

Millions Chewed Away in Gum.

The total capital invested in the chewing gum industry is estimated at \$30,000,000, a gain of \$20,000,000 since 1914. Since the war everybody's been doing it.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Man Who Has Weared of Restraints of Married Life—Shall a Mother Choose Her Daughter's Friends?—Is a Woman of Thirty-Eight Still Attractive?

Dear Miss Dix—Can a man love his wife and yet hate married life? We have been married five years, and my husband says that he cares for me, but that he does not like the restrictions of domesticity and longs for his bachelorhood, and he suggests that we separate. I care very much for him and I am not satisfied away from him, and we have a little girl who is very fond of both of us.

What shall I do? Shall I take my child and go, and try to forget him, or shall I stay, knowing he is dissatisfied and wishes to be free?

ANSWER:

The role of the unwanted wife is certainly the most pitiful one in the world, and it is one that I should think no woman of spirit would endure a minute longer than she could help. There is nothing for her but humiliation in sticking to a man who wishes to be rid of her and who lets her see at every turn that she is a burden to him. Anywhere else in the world she would be better off and happier than she is with the man who makes her feel continually that she is a guest who has outstayed her welcome.

So, my dear Troubled Wife, I think that the best thing that you can do is to sell your husband the freedom he craves so greatly at the very highest price you can get out of him. Get some good lawyer to draw you up an iron-bound contract which will at least force your child's father to support you and the baby, and then pack your trunk and go.

If you stay where you are not desired, you will get more and more upon your husband's nerves, the restraints of the holy estate will gall him deeper and deeper, and he will come to hate you because he thinks you come between him and happiness. But if you go away and leave him free to resume the remembered joys of his bachelorhood, the chances are that his love for you will reawaken and he will come after you begging you to return.

For matrimony unites a man for the celibate life without his knowing it. Tied to wife and child and home, he may pine for the good old days when he did not have to come home until he was good and ready; when he could play poker all night if he so desired; when he could eat in clubs and restaurants, and live a free, untrammelled life.

Then it is that he realizes that matrimony has done its deadly work. He is not only housebroken. He has lost his taste for the wild, and he wants to go home to an evening, where a woman will fuss over him, and a child run to meet him with outstretched arms.

Virtually all husbands have to dissemble their joy when they kiss their wives good-bye in the summer as the missus and the kids start for the country. They are going to be free, hurrah, hurrah! But, oh, how glad they are to welcome those same ladies back again after their vacation. That is a tip for the unwanted wife.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of twenty-three years of age. All my life my mother has selected both my girl and boy friends for me, and of course, it is the ones I like that she forbids my going with, and the ones she wants me to go with that I don't care for. Recently she told both my best girl and boy friend that she did not wish me to associate with them, and that I could not come to my home any more. When I asked her what her reason to them was, she simply replied that she didn't like them.

I especially like the young man. Would it be right to meet him away from home and go to shows and other places with him, as mother won't let me come to the home?

BLONDE.

ANSWER:

I cannot advise any girl to make a practice of meeting men outside of her home and going with them on the sly to places. It lowers the man's respect for her and puts her on a level with girls of doubtful character. Better far have a standing fight with your mother and tell her that you are of age, and that you have a right to choose your own friends and decent men please in your home, and that if she refuses you the protection of that home you will make one for yourself somewhere else.

For your mother is absolutely and altogether in the wrong. If she knew that you were associating with boys and girls of low character, whose influence would be corrupting, it would be her duty to protect you from them, but her jurisdiction only extends over their morals. She has no right to force her taste on you or keep you away from those you like for no other reason than that they are not congenial to her. We all have an inalienable right to our own choice in friends and husbands and wives.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Does a woman have many chances to marry when she reaches the age of thirty-eight or thirty-nine? Do men find her attractive at that age?

A. S.

ANSWER:

Depends on whether she is a spinster or a widow. A woman who has been married and lost her husband, is spoken of as a young widow at thirty-eight. She is most attractive to men, and is pretty sure to have many chances to marry. But a woman of thirty-eight who has never married is called an old maid. Men fight shy of her, and she seldom marries. No one knows why men make this distinction between the widow and the spinster, but they do. However, when the old maid of thirty-eight or thirty-nine does marry she nearly always marries well. She generally gets some rich old widower and spends the balance of her days in cottonwool.

DOROTHY DIX.

Unc' Billy Possum Heads For the Green Forest After Jimmy Skunk Is Caught

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Where was Unc' Billy Possum? You remember that Farmer Brown's boy was sure that Unc' Billy was in the box trap that had been set for him. It wasn't until he had opened that trap that he had discovered that instead of Unc' Billy Possum he had caught an independent gentleman dressed in black and white. At a safe distance from the barrel into which Jimmy Skunk had been dropped, Unc' Billy Possum had been looking on and stared at that barrel as if even then he couldn't believe his eyes had seen what he knew they had seen. At this very time when he should have been in the barrel, according to Farmer Brown's boy's way of thinking, Unc' Billy was curled up in his bed in a certain hollow tree in the Green Forest. And the very last thing he did before going to sleep was to chuckle and wonder what had happened to Jimmy Skunk.

You remember that Unc' Billy had found a very comfortable retreat under the back porch of Farmer Brown's house, and that Farmer Brown's boy had guessed that he was there and had set a box trap for him. Unc' Billy had known nothing about the trap. He had made up his mind that under that porch was a very good place and that he would stay there for awhile, sleeping during daytime and going out after dark to see what he could find around Farmer Brown's dooryard.

He waited until all was quiet. It was quiet in the house, as well as outside. Then he went to the hole under the porch and poked his nose out for a look around. At once his nose told him that there was some meat just in front of him in a harmless looking box. His mouth began to water. He was making ready to get that meat when he heard a little noise at one side of him. Jimmy Skunk was ambling along straight towards him. Unc' Billy knew that he hadn't been seen, and he didn't want to be seen. He wisely backed out of sight under the porch. He hoped Jimmy



Unc' Billy knew that he hadn't been seen.

wouldn't take a notion to come in under there. Jimmy didn't pay attention to that hole under the porch. You see, when he got there his nose told him that that meat, that he was even more suspicious than Unc' Billy Possum, was a Billy makes the mistake that many independent people make, the mistake of thinking that independence gives one the right to do just as one pleases. Jimmy smelled that meat, and without hesitating at all walked right into that trap to help himself. Bang! The trap had closed and he was a prisoner!

A few minutes later Unc' Billy poked his head out from under the porch. That harmless looking box was closed. He could hear Jimmy Skunk inside. Unc' Billy chuckled. Ah, guess Ah would be in there if Brer Skunk hadn't come along," said he. "Ah reckon the place for me is in the Green Forest, all right. With this he headed straight for home.

(Copyright, 1924 by T. W. Burgess.) The next story: "A Barrel of Trouble."

WOMEN and THE HOME

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XVI. (continued).

With Marzak following at her heels, she swept like a fury into the darkened room where Assad took his ease.

"What is this I hear, O my lord?" she cried, in tone and manner more the European than the submissive Eastern slave. "Is Sakr-el-Bahr to go upon this expedition against the treasure-galley of Spain?"

Reclining on the divan he looked up and down with a languid eye.

"Dost know of any better fitted to succeed?" quoth he.

"Whether it be one whom it is my lord's duty to prefer to that foreign adventurer. One who is entirely faithful and entirely to be trusted. One who does not attempt to retain for himself a portion of the booty garnered in the name of Islam."

"Bah!" said Assad. "Will thou talk forever of those two slaves? And who may be this paragon of thine?"

"Marzak," she answered fiercely, flinging out an arm to drag forth youth here in softness and idleness? But yesterday that rascal mocked him with his lack of scars. Shall he take scars in the orchard of the Kasbah here? Is he to be content with those that come from the scratch of a bramble, or is he to learn to be a fighter and leader of the Children of the Faith that himself may follow in the path his father trod?"

"Lead me, O my lord," said Assad, "as the Sultan of Istanbul, the Sublime Portal, shall decree. We are but his vice-regents here."

"But shall the Grand Sultan appoint him to succeed thee if thou hast not equipped him so to do? I shamed him on thee, O father of Marzak, for that thou art lacking in due pride in thine own son."

"May Allah give me patience with thee! Have I not said that he is still over young?"

"At his age thyself thou wert upon the seas, serving with the great Captain."

"At his age I was, by the favor of Allah, taller and stronger than he is. I cherish him too dearly to let him go forth and perish. He is lost to me before his strength is full grown."

"He is at him," she commanded. "He is a man, Assad, and such a son as another might take pride in. Is it not time he girt a scimitar about his waist and trod the poop of one of thy galleys?"

"Indeed, indeed, O my father!" begged Marzak himself.

"What sayest thou, O old Moor?" "And is it so? And wouldst thou go forth then against the Spaniard? That knowledge hast thou that shall equip thee for such a task?"

"What can his knowledge be since his father has never been concerned to school him?" returned Fenzileh. "Dost thou sneer at shortcomings that are the natural fruits of thine own omissions?"

"I will be patient with thee," said Assad, showing every sign of losing patience. "I will ask thee only if in thy judgment he is in case to win a victory for Islam? Answer me straightly now."

"Straightly I answer thee that he is not. And, as straightly, I tell thee that it is full time he girded his duty to let him go upon this expedition that he may learn the trade that lies before him."

Assad considered a moment. Then:

"Be it so," he answered slowly. "Shalt set forth, then, with Sakr-el-Bahr, my son?"

"With Sakr-el-Bahr?" cried Fenzileh aghast.

"I could find him no better protector."

"Shall thy son go forth as the servant of another?"

"As the pupil," Assad amended. "What else?"

"Were I a man, O fountain of my soul," said she, "and had I a son, none but myself should be his protector. I should so mould and fashion him that he should be another me. That, O my dear lord, is thy duty Marzak. Entrust him to me, and to one whom despite thy love for him I cannot trust. Go forth thyself upon this expedition with Marzak here for thy kayah."

Assad frowned. "I grow too old," he said. "I have not been upon the seas these two years past. Who can say that I may not have lost the art of victory, no?"

He shook his head, and his face grew overcast and softened by wistfulness.

"Sakr-el-Bahr commands this time, and if Marzak goes, he goes with him."

"My lord—," she began, then checked.

A Nubian had entered to announce that Sakr-el-Bahr was come and was awaiting the orders of his lord in the courtyard. Assad rose instantly and for all that Fenzileh, greatly daring as ever, would still have detained him, he shook her off impatiently, and went out.

She watched his departure with anger in those dark, lovely eyes of hers, and anger that went near to blinding them in tears, and after he

CHAPTER XVII. (continued).

had passed out into the glaring sunshine beyond the door a silence dwelt in the cool, darkened chamber—a silence disturbed only by distant trills of silvery laughter from the lesser women of the Bashas's house. The sound jarred her taut nerves. She moved with an oath and beat her hands together. To answer her came a negress, lithe and muscular as a wrestler and naked to the waist; the slave-ringer in her ear was a massive gold.

"Did them make an end of that screeching," she snapped to vent some of her fierce petulance. "Tell them I will have the rods to them if they again disturb me."

The negress went out, and silence followed, for those other lesser ladies of the Bashas's house were more obedient to the commands of Fenzileh than to those of the Bashas himself.

Then she drew her son to the fretted lattice commanding the courtyard, a screen from behind which they could see and hear all that passed, and she said to him, "The man's sharp wits, rendered still sharper by his sufferings, were cutting deeply and swiftly into this matter."

"They did well, but none could have urged it more fervently than I, for none know so well as I the joy of battle against the infidel under thy command and the glory of prevailing in thy sight. Come then, my lord, upon this enterprise, and be thyself thine own son's preceptor, since 'tis the highest honor thou carst bestow upon him."

(To Be Continued.)

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TOMORROW'S RADIO

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3.

WEAF, NEW YORK—492. 6 p.m.—Joseph Knecht's orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Edith Piaf. 8:30 p.m.—The Happiness Boys. 9:30 p.m.—Samuel Shankman, pianist. 10:30 p.m.—Samuel Shankman, pianist. 11:30 p.m.—Fischer's dance orchestra.

WJZ, NEW YORK—455. 7 p.m.—Lafayette Hotel orchestra. 8 p.m.—Victrola Street Journal review. 8:25 p.m.—Looseleaf current topics. 9:30 p.m.—Specialty numbers. 9:45 p.m.—Talk on Charles Dickens.

WJY, NEW YORK—405. 8 p.m.—Chats with the editor. 9 p.m.—WJY—360. 6:30 p.m.—Oleott Vail, violinist. 7 p.m.—Paul Specht's orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—Dorothy's orchestra. 10 p.m.—Concert program. 10:30 p.m.—Henderson's orchestra. 11 p.m.—Vandenberg's orchestra. 11:30 p.m.—Sam Wooding's orchestra. Midnight—Farolty club orchestra.

WNVC, NEW YORK—326. 7:30 p.m.—Police alarms, etc. 8:30 p.m.—Concert program. 9:30 p.m.—WOR, NEWARK—495. 6:15 p.m.—Rev. Edmond Hains. 6:30 p.m.—Man in the Moon stories. 7 p.m.—Rev. Edmond Hains, evangelist. 7:15 p.m.—Bill Steink's sport talk.

WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509. 6:05 p.m.—Edman-Lewis orchestra. 6:45 p.m.—Live stock and produce. 7 p.m.—Uncle Wip's bedtime stories. 7:30 p.m.—Dream Daddy's stories. 8 p.m.—Book review; Walter Greenough Players, artist recital. 10 p.m.—Morning Glory Club; Esther Patsy Rivon, soprano; Howard Lamin's dance orchestra.

WFO, PHILADELPHIA—395. 6:30 p.m.—Meyer's orchestra. 7 p.m.—Sunny Jim, the kiddies' pal. 7:30 p.m.—A. Candelieri's orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—Fox theatre studio program. 9:30 p.m.—Studied Hotel orchestra. 10 p.m.—Harriette Ridler, organist. 10:30 p.m.—A. Candelieri's orchestra.

KDKA, PITTSBURGH—326. 6:15 p.m.—Paul Fieger, organist. 7:15 p.m.—The children's period. 8:40 p.m.—Stockman market reports. 8 p.m.—Miscellaneous program. 8:30 p.m.—Concert by artist pupils.

WCAG, PITTSBURGH—462. 6:30 p.m.—William Penn dinner music. 8:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee. 9:30 p.m.—Evening musical program.

WCAP, WASHINGTON—469. 7:25 p.m.—Major League scores. 7:30 p.m.—United States Navy band. 9:15 p.m.—Talk, Capt. Gordon-Smith. 9:30-10 p.m.—To be announced.

WRC, WASHINGTON—469. 6 p.m.—Stories for the children. 6:30 p.m.—Stories for the children. 7 p.m.—Sunday school lesson. 8 p.m.—Melodrama, "Silence," in three acts by Max Marcin, presented by WGY Players, with incidental music. 10:30 p.m.—Earl Hermance's orchestra.

WGR, BUFFALO—419. 6:30 p.m.—Lopez-Stallier orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—Daily news digest. 9 p.m.—Tokio dance orchestra. 11 p.m.—Lopez-Stallier orchestra.

"Child's Eyelids Inflamed Struck Together and Bled"

Mr. E. P. Kimball, Entwistle, Alta., writes:

"Our little girl from birth was troubled with inflamed eyelids and in spite of several remedies, grew worse until at the age of sixteen months her eyes could not be opened after sleep without bleeding, a waxy discharge sticking the lids together and adhering with great tenacity. The child's grandmothers were consulted by mail, and both responded with a little sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. These were used as directed, and lasted until we could obtain a further supply from Edmonton. Improvement was very marked from the first application. The waxy discharge was easier removed and did not reappear. Inflammation subsided and has not returned."

Dr. Chase's Ointment
60 cts. a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

Demolish "Village Blacksmith's" Forge.

The forge at St. Mary Cray, Kent, England, reputed to have inspired Longfellow's famous poem, "The Village Blacksmith," is now about to be demolished.

GUELPH ASSOCIATION PREPARES FOR MEET

Eight Cross Country and Road Races On Thanksgiving Day Card.

Special to The Advertiser.

Guelph, Oct. 1.—Officials of the Guelph cross country run and road race association are already making preparations for the annual Thanksgiving Day meet. It is expected that the competition will be the biggest ever held under the auspices of the association. The meet will be extended to athletes not only in Ontario, but from cities across the border, and some of the best runners in the country will take part in the various open events.

The program includes eight races, as follows: 1 mile, boys of 14 years and under; 2 miles, boys of 16 and under; 5-mile factory; 4-mile factory relay race; 5-mile open; 15-mile open; 10-mile cross country; 10-mile walk (handicap).

The new officers of the association are: President, J. Hewitt; first vice-president, J. Philpotts; second vice-president, W. Spalding; third vice-president, C. Murray; secretary, Col. W. Simpson; treasurer, N. Keefe; auditor, H. C. Allen.

The honorary presidents are: Hon. H. Guthrie, Hon. L. Goldie, J. P. Dowling, J. M. Taylor, C. R. Crowe, Bert Collier, H. Peters, T. J. Hannigan, J. W. Lyon and Mayor W. Stephens.

4:30 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra. 8:15 p.m.—George Olsen's Orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—WGN's Classic Hour. 8:45 p.m.—Acadian Organ recital. 9 p.m.—Program from Examiner studio.

10 p.m.—Chief Yowlachie, Indian bandleader; Margaret Johnson, violinist. 11 p.m.—Cocacola Grove Orchestra. KJH, LOS ANGELES—395. 6 p.m.—Art Hickman's Orchestra. 6:30 p.m.—Musical program. 8:10 p.m.—Children's program. 10 p.m.—Art Hickman's Orchestra.

CFCA, TORONTO—400. Daily—12 to 12:15 noon, weather, early stocks, news; 5:30 to 5:55 p.m., late stocks and news; 5:55 to 6 p.m., short story for small children; 8 p.m., concert or from an outside hall, broadcasted by CFCA.

Sunday—5:55 to 6 p.m. Bible story for small children; 7 p.m., church service. Eastern standard time.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions, is made for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagements must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

GENUINE 10-DAY SALE STARTING THURS., OCT. 2.

Williams' Sarsaparilla and Uva Ursi Compound. Regular price \$1.35. For 10 days, \$1.00. Pills. Regular price 25c, for 10 days, 19c.

Williams' Sarsaparilla has cured Rheumatism, Neuritis, St. Vitus Dance, Salt Rheum, Eczema, will rid the body of Boils, has given wonderful help in cases of Paralysis; will clear the Stomach, Liver, thereby doing away with Dizziness, the depressing Sick Headaches, and clear the skin of all ugly blemishes and pimples.

Williams' Vegetable Anti-Bilious Pills help to complete the work of the medicine by carrying off the bile. One bottle a ten-day treatment. Sold and manufactured only for the Son, 191 Hamilton Rd., London, Ont. Manufactured under proprietary patent medicine act.

Get two ounces of peroxide powder from your druggist. Sprinkle on a hot, wet cloth and rub the face briskly. Every blackhead will be dissolved. The one safe, sure and simple way to remove blackheads. Adv.

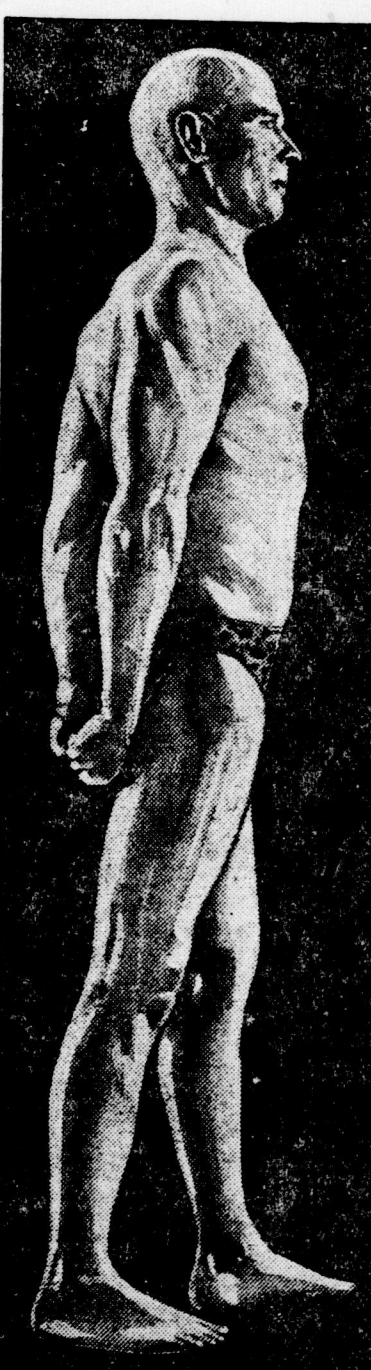
BLACKHEADS

Shirriff's MARMALADE Matchless in goodness

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

"GHOST - CEREALS" "Shadow-Foods" "Foodless-Foods" "Spook-Foods"

Eat them if you will, but they are called



by modern Food Science, because the mineral elements, without which the human body cannot be soundly built, have been refined out of them by removing the fat-containing germ, the bran, the rich, brown flour. They contain mostly starch, which cannot build either muscle, bone, blood, brain or nerves. But they can, and do turn the blood acid, a very dangerous and un-natural condition, which induces disease.

Dr. Jackson's ROMAN MEAL

is a real food, made from whole wheat, whole rye, flaxin and bran. It is rich in mineral salts and has every element your body needs in the exact proportions needed, and it has no element that your body does not need. It builds bone, muscles, blood, brain and nerves, and aids heart action.

Add Roman Meal to your daily diet, in addition to green vegetables and fruits, and keep gloriously fit and well.

Roman Meal is the most strengthening and the best body-building food in the world, therefore of the utmost advantage to the run down and to the child from the 10th month, and also for nursing and expectant mothers, because of its growth-promoting properties. It prevents indigestion and positively relieves constipation.



Robert G. Jackson, M.D. Photograph taken in his 65th year. A wreck at 55—built up by Roman Meal.

Keeps the Family Fit. At All Grocers.

ROMAN MEAL

ROMAN MEAL CO. LIMITED - TORONTO