Cakes Made From Sugar Beet.

Dried sugar beets are being used in France for the manufacture of a flour said to be highly nutritive and suitable for the baking of cakes and sweet breads.

Hail to the Woman Who Lived!

Dorothy Dix

Woman Who

IS SET FOR JUNE 6

Nine Contestants To Give

Addresses on Evils of Strong

Drink and Cigarettes.

her report of the mothers' club meet

ings held during the year, at the

noon, stated that it was the main object of the club to teach the mem-

"The home is back of every nation

expenditure amounted

he had made 368 visits to the homes,

400 visits to the office, 65 visits to

the police court, 35 visits to the jail,

40 visits to the hospital, 12 visits to the Salvation Army home, 31

cared for, and 3 layettes supplied.

was set for June 6, when nine con-

udges. The date set for the enter ainment of the L. T. L. was May

27 and the election of the board

and a charming solo by Mrs. Heaslip

Over Annual Meeting

Held at the School.

held last night in the school, suc-ceeding Mrs. W. S. Lowe, who was

amed honorary president. Other of-

was greatly enjoyed.

mbers was postponed until the

evils of drink and cigarettes. Dr.

will give addresses on the

Hueston and Mrs. Hutchins.

The Woman Who Has Always Been Happy and Prosperous Has Only Existed in a Silken Cell-But She Who Has Fought in the Battle of Life Has Really Lived. She Has Touched Life at Every Point.

A middle-aged woman said to me the other day:

"I have had what people call a hard life. I have been through the depths of poverty and sickness. I have known want, and struggle, and

anxiety, and despair. I have almy strength. For years I walked burning plowshares of a misle marriage.

I look back upon my life

ee it as a battlefield strewn with the wrecks of dead dreams, and broken hopes, and shattered illusions-a battle in which I always fought with the odds tremendously against me, and that has left me scarred, and bruised, and maimed and old before my time.

"Yet I have no pity for myself; no tears to shed over past and gone sorrows; no envy for the women who have been spared all that I have gone through. Rather am I sorry for those women whose lines have been cast in pleasant places and who

heart of humanity.

have never known anything but softness, and ease, and luxury, for I know that all that I have suffered was just the growing pangs of "For I have lived. They have only existed. I have drunk the cup of life down to the very dregs. They have only sipped at the

bubbles on the top of it. "I know things that they will never know. I see things to which they are blind. I feel things to which they are dead, for happy women, prosperous women, live in a little silken padded room in which they are shut away from all the outside world, and they see nothing but its four walls. They know really nothing of life. They never touch the aching, throbbing

"It is only the women whose eyes have been washed clear with tears, who get the broad vision that makes them little sisters to all

"This of itself is a compensation for many sorrows, but I have more. I have proved myself to myself. I know that I have the strength to endure and the courage to carry on, and that I will not be craven enough to run up the white flag, no matter what other difficulties I may be called

"The skeleton at the feast of the woman who has always been happy and prosperous is fear. She becomes panic-stricken when she thinks that she may be called upon to meet trouble; that she may have hardships to endure; that her soul may be torn with suffering. She shudders with apprehension at the thought of poverty, and wonders how she could endure to go shabby and do with out the things to which she is accustomed. She wonders helplessly

what she would do if she had to earn her own living.
"None of these fears, with which happy women torture themselves upon occasion, have any terrors for me. I know them for the bogies they are, and know, too, that they fly away before the person who does not cringe before them.

"I am not afraid of poverty because I have been poor, and I know that poverty has its consolations and brings you pleasures that money cannot "Nor am I afraid of having to support myself. I have earned my bread and butter for many years, I know the joy of work and I know that to a woman just the satisfaction of knowing that she is self-supporting turns her crust into angel's food.

"Often I am tempted to envy the woman who has always had some strong man to stand between her and the world, some man whose tenders and love has guarded and protected her. But I am consoled for not og a clinging vine when I wonder what the vine would do, and think broken it would be if the sturdy oak on which it hangs was laid low.

"I have learned in the great University of Hard Knocks a that no woman who has had an easy to arned to live each day as it comes, and not to borrow dreading tomorrow. It is the dark menace of the future hat makes cowards of us. 1 put that dread from me because experience has taught me that when the time comes that I so fear the strength and wisdom to meet it will be given me.

"Little annoyances have no longer the power to affect me. After you we seen your whole edifice of happiness topple and crash in ruins about ou, it never matters to you again that a servant forgets to put the doilies nder the finger bowls or the cook spoils the soup.

"I have learned not to expect too much of people, and so I can still get appiness out of the friend who isn't quite true to me, or the acquaintance o gossips about me, and I can even find pleasure in the society of those hose motives I see through.

"Above all, I have acquired a sense of humor, because there were so many things over which I had either to laugh or cry. And when a woman can joke over her troubles instead of having hystercs about them, nothing can ever hurt her much again. "So I do not regret the hardships I have known because

through them I have touched life at every point, I have lived. And it was worth the price I had to pay." DOROTHY DIX.

Three kinds - Black - Green - Mixed.

WEDDINGS

SMITH-O'ROURKE.

A pretty wedding took place this orning at St Mary's Church, when Elizabeth, daughter of Mrs. Mary O'Rourke and the late Thomas mith of Detroit, formerly of Lonon, son of Mr. William Smith, of his city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Monsignor Brady.
The bride wore a graceful gown of rchid georgette over satin, with a match, and carried a shower and was gowned in powder blue and carried Richmond roses. Mr. of the singing. Solos were rendered William Hobb acted as best man. by Misses Eva Hall and Stella Good-Following the ceremony a wedding hand. Misses Minnie Wilcocks, Ruth preakfast was held at he home of Haney and Edith Kenzie gave recita-

out-of-town guests from Hamilton Brantford and Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left later for Detroit, where they will reside in future. The bride travelled in a gray dress, with a gray hat to match and a gray mar-vella coat. The groom's gift to the bride was a string of pearls, to the bridesmaid a silk parasol, and to the best man a cigarette case.

BETHEL RALLY.

Special to The Advertiser. Forest, May 13 .- The Go-To-Sunday-School service at Bethel Church, Warwick township, on Sunof Ophelia roses. Miss Pauline day, had an attendance of 119, with O'Rourke was her sister's bridesmaid, Superintendent J. F. Smith presiding. eorgette, with a becoming gray hat, M. L. Kenzie's class was in charge

the bride's mother, in Rectory street. tions. Mrs. W. H. Luckham gave a the guests, numbering 20, included fine address on "Mother." Cuperior in every way

After the young Chuck reached shore e found safety in a hole beneath some

rate the entrance was too large. In the third place it was very damp.

"It won't do," said the young Chuck.
"No, sir, it won't do. I must find a better place than this. If Reddy Fox should come along here and find me asleep I wouldn't have a chance. No, sir, I wouldn't have a chance."

So presently the young Chuck poked his nose outside. In a few minutes he poked his whole head outside. Then he look for the minutes he look for them?"

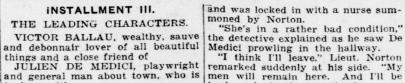
"I don't know," replied Jerry Muskrat in his turn. "I don't know. All I ask is enough to eat and a safe place to sleep in."

"That's all I ask." replied the young Chuck. "But I don't know, where to look for the minutes he look for the minu

his nose outside. In a few minutes he poked his whole head outside. Then he came out wholly. Not an enemy was to be seen. "I don't suppose," muttered the young Chuck, "it matters which Grow Thin."

Chuck. "But I don't know, where to look for them." (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Danny and Nanny Grow Thin."



back early in the morning.'

A few of Ballau's cronies were re-

began in measured tones to discuss

Carvello, a lean, nervous-mannered

Ballau put that beard on to disguise

himself as a stranger and deceive Jane, why should he leave it on until

"Yet Ballau wore the false beard.

"Put there by the murderer after the

Medici spoke suddenly, "but there is more than one reason to explain that,

and there are other ways that a man

"I'm rather done up . . . if you don't mind, I'll turn in."

He had been waiting for this mo-

ment ever since Norton and his keen

eyes had arrived at the apartment. The lieutenant was gone. Two dull-

"Who is it?"
"Mr. De Medici. Will you please
"Mr. De Medici. Will you please

"Wake her up, please. Tell her it's

vestibule downstairs and saw her

partner to another, withstood the attentions of ardent admirers, and yet she looked fresh; even after all the heat and excitement, just as radiant and unruffled as though she had that

moment stepped away from her dressing table.

"She was in the apartment for

"Miss Ballau is asleep.

paused and stared tiredly

There was mucilage on his chin."

he had stabbed himself?'

around him.

voice asked:

imperative."

young man, shrugged his shoulders as De Medici finished relating Nor-

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

' Mrs. Ida Harrison, social worker of the W. C. T. U., in presenting FLORENCE BALLAU, daughter of Victor Ballau, a talented actress. De maining. De Medici led the way into Medici tells her of his love and also a small room Ballau had used as an meeting of the union yesterday afterobtains parental concession to an office. Meyerson, the antique dealer, early marriage. Ballau plans to hold Carvello, the painter, and Foreman, a party at which he will announce his the retired Shakespearean actor, folbers to become better mothers and daughter's engagement, while Julien lowed him. They lighted cigars and promises to call for Florence after the evening performance. When De the qualities of the man who lay dead city, town and village," she stated, Medici arrives at the theatre he finds in the adjoining room. and by improving the conditions of the club met each Thursday from October to April, and that it had a membership of 120. Her report also the home, we are improving society generally." Her report showed that October to April, and that it had a and learns of the mysterious death ton's conclusions. membership of 120. Her report also of Ballau, who is lying on the lib- "Suicide," he re showed that \$205.06 was the total rary floor with a dagger through his heart. The police are summoned and Norton, chief detective, advances a suicide theory, claiming that a false beard, which is clutched in Ballau's heard, is reserved. amount raised by the club, and the Brief reports were also given by a number of Mrs. Harrison's assistants, Mrs. E. W. Gairns, Mrs. In support of this theory, Norton asks Jane, the housekeeper, if Mrs. Harrison's report showed that

she saw anybody else in the apart-CHAPTER V.

ment besides Ballau.

Ghosts. The detective's keen eyes had fas-tened steadily on the woman. She The annual report of the treasurer of the board was given by Mrs. A. Paterson, showing that the income voice as if talking to herself:

"He steadily on the woman. She stood looking at him in silence, then, abruptly, she whispered in a low voice as if talking to herself:

"He woman. She

from the building for the year amounted to \$2,275.28, with a total expenditure of \$1,553.77, leaving a balance of \$721.51. Mrs. Patterson stated that a check for \$100 had been received from the extension of \$1,553.77 and the half. It was dark. He was a received from the estate of a former president, the late Mrs. Gregston.

The date of the oratorical contest

"That will be all, Jane."

The date of the oratorical contest That will be all, sale.

The woman, overcome by her emotions, had fallen forward in her chair.

The sergeant came to her side. Norton turned with a look of triumph to De Medici and Dr. Greer. P. R. Neville, E. A. Miller and V. K. Greer have been asked to act as

"Suicide usually has a motive as well as murder," he said. "I think we'll find two facts. Fact No. 1, that Ballau was heavily insured, Fact No. 2, that Ballau was heavily in debt. next meeting, June 24. The Scripture lesson was given by Mrs. Carson, the father naturally thought that that tell Miss Ballau I want to see her for keeping up this pretense was no longer necessary. Insurance often isn't collectable in a case of suicide, so he camouflaged the thing to look De Medici shuddered. The whole

thing was for his benefit. It was a trap for him. His eyes fell from the It was a etective. He continued, however, to eason as the man talked. "Murder. . . . But this policeman "Murder. . . . But this policeman is absurd. If Ballau wanted to do something for Florence—the insur-Mrs. Alex. Calder Presides

ance—why should he crush her with "Do you begin to feel the logic of

the thing?" Norton inquired sudden-Mrs. Robert Wray was elected by.
Wortley Road "No." De Medici answered, "It re president of the Wortley Road Mothers' Club at the annual meeting

No. De Medici answere.

No. De Medici answere.

In mains impossible in my mind despite everything you say."

Norton modded. "You are fighting from a wrong point of view.

"Mr. Ballau was a man of the thea-

cers on the new executive are: Vicetre. When the time came for him to resident, Mrs. G. A. Coates; secredo the thing—his nerves on edge, his mind at a hysterical tension—he retary, Mrs. G. A. Brown; treasurer, Mrs. J. Hamilton; press reporter, Mrs. G. Monahan; program convener, Mrs. H. Spencer; reception convener, Mrs. T. A. Willis; refreshment con-Lieut. Norton stood up. veners, Mrs. W. Richmond and Mrs.

"I think we'll find some among the uests tonight who'll be able to throw E. Rogers; visiting committee, Mrs. D. Pleiter; representative for child wel-

fare, Mrs. F. Floyd.

Mrs. Alex G. Calder, of the Talbot Street Mothers' Club, presided over the election, while the teachers of the school were in charge of the refreshments which followed the meeting. A short but interesting program included a vocal solo by Archie McCullough, an instrumental duet by R. Ginsbery at the violin, and H. interesting many control of the said.

The detective walked out of the room. De Medici rose to follow. As he did an object fell out of the heavy upholstered chair in which he had been sitting. He stooped and picked it up. A woman's purse. Norton had turned at the door and De Medici slipped it quietly into his pocket.

"An old purse," he said.

The detective walked out of the room. De Medici rose to follow. As he did an object fell out of the heavy upholstered chair in which he had been sitting. He stooped and picked it up. A woman's purse. Norton had turned at the door and De Medici rose to follow. As he did no object fell out of the heavy upholstered chair in which he had been sitting. He stooped and picked it up. A woman's purse. Norton had turned at the door and De Medici rose to follow. As he did no object fell out of the heavy upholstered chair in which he had been sitting. He stooped and picked it up. A woman's purse. Norton had turned at the door and De Medici rose to follow. R. Ginsbery at the violin, and H. himself, "and there were some faded Ginsberg at the piano. A very comprehensive talk on the home and De Medici, his eyes narrowed, tried school convention in Toronto recently vainly to obtain a moment's private was given by the club representation. He had learned that she had retired to her bedroom

Johnny Chuck and Jerry Muskrat Meet and Tell Their Experiences

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Do you know what it is to be home-ess? Of course you don't. I hope you never will. There is nothing much more ireadful. It happens once in a while to boys and girls and to grown-up people, ut it doesn't happen nearly as often as it does to the little people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. And when it does happen to these little people it is just as hard as it is for uman folks. Sometimes it is even The great flood which swept over the

Green Meadows made many little people homeless. Most of them were driven out by the water and succeeded in reaching nigher land where the water could not come. A few were surprised like the roung Chuck and Jerry Muskrat and Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. You now what happened to them. They limbed on whatever they could and irifted about in dreadful fright. Finally hey all reached land. That is, all did out Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. They found safety in a hollow fence

But all these little people were home didn't know where to look for is to get something to eat.

They didn't know where safe Presently, as he wande niding-places were. They didn't know near the water, he unexpectedly when or where to expect enemies. It another wanderer. It was J was a very dreadful feeling.

oots. At least it seemed like safety at rest. You see there he was out of sight. Tell me about it."

So the young Chuck told all about of the sharp eyes of enemies. But after he had been there a while that hole didn't seem so safe. In the first place how, by drifting on logs and swimming. t wasn't deep enough. In the second he had at last reached shore, "Where lace the entrance was too large. In are you bound for now?" Jimmy asked.



get here after all."

way I go. I haven't any home anyway, and so far as I know one direction is as good as another. My, but I'm ess even when they had found safety. hungry! The first thing for me to do Presently, as he wandered along Muskrat. "Hello!" exclaimed Jerry. "So you did get to shore after all. I've Muskrat. been wondering what happened to you.

We want you to make a test. We want you to make a test.

Send 35c, for a bewitching boxful of
allurement—seven generous samples
in one container—Mavis Tissue
Building Face
Powder, Compact
Rouge, Lipstick,
Cold Cream, Lemon
and Almond Cream,
and Eau de Toilette

FACE POWDER

is the way to all-day beauty.

Working, shopping or driving, indoors or out, Mavis Face

Powder stays on, clinging

And, in the evening, through-

out the dance, theatre or supper party, it will keep shoulders, neck and arms soft,

"Seven Beauty Secrets"

cooling and protecting.

dull and creamy.

V. VIVAUDOU OF CANADA LIMITED

360 ST. PAUL ST. WEST, MONTREAL IRRESISTIBLE

WOMEN and THE HOME

CHAPTER VI.

The Inquest.

He grinned tiredly at himself in a lressing mirror. "I must watch this quality in me he murmured. "She is guilty—ye things whisper it inside me . . know this because I feel drawn to

for the prowling ones in me. His hands had withdrawn the atre in London in 1899 "Suicide," he repeated. "H'm. If

she left the theatre with her make up on and in the costume of the The voice of Foreman the old actor 'Dead Flower.' When I saw her first she had changed. There was no make-up on her face—and her clothes were changed. Thirty-five body of Victor Ballau? minutes in which to . . change She lied . . she lied."

crime," Carvello exclaimed. "There's a camouflage there right enough." De Medcii shook his head. The dis-He sprang to his feet, a cry in his throat. The doorway was empty. He cussion seemed curiously pointless to him. There was the telephone call at the theater—and there. "He may have worn the beard," De tood shuddering before it, afraid to look beyond into the darkened hall, cowering before the shadow of a chair that stretched against the wall. Something had passed—a shadow had passed. With hands grown moist, he walked stiffly forward and closed out can get mucilage on his face than from a false beard."

He paused and stared tiredly he empty space. He was alone in "Fear," he murmured. "It traps me

a disease. In the fully lighted room De Medici flung himself with a sob on the bed. The next day the famous Ballau library was converted into a courtroom. The melodrama of the "Crucifix Mystery"—an identity provided faced men in uniform were guarding the library. De Medici's manner un-derwent a change. He moved quickly by some of the papers-had a setting toward the door behind which he at random to serve as a coroner's jury sat nervously in the renaissance chairs that had been lined up in knew Florence was locked. Glancing furtively up and down the hallway, front of the fireplace.

Coroner Holbein had taken his he knocked softly. A stranger's

> ouse. At his right side sat Lieut. Norton and Dr. Greer. Coroner Holbein opened the in-

A pause, during which De Medici heard muffled whisperings. Then Florence's voice came faintly: whether "Please excuse me, Julien. I can't be you."
De Medici frowned. He stood sons yet unknown, but staring at the locked door. Circumstances were repeating themselves in his head. His subtle brain trained n the adventure of finely-spun ideas

bund the situation banal. He repeated slowly to himself: "Somebody called her on the teleyour duty as citizens to return verdict determining who it was, She fled in answer to the call. She left the theatre at 9:40. Less than 10 minutes to the apartment. Yes, I made it in 10, and she was in you have been able to discover from he evidence, that was guilty."

Coroner Holbein came to an end a greater hurry than I. So it was 9:50 when she reached the apartment. And it was 10:30 when I entered the

of his admonition with a flourish of his gavel.

more than a half hour," he stood thinking. "She lied about that to Norton. She lied, too, about the tele-

phone call.' "Ah." he mused, "she lures me. I believe her guilty . . . a murderess, a Messalina. And the fact believe her guilty . . . a murderess, a Messalina. And the fact lures me. De Medici hail her. De Medici ghosts inside me prostrate themselves devoutly before a kinswoman-a woman whose hands are red with murder. . . . An i toward obeisance stirs in me.

to her guilt. A kinswoma

purse. An ornate thing of an obsolete style. Folded in the bottom was a theatre program. A program of "Iris," played at the Goldsmith Theertoire company. In the lower right hand corner of the leather were two initials in silver-F. B.

He raised the thing to his cheek. "Florence," he whispered.

position behind a work table introquest with a brief address to the

"It is for you gentlemen to determine whether Victor Ballau has been the victim of a foul and dastardly crime, or whether for reahope this inquiry will uncover, Victor Ballau ended his own life. After you have listened to the testimony given by the various witnesses the city of New York has subpoen-aed for this occasion, it will then be

pings of Sir Walter Scott's curls have never realized more than \$21. A lock of Nelson's hair sold at the record price of \$1,575.

Value of a Lock of Hair.

The value of a lock of the hair of Milton is held at \$1,000. Clip-

One teaspoonful in the dishpan makes the dishes and glassware bright and glistening. 2 for 25c at all Good Grocers

Greer?" he said. In answer to a few brief questions Dr. Greer described in medical lan-

There followed a short examinato go away as he interfered with ton in which both questions and getting the party ready. guage the cause of death. tion in which both questions and answers seemed the product of a well rehearsed scene.

O.—Is this dagger I now show you

A.—I heard Mr. Ballau say he was

Q .- To what extent had it penetrated? A .- The entire blade was imbed-

Q .-- From the position of the dagger in the body, how would you say the blow had been inflicted? A .- That is hard to say. It may ave been struck from many angles. One thing, however, is obvious. The dagger followed a slightly upward ourse after penetration.
Q.—What do you deduce from

-Nothing definite can be an upward blow.
Q.—Would a man stabbing himself inflict such a wound?
A.—Yes, that might be. A man stabbing himself might either strike

downward, or, if he knew a little of anatomy, take the more effective way that?

A .- I should say instantaneously, pointed beard. or at the most a matter of five or | ten seconds. Coroner Holbein beamed.

"That will be all," he said. "Call Miss Jane Mayfield."

Dressed in black, the gaunt house keeper was ushered to the witness

Q .- And now, Jane, tell us simply and in your own way what hap-pened that afternoon and night. A .- Mr. Ballau was killed.

Q.—We know that, Jane. But be-fore he was killed what happened? What orders did he give you that A .- He told me there was going to be a party. He told me to order Q.—What did you do after receiv-

ing his orders?
A.—I called the caterer around the corner and gave him Mr. Ballau's orders and then I worked around the

Q.—Did you see Mr. De Medic that day?

A.—Yes. Mr. De Medici and Mr. Ballau were together for a while after dinner Mr. Ballau told him

well rehearsed scene.

Q.—Is this dagger I now show you the dagger you removed from the body of Victor Ballau?

A—I heard Mr. Ballau say he was too excited and that he was no use whatsoever, and to go out and walk."

A smile passed through the room cheeks and decorative features oc cupied adjoining seats

sitting, eyes straight—unwavering and attentive.

Q+After Mr. De Medici went away, what happened the A-I was busy. I don't remembe anything.

Q-Did he say anything more?

Q-Think carefully and see if you recall having seen another man A.—Nothing definite can be deduced from that except that it was Mr. De Medici's leaving.

A--No. Q-On the night of Mr. Ballau's death, you said that you remembered catching a glimpse of a tall man with a black beard. Have you forgotten that? Come, Jane, do you remember

of striking upward.
Q.—In your opinion, how long after the wound was inflicted did about that. A tall man with a black,

Q-Had you ever seen that man

before? A-I don't remember

Q-What time was this? A-About 9 o'clock. Q-Did you hear any sounds in the

se while you were thus busy? Q-If there had been any sounds in library, sounds such as might be

made by a violent struggle, would

A-Oh, yes, sir! I'm sure I would. Q-Do you remember when Miss Ballau returned?

Q-What time was it? The housekeeper again hesitated. The frightened expression returned to her eyes. She wavered until, turning, she encountered the attentive

gaze of Florence Ballau. TOMORROW-A Climax!

You Don't Need to be Thirsty

When you drink Orange-CRUSH you give your body good nourishment that is guickly assimilated—and you are quickly refreshed! But then, the flavor! Nothing can compare with the wonderful flavor of this wholesome drink! You don't need to be thirsty to enioy it. You just naturally want it often because it has that flavor of luscious oranges that positively lures

Enjoy Orange-CRUSH every day. Give it to the children. Serve it at home. You can get it from your nearby dealer. Simply phone him. He'll deliver a case of 24 bottles to your door.

Orange-CRUSH comes to you only in the Krinkly Bottle with the name blown right into the glass. Insist on seeing this bottle. It is your guide to the genuine.

Drink-



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Try This! Make your own ice cream sods at home Put the ice-cream in a cream sodas at home.
Put the lee-cream in a
glass. Pour in a bottle
of your favorite CRUSH
--Orange, Lime or Lemon
--stir thoroughly to
make it creamy. You'll
pronounce this a perfect
soda in every respect.