

Seek Haunts of the Whale.

A party of English scientists will soon make an expedition to the Antarctic in an effort to discover the haunts and habits of the whale about which extraordinary creature comparatively little is known.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

What Kind of Wife Will That Girl Make Who Has Always Been Babied?—The Husband Who Would Rather Be a Good Sport Than a Good Provider—Shall They Wait Till He Can Give Her Every Wish?

Dear Miss Dix—I am in love with a girl whose people make a regular baby out of her. Mother has to hold her hand everywhere she goes, so to speak. She can't go out of the house without a chaperone, and when I take her out I have to bring her home before dark. She is never allowed any liberty, nor to decide anything for herself. And she obeys just as if she was three years old instead of a grown girl.

This makes me wonder what sort of a wife she will make. I want a wife who has lots of pep and ambition, the push-and-pull kind, who will help me to get on and make something of myself. I don't want a wife who is satisfied with anything, who is slow and easy going, who has the habit of letting someone else do all the planning.

Do you think that after this girl is married she will buck up and have some backbone and initiative? Is it just her misfortune that she is handicapped by too strict, old-fashioned parents?

JOHN.



Answer: I would like to shake hands with you, John. You are a man after my own heart, because I am like you. I never have been able to see what there was so attractive to men in that Patient Griselda stuff. I should think that the meek wife, who had no mind of her own whatever, and who let everybody else do her thinking for her, and tell her where to get on, and where to get off would bore her husband to tears.

My ideal woman is like yours—a peppy lady, who is full of ginger, who is alive to her finger tips, who is electric and simply seething with energy. She is the kind of a woman who is a go-getter and who is always right behind her husband, pushing him along, making a place for him and the children.

That is the type of wife who is a real helpmate. "She took the chances I wouldn't and I followed your mother blind," says the dying old captain in Kipling's poem, telling his son how he piled up his millions.

But, of course, on the other hand, you must bear in mind that the ambitious, determined, independent woman isn't nearly such a soothing companion to live with as the meek, little mouse who has been under mother's thumb all of her life. The girl who has had her spirit thoroughly broken, who is accustomed to giving in and to deferring to other people's wishes, probably will think that you are an oracle and never dream of such a thing as disputing your august authority. So there may be consolations in the situation after all.

And, of course, after marriage she may change. There are few women as much afraid of their husbands as they are of their mothers.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married a little over a year, and am just beginning to understand my husband. He has expensive tastes and little money. He will go out with the bunch and have a good time tonight, even if he has to go hungry tomorrow.

For example, I needed some shoes and his crowd wanted us to go to a house with them, and he asked me which I would rather do, have the shoes or be a good sport, and he was quite disgusted with me when I said I would rather have the shoes. He wastes all of our money on good times, so that we have none for the comforts of life. Otherwise, he is kind and of loving disposition, but I can't live on love and being a good sport alone. What shall I do?

INEZ.

Answer:

The most difficult task that any wife ever undertakes is to sew up the holes in a wasteful husband's pocket. Why any man, who has intelligence enough to be out of the home for the incurably feeble-minded, can want to blow in his money for food and drink for a grasping, grasping crowd of ne'er-do-wells, for that is the way the bunch always sits up, nobody knows. But there are plenty of men who do and who are just like your husband, Inez.

They will spend a week's or a month's salary on a couple of hours' spree. They will invite a crowd for dinner, and owe the grocer. They will buy drinks for rounders, while the baby needs milk. They are willing for their families to starve, if only they can be called "good sports" in public.

A wife can do nothing toward getting ahead when she has a husband of this sort. She cannot stem the tide of his wastefulness. What she saves through months of pinching economies, he will throw away in five minutes. And the worst of it is that if she tries to restrain him too much she alienates him from her. He will not stand for her continual thrift campaign.

The only thing you can do is to save your own money, and by tact and diplomacy try to make him see that the good sport is always a bad ender, who finishes his days in the poorhouse.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—A man loves a girl, but will not marry her because he does not earn enough to keep her in comfort. He says he will not marry her until he makes enough to satisfy her slightest wish and make her so happy and contented that the memory of her married life will always be beautiful.

But the girl says that she would be happy just to have him, and her memories would be just as beautiful even if she had to work hard and deny herself everything that is conducive to ease and pleasure. Which is right, the man or the girl?

NINETEEN.

Answer:

The man is right not to be willing to marry until he is able to support his wife in comfort, but he is wrong if he waits to marry until he can satisfy her every wish. That is an impossibility, anyway. No one is ever satisfied.

The girl is right in thinking that luxury is not essential to happiness in marriage. The woman whose husband gives her love, and tenderness, and sympathy, and understanding, can be satisfied and happy with very little else.

DOROTHY DIX.

SHOULDER DISLOCATED.

Special to The Advertiser. Midway, June 18.—Jacob Miller had his left shoulder dislocated when a team of young colts he was driving ran away. He was thrown against a chicken coop.

FRECKLES

Don't Hide Them With a Veil: Remove Them—Double Strength.

This preparation for the removal of freckles is so successful in removing freckles and giving a clear, beautiful complexion that it is sold under guarantee to refund the money if it fails.

Don't hide your freckles under a veil; get an ounce of Othine and remove them. Even the first few applications should show a wonderful improvement, some of the lighter freckles vanishing entirely.

Be sure to ask the druggist for the double strength Othine. It is this is sold on the money-back guarantee. Othine, Ltd., 35 St. Francois St., Montreal, Que.—Adv.

RIVERVIEW MOTHERS HOLD MERRY PICNIC

One Hundred Attend Enjoyable Event at Springbank Park Yesterday.

Over 100 guests attended the picnic given yesterday afternoon at Springbank by the Riverview Mothers' Club. A large number of the fathers were present, and Mrs. John Rose was a special guest of honor. Supper was served at long tables and the sports program which followed included two ball games and many enjoyable races.

The results of the races are as follows: Ladies over 40, Mrs. J. Mitchell; Mrs. Stone, and Mrs. C. Turner; ladies under 40, Miss Stone, Mrs. F. Cole, and Mrs. O. G. Wallace; obstacle race, Mrs. Jones; toe and heel race, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Frank Hardie; autograph race, Mrs. Frank Hardie; chum race, Mrs. Walter Cotton and Mrs. Fortner, and Mrs. O. G. Wallace and Mrs. F. Cole.

SANATORIUM AID ELECTS OFFICERS

Mrs. John Stevely Again Heads Organization To Assist Tubercular Families.

The annual meeting of the Women's Aid Society was held at the residence of Mrs. William F. Grosvenor street. The president, Mrs. John Stevely, received a warm welcome from the members after her absence from the city. Mrs. B. C. McCann, secretary, read the annual report, showing that the work of caring for tubercular patients in their homes was being carried on efficiently.

A serious handicap to the work was the impossibility of providing proper houses. Many families had to occupy quarters so small that it was impossible to separate the sick from the well. In many instances conditions were reported as extremely bad, landlords refusing to do the necessary repairs, which left the houses not even weather-proof.

The annual report from the nurses showed that 500 patients had received attention during the year over 5,000 visits had been paid, and 70 families received Christmas cheer.

A special feature of the work was the instruction given whereby the patient was taught how to care for herself and also to prevent the spread of infection to those about her. Every home was fumigated after the patient had been removed. In this way the health of the public was safeguarded. Mrs. A. B. Greer, treasurer, gave a detailed report of the year's expenditure, showing that the largest amounts had been spent on milk and groceries.

Officers for the year are as follows: President, Mrs. John Stevely; first vice-president, Mrs. B. C. McCann; second vice-president, Mrs. C. H. Ziegler; secretary, Mrs. Frank Jewell; treasurer, Mrs. A. B. Greer.

ALMA COLLEGE HOLDS GRADUATES' BANQUET

Interesting Program of Toasts Marks Social Event in St. Thomas.

A charming affair of last evening was the banquet given by the undergraduates of Alma College, St. Thomas, in honor of the graduating class and the staff. Special guests of honor were Rev. Robert Hicks and Mrs. Hicks and Dr. James H. Coyne and Mrs. Coyne. A number of clever toasts were given and Miss Dorothy Brake of Peru acted as toast mistress.

The toast to the graduates was proposed by Miss Kathleen Haig and responded to by Miss Marian McKillop, to the faculty by Miss Mildred Wickha, replied to by Miss Zeigler, dean of residence, and Dr. Stanley Oliver. Miss Eula Mabey proposed the toast to the undergraduates, to which Miss Mildred Waldoek replied. The toast to the Alma Daughters was given by Miss Minota Welch and was replied to by Mrs. J. E. Curran, president of the St. Thomas branch. Miss Frances Crich proposed the toast to the school, which was replied to by Dr. P. S. Dobson, with impromptu speeches by Dr. J. H. Coyne, Rev. Robert Hicks, and Miss Ida Alderson of Toronto.

The class history was cleverly presented by Miss Madeline Bouché and Miss Kathleen McMurtry gave the class legacy, followed by the prophecy by Miss Florence Floggett. Miss Frances Whitcomb read the class poem, and the program was closed by the singing of the class song, with Miss Dorcas Roe acting as accompanist.

Arrangements for a picnic to be held on Tuesday afternoon next on the lawn of Mrs. Peters' home. Sherwood avenue were made last evening of the Ryerson Mothers' Club executive held yesterday afternoon. The members of the club will be present at the exhibition of pupils' work to be held in the Ryerson School on Friday afternoon and evening, when the manual training and domestic science departments will have their handiwork on display.

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DOROTHY DIX.

Mrs. Hummer Bewilders Peter Rabbit by Asking Him For Some Spiderwebs

By THORNTON W. BURGESS. "Good morning, Peter Rabbit," squeaked a small voice so close to one of Peter's long ears that it made him jump with startled surprise. He was over on the edge of the Old Orchard at the time.

"Good—good morning," he stammered, looking all around and blinking his eyes as he vainly tried to discover who had spoken to him. "Have you seen any cobwebs this morning, Peter?" squeaked the little voice, and again it seemed to be right in his ear.

"What are cobwebs?" asked Peter, continuing to look around him with a foolish expression on his face.

"Spiderwebs," was the prompt reply squeaked in his other ear. "Oh, those things," said Peter. "No, I haven't seen any. I'm not interested in spiderwebs. Who are you, and where are you and why can't I see you?"

"How can you expect to see me if you don't look at me?" was the prompt reply. "Why don't you look up instead of looking all around in the wrong places?"

Peter promptly looked up. Even then he might not have seen the tiny speaker had she not lifted one wing to smooth the feathers on her head. Of course you have guessed who it was. It was Mrs. Hummer. She was sitting on a twig not far above Peter. When she had squeaked in his ears she had darted down for that purpose and then back again.

"Oh, so it is you," exclaimed Peter. "I didn't know who it was talking to me. What under the sun do you want of spiderwebs, Mrs. Hummer?" "I need them for my nest," said

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

By LOUISE GERARD.

CHAPTER XIX

Paris.

At a large house in the center of Paris a garden party was taking place. The mansion stood remote and aloof from its plebeian neighbors, with shallow stone steps leading down into the screened pleasure. On one of the stone seats a girl sat, a young man beside her. He had eyes for nothing but his companion, but her gaze was fixed on a mass of blue jewels that edged the border and up "So it's true then, 'Ice Maiden,' that you turn us down at the rate of two a day?" he asked.

Hastily she turned away from him, to be pounced upon almost immediately by another of his sex, and then to be swallowed up by the crowd that surged in and out of the house, up and down the steps, around and among the scattered chairs and tables.

Two months before Mrs. Green had brought the girl to Paris. Before a month had passed she and her charge were the most sought-after people in the most exclusive and aristocratic society of the city. The girl, who had been blind until she was 21, when she suddenly inherited both sight and money.

All sorts of romantic tales were afloat about the young and beautiful heiress—how some man met her quite by chance, how he had fallen in love with her at once, how he had declared she could be cured, and had taken her to a specialist; how he had sold her necklace for a fabulous sum, and then disappeared; how the girl, who had been blind, had been cured, and had taken her to a specialist; how he had sold her necklace for a fabulous sum, and then disappeared; how the girl, who had been blind, had been cured, and had taken her to a specialist.

Within a few minutes the door opened and her maid came in, and she saw the girl who had been blind, and had taken her to a specialist; how he had sold her necklace for a fabulous sum, and then disappeared; how the girl, who had been blind, had been cured, and had taken her to a specialist.

"At least it's you I want, not your money," he remarked. "I know that," she answered quietly.

"Won't you let that stand in my favor?" he asked, despair and passion in his voice. "I want to tell you, if I have me, you could wipe your feet on me for the rest of your life, and I'd reckon myself the luckiest man alive."

The passion in his voice and eyes made her move from him with a shudder. "Oh, yes," he went on in a wild, distraught manner, "you're going to run away from me now, as you've always done since our first meeting. But before you go I want to tell you one thing. I know when I'm beat. I know when I'm done. And I'm starting back to Rio tomorrow."

A look of relief came over Mrs. Green's face, and Basilio was quick to see it. "Good riddance!" said he, continuing to mutter. "You can tell me more than you've done already."

His hand went to his pocket. He drew out a check representing in francs \$50,000 and handed it to the round, unformed hand. "Desiree de Mailly."

He drew a match from his pocket, and striking it, set fire to the check. "It's not your pity I want, but you," he started, in a wild, impassioned manner.

She ran toward the garden where Mrs. Green was sitting alone. "I'm sick and tired of this endless whirl of silly society," Desiree exclaimed. "All these shallow men want is my money; they don't want me."

Mrs. Green was silent. "Basilio is perhaps the only one that isn't after my fortune," Desiree went on, "but he's impossible, and he's just promised to leave me for good. I'm glad of that anyway."

Speculatively Mrs. Green watched her, wondering if Desiree were regretting having refused John Wilson now life had shown her the world's lack of sincerity.

Mrs. Green was sitting up in bed, her boudoir cap askew on her head, a breakfast tray on a little table beside her. She was looking at a letter in her hand. As she read it a look of dismay came to her face.

"Well, I never did!" she exclaimed, when the pages were finished. "What is it, mamma? What has happened now?" Desiree asked.

"The girl took the letter and read it through slowly."

It was from Mr. Green, and was an urgent plea to come home at once. The letter ended up with a frantic cry that he might as well have no wife at all as one who appeared to have made up her mind to spend the rest of her life on the continent.

By now Mrs. Green was certain that Desiree regretted not having accepted Wilson's offer, and she determined to give the girl a chance of rectifying her error.

"Why don't you come back with me, my dear, and have a look at England?" she asked.

Desiree wanted to go back with Mrs. Green, but she knew Wilson lived in the same town, and she was too proud to follow after the man who had come away from her, so she refused and decided to go back to Nice.

Soon after her return to England Mrs. Green gave a party. Wilson was among those invited. On receiving her card he had intended to refuse; safety and himself were very out of tune, but he had decided to go, drawn there by the fact that Mrs. Green had only just left Desiree.

He had not been long in the house before Mrs. Green called him. "I'd given you up," she said by way of greeting.

"I'm late, but I couldn't get away any sooner. How are you?" And how did you leave Desiree? he went on, going straight to his point, but in as casual a tone as he could muster.

"As well as if nothing had ever been the matter with her."

"No doubt she enjoyed herself in Paris," she said.

"She ought to have enjoyed herself. She was the rage—the sensation—and then she disappeared."

mentioned in his letter to Desiree. Luck was with Wilson. At the broken iron gates leading into the Domaine de Mailly his carriage overtook Juliette.

On seeing the occupant of the carriage she threw up her hands. "It's the English monsieur himself!" she cried.

At once Wilson was out of the carriage and laying his campaign of desert before her. She agreed to his plan.

She told him Desiree had gone with her governess into the distant town to meet the train. Then she drove with him to the chateau, showed him his room, and leaving him to wash and tidy himself, went off to let Pierre into the secret.

He came downstairs and was given something to eat and when his hunger was appeased he sat on, planning to himself how the mansion could best be modernized, whilst still retaining its old features, when the sound of wheels coming up the drive sent his mind to other matters, and made his throat swell with a choking, excited sensation.

He knew who would be coming—Desiree, whose eyes would rest on him for the first time full of sight. But, thank God! she would be thinking him his cousin.

He heard the carriage halt. A few moments later there was the sound of light little feet entering the hall beyond.

When she came in Wilson stood gazed by the vision of grace and beauty confronting him, knowing exactly how much he had lost by doing the "right thing."

Like a man stunned Wilson took her hand into his.

"I should have done so, countless," he lied, "had I known you were coming to the station to meet me."

At his voice Desiree started, and a quiver ran through the hand she was just drawing from his relaxed grip. Because Desiree had never seen him, it did not follow that she would not recognize him. He reckoned without the years of blindness that lay behind her—years that had taught her to recognize people by voice and touch and step.

To compose herself, Desiree turned from him and went to one of the long windows to let in the light, who was scratching frantically at the glass panels.

As Wilson watched her go, again he lied, "I don't know you, again. But for it he would be a rich man still, standing on a pile of gold that raised him to something approaching her level, not what he was now her paid servant."

If only there had been no railway strike! If only the Gilberts had turned up in time to have got that accursed necklace! Then—

There would have been happy days for the girl, safe in the knowledge that he stood between her and a marriage she loathed.

And one evening, when he came to her bedside to kiss her good-night, she would put her weak arms about his neck, refusing to let him go, dressing against him with innocent desire.

Wilson came back to earth again. Desiree had not clung with him. He had been fool enough to touch that accursed "necklace of tears." He had done the right thing by her all along the time, and his reward was a crop of bitterness, not a harvest of love.

Juliette had looked after me very well indeed," he said, surprised to find his heart beating so fast. "She has seen after all my creature comforts, even to feeding me," he

For perhaps an hour longer Wilson mused. He thought of his own life, feeling too much like a skeleton at the feast he took himself and his gnawing misery back home.

There he had been, a letter awaiting him in the round, unformed hand he knew now—the second of the sort he had seen.

In the mountains, and it ran: "My Dear Friend—As perhaps you know, Mrs. Green has left Paris for England, and I have come back here to the peace and quiet of the country."

"But I wish I had someone here with me who really knew how to look after the place. I want to start a home for blind babies."

"I would like to have an Englishman here, as steward on my estate, because I should like to trust your nation. He need not necessarily be a farmer, but a man who knows how to deal with the world and men and money—things I have not learned to do, that I sometimes feel I never shall learn, having so many years of darkness and ignorance before me."

"Always, your most grateful friend, 'DESIREE DE MAILLY'."

"P.S.—Miss Ryder, my governess and companion, says that in a case like this, every man must be mentioned. You will perhaps know what to offer. Would £1,000 a year be enough?—D. de M."

There and then he sat down and wrote a letter to Desiree.

He regretted he was too busy to come himself, he said, but was sending his cousin, Edward Wilson, a most reliable man, one she could depend on in every way. Three hundred pounds a year would be ample salary. She could expect the new steward in about a week's time. He would let her know the exact day and train later on.

At a week later Wilson was driving in a hired carriage along the narrow road leading to the old chateau. As Wilson drove along he was realizing that one deception invariably begets another. Also, it had dawned on him that by hook or crook he must have an interview with Peter and Juliette before seeing the girl, for the two old servants had not been blind.

To attain this end he left Paris by an earlier train than the one he had intended.

But Mrs. Hummer wasn't joking. She darted all about through the Old Orchard looking everywhere for cobwebs. She had learned that from spiders like to build their webs. She flew low over weeds and grass where often spiders spread their silken threads. Whenever she caught sight of a web her eyes sparkled as she seized in her long bill the silken threads and carried them straight to her nest.

But Hummer didn't help her in her search. Now and then she caught a glimpse of him eagerly sucking up the sweet juices from a flower or catching his insects. But he didn't pay the slightest attention to her. So she continued her search for cobwebs unaided.

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

The next story: "How Mrs. Hummer Shingles Her Home."

Church at Birthplace of Emperor.

The land which marks the birthplace in Tokio of the present Emperor of Japan is to have a Christian church built upon it. The church will take the place of the Protestant Episcopal Holy Trinity Cathedral.

finished, glancing at the diminished heap of sandwiches on the table.

"I'm so glad," Desiree said shyly, still avoiding his gaze. "I shouldn't like to think of you being neglected in any way."

"It's you who are being neglected, countless, not me. I'm sure you must need something after your long, hot, dusty drive down to Nice and back."

For a moment soft blue eyes met steady brown ones.

Yes, this must be the same man—John Wilson, not Edward. There was

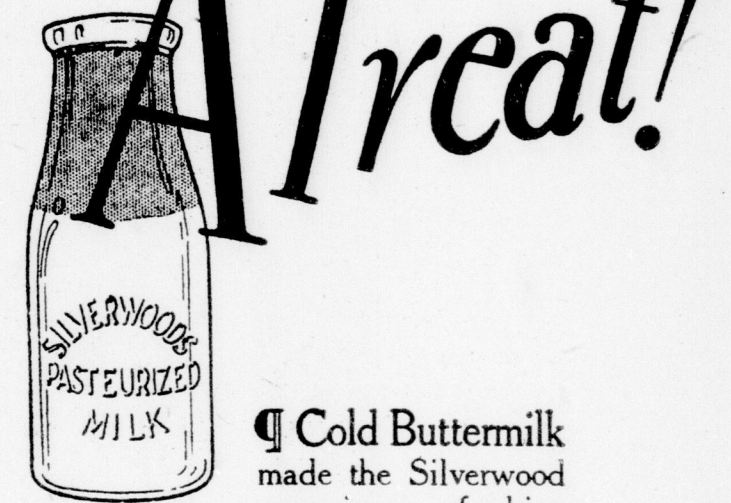
no mistake. There could not be two men so kind and thoughtful, with the same firm, pleasant voices, the same strong, careful hands.

But why had he come back as a servant to his slave, this man she would call "master?"

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TOMORROW—The Renovated Chateau.

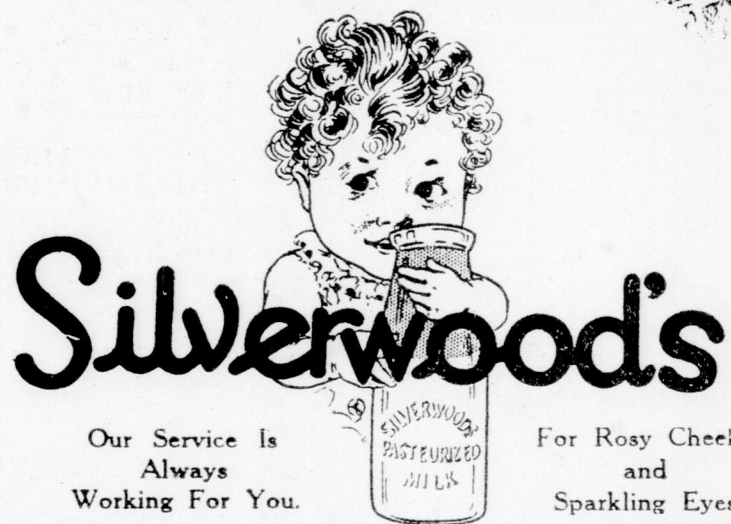
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Drink More Buttermilk!



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For Rosy Cheeks and Sparkling Eyes.

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Fleet Foot stands wear and tear of tireless little feet

Let the kiddies have the joys of bare-foot freedom without the risks of injury.

You can do it with Fleet Foot shoes for summer wear.

Light, porous canvas tops and springy, flexible rubber soles give the young feet freedom and the young muscles a chance to grow and develop.

Fleet Foot stands the wear and tear that only the tireless feet of romping kiddies can give.

Cut down the family shoe bill with Fleet Foot shoes—they are durable and cost little.

There's a difference in rubber sole canvas footwear, just as there are differences in hosiery, hats, clothing or almost anything you buy.

When you ask for and get Fleet Foot, you are sure of the best quality and value.

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FLEET FOOT

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