

TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life

Hamilton, Ontario.—"I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I cannot speak too highly of it as I was at the Change of Life and was all run-down and had no appetite. I was very weak and sick, and the pains in my back were so bad I could hardly move. I got very sad at times and thought I had not a friend on earth. I did not care if I lived or died. I was very nervous, too, and did not go out very much. A friend advised me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I did. I am a farmer's wife, and always worked hard until lately, and was in bed for two months. I began to feel like a new woman after the first bottle and I recommend it with great success, also Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills. I am willing to answer letters from women asking about your medicines, as I cannot speak too highly of them."—Mrs. EMMA WILSON, 471 Wilson Street, Hamilton, Ontario.

Sold by druggists everywhere.

SMILES



HEAVY CORRESPONDENCE
"You have a heavy correspondence with the college boys, haven't you?"
"Yes, nearly all of their letters come a postage due."



SQUEALED, OF COURSE
"Captain: Well, what did that road hog do when you pinched him?"
"Cop: Squealed, of course."



STERN MAN TO THE FRONT
"You say he's a stern man?"
"Yes, a stern man."
"Nevertheless he has forged to the front."



EXPERIENCED AND INTELLIGENT
"He's an experienced and intelligent fighter?"
"Quite so—always picks out a taller man."



UNBALANCED
"What do you think of that enormous woman saying she weighs only a hundred and fifty pounds?"

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

CHAPTER XXXIII

As soon as Mrs. Wells had taken one good, long look at Billy, she marched her daughter into the bedroom and began to undress her as if she were a child.

"Now, not a word out of you!" Mrs. Wells spoke with maternal authority. "Of course you're sick! I never saw you look so pale and unstrung in all my born days! Too much high society and too much violin practice! Here—slip right into this nightgown. Now, hop right into bed. Mother's going to fix you some hot milk toast and give you a bromide to make you sleep. Poor little baby!" She held the girl tight in her arms for a minute, then turned abruptly away to hide her tears.

When Mrs. Wells returned in ten minutes with a tray, she found Billy lying with closed eyes, tears rolling down her pale cheeks.

"Now, looka here, honey, none of that!" Mrs. Wells scolded gently. "Mother's fixed you some nice brown toast and a bowl of piping hot milk. What you need is food, young lady! I bet you've lost ten pounds! Sit up, now! You're going to eat every speck of this, or I'll spank you!"

"I can't eat!" Billy moaned.

thought drowsily, what had she been crying about so bitterly, so hopelessly? She had lived in a fever for a month, longing for Dal Romaine to tell her that he loved her. And hadn't he done just that? He had kissed her as if she were too precious and fragile to be touched, as if—as if he worshiped her. Dal—Dal—But he was a murderer. He had confessed his crime to her—but how ridiculous it all was!

"But he loves me now," she told herself drowsily. "He said I was his strength and his salvation—Winnie would scratch my eyes out if she knew, but she mustn't know. He's honorable. He didn't ask me to break my word to F. Q. I'd warned him that I had a conscience, that I wouldn't break my agreement to stay the full year." She was about to drift off into sleep when she was shocked to sudden wakefulness by a sentence winging its way from her subconscious mind—"He didn't ask you to marry him!" Her body flushed hotly all over, broke into a fine dew of perspiration. Then she fought the thing down—how silly she was to expect him, as heroes do in novels, to say, before daring to kiss her, "Miss Wells, I want you to be my wife!" In real life it didn't happen that way. He'd talked of their future—what had he said? She must get used to East Indian cooking—India was calling them both—Of course he meant to take her there as his wife.

"Wake up, honey, you've had a wonderful nap!" Her mother's voice cut short a delicious dream of

fifty dollars a month. "I've gone shabby all this month—oh, mother! I'm sorry, I'm ashamed. Here's your money!" She snatched up her handbag and began to fumble with the diminished roll of bills. "Here's a hundred and fifty—" She held out the bills with a quick, apologetic gesture.

"Put that money right back in your handbag!" Mrs. Wells cried indignantly. "The idea! I don't need it. I've still got fifty from the hundred and fifty you gave me last month, and Clay pays his board up regular as the clock. What he pays buys victuals for both of us, and I can pay house rent and the odd bills out of the fifty—"

"Mother, you make me so ashamed!" Billy burst into fresh tears. "Here! You're going to take fifty at least, or I'll take back those new things—the shoes I haven't worn yet—and choke that red-headed Madame Dubois if she won't give me my money back. Honestly, mother, I won't need this fifty at all, and I'll make it up to you next month."

Mrs. Wells took the fifty without more argument. "But if you need it, you come and ask for it. Now, dab some powder on your face and come on in to supper. Clay's already here, and Leila Sampson's having supper with us, too. She'll be tickled to death to see you. Leila's been a real comfort to me lately. And I'm glad to have her here as often as she can come, for Clay's sake. The poor boy's pretty near a wreck, with that machinery hammering at his nerves all day long. It's good for him to have somebody young to talk to and go to concerts and the movies with."

Billy whirled from the mirror and stared at her mother in blank astonishment. "What in the world are you talking about, mother? Surely you don't mean Leila Sampson is going about with Clay to concerts and movies? Leila?"

"I'd like to know why not?" Her mother bristled. "Leila's a real sweet, nice girl, and she's been a mighty good friend of yours—sticking up for you at the store all this month, when the other girls were cutting you—"

"I'm sure I thank her," Billy said sharply, turning back to continue powdering her face, with little vicious dabs of the puff.

Mrs. Wells' lips quirked in a smile curiously like Billy's old impudent grin. "Well, you ought to thank her, honey. And she's been awfully good to Clay—copying his music for him, though she doesn't know one note from another. Are you ready, baby?"

They found Clay and Leila in the living room, sitting side by side on the humpy old sofa, their heads bent over a book at which they were laughing with genuine, light-hearted enjoyment.

"Excuse me if I seem to intrude," Billy called out in a falsely blithe voice. "Hello, Leila! Hello, Clay! Why, Leila, how you've changed! You're getting positively pretty!" In her astonishment she did not realize how tactless her words were.

The girl that sprang up to kiss her was hardly recognizable as the Leila Sampson she had worked with little more than a month ago. Leila had discarded her owlish, horn-rimmed spectacles, and her hazel eyes revealed an unsuspected beauty. They were clear and wide and bright now.

"Oh, I've been reducing," Leila laughed without resentment or embarrassment. "I've lost twelve pounds. It's helped my complexion a lot, if I do say it, as I should."

"But what have you done to your hair?" Billy rumbled the short, curled locks with an affectionate hand.

"Permanent wave and a henna rinse," Leila laughed. "Just enough henna to take that mousy drabness off it. Like it?"

"Of course she likes it," Clay answered for Billy, giving her a direct, challenging glance out of his clear, soft black eyes. "You're a jarn pretty girl, Leila."

There was something so possessive and friendly and affectionate in his voice and eyes as he paid Leila the compliment that Billy felt suddenly faint and more than a little forlorn. It was not until they were seated at the supper table with Mrs. Wells chatting volubly as she poured coffee from the chipped enamel pot, that Billy remembered that she was in love with Dalhart Romaine.



"Of course she likes it," Clay answered for Billy.

turning her head sharply away in disgust as the odor of the hot milk reached her nostrils. "Please, mother, just let me have my cry out and then I'll try to sleep if you'll give me that bromide."

Mrs. Wells capitulated suddenly. "Well, I reckon it wouldn't do you much good to eat if you've got your heart set on crying and making a baby of yourself. If you'll just drink this hot milk, I'll give you the bromide."

Billy sat up then and sipped the steaming milk. A taint color came back to her cheeks, and she smiled a wan little smile.

"Now, I'm not going to pester you with questions. I want you to sleep. And after you wake up, you can tell mother all about it—if you want to." Mrs. Wells said as she stopped to kiss her on the forehead.

Left alone, Billy's overwrought nerves began to yield to the influence of the bromide. After all, she herself and Dal Romaine in a glorified land that was a queer mixture of Kipling's India and heaven.

Her mother helped her dress, her hands lingering fondly on the rich, bronze crepe of the frock Billy had bought that morning at Madame Dubois.

"It's a mighty pretty dress, honey," Mrs. Wells told her cheerfully. "I guess it must have cost at least fifty dollars."

Full realization of her extravagance rushed in upon Billy then. How in the world was she going to tell her mother that she had spent three hundred and ten dollars in one morning for new clothes? What was she going to do for money the rest of the month? Thirty dollars a week for Professor Navratil—

"You looked scared to death, Billy." Her mother put her arms about her. "What's the matter, baby? Tell mother. You're all rested now, and it will help you to get it off your mind."

"I've been a fool, mother," Billy sank down upon the bed and stared at her mother with frightened, lithe-girl eyes. "I spent three hundred and ten dollars this morning for clothes. And—and I'm not going to have enough money to pay for my music lessons—oh, mother! I didn't realize what I was doing! Scold me, mother. Say ugly things to me! You ought to whip me!" She began to cry.

"Now, don't spoil that new dress," her mother commanded sharply. "Of course you'll pay for your music lessons. I must say you was foolish to spend so much on clothes right at the first of the month—"

"I know!" Billy nodded miserably. "But Nyda and Winnie spend every bit of their money on clothes—except what little their courses cost. Their tuition is only about

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NOTICE

Shareholders of The Spring Park Black Fox Co. on surrender of their certificate of stock held by them in the above Company will receive a winding up dividend of four per cent. Owing to our losing through fire our Stock Book, any one knowing the names and addresses of shareholders outside the province, please advise the undersigned.

R. E. SPILLETT,
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THE GARDEN OF FLAVORS

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Parsley, both for garnishing and flavoring, is indispensable. It enters into all manner of dishes. A small row of parsley, one of the moss curled varieties, will give sufficient supply, and a plant or two



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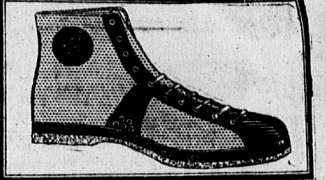


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The Garden Of Flavors

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—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE