

In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white complexion it renders instantly, is always the source of flattering comment.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream
 F. L. HOBBS & SON, Montreal

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.



Baby's Own Soap
 The fragrant creamy lather of "Baby's Own Soap" and its absolute purity have won a great popularity.

LOVE and MARRIED LIFE

by the noted author
Idah McGione Gibson

Katherine Banishes the Glooms.
 I went back into the baby's nursery and found that she was sleeping quite calmly. I said to myself: "Now I'm going to make myself miserable again, because I know that John is out with Elizabeth Moreland. He, of course, does not dream that the baby is so ill and he told me this afternoon that this was the last time he would leave me alone and I know that he meant it. I was sorry I had inquired of Henriette about Elizabeth. I knew that she would tell her I had one who she came in. Henriette did not like Elizabeth and she did not like me and she had shown in many ways since I had returned that she did not approve of John's attentions to Elizabeth. Madam Gordon, too, was leaving Elizabeth more to herself than she had first. I could see that they were not going to be good friends long if they lived together. I knew that Elizabeth was not particularly happy with John's mother, and that it would only be a question of time when she would leave there. Someway I could not get Karl Sheppard's peculiar letter out of my head. I asked myself what my baby going to die and was that the trouble that was coming to me and was that why he was hurrying home? I dismissed this quickly, however, because I knew that for this kind of trouble Karl Sheppard could bring no solace. He, as well as I, knew that for the loss of my child, if it should be that I had to lose her, no one could give me any real sympathetic consolation, unless it would be my husband. And yet, I seemed to be waiting, waiting for—how not what. It could not be wholly my nerves that made me sit there by the window with bated breath, as though I expected every moment some sort of a shock. I heard the waiter come to the room and Miss Parker glided in. She was sitting with a tray. "It is long after dinner time," she said, "Mrs. Gordon, you must be famished."

"I cannot eat; food would choke me."
 "I ordered you some hot chocolate. That, at least, will be strengthening," she said, pouring me out a cupful. As she handed it to me, she buttered a piece of toast, but although I did manage to drink the chocolate, the one mouthful that I took of the toast seemed to stick in my throat.

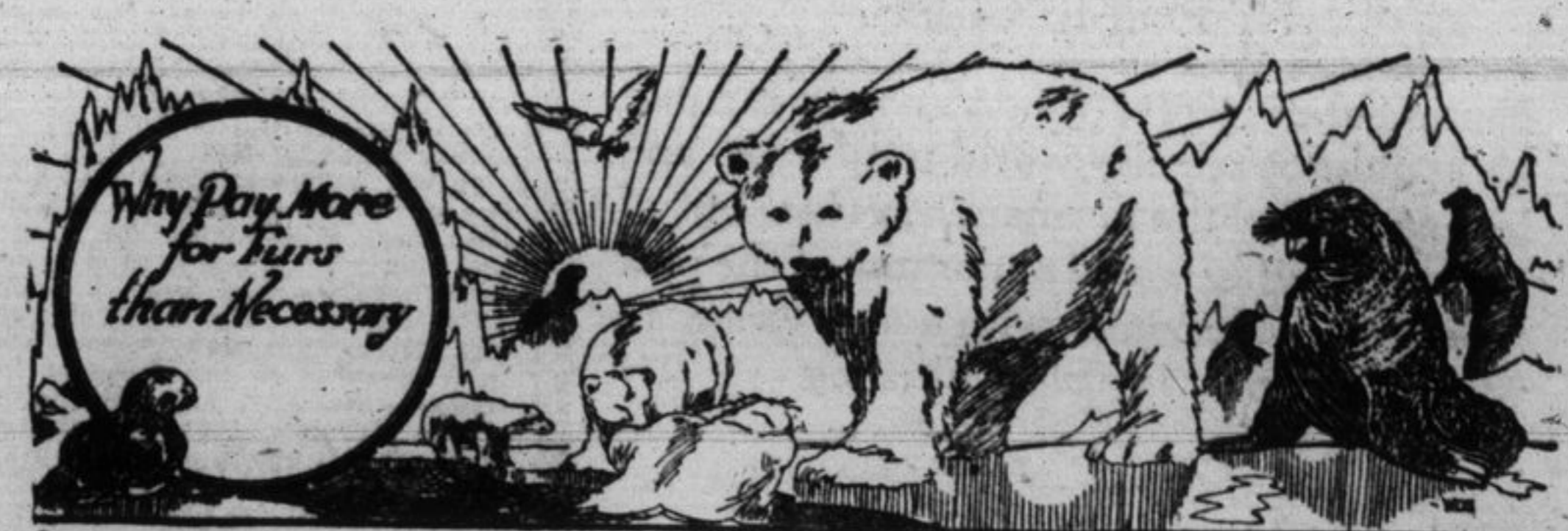
"It's awful foolish of me, isn't it?" I said to her, "to allow my nerves to go to pieces in this way? I've always thought I had more stamina. I can bear any kind of pain, mental or physical, but, oh, Miss Parker, it just seemed to tear my heart out of me when I saw that little helpless creature suffer as she must have suffered in that choking spell."
 As I thought of it again, I grew cold. Quickly I put down the empty cup on the table and rushed back into the room where my baby was sleeping. For a moment I was panicky. Miss Parker had left her alone. What if something terrible had happened while she was in with me?
 Bending over the little bed tears of gratitude came into my eyes and dropped on the tiny white face, for I saw that a faint color had come into her cheeks and that peculiar grayish

blue had gone away from her lips. "You see, she's getting better every minute, Mrs. Gordon. I was quite sure she would be all right. You never saw a case of the croup before?"
 "No," I answered, "what a terrible disease it is."
 "Yes, it is terrible," she answered. "While it lasts, I think it is one of the worst of childish ailments."
 "Don't think it's right!" I exclaimed.
 "What? Mrs. Gordon."
 "I don't think it is right for a little innocent baby who never has done any wrong to have to suffer. If I had my way about it, I certainly would make the germs of good health catching instead of the germs of disease. Now, here I am, perfectly healthy, and why couldn't my baby just snuggle up to my breast and catch it—some of my health, I mean?"
 Miss Parker smiled. "Well, I'm sure she is going to be all right now," she said, "and you had better go to bed. I will sit up with her, of course."
 "I don't feel the least bit sleepy and I think I'll wait up for Mr. Gordon. He told me he would not be out late."
 (To Be Continued.)
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Told in the Twilight

(Continued From Page Three.)
 The perfect weather with the light cool breeze from the lake made the Yacht club a delightful place on Wednesday both for the tea in the afternoon and the dance at night, but pleasant as both these functions were there was a decided feeling of sadness when the members of the club remembered that this was the last time Mrs. George B. McKay would be present as the wife of the commodore as she will leave next week for her new home in Kitchener. Both Mr. and Mrs. McKay have done much toward making the yacht club the centre of healthful sport for the city, and their loss is felt to be a very real one. In the afternoon at tea table with its centre of lovely cosmos, in the varying tints of rose and mauve, Mrs. W. J. Fair, Mrs. Arthur Smith and Mrs. Mason made the tea, the other hostesses on the occasion being Mrs. Lawrence Lockett, Mrs. R. S. Waldron, Mrs. Havelock Price and Miss Minnie Crothers. There were several tables of bridge, but most of the people seemed in a jolly mood and watched the wonderful diving and swimming of the girls and boys. Among those present were Mrs. G. B. McKay, Mrs. W. B. Dalton, Mrs. R. J. Carson, Mrs. John Carson, Mrs. Ernest Dawson, Mrs. J. G. Elliott, Mrs. McGowan, Mrs. Bernard Brown, Mrs. Hugh Welch, Mrs. Phelan, Mrs. Henry Kavanagh (Montreal), Mrs. Hobart Dyde, Mrs. Havelock Price, Mrs. H. A. Betts, Mrs. J. M. Campbell, Mrs. J. G. Borland, Mrs. Stanley (Clinton, N.Y.), Miss McKay, Miss M. Wilson (New York), Miss K. Fraser (Ottawa), Miss Margaret and Miss Lois Taylor, Miss Isabel and Miss Grace Moore, Miss Eleanor Phelan, Miss Jean Duff, Miss Clara Farrell, Miss Kitty Torrance, Miss Gertrude McKelvey, Miss Helen Tofield and Miss Myra Dyde. The dance at night was a very bright and jolly one with the usual excellent music, the beautiful moonlight lending an additional charm to the gay scene.

Miss Wilhelmina Aird and Miss Ethelwyn Ballantine, Toronto, who are in town for the Hill-Cunningham wedding, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. D. E. Mundell, Brock street.
 Miss Ethelwyn McGowan, Barrie street is camping at Sydenham Lake. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Van Luven went up to Toronto on Wednesday on the S. S. Toronto.
 Dr. and Mrs. E. Cays and their family motored back to their home in Oswego, N.Y., this week after a few weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cays, Barrie street.
 Miss Margaret Adams, who has been spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. M. Adams, Brook street, has returned to the Sherbourne House Club, Toronto.
 Mrs. O. G. Fillion has returned after a visit with friends in Watertown, N.Y.
 Mr. F. G. Barnett has returned to Lindsay, after visiting his sister, Mrs. A. E. Feilde, Durham street.



Why August is a month of Fur Opportunities

MANY people wonder how we can make such remarkable concessions in the price of furs. The unheard of cost of "green" furs would almost seem to make price reductions an impossibility.
 But have you ever thought of "idle sales periods"? Think of the "overhead expense" when clerks aren't busy, and yet there must be a sufficiency of clerks to meet "rush season" needs.
 One step toward the efficient is to spread the load evenly over the entire season, equalizing the dull periods with the excessively busy ones.

Our August Fur Sale
 helps to eliminate the costly "idle periods" and reduces the "overhead" expense. This benefit goes to our customers in lower prices.
 Don't be misled into thinking that prices will drop later in the season. That is an impossibility. No new furs are coming in and present demands exceed the supply.
 Your only chance for realizing "fur economy" is to buy now. Many choice pieces of wonderful beauty and luxuriousness are offered here at prices that will be impossible later.

20% Off Regular Cash Prices on all our Manufactured Furs.
John McKay, Limited
 140-157 BROCK STREET
 PHONE 403. KINGSTON, ONT.

Old Dutch
 A few rubs with Old Dutch leaves cooking utensils bright and clean. Economical-Thorough-Hygienic

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George Darragh, King street, have returned to their home in Oshawa.
 Mrs. Frank Bowes, Buffalo, N.Y., is visiting among her relatives here. She is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. H. Douglas, Brock street.
 Miss Irene Stanton, Barrie, has returned home, having visited among relatives in Buffalo, N.Y. She was accompanied by her cousin, Mrs. William Schwanke, and her son, Bob, who will be the guests of Mrs. S. Saunders, 290 Barrie street.

BEING "ON THE JOB"
 BY THE REV. CHARLES STELZLE

At 7 o'clock? At 8? At 9? Then quit at 4? At 5? At 6? Is this what is meant by being "on the job"? Not much. We have made a fetish of time. We have made a tyrant of hours. No man is worth his salt who isn't on the job twenty-four hours a day—if the job's worth while. As a general proposition, it's a good thing to restrict the hours of work in the shop to a reasonable period, but, as a rule, the man who is on the job when he's in the shop will never get beyond the shop, unless he lands in the street.
 It may be a curious thing to some people, but it's true, nevertheless, that the man who is really on the job longest and hardest when he's away from the shop, will ultimately spend the least time in the shop.
 It's the workingman that uses his brain in study after the whistle blows at night who will save his brow when it comes to a test of efficiency. Being on the job implies that a fellow has gotten a pretty good grip on himself—that he's master of his own destiny.
 Let's stop long enough to state that we're fingering now of big men—topnotchers—the kind who finally land inside the superintendent's rail, while others wait outside the gate. It's a question of personal caliber and equipment. In almost every case this is a matter of development. Few of us attain to the position which we desire to reach. But when there are so mighty few who are willing to pay the price, it's so much easier to stop when the

LEMON JUICE TAKES OFF TAN
 Girls! Make bleaching lotion if skin is sunburned, tanned or freckled

Squeeze the juice of two lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of Orchard White, shake well, and you have a quart of the best freckle, sunburn and tan lotion, and complexion beautifier, 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 each day and see how freckles, sunburn, windburn and tan disappear and how clear, soft and white the skin becomes. Yes! It is harmless.

Job becomes difficult—and find a really legitimate excuse—one that will be accepted by our friends to be a comfort to ourselves.
 Those who succeed get their principally because they hang on when others let go, and not because they actually possess more original power. There is, of course, a great mass of drifters who will never attempt to swim against the tide. We need to pity them, whether they are in this class because of their own fault or whether they suffer because somebody else has selfishly crushed the hope out of them. But these are the exceptions; we're thinking of the normal man who has suffered no great handicap.
 Furthermore, it's in the little things that most men fall down. It isn't the big obstacle—we'd surmount that and win out. This makes it easier for the average man, but at the same time, it also makes it harder. Sometimes it's only a word spoken at a critical moment which either makes or unmakes a fellow. An opinion expressed, a criticism made, a judgment given—and the keen judge of men allows you up and generally puts you where you belong. He may be wrong, but it's usually a character and a life which is back of your remark, and your alert man of the world knows it. You will undoubtedly get another chance, but for the present you've lost it.
 Sometimes it's a matter of dress. A frayed linen collar, worth at the time less than a nickel, has cost many a man the chance of a life-time. "Cheap," "careless," "slouchy"—was the verdict of the relentless judge, and the opportunity was gone.
 But, principally, it's the man who really is on the job seven days in the week who will win out. Not in the same way every day, of course, but always, whether he works or plays, whether he reads or writes, whether he talks or thinks, or thinks then talks—to be always on the job—that's the fellow who will make his way to the front while others step aside.

London the Home of Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

If you would be sure of the sweetest, freshest, most toothsome toasted corn flakes, always identify our big corn flakes factory at London, Ontario, with the package you are purchasing.

The package is plainly marked "Made in Canada" and "London, Ontario," and you will never be disappointed if you ask your grocer to give you the London-made Kellogg's.

Our constantly mounting production of corn flakes, first offered 14 years ago, and eaten every year with increasing appreciation, shows that no deception, no imitating of package, no "cheaper" no "try 'em," no "just as good" variety can overcome the consistent reputation of the original corn flakes.

Our duty to the consumer is to provide a constant reminder of the marks on the package that identify the original—"Made in Canada" and "London, Ontario" (printed in red across the face of the package).

Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES
 HOME GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
 W. K. Kellogg
 LONDON, ONT.