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BOVRIL

The Woman Seller

The Story of a Crack Salesman Who Invades a New Territory—and Clinches His Prospect.

BY RICHARD CONNELL

PART II.

"You ought to start a school of Romantic Salesmanship," smiled my wife. "Put your picture in the magazines, with your finger pointing straight out of the ad like a pistol, while you say in big, black letters: 'You, Miss Woman, I can teach you how to sell yourself in ten lessons. Begin to-day to learn the gentle science of Putting Yourself Over.'"

"That's not such a bad idea at that," said I.

"My wife thought for a moment; I knew she was thinking by the way she puckered her brow. "Here's another," she said. "You say that a good salesman can sell anything?"

"He can," I said.

"And you modestly admit you are a good salesman?"

"Others have said so."

"Well," said Helen, "why don't you sell Miss Quest?"

Just then her visiting time was up. The next morning I heard sounds in the next cubicle—bumping and thumping and whispering and a shuffling of feet, and I deduced that another scarlet-fever patient was being installed there. The partition prevented me from seeing, of course, but not from hearing. Presently Miss Beamish, the head nurse, came in with her pedigree book, and I heard her ask:

"What is your name?"

"Timothy D. Mulqueen," roared a voice so loud that it startled me, but so cheerful that I didn't resent it.

"How old are you?"

"I'm—let's see—forty-one."

"Married?"

"No," very loudly.

"Your occupation, Mr. Mulqueen?"

"Let's see. You might say 'business man,' or you might say 'merchant,' or you might say 'proprietor.' Better put down 'proprietor.' It sounds best."

Miss Beamish laughed.

"Scarlet fever doesn't seem to worry you," she said.

"Nothing does," replied Mr. Mulqueen.

"Your case is a right one," she told him. "But you'll have to take it easy for three weeks."

"If I must, I must," said Mr. Mulqueen cheerfully.

She went away, and I heard him humming softly to himself a little song of which he appeared to know only one line:

"I was happy till I met you, on the ramparts of Quebec."

I thought it best to get acquainted with my neighbor without delay, for the worst hardship in a hospital for a man inclined to conversation is to lie all day with his talk bottled up inside him. So I called out:

"How are you feeling, Mr. Mulqueen?"

"Not so bad, not so bad," he roared.

"What are you in for?"

"Three weeks and scarlet fever," I told him. His laugh made the partition tremble.

We exchanged minute descriptions of our condition, were equally enthusiastic over the prospects of a diet of milk toast and mashed potatoes, and agreed unanimously that a large portehouse steak, richly dight with onions and a bottle of certain illegal amber fluid would "do good."

The phrase is Mr. Mulqueen's.

"You in business, Mr. Mulqueen?" I inquired.

"Yes; I've got the nearest little grocery store in South Beach," said my neighbor, pride in his accent.

"Business a good?"

"Fine," he answered. "Of course I've only got a little store. I've only owned it a year. I had to save up nearly twenty years before I could get a business of my own. It was a long pull."

He told me of his hard struggle, his hopes and disappointments, about the happy day when he saw his name on a sign in large gilt letters, with "Prop." after it, and I began to like my neighbor; he had a philosophy and a ready laugh.

"Are you married?" I asked him.

"No, I am not," he answered with considerable emphasis, "and I don't want to be, either."

"Surely you're not a woman hater?"

"I'm not," he said.

"My wife made it," I answered.

"You ought to taste her rhubarb and pineapple jam."

He made appreciating sounds with his lips.

"I've got some pretty fancy stuff in my store," he said, "but it's not in a class with this. Ummmmmm."

"Wait till you sink a tooth into me of my wife's brandied peaches," I said.

"How long do I have to wait?"

"She's bringing out a can to-morrow," I said. "Too bad we can't have any of her three-layer chocolate cake or her lemon meringue pie."

"I haven't had a decent piece of lemon meringue pie in twenty years," he said.

He subsided into silence; he did

"Yes, I am," he said flatly.

"Oh, come, you don't mean that," I protested. "What did the girls ever do to you?"

"Oh, nothing much," he answered. "But I've learned to get along without luxuries."

"But a wife is a necessity, I think."

"Not to me, she isn't," said my neighbor.

"And did you ever think of marrying?"

"When I was young and foolish, I did," answered Mr. Mulqueen. "But when I was young and wanted to get married and couldn't afford to, no girl would have anything to do with me; now that I can afford to, I won't have anything to do with them."

"I should think living all alone would be pretty lonesome sometimes," I ventured.

"I guess I've become used to being a bachelor," said Mr. Mulqueen. "I have a pretty good time. I've got a dandy little flat up over the store, and I know how to cook. Nobody to jump on my neck if I put my feet on the mantelpiece or drop ashes on the rug. I can throw together a pretty good dinner. Sometimes I have the boys in from the lodge, and we play pinchle."

I made noises denoting interest and attention.

"Then I have an eighteen-foot sailing dory," he went on, expanding with that camaraderie which makes men exchange confidences in hospitals and jails. "Seven months in the year I can take her out for a run on the Bay. Sundays I usually fish. I caught over a hundred mackerel when they were running last September."

"What did you do with them?"

"Made a fish chowder for the boys from the lodge."

"Do you expect any of them will be out to see you?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose not," a bit sadly, I thought. "They're all pretty busy, I guess."

"My wife comes to see me every day," I remarked. How Helen managed to get around the hospital rules did, I don't know, but she did. It's a way she has.

"Oh, you're married then?" asked Mr. Mulqueen.

"You bet I am," said I. I wish Helen could have heard me.

"How long?"

"Five years," I replied.

"How do you like it?" he asked.

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "Man, it's the greatest thing that ever happened."

"You don't tell me?" said Mr. Mulqueen. I thought I read genuine surprise in his tone.

"I do tell you," I said, and I wish Helen might have heard my unfeigned enthusiasm.

"Aren't wives a nuisance?" he asked.

"Wives may be; but a wife, the right wife, isn't. Decidedly not. Why, Mr. Mulqueen, a man doesn't begin to live until he has a wife to share his joys and sorrows with. Every experience I have now I enjoy twice as much as I used to—once when I have it, and again when I tell my wife about it."

"Well, you ought to know," admitted Mr. Mulqueen. "But I don't suppose you can have as good times as you could when you were a bachelor."

"Why not?"

"Isn't your wife after you with a rolling pin if you stay up after ten?" I laughed.

"Honestly, Mr. Mulqueen, I believe you took your ideas of matrimony from the comic supplements. You're all wrong. I thought I had good times when I was a batch in the big city, but married life beats them seven ways. When you have a good wife you have a real pal—the kind that sticks."

"Honestly?" Mr. Mulqueen was incredulous.

"I can guarantee it," I said in my most convincing Dekkar Eight voice. When my wife visited me that day she brought me magazines, ice cream, and some home-made jelly. I shared them with Mr. Mulqueen. I waited until supper time to send in the jelly by Miss Quest, for I knew that his evening meal consisted of a healthful but unexciting baked potato and a cup of weak tea.

"Say," boomed his voice over the partition, "this stuff is some stuff! What is it? Quince? Where do you get it?"

"My wife made it," I answered.

"You ought to taste her rhubarb and pineapple jam."

He made appreciating sounds with his lips.

"I've got some pretty fancy stuff in my store," he said, "but it's not in a class with this. Ummmmmm."

"Wait till you sink a tooth into me of my wife's brandied peaches," I said.

"How long do I have to wait?"

"She's bringing out a can to-morrow," I said. "Too bad we can't have any of her three-layer chocolate cake or her lemon meringue pie."

"I haven't had a decent piece of lemon meringue pie in twenty years," he said.

He subsided into silence; he did

not even hum. "I was happy till I met you on the ramparts of Quebec," I knew him to be repeating.

"The ones I get of the baker's are filled with billboard paste and have crusts like cardboard," he said presently. His tone was doubtful.

"I thought you said you could cook. Why don't you make your own pies?" I said.

"I tried," he said. "They nearly killed me."

"Any woman could make a good lemon pie from my wife's recipe," I remarked.

He seemed to consider this statement.

"Maybe I won't be glad to get back to my wife's apple dumplings with molasses sauce," I observed.

Mr. Mulqueen moaned.

"And her chicken à la Maryland," I added.

"Aw, cut it out," begged Mr. Mulqueen.

(To be concluded.)

Late Developments in Poison Gas.

Since the war all the great Powers have been hard at work on the gas problem. For it seems to be fully recognized that in future international conflicts poison gas will be the chief killer.

To the every-day peaceable citizen this idea is particularly interesting, inasmuch as it is expected that cities and towns will be systematically deluged with gas, dropped in bombs from airplanes. Whole populations—men, women and children—will be wiped out. The rule against killing non-combatants no longer holds.

Gas operations during the recent war were crude and hardly more than experimental. Next time they will be conducted on a huge scale, scientifically, and with chemicals incomparably more destructive to human life.

Soon after this new and frightful weapon came into use, it was realized that what was really needed was a gas that would be invisible and odorless, so as to give no warning of its presence in the atmosphere. It must, of course, be heavier than air, so as to sink into dugouts and cellars, where refuge might be sought, and there remain, as it were, in pools. In addition, to be wholly satisfactory, it must poison the human system by mere contact with the skin, so that gas-masks would furnish no protection.

The U.S. chemical warfare service was working on this problem during the war, and solved it. A gas called "Lewisite" was developed which met all of the above-mentioned requirements, and great quantities of it were being manufactured for use in the expected campaign of 1919, when suddenly the armistice came.

A gas bomb is a mere container: its walls only thick enough to hold the fluid chemical; hence nearly all of its weight is represented by its contents. A single such gravity projectile may carry 500 or 1,000 pounds of the lethal stuff, and if dropped upon a town it cannot miss the target. It is estimated that a dozen Lewisite bombs of large size might, with a favoring breeze, destroy the entire population of a big city.

It is understood that since the armistice the chemical warfare service has produced a gas that is even more effective than Lewisite, inasmuch as its spread is far greater relatively to the quantity of chemical used. A mere capsule of it in a small grenade can generate acres of death.

Facts such as these cannot be made too widely known or impressed too strongly upon people's minds in order that fear and horror of war may become so great that nations will no longer undertake that criminal method of settling their quarrels.

Round Headed People.

Round headed mid-Europeans have very different traits from the British people. Their descendants are long headed as they were and so distinguished by initiative, capacity to govern and colonizing ability.

The round headed peoples have a great capacity for patient labor, but are lacking in initiative. It is said the immigration of these people to Great Britain in the last 200 years has changed the cephalic index of the ordinary Britisher 2 per cent. The cephalic index is the ratio of the breadth of the skull to its length. Britons thus are said to be 2 per cent. more round headed than their forefathers of 200 years back.

Dyed Her Wrap Blue and a Skirt Brown

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her worn, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—go other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

The number of persons proceeded against under the Defence of the Realm Acts during the years of the war was 265,076.

Cats have perhaps the most traces of ancestral habits. Many times the lion and tiger nature is very near the surface. Their uncertain temper, their purring and growling, their sudden bounds, their tendency to scratch, all come from the forest and the jungle. Their worst habit to-day is their un-failing appetite for birds. The fewer cats we have, the more birds.

Minard's Liniment used by Physicians.

Woman's Interests

My Meat Chopper Saves Time.

In nearly every household nowadays one finds the useful food chopper, but many do not know its full value except for chopping meat. I have made it a great labor and time saver in my kitchen by putting it to various uses. My chopper contains three knives of different degrees of fineness, which I use according to how I wish the foods chopped—course or fine.

Instead of grating such things as chocolate, lemon and orange rind, horseradish, cheese, etc., I pass them through the machine, using the finest cutter. Chocolate prepared in this way only takes a few minutes to melt; the cheese comes out in smooth, white flakes that are especially nice to sprinkle over baked dishes and in making cheese sauces. The horseradish and onion does not get in unpleasant contact with the eyes when a grater is used, or in unpleasant contact with the fingers, either.

When making a cake in which chopped fruits are required, I pass these through the chopper, using the coarse or fine knives according to the way I wish them chopped. Nuts are also ground up on the chopper.

If I have trouble getting fresh shredded coconut I buy a coconut and make my own. It has a much better flavor than stale coconut.

When I am making marmalades, butters, and jams in the summer I pass the fruit through the machine. Any fruit that is required crushed or strained may be prepared in this way, thus saving much time. Fruit for ices and fruit punches may be passed through, using the coarsest knife for the fruits required for the punch, and the finest for the ices.

When preparing vegetable soups, I find it economy of time to pass them through the chopper, using the coarse knife, except in the case of parsley or something I wish very fine. Carrots cook much quicker when cut up in this manner than when sliced. If you do not have a slow cutter, try chopping up the cabbage in this manner for slaw or salad, using the largest knife. In making chopped pickles I pass the vegetables, one variety at a time, through the chopper—it saves slow cooking and looks much nicer.

When I wish a little spinach or beet juice for coloring purposes, or a little onion juice for flavoring, I pass the vegetables through the chopper, catching the juice that runs out in a deep saucer or spoon.

All stale bread is saved and crisped in the oven, and placed in a jar. When the jar is full the bread is all passed through the food-chopper. The crumbs are returned to the jar, and are ready when I wish crumbs to roll croquettes and such like in. Crackers are also

ground fine on the chopper. Stale cake is dried in the oven and passed through the machine in the same way as stale bread, and used in making puddings.

Of course, we know the value of the chopper when it comes to meat. Stet is nice passed through the chopper, whether for use in puddings or to be tried out, and much time is saved.

When buying a machine select one that can be taken entirely apart, so that it can be easily cleaned, and keep in a dry place. It need not be cleaned every time used; pass a piece of stale bread through it instead.

A Number Game.

Cut an old calendar with large figures into squares; where the numbers run above 12, cut the figures apart and discard most of the 1's. Paste all the pieces on uniform squares of cardboard, and put them into a convenient box.

The players sit round a table with the box before them. Each in turn draws a card without looking, and then the first player—call him John—draws another. He must read his numbers aloud and give the product of them, as, 7 times 4 are 28. If he does not multiply correctly, he must return the number he drew to the box, and the next player proceeds to draw and multiply. If he multiplies correctly, he selects a 2 and an 8 from

the box, and adds them to his 7 and 4, which makes his score 21.

Then each other player in turn draws a number, multiplies his previous number by it, chooses from the box the figures in the product and adds them to his score.

The winner is the player whose score first reaches 100, 200 or 500, as may have been agreed upon in the beginning. The game is a help to children who are learning the multiplication table, and also affords good drill in adding. The element of chance sustains the interest.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Men! Young Men! Husbands!

When in cities where we have branches do not fail to place your order for your Fall and Winter clothes at one of the stores of the ENGLISH & SCOTCH WOOLLEN COMPANY the largest tailoring service in Canada for men's garments, open to the Canadian Public at wholesale prices.

Store addresses as follows: Montreal Branches—251 St. Catherine Street West; 415 St. Catherine Street East; 851 St. Catherine Street East; 904 Mount Royal Avenue East; 1764 Notre Dame Street West. Ontario Branches—Toronto, 282 Yonge Street; Ottawa, 20 Sparks Street; Hamilton, 121 King Street; Sault Ste. Marie, 484 Queen Street East; Bradford, 71 Colborn Street; Stratford, 46 Downie Street; London, 180 Dundas Street; Windsor, 101-103 London Street; Kingston, 75 Princess Street; Fort William, 113 North Bay Street; Sarnia, Belmont Hotel; Oshawa, 24 King Street West; Guelph, 104 Upper Wyndham Street; St. Catharines, 166 St. Paul Street; Marlton, Ontario Branches—Sydney, 254 Charlotte Street; Halifax, 417 Barrington Street; New Glasgow, 171 Provost Street; Amherst, 111 Victoria Street; Charlottetown, 158 Richmond Street; St. John, 28 Charlotte Street; Moncton, 849 Main Street; Fredericton, 260 Queen Street.

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Large Canadian institution established 1867 with assets in excess of \$35,000,000, which are rapidly increasing, desires a local representative in this district. Only men of character and ability, however, will be considered. If you feel you are competent to place our proposition before the best people in your community, which will be very remunerative. Previous selling experience desirable but not essential. Ambitious and progressive, we will develop you along proper lines of salesmanship. Apply in confidence, stating age, past experience and length of residence to

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Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 31 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal-oil).

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the box, and adds them to his 7 and 4, which makes his score 21.

Then each other player in turn draws a number, multiplies his previous number by it, chooses from the box the figures in the product and adds them to his score.

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Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

Cleaning

Bring Parker service right to your home. We pay carriage one way. Whatever you send—whether it be household draperies or the most delicate fabrics—will be speedily returned to their original freshness. When you think of cleaning or dyeing think of PARKER'S.

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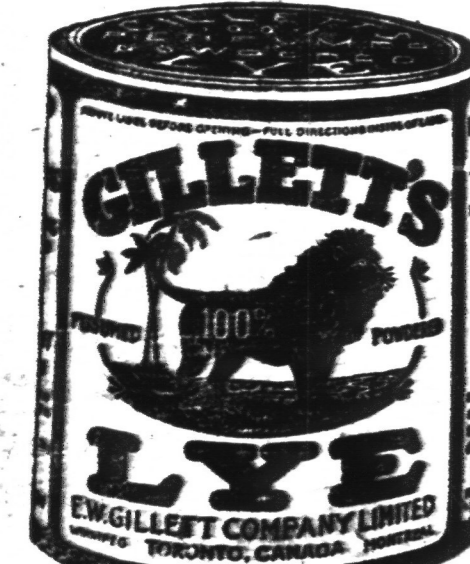
Have it always in the house

Wise mothers keep a jar or a tube of "Vaseline" White Petroleum Jelly in the house for many childish ills, such as bumps, bruises, chafed skin, cradle cap. It is soothing, healing and grateful to the most irritated skin.

Be prepared for winter colds, too. "Vaseline" Capsicum Jelly rubbed on the chest, and "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly snuffed into the nostrils will check them quickly.

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