

# In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

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*In the interest of your skin—Buy "Baby's Own Soap"*

ALBERT SOAPS LIMITED, MONTREAL.

### Told in Twilight

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Avonmore" was en fete on Monday evening, when the house girls gave a jolly party for some of the other students of Queen's. Mrs. Lescheater received the guests, and dancing went on during the evening in the large reception room, which was gay with flowers and ferns. The dining room was decorated with evergreens and streamers of Queen's colors, shaded lights sending a rosy glow over it all. The music was excellent and the party altogether a most enjoyable one, the Avonmore girls proving most gracious hostesses.

Mrs. J. F. Poulkes and Miss Francesca Poulkes, "Calderwood," were the hostesses of a merry little tea dance on Saturday afternoon for some of the younger girls and a number of cadets from the R.M.C. The spacious rooms, with blazing open fires, were most attractive. The girls present were Miss Gwon Carr-Harris, Miss Lillian Fair, Miss Louise Hill, Miss Barbara Bidwell, Miss Helen Toftield and Miss Lois Taylor.

The splendid skating on the harbor has been taken advantage of by many merry parties. On Monday evening one of them returned to Mrs. Percy L. Murray's home on King street for supper and some music.

E. H. Pense, Wales, spent the week-end with Mrs. Pense, Wellington street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Sutherland, Gore street, went up to Toronto on Sunday.

Miss Margaret Cunningham and Miss Ruth Parker have arrived in England. Miss Cunningham is with Col. and Mrs. W. D. Gordon.

Miss Audrey and Miss Stuart McLeod will come up from St. John, N.B., for the wedding of their cousin, Miss Kathleen Carruthers.



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NEXT time you're telephoning the grocer, ask him to send your favorite flavor in a Pure Gold Jelly Powder.

Take a few moments to prepare it (instead of bothering with some fussy dessert), and serve it to the family that night.

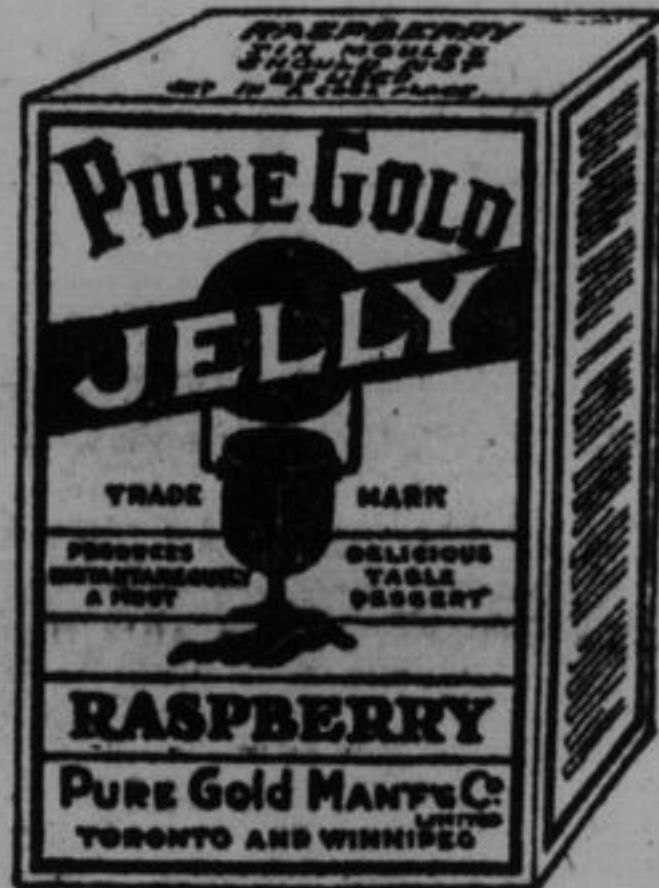
Watch the look of interest on dad's face change to a smile of satisfaction as he tastes its wholesome goodness; listen to the exclamations of delight from the kiddies. You'll never

have seen a dessert disappear as quickly as this will.

You can have Pure Gold Jellies on hand—always. They'll solve your dessert problem whenever a dainty dessert is needed quickly.

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## Pure Gold Desserts JELLY POWDERS

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In order that the factory may have an accurate record of the number of WEAR-EVER Fry Pans sold at the special price of \$1.19, we are required to return to the factory this Coupon with purchaser's name and address plainly written thereon.

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Careful attention given to mail orders, if to be mailed add 14c for postage.

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Kingston.

Rev. J. J. Mond, pastor of St. Andrew's church, Almonte, had received a call to Petrolia. Various alterations in the Oddfel-

lows Temple at Gananoque are being planned by A. Stuart Allaster, architect, who has been engaged to carry out the work.

### JOSELYN'S WIFE

By Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Heart of Rachel," "Martie, the Unconquered," "The Story of Julia Page," "Mother," etc.

To both father and daughter the lingering twilight of the season's first warm day was memorably sweet blossoms in the village, doors were open, bareheaded women chatted over garden gates. All the country sounds were set free again, voices and the barking of dogs, and the honk of motor horns. A hundred little boats rode the satiny waters of Manhasset Bay; old Captain Latimer, sauntering home, lifted his disreputable old hat to Joe's friends from the Point.

"I never was glad that I'm going to be rich before," Harriet said softly after awhile. "It didn't make me happier at school, and it never has seemed to count very much since. But Joe's so ambitious, that I'm glad now—for Joe, he can travel, and after awhile he can write books, as he longs to do."

Her father glanced at her. She was looking straight ahead, into the feathery green tunnel that was the road; her plain, intelligent little face was lighted with the great light of youth and love. He did not answer her. He thought of the nursery into which he had reverently stepped, nearly twenty years ago, to look at

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his daughter. And his heart was wrung with an exquisite emotion that was partly joy and partly pain.

Days went by, and were weeks. It was June, and still the younger Joselyns were domiciled at "Villino dell'Orto," where all the roses were in flower now, and the lawns as green as jade. Still Gibbs was desultorily hunting for the right studio, interrupting this enterprise whenever golf kept him in Wheatley Hills for the day, or when his father planned a two or three days' expedition for them all in the car.

Outwardly, the life they lived was ideal. The lovely house was at its prettiest now, and Lillian gave luncheon and dinner parties three or four times a week. She and Ellen motored to tea at the club, and brought the men home after their golf, or departed in great harmony for lunch or card parties, in the car. Ellen had some dainty new summer gowns, a rough coat with dark blue stripes, a handkerchief linen exquisitely frail and simple, a rose-checked French gingham in which even Lillian and her friends seemed interested.

But she was not happy. She did not want all these new luxuries, and all these new friends; she wanted Gibbs, and she realized that they were daily growing further and further apart. He did not need her now; they had less and less to plan, to discuss, to decide.

In their first days in America they had gone to their room to talk tirelessly, like children, to compare notes and exchange confidences. But they did this no longer. Gibbs was usually tired of talking on the brief occasions when he and his wife were alone. He talked at breakfast, talked while running into town in the car, met his old friends at noon and talked, came back to Wheatley Hills to be swept into the unending talk at the club, talked at dinner, and talked far into the night.

He would greet Ellen carelessly, and dress in silence. His life was full to the brim without her, all these lives were packed full without any particular reference to the claims of husbands and wives. Gibbs thought

he was having a glorious time, he was excited, flattered, carried away by popularity. The men welcomed new blood, another rival on the links, another hand at cards, another eligible dinner guest, dancer, and raconteur. The women were all captivated by his unusual appearance, his easy French, his art, and his ambition. They found in his indifference a supreme charm. He did not play their game any more readily than his odd but nice little wife did, but while no man ever dreamed of taking the slightest liberty with domestic, serious, pretty little Mrs. Joselyn, half a dozen women at least would have been glad to be able to speak of Gibbs as a "suitor."

Lillian lazily called Ellen's attention to it: to the petticoats that always fluttered across Gibbs' path at the club, to the intimate conversations for which traps were eternally laid beneath his wife's very eyes, and Ellen was filled with a sort of sick anger and terror. Anger because she did not want to fight for what was by all rights her own, and terror because sometimes she was smitten with the thought that she had nothing with which to hold him, should he try to go.

She could not be her old self in this environment. She no longer felt like the busy little wife and mother who had so gaily climbed up and down the heights of Mont Saint Etienne, Tommy toddling beside her, Gibbs rushing to the landing to meet her, or to bid her farewell. Surely this was not the same Ellen who went into Yvonne's kitchen and mixed "cornbread Americans" to the amusement and admiration of the sturdy Lillioise? Had she, only a year or two ago, been able to call cheerfully to Gibbs through a Britany twilight that he must undress Tommy at once, the bath was waiting, and was it the same Gibbs who had obediently come across high grass under gnarled apple-trees to present her with a warm, nude, dusty Tommy to bathe? Ah, and there were other times to remember: a night in a French hospital, and Gibbs' shining head against her arm on an immaculate counterpane; and the

tiny cry that was soon to be stifled room, echoing through the gas-lighted, hot

(To Be Continued.)



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