

Higher Waterfall Than Niagara.

Taughannock Falls, in the Finger Lake district of New York, is 57 feet higher than Niagara. It is the highest uninterrupted waterfall east of the mountains.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

What Sort of Man Should the Shy, Self-Conscious Girl Marry?—Can a Girl Always Tell When a Man's in Love With Her?—The Widowed Mother Whose Grown Daughters Are Unconquered—A Girl Objects to Use of Her First Name.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What type of man should a shy, sensitive, self-conscious girl marry? Is it possible to freeze a man out, so to speak, by too much indifference if he is really in love with a girl? Can a girl always tell when a man is in love with her? Is love really enduring, or is it just an infatuation that does not stand the test of marriage?

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.

Answer: Question No. 1.—The shy, sensitive, self-conscious girl should marry what Western romances call a "he-man." He should be a bold, aggressive man, with an unlimited supply of cheek and nerve, one who will drag his wife around with him, and force her to go to places and meet people. Otherwise, the family will shrink and shrink until it itself until it becomes invisible to the public eye.

The shy, sensitive, reticent woman should marry a man with a large bump of common sense and no imagination. He will need his common sense to deal with a morbid personality that bristles with sensitiveness as a porcupine does with quills; that takes offense where none is intended, and that keeps its feelings spread all over the place so that one has to walk on eggs to avoid tramping upon them. And only a lack of imagination can keep him from being jealous and suspecting that the woman who can never show her love as cold as she seems.

The man a shy woman marries should have a great sense of humor, for that alone will make it possible for him to understand the vanity that makes the self-conscious believe that the eyes of the world are turned upon them, and that every one is noticing what they have on, how they move, how they dance, how they play cards, and listening to what they say. A man needs to be able to laugh at that kind of woman or else he would feel like committing wife murder.

Question No. 2.—Of course, it is possible to freeze a man out, no matter how much he is in love with a girl. Not only possible, but certain. Love isn't incubated in a cold-storage plant. It flourishes best in a warm atmosphere.

The people we love are those who show that they love us; the people who admire us and work our society. If there ever was a time when Dear Lady Disdain had rows of suitors sighing at her feet, that time has passed. It is the glad hand that gets a man nowadays, not the cold shoulder.

Question No. 3.—Of course, a girl knows when a man is in love with her. She knows it a long time before he even suspects it himself. And she also knows when a man has ceased to love her, no matter how much she lies to her own heart about it.

Question No. 4.—Real love endures to the end. It bears all things and forgives all things. Marriage strengthens it. In spite of all the divorces that we see, there are many men and women who love each other better on their golden wedding day than they did when they were married. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a widowed mother of five girls, who range from twenty-one to thirty-two years of age. All of them work, and have a little money inherited from their father. We do not get along together and quarrel all the time. I like a quiet life, and they have the house full in the evening, making a racket until 1 o'clock, or if they come in late they make all the noise they can.

They have their father's disposition and like to boss. I lived for more than thirty years with him, but he was the master and ruled me with a rod of iron. My home years ago was in a small town, and I would like to go back to it, as I do not like city life. I am fifty-nine years old, and I can still do all sorts of housework. Don't you think it would be all right for me to go and take care of myself, and let my daughters live as they please? They do not pay any attention to my opinions, anyway. SAD MOTHER.

Answer: You are a wise woman, Sad Mother. And you will do well if you go back to your own little place and establish your own home where you can live the sort of life that you enjoy.

You will be happier, and your daughters will be happier and you will be more fond of each other when you do not live together and have your personalities clash every hour of the day.

Sometimes we have to get away from those we love in order to get a perspective on their virtues. When we live in close touch with them we see only their faults. To my mind, the greatest mistake that people can make is in thinking that, because they happen to stand in a certain relationship to each other, they are bound to live together, no matter how antagonistic they are nor how they poison each other's lives with their never-ending quarrels.

All of us know mothers and daughters, and sisters, who fight over every trifle, and who come to hate each other so that they look forward to each other's death as a relief from a lifelong misery, but who haven't enough intelligence and backbone to get up and go away from the individual who is a thorn in their flesh, although by so doing they could secure peace and happiness for all concerned.

Fifty-nine is young for a woman in these days, Sad Mother. You probably have many years to live. Live them independently and happy away from your bossy daughters. Certainly, you served your term as a slave to their father. You have a right to your freedom now. Refuse to be chicken-pecked. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I work in a boarding-house. A year ago a lady teacher began calling me by my first name, "Miss Mary." Instead of "Miss D—," which is my last name. Now, not only she calls me Miss Mary, but everybody, men, women and children, call me that, which embarrasses me. How can I stop them?

Answer: Why do you wish to stop their calling you "Miss Mary"? You evidently think it shows a lack of respect. On the contrary, it is a term of endearment and shows that they like you, that you are nice and friendly and human, the sort of person who is a Miss Mary instead of a Miss D—. Do you think that President Roosevelt objected to being called "Teddy"? Or that any one would ever call President Coolidge "Calgie"? And which of the two has the dearest place in the hearts of the people? DOROTHY DIX.

Shirriff's MARMALADE

You will enjoy its perfection

Other Household Favorites: Shirriff's Vanilla Essence, Shirriff's Jelly Powders.

CHOIR BOYS SING "TRIAL BY JURY"

Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Is Artistically Presented in Cronyn Hall.

Cronyn Hall was filled last night for the clever presentation of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Trial by Jury" by the choir boys of the church, under the able direction of H. T. Dickinson. The boys gave an artistic rendering of the popular comic opera, their choral work being especially notable. Warren Trelaven in the role of the judge was perhaps the outstanding figure. His voice is sweet and true and he played the character well. Billy Waite made an admirable defendant, pleading his own case in a voice clear and sweet. Geoffrey Marvel, counsel for the plaintiff, was another attractive character, while Alexander Cooke as foreman of the jury and James Auld as usher of the court were well cast.

The biggest number of the whole opera is the bridesmaids' chorus, which was beautifully sung. Iva Logan in full nuptial robes and veiled her bevy of pretty bridesmaids in dainty attire with large black picture hats. It was a pretty picture, indeed, while the music accompanied the wedding march. The bridesmaid chorus were the Misses Marion Smith, Queenie Nye, Dorothy Bellington, Kay Davis, Gwen Williams and Barbara Dickinson, all of whom appeared to advantage.

The final chorus of the opera, in which the whole cast takes part, was also one of the most attractive of the evening. Between 40 and 60 boys took part. Rev. Gilbert Lightbourne acted as chairman during the evening.

CLUB NEWS

THE 24TH AT PORT BRUCE.

Plans for the gathering of campers and their friends at the Y. W. C. A. camp, "Orendaga," at Port Bruce, were made at last night's meeting of the Campers Association executive. The chief ceremony will be the raising of the new flag pole. Accompanying this will be a little service, at which Dr. Frank Anderson of Huron College will officiate. The party will set out for Port Bruce on the morning of the 24th, returning on the same night, dinner and supper having been partaken of out in the open. Those who contemplate visiting Port Bruce on the 24th are being asked to communicate with Miss Helen d'Avignon, girls' work secretary, at the Y. W. C. A., King street, by Thursday of next week.

PLANS FOR HOSPITAL DAY.

The members of the Women's Christian Association of Victoria Home at Hospital Day, Monday, May 12, when the home will be open to the public. Plans for this were made at the regular meeting of the association held yesterday afternoon at the home.

ST. JOSEPH'S ALUMNAE.

Dr. Slack of the Institute of Public Health, who is in charge of the distribution of insulin, gave an interesting talk on insulin to the members of St. Joseph's Nurses' Alumnae at the regular meeting held last evening in the nurses' home. He gave many helpful suggestions to the nurses in the care of patients, who were being treated for insulin. An interesting and concise report of the Ontario Nurses' Convention held recently in Windsor, was given by the president, Mrs. A. Tikhe.

UNIVERSITY WOMEN'S CLUB.

The annual meeting of the University Women's Club will be held on Tuesday, May 13, at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. W. H. Porter, 44 Windsor avenue, when the chief business will be the election of officers for the coming year.

RUTH CHAPTER, O. E. S.

Two invitations were accepted last evening by Ruth Chapter to put on the degree work for out-of-town chapters. The chapter will go to St. Thomas, Tuesday, May 20, and to Chatham, May 23. The drill team will also put on their drill at both of these meetings. A report of the Mother Goose fete held recently was presented by the convener, Mrs. E. Bowman, showing that over \$270 had been cleared. A large number of candidates were initiated last evening.

ONTARIO HOSPITAL ALUMNAE.

The most important business taken up at the regular meeting of the Ontario Hospital Nurses' Alumnae, held last evening in the nurses' residence, was the making of arrangements for the graduation which is being held the latter part of the month. A splendid report of the Ontario Nurses' Convention, held recently in Windsor, was given by Miss Jacobs, superintendent of nurses, and Mrs. E. Grosvenor, who attended as delegates from the Ontario Hospital. Miss C. Sutherland, vice-president of the association, presided over the meeting in the absence of the president, Miss F. Ball. At the close of the meeting a social hour was enjoyed, followed by refreshments, in charge of Mrs. Moffatt and Miss Farnham.

WOMEN'S LABOR PARTY.

E. Stuart gave very instructive talk on the constitution of the Labor party at last night's meeting of the Women's Labor party, held in the Labor Temple. This was the first of a series of such talks, which will be given from time to time. The party is arranging a social evening to be held at the home of Mrs. Chivley, 11 Inness avenue, on Thursday night next. Mrs. George Eddie presided over the meeting.

PRIDE OF LONDON.

The Pride of London Circle, No. 128, held a successful euchre and dance in the lodge rooms, Dundas street, last night, eighteen tables being in play. Miss V. Conner was successful in carrying off the first prize for the ladies, with B. Atkins securing the first prize for the men. Consolation prizes were awarded to Mrs. A. Castle and W. Watts. Drawing for a hundredweight of sugar resulted in the award going to Mr. Torrence, 139 Dundas street.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Oliver October

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, Author of "Graustark" and Other Novels.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Black Suspicions.

The news spread like wildfire. Before midnight everyone in Rumley knew that the body of Oliver Baxter had been found and that he had been foully murdered.

With darkness came the inevitable gathering of excited, bewildered people in the downtown streets. Groups of men, conversing in lowered, guttural voices, discussed the astounding and unexpected discovery. Women and children hung about the edges of these groups, or hurried from one to the other, drinking in the varied comments and opinions. They listened to men putting two and two together; they heard them connect seemingly unimportant details and weld them into convincing facts. They saw the heavy metal of official investigation and the heavy metal of conviction.

They were talking of Oliver October's muddy shoes, his strange behavior on the Lansing porch, of his unwillingness to allow the ditchers to go beyond a certain point in the swamp of the rumormongers. Peter Hines had heard the violent quarrel between father and son, of the note-book found in the grass on the slope leading down into the slough, of the broken spade handle, the blow forcible enough to splinter a stout hickory handle, and of the singular and significant fact that the heavy metal portion of the spade had never been found.

And then came the startling rumor that old man Baxter had gone to his safety deposit box in the vault of the bank three days before his disappearance, and had removed five \$100 Liberty bonds. Rumor, pure rumor, it was, but it split his own those who roamed the streets. A grave, unanswered question, too, had to do with the money so lavishly spent by young Oliver—several thousand dollars in cash. Where had it come from? Simple as rolling off a log! There wasn't much doubt as to where and how Oliver got his ready cash. But where did he get his head open with a spade, and throw him into a supposedly bottomless pit, and burn his clothes?

For now all that thronged the streets were saying that Oliver October had murdered his father. The street leading to the Baxter residence was alive with people—curious, silent, awe-struck men and women who stared intently at the windows of the house and wondered what was going on behind the yellow shades.

Inside the brightly lighted house a small company was assembled. It was not a cheerful company, nor yet a gloomy one. Acting on the advice of the delegation from Redbank, headquarters, Oliver reluctantly had cancelled an engagement to address a mass meeting at the county seat. While he acted as a guest, he made against him, there was small reason to doubt that the grand jury, then in session, would bring an indictment against him, perhaps on the morrow. The coroner, who now had charge of the body—or skeleton—had announced that he would hold an inquest on the following day. The sheriff had retained his own room, after cautioning Oliver to keep his head and await developments.

It looks pretty bad for you, Baxter, he had said at the end of a long interview. "By one thing or another you killed your own father, and that's a big advantage. So it is up to you to stand your ground and face whatever comes. Don't talk. Keep your trap closed. I called your uncle up on the telephone just now. I came here this evening. He is coming over tomorrow morning to see if he can identify the body. Of course he can't. You seem to be dead sure that it isn't your father. So is Mr. Sikes and Undertaker Link. You all claim that your father was shorter by several inches and had lost several Christ teeth. But your lawyer will look after all these points. Just sit

light, Baxter, and keep cool. Don't leave town. Understand?"

The company in Oliver's sitting-room included the redoubtable and venerable Messrs. Sikes and Link, Judge Shortridge, Mr. and Mrs. Sage and Jane, Dr. Lansing and Mrs. Grimes. Sammy Parr was expected. He was to bring in the news of the street, and the news of the room.

Oliver, a trifle pale, but with a stubborn frown on his brow, listened calmly to the animated conversation that went on about him. He sat beside Jane on the sofa in the corner of the room.

"I don't see how you can be so unmoved, so calm, Oliver, dear," teased Jane in her lover's ear. "Just think what they are talking about—and as if you were not here at all!"

He stroked her hand. "I've been thinking of something else, Jane." Of me, I suppose, and the silly motion you have of releasing me from my promise."

"I release you, dear."

"I refuse to release you—so that's that, as mother says. I am ready and willing to have father marry us tonight. But I won't do it."

"We will have to wait, dear, he said, rather wistfully.

CHAPTER XXV.

Oliver in Danger.

The front door opened suddenly and in walked Sammy Parr.

"Excuse haste," he said, tossing his hat and gloves on a chair. "I'm back. See what they are up to. They are out on Clay street. Lots of them down this way, strolling past."

"What are people saying, Sammy?" Judge Shortridge broke in, grasping his arm.

"Well, I hate to tell you, but as far as I can make out, judge, there seems to be a general feeling that—that that old man Baxter, who was always his moist forehead with the back of a hand that shook slightly."

"Snap judgment," said the lawyer, after silence had reigned for a few seconds. "This is always the way with the ignorant and uninformed. Nothing to worry about, Oliver. They will be on your side tomorrow, when they understand the situation a little better. It's always the way with a crowd."

Josephine Sage spread her hands in a gesture of contempt. "What fools these mortals be," she declaimed theatrically.

It was after 11 o'clock when Oliver's friends departed. He stood on the porch and watched them drive off in the two automobiles. A few persons had stopped at the bottom of the drive to see who were in the cars. The flaring headlights fell upon the pale, indistinct faces, and then almost instantly left them in pitch darkness.

"I wish you had let Mr. Sage marry you and Jane tonight, Oliver," said Mrs. Grimes, at his side on the top step.

"You have the license and everything, and it could all have been over in a few minutes. And Jane begged you so hard."

"I couldn't do it, Aunt Serepta," he said dejectedly. "I don't know what is ahead of me. I may be in jail before I'm a day older." He gave her a wary, bitter smile as he put his arm over her shoulder and walked beside her into the house.

"Pleasant thought, isn't it, old dear?"—the celebrated Josephine would say.

Clay street was almost deserted as Lansing and Sammy Parr drove through it after leaving the Baxter place. The Sages were in the former's car. In front of the hotel, Sammy, who was some distance ahead and who had dropped the two old men, saw the two old men, slowed down and waited for Lansing to draw alongside.

"Say, Doc, it seems queer to me that there's practically nobody in the town tonight. The Sages were in the way couldn't have got through here without blowing the horn every ten feet. Women and children all over the place."

"It's after 11, Sammy. I daresay

been drifting around on this old log all day. If ever I get on dry land again I'll make a home where the water cannot reach me. No matter how big a flood we have. Do you suppose we ever will reach dry land again?"

Jerry was wondering the same thing so he didn't answer this. Instead, he asked a question himself. "Did you see those hunters in a boat?"

The young Chuck nodded. "I saw them and I heard their terrible gun," said he. "I don't know what they were shooting at, but I nearly fell off this old log every time that gun banged."

"They were shooting at me," replied Jerry, and he shivered at the memory of it. "It is a lucky thing for you that they didn't see you."

"Nobody knows it better than I do," replied the young Chuck. "I wish this log were bigger. I've sat still so long for fear of falling off that I feel as stiff as I don't believe I could walk if I had the chance. Hello, what's that coming?"

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Friend or Foe?"

Believed Magnets Had Souls.

One thousand years ago the superstition-filled peoples of Europe believed that all magnets lived and had souls. This belief was due to the fact that magnets could pick up things and hold them.

Energy!—The Secret Revealed

"Vigor and Vim" is the motto of our Garage. Customers have repeatedly asked, "How do you manage to get a staff of workmen like you have, Mr. Rowlands?" They seem so full of life, nothing is too much trouble, so different from the usual inertia seen among local labour staffs."

We have evaded giving an answer and have carefully guarded the secret so far, but in justice to our Staff, and incidentally to a firm in Ceylon who were instrumental in putting us in possession of the Key of Success, we have decided to disclose it.

The Secret:

The two Proprietors, all the Clerks, and every one of the Fitters and Mechanics take Kruschen Salts. It is used Free of Charge. It has raised us to a hundredfold, and even paid us a hundredfold, and we would continue issuing it free. We hereby tender our thanks to Messrs. Kruschen Ltd., the Agents, and to the Manufacturers in England.

Come and see our Kruschen Fitters Rowlands' Garage, Colombo.



Someone Else's Advertisement

Colombo is on the other side of the globe. And if it cost sixteen dollars (Rs. 60) Mr. Rowlands says it would still be served free to all the employees of his garage. He thinks so much of the general speeding up in his business brought about by the world-famous "Kruschen feeling" that comes from the healthy habit of the "little daily dimful" that he wrote an advertisement about it and let the people of Colombo on the story.

We offer our appreciative thanks to Mr. Rowlands of Colombo, for his example to the public. Once does it! It's the daily dimful that

carefully read. Its most significant feature is that it was issued, not by us, but by someone else—and not to sell Kruschen Salts, but Rowlands' Garage Service.

Mr. Rowlands tried Kruschen Salts. He was so much impressed by the results that he tried it on



Tasteless in Coffee or Tea Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a 10 cent piece. It's the little daily dimful that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for Half a Cent a Day

A 75c bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 180 doses—nearly enough for six months—cent piece" taken in your breakfast cup means bounding health for less than half a cent a day. The dose prescribed for

daily use is "as much as will lie on a 10 cent piece," taken in your breakfast cup of coffee or tea. Every drugstore sells Kruschen. Get a 75c bottle to-day.

SOLE IMPORTING AGENTS: CHARLES GYDE & SON, MONTREAL.

KERRWOOD LEAGUE OFFICERS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Kerrwood, May 7.—At the last meeting of the league the following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Clarence Fuller; 1st vice, Mrs. Earl McLean; 2nd vice, Miss Mildred Morgan; 3rd vice, Harold Irwin; 4th vice, Miss Gladys Johnson; corresponding secretary, Miss Freda Richardson; recording secretary, Stanley Johnson; treasurer, Miss Eva Wright; organist, Miss Anna Leacock.

METHODIST BOARD MEETS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Wyoming, May 7.—The Methodist Church official board met last night. Some reports were given on the progress of church union. An interesting message from the Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, premier, and others were read. Rev. J. Jones was granted two months' leave of absence to visit England. Several necessary committees were appointed and other routine business disposed of.

Alkali in Shampoos

Bad for Washing Hair

Do not use prepared shampoos or anything else that contains too much free alkali, for this is very injurious as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It is inexpensive, and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the average family for months.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified is all that is required. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh-looking, bright, fluffy, and easy to manage. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff. Be sure your druggist gives you Mulsified. Beware of imitations. Look for the name Watkins on the package.—Adv.



Always Good

When you buy SURPRISE you get a big, bright, solid bar of the highest grade household soap and it is always the same.

A Pure Hard Soap

THEY LACE IN FRONT

Gossard Corsets

are made to smooth the lines of the figure and bring out the loveliest proportions.

WEAR GOSSARD BRASSIERES