SOCIETY
CHURCHES
CLUBS

THE REALM OF WOMEN

WEDDINGS
STYLES
STORIES

Child Welfare Staff Put The Bounce Into Prize Baby; Tinned Milk Yarn Is Just Pure Bunkum

Young Master Findlater Is Bouncingest Baby Ever, But Nurses Had Great Time Getting Him That Way

Indignation rules in the offices of the Child Welfare Association in the Institute of Public Health. A few days ago there was a picnic of grocers at Port Stanley and there was a baby show. In addition to the main baby show, a demonstrator for a tinned milk company ran a little competition of his own for the best, let us say, "Contented Milk-fed Baby."

Miss Bertha Smith, head nurse of the Child Welfare clinic, declares that he fared forth and his eye fell on Baby Jack Findlater, bouncingest baby boy that ever was. No sooner seen than he was grabbed for the competition and the prize was duly awarded. Fine for the baby, but the Child Welfare nurses have cause for complaint.

They point out that Baby Jack was one of the most delicate infants ever born in London, and they worked their heads off nearly to get him out of the clutches of the malnutrition imp. But they did NOT use "Contented Cows Milk," or any manufactured product except what they prepared in their own laboratory.

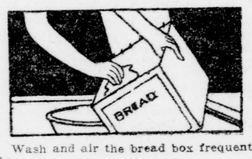
And just as sure as Baby Jack's robust picture appears anywhere in an advertisement as being one of those "food babies," a suit for arson, liable and goodness knows what else will be entered against the glory-stealing milk company, the nurses state.

PUT IN JAR.

If all the pimentos are not used when the can is opened, put them in a covered glass jar and pour olive oil over them and they will last for several days.

Household Suggestions

AIR BREAD BOX.



Wash and air the bread box frequently.

WASHING SILK.

When washing silk rub it as little as possible. Squeeze, but do not twist between the hands.

KEEP SHELVES CLEAN.

Keep the shelves and walls of your refrigerator clean every day and once a week clean the whole chest and air it thoroughly.

USE SOAPY WATER.

Wash your sink with hot soapy water each time it is used for washing dishes and rinse with cold water.

FRENCH NOVELTY.

A novelty recently introduced by a smart Paris house is a cravat collar of cloth of gold tied like a stock, worn with an all-white outfit.

KEEP SPACE OPEN.

Keep the space under your sink open. Do not clutter it with boxes or any scrubbing utensils.

BORDERED SILK

Here is an excellent example of how effectively bordered silk may be used. The printed design in black on the white gown affords all the trimming necessary, save the straps that break the plainness of the front. In buying a bordered material it is well to select one such as this with a design that may be cut for bandings and trimmings if necessary, as it allows greater latitude in the choice of a style. The sleeves are most attractive and are decidedly different from the average run.

INTERCITY WATER SPORTS PLANNED

London Playgrounds Boys and Girls Go To Brantford To-Day FOR SWIMMING CONTESTS

Local Children Will Compete In Big Municipal Pool

For the first time in the history of municipal playgrounds in London, and, it is believed, in Ontario, children from the local playgrounds will compete with youngsters from a neighboring city in water sports.

A party of 16 London boys and girls will be escorted to Brantford to-day by Jack Pollock, swimming instructor at Thames Park, under whose direction the exchange competition has been arranged. All the Londoners are promising swimmers, and will try their skill in the water against that of the Brantford boys and girls in the big Brantford swimming pool, the largest municipal swimming pool in Canada, measuring 135 by 140 feet.

The events will include 50-yard races for boys and girls, senior and junior; senior and junior diving contests for boys and girls; canoe tilting and relay races, boys and girls, senior and junior.

Great interest and excitement prevailed yesterday among the young competitors, all agog for the sporting adventure. Some of the girls have not competed before in diving, but all have made excellent progress during the summer under Mr. Pollock's instruction. To-day's outing, which will be followed in a week or so by a return visit from Brantford, will probably be the only event of its kind this season, but it is hoped to follow up and enlarge the idea during subsequent seasons, when a fine inter-city spirit may be developed.

The London swimmers are Lillian Milner, Marjorie Culbert, Anna Milne, Helen Milne, Eleanor Pollock, Agnes Garvey, Lily Bruce, Rebecca Manuel, Gordon Mackenzie, Jack Manuel, Don Manuel, Jack Pritchett, Robert Frith, Gordon Tuttle, Harold Gray and Master Miller. In ages the young people range from 10 to 17 years.

Assisting Mr. Pollock in looking after the party, who will make the trip by motor, will be Gerald Goodman, Kenneth Lindsay and Miss Rose Sanders, of the playgrounds staff, and Mrs. John Garvey.

ST. JOHN'S UNIT.

Mrs. Noulty and Mrs. Harding are conveners of the home cooking sale which the St. John's Mothers Unit is holding on the market to-morrow. Final arrangements for this were made at a special meeting of the unit this week.

BELTS FAVORED.

There is a steady upward climb on the part of the fashionable belts and there are those authorities who say that it will have reached normalcy by winter.

POINTED POCKETS.

Pointed pockets are very attractive on sport costumes and frequently a smart long tassel hangs from the narrow end.

FIRELESS COOKER.

Dry your fireless cooker perfectly as soon as possible after the food is removed. Leave the cover slightly ajar until ready to use again so that the air may get in.

WAX LINOLEUM.

Linoleum wears much better if var-

nished when new and waxed lightly once a week after washing.

LAUNDRY WORK.

Laundry work should be done in a separate room for that purpose, if possible. To do it in the kitchen makes extra work.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES
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He appealed to Evans, who was kneeling at Mary's side.

The young man looked up and shook his head. "No. I think it was her own fault; she didn't look where she was going."

He had raised Mary's head on his arm; some one in the crowd had unpinned her hat and removed it. Her hair had become uncoiled and fell heavily over his shoulder.

"Is she dead? Do you think she is dead?"

Evans put his question fearfully. He had never seen anyone look so white in all his life; her hands lay with such inert helpfulness on the hard pavement.

The policeman shook his head ponderously.

"Bless your heart, no—stunned a bit, that's all. A friend of yours, is she?"

"Yes."

"Oh! Then you can give me her name and address."

Evans looked confused.

"I don't know her address—her name is Mary Furnival." He hesitated, then added: "I haven't seen her for some time till this evening; we met accidentally. I don't know at all where she is living."

"She'll have to go along to the hospital."

Capable hands lifted her into the taxi. Evans watched them unhappily. They seemed to handle her so roughly, he thought, with a little shrinking pain in his kind heart. He was relieved when the policeman told him he must come along too. He held her head during the short ride to the hospital. Once, when the guardian of the law was looking the other way he bent his head and gently kissed it.

Supposing she were dead. Or suppose she were to die. He could not bear to think of it. He wondered what David Bretherton would say, could he know. He knew it was his duty to tell him, and yet—there was something so sweet in knowing that for a moment, at least, he was Mary's only friend.

In the hospital they took her from him. People came and asked him a string of questions. The bare cleanliness of the building got on his nerves; he would hate to die in a hospital—he hated the idea of leaving Mary here amongst strangers.

They left him alone in a small waiting-room for what seemed an eternity. He held something in his hand.

"We found this on Miss Furnival," he said. "There is an address written at the back. Do you suppose it is her own address, or would it be the address of her relatives?"

The young man took it hesitatingly. The case was opened, and a roughly printed amateur portrait of David Bretherton looked up at him from beneath the oval glass.

He turned it over mechanically. At the back was written:

"Taken at the Red Grange, Selmont."

For a moment he did not speak. His mind was in a whirl; a bitter feeling of jealousy was stabbing his heart.

She must care for David then, or she wouldn't be wearing his portrait. He raised his eyes to those of the man watching him.

"She used to live at the Red Grange, but that is some time ago. Her friends have left there now."

It was a deliberate lie, and he was bitterly ashamed of it the moment it was uttered. But he wanted so desperately badly to have Mary in his care and keeping for a little longer. If the Brethertons knew where she was, and what had happened, they would come at once to claim her, even if only in a spirit of unfriendliness.

The young doctor accepted the explanation.

"You don't know if she has a mother—or anyone, then?" he asked.

"No." Evans was glad to be able to answer this question truthfully, at least. He did not know; he knew nothing about her beyond the little she had told him and the very little he had inadvertently discovered.

"Is she—is she badly hurt?" he asked anxiously.

The young man shook his head.

"There is a slight concussion and minor injuries—that is all I can tell you at present. If you can, call in the morning."

Evan's heart sank.

"You will not let me see her to-night, before I go?"

"I am afraid not. She would not know you, anyway; she is quite unconscious."

Evans went away unhappy and crestfallen. The lie he had told about the Rad Grange worried him. He was naturally very straightforward. All the way home he was haunted by the fear Mary would die.

He would have to tell the Brethertons then, and they would never forgive him.

He spent a wretched night; he never slept a wink. He was haunted by the memory of Mary's white, unconscious face. If she died he would never forgive himself or be happy again.

He was up with the dawn and round at the hospital at an absurdly early hour.

There was no favorable news for him. The nurse, a kind-faced, elderly woman, told him that Mary's injuries were more serious than they had at first supposed.

"Her friends ought to be told," she said, a trifle curtly. "If you know where they are it is your duty to tell them."

Evans answered with some show of temper. He said he knew no more than she did, that he had no idea where she was living, or with whom.

"And you are no relation yourself?"

"None—I am only a friend."

Her face softened a little at something pathetic in his voice and eyes.

"Well, I'm sorry," she said more kindly, "because I am afraid she is in a bad way."

"You mean that she will die?"

"Oh, I don't say that; but the doctor seemed very dissatisfied this morning. Perhaps you can call again during the day."

Evans said he certainly would do so; he went to the office with dragging steps.

He sat, neglecting his work, staring before him with worried eyes. The girl typist who worked next to him asked one or twice what was the matter. Evans roused himself with a start.

"Nothing—nothing."

But he could not keep his mind on his work. Once, when he was taking down letters for Fisher, his mind wandered, and he forgot to answer; Fisher spoke to him sharply.

"Where in the world are your thoughts, Evans?"

In the lunch hour he raced back to the hospital.

Mary's condition was unchanged.

He dragged through the long day drearily, and evening saw him once more anxiously inquiring for her. This time the answer was more grave.

"She is not so well."

He went away feeling horribly guilty. If she died, the Brethertons would never forgive him. If she lived! Well, if she lived, she could never be anything to him; he was but laying up trouble for himself whatever he did.

He walked about the streets till it was quite late. He had had no tea, but that he forgot. He was amazed to find that his steps had led him to Fisher's house. He found himself standing outside, staring up at its lighted windows.

He walked past, and came back again reluctantly. Should he go in or not? He shrank from doing so, and yet—

He hesitated with his eyes on the brass knocker, that gleamed in the light of a street lamp directly opposite.

Suddenly he squared his shoulders resolutely, walked up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell.

CHAPTER LVIII—FOUND

David Bretherton was in the drawing-room with Dora Fisher when the bell went pealing through the house.

He had spent a boring evening. Monty had had work to do, and was in his study and David had been left to Dora's care.

She had done her best to get up a flirtation with him. She had sung sentimental songs one after the other in the drawing-room, where artfully shaded lights threw up her beauty to wonderful advantage.

David sat in a big chair in the shadows, and listened. At least, she supposed he was listening, but as a matter of fact, his thoughts were far enough away.

Where was Mary? Day and night he thought of her and wondered and worried.

(To be continued)

Week-End Specials

Some extraordinary values for Friday and Saturday that will appeal to the thrifty shopper.

10 Dozen Princess Slips, 98c
Made from fine quality cotton, with hemstitched tops. They are fully shadow proof. These are our regular $1.50 value. Friday and Saturday **98c**

5 Dozen Dresses, $1.98
These dresses are of gingham and linen and have embroidery or self-trimming. They come in all colors. Regular $3.50 value. Friday and Saturday ... **$1.98**

Silk Tricolette Blouses, $1.98
They come in peach, rose, white, blue and henna. Made from all-silk tricolette. Regular value $3.50. Friday and Saturday **$1.98**

Silks
Flat crepes, in a heavy, all-silk material, with a rich finish. These come in all colors. Regular value $2.75. Friday and Saturday only **$1.98**
Wash satins, in pink and white only. A finely woven, heavy quality, with a rich satin finish. Regular $2.00 value. Friday and Saturday **$1.39**
Silk and cotton crepes, in all the new shades and patterns. This is a particularly good value as they are regular $2.00 materials. Friday and Saturday .. **98c**

Tablecloths, $1.39
A fine quality damask tablecloth, in beautiful patterns. The size is 57x57 and they are a wonderful value at this price. Friday and Saturday **$1.39**

Toweling, 12½c Yard
A good, hard-wearing toweling, 16 inches wide and in dark colors. Friday and Saturday, yard **12½c**

Ginghams, 25c Yard
Fine quality imported ginghams, in all the new shades. They come in plaids and checks and the colors are fast; 38 inches wide. Friday and Saturday, yard .. **25c**

Hosiery
All pure silk hose, of fine quality and reinforced heels and toes. Colors black, brown, beaver, meadow lark and fawn. Friday and Saturday **$1.59**
Silk fibre hose, paneled back, reinforced heel and toes, in the following colors: black, white, gray and castor. Friday and Saturday **$1.00**
Fibre hose, all colors. These have slight flaws in the weave, hence the low price. Friday and Saturday **59c**

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13 Sport Suits, in tweeds. Regular values up to $25, to go at.. **$9.95**
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25 Beadora and Normandy Voile Dresses, in large sizes. Regular values up to $12.95, to go at **$5.95**
25 Dresses, in silk, satin and tricoshan. Regular values up to $22.50, to go at **$9.95**

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Choose fresh, sound fruit. Stem and wash. Pack in jars, skim off impurities, and fill with boiling hot syrup made in proportion of one pint of sugar to two pints of water. Place rubbers and tops in position. Put the filled jars in the boiler, in water about half-way up the jars. Water should be warm, not hot. Place lid on the boiler, bring to the boil and boil for 15 min.

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Just Out! for August

HIS MASTER'S VOICE

Double-sided Dance Records, 75c

19337 Don't Blame It All on Me—*Fox Trot*; International Novelty Orchestra, Vocal refrain by Lewis James
19337 You Left Me Out in the Rain—*Fox Trot*; Benson Orch. of Chicago, Don Bestor, Director
19339 It Had To Be You—*Fox Trot*; The Hoodoo Man—*Fox Trot*; Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
19341 When Dixie Stars Are Playing Peek-a-Boo—*Fox Trot*; I Need Some Pettin'—*Fox Trot*; Barney Rapp and His Orchestra
19329 Cielito Lindo—*Waltz*; La Golondrina—*Waltz*; Max Dolin's Orchestra
19342 Nightingale—*Waltz* with bird interpolations & vocal refrain; S.S. Leviathan Orchestra, Nelson Maple, Director
19342 Sunrise and You—*Medley Waltz*; The Troubadours
19344 Big Boy!—*Fox Trot*; Savannah—*Fox Trot*; Ted Weems and His Orchestra
19345 Pale Moon—*Fox Trot*; Paul Whiteman and His Orchestra
19345 Fox Trot Classique; Jean Goldkette and His Orchestra
19354 I'm On My Way Back Home—*Fox Trot*; Just To Be Held In Your Arms—*Fox Trot*; Charles Dornberger and His Orchestra

Dance Records—Continued

19356 To-Night's the Night—*Fox Trot*; Philip Spitalny and His Orchestra
19356 Just Leave Me Alone—*Fox Trot*; Jack Chapman and His Drake Hotel Or.
19357 There's No One Just Like You—*Fox Trot*; Why Don't My Dreams Come True?—*Fox Trot*; Coon Sanders' Orig. Night-Hawk Orch.
216464 Paradise Alley—*Fox Trot*; It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'—*Fox Trot*; Jos. Smith and His Mount Royal Orch.

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19336 The Sidewalks of New York; Maggie Murphy's Home; Shannon Quartet
19358 Just For Remembrance; Just Some Roses; Elliott Shaw, Lewis James
19359 Hard Times; Mamie; Eddie Hunter; Piano acc. by C. Luckeyth Roberts
19365 Ida! Sweet As Apple Cider; Roll Them Roly Boly Eyes; Frank Crumit, Phil. Ohman at the Piano
19368 You're In Love With Everyone; Swanee River Rose; Franklyn Baur, Helen Clark-Lewis James

Double-sided Instrumental Records, 75c.

19320 Sunshine Capers (Piano Solo); Rufenreddy (Piano Solo); Roy Bargy
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Double-sided Red Seal Records, $1.75

1026 I Love You (Baritone with Orch.) (Thompson-Archer); Suppose I Had Never Met You (Baritone with Orchestra) Reinald Werrenrath
1018 Manon—Gavotte (Obéissons quand leur voix appelle) (Massenet—Act 3) (Soprano with Orchestra) (French) (Score); Don César de Bazan—Sevillana (Soprano with Orchestra) (French) (Massenet) Amelita Galli-Curci
1025 The Song of the Swan (Il canto del signo) (Tenor with Orchestra) (Ficchianti-Saint Saëns) (Italian); Paquita (Spanish Serenade) (Tenor with Orchestra) (Buzzi-Peccia) (Italian) Beniamino Gigli
1017 Carmen—Soldiers Changing the Guard (Bizet-Act 1); Carmen—March of the Smugglers (Bizet-Act 3) Philadelphia Symphony Orch. Leopold Stokowski, Conductor

Double-sided Red Seal Record, $2.50

6457 Album Leaf—Romance (Albumblatt) (Violin Solo) (Wagner-Wilhelmj); Gondoliera (From "Suite No. 3") (Franz Ries, Op. 34, No. 4) (Violin Solo) Mischa Elman

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