PAGE OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

TELL IT TO THE SOCIETY EDITOR.

It was so very obvious she was jealous.

"You're very clever, June," I said brightly, "but—regarding Freddie—you don't hit the right nail on the head at all. He isn't mercenary. Besides"—I took a sudden resolve—"whoever said there was any love-making between

there was any love-making between us? Can't I be friendly with a man without people jumping to ridiculous

shrugged her pretty shoulders.
"Platonic friendship? Poof! And never with the Freddies of this wicked

And, cherie, you deserve so much hap-piness in life."

Her cynicism rather frightens me. I want to believe in everyone.

The words of the sandy-haired young

Dr. F. R. Miller has returned to the marriage to take place the latter part

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawson have been in Toronto attending the National Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Clutton of Goderich announce the engagement of their only daughter, Jean Elizabeth, to Mr. H. Roy Mason of Toronto, only son of Mrs. Jessie Mason of Seaforth,

m. Towasis attending the National Embittion.

Mrs. Waiter Manaperford and family more back from their cottage, lipperwash Basch.

Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Sunday morning and at Askin Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Misa Webb and St. Andrew's Church Misa Webb ang soles at St. Andrew's Church Misa Webb and St. Andrew's Church Misa Webb

one bending over me. An arm was underneath my head, and a deep, attractive voice was saying, reassuringly: "There, you're better now!"
"Freddie!" I gasped, putting up a tentative hand, and touching the cheek

There, try to sit up. You're

that was so close to me. It was

THE MARRIAGE OF ANNE

(Copyright, 1920, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

IV.—Danger Ahead.

I couldn't possibly be angry with Julie.

I was so very obvious she was jealous.

night, but don't wait up for me. A business engagement, sweetheart!"

Five minutes later I was alone, a dis-

Hadn't she been making eyes at Freddie for the last ten days?

She was looking very pretty in a filac-colored wrap. She looks absurdly

Five minutes later I was alone, a disappointed Anne, my lover gone. I didn't want to go back yet. I let the boat drift on, and on. .

Twilight was deepening, and the sweet-scented night promised to be

onclusions?"

Julie gave a cynical little smile and

ther tone and manner were quite seri-us. Thinking it all over in the solitude of my little cabin this afternoon I feel epressed.

don't watch out. You were dreaming, evidently. There, try to sit up. You're all right now."

I struggled into a situing posture.

have found that out.

After my talk with Julie, I spent some hours alone, trying to look into the future, and wondering if there was any real truth in her words.

"It is hard for a man with 'beaux' seux' like Freddie's to be faithful."

Better than any woman I have known does Julie read the hearts of men.

Her cynicism rather frightens me.

Her cynicism rather frightens me.

"Where are we?" I said, faintly.
"About a hundred yards below the rapids. You were carried underneath the stream. I had an awful time trying to get hold of you. Here, take my arm and let me help you up."

He half lifted me to my feet. I stood there, shakily, regarding him. So he had saved my life!"

"The boat—where is it?" I mur-

drowsily pillowed on someone's oh, it's just great sport writing to some-shoulder.
was growing dark. Between my Come, Ura Kidd, and tell us where It was growing dark. Between my half-closed lids I could see the slender wisp of moon rise up behind the trees. And then—after what seemed a long, long time—we, came to a wide, low house with hospitably lighted windows. The strange young man ran lightly the store carrying me as though if The strange young man ran lightly up the steps, carrying me as though I were a child, deposited me upon a bamboo couch on the veranda, disappeared inside, and was back in a twinkling with a stout, motherly-looking woman who proved to be the keeper of the inn.

In a few words he explained exactly what had happened.

"Give her a change of clothes. And then I think she ought to have some the steps."

The strange young man ran lightly be out?

Inclosed find a few S. F. P. and also mite for the S. C. H. from mother, and my dime, I said, was in last time, but I'm afraid it wasn't. Good luck, Miss Grey. From Ans.—Tell mother she is lovely, blondy, to send such a big gift for the hospital fund. Thank you also for your dime. Glad you are happy over your new friends.

So, to forestall him, and just before we'd finished dining, I made an excuse, and hurried out to look for the innkeeper. She wasn't in the office. No, nor in the lounge. I went out to the veranda, which was now bathed in a sort of velvety darkness.

velvety darkness.

In one corner was a woman's figure.
I approached. Then, to my chagrin, I noticed that I'd made an error. For the woman was young, slender—and had a lover with her. A man's hands were clasping hers, two heads were close together, whispering, and I heard the man's voice say: "Dearest, it's wonderful to be herewith you"—

The blood rushed from my heart at the sound of that soft voice. Oh, no,

In sound of that soft voice. On, no, t couldn't be—I was mistaken—

I wasn't! For, at that psychological moment, the wisp of moon came out from behind some clouds, shone on their faces clearly for an instant, and—It was Fred—my Fred—and Julie—making love! young to be a widow, although she must be 27 at least.

There is something fascinating about Julie. I do not trust her, but I am nonest enough to admit her powers of fascination. She understands the ways of men-except where Freddie is concerned.

To render herself pleasing to the opposite sex is Julie's long suit. She is invariably bright and smiling, chic and well-groomed. That goes a long, long way with men. Up to the moment, too, in everything. There's nothing of the back number about our friend.

"You're very clever, Julie," I said brightly, "but-regarding Freddie—you be a widow, although she must be sultry.

My thoughts were on romance and love—and Fred—when suddenly I heard a warning shout:

"Look out! The rapids! Danger ahead!"

The warning came too late. The boat was caught in the swirling current, spun round twice, and—

Crash! There was a roaring in my ears as the water sucked the canoe and me down into its inky depths—and I remember nothing more.

V.—The Wisp of Moon.

I woke to consciousness with someone bending over me. An arm was undersorth my head and a deep, at-

Tomorrow-Explanations Asked.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

is in the doing and the rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.—Longfellow.

Vernada Chats. Dear Miss Grey,-I read the Mail-Box etters every day, and I wonder when read them if I could be any help to Julie gave a cynical little smile and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Platonic friendship? Poof! And never with the Freddies of this wicked world!"

I flushed. I began to feel annoyed.
"What do you mean, Julie?" I queried sharply. "Explain yourself."

Dear little Anne, be tranquil." She took out her silver case, and deliberately lit a cigarette. Then, puffing blue rings of smoke daintily toward the ceiling, she added:
"I am glad if you do not care for him. It is hard for a man with beaux veux' like your Freddie's to be faithful.
And, cherie, you deserve so much happiness in life."

Her was dripping wet. Rivulets of will be damp flannel suit to my already soaked garments. But the frosty sparkle had gone from me that in them was a look of real compassion. That kindly look softened the whole face wonderfully.

"It was I who shouted a warning to water's most awfully dangerous; if you." he was saying now. "That backwater's most awfully dangerous; if you don't watch out. You were dreaming, the collections and help to tones—

"I'm not Freddie. My name's Saundanyone. I see where they are asking for a pattern; I wonder whether this one is like what they want. I inclose one. I know if Sardonyx is on a farm she will not have time for much fancy work during the summer months; however. I hope she will be able to make what she one like it, and thought it pretty when finished. The inclosed pattern is for the Mail-Box, if they can understand it.

QUEEN BESS.

Ans.—Thank you very much, Queen Bess. Pattern forwarded to Sardonyx. water's most awfully dangerous; if you don't watch out. You were dreaming, copy of contest. This was very thought-

copy of contest. This was very thought ful of you. CYNTHIA GREY.

depressed.

Several days have passed since writing the above. And many curious things have happened to disturb me.

Life can be painfully unexpected. I have found that out.

After my talk with Julie, I spent some hours alone, trying to look into the future, and wondering if there was any real truth in her words.

"It is hard for a man with 'beaux yeux' like Freddie's to be faithful."

yeux' like Freddie's to be faithful."

yeux' like Freddie's to be faithful."

yeux' like Freddie's woman I have known Likes Having Shadow Friends. Dear Miss Grey,-Many thanks for tocking-foot pattern received O. K. Oh, Cynthia Grey, I had the loveliest etter from Comrade Rosalie; she's just splendid. I wrote right back to her, and

the Ghiordes, or Turkish, and the Senna, or Persian. The Senna, the finer, has a

It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require 3½ yards of 40-inch materiale Lawn, batiste, voile, dimity, dotted Swiss, crepe, wash silk, gingham and chambrey could be used for this. As here shown white organdie was used, with self frills, and outline embroidery for decoration.

for decoration.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents

Name

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION: Be careful to inclose the above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 38, 44, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of application.

n silver or stamps.

thread of the pile coming up between every warp thread and the next, and makes a very close pile which can be



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lams

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cot, suitable for stout figures, extra depth in front, hooked in back. Prices \$2.00 and \$2.50

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TALKS ON HEALTH

THE FRAUD DO.

Part Trace.

The world in a Prance rose nestling under control in the doors.

The part trace is a straight of the part of t

succumbs usually to the effect of this pressure is a minor, and often unnecessoring of his system, be it manifestary part of the annual physicial examination which all persons over the age of the nervous system; suffocation or 30 should have. hunger is rarely a grave fac-

oxygen hunger is rarely a grave factor in lung fever.

There is another disease of very different type unfortunately also called pneumonia. This is broncho-pneumonia, better known to the older physicians as capillary bronchitis and to still older like and to still older

Her cynicism rather frightens me. I want to believe freveryone. The word to believe freveryone. The word the sandy-haired young stranger too came back to me. Insufferable Sciences? Oh, how he hately freely the was going to "knock blazes of the worst rascal in the country." It was all due to jealousy, of course, pred was so handsome, so attractive to my cabin door. At that psychological moment a tap am to my man. At the reproach they held seemed ample proof that the speaker truly cared for me. "Just coming, Fred!" I sprang up from my recumbent position on the bed and darted to the mirror. Ohl must look my best for him. Those other women who admired him.—I must always cut them out. Hastily I dabbed some scented powder on my nose and chin, rubbed my pale plank georgette, with long blue ribbons, and a coquettish La France rose nesting underseath the droopy brim. I slipped into a little linen frock of pink, adjusted a wide ruffly collar causht up my vanity-case, and hurried to the door. The tone bed and a wide ruffly collar causht up my vanity-case, and hurried to the door. The tone bed and darted to the mirror. Ohl must look my best for him.—I must always cut them out. Hastily I dabbed some scented powder on my nose and chin, rubbed my pale plank georgette, with long blue ribbons, and a coquettish La France rose nesting underseath the droopy brim. I slipped into a little linen frock of pink, adjusted a wide ruffly collar causht up my vanity-case, and hurried to the door. The tone of my fance never failed to the mirror. Ohl must look my best for him.—I must have fainted, for my next recollection was a sensation of utter peace and confort, combined with the tone of my next recollection was a sensation of utter peace and confort, combined with the must have fainted, for my next recollection was a sensation of utter peace and confort, combined with the peace and confort, combined with the peace and confort, combined with the most of the mirror of the peace and confort, combined with the mirror of the mirror