

ANGER LURKS IN EVERY ONE OF US

We Are As Full of Deadly Poisons As A Germ Laboratory.

AUTO-INTOXICATION OR SELF-POISONING

FRUIT-A-LIVES Absolutely Prevents This Dangerous Condition.

The chief cause of poor health is our neglect of the bowels. Waste matter, instead of passing from the lower intestine regularly every day, is allowed to remain there, generating poisons which are absorbed by the blood.

In other words, a person who is habitually constipated, is poisoning himself. We know now that Auto-intoxication, due to non-action of the bowels, is directly responsible for serious kidney and bladder troubles; that it upsets the stomach, causes indigestion, loss of appetite and sleeplessness; that chronic rheumatism, gout, pain in the back, are relieved as soon as the bowels become regular and that pimples, rashes, eczema and other skin affections disappear when "Fruit-a-lives" are taken to correct constipation.

"Fruit-a-lives" will protect you against Auto-intoxication because this wonderful fruit medicine acts directly on all the eliminating organs. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—Druggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup"—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine, 50c. and \$1.00 bottles. At drug stores.

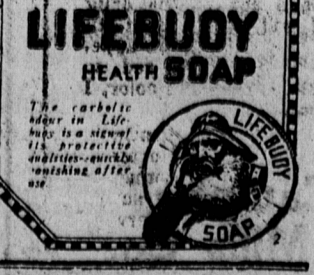
Lovely Heart Locket and Charm Magnificent Wrist-Watch and Fine Ring Given to You



Girls—these fine articles of jewelry can be obtained without spending a single penny. We are prepared to give away absolutely free to each girl who sends us a stamped address and a recent photograph. The lovely heart locket is warranted gold and set with a brilliant-cut diamond. The beautiful solid gold ring is set with three fine brilliant-cut diamonds. The magnificent wrist watch is of the latest design, with a beautiful dial and a leather strap. Write to day to NATIONAL TORONTO, LIMITED Dept. W 29 Toronto, Canada



CLEAN—yes and disinfected too! Everyone likes bed-linen, blankets, etc., to be super-clean—immaculately fresh. The heat of all soaps to use is Lifebuoy. It actually disinfects as it cleanses.



DR. DEVAN'S FRENCH PILLS... PHOSPHONOL FOR MEN... Sold by George E. Hughes.

THE PROMOTER'S WIFE

BY JANE PHELPS

BARBARA'S FATHER AND MOTHER COMES TO VISIT CHAPTER LIII.

In all the years we had been married, mother had visited us only once. So my delight can be imagined when I received a letter from her saying she and father would come and stay two weeks with us. This was so like mother—settling the time herself, and adhering strictly to it. She never wanted to interfere with anyone's plans.

I was in a perfect flutter of delight. I was so anxious for them to see baby, so pleased that they would know how far more prosperous we were than when they visited us before, when we had been married but a couple of years, and living in the smaller apartment.

"I'll give them just the very best time they ever had," I said to myself as I gave orders as to the comfort while with us. I did many little things to fit the guest room to make it more home-like for mother. It was so much more elegant than anything to which she was accustomed. I was afraid I would make her feel just a little out-of-place. So I added some "homey" touches—a sewing basket, a Bible with good, large print so she would not strain her eyes, a couple of copies of her favorite magazine, a footstool she had spoken of as being so comfortable on her previous visit, and the morning she was expected I decked the room with some old-fashioned flowers, such as we had at home in the garden. I remember the one of the maids said to me:

"Oh, why didn't you get rose or something?" And rather looked down on my kitchen-garden bouquet.

Father and mother arrived when they said they would. I had persuaded Neil to go with me to meet them.

"Do plan to be at home to your meals while they are here," I said to him while we waited for the train. "I certainly shall do so as far as I can. But business is business. I can't neglect it even for them."

"I don't expect you to," I was a little piqued at his answer, "but be at home as much as possible. They will stay only two weeks. Surely you can make your plans to be with us?"

Neil made no answer. Just that he had sped them, as they left the train, and had rushed forward to meet them.

I was so happy to see them, so glad they had come, that I forgot all about our conversation, and the Neil had made me no promise to remain at home while father and mother were with us.

It makes my heart beat faster even yet, when I think of the fuss they made over little Robert. If I had thought him the nicest baby in the world before, I was sure of it now. Mother could scarcely bear him out of her arms, although his nurse—one with all the new ideas of how baby should be raised—crowded and shook her head behind mother's back.

"It won't hurt him to be cuddled a little," mother said when I told her. "I feel sorry for babies now and days. They are put down and no held. They get very little real, old-fashioned tending. Poor dears."

"But it is better for the babies. All physicians agree on that."

"I don't care if they do. It doesn't hurt the mother or the baby either to be natural. And it isn't natural to have a baby in the house and not cuddle it."

I took father and mother out to the car every morning. They were astonished at the style in which we now lived. And several times I saw mother look as if she were not wholly pleased. But she said nothing until the night before she left. Neil had been out several nights to dinner, and when I had found fault, he had been inclined to get impatient. He had also come in long after they had retired.

maid said that all they talked about was money, and stocks. Oil stocks. I think she said, "I was so interested!"

Usually the naive of Lorraine's last remark would have amused me. But I scarcely heard it. Who could the three men have been with Mrs. Orton entertained that night? I recalled quite distinctly that Neil had not come home for dinner, and that it had been very late, when he came in. This fact was clear in my memory because I had afterwards wished that I had asked Lorraine to stay and keep me company.

"Could it be—was Neil the 'lovely' man the maid had told of as being Mrs. Orton's guest?" And were the other two some of those boorish rich men I had received?

"If you don't, there are women who will."

That speech of Neil's came back so plainly that I scarcely realized that Lorraine had said good-bye and was alone.

The maid had said they were all drinking. Neil had not taken as much at home as he had before her and mother came. I had been so pleased that it was so. But I would far rather have him drink at home than at some other woman's house—especially Blanche Orton's.

"Of course I was silly to even connect Neil with such a dinner as that which the maid had described. Even at the worst, the man he had brought home had been common and unclean—never noisy or drunken. I would tell Neil about it, however. He would see that even the servants talked in men brought guests of that type to their homes. It simply strengthened my position. I thought with satisfaction."

Neil remained out that night. It is easier far to say you will put things from your mind than to do it. All the long lonely evening thought of little else save what Lorraine had told me. I brushed as I decided that I would call upon Mrs. Lucy the very next day. Blushed because I cared nothing for Mrs. Lucy in fact rather disliked her, but was using her to hear what I could of the dinner Blanche Orton had given.

I had not changed my mind about telling Neil what I had heard, but it was so late when he came in—after one o'clock—and he looked so tired that I hesitated to begin. Then he yawned prodigiously and said:

"Please don't say one word to me tonight, Bab. I am tired almost to death and want to go right to sleep." So I kissed him good night. Without saying anything of what Lorraine had told me.

But at breakfast I repeated my bit of gossip.

"What would Lorraine do if she couldn't talk?" he asked when I finished.

"But I shouldn't think Mrs. Orton would receive such creatures."

"That maid said one of the men was terribly noisy and that all three drank too much, even the one she described as 'lovely.'"

"You and Lorraine have a lot to do to spend your time listening to servants' gossip."

"I didn't listen to any servant!" I exclaimed indignantly, forgetting that I had made up my mind to go to Mrs. Lucy's to find out still more of the servants' gossip. "Lorraine told me, and Mrs. Lucy told her."

"It came from her servant, didn't it?"

"Yes—but isn't it horrid?"

"That depends. You of course would refuse to put up with anything disagreeable even to help a man in business. Other women may not be as finicky—and more loyal."

97 Piece Dinner Set and lovely Silverware Given To You

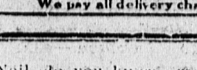
YOU can secure without a penny of cost this magnificent complete 97-piece English Dinner Service and a lovely set of half-dozen Wm. A. Rogers teaspoons.

Each dinner service is guaranteed full size for family use, its 97 pieces comprising 12 cups and 12 saucers, 12 tea plates, 12 dinner plates, 12 bread and butter plates, 12 soup plates, 12 sauce dishes, 2 platters, 2 oval covered vegetable dishes, a cream jug, covered sugar bowl, gravy boat, pickle dish, and a salad bowl. It is handsomely decorated in rich floral design and will surely delight the most fastidious hostess.

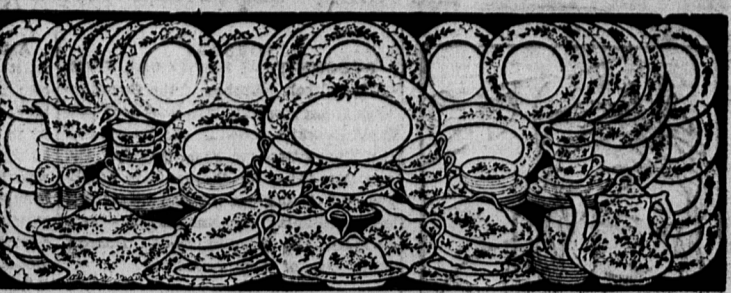
The beautiful set of Teaspoons are in the famous Wm. A. Rogers French Carné. Assign with French grey handles and brightly polished bowls.

Read our Wonderful Offer

We are determined to establish a national reputation for Dr. Edson's Famous Life Building Blood Tonic and Nervine Pills and are sparing no expense to secure every representative in all parts of Canada who will help us by introducing this famous remedy to their friends and neighbors. That is why we offer to give away these magnificent premiums.



We pay all delivery charges on these Grand Premiums



Win, you sell just 12 boxes among your friends at only 25c. per box?

You can easily do this because every one you know will be glad to learn of this grand remedy. It is one of the world's best known preparations, a food and hygiene remedy for weak and impure blood, nervousness, indigestion, constipation and anemia. In all our own conditions of the system it will be found a grand blood builder and revitalizer, and as a general tonic for blood and nerves it has no equal.

Send No Money—Just send your name and address today and we will send the 12 boxes postage paid. You will be able to sell them quickly and easily, because every purchaser of a box can obtain a beautiful gift of fine silverware from us free. Then return our money, only \$2.50, and we will promptly send you all delivery charges paid, the beautiful set of spoons, and the handsome dinner set you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine reward among your friends and getting only 25c. of them to sell our goods and earn our fine reward, as you did. We pay all delivery charges right to your door.

REMEMBER YOU TAKE NO RISK. You do not spend a cent of your own money. We trust you with our goods until sold and if for any reason you cannot sell them we will take them back and give you beautiful premiums or pay you a 25c. cash commission on the quantity you do sell. Write to day if you wish to take advantage of this limited offer. It gives you the opportunity of a lifetime.

The International Mfg. Co., Dept. D 20 Toronto, Ont.

NEIL TELLS BAB IT IS HER FAULT THAT HE VISITS BLANCHE

CHAPTER LV

I sat quietly thinking for some time. Was it possible that Neil had meant that he would take his men friends—the ones I had objected to—to Blanche Orton to be entertained? I had not taken his speech at all seriously—then. Now it seemed pretentious, as if he had already decided in his mind what he would do, when he made it.

The maid had said they were all drinking. Neil had not taken as much at home as he had before her and mother came. I had been so pleased that it was so. But I would far rather have him drink at home than at some other woman's house—especially Blanche Orton's.

"Of course I was silly to even connect Neil with such a dinner as that which the maid had described. Even at the worst, the man he had brought home had been common and unclean—never noisy or drunken. I would tell Neil about it, however. He would see that even the servants talked in men brought guests of that type to their homes. It simply strengthened my position. I thought with satisfaction."

BAB'S INDIGNATION IS DIRECTED AGAINST BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER LVI

I was terribly indignant with Neil. Nothing, I told him, could exceed the baseness of his proceedings. That he should make Blanche Orton a widow, the repository of his business affairs, was scandalous. There were clubs, restaurants and hotels where he could take such men as would not receive in our home. I wasn't necessary to take them—accidentally himself—to her.

He listened for a while in silence. He had exhausted himself before I had a chance to say all that was in my mind. Then he broke out:

"You refused to help me. You even thought you are angry because of Blanche's kindness to me, have not offered to do what she is doing—help me. You are too high and mighty to make yourself agreeable to men who mean success to me, money for you. Yet you object to my having a friend who cares enough for me to make myself attractive to my business acquaintances that she helps me all ready more than you ever have in all the years we have been married."

I recalled what she had said about getting rested so she could properly entertain and interest some one who bored her.

She did this for Neil.

The full significance of this action on her part rushed over me. She was in love with Neil and had taken this way to make him care for her. She had been in love with him before Orton died. I thought bitterly, as I recalled many little things which were unnoticed at the time because I had thought of her as married, and so not free. Now they fairly glared at me. Had Neil also loved her? Did he care for her now as a woman, or only as a means to an end? That, I must know at all hazards, and—at once.

Jealousy of her was the predominant feeling now. I cared nothing about the business, her connections with it. It was Blanche Orton, the fascinating widow, with whom I was occupied.

NEIL TELLS BAB IT IS HER FAULT THAT HE VISITS BLANCHE

CHAPTER LV

I sat quietly thinking for some time. Was it possible that Neil had meant that he would take his men friends—the ones I had objected to—to Blanche Orton to be entertained? I had not taken his speech at all seriously—then. Now it seemed pretentious, as if he had already decided in his mind what he would do, when he made it.

The maid had said they were all drinking. Neil had not taken as much at home as he had before her and mother came. I had been so pleased that it was so. But I would far rather have him drink at home than at some other woman's house—especially Blanche Orton's.

"Of course I was silly to even connect Neil with such a dinner as that which the maid had described. Even at the worst, the man he had brought home had been common and unclean—never noisy or drunken. I would tell Neil about it, however. He would see that even the servants talked in men brought guests of that type to their homes. It simply strengthened my position. I thought with satisfaction."

BAB'S INDIGNATION IS DIRECTED AGAINST BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER LVI

I was terribly indignant with Neil. Nothing, I told him, could exceed the baseness of his proceedings. That he should make Blanche Orton a widow, the repository of his business affairs, was scandalous. There were clubs, restaurants and hotels where he could take such men as would not receive in our home. I wasn't necessary to take them—accidentally himself—to her.

He listened for a while in silence. He had exhausted himself before I had a chance to say all that was in my mind. Then he broke out:

"You refused to help me. You even thought you are angry because of Blanche's kindness to me, have not offered to do what she is doing—help me. You are too high and mighty to make yourself agreeable to men who mean success to me, money for you. Yet you object to my having a friend who cares enough for me to make myself attractive to my business acquaintances that she helps me all ready more than you ever have in all the years we have been married."

I recalled what she had said about getting rested so she could properly entertain and interest some one who bored her.

She did this for Neil.

The full significance of this action on her part rushed over me. She was in love with Neil and had taken this way to make him care for her. She had been in love with him before Orton died. I thought bitterly, as I recalled many little things which were unnoticed at the time because I had thought of her as married, and so not free. Now they fairly glared at me. Had Neil also loved her? Did he care for her now as a woman, or only as a means to an end? That, I must know at all hazards, and—at once.

Jealousy of her was the predominant feeling now. I cared nothing about the business, her connections with it. It was Blanche Orton, the fascinating widow, with whom I was occupied.

NEIL TELLS BAB IT IS HER FAULT THAT HE VISITS BLANCHE

CHAPTER LV

I sat quietly thinking for some time. Was it possible that Neil had meant that he would take his men friends—the ones I had objected to—to Blanche Orton to be entertained? I had not taken his speech at all seriously—then. Now it seemed pretentious, as if he had already decided in his mind what he would do, when he made it.

The maid had said they were all drinking. Neil had not taken as much at home as he had before her and mother came. I had been so pleased that it was so. But I would far rather have him drink at home than at some other woman's house—especially Blanche Orton's.

"Of course I was silly to even connect Neil with such a dinner as that which the maid had described. Even at the worst, the man he had brought home had been common and unclean—never noisy or drunken. I would tell Neil about it, however. He would see that even the servants talked in men brought guests of that type to their homes. It simply strengthened my position. I thought with satisfaction."

BAB'S INDIGNATION IS DIRECTED AGAINST BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER LVI

I was terribly indignant with Neil. Nothing, I told him, could exceed the baseness of his proceedings. That he should make Blanche Orton a widow, the repository of his business affairs, was scandalous. There were clubs, restaurants and hotels where he could take such men as would not receive in our home. I wasn't necessary to take them—accidentally himself—to her.

He listened for a while in silence. He had exhausted himself before I had a chance to say all that was in my mind. Then he broke out:

"You refused to help me. You even thought you are angry because of Blanche's kindness to me, have not offered to do what she is doing—help me. You are too high and mighty to make yourself agreeable to men who mean success to me, money for you. Yet you object to my having a friend who cares enough for me to make myself attractive to my business acquaintances that she helps me all ready more than you ever have in all the years we have been married."

I recalled what she had said about getting rested so she could properly entertain and interest some one who bored her.

She did this for Neil.

The full significance of this action on her part rushed over me. She was in love with Neil and had taken this way to make him care for her. She had been in love with him before Orton died. I thought bitterly, as I recalled many little things which were unnoticed at the time because I had thought of her as married, and so not free. Now they fairly glared at me. Had Neil also loved her? Did he care for her now as a woman, or only as a means to an end? That, I must know at all hazards, and—at once.

Jealousy of her was the predominant feeling now. I cared nothing about the business, her connections with it. It was Blanche Orton, the fascinating widow, with whom I was occupied.

NEIL TELLS BAB IT IS HER FAULT THAT HE VISITS BLANCHE

CHAPTER LV

I sat quietly thinking for some time. Was it possible that Neil had meant that he would take his men friends—the ones I had objected to—to Blanche Orton to be entertained? I had not taken his speech at all seriously—then. Now it seemed pretentious, as if he had already decided in his mind what he would do, when he made it.

The maid had said they were all drinking. Neil had not taken as much at home as he had before her and mother came. I had been so pleased that it was so. But I would far rather have him drink at home than at some other woman's house—especially Blanche Orton's.

"Of course I was silly to even connect Neil with such a dinner as that which the maid had described. Even at the worst, the man he had brought home had been common and unclean—never noisy or drunken. I would tell Neil about it, however. He would see that even the servants talked in men brought guests of that type to their homes. It simply strengthened my position. I thought with satisfaction."

BAB'S INDIGNATION IS DIRECTED AGAINST BLANCHE ORTON

CHAPTER LVI

I was terribly indignant with Neil. Nothing, I told him, could exceed the baseness of his proceedings. That he should make Blanche Orton a widow, the repository of his business affairs, was scandalous. There were clubs, restaurants and hotels where he could take such men as would not receive in our home. I wasn't necessary to take them—accidentally himself—to her.

He listened for a while in silence. He had exhausted himself before I had a chance to say all that was in my mind. Then he broke out:

"You refused to help me. You even thought you are angry because of Blanche's kindness to me, have not offered to do what she is doing—help me. You are too high and mighty to make yourself agreeable to men who mean success to me, money for you. Yet you object to my having a friend who cares enough for me to make myself attractive to my business acquaintances that she helps me all ready more than you ever have in all the years we have been married."

I recalled what she had said about getting rested so she could properly entertain and interest some one who bored her.

She did this for Neil.

The full significance of this action on her part rushed over me. She was in love with Neil and had taken this way to make him care for her. She had been in love with him before Orton died. I thought bitterly, as I recalled many little things which were unnoticed at the time because I had thought of her as married, and so not free. Now they fairly glared at me. Had Neil also loved her? Did he care for her now as a woman, or only as a means to an end? That, I must know at all hazards, and—at once.

Jealousy of her was the predominant feeling now. I cared nothing about the business, her connections with it. It was Blanche Orton, the fascinating widow, with whom I was occupied.

BRINGING UP FATHER

