

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

## A Danger Signal—Tender and Bleeding Gums

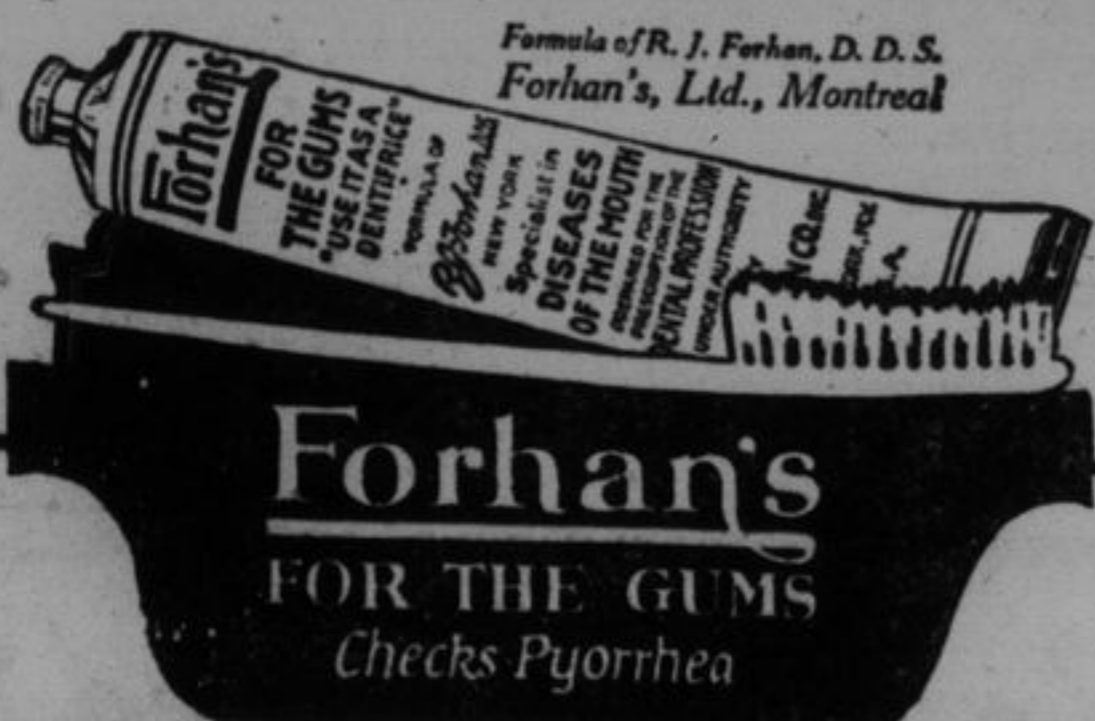
Healthy teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhoea are dangerously diseased. For not only the teeth are affected, but Pyorrhoea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhoea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhoea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhoea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U.S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send price to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.



## Corns Will Go while you sleep—if you do this

APPLY Blue-jay to a corn tonight—the liquid or the plaster. It is done in a moment.

The corn ache will end; the removal of the corn will begin.

Hour by hour Blue-jay will gently undermine that corn. In a little while the corn will loosen and come out.

The way is easy, gentle, sure and scientific. A famous chemist perfected it. A laboratory of world-wide repute prepares it.

Millions of corns every year are removed by it. Countless people, by its use, keep free from corn pains always.

### Plaster or Liquid Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Limited TORONTO CANADA

Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



Cease your wrong methods. Try this modern, this efficient way.

There is no need for harsh treatment, no need for soreness. And paring is futile and dangerous.

All about you are people delighted with the Blue-jay method. Find out what they know about it. Try it tonight.

## JOSELYN'S WIFE

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

The tireless, sweet green water rose and fell; each wave formed an emerald arch of itself before it broke with a long, splashing crash, to rush in, level and incredibly swift, flinging itself upward against impending rocks, and curving over the white sand. Gibbs watched it in a delicious lull of body and soul. So much of it—such splendidly wasted beauty and energy, year after year. How pitiful was even the fullest, even the longest human life, against this glorious miracle that went on year after year throughout the centuries, that had been as old as the world when Padre Junipera Serra walked along these shores.

Joe clattered near him on the rocks. He tilted the cap over his eyes a trifle, and glanced at the absorbed group by the fire.

"Manage to speak to me alone a minute, sometime, will you, Joe?" Gibbs said.

Joe, not moving his eyes from the defiant crab that had wedged his little body tightly in a crevice of rock, cleared his throat.

"Sure!" he answered, faintly. Ellen also had her words alone with Joe. It was after luncheon, when Lizzie had curled up like a child on a patch of warm sand, and fallen asleep, and Gibbs was apparently dozing. Tommy was wading along the bubbling line of foam, and the baby slept on.

"Isn't she pretty?" Ellen said, indicating Lizzie. Joe grinned with pride.

"She's awful cute, Lizzie," he agreed. "She's smart, too; she's as good a cook as Aunt Elsie ever was—Auntie does so herself!"

"How does the old house seem without Grandpa?" Ellen asked. For the old Captain had recently started on a last cruise, under sealed orders.

"About the same. Old Mrs. Cook lives there now, she and Aunt Elsie are pretty well informed on village topics," Joe answered with a laugh.

"You knew Harriet and George were here last summer, Joe," Ellen ventured. "Do you ever see Harriet now?"

"No," he answered indifferently. "She's a queer sort of girl. What's she doing—collecting plates?"

"She has a remarkable china collection," Ellen admitted, laughing at his tone.

"China collection! What's that for a woman to do!" Joe stretched comfortably in the sun. "Oh, well," he said lazily, "that's all right, if she likes it. Harriet's nice enough, but she's spoiled by too much money. She's entirely different from Lizzie." Joe added seriously; "she didn't have a sensible upbringing, to begin with."

"Yet you liked her very much once, Joe," Ellen suggested, from the depth of deep amusement and satisfaction.

"Oh, yes—kid love! I never really loved any one but Lizzie," said Joe. Ellen saw that he really believed it, and with a great sigh of thankfulness she laid one of life's ghosts to rest forever. "I'd like to go down to Los Angeles some day," Joe mused, "and see what sort of opening there might be in—well, for instance, in starting a paper there."

"But, Joe—there'd be no money in that!" Ellen asked, in surprise.

"There might be a living," he answered. "I haven't said anything to Lizzie, but I talked to Gibbs about it. I'd like to live here, and have a little bungalow, and a bunch of

kids, and I think Lizzie'd go crazy! I'm seriously thinking about it. I could have a little fitney, and go back and forth—"

"You could have a slice of Arcady," Ellen promised eagerly; "we've twenty acres here, and there are dozens of house-sites!"

"We'll see," Joe yawned again, blinking at the sun. "By the way, Ellen," he added, more animatedly. "You know that Lillian has remarried?"

"Just that, through George. Have you heard anything more? It was Lindsay Pepper, of course."

"It was Lindsay Pepper. But the strange thing, young George Lathrop told me, was that she didn't really want to do it."

"She lost some money by it, under the will, you know."

"Yes, but not only that. She and the old lady don't hit it off at all well, and all his money comes from his mother. Besides that, Lillian would rather have been a rich widow, you know—at all events, she did deliberately try to get out of it."

"But, Joe, I don't see why she couldn't!"

"Oh, he had a tremendous hold on her. You see his name was mixed up with hers in the whole business. If she didn't care for him, she never should have been away from home the night of the accident! I suppose he simply forced her hand. Funny thing," Joe added reminiscently. "When I first met her she had all the cards: beauty, youth, a rich man's wife. Now she's married to a man four years younger than herself, who isn't exactly a test-taker you know, and whom she supports—well, that's coming to her. They run about a good deal, and have a speed car, and all that, but it isn't exactly enviable, somehow."

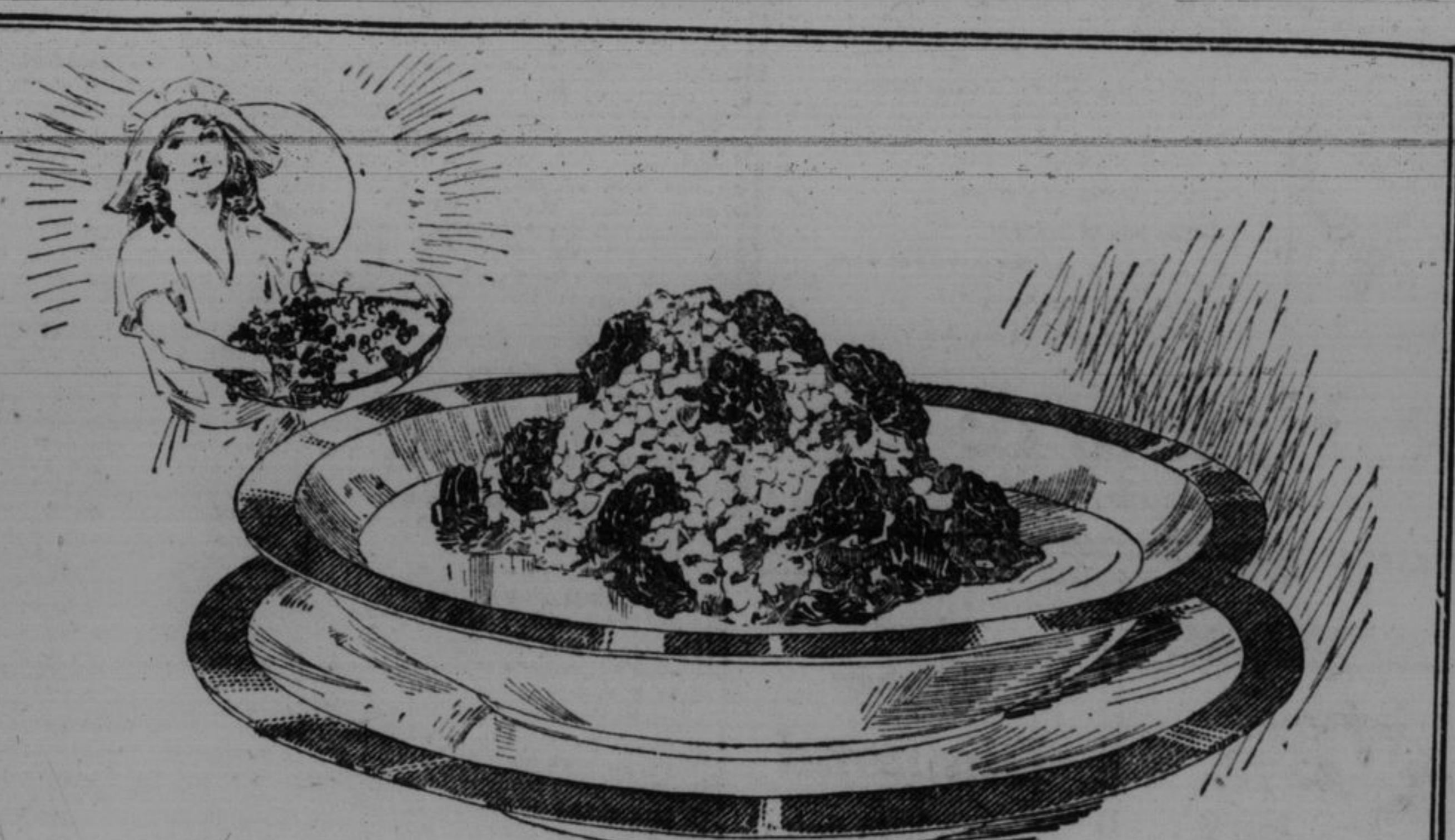
"Poor Lillian!" Ellen said thoughtfully. Her eyes went to Gibbs, dozing on the rocks, and a sorrowful look filled them. "I wish I hadn't

hated her!" she said softly. "You haven't much to regret!" Joe assured her, rolling over for a nap. They did not speak again until the car grated on the sandy road a few feet above them.

They all saw that the day had tired Gibbs. He was a little stiff as Joe helped him to the car, and there was an anxious look in Ellen's eyes until she had him established in the spacious, pleasant order of the porch again, and was personally superintending his slow drinking of a glass of milk. Her keen eyes saw the relief with which he lowered his long body into the softness and smoothness of the couch, and a terror of self-reproach smote her.

But he seemed to recover rapidly. Presently he was smiling and listening again in his usual way, and Ellen went off with Lizzie, to share the delight of preparing the baby for bed, and to talk over little Ellen's last meal of the day.

Tommy, in a glorious splashing and spattering, was profusely watering the garden, and Joe came over to the couch, and sat down at Gibbs's



## Serve with Oatmeal

- To bring the rose tint to women's and children's cheeks.
- To increase men's energy and vim.

Do this, madam, for tomorrow's breakfast: Stew some raisins according to the recipe printed here, and mix with the oatmeal that you serve tomorrow morning.

Do it for the added flavor—to make oatmeal more attractive.

But do it mainly for the food-iron that raisins send into the blood, and for the raisin's mildly laxative effect.

### The bloom of youth

The tonic food-iron of raisins helps to bring the bloom of youth to cheeks that perhaps are paler than they should be. Then the nutriment of raisins—1560 calories per pound—gives men and children the energy they need.

For regulating, tonic and nutritious properties combined, one can find no other food that's so effective. The luscious flavor makes it easy to serve stewed raisins frequently, so there's every argument in favor of their daily use.

Try it for a month and see. Look in your pantry now. Begin tomorrow.

Send for free book, "100 Raisin Recipes." But first try the recipe printed here.

# SUN-MAID RAISINS

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Packed in an immaculate plant in California. Clean, sweet, wholesome, American raisins—the kind you know are good.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). All dealers. Insist upon the Sun-Maid Brand. Send for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to use.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., Fresno, California  
Membership 10,000 Growers

### Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange to each half pound. Place on fire; bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added, but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins contain 75% natural fruit sugar.

What Dr. J. H. Kellogg says:  
(Dr. Kellogg is head of the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

"Raisins are served on the Battle Creek Sanitarium Table every day. A pound of Raisins has twice the food value, an equal amount of iron and seven times as much food lime as a pound of choicest lean steak. The sugar of Raisins is much more wholesome than cane sugar, requiring no digestion and being absorbed in one-fourth the time required for ordinary sugar. If the American people would eat more Raisins and less meat the result would be better digestion, less rheumatism, less Bright's disease, less heart disease, greater efficiency and longer life."

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Please send me your book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," free.  
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Serves the purpose of fresh milk and cream, for it's simply pure country milk.

With the cream left in.

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### Oriental Cream

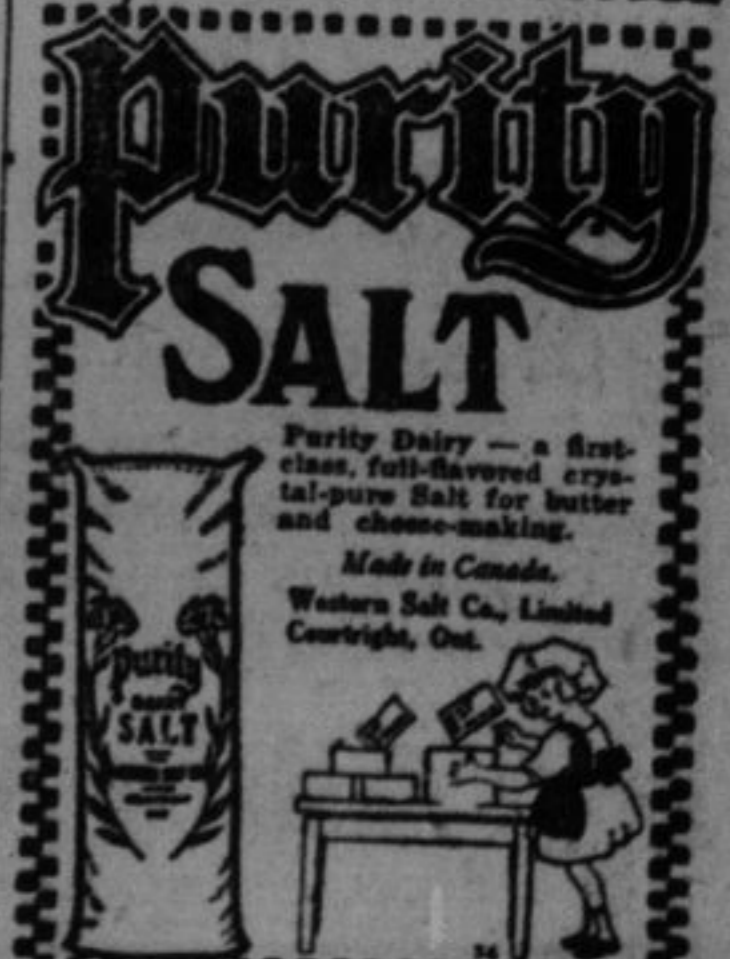


and Tommy's music—He's an odd child, but she understands him, and his mistakes won't be the ordinary mistakes—"

He smiled at Joe, and somehow Joe smiled back, although the younger man felt tears hot behind his eyes.

"Won't be my mistakes," Gibbs said musingly. "It was all too easy for me. It was always plain sailing, and that's not—not exactly disciplinary, you know. I never cared much about the other fellow's troubles—Ellen's the one for that—and now, lying here, Joe, for the past few months, it's come to me as a sort of revelation that even in this I'm having it easy. If I've never had any particular pity for the fellows who haven't enough money, or had sick wives, or had to sit in on an office stool eight hours a day—I certainly can't expect the world to stand still with sympathy because one man happens to be going out a little ahead of time!"

(To Be Continued)



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Tommy was directing a strong stream from his hose straight into the low, spreading branches of an oak, the water surged and dripped among the stiff, thick leaves. From the soaking garden came a wave of scent. Joe, thinking of this talk afterward, always heard through it the subdued rush and tumble of the sea, and saw lines of sunset streaming through oaks and pepper trees across a California garden.

"You and Lizzie will look out for her," Gibbs added, after silence. "And the baby will do more than any one! And I think of her, with books, and her garden, and Tommy,

Miss Meta McLellan, McDonald's Cotners, met with a very severe accident, when she fell off horse back, the horse stepping on her arm. Dr. Goodfellow dressed the wound, which required about nine stitches.