

WOMEN and THE SEA MARK

Attention, Brides! **Dorothy Dix** Gives "Inside Dope" to Young Wives

The Old Question "How to Hold a Husband?" May Be Answered in Three Words: "Don't Monopolize Him"—Don't Try To Be Everything in His Life; Just Be Content To Be the Best.

If I could give one piece of advice more earnest than another to the young woman who is about to be married, it would be this:

Don't try to monopolize your husband. Don't attempt to narrow down his every thought and interest to his home. Don't try to separate him from his own old friends. Above all, don't give him an overdose of your society.

Of course, no bride will take my tip, for there is no other human being, except a collegian in his freshman year, who is so absolutely certain that she has been bitten by Solomon's dog and knows all there is to tell about men, as is the young person upon whose marriage certificate the ink is still wet. Nevertheless, if she would hearken to these words of warning it would save her a lot of trouble.

Every bride begins by believing that she can be all-in-all to her husband, and that he cannot possibly tire of holding her hand or desire any other diversion than telling her over for the billionth time how beautiful and wonderful she is, and how his guardian angel must have been working overtime when he got her for a wife. Therefore, when she begins to realize that, having got married, her husband takes marriage for granted and has ceased to be excited over it, and that he has resumed his heart interest in the grocery trade, and the stock market, and golf, she sheds salt and bitter tears, and means that he no longer loves her.

The honeymoon is notoriously a time of strike and bickering. The average married couple look back upon their first year of married life with horror and wonder how they ever lived through it. It was the season of torment because the bride was trying to monopolize her husband's every thought and interest, and he was fighting for his personal liberty.

Fortunately, for most couples, before the battle ends in the divorce court a baby comes along to distract the woman's attention from the man. But before she has cut her wisdom teeth on her wedding ring and found out that no human being can be all-in-all to any other human being, the hearthstone is strewn with shattered illusions and love has got some body blows from which it never fully recovers.

It is this monopolistic spirit that makes a woman jealous of her husband's mother. She knows well enough that the affection a man has for his mother is entirely different from the love he gives his wife, but cannot endure to share him even with the woman who bore him and to whom he would be a dastard to be disloyal.

It is what makes a woman cold-shoulder all of her husband's old friends and of the house and supplant them with her own friends, because she is determined to blot out the life in which she had no part.

It is what makes her hate even the business or profession in which her husband is absorbed, and even causes her to speak with resentment of the "old office" in which is made the money that supports her.

You meet women who boast that they have been married for years and have never left their husbands for a single day, and that they tag their husbands even when they go off on fishing and hunting trips.

And you cease to wonder that the women who make the mistake of trying to tie their husbands to their apron strings find that these gentlemen, so often slip the knot. For the thing that is chiefly the matter with matrimony is that there is too much of it.

Husbands and wives get overdone of each other's society, and get so fed up on each other that they lose their relish for each other and rush to other people for a change.

If people were only married six months a year instead of twelve they would stay lovers till their golden wedding day. Absence never makes the heart grow so much fonder as when you are separated from the partner of your bosom.

When you kiss John or Mary good-bye at the station you think him or her commonplace and uninteresting. But his or her virtues grow with every mile of distance and day of separation, until by the time you are 3,000 miles away and have been gone from home a month you are honestly believing you are married to the hero of your girlish dreams or the fairy maiden of your youth.

The terrible thing about domestic life is its lack of privacy. There are homes in which no one has an individual room; no one a drawer at others do not put pry into; no one can get a letter others do not open; no one can think a thought or have an opinion that others do not discuss.

Now, the decent soul shrinks from exposing itself to the public gaze. It is as repulsive to bare itself to other eyes as it would be to a modest man and woman to strip their bodies naked.

If women would only bear this in mind, and remember that men are far more reticent about discussing their emotions than women, and if they would begin their married lives by giving their husbands privacy of thought and personal freedom; if they would make themselves the dessert of life instead of the corned beef and cabbage they would save themselves many tears and hold their men to the end.

For a woman cannot be all-in-all to her husband, but she can make herself the best thing of all in his life.

DOROTHY DIX.

GADSHILL WOMAN DIES ON STRATFORD STREET

Son Identifies Remains When He Sees Notice of Death.

Special to The Advertiser. Stratford, Oct. 26.—Mrs. Alex.



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For cuts, burns, blisters, chafes, wounds, or skin troubles of any kind. Soothing and healing. Keeps it always in the house. In tubes or bottles. Look for the trademark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

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Blackheads simply dissolve and disappear by this one simple, safe and sure method. Get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle it on a hot, wet cloth, rub the face gently—every blackhead will be gone. Adv.

Horne of Gadshill dropped dead at 8 o'clock yesterday morning in front of the store of Gordon & Orr. The body was identified by the son of the unfortunate woman, who happened to see a notice at the market place referring to the sudden death of a woman on Ontario street. Mrs. Horne and her son had come to the market early in the morning, and about 8 o'clock she went up town to do some shopping. She was sixty-nine years of age.

HYDE PARK YOUNG PEOPLE.
Hyde Park, Oct. 26.—The young people's devotional evening was held in the Presbyterian school room on Friday. The president, Elmo Robinson, was in charge. Rev. J. MacKillop read the Scripture lesson. A duet was given by Misses Anna Ramsay and Laura Keays, and Delbert Fowler gave a flute selection, accompanied by Jack McDowell. Rev. Mr. Calloway delivered a splendid address on "The Challenge of the Master."

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Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—and tell your druggist whether the material you wish to color is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods.—Adv.

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XXIII. (continued).

Marzak, however, seemed but indifferently interested; his eyes continued awhile to stray toward the palmetto bale by the mainmast. At length, without another word to Sakr-el-Bahr, he made his way about, and flung himself down under the awning, beside his father. Asad sat there in a moody abstraction, already regretting that he should have lent an ear to Fenzileh to the extent of coming upon this voyage, and assured by now that at least there was no cause to mistrust Sakr-el-Bahr. Marzak came to revive that drooping mistrust. But the moment was ill-chosen, and at the first words he uttered on the subject he was growled into silence by his sire.

"Thou dost but voice thine own malice," Asad rebuked him. "And I am proven a fool in that I have permitted the malice of others to urge me in this matter. No more, I say."

Thereupon Marzak fell silent and sulking, his eyes ever following Sakr-el-Bahr, who had descended the three steps from the poop to the gangway and was pacing slowly down between the rowers' benches.

The corsair was supremely ill at ease, as a man must be who has something to conceal, and who begins to fear that he may have been betrayed. Yet who was there could have betrayed him? But three men aboard that vessel knew his secret—Ali, his lieutenant, Jasper, and the Italian Vitigello. And Sakr-el-Bahr would have staked all his possessions that neither Ali nor Vitigello would have betrayed him, whilst he was fairly confident that in his own interests Jasper also must have kept faith. Yet Marzak's allusion to that palmetto bale had filled him with an uneasiness that sent him now in quest of his Italian boat-swain whom he trusted above all others.

"Vitigello," said he, "is it possible that I have been betrayed to the Basha?"

Vitigello looked up sharply at the question, and smiled with confidence. They were standing alone by the bulwarks on the waist-deck. "Touching what we carry yesterday," quoth he, his glance shifting to the bale. "Impossible. If Asad had knowledge he would have betrayed it before we left Algiers, or else he would never have sailed without a stouter bodyguard of his own."

"What need of bodyguard for him?" returned Sakr-el-Bahr. "If it should come to grips between us—as well it may if what I suspect is true—there is no doubt as to the side upon which the corsairs would range themselves."

"Is there not?" quoth Vitigello, a sneer on his swarthy face. "Be not so sure. These men have most of them followed thee into a score of fights. To them thou art the Basha, their natural leader. "Maybe. But their allegiance belongs to Asad-ed-Din, the exalted of Allah. Did it come to choice between us their faith would give them to stand beside him in spite of any past bonds that may have existed between them and me."

"Yet there are some who murmured when thou wert superseded in the command of this expedition," Vitigello informed him. "I doubt not that many would be influenced by their faith, but many would stand by thee against the Grand Sultan himself. "And do not forget," he added, instinctively lowering his voice, "that many of us are renegades like myself and thee, who would never know a moment's doubt if it came to a choice of sides. But I hope," he added in another tone, "there is no such danger here."

"And so do I, in all faith," replied Sakr-el-Bahr with fervor. "Yet I am uneasy, and I must know you stand if the worst takes place. Go thou amongst the men, Vitigello, and probe their real feelings, gauge their humor and endeavor to ascertain upon what numbers I may count if I have to declare war upon Asad or if he declares it upon me. Be cautious."

Vitigello closed one of his black eyes portentously. "Depend upon it," he said, "I'll bring you word anon." On that they parted. Vitigello to make his way to the prow and there engage in his investigations, Sakr-el-Bahr slowly to retrace his steps to the poop. But at the first he abated the gangway he paused, and looked down at the dejected, white-fleshed slave who sat shackled there. He smiled cruelly, his own anxieties forgotten in the savor of vengeance.

"So you have tasted the whip already," he said in English. "But that is nothing to what is yet to come. On that they parted. Vitigello to make his way to the prow and there engage in his investigations, Sakr-el-Bahr slowly to retrace his steps to the poop. But at the first he abated the gangway he paused, and looked down at the dejected, white-fleshed slave who sat shackled there. He smiled cruelly, his own anxieties forgotten in the savor of vengeance."

"But you will, sweet brother," was the answer. "You will care for yourself most damnable and pity yourself most poignantly. I speak from experience. 'Tis odds you will not live, and that is my chief regret. I would you had my thews to keep you alive in this floating hell."

"I tell you I care nothing for myself," Lionel insisted. "What have you done with Rosamund?" "Will it surprise you to learn that I have played the gentleman and married her?" Oliver mocked him. "Married her?" his brother gasped, blanching at the very thought. "You heard?"

"Why abuse me? Could I have done more?" And with a laugh he sauntered on, leaving Lionel to writhe there with the torment of his half-knowledge.

An hour later, when the cloudy outline of the Balearic Isles had quitted density and color, Sakr-el-Bahr and Vitigello met again on the waist-deck, and they exchanged some few words in passing. "It is difficult to say exactly," the boatswain murmured, "but from what I gather I think the odds would be very evenly balanced, and it were rash in thee to precipitate a quarrel."

"I am not like to do so," replied Sakr-el-Bahr. "I should not be like to do so in any case. I but desired to know how I stand in case a

quarrel should be forced upon me."

And he passed on. Yet his uneasiness was no whit allayed; his difficulties were very far from solved. He had undertaken to carry Rosamund to France or Italy; he had pledged her his word to land her upon one or the other shore, and should he fail she might even come to conclude that such had never been his real intention. Yet how was he to succeed now, since Asad was aboard the galleasse? Must he be constrained to carry her back to Algiers as secretly as he had brought her there, and to keep her there until another opportunity of setting her ashore upon a Christian country should present itself? That was clearly impracticable, and fraught with much risk of detection. Indeed, the risk of detection was very imminent now. At any moment her presence in that panicle might be betrayed. He could think of no way in which to redeem his pledged word. He could but wait and hope, trusting to his luck, and the vagaries of fate, which it was impossible to foresee. And so he paced on alone and very lonely, waiting and praying for a miracle.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Pannier.

He was still pacing there when an hour or so before sunset—some fifteen hours after setting out—they stood before the entrance of a long bottle-necked cove under the shadow of the cliffs of Agulla Point on the southern coast of the Island of Formentera. He was rendered aware of this and roused from his abstraction by the voice of Asad calling to him from the poop and commanding him to make the cove.

Already the wind was falling, and it became necessary to take to the oars, as must in any case have happened once they were through the cove's narrow neck in the becalmed lagoon beyond. So Sakr-el-Bahr, in his turn, lifted up his voice, and answer to his shout came Vitigello and Larocque.

A blast of Vitigello's whistle brought his own men to heel, and they passed rapidly along the benches ordering the rowers to make ready, whilst Jasper and half-dozen Moslem sailors set about furling the sails that already were beginning to flap in the shifting and intermittent gusts of the expiring wind. Sakr-el-Bahr gave the word to row, and Vitigello blew a second and longer blast. The oars dipped, the slaves strained and the galleasse plowed forward time being kept by a boatswain's mate who squatted on the waist-deck and beat a tomtom rhythmically. (To be continued.)

FINE MUSICAL PROGRAM FOR W. I. CONVENTION

Sessions Will Be Marked by Many Vocal and Instrumental Selections.

A very fine musical program has been arranged for the women's institute convention, Western Ontario branches, to be held in the city next week. At the banquet which is to be held in the Smallman & Ingram dining-room on Tuesday, Miss Marion Beck will sing, and Miss Dorothy Cahill will give violin numbers.

The Tuesday and Wednesday evening sessions will also be marked by musical numbers rendered by Miss Gurniss of Bluevale, Mrs. Hugh McKillop of West Lorne, Miss Marion Peel of Byron, who will sing "A Farewell Song" and "The Greatest Love We've Ever Had," and Miss Margaret Sells of London, blind girl pianist. Mrs. Hugh McKillop of West Lorne will direct the community singing which will be an interesting feature of the meetings. Mrs. Boulton Fitzgerald of Thorndale will be pianist. The members of the executive are looking forward to a large attendance at the meetings to be held in the Masonic temple. These meetings are to be thrown open to the men and women of London as well as delegates to the convention.

CLUB NEWS

WOMEN'S FACULTY CLUB.

The women's faculty club of the University of Western Ontario will meet on Wednesday afternoon, October 23, at 3:30 o'clock, in room 220 of the new arts building, when the executive will be the hostesses.

PUPILS GIVE RECITAL.

The first of the regular weekly recitals to be given during the current school year by the pupils of the London Institute of musical art was held Saturday morning, with Mr. A. D. Jordan, the musical director, presiding. Those who took part in the program were: Dorothy French, Eleanor Jenkins, Edith Bowie, Irene Duesling, Gilbert Clarke, Bernard Cottle, Marion Templar, Dorothy Ramsay, Marjorie Lewis, Jack McDonald, Jean Merrett, Lorna Ashplant, Ellen Wood, Anna Day, Dorothy Wright, Keith Coates and Frances Bycroft. The teachers represented were Misses Irene Burns, Hazel Taylor, Mildred Chantler, Dorothy Munroe, and Alberta Torry.

LOYALTY CIRCLE A. O. F.

Mrs. Frank Morten, Victoria street, is lending her home for a social evening tonight when the guests will be the members of Loyalty Circle, A. O. F. Mrs. George Burgess is general convener of this event.

EFFECTIVE MEANS OF REDUCING FAT

Here is an extraordinary method of reducing weight—extraordinary because no starvation diet or violent exercises are necessary. Marmola Prescription Tablets are made exactly in accordance with the latest medical research. They reduce you steadily and easily, with no ill effects. Procure them from your druggist for one dollar a box, or send price direct to the Marmola Company, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich. Once you start taking these tablets and losing your fatness, you will be happy again.—Adv.

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Princess Soap Flakes are economical. Because they are pure soap—unadulterated—less is required to do the work.

No more buying two or three different kinds of soap preparations. This ONE now does the work of all.

That's an economy, you'll agree. A great delight, thousands of women tell us.

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We guarantee to replace any washable garment, which by reason of its having been washed with Princess Soap Flakes has been damaged in texture or its color made to run, provided such garment has been washed in accordance with our instructions.



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STRATFORD WOMAN DIES AS RESULT OF BURNS

Special to The Advertiser.

Stratford, Oct. 26.—As a result of burns received while trying to extinguish a fire in her apartments, 39 Wellington street, on Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. George Poore died in the general hospital at noon yesterday. Mrs. Poore was an elderly woman and was alone at the time of the fire which is thought to have been started when flames from the stove ignited clothes hanging across a line over the stove.

OUR AIM

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PARIS PUBLIC SCHOOL ART EXHIBITION CLOSES

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Oct. 26.—The art exhibition put on by the Paris public school staff in the community hall came to a close last night. Mr. Mulhron, music master of the schools, provided a splendid program each evening

of the exhibit. The Friday evening program consisted of violin duet by Saxon Adey and Frank Kinsey; piano solos by Donald Sinclair, Doris Chittenden, Ivy Benrose, Annie Clegg, Margaret Hinchcliffe, Edith Champion, Dorothy Wheeler, Reba Gilham, Howard Travers and Ivan Ponting. The proceeds are to be used in putting educational pictures on the walls of the classrooms.

HONOR BRIDE-ELECT.

Special to The Advertiser.

Hyde Park, Oct. 26.—A pleasant social evening was spent Wednesday evening in the Methodist church here, when the congregation assembled in honor of Miss West, a bride-elect of next month, and presented her with a beautiful reading lamp, an electric iron and toaster. The address was read by Mrs. (Rev.) Robb.