

# In the Realm of Women--Some Interesting Features

## GAINED 65 POUNDS!

"Five years ago when I was first married, I had wonderful energy. I could be on the go all day long, without feeling the least bit fatigued. I had a great appetite and could eat anything. I weighed 147 pounds. I used to be busy every minute of the day, and when the day was over, I could go to bed and never waken once during the night. Thirteen months ago my first baby was born. After that my energy seemed to leave me. I was tired all the time. I had to force myself to do my household duties, instead of being a pleasure as formerly, these duties became a real task. I lost all desire for food and nothing would tempt me. I had to make myself eat. I would go to bed at night and toss from side to side for hours at a time. After a while I would doze off only to find that I had been sleeping for ten or fifteen minutes. Naturally when morning came, not having slept, I started the day completely tired out. I was shaky and nervous. The least noise would startle me and make my heart race. I could see that my husband was worried. I was losing weight every week and had already lost 56 pounds. I tried all kinds of tonics, but they didn't help me. One night, a night I shall never forget because it started me on the way to health and happiness again. My husband brought in a bottle of Carnol. A friend told him that Carnol had saved his wife's life, so he insisted upon my trying it. Six weeks after I began taking Carnol, my weight increased from 98 pounds to 163, an increase of 65 pounds. And, am I well these days? Every morning I fairly jump out of bed ready to tackle anything and every minute of the day is a joy to me now."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. **Q 8-622**

For sale by The Mahood Drug Co.

## DRINK WATER WHEN YOUR KIDNEYS HURT

Stop Eating Meat For a While if Your Bladder is Troubling You

When you wake up with backache and dull misery in the kidney region it generally means you have been eating too much meat, says a well-known authority. Meat forms uric acid which overworks the kidneys in their effort to filter it from the blood and they become sort of paralyzed and loggy. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog you must relieve them, like you relieve your bowels; removing all the body's urinous waste, else you have backache, sick headache, dizzy spells; your stomach and tongue is coated and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, channels often get sore, water scalds and you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night.

Either consult a good, reliable physician at once or get from your pharmacist about four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithin, and has been used for generations to clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure and makes a delightful, effervescent lithia water drink. Drink lots of soft water.

## DO WOMEN WORK AS HARD AS MEN?

Yes. And They Must Keep Well and Strong

### Two Interesting Letters

Toronto, Ontario.—"When my husband was called back to England in 1914 I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to strengthen me so I could work. I had a trouble that used to make me weak, but I am able to do my work now and am perfectly satisfied with your medicine. I still get it at the chemist's and I strongly recommend it to anybody I hear of suffering as I did. You may publish this if you wish."  
—Mrs. E. Hoanlowa, 899 Yonge St., Toronto, Ontario.

### I Did Not Feel Like Working

"I was in a general run-down condition with a weak back and a tired feeling so that I did not feel like working. My mother was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and recommended it to me, so I have taken it and my back is better and I am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my neighbors and you may publish my letter."  
—Mrs. JOSEPHAT A. GOSWAMI, Box 47, Carbon, Alberta.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken when you first notice such symptoms as nervousness, backache, weakness and irregularity. It will help you and prevent more serious trouble. Give it a fair trial.

## The RED HOUSE MYSTERY

By A. A. MILNE  
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(Continued From Our Last Issue)  
"Cayley asked us to bring a letter along," Bill explained to Betty Calladine. "Here you are."  
"You will tell him, won't you, how dreadfully sorry I am about—about what has happened? It seems so hopeless to say anything; so hopeless even to believe it. If it is true what we've heard."  
Bill repeated the outline of the events of yesterday.  
"Yes. . . . And Mr. Ablett hasn't been found yet!"  
"No."  
"She shook her head in distress. 'It still seems to have happened to somebody else; somebody we didn't know at all.' Then, with a sudden grave smile which included both of them, 'But you must come and have some tea.'"  
"It's awfully decent of you," said Bill awkwardly, "but we—"  
"You will, won't you?" she said to Antony.  
"Thank you very much."  
Mrs. Norbury was delighted to see them, as she always was to see any man in her house who came up to the necessary standard of eligibility. When her life work was completed, and summed up in those beautiful words: "A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Angela, daughter of the late John Norbury . . ." then she would utter a grateful Nunc dimittis and depart in peace—to a better world, if Heaven insisted, but preferably to her new son-in-law's more dignified establishment.

But it was not as "eligible" that the visitors from the Red House were received with such eagerness today, and even if her special smile for "possibles" was there, it was instinctive rather than reasoned. All that she wanted at this moment was news—news of Mark. For she was bringing it off at last; and, if the engagement columns of the "Morning Post" were preceded, as in the case of its obituary columns, by a preliminary bulletin, the announcement of yesterday would have cried triumphantly to the world, or to such part of the world as mattered: "A marriage has very nearly been arranged (by Mrs. Norbury), and will certainly take place, between Angela, only daughter of the late John Norbury, and Mark Ablett of the Red House."  
The girl was often amused by her mother's ways; sometimes abashed of them; sometimes distressed by them. The Mark Ablett affair had seemed to her particularly distressing, for Mark was so obviously in league with her mother against her. It was a pleasure to turn to Cayley, that hopeless ineligible.

But alas Cayley had misunderstood her. She could not imagine Cayley in love—until she saw it, and tried too late, to stop it. That was four days ago. She had not seen him since, and now here was this letter. She dreaded opening it. It was a relief to feel that at least she had an excuse for not doing so while her guests were in the house.  
Mrs. Norbury recognized at once that Antony was likely to be the more sympathetic listener; and when tea was over, and Bill and Angela had been dispatched to the garden, dear Mr. Gillingham found himself on the sofa beside her, listening to many things which were of even greater interest to him than she could possibly have hoped.  
"It's terrible, terrible," she said.

"And to suggest that dear Mr. Ablett—"  
Antony made suitable noises.  
"You've seen Mr. Ablett for yourself. A kinder, more warmhearted man—"  
Antony explained that he had not seen Mr. Ablett.  
"Of course, yes, I was forgetting. But, believe me, Mr. Gillingham, you can trust a woman's intuition in these matters."  
Antony said that he was sure of this.  
"Think of my feelings as a mother."  
Antony was thinking of Miss Norbury's feelings as a daughter, and wondering if she guessed that her affairs were now being discussed with a stranger. Mark engaged, or about to be engaged! Had that any bearing on the events of yesterday? What, for instance, would Mrs. Norbury have thought of brother Robert, that family skeleton? Was this another reason for wanting brother Robert out of the way?  
"I never liked him, never!"  
"Never liked?" said Antony, bewildered.  
"That cousin of his—Mr. Cayley."  
"How did Miss Norbury get on with him?" Antony asked cautiously.  
"There was nothing in that at all," said Miss Norbury's mother emphatically. "Nothing. I would say so to anybody."  
"Oh, I beg your pardon. I never meant—"  
"Nothing. I can say that for dear Angela with perfect confidence. Whether he made advances—" She broke off with a shrug of her plump shoulders.  
Antony waited eagerly.  
"Naturally they met. Possibly he might have—I don't know. But my duty as a mother was clear, Mr. Gillingham."  
Mr. Gillingham made an encouraging noise.  
"I told him quite frankly that how shall I put it—that he was trespassing. Tactfully, of course. But frankly."  
"You mean," said Antony, trying to speak calmly, "that you told him that—er—Mr. Ablett and your daughter—?"  
Mrs. Norbury nodded several times.  
"Exactly, Mr. Gillingham. I had my duty as a mother."  
"There must have been a certain awkwardness about the next meeting," suggested Antony.  
"Naturally, he has not been here since. No doubt they would have been bound to meet up at the Red House sooner or later."  
"Oh, this was only quite lately!"  
"Last week, Mr. Gillingham. I spoke just in time."  
"Ah!" said Antony, under his breath. He had been waiting for it. He would have liked now to have gone away, so that he might have thought over the new situation by himself. But Mrs. Norbury was still talking.

"Girls are so foolish, Mr. Gillingham," she was saying. "It is fortunate that they have mothers to guide them. It was so obvious to me from the beginning that dear Mr. Ablett was just the husband for my little girl. You never knew him!"  
Antony said again that he had not seen Mr. Ablett.  
"Such a gentleman. So nice-looking, in his artistic way. A regular Velasquez—I should say Van Dyck. Angela would have it that she could never marry a man with a beard. As if that mattered, when—" she broke off, and Antony finished her sentence for her.  
"The Red House is certainly charming," he said.  
"Charming. Quite charming."  
She gave a deep sigh. Antony was about to snatch the opportunity of leaving, when Mrs. Norbury began again.  
"And then there's this respectable brother of his. He was perfectly frank with me, Mr. Gillingham. He told me of this brother, and I told him that I was quite certain it would make no difference to my daughter's feelings for him. . . . After all, the brother was in Australia."  
"When was this? Yesterday?" Antony felt that, if Mark had only mentioned it after his brother's announcement of a personal call at the Red House, this perfect frankness had a good deal of wisdom behind it.  
"It couldn't have been yesterday, Mr. Gillingham. Yesterday—" she shuddered, and shook her head.  
"I thought perhaps he had been down here in the morning."  
"Oh, no! There is such a thing, Mr. Gillingham, as being too devoted a lover. Not in the morning, no. We both agreed that dear Angela—Oh, no, no; the day before yesterday, when he happened to drop in about tea-time."  
It occurred to Antony that Mrs. Norbury had come a long way from her opening statement that Mark and Miss Norbury were practically engaged. She was now admitting that dear Angela was not to be rushed, that dear Angela had, indeed, no heart for the match at all.  
"The day before yesterday. As it happened, dear Angela was out. Not that it mattered. He was driving to Middleton. He hardly had time for a cup of tea, so that even if she had been in—"  
Antony nodded absently. This was something new. Why did Mark go to Middleton the day before yesterday? But, after all, why shouldn't he? A hundred reasons unconnected with the death of Robert might have taken him there.  
He got up to go. He wanted to be alone—alone, at least, with Bill. Mrs. Norbury had given him many things to think over, but the great outstanding fact which had emerged was this: that Cayley had reason to hate Mark. Mrs. Norbury had given him that reason. To hate? Well, to be jealous, anyhow. But that was enough.  
"You see," he said to Bill, as they walked back, "we know that Cayley is pursuing himself and raising himself that reason. To hate? Well, to be jealous, anyhow. But that was enough."  
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CHAPTER XVI  
WHAT was it which Cayley was going to hide in that pond that night? Antony thought that he knew now. It was Mark's body.  
(Continued in Our Next Issue)



Let me tell you what I know about  
**BAKER'S COCOA**  
"My mother and my mother's mother used it, and I have used it all my life. There never has been anything better, never anything quite so good. Indeed, it seems to me that Baker's Cocoa is better and better as time goes by. No other cocoa seems to have such a delicious flavor or such an attractive color."  
Walter Baker & Co., by processes peculiar to their method of manufacture and by the use of the most improved machinery have produced a cocoa which can be and is used as a standard for purity in chemical analyses.  
MADE IN CANADA BY  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED**  
Established 1780  
CANADIAN MILLS AT MONTREAL  
Dorchester, Mass.  
Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free

## THE HOME KITCHEN

By Jeannette Young Norton  
Author of "Mrs. Norton's Cook Book."

### How to Make Delicious Tarts With Top or Bottom Crusts.

Tarts are an old-fashioned sweet, but they are favored even by modern cooks because they are fruit-filled and wholesome.  
In England, tarts are usually made with single top crusts, and a cup is inverted inside to draw up the juice. The cup is removed when the tart is done, so that the juice may flow through the cooked fruit.  
In France, the tart has a bottom crust, and the fruit is cooked, uncooked or jelly as the case may be.  
In America, the tart has several guises or disguises. It may have a bottom crust with a twisted crust rim, a bottom crust and a lattice over the top of narrow strips of crust, or it may have a single crust with a scalloped edge. One and all varieties are good and easy to make. A good crust is the main feature in tart making.

### Tart Crust.

Mix two cupfuls of sifted flour—pastry flour if convenient—though a good bread flour will do—a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter-teaspoonful of salt. Work in a full half-cupful of butter or half

### Nut Tardlets.

Line buttered tartlet pans with a good crust. Cream together a cupful of sugar and a cupful of butter, and when creamy, add four eggs, beating in one at a time, then two cupfuls of stale, dry cake crumbs, a cupful of ground or finely-chopped nuts, a teaspoonful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring. Divide evenly in the crust-lined tins and bake in a moderate oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve hot or cold.

### Lattice Tart.

Line a tartlet pan with good crust, prick the bottom with a fork, then bake it. When done, spread the crust with quince or apple jelly, then fill it with halved, stewed and sweetened apricots, dried or fresh, lattice the top with thin strips of crust, and set back in the oven long enough to cook the strips.

### Apple Honey Tart.

Pare and core six medium-sized, tart apples, and stuff them with a mixture of half-cupful each of stoned raisins and chopped nuts, a heaping tablespoonful of stale cake crumbs, a tablespoonful of sugar, a

### Plum Tart.

Butter a deep baking-dish tightly and invert a small cup in the centre. Fill the dish with washed and halved plums of good flavor. Sprinkle them with a cupful of sugar—a little more if the plums are sour—a quarter-cupful of water, and put on the top crust. Bake in a moderate oven. Peaches, cherries and pears may be used in the same way, also fresh apricots or persimmons.

### Engagements Announced.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gwynne, Brockville, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Bertha (Birdie) Helena, to John Melrose Alexander, Montreal, the marriage to take place the latter part of October.

### Earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility.

When a man grows angry his reason rides out.  
In every quarrel both sides are to blame.

## SHARBOT LAKE WEDDING.

Miss Amy McKinnon Becomes the Bride of William Tryon.  
One of the prettiest of early Autumn weddings took place on Wednesday, October 4th, at St. Andrew's church, Sharbot Lake, when Amy Evelyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John McKinnon, McDonald's Corners, became the bride of William Hubert Tryon, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Tryon, Sharbot Lake. Rev. Mr. Cantrell performed the ceremony.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, Chester McKinnon, wore a smart French Navy Blue suit, with hat to match and drape veil. Georgeette over-boots, grey shoes and grey kid gloves, and choker fox fur. She carried a shower bouquet of opheelia roses, with lilies of the valley peeping between the roses, long streamers knotted with fern and roses.  
The bridesmaid, Miss Eva McKinnon, Toronto, sister of the bride, wore a frock of Navy Taffeta Silk with fox fur, and carried an armful of carnations and opheelia roses. W. Hawley acted as groomsmen. Little Eileen Pincombe, attired in a dainty frock of pink silk and net, acted as flower girl.  
The wedding marches were rendered by Miss F. Cantrell. The church was beautifully decorated by the many friends of the bride and groom. Many potted plants and flowers were to be seen, also an arch, suitably erected of evergreens and white asters.  
After the ceremony, the bridal party motored to the home of Mrs. Robert Hawley, where the wedding supper was served, about thirty-five of

## Corns Go Blue-jay to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

Pain Stops Instantly

## EX-KAISER GIVES HIS BRIDE A NEW TITLE

She Will Be Known as "Queen Wilhelmina of Prussia."  
Doorn, Holland, Oct. 10.—The bride of former Emperor William, the Princess of Rouss, will assume the title "Queen Wilhelmina of Prussia," according to an announcement made yesterday during a preliminary reception to friends of the bride and groom at the castle here.  
The ex-kaiser was attired in his favorite uniform of a high admiral of the fleet, with his breast covered with a multitude of pre-war decorations, and his left sleeve showing the mourning band.

Learning is better worth than house or land.

## Reconstruction is as old as the human race

THE process of bodily reconstruction is going on all the time. Day by day, little by little, the worn-out nerve cells and body tissues are rebuilt slowly but surely in Nature's way.

Grape-Nuts, with good, rich milk, supplies all the elements that Nature needs to build sound bone structure, strong nerves and firm, healthy flesh.

Made from wheat and malted barley, and scientifically baked for 20 hours, Grape-Nuts is a crisp, delicious, economical food in compact form, easily digested and readily assimilated.

There's more all-round nourishment for the money in a package of Grape-Nuts than in any other cereal food in the world.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts  
—the Body Builder

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Factory: Windsor, Ontario