



Mr. Hyde had corns ... Dr. Jekyll had none!

At the root of many a bad temper, there's a corn. It is hard to keep the disposition serene when a corn is jabbing and biting it with pain. You can cover the tip of a corn with a match-head. But this tiny pain-center makes one feel

Blue-jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Why on earth does nature, that a r c h planner, bother to put a talent in a woman's body? Doesn't she know what a war she is starting, what a conflict in which the talent is pretty sure to get the worst of it?

A Big Chance Lost.

I have just had a letter from a friend who has great ability as an artist. She developed this gift as a girl. She said it aside for the years of child bearing and child rearing. It is not often that one is allowed to go back and find the gift still there and so she was not to be trusted that it is useless to try to bring it up and bring it into use again. But her gift was of such value that even neglect could not entirely blot it out. Last fall when the last of her children went away to school (she lives in a small country place) she went to look for her gift, found it and brought it into use again. All winter she painted. She had made a really good start. Her old teacher had great hopes for her. This summer the children were going to camp and she was going on with her work. She was looking forward to this as she had an opportunity to work with an older artist who could help her greatly. I was

anxious to hear how she was coming on, and this is the news her letter brought. There have been some serious complications in her sister's household. And so she has dropped her work and gone across the country to straighten things out there. And that's that!

But A Brother Wouldn't Have Done It

There was no one else to do it and so she did it. The work that was bringing her so much satisfaction and bade fair to bring her much needed money for the children's further education has been pushed aside. Perhaps she will take it up again in the fall, but perhaps there will be some other woman's job to claim her.

It seems to me that any home maker who in spite of the constant pressure of the ten thousand jobs the world always has ready to push into a woman's hand, actually accomplishes something in any work outside her home deserves at least double the credit a man would deserve for a similar achievement.

For I think it takes twice the determination, twice the will power for her to free herself for such work.

Public Opinion Is With The Man.

Even where the claims are not the primal, not-to-be-denied claims of maternity and wifehood, there are always so many things that the world thinks a woman ought to put before her work. ... A sick parent, a visiting

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

MAN'S PURPOSE.

When you've read the books and have done your thinking. Sifted life out for its golden sand For the thing which is finer than eating and drinking. Pleasure or fame or the work of your hand. This you shall come to as being above all things. Home, with its treasures of numberless things.

Boring through life for the core at the center: Seeking your purpose and part in the plan. Your reason for every grim battle you enter.

The source of your courage to fight as a man. The spirit that moves you and fashions what's your way. You'll find that it's all to be found at your doorway.

Wealth—not for self, but the loved ones about you. Fame, not for self, but for those you would bless! Honor, what matter that others may doubt you. Still if the trust of your own you possess?

Danger, despair and the struggle to master. All to make lovely those four walls of plaster.

This is the ultimate end of your story: Did they rejoice in the work of your hand? Have you to show, as the sum of your glory.

A home which the tempests of a life could withstand? Peace at the fireside and love at the tender— These are man's purpose, and these are his splendor!

In-law, social engagements, help for her husband in his work—all these things are perfectly justified encroachments upon a woman's time and strength. Whereas the path is cleared by public opinion for a man's work. If a woman is going to accomplish anything, she has got to begin by being ruthless, and ruthlessness is not in the average woman's nature.

Sometimes of course these claims are really more vital than the cultivation of her ability. None will question what a mother's first duty is. But then again they are not vital and she can, if she had enough strength of character, deny them and give her time to something that will bring her and those who are close to her more happiness in the end. But it does take a tremendous strength of mind and I think any woman who without denying the really vital claims, has cleared her way to accomplishment through the underbrush of minor calls deserves double honor for whatever success she achieves.

Richard Hudnut

THREE FLOWERS VANISHING CREAM The Base Ideal before applying Face Powder. Delicately scented with THREE FLOWERS ESSENCE.



Giant Artist Hero

MR. JEMMETT, WHO DIED AT BIARRITZ.

PARIS.—The English artist, Mr. William Jemmett, who lost his life while trying to rescue Mrs. Albert Williams, who was drowned while bathing at Biarritz, was well known in Paris.

He specialized in portraiture, and was to be seen often at Deauville, Biarritz, and at Cannes, where many women sat for the portraits which he painted in a graceful and delicate style.

The artist was the son of Rev. F. J. Jemmett, of Guilford, Surrey. He measured 6ft. 9½ in., and used to say that his height was the secret of his success. "Once seen, I cannot be forgotten," he remarked recently.

BIARRITZ.—Miss Williams, whose mother lost her life in a bathing tragedy, is herself in a serious condition owing to injuries she received when she was dashed against the rocks by the sea.

The Giant and King Edward. Mr. William B. Jemmett, was an artist well known to Londoners. His height naturally attracted general attention—on one occasion from King Edward. The late king was about to enter his carriage after a visit to a Bond-street shop when he noticed Mr. Jemmett and spoke to him.

"What height are you, my boy?" he asked.

"Six feet nine, sir," was the reply.

"And a very good height too," remarked King Edward, smiling.

In 1921 Mr. Jemmett played the giant in the Kingsway Theatre revival of the Jacobean burlesque, "The Knight of the Burning Pestle."

When the war broke out he was in the United States. Returning, he joined an Officers' Training Corps, and afterwards, passed into the Royal Artillery. He was at one time Assistant Provost-Marshal attached to the headquarters of the 6th Army.

The artist referred to in the above was a well known figure in Montreal about ten years ago, where he gained a great reputation as a painter of children's portraits.

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CAMPING.

We had journeyed in a flivver all the long and dusty day, and we camped beside a river as the dusk was growing gray. Then the females of the party all got busy cooking beans, and the men, fatigued but hearty, strolled about the sylvan scenes. When the frugal meal was ready it was dished on plates of tin, and some coffee, hot and heady, I soon spilled upon my shin. All the knives and forks were pewter, and the spoons were metal base; with such tools one needs a tutor if he'd learn to feed his face. When the cheap repast was eaten we discussed our happy time: "Such an outing can't be beaten," I remarked. "It is sublime; this is freedom pure, untarnished, freedom such as Adam knew, when he ate his supper garnished with some simple, wholesome brew. Here the clean inspiring breezes are not loaded to the guards with the germs of punk diseases, nothing here but the fresh air of the woods." "I beg your pardon," said the other, "but I was thinking for the old home far away, but I kept on gawping as the dusk was growing gray."



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Last Look Saves Girl From Being Interred Alive

COFFIN RE-OPENED ON MOTHER'S PLEA FOR ANOTHER LOOK AT DAUGHTER.

New Laws Necessary To Prevent Living Burial.

"People are still being confined alive and, in certain cases, buried alive," says H. Maxwell Johnson, Secretary of the Association for the Prevention of Premature Burial.

"The most recent occurrence of the kind was at Weston, Oklahoma, a few weeks ago, in which a sixteen-year-old girl named West was rescued from her coffin by the merest fluke. The final stage of the interment had actually begun, when the bereaved mother passionately demanded to be allowed a last look at the face of her girl."

"Her appeal was so pitiful that the coffin was re-opened. The mourners were amazed to find perspiration on the girl's face and examination showed that the heart was still in action."

"Cases have occurred in this country. In 1896 a boy named Ernest Wicks was found in Regent's Park, London. The body was taken to the St. Marylebone Mortuary, where the keeper happened to look at it closely. He was led to attempt resuscitation, and, with the assistance of his wife, restored breathing. When the doctor arrived the boy was breathing freely, though still insensible, and the surgeon eventually pronounced him to be suffering from a fit."

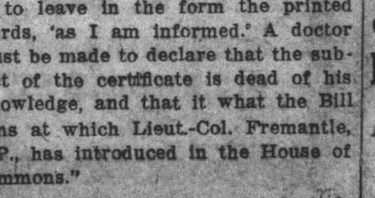
"One of the Lancashire county coroners, at an inquest in December, 1903, of a child, told the jury that the child had 'died' four times and that the mother had obtained three medical certificates of death on the strength of her own diagnoses!"

"Another case occurred at Hapton near Accrington, in 1906. A Mrs. Holden, aged twenty-eight, 'died,' and the doctor's certificate of death was given. The insurance company was informed and all the arrangements for the funeral made. While the undertaker was measuring the body he noticed twitching of the eyelids. The woman soon 'came to life.'"

"There was also the sensational case of Mrs. Rose, of Nora Street, Cardiff, who, in September, 1908, while in a state of trance, had a narrow escape from premature burial."

"The law regarding the issue of death certificates must be changed," declared Mr. Maxwell Johnson. "All that a busy or indifferent medical man has to do at present to 'cover' himself is to leave in the form the printed words, 'as I am informed.' A doctor must be made to declare that the subject of the certificate is dead of his knowledge, and that what the Bill aims at which Lieut.-Col. Fremantle, M.P., has introduced in the House of Commons."

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Ex-Chauffeur to Royalty

ARRESTED ON FORGERY CHARGE

William-George Stokes, who bears credentials which indicate that at one time he was chauffeur for members of the royal household in England, and also held a position of the same nature with the Governor-General of Canada, was taken into custody by detectives Melasac and Fox on the charge of having committed forgery. His arrest having been effected, another charge has been laid, in both cases the name forged being the same, that of E. M. Stewart, a boarding house keeper in the south end of the city, for sums of \$100 and \$25.

Discovery that the cheques were forged was made by the Royal Bank of Canada, and the matter was immediately placed in the hands of the police with the result that Stokes was arrested aboard the steamer Papyrus, which had cleared and was about to leave port, where the accused held the berth of third engineer.

According to the detectives, Stokes readily admitted that he forged the

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