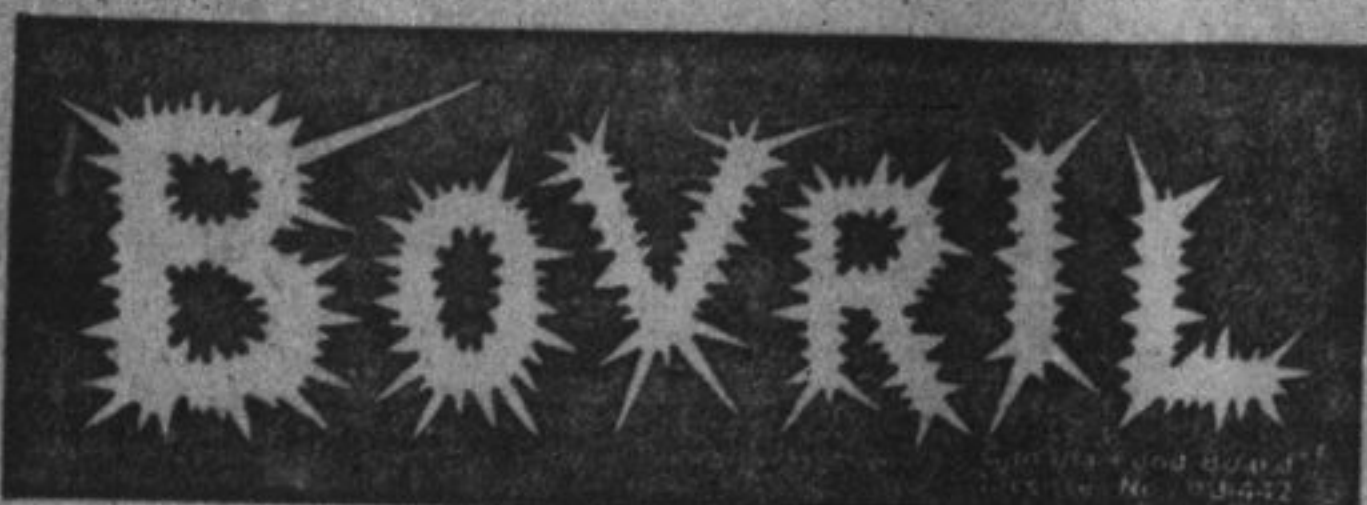


In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features



LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson

What a Man Admires.
I sometimes wonder if women are more helpful than men. Always when John is sweet to me after our quarrels and misunderstandings I am sure in my own mind that we are going to be like the prince in the fairy tale and live happily ever after.

After John had said to me that he was going to welcome the baby, and I knew from overhearing what he had said to his mother, that no matter what he might say to me he would always take my part with her. It seemed that all my troubles were at an end.

"Probably," I said to myself, "I haven't yet been able to adjust myself to the new condition of woman-kind that we are all saying is here. Perhaps I am, as John says, 'neither fish nor good red herring.' Perhaps I am one moment prating of equality and the next minute wanting to be taken care of and petted."

"But will it ever be possible for a man to respect and admire a woman's brain, a woman's executive ability and a woman's strength of character? Will man ever appreciate the love, the sweet sympathy, the utter loyalty, and the womanly dependence her heart offers him?"

No Man Can Understand.
Somehow, it seems to me, that a man can understand that these qualities are of value in a woman. John doesn't. I am sure. I know now that he merely wants me to be an ornamental speckle on his side; he wants me to reflect his thoughts, and without question accept him and the life he leads as sufficient for my happiness. He wants my personality completely submerged in his, and I shall never be one of those women who can do this. My own mother is such a woman, but sometimes I think that there are compensations in being as I am, because now that my father has gone out of my mother's life hers is over and done. Thank God, I have come to see that no mother should go out of my life, or in what condition I shall live, no one will have the power to make me feel that life is over until I cease to breathe.

Such is the inconsistency of woman that I gave a little chuckle at

the end of these heretical thoughts. John, who was reading a newspaper at the window, looked up with a smile.

"Still thinking of what mother is going to do when we tell her we are going to get that door through?" he asked.

"No," I answered. "I'm just smiling to think that life isn't so bad after all."

Forgot to Tell Her.
"You bet it isn't!" he answered. "I had forgotten to tell you that I clinched another big advertising account yesterday. We're going to have money to burn and I'll see that we burn it the next few months. Why, I shouldn't be surprised if that boy of ours came into the world with a gold spoon instead of a silver one, in his mouth!"

"Oh, dear, I don't want that John. I don't want our boy to think that he does not have to earn a own living."

"There, you're calling him a boy, too, said John triumphantly. "I tell you what you do, girl, just buck up a little and tomorrow go down to Wemuth's and buy the most wonderful baby clothes that you can think of."

"I'll go and buy some fine material," John, but I'd like to make the little layette myself."

"Now, don't be foolish. Early in my life I made up my mind that I would not marry until I could keep my wife as a doll in a dollhouse."

Quick to Notice.
I caught my breath in a deep sigh which John was quick to notice.

"What's the matter now? I suppose you don't want to be taken care of? I suppose your mood has changed from that clinging vine sort of business, and this minute you are wanting to be on an equality plane again?"

"No, dear," I answered meekly. "I don't think it is a sign that I want to be on an equality plane if I rather recent being a doll to be played with when you want to play with me, and then perhaps you want in a drawer and left to eat my heart out in silence until you want to play again."

Tuesday—John Doesn't Understand.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.
(By Arthur I. Burdick.)
Well, Christmas is here,
With its chill and cheer,
An' I'm happy—and broke!
My surplus has flown
To the "Great Unknown";
I've not the price of a smoke,
But look at the smile on Johnny's face
An' listen to Molly's laugh!
An' I ain't regrettin' the cash I've spent
In my little one's behalf.

Yes, Christmas is here,
An' it's mighty dear
That I am clemmed out of pelf;
But should I make moun
O'er cash as has flown
I would be ashamed of myself!
For Nancy is wearin' a happy smile—
With the dress I bought for her—
That's worth about twenty-five times
The price
I am ready to aver.

Ah, Christmas is here,
An' it's worth a year

O' saving—an' slav'in', too,
For to get the feel
O' the Christmas zeal
A coursin' yer ol' heart through,
An' a glimpse of the happiness I view,
As I've assisted to bring a doll to be
Is a recompense for all I've spent,
An' a lot to boot, I fling!

Yes, Christmas is here
With its chill and cheer,
An' I know one soul forlorn
As will dine today
In a different way
Than she figured on this morn.
If I had not sent this basket down
To that widdy, I would choke
Astin' my dinner, but now, ye see,
I'm happy, if I am broke!

C.P.R. earnings for the second week in December were \$156,000 more than for the same week of 1918.

G.T.R. earnings for the week ending Dec. 14th decreased by \$44,312 as compared with the same week of 1918.

THE CHAIN OF STOCKINGS.
Around the world like a chain of Love,
The line of stockings roll;
Linking across the earth and sea,
Reaching from Pole to Pole.

Bringing the gift of Christmas peace,
The hope in Yuletide joy;
To man and maiden exiled far,
To many a girl and boy.

Gladly they herald Santa Claus
In every shape and size,
Just stockings! but full of mystery,
With happiness the prize.

Daintily pink is this little pair,
Warm from the dimpled toes;
While those of gaudy and fragile make,
Picture the cheeks of rose.

The next are so shabby, and limp, and torn,
They call for an extra share;
To comfort a motherless little lad
Answer a childish prayer.

Here is the clumsy one of seal
From the land of the ice and snow,
And here the scratchy one of grass,
Where southern breezes blow.

Next is the sock of bright Japan;
The Chinese maiden's, too;
While the little child of Brittany
Has hung her wooden shoe.

The old and young, the rich and poor,
Journeying hand in hand,
All trip to the wonderful music,
In children's Fairyland.

And Santa calls so sweet and clear,
We haste our part to do;
While memory's eyes grow dim with tears,
And hearts heal faster, too.

This chain doth reach to eternity,
And lasting joy will bring,
For the clasp that binds the circle
Is the Holy Manger King.
—Eva E. Hamilton.
131 Alfred Street, City.

JINGLES FOR XMAS GIFTS

Appropriate Lines That Will Add to Christmas Pleasures.

These charming bits of verse will add greatly to the value of Christmas presents. They are all by Ethel M. Colson.

If written on any of the many fascinating cards, gay with holly and mistletoe decorations, so much the better.

I am so glad, this Christmas day,
For life and health and sunshine gay,
I am so glad from morn till night,
For love and faith and hope so bright,
For friendship warm, affection true—
Wherefore I am most glad for you!

With a Timepiece or Pen
Record no hours but those that shine,
No days but glad, Oh! gift of mine!
While, if you must mark sign or tear,
Whisper of coming hope and cheer,
And that the life which love doth
guide
Maintains unbroken Christmastide.

With a Present of Flowers.
The tender thought I cannot speak
These blossoms voice for me;
When pressed against your charming
Sweet visions should you see.

Book, Calendar or Periodical
Every page I herewith send
Bears a Christmas gift, my friend;
Life be glad and good to you,
And Your Christmas dreams come true!

For a Babe or Child
Oh big little monarch, I herewith pay
You royal tribute, on Christmas day—
But my love is too big for words to say.

A Convivial Bowl
May your life be wholly sunshine,
With never a care to dim;
Joy's cup with varied gladness
Be filled to the very brim.
This is the wish I frame for you
In a shining Christmas rim.

With an Article of Jewelry
Every time this trifle bright
Meets your eye, on day or night,
May it speak of fond hearts true,
Softly whisper, "He loves you!"

New Year Remembrance
May every day of this new year
Bring you fresh joy and gladness,
dear;
With health and wealth and all you
will
And keep us jolly comrades still.

With Articles of Practical Use.
Because I am not always near
When you are sick or sad,
I send this thing of simple cheer
To comfort—make you glad,
Just turn to it in woe or weal,
When tears or smiles may start
And in its breath of friendship lead
You'll always find my heart.

Christmas Prayer.
O God of Christmas may my prayer
Ascend with Christmas song;
Grant this dear soul succor of care
And pain her lifetime long;
But also this sure faith impart:
However bleak and gray
Some hours may seem, the loving
heart
Keeps always Christmas day.

"BACK HOME"
Christmas and home!
What magic memories the words
inspire!
To the farthest corner of the universe
reaches the echo of Bethlehem's
song linking with its message of
peace and good will the call homeward
—to the one spot, in all the broad
world where affection is genuine,
hearts are loyal and love is unadulterated
with calculation. To the conquered—
the young lad—in a far-off
city, defeated at heart, and lonely—
as well as the victor goes the story—
"Come home for Christmas, son."
Every train is bringing enthusiastic
college boys and girls who like fellow
travellers are hurrying onward think-
ing only of the deepening luster in the
Christmas, dear.

The Best Part of Dinner

is the exhilarating, digestive-helping coffee. Particularly true, when the coffee used is

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

—the fragrant, satisfying, upland-grown coffee, rich, mellow, nourishing, blended and roasted. In No. 1 and 2-B. Tins, hermetically sealed. Whole, ground, or FINE-ground (for Triculators or the ordinary percolator).

"Perfect Coffee—Perfectly Made" free on request. WRITE us for it.

CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL.



BRIGHT, sparkling, happy days; cheery, merry evenings. Light hearts, dainty feet keep time to tinkling music. Have you decided upon a gift for "her" yet?

The ONYX SHOE

as a gift would satisfy her beyond any doubt. The artistic beauty of this footwear makes it fit adornment for a shapely foot.

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Sold in Packages Only
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Say it with Flowers.

Chrysanthemums are the favorite fall flowers

Bulbs Bulbs Bulbs

Just Arrived From Holland

Now is the time to plant. Nothing better to look at in early Spring than a good bed of Tulips.

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Sunlight Soap
Saves Them

Your woolens must be made to last as long as possible, they're so dear now. Sunlight Soap is the purest and best of all laundry soaps so it's the safest cleanser—and it's the most economical because, being pure, it takes less to do the wash.

Insist on getting the Soap you ask for—SUNLIGHT SOAP.

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WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE
The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new blood in old veins, drives Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worries, Depression, Loss of Energy, Fatigue, of the Heart, Pulling Memory. Price 25¢ per box, 50¢ for 25¢.

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Stands for Victor
Who stands for what's right.
In wartime and peace he bugs "Infants-Delight."

Conquers the effects of wind, sun and dust. Brings peace and comfort to the sensitive skin.

Send us three of these ads—all different—for a FREE trial size cake of INFANTS-DELIGHT.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited.
Dept. 14, TORONTO.



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Our stock is the highest quality and the largest range for the foot.

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"HOME OF GOOD SHOES"

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—the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Of uniform strength and quality for high-rising bread, delicious biscuits, etc. Your recipe comes out right always.

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