

Says It Is
Sacrificed by
the Hands
It Loves

Dorothy Dix

The Family
GoatAre You a Party to the Crime of Keeping
the Family Martyr Bent Over With Re-
sponsibilities in Which You Should Share?

Among my acquaintances is a man who has been the mainstay of his family ever since he was a little boy. He has supported his mother. He educated and took care of a household of little brothers and sisters, and launched them in life.

This man has never been able to accumulate any money, because all that he has earned has been gobbled up by his hungry family who, like the daughter of the horse leech, were always crying "more!"

My friend is now nearly forty years old. He has fallen in love with a splendid woman and wants to marry her, but he cannot do so if he has to be the sole support of his mother. He has applied to his brothers and sisters for help, but with one accord they make excuse. This one has many children, that one is buying a home. Another has a poorly paid job. Another wants to take a post-graduate course at college, and so on.

Not one is willing to do his share, or her share, toward caring for the old mother. Not one will lift an ounce of the load from the bent back of the brother who has carried the burden so long, yet the mother is just as much their mother as she is his mother. Their duty to her is just as great as his duty to her. Their filial obligation is precisely the same as his.

But somehow they have shunted the whole business on him. By some process of selection that nobody can explain, he has been elected the family martyr, and while all the others have felt free to love and marry and follow wherever fortune led, poor William is left at home with the bag to hold.

I have cited this case because it is typical. You know a hundred similar instances, for almost every family offers up some one member of it as a living sacrifice on the altar of parental duty so that the balance of them may go scot-free. And in all the category of crimes there is nothing meaner, nor sneakier, nor crueler.

You will find thousands of Williams who missed the education they yearned for to go to work to help support their families; who gave up their own ambitions and stayed along on the farm, or went into the little village store to try to help father wring a living out of it; who have never had a chance at any life of their own because they have never been anything but bond servants to their families.

You would think that when these younger brothers and sisters, for whom William has sacrificed his youth and his ambitions and his chances in the world, grew to manhood and womanhood they would be filled with gratitude to him, and that they would feel that he had done enough and that they would set him free.

I have never known of a single case in which they did. Neither have you.

They are so used to seeing William's bent back that they think they like to be hump shouldered. They are so accustomed to having him do the unpleasant things that they persuade themselves that he enjoys being uncomfortable. They selfishly want to spend their own money on themselves, and so they try to silence their consciences by saying that poor, old William is a stick-in-the-mud who never goes anywhere, or does anything, and so he really doesn't need any money.

You never hear of William getting any back pay for the food they have eaten, the clothes he has bought them, the schooling he has paid for them. You never hear them say that as William has supported father and mother for all of these years we'll provide for them the balance of their lives.

And you know hundreds of Marthas. Thin, worn, gray, tired, little, old maids. It is hard to realize that they were once young and pretty and had high hopes and that men desired them. In their younger days they looked forward to the normal life of women—husband and home and children of their own.

But somebody had to look after mother and father, and somehow the job fell to Martha. That kept Martha from marrying, and it has kept her from doing any of the interesting things that women do nowadays. It's kept her dependent and poor, because she couldn't go away to earn her living, although if she had worked half so hard at any outside occupation as she has at home, she would have made a fortune.

Martha is just as much a prisoner in the dull old house as if she were locked in a prison cell. And her life is a thing to weep over—it is so hard and monotonous and thankless, taking care of querulous old people who are always complaining, and who have a million little crochety ways to which she must cater, listening to the same old stories told over millions and millions of times.

It is enough to drive anyone crazy. John always says so when he pops in on his annual visit to see father and mother. He never stays more than an hour or two. He is so rushed for time, John's wife says she just thinks Martha is a saint, she is so patient and lovely about it all. Julia says that she'd just die if he had to live in that poky old hole, and Sadie tells Martha she really must keep her mind fixed on joyous thoughts, one is so apt to slump and get depressed when one spends all of one's time with feeble old people.

But not one of them comes and puts in a few months of rubbing mother's and father's rheumatism while Martha goes away for a change, nor do they take the old people to their houses and divide with Martha the responsibility of caring for them.

The utter selfishness of human nature has no uglier illustration than is found in the family goat, for it is sacrificed by the hands it loves. Are you a party to such a crime? DOROTHY DIX.

SILK SHAWL IN EVIDENCE.

Paris, Oct. 21.—For evening wear, either as a cloak or as part of the gown, the silk embroidered shawl is now in evidence. It is worn with the embroidered corner over one shoulder.

JUST LIKE A PENCIL.

London, Oct. 21.—The more one can resemble a pencil in figure, the more fashionable one will be this coming season. Evening gowns are cut very low in back, or lack a back altogether.

Miller's
WORM
Powders

Contains No Narcotics.
When your child is restless, peevish, sleepless, or when convulsions threaten, it indicates the presence of worms, and that the little one's strength is being sapped and undermined. Miller's Worm Powders get promptly at the root of the trouble and restore the digestive organs to a healthy condition. Sold by all druggists.

WILL TAKE OFF

ALL EXCESS FAT
Do you know that there is a simple, effective remedy for overweight, one that may be used safely and secretly by any man or woman who is losing the slenderness of youth? It is the tablet form of the new famous Marmola Prescription. Thousands of men and women each year regain slender, healthy figures by using Marmola Tablets. You, too, can expect to reduce steadily and easily without going through long sieges of tireless exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar a box, or you can secure them direct from Marmola Company, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich., on receipt of price—Advt.

CHILDREN CRY FOR



**Fletcher's
CASTORIA**
MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve infants in arms and children all ages of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and, by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Absolutely Harmless—No Opium. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

WOMEN and THE HOME
PAINTINGS IN OILS
EXHIBITION IN CITY
THE SEA HAWK
By RAFAEL SABATINI.Work of Helen M. Corbett of
Tillsonburg on Display at
Colerick Brothers' Shop.

One of the finest exhibits of oil paintings by a Canadian artist which the city has seen for some time is that which is being held at Colerick Bros. this week and the following week. The artist is Helen M. Corbett of Tillsonburg, who, although a semi-invalid, expresses vigor in her work.

A graduate of Alma College and a pupil of St. Thomas Smith and J. MacGillivray Knowles, Helen Corbett has a strong sense of color. Her paintings are for the most part outdoor scenes. With her clever brush and her remarkable eye for color and beauty she brings onto canvas all the loveliness of an autumn scene. And the result is typically Canadian, colorful and real.

One of the finest of the canvases shown at the Colerick shop is a remarkable painting of an old-fashioned home and garden in Owen Sound. The title of the painting is "Home, Sweet Home."

The work in this instance is strong and the light and shadow effects lovely. Few Canadian artists have succeeded so well. Then, too, among the lot, there is a quaint old canal boat tied to the dock at Port Dalhousie; there is grain stacked in the fields with the golden glow of autumn shining over the whole scene, and there are studies of trees in oils which are undertaken in a masterly fashion.

Indeed the beauties of all Ontario have been captured by the brush of this sympathetic woman and preserved on canvas for the world to see. She knows Ontario. And every summer for the past three years she has been a member of the J. MacGillivray Knowles sketching party, touring the towns of the province for beauty and color. As a result, her paintings bear in their titles the names of the places: Markham, Brownsville, St. Catharines, Warton, and so on.

In the collection there are water colors as well as oil paintings, and among them many miniatures which show the influence of MacGillivray Knowles.

Miss Corbett is in the city during the showing of her work.

HALLOWEEN BURLESQUE
HELD AT DUFFERIN HALL

London Life Women's Club
Takes Off "Cameo Girl"
and "All Aboard."

The Halloween party given last night by the London Life women's club at Dufferin hall was really a burlesque on two recent stage productions "The Cameo Girl" and "All Aboard." The evening culminated in the coronation of Mrs. Frieda Stephens, the new president of the club.

The rooms at Dufferin hall had been transformed into a Halloween fairyland with gaily decorated and seasonable decorations. The members all appeared in costumes of the wildest conception. There were "The Three Wise Men," Miss Edith Jones, Miss Constance Fitchett, and Miss Muriel Atkinson. "The beauty chorus" included Miss Agnes Aikenhead, Miss Lena M. Gray, Miss Jean Arkell, and Miss Madeline Watson while Miss Madeline Pollock acted as pianist. Miss Blanche MacKenzie and Miss Madeline Jones appeared as "The Lovers," and Miss Hazel Stone and Miss Annie Beer as "The Coronets." The grand duchess in all her glory, and her beau were there, Miss Lotta Fisher taking the role of the grand duchess and Miss Clara Arkell appearing as her "beau."

Shoes, flannel dresses, sweaters and so on for this child.

A pleasant feature of the meeting was the presentation of a small gift to Mrs. J. A. Jackson, one of the club's most popular members, who is leaving shortly to make her home in Windsor. With the gift went the good wishes of the members.

Mrs. Niven spoke highly of the work which had been accomplished by the chapter in the preparation of the chapter for the War Memorial Children's hospital.

At the close of the meeting tea was served by the hostess.

Paris, Oct. 21.—Gold and silver are combined very often lately. One sees gold and silver shoes, gold and silver wrist bags and gold and silver lace evening gowns.

They heard the harsh voice in which Asad dismissed his followers, and the clang of the closing gate; and they saw him pacing there alone

CHAPTER XXI. (continued).

The Basha came to a halt before Sakr-el-Bahr, his arms majestically folded, his head thrown back, so that his long white beard jutted forward.

"I am returned," he said, "to employ force where gentleness will not avail. Yet I pray that Allah may have lighted thee to a wise frame of mind."

"He has, indeed, my lord," replied Sakr-el-Bahr.

"The praise to Him!" exclaimed Asad in a voice that rang with joy.

"The girl then?"

And he held out a hand.

Sakr-el-Bahr stepped back to her and took her hand in his as if to lead her forward. Then he spoke the fateful words.

"In Allah's Holy Name and in His All-seeing eyes, before thee Asad Mahomet's, I take this woman to be my wife by the merciful law of the Prophet of Allah the All-wise, the All-merciful."

The words were out and the thing was done before Asad had realized the enormity of what he was doing. His vision grew inflamed, his eyes blazed.

But Sakr-el-Bahr, cool and undaunted before that royal anger, took the scarf that lay about Rosamund's shoulders and raising it, he hid his face behind it, so that her face was covered by it.

"May Allah rot off the hand of him who in contempt of our Lord Mahomet's law, dare to marry to a woman who is not his own!"

At last he turned and cast into the pit of Gehenna any who shall attempt to dissolve a bond that is tied in His All-seeing eyes."

It was formidable. Too formidable for Asad-ed-Din. Behind him, his panisseries for the hour in which he stood eagerly awaiting his command. But none came. He stood there breathing heavily, swaying a little from side to side, his hands outstretched, his eyes fixed on the one hand and his profound piety on the other. And as he yet hesitated, perhaps Sakr-el-Bahr assisted his piety to gain the day.

"Now you will understand why I would not yield her, O Asad-ed-Din," he said. "Thyself hast thou oft and rightly reproached me with my celibacy, reminding me that it is not pleasing in the sight of Allah that it is unworthy of a good Moslem. At last it hath pleased the Prophet to send me such a maid as I could take to wife."

Asad bowed his head.

"What is written is written," he said in the voice of one who admonishes himself. Then he raised his arms aloft.

"Allah is All-knowing," he declared. "His will be done."

"Amen," said Sakr-el-Bahr very solemnly and with a great surge of thankful prayer to his own long-forgotten God.

The Basha stayed yet a moment, as if he would have spoken. Then abruptly he turned and waved a hand to his janissaries.

"Away!" he said to them, and stalked out in their wake.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SIGN.

From behind her lattice, still breathless from the haste she had made, and with her white Marzak at her side, Fenizleh had witnessed that first angry return of the Basha from the house of Sakr-el-Bahr.

She had heard him bawling for Abdul Mohkar, the leader of his janissaries, and she had seen the hasty mustering of a score of these soldiers, armed with their long and ruddy light of torches mingled with the white light of the full moon.

She had seen them go hurrying to Asad with their heads bowed, and she had not known whether to weep or to laugh, whether to fear or to rejoice.

"It is done," Marzak cried exultantly. "The dog hath withstood him and so destroyed himself. There will be an end to Sakr-el-Bahr this night. And he had added—

"The praise to Allah!"

But from Fenizleh came no response to his prayer of thanksgiving. True, Sakr-el-Bahr must be destroyed, and by a sword that she herself had forged. Yet was it not inevitable that the stroke which laid him low must wound her on its repercussion? That was the question to which now she sought an answer. For all her eager desire to speed the deed, she had paused sufficiently to weigh the consequences to herself; she had not overlooked the circumstance that an inevitable result of this must be Asad's appropriation of that Frankish slave-girl. But at the time it had seemed to her that even this price was worth paying to remove Sakr-el-Bahr definitely and finally from her son's path—which shows that, after all, Fenizleh, the mother, was capable of some sacrifice.

She comforted herself now with the reflection that the influence, whose waning she feared might be occasioned by the introduction of a rival into Asad's harem, would no longer be so vitally necessary to herself and Marzak once Sakr-el-Bahr were removed. The rest mattered none so much to her. Yet it mattered none, and the present state of things left her uneasy, her mind a cockpit of emotions. Her grasp could not encompass all, and she could not seem to be satisfied with the course she had taken. She should account herself the gainer. In this state of mind she had waited, scarce heeding the savagely joyous and entirely selfish babblings of her cub, who curled little while he bided his mother as the price of the removal of that hated rival from his path. For him at least there was nothing but profit in the business, no cause for anything but satisfaction; and that satisfaction he voiced with a fine contempt for his mother's feelings.

And then, when Asad returned, they saw the janissaries come swinging into the courtyard and range themselves there whilst the Basha made his appearance, walking slowly, with steps that dragged a little, his head sunk upon his breast, his hands behind him. They waited to see slaves following him, leading or carrying the girl he had come to fetch. But they waited in vain, intrigued and uneasy.

They heard the harsh voice in which Asad dismissed his followers, and the clang of the closing gate; and they saw him pacing there alone

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URGES CHILDREN
CARE FOR TEETH

Dr. A. W. Fuller Addresses
Talbot Street Mothers on
"Care of the Teeth."

The first regular meeting of the Talbot street mothers' club was held in the kindergarten of the Talbot street school last evening, when Mrs. E. W. Gibberd, vice-president of the club, presided, and a very instructive and interesting talk was given by Dr. A. W. Fuller, the school dentist, on "The Care of the Teeth."

Dr. Fuller stated that children's teeth should be attended to when they were very young, because when the first teeth are taken care of the second teeth come in straighter and stronger.

The teeth are an important organ of the body, he said, and should not be neglected. Very often diseases of other organs are caused through lack of care of these important assistants to the digestion. He also pointed out that a well-balanced diet was one of the best helps toward nice teeth. Organic salts which are contained in vegetable waters and in the skins of potatoes are so often discarded by the housewife, and he advised retaining these as much as possible.

Brown bread, whole wheat bread and whole wheat cereals, and not so much sugar were given as suggestions for the diet. Dr. Fuller asked for the co-operation of the mothers, as there are so many children to be looked after.

There was a shower of preserved fruit for the day nursery, and Mrs. Alex. Calder gave a short, but interesting talk on the O. T. A. The program was under the convener'ship of Miss Bapty, who also had the kindergarten artistically decorated with Halloween novelties, autumn leaves and flowers. Miss Dorothy Dickerson gave a very pleasing solo, as did Woodrow Ward, and Miss Barbara Gibberd gave a delightful reading. The meeting closed with Halloween refreshments of doughnuts and coffee.

SOUTH SCHOOL LIT
LAUDS ATHLETES

Recently Acquired Shield Is
Displayed Against Back-
ground of Autumn Foliage.

The first regular meeting of the London South collegiate literary society was held in the auditorium yesterday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. Allan Riddell in the chair. The society took the occasion to celebrate in connection with the winning of the senior shield at the recent inter-collegiate track and field meet. The shield was displayed against a background of autumn leaves and flowers, and the whole meeting was made the opportunity for congratulating the record makers and winners of first places.

An address was given by Principal Graham in which he emphasized the fact that the college's success was due to the co-operation of the whole student body, and to the efficient and unstinted help of every member of the staff.

Thanks to the coaches were presented by Miss Mary Bolton, who thanked Miss Oates and Miss M. K. Macpherson on behalf of the girls, while the thanks of the boys were presented to Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Ward by Mr. Wilfred Sinclair. All these teachers made short replies in which they commended the work of those who had been associated with the efforts, even though they had not won first place.

The program was enlivened by a solo from Mr. Harold Jackson, and a special interest was attached to his number, because of the fact that Harold is leaving London to reside in Windsor, where he will attend the soldiers' college, and this was his last appearance in the school that had so much appreciated his musical ability. The afternoon was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem.

ST. GEORGE'S MOTHERS' CLUB.

The first meeting of the St. George's mothers' club was held last night in St. George's school, with the new president, Mrs. R. Clarke, in the chair. The speakers of the evening were Mr. Yull and Principal Wyatt of St. George's school, both giving splendid addresses on the subject of the mothers' club, and this was his last appearance in the school that had so much appreciated his musical ability. The afternoon was brought to a close by the singing of the national anthem.

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