

A Ten-Foot Office Building.

There is an office building in London erected on a strip of land only 10 feet wide. It is a five-story building near London bridge, erected in order to pay the taxes.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Girl Whose Chum Has Deserted Her—Why Do Men Marry Widows?—Shall "Thirty-Nine" Marry a Man Fourteen Years Younger?

Dear Miss Dix—For a long time I have been friends with a girl whom I love dearly and for whom I have done many things that were great favors to her. Now she has transferred her affections to another girl, and hardly has anything to do with me at all. All of our old intimacy is gone. We have had no quarrel and I have done nothing to offend her that I know of, but I am broken-hearted over it. What shall I do? SALLY.



Answer:

Go to the girl, Sally, and ask her if there is any reason for her coldness to you. You owe that much to your old friendship. Don't let pride keep you from making an effort to regain your friend. Very often a little over-sensitiveness on our part, or some little act that was misinterpreted by another, an offense taken at some careless word or deed, or a malicious story told by a scandal-monger has estranged two friends that a few plain words of explanation would have kept together for all time. Friendship is too precious a thing to lose if you can prevent it.

But I am afraid, dear little Sally, that you are having your first experience with human fickleness and are finding out that those we love do not always really love us. There are fair-weather friends who only care for us as long as we can amuse and entertain them, and add to their comfort and pleasure. Then when somebody else comes along who is newer and fresher than we are, or who can give them more than we gave them, they are off with the old love and on with the new.

As you go along the journey of life this will happen to you so often. Many people will be your intimate friends for a few weeks or months or years and then forsake you; many people will profess to love you, because you can open doors to them through which they wish to pass, or you can boost them up the ladder, or because they want to ride in your automobile, or because you give good dinners, or because of a thousand other selfish reasons. And they will forsake you for somebody with more position, more money and bigger cars. And you will get used to it, and just shrug your shoulders over it, but you will become very chary of giving your real friendship.

But when you are young and find that a friend is faithless, it is a stab from the hand you trusted, and the wound leaves a scar that is never obliterated. Something lovely and beautiful has gone out of life that you will never have again, for our first friendship is surrounded by a cloud of glory that no other friendship ever has. Would that we could always keep it! But alas! there are few first friendships that survive the changes and vicissitudes of existence. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I wish to ask your kindness in settling a dispute on the following question:

Why do men seldom marry a widow or divorcee, but always look for a woman who has never been married, while girls marry widows and often divorcees?

Answer:

It is news to me, Margaret, that men object to widows, whether grass or gold. My observation is that a widow can mean all around an unmarried woman of her own age, looks and financial class, and give the single woman cards and spades to boot.

Why, widows are such experts at the marrying game and have such fatal fascination for men and they are universally held to be so dangerous that every father repeats to his son, as he starts forth in the world, Mr. Weller's famous advice "Samival, Samival, my son, beware of vidders."

Consider this, Margaret—a woman, say, of forty, is called an old maid. She is considered ineligible, and the chances are that she will never marry. But a widow of forty is called a young widow. Everybody considers her highly eligible and prophesies that she will soon marry. And she generally does.

As a matter of fact, a woman who has been married—excepting, of course, young girls—has a better chance to find the man who will have never been married, for men are like sheep so far as women are concerned. They follow their leader, and it sort of gives a woman a prestige with other men to know that some other man admired her enough to marry her.

There are many other reasons why the widow has a lure for men, and anywhere under sixty she can always marry again, if she so desires. For one thing, the man who marries her can be pretty sure that he is getting a good housekeeper and a reasonable wife who will look on with a lenient eye at many of his little faults and foibles. For she has cut her wisdom teeth on one husband, and has learned that marriage is a give-and-take proposition and not a romantic paradise presided over by a little tin god of a husband. Nor does it detract from the widow's charms that she most often has a nice little wad of insurance money.

Men marry widows rather than women who have never been married for the same reason that girls marry widowers. They know a good thing when they see it. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a woman of thirty-nine, and very much in love with a young man of twenty-two. My husband died a few years ago, leaving me a small fortune, and I can give this boy anything he wants. Do you think the difference in our ages should keep us from marrying? GRAY HAIR.

Answer:

I certainly think that any woman who marries a man fourteen years younger than she is takes a foolhardy risk on her happiness.

Perhaps while you are thirty-nine and well preserved and think of yourself as still being girlish the difference does not seem so prohibitive, but how about it when he is forty and you are fifty-four? Then he will still be a boy, wanting pleasure, romance, and you will be a faded woman who looks like his mother.

But one thing is sure, Gray Hair, before you marry him get some good lawyer to tie that fortune up for you tight and fast. Then if you love your boy husband you will still have a comfortable living to coo to you. DOROTHY DIX.

Copyright, 1924, by Public Ledger Company

You cannot know the full joys of tea drinking until you buy from the man who grows it

LIPTON'S TEA

Red Label 38c. ½ lb. 75c. lb.

Thomas Lipton Tea Planter Ceylon

WOMEN and THE HOME

A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER CX.

The Crisis.

Her hands were cold, the red lips parted like crimson petals against the whiteness of her cheeks. Kneeling, he clasped the sweet face in his hands, calling a little wildly, "Katy—Katy—what's the matter? Don't you hear?"

It seemed as though the heart were shaking out of him. He folded his arms about her, laid her on the bed, choking her hands, begging her to speak, waiting in a blind, half-sobbing frenzy for her eyes to open.

When he saw a faint color creeping upward in her cheeks, felt her hands warming and stirring on his, he bit his lips and stooping down whispered, "Katy—Katy, you're awake? You hear me now? After a troubled moment, touched his sleeve, "When did you come in, Denny?"

He couldn't answer. But she was awake now and with a flush of shame remembered. She opened her hands, saying gaily, "You ketch me again, Denny? That's nothing. I ain't dead. See!"

He ran his hand over her face. "Say, Katy—Katy, what happened?" She let her hair fall quickly so that he didn't see the twitching of her mouth nor the chords tightening in her throat. He was on saying, a thing that drew a blade over the new wound in her heart, "When did Steve go? When did you come in here?"

The doctor came early. Katy laughed and said she felt fine.

After a short while, he came out to Denny, "I wouldn't, if I were you, Mr. Brooks. I wouldn't postpone this any longer."

"It's not—" Denny pressed his hands against the chair. But he couldn't force the terrible question from his lips. A throbbing faintness closed about him.

The doctor answered, "Well, it's dangerous to wait. Your sister has fainted in these months. That fall she had some time ago didn't help any. No—not last night—the time she was practicing with the canes. Didn't she tell you? Take her to the hospital, Mr. Brooks. You haven't any time to lose."

"I'll take her today," He closed the door softly. A voice in his mind mocked, "Oh, yes, take her today. You haven't a cent!"

Denny swung around as though he would strike at some visible foe, "I'll get it! By God, I'll get it!"

He went in to Katy, grinning. "Great day is here, Steve! Come out!" "No—no, Denny."

"You'll be back again soon, Katy. I'll move to the hospital. How's that?"

She laughed, pressed her lips against his cheek. "You crying, Denny? There, I'm not going to kick any more, and don't you either. But just keep thinking how mighty magnificent it's going to be when I walk out all by myself—huh?"

And she kept talking like that all the way to the hospital. He would allow none of them to touch her, but took her in his arms to her room.

"Katy, I'm coming back in an hour—I made the date with Miss Chisborough yesterday—you won't mind that little while alone?"

"But you'll come back, then, Denny?" "Will I? And you know they won't slice you up, stupe, for a week or so. You're safe."

She held to his hand. "I feel queer, Denny—ever so queer." "That's you, Katy—kid. Ought to be used to it, by now."

At the Mountain Light and Power Company he saw Chisborough. "You've heard?" Chisborough asked. "Did you get my letter?" They went over my head. Gave it to Piney.

Denny's brain emptied of thought—became a raging faintness. Katy never lost a minute—take her to the hospital now—

He went into Peter Channing's office, sat down quietly. Channing reached over a warm, friendly hand. "Come to your senses, have you, lad?"

Denny answered, "No, I've come to take the job."

CHAPTER CXI.

For Katy.

Peter Channing, bland, florid, hospitable, smoothed his yellow mustache. "The job is yours, lad, and congratulations. You're on the right road now."

Blood flamed to Denny's head, left a stinging in his eyes. He felt that his heart was laid open; shame walked on it, filled him with a sickening repugnance. He wanted to turn from it; to cry out, "For God's sake, Channing! Right road? I know where I am!"

He answered bluntly, "I'm forced to take this job, Mr. Channing. Forced to it."

Petra's father had large blue eyes. They stared kindly, smiled. "Well, we'll have to see that you don't regret it, lad. We'll see to that."

Denny thrust his hands in his pockets. They shook. They shook. He had a sudden crazy impulse to leap at Peter Channing, to snarl, "Oh, no you won't! You've driven me to this—you and the rest of your dirty murderers! You thieves! Now I'm one of you! I'm in with you and Dunlap. But I know what I am. Somebody's going to pay! Somebody's going to regret it! Wait!"

Channing was talking. "When do you want to start? I've held this job a long time. We can use you as soon as you're ready."

"I'm ready now."

"Good—well, you'll find out this is your opportunity. Biggest field in the world today. A man has to look to his own future first. By the way, were you able to get your money released in that damage suit?"

"No."

He took a check book from the drawer of the desk. "You can have your first month's salary in advance. Drawn tomorrow. Anson will see you."

He pushed the check for \$1,000 toward Denny. For a moment Denny left it on the table, a sickening wad at his throat. Then he picked it up quickly; in a mad hurry to end the interview.

"Thanks, Mr. Channing, I'll begin tomorrow."

He was in a panic to reach the hospital again—to look at her—to hear her say some bright, crazy thing. Then he would know she was all right.

She was sitting up in bed, a lavender silk jacket on her shoulders, her hair tied back like a little girl's. The fear and reluctance of a few hours ago gone. She clasped her hands demurely. "How do you like Katy in lavender and old lace? Little did she dream on yesterday that she'd be reclining in glory today. That shows how much we know."

When finally the nurse told him he must go, Katy held to his hand, mocking him, "You're the wonderful fellow, aren't you, Denny? Isn't it a miracle that I have you?"

He laughed at her, thinking savagely, "I'd do it again! I'd do ten thousand times worse!"

But as he came down the steps of the hospital and was about to turn, someone came toward him; came with a light, sauntering step. His heart shrank, then a cool hand clasped his. The voice and the strength left him. "I can't stand this—good God!"

But Petra said softly, "Dendiddle, darling! I've been waiting here. We'll have a little drive. How is Katy?"

He followed her into Peter Channing's limousine. She kept her hand on his arm, raised her face to his, the dimples sparkling. "It's all turned out for the best—now hasn't it, Diddle dearest?"

He wanted to push her from him, to shout, "Leave me alone! Good God, leave me alone!"

Even with the golden, fragrant head against his shoulder, her hands reaching to his neck, and the wicked taunt, "Silly old Diddle! He's not silly now. Here's a kiss for his lips, another for his eyes"—even then he couldn't bend to her. The vague warning in his mind screamed now, "She wanted this! A doc! But she wanted it!"

Scarcely conscious of her presence, he said aloud, "I had to do it. Katy needed it. No time to lose. I had to do it." (Copyright, 1922, The Call Publishing Company.)

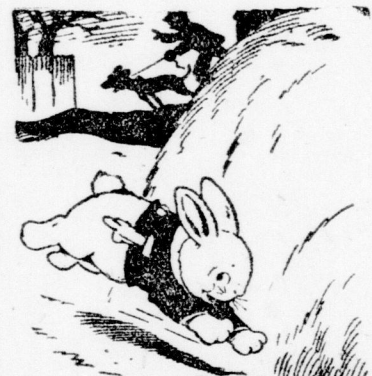
Peter Rabbit Takes a Chance and Escapes From His Prison

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Peter Rabbit, having whipped Robber the Rat and driven him scowling with fear and pain from the stall wherein he, Peter, was a prisoner, suddenly felt very bold. As a matter of fact, he was full of pride. It is so seldom that Peter ever fights that most people think he can't fight. Peter knew that Robber the Rat would never come back there again while he was there. He knew that Robber was a coward; for Robber hadn't even tried to fight. It wasn't any great thing to whip a coward. Still, Peter felt quite set up over it. He made him feel as if he would dare do almost anything.

Probably this is why he did the thing he did that very next morning. Farmer Brown's Boy had brought him an unusually good breakfast. He had come inside the stall and he had left the wire gate open just a crack. Just outside sat Bowser the Hound. Peter wasn't afraid of Farmer Brown's Boy, but he was afraid of Bowser the Hound. Peter always had been afraid of Bowser the Hound.

But Peter was feeling so set up over his defeat of Robber the Rat that he was bolder than usual. That gate was open a crack. It was a chance to get away. Peter hesitated just a minute. He looked at Bowser the Hound. Bowser was busy scratching an ear. Never in a chance, never get anything," said Peter to himself, and, darting between Farmer Brown's Boy's legs, pushed the gate open. Almost jumped into Bowser's arms, and away he went, lipperty-lipperty-lip, straight for the door opening into the barnyard, which had also been left open a crack. By the time Farmer Brown's Boy had recovered from his surprise and Bowser the Hound had realized what that gray streak that had passed him was



He dodged around a stack of straw and then you should have seen him.

Peter was outside. He dodged around a stack of straw and then you should have seen him. He headed right straight for the dear Old Briar Patch. He was taking a big chance. He knew it. He was in plain daylight and he would be in plain sight every foot of the way. But it was the only safe place he knew with all that snow on the ground. It was his one best chance and he knew it. Lipperty-lipperty-lip! Lipperty-lipperty-lip! My, how Peter did run! He watched behind as well as in front of him. He saw no enemies. Bowser the Hound didn't follow him, for Farmer Brown's Boy had grabbed hold of him and held him. Peter was almost to the dear Old Briar Patch. He was quite out of breath. He ran slowly now. He was no longer afraid.

"That was my chance, and I took it."

THE HOME

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.

"London's Central Shopping Place"

THE HOME OF GENUINE VALUES

A Few Specials for Thursday, Friday and Saturday

PURE WOOL SPORT HOSE

22 dozen Pure Wool Sport Hose of the finest English make, in all sizes; many shades to choose from. Regular \$1.59 pair, for

59c Pair

SILK AND WOOL HOSE

26 dozen Fine Silk and Wool Hose, in sizes 8½, 9 and 9½, in black, blue and gray (slightly imperfect). Real \$1.00 value, for

59c Pair

79c Pair

PURE WOOL, AND SILK AND WOOL SPORT HOSE

40 dozen in this lot—all sizes—all wanted shades—Half-Price.

79c Pair

MIDDIES

Girls' and Misses' Flannel Middies, of excellent quality, in navy and red, at

\$2.98 and \$3.50

Cotton Drill Middies, in khaki, white, navy and copen. Priced

\$1.75 to \$2.59

A clearing line of Girls' White Middies, in sizes 8 to 14 years, at

59c

79c Pair

TO CLEAR—OUR ENTIRE WINTER STOCK OF ALL-WOOL GAUNTLET GLOVES

Regular \$1.25 and \$1.50

79c Pair

HOUSE DRESSES

A good-quality, one-piece Print or Chambray Housedress for

\$1.00

BLOOMERS

(Mill Seconds)

The natural cream shades; all sizes.

To clear at

69c

VESTS

Ladies' Fleecy-Finished Vests. To clear at

59c, 2 for \$1.00

\$15.95

\$15.95

Black, Brown, Navy and Copen. Sizes 16, 18 and 20.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL PATTERNS

JOHN H. CHAPMAN & CO.

239 DUNDAS STREET

PHONES:

791

2882

WEDDINGS

THOMSON—WOOD.

A pretty wedding took place this afternoon at 2:30 at the home of the bride's parents, in York street, when Marguerite Wood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wood, was married to Douglas Thomson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Thomson, Emery street. Rev. W. R. McIntosh performed the ceremony.

Carnations, daffodils and ferns were used throughout, the rooms making a pretty setting for the bride, who wore a graceful white French gown and a veil. She also wore pearls, the gift of the groom, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilacs-of-the-valley. Miss Kathleen Wood was her sister's bridesmaid and wore a pretty frock of peach-colored taffeta, and a corsage of sweet peas and lilacs-of-the-valley. The wedding march was played by Miss Beatrice Juley, and Mr. Jack Thomson, a brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Following the ceremony, a wedding supper was served, and the table was artistically arranged with flowers. Later, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson left on a honeymoon, which will be spent in Detroit and other western points. When they return they will take up their residence in London. The bride and groom were both very happy.

Accept nothing but Mintees for Purity and Flavor!

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, CIGAR STORES.

travelled in a gray brocaded frock, with shoes to match, a lavender taffeta hat and a taupe fur wrap.

The guests numbered twenty-five, and among those from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Robinson of Peterboro; Mr. Faulkner and Harold Faulkner of Toronto; Mrs. Grant of Windsor and Mr. and Mrs. John Barry of Philadelphia.

FASHIONS FOR DOLLS.

A miniature coat of white fur and a cap and muff to match will add much to the appearance of the favorite doll.

TAKE A MINTEE AFTER MEALS AND YOU WILL FEEL BETTER



Accept nothing but Mintees for Purity and Flavor!

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, CONFECTIONERS, CIGAR STORES.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY FOR DR. THACHER'S SYRUP UNLESS YOU GET SATISFYING RELIEF!

Prescribed By Physician for Colds, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Gas, Sick Headaches and Tired, Nervous, Run-down Condition.

BUILDS UP SYSTEM GIVES QUICK RELIEF

"The majority of people who come into this store for medicines of various sorts are really suffering because of a sluggish liver," declared a leading druggist the other day. "What they really need is Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup to cleanse and tone the liver and build up the system so that they feel their best again. It gives quick relief; this is why we can afford to sell it with the understanding that it will give complete satisfaction; otherwise the purchase price will be returned. It is easy to tell when your liver is sluggish and clogged. Just ask yourself: Do you feel dull and tired so often? Do you wake up with a bad taste, coated tongue and offensive breath? Do you suffer from such symptoms as bad colds, sour stomach and gas, irregular movement of the bowels and that tired, nervous, upset and depressed feeling? If so, take just a spoonful of Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup after the next few meals and notice the quick difference in the way you look, eat, sleep and feel. Get a bottle of Dr. Thacher's from B. A. Mitchell, 114 Dundas street and Taylor's Drug Store, 350 Richmond street, half block south of Dundas in London; J. W. Craig in Dresden; E. M. Crosthwaite, St. Marys; W. A. McIntyre, St. Marys; and John E. Warner, Alvinston, and by leading druggists in every city and town, and unless you really appreciate what it has done for you come back and thank the man who gave you the quick relief. This is how much confidence we have in this splendid corrective, health-building preparation.—Advt."