recently that in concert with the British authorities, it had been judged desirable to keep the Cloth Market, Cathedral, and adjacent houses at Ypres in their present state. The Government had agreed to the request of Canada that the emplacement where Gen. Mercer fell should be allotted. It would be with a view to the erection of a museum on the spot. The ground would be expropriated, failing a friendly arrangement with the owner.

Canadian Writer Honored.

His Majesty the King has graciously accepted a copy of "The Maple Leaf's Red Cross," by Mary MacLeod McGre. Their Majesties have shown a keen interest in the work of the society and are well posted in its activities. On one occasion when visiting a large military hospital the Queen spoke to a Canadian soldier and asked if he had a Red Cross visitor, as she knew that through the Information Bureau, under Lady Drummond, all sick and wounded soldiers were visited and cared for. The King, it will be remembered, lately co-operated with the Red Cross in giving Bushey Lodge and Hospital for the use of the ailing children of London.

King George has traveled more widely than any other king who ever ascended the British throne.

Don't bittle your influence, for it may be greater than you think. The modern way is to say that money makes the automobile go.

GRAY HAIR

Dr. Tremaine's Natural Hair Restorative, used as directed is guaranteed to restore gray hair to its natural color or money refunded. Positively not a dye or hair restorer. Price \$1.00. On sale in Kingston, by T. H. Sargent Druggist, Princess and Montreal streets.

The young leaves—the tender leaves—those full of flavor and richness—are selected for Red Rose Tea. The strength, flavor and freshness of these choice, delicate leaves is fully preserved for your enjoyment by the sealed Red Rose package which keeps out odors, dust and moisture.

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