

In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE by the noted author Idah McGlone Gibson



John Is Angry.
Elizabeth Moreland moved away toward the door as I stopped speaking, and in a moment I realized that she had seen John's face before I. He stood in the doorway, very tall and straight. I never saw him look handsome, even if he did seem furiously angry. That gray look had settled over his face—a look which up to this time had always filled me with fear, and I think my first real consciousness of any thought was the knowledge that I was not afraid of that look any more.

"Hello John," said Elizabeth. "I wonder if you realize, that you have arrived just in time to provide an illustration of what your wife has just been saying."
"What do you mean Elizabeth and where is my wife?"
"She's here and she has just been saying that she would not be one of those old-fashioned women who thought her place was in the home and always stayed there. She explained that she would not meet any man at the door every evening in a wifely welcome, no matter how much she wanted to do this, because she knew that you men were such animals that you would tire very quickly of such devotion. And so I expect that, knowing you were returning this evening, she hid herself to the club."

John Strides Forward.
John had been striding toward me as Elizabeth's clear cut, staccato tones filled the air. As he came forward, still frowning, I put my hands as though I thought nothing was the matter.
"I could not help smiling inside of me to see that this time John Gordon was trying to be careful of the speech of people. It was he, and not I, who was afraid. Consequently his mouth broke into a very smile as he put his arm about me and turned to Elizabeth and said: "Katharine didn't expect me and when I did not find her at the hotel, I came out here."
"I'm so glad you're here dear," I said. "For now we can get right to work fixing up the house. You must take me back to the hotel now. I really did not know that I would tire so quickly. Did Miss Parker tell you that was here?" I asked John as I turned to go for my wrap.
"Yes, she told me," he answered.
"We said no more until I went in the motor."
"Will you kindly tell me why you didn't go to Mother's, Katharine? Do you realize that it is costing at

least \$40 a day where you are staying? The first thing in the morning we will move back."

To Stay at Hotel.
"We will do nothing of the kind, John," I said. "You know very well that I would have been very glad to have gone back into our old rooms with mother, but I do not intend to take the baby up to the third floor, that heated large room in which I would have no comforts whatever. Why, there isn't a bathroom up there. Tomorrow you can make arrangements to get me into the new house as soon as possible, but until then, I shall stay at the hotel."
"But I shall tell Elizabeth that it isn't convenient for you and the baby to be up there and she will give up her room to you. They are your old rooms, you know, and of course you won't mind using her furniture for a while."
"I do mind very much," I answered. "I mind so much that I shall not do it."
"Will you kindly tell me, Mrs. Gordon, who is going to pay \$40 a day for your stay at the hotel for the next ten days?"
"I think Mr. John Gordon will do it," I answered quietly.
"He will do nothing of the kind," "Then he probably will be sued by the hotel management."
"Will you kindly tell me what is the matter with you, Katharine? I have never seen you like this."
"I wasn't aware that I had changed so much."
"You know very well that under ordinary circumstances you would put up with anything before you would make such a fuss."

That's Just the Trouble.
"Yes, that's just the trouble, John," I said. "I think I have been putting up with too much to keep peace in the family. Now that the baby has come I am going to turn my entire attention to keeping her comfortable and healthy and I am going to let you keep the peace for awhile, John, in the Gordon family."
"I sometimes wish there wasn't a woman on earth," he broke out, angrily.
"Well, I don't think you would be very happy with no women on earth, my dear husband, but if you wish that a certain woman that you know very well was not on earth, perhaps I could echo it."
John knew whom I meant very well, but he just relapsed into the corner of the car with a groan.
(To be Continued)

Told in the Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

The dance at the Yacht Club on Wednesday evening was a very jolly one. A number of out of town guests were present who had many congratulations for the members of the K. Y. C. on its various successful functions. Among those present were Mrs. G. B. McKay, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. G. F. Emery, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gildersleeve, (Denver), Mrs. Balfour Ransome, Mrs. McDonough, (Woodstock); Mrs. James Gunn, (Calro); Mrs. Jeremy Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. T. Bedell, Misses Mildred Jones, Eleanor Lyman, Kitty Torrance, Alison Macdonell, Gwen Carruthers, Bessie Smythe, Dorothy Crookall, (New York); Laura Kilborn, Bertie White, Marjorie Hopwood, Myrtle Hewill, Edith Rankin, (Brooklyn); Alice Springstein, (Long Island); Nora Birmingham, Katie Birmingham, A. Chown, Macdonald, Kathleen Gunn, Dorothy Gildersleeve, Evelyn Nickle, Bessie Walsh, Eleanor Phelan, Katherine Nora and Isabel Minnes, Grace Dunlop, Ruby Driver, Mary MacGillivray, Ruth Maclellan, Messrs E. C. Gildersleeve, Bart, Dalton, E. Rud, A. Mitchell, Beaman, J. Emery, R. Gibson, H. Fair, C. Elliott, M. Donnelly, S. Driver, Arthur Dalton, Hew Duff, S. Kent, Morris, F. Torrance, Harris, Douglas, Hubert and Wilbur, Dr. Broom and Capt. H. Brownfield, Kenneth Taylor, Jeremy Taylor.

The Wednesday tea at the Yacht club was a very pleasant function this week. There were a number of tables of bridge in play, some of them being set on the wide veranda where the players could enjoy the cool breeze and the beautiful view of the harbor. The tea hostesses were Mrs. G. B. McKay, Mrs. J. S. Emery, Mrs. A. McMahon and Mrs. W. E. Macpherson. Among those present were Mrs. R. E. Kent, Mrs. R. J. Carson, Miss Ernest Dawson, Mrs. Tofteld, Mrs. J. G. Elliott, Mrs. Haines (Toronto), Mrs. Frank Phillips, Mrs. W. H. Craig, Mrs. G. Robinson, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Winnett, Mrs. Muddell, Mrs. Bedell, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. T. S. Sott, Mrs. G. F. Emery, Mrs. Beveridge, Mrs. Hobart Dyer, Mrs. W. G. Hinds (Quebec), Mrs. Manley Baker, Mrs. Inglis, Mrs. W. Gibson, Mrs. Harold Huggins, Mrs. H. A. Betts, Mrs. Harper (Collingwood), Mrs. R. D. Sutherland, Mrs. Mooers, Mrs. Harold Davis, Mrs. Neil Black (Toronto), Mrs. Stuart Hawkins, Mrs. Massie (Toronto), Miss Inlay, Miss Merrick, Miss Toye (Toronto), Miss Mildred Jones, Miss Jean Duff, Miss Eleanor Phelan, Miss Kathleen Biddy and Miss Helen Tofteld.

Miss Laura Kilborn, King street, was the hostess of a bright little tea on Thursday when the guests of honor were Miss Sybil Kirkpatrick and Miss Helen Gilmour, Toronto, who is Miss Hilda Calvin's guest. The spacious rooms were gay with ferns and flowers, the tea table in the dining room having for its centre lovely pink sweet peas. The guests of honor, Mrs. Kilborn made the tea and Mrs. H. McRae, (New York), cut the ices and Miss Kilborn and some of the girls present looked after the wants of the guests.

Miss Elizabeth Gunningham, Earl street, entertained at luncheon on Tuesday for Miss Sybil Kirkpatrick, the bride of next week. The other guests present were Mrs. Neil Polson, Miss Alison Macdonnell, Miss Margaret Hemming, Miss Helen Strange, Miss Harriet Gardner, Miss Laura Kilborn, Mrs. Harold Carruthers and Miss Kathleen Gunn, (Calro).

Much interest is being taken in the croquet tournament in the City Park. The doubles were played on Wednesday, when Miss Gertrude Strange and Mrs. R. E. Kent won from Mrs. Campbell Strange and Miss Helen Fraser by two hoops. The singles will be played off next week.

Miss Beatrice Lambert, Clergy street, entertained at the tea hour on Friday for some of the visitors in town.

Mrs. Stuart Crawford, Albert street, was the hostess of a pleasant bridge on Tuesday afternoon.

Rev. James Wallace, Kingston, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dunoon, Lindsay.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Graham and children, Halifax, are in the city.

Mrs. James Hopps, Watertown, N. Y., and Mrs. John O'Neill, Cape Vincent, are in Kingston to visit relatives and friends.

spent the week-end with Prof. and Mrs. T. S. Scott, King street.

Mrs. R. D. Sutherland will spend the week-end in Brockville, the guest of Rev. A. F. C. Whalley and Mrs. Whalley, St. Peter's rectory.

Mrs. Lamb, Ottawa, who has been visiting Miss McEwan, Albert street, is now the guest of Mrs. Vernon rothers, Alfred street.

Mrs. Edwin Loucks, Miss Grace and Miss Ethelwyn Loucks, Division street, and Mrs. Stratford Dowson, have returned from the Sand Banks. Miss Beatrice Bedell and George Bedell, Earl street, went up to Picton for the week-end.

Mrs. Barrett, Victoria, B. C. is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James Rigpey, George street.

Mrs. Moss, who was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Donald McPhail, King street west, has returned to Toronto.

Mrs. Bruce Galloway is the guest of Mrs. J. F. Sparks, Wellington street.

Mrs. Regan, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Rigney, George street, returned to London on Friday.

Dr. J. F. Spar's arrived in England on Thursday.

Mrs. Woolley, Montreal, is the guest of the Rev. W. T. G. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Sydenham street passages.

Misses Kidd, Burritt's Rapids, who have been visiting the Rev. W. Ennis Kidd and Mrs. Kidd, Wellington street, are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. Ashmore Kidd, Stuart street.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert N. Robertson, Wellington street, have returned from up the lakes on the S.S. Naronte.

Miss Grange will come down from Ottawa next week to visit Mrs. Herbert N. Robertson, Wellington street.

Mrs. Garnet Greer is at Rice Lake with Dr. and Mrs. Greer. Major Greer will join the party later.

H. J. Beattie, who spent several days with Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lingham, Gore street, returned to Montreal on Wednesday.

Miss W. A. Gunn, Bagot street, who has spent the last month with her sisters, the Misses Hawley, at Bath, has returned to town.

Mr. Barker, who has been spending a few weeks in Kingston, has returned to Toronto.

A. N. Lyster, Bank of Nova Scotia, has returned from a trip to Alberta. His mother, Mrs. A. S. Lyster, has returned with him and is at Sydenham Lake, with Mrs. A. N. Lyster.

It is with many regrets that the news that Dr. and Mrs. W. K. Ross will shortly leave Kingston, is heard and very many are the good wishes that will follow them to Brockville.

Mrs. Donald Macdonald and Miss Macdonald, who have been in town for several weeks at the "Chateau Belvidere", returned to Toronto on Thursday.

Mrs. James Gunn and Miss Kathleen Gunn will spend the month of August at Tadoussac.

Miss Julia Lyman, King street, has returned from "Fetterclairn" where she was the guest of Miss Agnes Richardson.

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LITTLE BOY!

(Written for the Akron, N.Y. Journal, with an apology, to the Kingston British Whig.)
Little boy, little boy, you have no call.
To criticize girle's clothes at all. If you meet two maidens right on the street,
And one was dress't modest and neat The other, bare from head to regions low,
Which would appeal to you? Oh pretty beau.
Little boy, why of course you would bestow,
(And that goes without saying you know)
Your box of chocolates, your most charming smile,
Your politest bow, in finest style.
On the girl dressed in a shoulder strap,
A big leaf, versus some transparent scrap.
Little boy, the bold, bad fact doth remain
If you did not approve, it's quite plain,
Girle would quickly cover all her charms,
Peek-a-boo waists, legs and bony arms.
So, little boy, why make such loud complaint
Because girle wears little beside paint?
Little boy, modest seems "out of
Though once deemed a most "charm-
ing grace,"
'Tis but a memory of old times, dim
Just foggy behind the times whim.
Little boy, pity for you, I've not a bit,
Transparent clothes with you seem
to make a hit.
—Mrs. S. E. Bilyard.

GIRLS! USE LEMONS FOR SUNBURN, TAN

Try it! Make this lemon-lotion to whiten your tanned or freckled skin.
Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quarter pint of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion-whitener, at very, very small cost.
Your grocer has the lemons and any drug store or toilet counter will supply three ounces of Orchard White for a few cents. Massage this sweetly fragrant lotion into the face, neck, arms and hands and see how quickly the freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.
John knew whom I meant very well, but he just relapsed into the corner of the car with a groan.
(To be Continued)

Freckle-Face

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily
Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.
Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.
Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream

The wages of "wrong doing" is the penitentiary.

LOYALTY.
By Edgar A. Guest.
Money never bought a friend,
Never hired a man to love us;
They who're faithful to the end,
Tell the something better of us;
Neither silver nor the gold
Wins a friendship we can hold.
Dollars never make men loyal,
He who offers money only,
Though the coins he gives are royal,
Lives a troubled life and lonely;
Men who worship gold, will fly
When another comes to buy.
Read the history of the ages—
Money cannot smother smother,
Service is not built on wages,
Love is born of love each other.
More than gold a man must give,
If his friendships are to live.
Let us cease to dwell in blindness,
Let us learn what men are seeking!
Love is born of human kindness,
Fellowship and cheery speaking—
Man has longed, since life began,
To be treated as a man.
Pure unselfishness has been often
taken for independence.
The mask of deceit sometimes has
poor wearing qualities.