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MAIN STREET

The Story of Carol Kennicott

By SINCLAIR LEWIS

"How's tricks? Things going fine with me; got two new cows. Well, she and you become a patriot? Eh, sure, they'll bring democracy--the democracy of death. Yes, sure, in every war since the Garden of Eden the workmen have gone out to fight each other for perfectly good reasons--handed to them by their bosses. Now me, I'm wise. I'm so wise that I know I don't know anything about the war."

It was not a thought of the war that remained with her after Miles' declamation but a perception that she and Vida and all of the good-intentioned who wanted to "do something for the common people" were insignificant, because the "common people" were able to do things for themselves, and highly likely to, as soon as they learned the fact. The conception of millions of workmen like Miles taking control frightened her, and she scuttled rapidly away from the thought of a time when she might no longer retain the position of Lady Bountiful to the Bjornstams and Beas and Osearinas whom she loved--and patronized.

III.

It was in June, two months after America's entrance into the war, that the momentous event happened--the visit of the great Percy Bresnahan, the millionaire president of the Velvet Motor Car Company of Boston, the one native who was always to be mentioned to strangers.

For two weeks there were rumors. Sam Clark cried to Kennicott, "Say, I hear Percy Bresnahan is coming! By golly it'll be great to see the old scout, eh?" Finally the Dauntless printed on the front page with a No. 1 head, a letter from Bresnahan to Jackson Elder:

Dear Jack:
Well, Jack, I find I can make it. I'm to go to Washington as a dollar a year man for the government, in the aviation section, and tell them how much I don't know about carburetors. But before I start in being a hero I want to shoot out and catch me a big black bass and cuss out you and Sam Clark and Harry Haydock and Will Kennicott and the rest of you pirates. I'll land in G.P. on June 7, on No. 7 from Mpls. Shake a day-day. Tell Bert Tybee to save me a glass of beer.
Sincerely yours,
Percy.

All members of the social, scientific, literary, and sporting sets were at No. 7 to meet Bresnahan; Mrs. Lyman Cass was beside Del Snafflin, the barber, and Juanita Haydock almost cordial to Miss Villiam the librarian. Carol saw Bresnahan laughing down at them from the train vestibule--big, immaculate, overjawed, with the eye of an executive. In the voice of the professional God Fellow he bellowed, "Howdy, folks!" As she was introduced to him (not he to her) Bresnahan looked into her eyes, and his hand--she was warm, unharmed.

He declined the offers of motors; he walked off, his arm about the shoulder of Nat Hicks the sporting tailor, with the elegant Harry Haydock carrying one of his enormous pale leather bags, Del Snafflin the other, and Julius Flickerbaugh the fishing-tackle. Carol noted that though Bresnahan wore spats and a stick, no small boy dared. She decided "I must have Will get a double-breasted, blue coat and a wing collar and a dotted bow-tie like his."

That evening, when Kennicott was trimming the grass along the walk with sheep-shears, Bresnahan rolled up, alone. He was now in corduroy trousers, khaki shirt open at the throat, a white boating hat, and marvelous canvas-and-leather shoes. "On the job there, old Will! Say, my Lord, this is living, to come back and get into a regular man-sized pair of pants. They can talk all they want to about the city, but my idea of a good time is to loaf around and see you boys and catch a gamey bass!" He hustled up the walk and barked at Carol, "Where's that little fellow? I hear you've got one fine big he-boy

that you're holding out on me!"

"He's gone to bed," rather briefly. "I know. And rules are rules, these days. KFs get routed through the shop like a motor. But look here, sister; I'm one great hand at busting rules. Come on now, let Uncle Percy have a look at him. Please now, sister!"

He put his arm about her waist; it was a large, strong, sophisticated arm, and very agreeable; he grinned at her with a devastating knowledge, while Kennicott glowed inanely. She flushed; she was alarmed by the ease with which the big-city man invaded her guarded personality. She was glad, in retreat, to scamper ahead of the two men upstairs to the hall-room in which Hugh slept. All the way Kennicott muttered, "Well, well, say, gee whittakers but it's good to have you back, certainly is good to see you!"

Hugh lay on his stomach, making an earnest business of sleeping. He burrowed his eyes in the dwarf blue pillow to escape the electric light, then sat up abruptly, small and frail in his woolly nightdrawers, his dress of brown hair wild, the pillow clutched to his breast. He wailed. He stared at the stranger, in a manner of patient dismissal. He explained confidentially to Carol, "Daddy wouldn't let it be morning yet. What does the pillow say?"

Bresnahan dropped his arm carelessly on Carol's shoulder; he pronounced, "My Lord, you're a lucky girl to have a fine young husk like that. I figure Will know what he was doing when he persuaded you to take a chance on an old bum like him! They tell me you come from St. Paul. We're going to get you to come to Boston some day." He leaned over the bed, "Young man, you're the slickest sight I've seen this side of Boston. With your permission, may we present you with a slight token of our regard and appreciation of your long service?"

He held out a red rubber Pierrat. Hugh remarked, "Gimme it," hid it under the bedclothes, and stared at Bresnahan as though he had never seen the man before.

For once Carol permitted herself the spiritual luxury of not asking "Why, Hugh dear, what do you say when some one gives you a present?" The great man was apparently waiting. They stood in inane suspense till Bresnahan led them out, rumbly, "How about planning a fishing-trip, Will?"

He remained for half an hour. Always he told Carol what a charming person she was; always he looked at her knowingly.

"Yes, he probably would make a woman fall in love with him. But it wouldn't last a week. I'd get tired of his confounded buoyancy. His hypocrisy. He's a spiritual bully. He makes me rude to him in self-defense. Oh yes, he is glad to be here. He does like us. He's so good an actor that he convinces his own self . . . I'd hate him in Boston. He'd have all the obvious big-city things. Limousines. Discreet evening-clothes. Order a clever dinner at a smart restaurant. Drawing-room decorated by the best firm--but the pictures giving him away. I'd rather talk to Guy Pollock in his dusty office . . . How I lie! His arm coaxed me not to admire him. His eyes dared me not to admire him. I'd be afraid of him. I hate him! He's a fraud, the inconceivable egotistic imagination of women! All this stew of analysis about a man, a good, decent, friendly, efficient man, because he was kind to me, as Will's wife!"
(To be Continued.)

THE HOME KITCHEN

By Jeannette Young Norton

Author of "Mrs. Norton's Cook Book."

Lovers of salt fish are people, usually, who live near the sea, though in these modern days of careful shipment of fish products the different varieties are nearly as popular inland as by the sea. Perhaps the best known of the salted fishes is the cosmopolitan cod, for it inhabits the waters of so many countries. It also lends itself to the making of the greatest number of good dishes. The finnan haddie and the salt mackerel are the next general favorites.

Broiled Finnan Haddie.
Select a short, thick haddie and soak in warm water for a half-hour, after trimming off the fins and dried skin, including the tail. Lay on a buttered broiler, skin side down, dot the fish with little lumps of butter, dust with a little pepper and broil until a delicate brown. Remove to a hot dish and sprinkle over it a tablespoonful of sweet cream, which will blend with the butter. Garnish with sprays of fresh watercress.

Broiled Salt Mackerel.
Wash the mackerel in several waters, scrape the black skin off the back, and put the fish to soak in cold water. Let stand overnight. In the morning wash the fish and dry it off, rub over inside and out with melted butter, dust with a little pepper, then lay on a broiler and broil carefully. Place on a hot platter and garnish with parsley.

Broiled Salt Salmon.
Wash the fish, then soak in cold

water for twenty-four hours, changing the water as frequently as possible. Drain and wipe dry, rub over with soft butter or oil, and broil carefully. Place on a hot dish, dust with pepper and garnish with lemon quarters and parsley. Smoked haddock and whitefish are prepared in the same way.

Escalloped Salt Codfish.
Prepare the fish the same as for the pickled-up fish, sauce and all, then add to it the juice of an onion. Put a layer of the fish in the bottom of a buttered baking-dish. Dust with crumbs, dot with a little butter, and dust over with grated cheese. Then add another layer of fish and proceed in this way until the fish is all used. Pour in a cupful of rich milk in which an egg is beaten, and bake until a delicate brown, or from twenty minutes to a half-hour.

Finnan Haddie a la Diplomate.
After soaking, flake enough finnan haddie to make two cupfuls. Make a rich cream sauce, slice into it a hard-boiled egg, and add a tablespoonful of well-washed capers and the fish. Cook ten minutes, carefully stirring, and serve on a hot dish garnished with toast appetizers.

Salt Codfish Salad.
Prepare the fish the same as for pickled-up codfish, but without the sauce. Add to the fish a chopped, hard-boiled egg, a minced sweet pepper canned in a half-cupful of fine, dry, minced celery, and a quarter cupful of French dressing. Let stand 20 minutes, drain, add a half-cupful of Russian dressing, and serve on lettuce leaves.

WASH THE EYES, PAT THE FACE!

Here's How to Have That "Healthy Color of Youth" That All Enjoy.

How much time do you spend on making yourself beautiful? How much money do you spend in a vain effort to purchase beauty in boxes and cans? Did you ever purchase any beauty that was satisfactory? Were you ever satisfied with the results of an intensive but short campaign for beauty?

Of course, you were not. Beauty is not to be acquired by whirlwind campaigns, neither is it to be purchased at any store in the land. It is far harder than that to acquire.

Beauty is a goddess who requires from her subjects daily worship. An hour spent in a manner pleasing to the goddess will be prolific in wonderful results.

Contrary to the custom of the gods of old, this goddess demands good works from her devotees rather than adoration or sacrifices.

Would you become one of beauty's devotees? Then practice faithfully the following ritual:

Beauty's eyes are sparkling and bright. Hence Beauty's disciple will try to have eyes that are sparkling and bright also. Eyes that are strained and tired cannot be beautiful, so the thing to do is to relieve the strain. Bathe the eyes daily in cold water. This does not mean that the water is to be put only on the eyelids. The bath is for the eye itself. Open and close the eyes under water again and again. This process consumes but five minutes of the hour allotted to Beauty, and you'll wake up the next morning with sparkling and rested eyes.

Now look in the mirror. You will probably discover that your cheeks are pale and colorless. Beauty demands that the cheeks be flushed with the healthy color of youth. This flush may be called to the face by spending five minutes of the allotted hour in gently patting the cheeks. Never once wash your face without remembering to pat it thereafter.

Beauty's figure is a lithe, slim one. You may have a beautiful body resembling hers if you will practice exercises for fifteen minutes each day. These consist in touching the floor with the fingers, without bending the knees, to keep the waist slender and limber; exercising the arms to keep them limber; and nodding the head back and front, and then from side to side to keep the neck youthful and plump.

The simple process of clothing one's self may be made an aid to beauty, if one follows the method as follows: A girl stands upon one foot, while she puts on the shoe and stocking on the other one. This process gives balance, which makes for grace.

Ten minutes of Beauty's hour should be set aside for deep breathing before an open window. Deep breathing, you know, not only improves the circulation, which in turn reacts upon the skin, but also develops the chest.

The hair should receive twenty minutes of the precious hour, to be divided between brushing with long even strokes and massage with the fingertips. This brushing distributes the oil through the hair and the massage loosens the scalp and stimulates the circulation, all of which makes for beautiful and lifelike hair.

The ten minutes that remain should be spent upon the nails. If one goes over the nails carefully every day, keeping them filed to the desired length and the cuticle shoved back, they will look always as though they had just been treated by a professional manicure.

This is the worship Beauty demands. What woman could grudge an hour spent thus at her shrine?

DYE OLD DRESS OR DRAPERY IN DIAMOND DYES

Buy "Diamond Dyes" and follow the simple directions in every package. Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with Diamond Dyes even if you have never dyed before. Worn, faded dresses, skirts, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, draperies, hangings, everything, become like new again. Just tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, spot, fade or run.



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