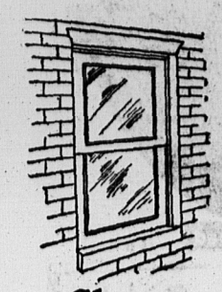
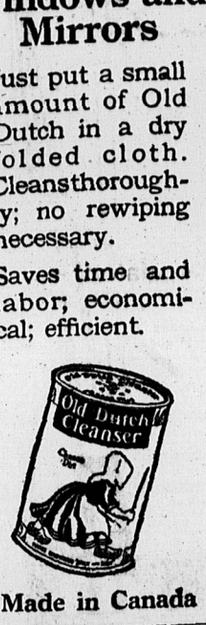
Use Old Dutch Cleanser



Cleans Windows and Mirrors

Just put a small amount of Old Dutch in a dry folded cloth. Cleansthoroughly; no rewiping necessary.

Saves time and labor; economical; efficient.



Made in Canada

A HUSBAND TO MARCIA

By CAROLYN BEECHER

Chapter XLVIII

Often Marcia would say to her husband:

"You don't seem to realize, John how very economical I am; or how many things I give up because you do not care for them. I wouldn't complain if you were doing the best you could to get what you are worth, which would mean more time to spend with me as well as more money, but you don't even try. I scarcely ever ask for anything that you don't refuse me at first"

"If you get it in the end what difference does it make?"

"Oh, I hate that dog-in-the manger attitude of yours! You seem to enjoy making me unhappy. It's all nonsense that you can't afford them. I think you must be an awfully easy sort in business. Then if you could concentrate a few hours a day, I heard a man say that, you wouldn't have to be staying at that old desk so late, and you could be more of a husband to me. I might as well not be married half the time. Other women husbands are so devoted."

"I haven't much time now for society, Marcia. This is a real work-a-day world if we demand luxuries, that is it is for me. Men with inherited fortunes can do as they please, give time to social amenities, play around with their wives and still deny them nothing. If I spend my time like that we will have to live much more simply. I have told you so many times without number. Why will you constantly harp on it!"

Then: "If I didn't love you I wouldn't tell you these things. I wouldn't care to have you make the most of yourself".

"Because I know I am right."

John wondered if this were true.

Marcia accused him of being unresponsive, even at times she called him rude. Often said unless he were talking of his beloved china he seemed absent minded. She couldn't understand why John and one or two of his friends went into ecstacies over such common things; china plates, cups and saucers they found in cheap pawnshops in unfashionable localities; why they valued them so highly. She only liked new things, shiny and costly. At times when she talked like this, John felt that she cared for him only as a meal ticket. Then she would say or do something to show that she loved him, as much as she was capable of loving.

It seemed as if the one thing he enjoyed, his china, she would take from him if she could. He was sure she begrudged the money "tied up" in it which she often declared she could put to so much better use.

But no matter what she said Marcia expected tenderness, kisses from him. She considered herself ill-used when he failed to give what she demanded as her right.

Often he marvelled at the inexplicable muddle of life which had bound them together. He was invariably more sorry for her than angry at her. And she played upon what may have been this weakness in him. With every bit as much energy as he slaved for her, did she spend all he could make. He had tried bravely to 'instil some idea of values in her, but in vain. Gradually had come the conviction that it was "no use."

Now John had lost hope of ever being able to satisfy her completely. He must do what he could, and let it go at that.

There was one thing that for a time had hardened his heart, which made life seem empty to him. Marcia's refusal to have children, because they could not afford it; and because they would take up her time and attention. He had wanted children, intensely. It had hurt him more than she would ever know, that refusal of hers.

She would have been astonished had she known how he had come to love the little orphan Kenneth, whom he never mentioned to her. It had made one of his dreams come true in a way. The little chap now called him "dad" and depended upon him in such a way that the fatherhood that is supposed to be in every man, just as motherhood is supposed to be in every woman, was awakened in him and partially satisfied.

When mothers milk fails.

He had made plans to legally adopt the boy. His name should be Kenneth Aldrich, and, some day he would tell Marcia. Now only Muriel and the foster mother knew of his intention. But he put off the telling as long as he was able. His secret was his own. Marcia in no way suffered; even the expense the boy was to him was met by sacrifices of his own.

He smoked cheaper cigars. He let all but one of his clubs go by the board. The one in which he elected to keep up his membership was the one he would like Kenneth to belong to when he grew up.

In all his plans for the boy, Muriel was his confidant and adviser. It was she who helped him to select Kenneth's clothes, who advised with his foster mother about all the little intimate boyish needs. She naturally saw him more frequently and for longer periods than it was possible for John to do, because of his being in the same house. John had to go out of his way, take time from his work to see him.

John still felt a bit guilty about keeping knowledge of the boy from Marcia, and still eased his conscience by indulging her more than was wise as repayment. It was this feeling that caused him to say he would consider it when Marcia asked him to let her go to Europe.

Chapter XLIX

"You see, John, I never have been abroad, and all the women in out set think it so strange. I feel such a fool when they talk of London and Paris, the Riviera, and they all think it queer you don't let me go, even if you can't come too, on account of your work. You see you have been over once, even if it was when you were young, and when people talk about Europe, the Continent, you can join in the conversation, while I sit saying nothing."

"You aren't the only woman who has not been abroad, Marcia."

"I am the only one in our set. Even Nell and Bob French went to Naples on their wedding trip. I don't see why I did not insist that we do something like that when we were married. It gives on such a tone to say they have taken a Mediterranean trip.

It was after this conversation, reinforced by constand allusions, and a final demand for an answer that John said he must consider the idea.

"I must know in a week", Marcia said, then as soon as John had left, she called Claire Sanders up and told her she was going.

"I am delighted," Claire answered. "We will have a glorious time. Don't do any shopping except for what you need for the steamer. It is such sport to shop in Paris."

All the way to his office John Aldrich figured in his address book. Could he manage it? Then came an inspiration. He would sublet the apartment for three months. Furnished apartments brought big prices. He would board with Mrs Turner, little Kenneth's foster mother. His face flushed as the thought of Muriel Doran came to him. He would be near her.

But he would not dwell upon that phase of the subject. It was of Marcia he must think. Mrs. Turner would board him cheaply, for even less perhaps than it would cost him at the club. He would be able to save in other ways, too. Their entertaining, theatres, etc., amounted to a good deal every month Then there was the chauffeur. He could be discharged. He had no idea that Marcia would let him sell the car, although he determined to propose it.

By the time he reached his office he had decided that by doing all these things he could let her go. She would go more cheaply of course, because she would be with Claire Sanders. Two can always save in travelling together, he thought as he put his book away.

That night he talked matters over with Marcia. She was so excited about going that she paid little attention to the details.

"Of course we will rent the apartment. I'll put the breakable things away, my best linen, etc., and if we get good tenants they won't hurt the other things."

"Put them in my den. I shall keep the key to that", John told her. The thought of his precious china being in profane hands was unbearable.

As John had expected, Marcia refused to sell the car and objected strenuously to discharging the chauffeur.

"I'll never find another man like Howard, and I know it," she declared after a discussion that threatened to end in a quarrel. She had wanted to put him on half pay.

"Then you will have to be satisfied with one not so expert, or drive the car yourself. You may have to unless you are very economical on the trip. Remember, Marcia, I cannot afford to give you money for shopping. I understand most women lose their heads in Paris. You are going sight-seeing this time."

"Yes, I know and I'll be good. I'll not buy anything I do not need."

"Very well, if we get a tenant you may go."

An hour after this breakfast table conversation, Marcia was on her way to make a round of the real estate offices. At the second one she found a tenant at a good rental.

"They are very desirable as tenants, Mrs. Aldrich," the agent told her. They have no children."

"Oh, I wouldn't let a child in my house for the world!" Marcia declared.

"They have a pet dog, a Pomeranian,' the agent informed her. "I always find out about these things so there can be no trouble afterward."

"Oh, I don't mind a Pom in the least. I have one of my own. A friend is going to care for her until I return."

"I will have the lease ready for you to sign when I bring these people to see the apartment tonight."

Everything proved satisfactory. The leases were signed and Marcia felt as if she already were on her way. While John experienced a throb of relief as he thought that for a few weeks he could live his own life, sans society sans entertainment and sans Marcia. Although he would have been shocked to give the last expression.

Chapter L

"I hate to leave you, John," Marcia said as he bade her bon voyage.

"Oh, I shall get on first rate." he replied with a fine show of unconcern. He had noticed a mist in Marcia's eyes and it made him just a bit more brusque than he really intended. She had turned every stone to have her way, to take this trip abroad. Now at the eleventh hour, just as the ship was about to cast off, she remembered him.

"You are so good, John," she cooed. "I shall miss you terribly."

The ship had sailed. Marcia was gone. At first John Aldrich was conscious of a certain blankness. Something had gone out of his life to which he had been accustomed.

He quickly established himself at Mrs. Turner's. He had a bright room of good size, but he intended to spend most of his time at the office and put into effect plans he had long held in abeyance. When he was in the apartment he would be with little Kenneth.

That was a wonderful three months for John Aldrich. He worked hard, to be sure, but when through he either went quietly to bed or spent the evening with Muriel Doran. Sunday he gave entirely to Kenneth.

John had cut himself off from their associates just as truly as had Marcia. She had crossed the ocean. He had moved into a different atmosphere and lost himself for the time being.

Marcia had grumbled a bit because she could not have a larger, more generous letter of credit. But John had at last made her understand he was doing all he could. He said he would send her more money if necessary.

"I hate to be scrimped," she pouted "It looks as if I had married a man who could not pay my way."

Such remarks always rubbed John the wrong way, always made him feel she belittled him.

"I shall not scrimp you, Marcia. But neither can I allow you to be unduly extravagant. And you really must be careful or you will be embarrassed. It will be your own fault if you are."

Her child like pout increased when she thought of the things Claire had told her; the wonderful lingerie, the gowns and wraps that she intended to buy in Paris, and which Marcia was sure she was also expected to purchase so that she might look well when with her wealthier friend.

"Oh, John! You sound as if you didn't intend to let me have a good time. Still," with an effort she spoke cheerfully, "if you realy feel that you can't give me enough to get a few things—"

"I said nothing about a few things. I said you must be careful." Then: "I suppose I'll manage to raise enough for you to get by on. I usually do."

"I'm sorry, John, to be such a burden. I am sure I never thought you would look upon me as one when I married you." Her lip trembled. This was another expression she used frequently, "a burden" and is also exasperated John.

But now she was gone and he had lived his own quiet, unhampered life. No social engagements when he was too tired to think, no dinner giving where he had to play the host even when his nerves were at the breaking point.

Yet he managed to get some recreation in spite of his hard work. But it was only such recreation as he wanted to take, not the sort that was planned for him. He and Muriel Doran occasionally went into the country on Saturday afternoon, or Muriel made a third with him and little Kenneth on their Sunday outings. Muriel was such a gay, such a bright companion; pleased with every little thing he did for her pleasure that it was no wonder John enjoyed her. No two women could possibly have been as unlike as Marcia and Muriel Doran.

John wrote Marcia regularly, and she as regularly replied. But the second month of her stay she cabled:

"Send further remittance at once. Am broke." It was so like Marcia that John smiled grimly while he cringed at he thoughts of all he had given her being gone. He sent her all he could spare. In a week came another cable:

"Send money at once. Last not sufficient."

Cables are expensive, so he did not reply except to send the money, but he wrote her a long letter which brought a typical Marcia reply.

"He shoudn't have married her if he didn't want to give her a little good time. She was sorry she was a burden. But now that she was way off there he must take care of her and send her what she needed." She added:

"You shouldn't have let me come if you did not intend to give me enough to save me from embarrassment before Claire and her lovely foreign friends. They give wonderful parties, and I must have clothes."

John gritted his teeth, raised money on his life insurance, and sent it to her.

Chapter LI

John perfected an electrical device that summer. He had been working upon it in a desultory way for some time; in fact ever since he had married Marcia. When one of the firm asked why he had not spoken of it, had not asked for time to devote to it, he mumbled his reply. Not for words would he have given the real reason. Marcia had accused him of selfishness when he once said that if she would live more cheaply he might perfect this very device. Now, while it was of some little use, another man had given the company a device almost equally good, which they had accepted.

"What use was any little talent in this direction I might have?" he asked himself. "It was all going to waste." He felt himself tangled in the snare of his marriage, helplessly tangled. Yes, once a man is married he is snared—in the net he himself has woven about his life.

This was a keener disappointment than he quite realized at the time, this "Too late, Aldrich." of his employers. It would have meant so much to him and to Marcia. He spent that evening with Muriel. With her usual sweet sympathy she detected something had gone wrong and, responding he told her.

"The very effort you made to perfect it has done you good," she said when he had finished the story. He said nothing to Muriel of Marcia, her demands so insistent that he had no time to devote to his ideas if he were to satisfy her. He would be a cad to discuss his wife with any one, even with Muriel. In this he was surely right The home relation, the relation of husband and wife, is the last matter one should talk of to any one. But Muriel knew. She knew of his late hours. She saw his tired eyes. She had been with him when his nerves were raw from overwork. He was not extravagant in any way. Why, then did he have to work so hard?

Often John spent much time letting his mind wander toward that most human of mental processes, that of convincing himself of what he wanted to believe, convincing himself that he loved Marcia much as he ever did. He distorted facts, ignored them, but always he knew that he did not love her, that she herself had in some unaccountable way by her demands upon him, the taking of her pound of flesh, killed that love. And it was not at all because of her monetary demands. It was that she kept his spirit so down on its knees that it could not rise because it had been so long abased.

While she was away he felt his spirit stand erect once more. Life, instead of a hurrying force driving him constantly, was a beautiful gift to be enjoyed as well as used. Work became the pleasure it always is when it is congenial. His nerves became relaxed. He was happy.

John Aldrich did not delve too deeply into this happiness. He accepted it for the once and refused to let his thoughts dwell upon the future. He did not appreciate how happy he was, how content he had been these few weeks of his "freedom," as he called it, until he received a letter from Marcia telling him the boat and time she would sail for home. She also asked for another remittance.

"I am afraid I shall run short and you wouldn't want me to borrow of Claire Sanders. So please try and be a little generous. I have some bills here to settle, and it will take all I have." Then "Shall you be glad to see your little wifey? I know you will, and that you must have put in a perfectly horrid summer But we will make up for it when I get home. We'll have the gayest winter imaginable. Claire is planning all sorts of parties, so you will forget you have been lonesome.

"Have those people out and Della there when I reach home. Their time is up a week before my boat arrives. That will give Della time to have everything nice and clean for me.

"Claire and I had a glorious time last night. We went to a wonderful reception at the home of a duchess—I had a new gown, of course, and that is one reason why I am short. Everyone admired me, so Claire said. It sounds rather snobbish to tell it, doesn't it? But I know you are proud of me, that you like to see me look well—don't you dear? It cost a perfect fabulaous sum, but I can wear it all winter as my bestest-best.

"Don't fail to send the money at once so I won't have to borrow. I hate Claire to know you keep me so short. Lots of love from your little wifey."

John sent the money. Marcia must not borrow. But it was all he could do to raise it. This time even something he had planned to do for little Kenneth had to wait, and a simple motor trip he had decided to take with him and Muriel into the coutry for a day had to be given up.

But John Aldrich had so benefited in health, in nerves, that he did not allow even this last letter he would receive before Marcia sailed to take all the pleasure from the time remaining. He had his work, Kenneth, and Muriel. Muriel who, in her companionship, was like a breath of sweet clear air to him.

Chapter LII

They say that platonic friendship cannot exist between men and women. The companionship between John Aldrich and Muriel Doran would seem to disprove the theory. For if either felt more than friendship they carefully conceal it from the other. In John's case it might have been because of the fear that he might lose even that, did he overstep, ever so little, for knowing Muriel one could never mistake her innate goodness and purity.

To Muriel this friendship had been a wonderful one. They were interested in the same things, were congenial, but she felt perfectly free to be natural with him, as she would with a brother. If she felt otherwise, she never let it appear. So they laughed and chattered together, planned Kenneth's future, discussed old and priceless china, and in a perfectly innocent way enjoyed every moment they spent together.

John's longing for children had been in a way appeased by little Kenneth—the love he felt for the child and the absolute worship the child had for his "dad". It was as if Kenneth, robbed of father and mother, had poured all the love of his little soul ove r this man who had taken him into his life. It was balm to John Aldrich; but only to Muriel did he talk of the boy, his love for him, his hopes and plans for his future.

It was a gray, gloomy day when Marcia landed. John, of course, met her at the dock. She threw her arms around his neck, called him an old dear, then hurried him along, because of her trunks.

"I hope you declared everything" he said, noting the anxious look she cast toward the inspector.

"Don't be a goose!" She pinched his arm warningly.

"They allow a hundred dollars" Claire Sanders broke in.

John Aldrich was so ineptly honest that he could not have understood the twist in many otherwise strictly honest women that allowed them to defraud the government by evading the duty on wearing apparel.

It was with astonishment mixed with chagrin that he heard Marcia whisper to Claire:

"They'll never find anything, we were too careful." At the same time she smiled sweetly on the inspector, a young man, and asked him to be as quick as he could, as she was in a dreadful hurry.

She was right; they found nothing, and Marcia and John hurried home, where Della had a nice dinner awaiting her mistress. After dinner Marcia unpacked. To John's surprise she had many things she had not declared. She gloated over them.

"I wore that dress, took out the maker's name, and put old shields in the waist, and they never knew I bought it in Paris. I brought mother the dearest handbag. See, it was sewn in the lining of that coat. Why, what are you looking so glum for. John? One would thing I was leaving you instead of coming back."

"Do you think it was honest, Marcia, to bring those things in without declaring them?"

"Of course! I paid for them once. Why should I pay the second time? I think it a perfectly ridiculous law anyway."

"But it is a law, and heavy fines and sometimes imprisonment follow breaking it."

"Nonsense! Who's going to care whether I have an extra dress or two and a few things? Don't be such an old fogy, John."

But Marcia said nothing of having smuggled in anything more and John asked no questions. Perhaps he dreaded the replies. It was just another little twist in Marcia, one she would not have an opportunity to show again. Yet he sighed deeply as he took the trunk to the storeroom. Somehow it hurt him to find that Marcia had done this foolish thing. He wanted to think of her as tenderly as possible. Such things made it hard. But he said no more. He couldn't do anything without implicating Marcia, which was of course not to be thought of.

Marcia chatted all the evening, and for days afterwards, of her delightful time in Europe. She had bought many more clothes than John thought necessary in view of his repeated warnings, but when he mentioned it she assured him that she had needed every single thing she bought and really should have had a lot more.

"You see, John dear, we were so gay, went with such wonderful people, to their homes as well as to the restaurants that I just had to have things. I shall be able to get along with very little this winter, so it will be just the same as if I hadn't bought the things over there. It will even up, you know.

Marcia's arguments, her calm way of taking things for granted, sometimes amused John, often annoyed him. It made no difference to her that he had to turn and twist every possible way to send her money, that it might have been far easier to buy as she needed, than to let her get so much at once. To her it would "even up". He thought of the money he had borrowed on his insurance and wondered what Marcia would do did anything happen to him. Then came the thought. "She would find some one else to do for her. The Marcias of life always do."

(Continued on Page Two)

How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about $2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a 16-oz. bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup Either way, you make 16 ounces—more than you can buy ready-made for $2.50. It is pure, good and pleasant—children like it.

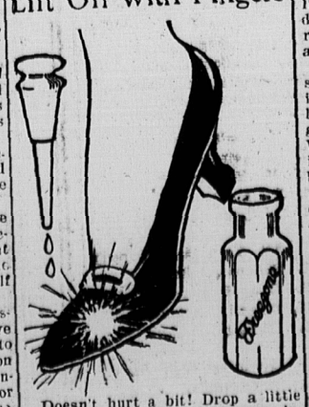
You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS MAY BE OVERCOME

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or head and ear noises or are growing hard of hearing go to your druggist and get 1 ounce of Parmint (double strength), and add to it ¼ pint of hot water and a little granulated sugar. Take 1 tablespoonful four times a day.

This will often bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils should open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dropping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

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Mercury Mills Limited—Hamilton—Canada

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