

In the Realm of Women---Some Interesting Features

AT 40, 4 of 5 ARE IMPERILED

Four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums are the danger signal. Heed it for the sake of sound teeth and health.

Brush your teeth with
Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea
35c and 60c in tubes

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Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema can be quickly overcome by applying a little Mentho-Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worm.

It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Mentho-Sulphur from any good drug-gist and use it like cold cream.

"For the Home" Hotpoint



It Rests the Wrist

When using the Hotpoint Electric Iron the thumb rests on a firm projection, thus, entirely eliminating the tense grip, and severe strain on the wrist obtained by using the old style irons.

The Hotpoint Iron maintains its hot point, and makes how damp the clothes may be. Its mirror-like finish causes it to shine over the heaviest material with the slightest exertion.

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Dental Surgeon
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Dr. H. A. Stewart
Corner Princess and Wellington

The RED HOUSE MYSTERY by A. MILNE

(Continued From Our Last Issue)

"Come with us!" Bill said casually, as he struck a match. He pulled vigorously at the flame as he waited for the answer, hoping to hide his anxiety, for if Cayley assented, he was done.

"I've got to go into Stanton." Bill blew out a great cloud of smoke with an expiration which covered also a heartfelt sigh of relief.

"Oh, a pity. You're driving, I suppose?"
"Yes. The car will be here directly. There's a letter I must write first." He sat down at a writing table, and took out a sheet of note-paper.

He was facing the secret floor; if it opened he would see it. At any moment now it might open.

Bill dropped into a chair and thought. Antony must be warned. Obviously. But how? How did one signal to anybody? By code. Morse code. Did Antony know it? Did Bill know it himself, if it came to that? He had picked up a bit in the Army—not enough to send a message, of course. But a message was impossible, anyhow; Cayley would hear him tapping it out. It wouldn't do to send more than a single letter. What letters did he know? And what letter would convey anything to Antony?

C for Cayley. Would Antony understand? Probably not, but it was just worth trying. What was C? Long, short, long, short. Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty. Was that right? C—yes, that was C. He was sure of that. C. Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty.

Hands in pockets, he got up and wandered across the room, humming vaguely to himself, the picture of a man waiting for another man (as it might be his friend, Gillingham) to come in and take him away for a walk or something. He wandered across to the books at the back of Cayley, and began to tap absent-mindedly on the shelves, as he looked at the titles. Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty. Not that it was much like that at first; he couldn't get the rhythm of it.

Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty. That was better. He was back at Samuel Taylor Coleridge now. Antony would begin to hear him soon. Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty; just the aimless tapping of a man who is wondering what book he will take out with him to read on the lawn. Would Antony hear? One always heard the man in the next flat knocking out his pipe. Would Antony understand? Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty. C for Cayley, Antony, Cayley's here. For God's sake, wait.

"Good Lord! Sermons!" said Bill, with a loud laugh. (Umpty-umpty-umpty-umpty) "Ever read 'em, Cayley?"

"What?" Cayley looked up suddenly. Bill's back moved along slowly, his fingers beating a tattoo on the shelves as he walked.

"Es—no," said Cayley, with a little laugh. An awkward, uncomfortable little laugh, it seemed to Bill.

"For do I? He was past the sermons now—past the secret door—but still tapping in the same aimless way.

"Oh, for God's sake sit down," burst out Cayley. "Or go outside, if you want to walk about."
Bill turned round in astonishment. "Hallo, what's the matter?"

Cayley was slightly ashamed of his outburst.

"Sorry, Bill," he apologized. "My nerves are on edge. Your constant tapping and edging about—"

"Tapping!" said Bill with an air of complete surprise.

"Tapping on the shelves, and humming. Sorry. It got on my nerves." "My dear old chap, I'm awfully sorry. I'll go out in the hall."

"It's all right," said Cayley, and went on with his letter. Because I thought you might be getting rather involved in explanations—about where I was, and so on.

"You didn't see Mark, then?" "No. Nor his—No, I didn't see anything."

"Nor what?" Antony was silent for a moment. "I didn't see anything, Bill. Or rather, I did see something; I saw a door in the wall, a cupboard. And it's locked. So if there's anything we want to find, that's where it is."

"Could Mark be hiding there?" "I called through the keyhole—in a whisper—'Mark, are you there?'—he would have thought it was Cayley. There was no answer."

"Well, let's go down and try again." W. might be able to get the door open; shook his head.

"Well, look here, as we said we were going into the village, and as we promised to leave that letter, I almost think we'd better do it."

"Oh! . . . Oh, very well."
"Jelland. What were you tapping me about that? Oh, yes; the Widow Norbury."

"Cayley used to be rather keen on the daughter. The widow's son." "Yes, well, she's take it. Just to be on the safe side."

"Am I going to be done out of that secret passage altogether?" asked Bill fretfully.

"That's what you always say when I'm being serious. Well, anyway, thanks awfully. You really saved us this time."

"Were you coming back?" "Yes. At least I think I was. I was just wondering when I heard you tapping. The fact of the door being shut was rather surprising. Of course the whole idea was to see if it could be opened easily from the other side, but I felt somehow that you wouldn't shut it until the last possible moment—until you saw me coming back. Well, then I heard the taps, and I knew it must mean something, so I sat tight. Then when C began to come along I said, 'Cayley, b'Jove—bright, aren't I?—and I simply hared to the other end of the passage for all I was worth. And saved back again. Because I thought you might be getting rather involved in explanations—about where I was, and so on."

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"There's nothing to see, really, I promise you."

"You're very mysterious. What's upset you? You did see something down there, I'm certain of it."

"I did, and I've told you about it." "No, you haven't. You only told me about the door in the wall."

"That's it, Bill. And it's locked. And I'm frightened of what's behind it."

"But then we shall never know what's there if we aren't going to look."

"We shall know tonight," said Antony, taking Bill's arm and leading him to the back. "Antony was silent, and dear friend Cayley dropping it into the pond."

CHAPTER XV
THEY left the road, and took the path across the fields which sloped gently downward toward the bank. Antony was silent, and since it is difficult to keep up a conversation with a silent man for any length of time, Bill had dropped into silence too. Or rather, he hummed to himself, but he tapped to the grass with his stick and made uncomfortable noises with his pipe.

"What about tonight?" he said finally after a lengthy blow at his pipe.

"Try a piece of grass," said Antony, offering it to him.

Bill pushed it through the mouth-piece, blew again, said, "That's better," and returned the pipe to his pocket.

"How are we going to get out without Cayley knowing?" "Well, that wants thinking over. I wish we were sleeping at the inn. . . . Is this Miss Norbury, by any chance?"

Bill looked up quickly. They were close to Jellands now, an old thatched farmhouse.

"Yes—Angela Norbury," murmured Bill. "Not bad-looking, is she?"

The girl who stood by the little white gate of Jellands was something more than "not bad-looking," but in Bill's eyes she must be judged and condemned, by all that distinguished her from Betty Calladine. To Antony, unhampered by these standards of comparison, she seemed, quite simply, beautiful.

(Continued in Our Next Issue)



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Don't say—"no, this can't be true"—but buy a package of Palmolive Princess Soap Flakes and wash out your favorite fancy blouse or elaborate negligee. Then once and for all, when you know the secret, wear your best things every day. No need to save them when cleaning is easy, quick and perfectly harmless.

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EFFICIENT HOUSEKEEPING

By Laura A. Irkman.

Answered Letters.

Mrs. P. F.: "My freshly done over hall ceiling has been discolored by rain which came through a leak in the roof. Is there anything I can do to cover the unsightly mark?"

Answer: You can cover the mark by rubbing it with a square of magnesia.

Man: "How can I clean the leather seats on our dining room chairs?"

Answer: Rub the leather with equal parts of oil and vinegar, then polish it with a clean square of cheesecloth until the oil is rubbed off.

Young Reader: "Our stove has become rusty, and hard layers of old blacking form a crust on parts of it. What can I do to remove this crust and the rust?"

Answer: You can remove the old caked blacking by rubbing it with a coarse grade of sandpaper. Remove the rust spots by rubbing them with vinegar just before blacking the stove.

Foggy: "How can I brighten my faded carpets?"

Answer: Clean them well then go over them with a stiff brush dipped in hot water that has had a very little turpentine added to it—no more than a few drops. It is surprising what a difference this treatment will often make, although if the carpet is too old and worn it may not be effective.

Man Reader: Can you tell me of something that will mend glass?"

Answer: Make a stiff paste by mixing whiting and white housepaint together. Put the broken edges of the glass together carefully with this mixture, cleaning it off neatly. This excellent hint was sent to me by a Reader Friend, "Mrs. D. B.", to publish in the column. China can also be mended with it.

Old Housekeeper: "I have literally hundreds of receipts, but often find unusual ones in your columns that I have never heard about before. Will you kindly print a good Johnny cake recipe and one for a quick raisin bread—if there is such a thing."

Answer: Thank you. Reader it always makes me happy to receive praise from a housekeeper of long experience. I take pleasure in printing the following:

Johnny Cake: Mix and sift one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder with one cup of flour and 1 cup of corn meal. Stir in 1/2 cup of granulated sugar, 1/2 teaspoon of salt, 2 cups of sweet milk, 1 slightly beaten egg, then add 1 teaspoon fo melted butter. Bake in cup-cake pans, or in a sheet, for 20 minutes in a hot oven.

Quick Raisin Bread: 2 eggs, 1 cup of granulated sugar, 2 cups of sweet milk, 1 cup of seedless raisins, 4 cups of bread flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and 1/2 teaspoon of salt. Sift the dry ingredients together and add the well-beaten eggs and the milk; last, add the raisins, pour into two greased bread pans, let stand for 20 minutes to become light, and bake from 25 to 40 minutes in a moderate oven. Chopped walnut-meats may be substituted for the raisins.

Tomorrow—Supper on the Chaffin dish.

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