



In Women's  
Circles -  
where food  
problems are  
intelligently  
settled—

**Redpath**  
SUGAR

meets with well-deserved approval. Women prefer it because they have always been able to depend absolutely on its purity and uniform quality. It never disappoints.

"Let Redpath Sweeten It"

26

Made in one grade only—the highest.



Canadian homes have for over eleven years been steadily using

**Kellogg's** TOASTED  
CORN FLAKES

Insist on the red, white and green package. It is the original.

MADE IN CANADA.

The Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited.  
Head Office and Factory: London, Ont.

7

**DOMINION EXPRESS**

**MONEY  
ORDERS**

The best way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

We give you a receipt; and if lost or stolen, we refund your money. \$5.00 costs 3 cents.

## THE INFANT TENDERNESS

(Continued from page 30)

telling the truth. I put him in the garage." As I spoke Mother's face changed from sternness to amazement. "I might have known you were in this, Barbara!" She sank into a chair. Conrad let go of V. Z. V.'s collar and stared at me. "He did kick all the varnish off, ma'am," he gurgled weakly. V. Z. V. shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and pulled down his sleeves. I cannot say that his expression, as he looked at me, was that supposed to be used by an engaged man toward his fiancée. But of course, he didn't know I was his fiancée. "Conrad has made a hideous mistake," I stated to Mother. "This man is my chosen husband. I am engaged to him." And I held out to her the hand with my diamond ring on it.

MOTHER covered her face with her hands. "What—what have I done to deserve this?" she muttered, brokenly. She had done a great deal, but no use to tell her. "Who is this man?"

"I don't know his name. But his initials—" I was interrupted by another groan from Mother, a louder one.

"She cannot be speaking the truth!" Mother turned to Elizabeth.

"Just like her," Elizabeth said. But I paid no more attention to them. I turned to V. Z. V. "I am Barbara Vane," I explained, smiling.

My fiancée was struggling with all kinds of emotions at once. He hardly knew what to say. But finally he roared, hoarsely, "Where did you get that ring?"

"It's the one you sent me," I smiled. At his next words my belief in the Infant Tenderness began to crumble. He was positively disrespectful to me.

"Good gracious! Engaged to that—chit? I never saw her before to-day, when for some unaccountable reason she shut me in the garage. I don't know what the matter is, but she has stolen Miss Vane's ring—"

It was just at this moment that my Aunt Barbara's voice was heard in the hall. "Mercia," she was calling to Mother, "where are you? Victor didn't come! I don't know what to think. We waited for the other train, but he didn't—" She came to the portieres and paused. "Why, *here* you are!" she cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter now you're here," Victor—it seemed that was his name—sighed in relief. "But I've had the deuce of a mess."

There is no use for me to try to tell the following events in order, for every one spoke at once, and in such loud and un-Christian tones that I shouldn't care to repeat what they said, anyway. I tried to explain about the Infant Tenderness, but they would not, or could not, understand. Aunt Barbara fairly tore the ring off my finger. She claimed that it was her engagement ring which she had left to be cleaned, and that she had been going to call up about it that very day because it hadn't come. She also claimed that Victor was the civil engineer she was going to marry. Well, she was welcome to him. I only hope he will not ruin her life.

"Barbara," Mother said at last, "take off your coat. You are not going to Miss Field's party."

"Not going to the *the dansant*?" "Surely you did not expect to after this, did you?" Mother's voice was cruel and cutting. "Take off your coat and sit down. I want you to try to explain—"

Her words poised in midair. I had removed the coat. She saw the pink dress. "Where—where—" she stammered.

"There!" I cried. "This will prove it! This is one of the things the Infant Tenderness gave me."

"Oh, Barbara, how can you tell such dreadful—That is the dress I bought for Elizabeth, Mercia. You know I've been fussing because it hadn't come." It was my Aunt Barbara speaking. At her words I saw that there was no faith anywhere.

"Barbara," spoke Mother, wearily, "go to your room. Your father must attend to this. I cannot cope with you."

AS I turned to go, Elizabeth, stepped forward. "Since you're not going to wear your coat, I'll just take it," she said, and, before I could make a motion, she had slipped it off of my arm. I turned to her fiercely, but a look from Mother told me it was no use. And as I left the room I heard the last blow fall.

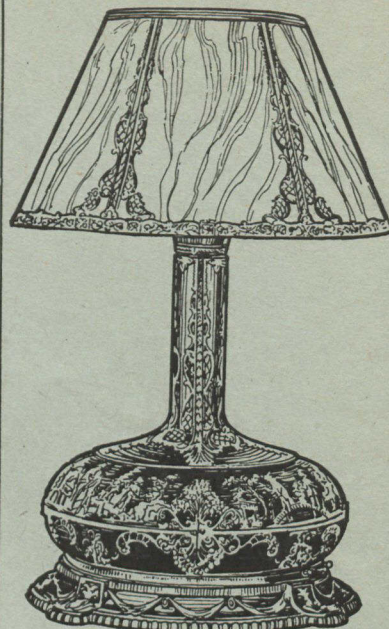
"You were right, Mercia," my Aunt Barbara was saying, "about that child's being too young for a dinner dance. I'll countermand the order for the invitations this afternoon."

From my up-stairs window I have watched Elizabeth go down the street with Paul. My coat rippled and flared around her. It was a dream. It made even Elizabeth good-looking. A vision of how I should have been starting out came over me and I could not help throwing myself down on the bed and weeping bitter tears. I rose up a changed woman. Life will never be the same to me again since that half-hour. I have learned something I shall never forget. There is no justice in the world. After this I am an unbeliever.

(Copyright, 1917, by Harper & Bros. Reprinted from Harper's Magazine, by special permission.)

## CROWDED OUT

The Vocational Guidance Institute, and the furnishings of the Doll's House in "I Made It All Myself," have been crowded out in our Confederation number for want of space.



A PERFECT ELECTRIC PHONOGRAPH  
An Ideal Table Lamp

NO winding required; just push the button. It will run on any current, and can be attached to any lamp socket. The motor runs absolutely true to pitch, and the tone quality is endorsed by operatic artists and vocal teachers. This novel combination of Electric Lamp and Electric Phonograph make it an ideal instrument for the home.

Prices on application. Write now for our booklet.

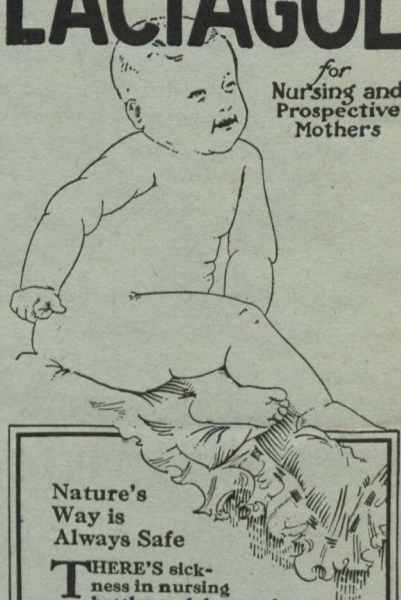
Electric Phonograph Co.

75 ADELAIDE ST. EAST

TORONTO

**LACTAGOL**

for  
Nursing and  
Prospective  
Mothers



Nature's  
Way is  
Always Safe

THERE'S sick-  
ness in nursing  
bottles and dangers in  
artificial feeding that are seldom  
avoided successfully.  
There's only one way to keep baby  
safe and well—nurse him yourself.  
If nurse has failed or is deficient,  
LACTAGOL will restore the full,  
rich flow that baby needs for ro-  
bust health.

Physicians everywhere recom-  
mend LACTAGOL. Nursing  
Homes use it regularly.

Regular size, \$1.25—3 for \$3.50

Small size, 75c—3 for \$2.00

LACTAGOL is sold by good drug-  
gists everywhere. If you cannot se-  
cure it, send the amount and it will  
be forwarded at once,  
delivery free.



R. J. OLD  
Sole Agent  
418 Parliament St.  
Toronto

E. T. Pearson & Co.  
Limited  
Manufacturers  
London, England

**Girls—  
Women**

Train as Nurses This  
Summer. Big Salaries—  
Congenial Work.

Gratify your natural  
desire and take up this  
interesting work during  
the summer. Our corre-  
spondence course under  
the supervision of com-  
petent teachers, who are  
in daily practice will, at  
a very moderate cost, fit you for a position this  
fall. Salaries \$10 to \$25 a week and board. We  
can't supply the calls for our nurses. Write us  
a note asking for our catalog.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE  
709A Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Artificial limbs are admitted  
DUTY FREE. SOLDIERS  
and others should get the be

Erickson Artificial Limb Co. 34 Wash. Av. N., Minneapolis, Minn.

Do Not Chase Overhead or

Draw End of Street

Write For Catalog

PATENT