

In the Realm of Women—Some Interesting Features

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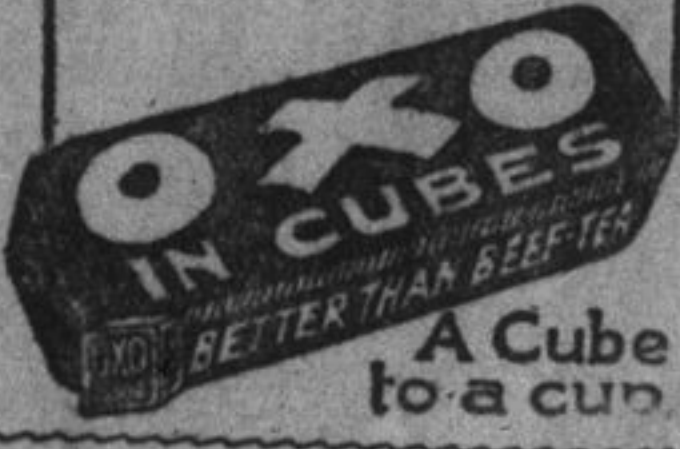
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"We have found OXO Cubes a distinct asset. There was never a time when they would be used more than now, seeing the high price of other foods."



LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGione Gibson

John Returns Home.
I have been wondering as I look back over my early married days—that sounds queer doesn't it, as I have only been married three months now, but I mean the first few months after my marriage when one is still supposed to be basking under the radiant light which is never on sea or land, but everyone's honeymoon is obscured so often by clouds of selfishness and neglect as mine was.

And the awful part of it is, that I am sure that John, if he were asked, would say that he never neglected me in his life. But I am sure that if he made that statement, he would make a few mental reservations of things he had done by saying to himself: "What she doesn't know won't hurt her."

Unfortunately we women know and keep in our hearts the remembrance of many, many things that our husbands do not think we have ever found out about them. It is not always the wife who accuses who suffers most.

I wonder what a man would think if some day while sitting across from his wife he were asked to get her absolutely honest opinion of him, able to look into her mind and into her heart? I know very well that in leaving me to go home, when I am twenty-four hours longer it would not have made much difference in his business, John planted the first seed of repulsion in my breast—the seed that grew and grew as he cultivated it with other acts of selfishness until this memorable morning when I wished that he were out of my life forever.

I have always thought that John with his characteristic reluctance to face anything that was disagreeable simply made the telegram he received an excuse to return. He did not want to be annoyed by the solemnity and discomfort of a country funeral.

John had followed his first impulse and come to see me in my trouble and he was somewhat ashamed of himself because he had not answered my telephone call. But having made the amend honorable, from his point of view, he felt himself justified in taking advantage of his opportunity to evade an unhappy situation.

Although mother seemed much touched and relieved by the fact that Charlie Goodwin was going with us in the carriage, she seemed to feel that it wouldn't be quite decent for two women to mourn alone behind

their dead during its last earthly pilgrimage—yet I made some excuse and did not see Charlie until he came into the room just before the services began. He seated himself beside my mother and me.

I tried to tell myself that it was different with Charlie. He had loved my father and mother—had known them all his life—and owed a great deal to them. I tried to be just to John, but all the while, even above my sorrow, I kept feeling a deep resentment. John had told me that he never had felt for any other being what he felt for me. We had to live our lives together. There should be between us the strongest possible bonds between two human beings, and yet he left me to bear my sorrow alone—left me on the grave and the curious glances of the entire little town where Charlie was born. It seemed to me as I passed out with my mother and Charlie to the carriage that I could fairly hear the wondering comments upon the situation.

What wonder my indignation almost overpowered my grief?

Charlie said nothing to me about my husband on the way to the cemetery. I think if he had asked me any of the usual questions or made any commonplace remarks which would lead me to think he was trying to excuse John's absence, my smouldering anger against my husband would have burst into vital flame.

And yet his very silence was almost unbearable. I wanted his sympathy. Oh, how I wanted his sympathy and yet I could not have stood his pity.

As we walked from the carriage across the greensward to the flower lined grave of my father I felt as though I must say: "Why oh why, is it not I that is to be here?" It seemed to me that I could never go back to John, to his mother, to the gaiety and joyousness of his friends.

It was then that I wanted to die—I wanted to go out of John's life, but most of all I think I wanted to hurt him just as he had hurt me. "Ashes to ashes and dust to dust!"—I heard the words and though my eyes refused to see I knew it was the end.

Back, far back in my consciousness lurked the fact that the joyous yedded life I had anticipated with such high hope only a short time before, was crumbling ashes to ashes and dust to dust.

(Continued to-morrow.)

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Price's Dairy

Told In Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

The Hamilton Spectator says: A lovely young bride receiving for the first time since her marriage was Mrs. Frank Dunbar Pringle, nee Nettie Johnson, of Kingston, who was at home with Mrs. R. A. Pringle, Carleton avenue east, on November 14th. Mrs. Pringle wore a handsome gown of white satin with rose pink sweet peas as a bouquet. Mrs. R. A. Pringle being in navy blue embroidered silk tulle. Chrysanthemums, the autumn's most beautiful flowers, were in profusion everywhere. In the tea room the colors of pale yellow and mauve. A large silver basket of these blooms formed a pretty centerpiece for the tea table. Mrs. E. R. Niblett and Mrs. Morgan-Dean passed tea. Miss Marjory Insole, Miss Marion Wilson, Miss Rose Davis and Miss Marguerite Cotter assisting. Mrs. H. E. Mathews, Kingston, the bride's sister, was a welcome guest on the occasion and looked charming in navy blue georgette.

Miss Edythe Rees, Gananoque, is spending a few weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Ira A. Kip, Ill., South Orange, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Richardson, Kingston, spent the week-end with friends in Athens and Elida, visiting Mrs. Richardson's relatives.

Col. A. H. Van Straubenzon, Royal Engineers, has arrived from England and attended the ex-cadet R.M.C. meeting in Ottawa. He is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. Arthur Mathews.

Mrs. Matthews, Kingston, is in Hamilton visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Dunbar Pringle.

Mrs. James Gunn, formerly Miss Carr Harris, has been in Montreal as the guest of Mrs. Henry Joseph. Mrs. Gunn, expects to leave early in the new year to return to Egypt.

Mrs. M. Clow and Mrs. J. McQuade, Kingston, spent the week-end with their sister, Mrs. M. Galbraith, Deseronto.

Miss Pearl Cassels, Kingston, has returned home after a pleasant visit with her cousin, Valerie Henderson, Deseronto.

Miss Marjory Rogers, Toronto, is visiting Mrs. Arthur G. Dorland, Frontenac street.

Col. and Mrs. Lawrence Bogart are in Ottawa from Toronto for a few days' visit.

Col. and Mrs. W. Schmidt, Kingston, spent the week-end in Ottawa, staying at the Russell Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Sanderson, Ottawa, announce the engagement of their younger daughter, Miss Beatrice May, to Edward Pettie, eldest son of the late H. C. and Mrs. Chapman, the marriage to take place shortly.

The man who claims every day is Sunday with him has too many Sundays.

Why Worry About a Coffee Stain?

Although coffee, spilled upon the breakfast cloth, is probably the most annoying stain to remove, yet here lies the secret of removing it without any injury to the material. September-Good Housekeeping tells us to first cover the spot with borax, if there was cream in the mixture, then pour boiling water through the stain spread over a bowl. Four hands are better than two for all stain work, so if possible call upon a helper to hold the cloth in place.

Clear coffee spilled over the dinner cloth can be removed usually with the boiling water alone, but stubborn coffee stains or those of long standing require Javelle water. To use it, partially fill a bowl with boiling water and Javelle water in equal quantities, immerse the stained portion, allowing it to soak a few moments, rinse in boiling water, and then in weak ammonia water.

Because most stains are "set," a real bleaching compound is necessary. It will be more commonly used than any chemical you might have. Javelle water is believed to be the most practical compound of this kind and can be made by yourself with the ingredients on sale at your drug store.

The Question of Your Shoes

There seem to be just two sorts of women—those who think the French shoes are distinctly impossible and cannot understand how any woman anywhere would wear them, and those who are really anxious to see the shorter vamp shoe come into fashion—perhaps not the French shoe as you see it worn by French women or in photographs of French mannequins, but a modified French shoe, an adaptation to the American foot.

And perhaps this preference for the French shoe or prejudice against it is based very largely upon the physical contour of your foot. If you have a slender, long foot, with a rather negligible instep, then there is an advantage in wearing a shoe that makes stock in trade of these characteristics. But if you have a foot high of instep, a rather thick foot in fact, then you are sure that there never was a more uncomfortable or less becoming shoe than the one now in vogue. And there is no doubt of the fact that the present type of shoe, the type that is still shown in most of the high-class shoe shops, is responsible for much foot discomfort for those women whose feet are really better adapted for the French shoe.

But there are a good many French women in this country, and there are American women who have been living in France during the war, engaged in some sort of war work, who are just returning to this country, and you will see them wearing shoes that are characterized by their rounder toe, the straighter heel and the shorter vamp. In the large cities there are very few shoe shops where the French shoe may be bought, but not infrequently there are shops that are tucked away in some out of the way place where few women know of their existence. One wonders how long it is going to be before the bigger shops and the shops whose display windows are seen in the busiest shopping sections realize that there is a chance for the French type of shoe.



"As the Twig is Bent"

ONE of the most important lessons a child should learn is to care for his teeth—to brush them every morning and after each meal. This lesson, well learned, will save untold trouble, pain and expense in later life. Teach your children to use

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Sold in handy or family-sized tubes.

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No minister ought to work for the Lord and good at a cut rate salary. If you create an enemy be quite sure you have just cause for the set. A lot of people are so ungrateful and contented to make a success of life.