

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

"HAD CONSTIPATION SINCE BIRTH OF MY FIRST CHILD"

Then Mrs. King Discovered ALL-BRAN

We quote from her voluntary letter:

"I have suffered from terrible constipation since the birth of my first child—9 years ago! I have tried everything and nothing had any lasting results. Very reluctantly I tried your 'ALL-BRAN' with no faith in it at all. Much to my surprise, I have not had to take any medicine since starting to use ALL-BRAN, 4 months ago. Mrs. Doris Eyre King (address furnished upon request).

Laboratory tests show ALL-BRAN contains two things which overcome constipation: "Bulk" to exercise the intestines, vitamin B to help tone the intestinal tract.

The "bulk" in ALL-BRAN is much like that of leafy vegetables. Inside the body, it forms a soft mass, which gently clears the intestines of wastes.

Certainly this is more natural than taking pills and drugs—often harmful. Two table-spoonfuls daily are usually sufficient. If not relieved this way, see your doctor.

ALL-BRAN also supplies iron for the blood. At all grocers. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

A Morning Smile

Aha!

"Do you know what the unemployed in New York are doing?" shouted the speaker as he pounded the table.

"Yes," a voice from the rear. "What?" asked the speaker, taken back.

"Nothing."

Before And After

"There are two periods in his life, my dear, when a man doesn't understand women!"

"Indeed! And when are they?"

"Before and after marriage."

An Umbrella Borrower

Write (as visitor departs)—"Just see him past the umbrella stand."

Telephone service will be established in the near future between Bogota and the Atlantic coast cities of Colombia, which will provide wireless telephone communication with European countries.

An oil refinery has been established in the Pribiloff Islands to render the fat obtained from seals killed for their skins, gasoline that can be used as motor fuel and valuable by-products being obtained.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT 23rd GEORGE V. A. D. 1933

In Re Estate of James Walsh late of Mount Stewart in Queen's County in the said Province, Physician, deceased.

By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate, etc., etc.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queen's County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING

WHEREAS upon reading the Petition on file of Daniel P. Croken of Port Augusta in Queen's County aforesaid, and H. Francis McPherson of Charlottetown in Queen's County aforesaid, Executors of the will of the above named estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth; You are therefore hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at the Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the said Province, on the 21st day of the month of March next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day of March.

At seven o'clock that evening the rehearsal was still in full swing. Harassed and nervous actors and actresses went wearily through their lines in a glare of shifting lights.

Atkinson barked like a frenzied watchdog as the actors stumbled through lines they had known perfectly the day before. Anthony, seated back in the shadowy stalls, held his head.

"Mr. Atkinson, can't I have a softer light in that scene where I break down and cry? Honestly, a person can't expect to feel like weeping under a perfect avalanche of electricity!" This from the ingenue.

"Jones!" called Atkinson to the light man in the flies. "Cut down that spot to half, will you?"

"Mr. Atkinson, am I expected to knock three times or twice, in this scene? Mr. Carson changed it last rehearsal. I don't know where I am now." This from the elderly actor.

"What about it, Carson?" Atkinson turned to the shadows behind him where Anthony sat despairing of ever seeing the play into shape.

"Oh, I don't know. What's it matter?" he responded. "Twice, if you like."

In the midst of this Dolores slipped quietly into the seat beside the director.

"I'm so sorry, but like a fool I made an engagement to dine to-night with the Countess of Burford. I can't get out of it, I'm afraid. Can you let me go for a couple of hours?" she murmured. "My understudy can read my lines while I am gone."

"Oh, Lord!" grumbled Atkinson. "I suppose you'll have to go. Just wait and do that bit at the end of this act, will you? And get back by ten if you possibly can. This looks like going on till two o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Yes, I can excuse myself after dinner," said Dolores. "The dear Countess always understands that professional engagements come first. But I really couldn't leave her with a gap in her dinner table."

Dolores slipped back into the wings as quietly as she had come.

"I've got to go to a dinner party at the Countess of Burford's," she complained to the envious ingenue. "It's a frightful bore, but one has to do these things occasionally. Franciose is down in the dressing room with my clothes and jewels. I'm dashing down to rush into them in a minute."

The little ingenue, who had never dined with a countess, nodded wide-eyed and spread the news.

Dolores beckoned to Rosemary, where she stood idly waiting for her next cue.

"I say, are you busy for a moment?" she asked sweetly, so sweetly that Rosemary looked at her in surprise. "Do you mind just running down to my dressing room and telling my maid to come up here? I must give her directions about getting my things ready."

Rosemary nodded, and went off. Several of the company saw her go, and had heard Dolores speak of her jewels.

Dolores went on for the short moment on the stage for which she had waited, and, as she came off again, looked about for her maid.

"Didn't that youngster call Franciose?" she inquired irritably. "Never mind, I'll go down myself. If Franciose comes up, send her back down again."

Rosemary arrived back on the stage shortly after Franciose had been intercepted and sent back by the interested actors. They gumbled, at being obliged to rehearse with Dolores's understudy, but most of them felt a reflected glory in the fact that one of their number was dining with a countess.

Rosemary went on to rehearse her next scene.

In the middle of it Dolores appeared in a grass green satin dressing gown and with dishevelled hair. She crossed the stage, ignoring the other actors and confronted the astonished Rosemary.

"Look here, boy, did you go into my dressing room when you went to call my maid?" she demanded.

"No, why?" returned Rosemary.

The rehearsal had, of course, stopped dead. The actors stood about and looked at the ragged youngster and realised anew that they knew nothing about his antecedents.

"Because my emerald necklace has been stolen," said Dolores, dramatically.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Atkinson, as he pulled himself wearily out of his seat in the stalls. "What did she want to bring emerald necklaces to a rehearsal for, anyway! It only waited that."

He approached the footlights where stagehands and actors stood gaping.

"Whatever made you leave it down in your dressing room unguarded, Dolores?" he inquired. "This place is full of people."

"The necklace was very well guarded by my maid," returned Dolores with dignity, "except for the one moment that this boy, having called my maid, lingered down there."

"Well, what did she want to go away and leave it in an unguarded dressing room?" said Atkinson.

"Probably because she thought, as I have always believed before, that the people of the stage are ladies and gentlemen," said Dolores, drawing herself up. "I have never before been associated in the profession with a thief!"

Rosemary had been struck dumb by the suddenness of the attack. At this direct accusation she lifted her head to reply, when a voice from the back of the stalls interrupted her.

"One moment," said Anthony Carson, striding down the aisle and leaning over the footlights at the side of the stage. "It is extremely dangerous to make allegations of that kind unless one is able to prove them."

He took his place by Rosemary, and put his arm about her shoulder.

"Prove them!" cried Dolores harshly. "What proof does one need! You pick up a little pickpocket from the streets and introduce him among us. Naturally one thing is sure to be found missing."

"Enough of that!" said Anthony sternly. "You will apologize to young Gail shortly. Your jewels are in your dressing room still, of course. Your maid has mislaid them. Where is she?"

Franciose was discovered in tears at the back of the stage.

"Have you complete confidence in her?" asked Anthony of Dolores.

"Of course I have," returned the woman. "Franciose has been with me ten years."

As a matter of fact Franciose had been with Dolores Monclair for twenty-five years, but Dolores did not like the inference a statement of that nature carried to her age.

Franciose lifted brimming eyes to her mistress at the statement, but no prevarication surprised her; she knew her mistress too well.

"Tell us exactly what happened," demanded Anthony, who had taken complete control of the situation.

(To Be Continued.)

ISAAC CALEB SMITH

TANTALON, N. S., March 10—Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Tantalon, have the sympathy of their friends for the sad news they received of the death of their son Isaac Caleb, who passed away on March 6 at Somerville, Mass., where he has resided a few years in early manhood. The deceased was 48 years of age and is survived by his wife and seven children, father and mother, two sisters, (Gladys) Mrs. James Boutiller, Tantalon, (Helen) Mrs. Willard Carr, Halifax, and four brothers, Horace and Weldon of Charlottetown, P. E. I. Norman of Port Arthur and Ernest of Halifax. Much sympathy is felt for the family as the news comes as a sudden shock.

Very Annoying Rash on Face and Back. Healed by Cuticura.

"A rash broke out on my face and back and itched and burned something fierce. My clothing aggravated the breaking out on my back and prevented me from sleeping."

"I purchased some Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after bathing the affected parts with warm water and Cuticura Soap I applied the Ointment. I got relief so continued the treatment night and morning for two weeks, when I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Lena Andras, Horsaam, Sask.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 5c. Sold everywhere. Sample each free. Address Canadian Depot: Lyman A. Gieseler, Limited, 226 St. Paul Street, W. Montreal.

Cuticura

Made in Canada

OUR SPECIALTY

WATCHES, RINGS EYE GLASSES

Established 1873

E. W. TAYLOR

142 Richmond Street

For The Cook

Spice Cooking

Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon or cloves or nutmeg, or mixed spices, to foundation cookie recipe, decreasing the amount of flavoring if vanilla is used or omitting extract. You may include 1 cup chopped nuts or currants, raisins or a mixture that includes finely shaved and cut candied peel.

Chocolate Cookies

Add two squares chocolate, melted over hot water, or 2-3 cup cocoa (with less flour) to the foundation cookie mixture.

Caraway Cookies

Add one tablespoon caraway seed to the foundation cookie mixture.

Ginger Cookies

Use only one cup sugar and add one cup molasses to foundation cookies recipe; sift 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 1/2 teaspoons ginger and 1/2 teaspoon soda with the flour (if you are using the recipe with the sour milk and soda in it, 1/2 teaspoon soda is still to be added).

Peanut Cookies

Use peanut butter instead of ordinary shortening, creaming it and the sugar together in the usual manner. If you are using one of the recipes calling for milk, you will not need quite so much liquid, as the peanut butter is itself a trifle more liquid than butter or other shortening. You may press half peanuts into the top of the cookies or sprinkle them with chopped nuts.

THE HAPPINESS OF MOTHERHOOD

It Depends Upon Health—Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



"Before my first baby was born I was very ill and dizzy. My husband went to the drug store and bought a bottle of your 'Vegetable Compound' and made me take it according to directions. It certainly built me up. The baby weighed eight pounds and we were both healthy. I have three children now and I am as young looking as the day I was married. It has helped my 17-year old sister, too."—Mrs. J. P. MEEHAN, 405 Eleanor St., Montreal, Quebec.

Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Is a Woman Happier When She Sacrifices Her Own Career to Her Husband's?—Cruel Effect of Depression on Engaged Couples

Dear Miss Dix—In an article in a magazine about three months ago Greta Garbo writes: "Personally, I should hate to have my husband lose his identity to such an extent as to be known as Mr. Greta Garbo. Rather than that, I should want to retire from the screen altogether and forget that I had ever been Greta Garbo."

What do you think of the sentiments expressed in this paragraph?

A MOVIE FAN.

Answer: I think Miss Garbo expressed the feeling of the great majority of even famous women. I think that almost all women would rather be married to a successful man than to be successful themselves.

Of course, there are exceptions to this rule. There are self-centered women, hungry for applause, greedy for the spotlight, who want all the laurel leaves for themselves and who would not be willing even to share them with a husband, still less to shine in his reflected glory, but the great majority of women would rather that their husbands were famous than to be famous themselves.

This is because not only does every woman desire to look up to her husband, but she wants every one else to do so, too, and so it puts her as well as him in an awkward position when she is the one who holds the center of the stage.

Nor does this reversing of the ordinary roles of the sexes make for marital happiness. Perhaps it is because we are so bound by the traditions of the past that makes it such a bitter thing for a husband to play second fiddle to his wife and sink his identity in hers, but the fact remains that few men love their wives well enough to forgive their wives succeeding better than they do, and that the deadliest insult you can offer a man is to call him Mrs. Mary Smith, no matter how eminent Mary may be.

A man may enjoy the social prestige his wife's achievements give him. He may live luxuriously on the money she earns. But in his heart he resents her being the one who is in the public eye and gets the public acclaim, and he gets fighting mad when any one intimates that he is just the husband of his wife.

I have known many women who sacrificed themselves to their husbands' careers and who spent their lives building up their husbands' renown, and who were content just to be a foil to their husbands' greatness, but I have only known two famous women whose husbands gave up their own careers in order to promote the success of their wives.

What the highly gifted woman is to do under the circumstances is not clear. She may marry a man who is a successful business or professional man and who is eminent in his own line, but whose calling is not of interest to the general public, while hers are. So she gets the headlines and the front page, while he remains obscure and is only known to people at large as the husband of the famous motion-picture star or actress or writer.

Nor does she seem to fare better if she marries a man who is also much publicized because there springs up a rivalry between them as to which one gets the most publicity. Few marriages among the Hollywood stars have survived this grueling test, and it is on record in the divorce case between two famous actors that the husband beat his wife's lovely head against the wall of their dressing room if she got more curtain calls than he did. And wasn't it Ann Harding who recently divorced her husband because she felt that her fame so overshadowed his that he could handiapped by being her husband?

Doubtless, we shall have to wait for the millennium, when there will be no jealousy and no spotlights, before this problem is solved. Certainly men will have to be born again and completely made over before they

are willing to be the tail to their wives' kites and fall to resent being called Mr. Mary Smith.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Mrs. Timothy Eaton

Celebrated 91st Birthday



Mrs. Margaret W. Eaton, widow of Timothy Eaton, founder of the nation-wide business which bears his name, celebrated, March 9, her ninety-first birthday. Those familiar with the sixty-four years' history of the Eaton business, entertain for this revered lady the most

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.

Dear Miss Dix—I am 27 years of age and my fiancé is 30. We love each other desperately, but he has been out of work for two years and the future looks so unpromising. He is a fine engineer, but there is just no work in his line. We cannot go places together because of the money problem unless I foot the bill, and he doesn't like that. He is getting shabby and seedy and losing heart, and what are we to do? H. H.

Answer: Hundreds of letters like this come to my desk and I could weep my eyes out over every one of them. For it is so cruel a thing that love's young dream should be blighted by the sordid lack of money. One of the saddest phases of the depression has been that it has kept so many couples from marrying, that it has brought to naught the fond hopes of so many lovers who had been striving and saving and looking forward to an early wedding day, and who have had all of their happy plans smashed into nothingness by the man losing his job and falling to find another. In the wreck of this panic have gone down the hopechests of a million girls, and blocks and blocks of the little white cottages with green blinds and flowers and vines that engaged couples build in their imaginations.

I wish that I could say something that would be of comfort to these heartsick young people who are starving for the happiness they crave as they could be starving for bread, but there is small comfort in words for these—no yearn for the reality. I can only urge them to hold on to

lively respect and admiration, because they know that from the early days up to quite recent years, her influence played a tremendous part in his destinies. Mrs. Eaton is in good health and spirits, and was the recipient of many congratulations and good wishes.