The Bachelor Who Is Prevented From Marrying Because of Dependent Relatives-The Girl Who Traded Love for a Comfortable Home—Shall She Put Off Wedding Until She Can Buy Trousseau?

Dear Miss Dix-I am a man twenty-nine years old, and I have been in love with a girl of the same age ever since we were children. I think she loves me, but I have never told her of my affection or asked her to marry ne. I don't go to see her often for fear I will tell her how much I care for her, because I have to support my mother and two sisters, who have deended on me all these years.

A LONESOME BACHELOR. What shall I do, Miss Dix?

It is your duty to support your mother, but why do you not rid yourself of your parasitic sisters so that you can go along and marry the girl you love, and who has evidently loved you and vaited for you all these years? Unless your sisters are bedridden invalids, there is no earthly reason why they should not support

themselves. One of the most pathetic things in the world is the way in which men suffer themselves to be made the victims of their grasping female relatives, who find it easier to work dear brother than they do to work for a stranger. All of us know dozens of men like you, Lonesome Bachelor, who, either through the death of their father, or because of father's failure, had the family dumped on their shoulders when they were boys, and who had to stagger along under the crushing load the balance of their lives.

For when the girls grew up they lacked the unselfishness and the honesty to say to themselves, "Brother has already done more for us than he should have done and we will relieve him of our further support."

No. They didn't like the idea of working in a store or office. The prospect of going out and fighting their way in the world cowed their coward souls, and so they just muddled around home doing nothing worthwhile and let brother support them.

Yet they were bound to know that they were bleeding brother's heart white; that they were keeping him from having the normal life of a man; that he could never marry and have a wife and home and children of his own, because of the old women of the sea who were upon his back. They knew that they were ruining not only his life, but the life of the woman he loved and who loved him.

But such knowledge was never enough to send them out to look for a job or into the old ladies' home, rather than be the bar to the happiness of the one who had done so much for them.

Now there is no profit in unnecessary martyrdom, nor does any good come of a man's sacrificing himself without reason for his family. Any able-bodied woman can make a good living in these days.

And so I earnestly advise all bachelor brothers to rid themselves of clinging-vine female relatives, and marry and set up homes of their own instead of running easy-money institutions for their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, who would be much better off and happier if they were forced into an honest independ-DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix-I am a contented wife and care enough for my husbang to be interested in him and to make him a good wife. But I do not love him as a wife should. Before I married my husband I loved a poor boy, who loved me, but he had no money on which to get married. would have had to wait for many years, and my people persuaded me that

at was better to marry the man who could take care of me. As I have said, I am a contented wife, and I keep myself happy just by thinking of this other boy, and that makes my heart sing for joy. Is this right? I am only twenty-three years old now.

No. When you are married to one man it is certainly most disloyal to keep thinking about another one. More than that, it is as dangerous as if you were playing with dynamite. Sooner or later the sentiment you are cultivating will explode and blow your home into smithereens.

To begin with, my dear lady, you do not know what true love is, because if you had really cared deeply for your boy sweetheart, you would have waited for him. The thought of giving him up, and marrying another, would have been so repugnant to you that nobody could have persuaded you into doing it. You would not have traded off love for bread and butter

Now you are gratifying your fondness for romance by imagining your self in love with a love that you never truly experienced. You are dramatizing yourself, but believe me, it is a perilous thing to do.

Any woman can think herself in love with a man. She can magnify her heart throbs until she honestly believes she is experiencing a grand passion, and this is particularly easy to do about the man to whom you are not married, with whom you do not have live, and who does not vex you with his peculiarities.

Better use some of your excess powers of imagination on your aboand. Hold the love thought on him for a while. Idealize him a little and forget the other man. That way happiness lies.

Dear Miss Dix-I am a poor girl engaged to a splendid man. I have put off marrying for two years, as I haven't the proper clothes, and I want to work and make the money for my trousseau. My sweetheart doesn't like the idea of me working for myself and urges me to marry him at once. He says he does not mind my not having any trousseau, but I do. Please tell

Marry your man. He shows a very beautiful spirit and is evidently worth having. Nothing gives a generous man more pleasure than to give pretty clothes to the woman he loves. So, under the circumstances, there is no humiliation to you in accepting the things he wishes to bestow upon you. Meet your big-hearted flance with a generosity of soul equal to his own. DOROTHY DIX.

> They're brighter at school, They're stronger at play-

When fed the Fry way.

What a wonderful difference it makes in the home, when the children are brimming over with health and vigour! Yet, as any doctor will tell you, health is so largely a matter of feeding.

FRY'S Cocoa contains nourishment in rich concentrated form, for every department of the human body-for muscle, tissue, flesh, nerve,

brain and bone. It furnishes in rich abundance,

energy for work and play-and materials to

FRY'S eagerly.

build the body with. And all this in such delicious form that every child takes

Be sure you get FRY'S-

made in Canada and famous the world over for purity and quality. Cheap, unknown cocoas haven't its

purity and richness.

Red cheeked and happy

In all the world no food like Fry's for growing children

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box WOMEN and THE HOME

THE SEA HAWK



HON. MRS. SHUTTLEWORTH KING,
who is entertaining at a luncheon to

morrow in honor of Sir Arthur Currie and Lady Currie.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES. At a recent meeting of the London public health nurses association, Miss Florence Fraser was named president for the 1924-25 season, and Mrs. James Stapleton was made secretary-treasurer.

A CANADIAN PHYSICIAN HONORED.

A United States professional journal, The Therapeutic and Dietetic Age of New York City, published for physicians only, has come to Toronto for the talent to edit its Dietetic department, Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., being the favored physician.

Dr. Jackson, although a Canadian. formerly taught Dietetics in one of the Union's great Medical Schools. He is the same Dr. Jackson who won the \$1,000 Physical Culture prize for 1924, who won the 1,300-mile bicycle contest in 19 days against C. J. velous physical development has been There must be explanations used as photographs of "Youth at 65" to demonstrate the growth and body-building qualities of Roman Meal throughout Canada, Britain and the States.

would damn him utterly. Onve was well content to look on. "Rosamund!" came Lionel's pite ous cry. "Rose! Have mercy Listen ere you judge me. Listen level was well content to look on.

It seems clear that if Roman income in Aye, taken the can develop such a physique after 55 in, with his standard in the can develop such a physique after 55 in, with his standard in the can be seen to him. hoves us to find a place in our diet-ary for Roman Meal. And Dr. Jack-That sneer was hooves us to find a place in our dietary for Roman Meal. And Dr. Jackson says it will do far more for those under 40 and that it is especially valuable for the development of young bodies, therefore ideal for nursing and expectant mothers and children from the 10th month.—

Advt.

That sneer was a spur to the wretched Lionel.

"Rosamund, all that he has told you of it is false. I—I— It was done in self-defense. It is a lie words came wildly now. "We had quarrelled about—about—a certain matter, and as the devil would have

By RAFAEL SABATINI. CHAPTER XIX (continued)

Then silence followed, all three remaining motionless as statues; Rosamund white and tense, Oliver grim and sardonic, Lionel limp, and overwhelmed by the consciousness of how he had been lured into self betrayal.

At last it was Rosamund who it was result and the self betrayal.

At last it was Rosamund who it was result and the self betray and the sight of heaven! And—"

Enough, sir! Enough!" she make a pretty tale."

And then came Jasper to announce that Ali waited with the brazier and the heated manacles. "They are no longer needed," said Oliver. "Take this slave hence with you. Bid Ali to take charge of him, and at dawn to see him chained to one of the oars of my galeasse. Away with him."

betrayal.

At last it was Rosamund who spoke, and her voice shook and shifted from key to key despite her strained attempt to keep it learn.

neaven! And—"Enough, sir! Enough!" s broke in. controlling herself check these protests that b heightened her disgust. shifted from key to keep it heightened her disgust.
her strained attempt to keep it heightened her disgust.
"Nay, hear me yet. I implore you; that knowing all you may be merciful in your judgment."
she asked.
"He was about to add proof of "Merciful?" she cried, and almost him into the arms of Jasper.
"Merciful?" she cried, and almost him into the arms of Jasper.
"Take him away!" he grow.

"He was about to add proof of his statement, I think," he jeered. "He was about to mention the wound he took in that fight, which to prove that I lied—as indeed I did—when I said that he took Peter index and the swords are crossed in the said that he took Peter in the word and preserve my life. But when swords are crossed in the said that he took Peter in the word and preserve my life. But when swords are crossed in the said that he took Peter in the word in more may happen than a man in-tends. I take God to witness that "Lionel!" she cried.

"Lionel!" she cried.

She advanced a step and made as if to hold out her arms to him, then let them fall again beside her. He stood stricken, answering noth-lie strong herd and terrible. "Lionel!" she cried again, her

voice growing suddenly shrill. "Did you not hear him say it?" quoth Oliver.

He covered his face, as if unable to endure her glance.

She stood swaying a moment, looking at Lionel, her white face distorted into a mask of unutterable pain. Oliver stepped towards her ready to support her, fearing that she was about to fall. But with an imperious hand she checked his advance, and by a suppreme effort controlled her weakness. Yet her knees shook under her, refusing their office. She sank down upon the divan and covered her face with her hands.

"God pity me!" she moaned, and "Keovered his face, as if unable to endure her glance.
"Did you but know how I loved you would perhaps pity me a little," he whimpered.
"Did you but know how I loved you would perhaps pity me a little," he whimpered.
"Pity-?"

She leaned forward and seemed to spit the word at him.
"Death, man! Do you sue for pity—you?"

"Yet you must pity me did you know the greatness of the temptation to which I succumbed."

"Yet you must pity me did you know the greatness of your in- the worng: that in his ven the had overreached himself, in the worng: that in his ven the had overreached himself, in the worng: that in his ven the presence.

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"I know the greatness of your in- the worng: that in his ven the presence."

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"God pity me!" she moaned, and
sat huddled there, shaken with

Gregory, 30 years younger, who invented Roman Meal and whose marvalous physical developments and whose marvalous physical developments. Saraonic, stood back, a spectator of the scene he had precipitated. He knew that given rope Lionel would enmesh himself still further would damn him utterly.

It seems clear that if Roman Meal lest you misjudge me!"

an develop such a physique after 55 "Aye, listen to him." Oliver flung his soft, hateful I doubt he'll be sneer was a spur to the

Hooty the Great Horned Owl Strikes Surely and Very Quickly

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS. Little Whitefoot the Wood Mouse had made a mistake, a knew that he had made a histake, a dreadful mistake. He had made a mistake in thinking that Hooty the Owlhad gone away to another part of the Green Forest. He found it out when Green Forest. He found it out when it was just too late to turn back to the safety of the little hole in the ground from which he had come. His heart had almost stopped beating with fright, as when it was just too late he saw Hooty the Owl come sailing out from his watch tower. He knew that Hooty had seen him leave that little hole in the ground. There was little hole in the ground. There was nothing for him to do but to trust to his legs and the chance of finding a hiding place before Hooty could catch

Now one of the first things that little Whitefoot the Wood Mouse learned when he was young and first went out into the Great World was to hide. His soft, dark eyes were always watching for a possible hiding place.

Being so small, he could get into very



that tree.

small places. He soon learned how to dart under a few fallen leaves; how a knot hole in a tree or stump meant safety; how to dart behind a fern leaf or into a pile of brush. No matter where he was going or what he was doing, even in times when he had no reason to suspect that danger was near, he never failed to look for every

possible hiding place.

Now Whitefoot can run fast for a short distance. Those little, slim legs and white feet of his can take him and white feet of his can take him over the ground very fast. They did now. He kept in the Black Shadows, for he knew that there Hooty the Owl could not see him as well as if he were out in the moonlight. As he ran his heart seemed to be almost up in his mouth from fright. But he wasn't too frightened to watch for a possible hiding place. He dodged behind a tree. On the other side of it was a little heap of brown leaves. Quicker tree. On the other side of it was a little heap of brown leaves. Quicker than you can wink your eyes Whitefoot was under those leaves. There he stopped and held his breath.

Hooty the Owl was almost within striking distance of Whitefoot when the latter dodged behind that tree. A record later Hooty was around that

second later Hooty was around that tree, his big eyes staring hungrily for Whitefoot. But Whitefoot was no Whitefoot. But Whitefoot was no longer in sight. Hooty checked his swift flight and turned quickly. Then he flew back and forth all about near that tree. He knew that Whitefoot was hiding somewhere close by. He was looking for that hiding place. He guessed that Whitefoot was under those brown leaves, but just where he had no means of knowing. He flew to had no means of knowing. He flew to the top of an old stump close at hand. Then he hooted with all his might. It was a startling sound. Hooty meant it to be. He made it as startling as he knew how. He knew that it would be almost sure to make Whitefoot start in fright, and that in doing this

hiding. But there was a louder rustle of dry leaves at the same time just back of an old log. Hooty's wonderful ears heard this. His great, silent wings took him over there in an in-

They are more diverting. Educate the accident by which you had me kidnapped to be sold into slavery. Tell us of the accident by which you succeeded to my property. Expound to the full the accidental circumstances of which throughout you have been the unfortunate victim. have been the unfortunate victim.

Come, man, ply your wits. 'Twill make a pretty tale."

Lionel rose to his feet, his face protests that but ashen.
"Wait! Ah, wait! Rosamund!" Oliver caught him by the nape of

his neck, spun him round and flung truth under the stars of Barbary. CHAPTER XX.

> THE SUBTLETY OF FENZILEH. Oliver considered the woman long moment as she sat halfcrouching on the divan, her hands locked, her face set and stony, her He sighed gently

she considered him now with eyes that were hard and terrible.

"Was it also an accident that you left me and all the world in the belief that the deed was your were, into Rosamund's lap, he felt were were were considered him now with eyes eyes lowered. He sighed gently and turned away.

Now that truth had been dragged from its well, and tossed, as it were, into Rosamund's lap, he felt were were well and the sighed gently and turned away. brother's?" she asked him.

He covered his face, as if unable none of the flerce exultation which to endure her glance.
"Did you but know how I loved you—even in those days, in secret—you would perhaps pity me a little,"

of joy will be well as the first thing of the secret when the secret will be well as t he had conceived that such an hour was he saddened and op-l. To poison the unholy cup of joy which he had imagined him-self draining with such thirsty zest "Pity?"
She leaned forward and seemed to there was that discovery of a measure of justification for her attitude spit the word at him.
"'Death, man! Do you sue for his disappearance was explained

He was weighted down by a sense in the wrong; that in his vengeance he had overreached himself, and "I know the greatness of your in-

"I know the greatness of your infamy, of your falseness, of your cowardice, of your baseness. Oh!"

He stretched out suppliant hands to her; there were tears now in his eyes.

"Of your charity, Rosamund—"he was beginning, when at last Oliver intervened.

"I think you are wearying the last overreached himself, and he found the fruits of it, which had seemed so desirably luscious, turning to ashes in his mouth.

Long he stood there, the silence between them entirely unbroken. Then at length he stirred, turned from the parapet, and paced slowly back until he came to stand beside the divan, looking down upon her "I think you are wearying the divan, looking down upon her dy." he said, and stirred him with is foot. "Relate to us instead some ore of your astounding condents."

"At last you have heard the nis foot. "Relate to us instead some "At last you have heard the nore of your astounding accidents." truth," he said. And as she made

no answer, he continued:

"I am thankful it was surprised out of him before the torture was applied, else you might have concluded that pain was wringing a false confession from him."

He paused, but still she did not speak; indeed, she made no sign that she had heard him.

"That," he concluded, "was the man whom you preferred to man whom you preferred t

The Official Opening

University of Western Ontario

Ceremony of Unveiling Memorial Tablet Main Building, College of Arts 2:30 p.m., Friday, Oct. 17

(a) Next of kin, visitors from the County of Middlesex, Members of Parliament and Municipal Officials of Western Ontario, University Students, Visitors generally - will occupy the space in front of the platform in the order named.

(b) The County Council and the City Council will assemble in Room 204, Main Building.

(c) St. Paul's Cathedral Choir Boys will assemble in Room 201. (d) Headquarters Staff, M. D. No. 1, and those taking part in the academic procession will assemble in the Science

2. CEREMONY.

(a) Flag presentation by Masonville Community Club and

flag raising.
(b) Hymn, "O God Our Help in Ages Past."

(c) Scripture lesson, Revelation 7:9-17. (d) Prayers.

(e) Hymn, "O Valiant Hearts." (f) Unveiling of Tablet.

(a) Dedication

(h) General Salute. (i) Last Post.

(j) Handel's Dead March in Saul.

(k) Reveille. (1) Address by General Sir Arthur Currie.

(m) Hymn, "O Canada.

(n) Presentation of C. O. T. C. Certificates.

(o) "God Save the King." The following clergymen will conduct the service: Very Rev. Norman Tucker, D.D., Dean of Huron; Colonel the Rev. William Beattie, C.M.G.; Rev. Isaac Couch, Strathroy.

Music will be provided by the band of London Fusiliers; A W. Slatter, director.

St. Paul's Boys' Choir will lead the singing; director, Harry T. Dickinson.

The R. C. R. will be present and give the General Salute. After the ceremonies the buildings will be visited. Student guides will assist.

THE PUBLIC IS ESPECIALLY INVITED.

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Now greatly reduced in price!

Low price alone does not constitute a bargain. Every housewife knows that and therefore insists on quality as well. Getting both, she is happy because she knows the money she has saved is a real saving. That's the kind of a bargain you get when you buy a Dominion Linoleum Rug at the greatly reduced prices. They are the lowest priced high-quality floor coverings ever offered.

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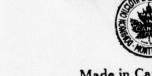
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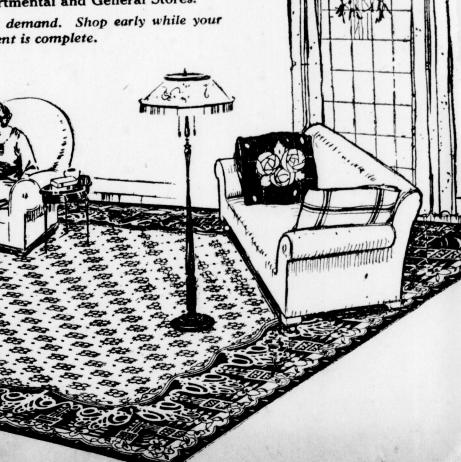
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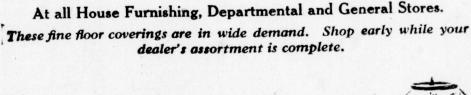
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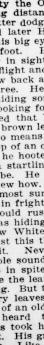
and is your sure guide to

lasting and satisfactory









start in fright, and that in doing this he would rustle a leaf under which he was hiding.

Now Whitefoot expected Hooty to do just this thing. He was prepared for it. Nevertheless that sudden terrible sound caused him to start to jump in spite of himself, and he did rustle the leaves under which he was hiding. But there was a louder rustle wings took him over the hi and stant. His great eyes saw something move. Like a flash he struck at it with his great feet armed with cruel, curved claws. He had no doubt that it was Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Hooty Lose's His-

'Remember: "Nothing will do but FRY'S"