

**"KILL-JOYS"**

Constipation, Headache,  
Colds, Biliousness ended  
with "Cascarets"

Nothing takes the joy out of life quicker than a disordered liver or waste-clogged bowels. Don't stay sick, bilious, headachy, constipated. Remove the liver and bowel poison which is keeping your head dizzy, your tongue coated, your breath bad and stomach sour. Why not spend a few cents for a box of Cascarets and enjoy the nicest, gentlest laxative-cathartic you ever experienced? Cascarets never gripe, sicken or inconvenience one like Salts, Oil, Calomel or harsh pills. They work while you sleep.

## CONFESSIONS OF AN EVERY- DAY WIFE

By IDAH McGLONE GIBSON

Eliene Announces Her Engagement.

Aunt Margie was of course delighted with the announcement of Eliene's engagement. Every one is fond of Major Gordon. Afterwards she turned to me and said: "You are looking pale, Margot."

"I sat up with father most of the night, Aunt Margie, and I am also rather fearful of the effect Emil Baur's escape will have upon him. Dad will wonder who helped Baur."

Aunt Margie looked up quickly and said, "Surely your father will not think anyone we know helped him escape?"

"Well, I am quite sure that Sallie Saunders would have helped him if he could have gotten word to her," was my reply.

Inwardly I was wondering what she would think if she knew that not only Sallie, but Theo had been concerned in the matter.

"Well, I sincerely hope he will be caught," said Aunt Margie. "Aside from his traitorous actions to the nation, I do not think he is the kind of a man who should be at large. I really consider him a great menace."

I never heard Aunt Margie speak so harshly of any human being, but I knew her remark was justified.

"Have you seen Chad's wife, Aunt Margie?" brone in Eliene.

Aunt Margie's face saddened. "Yes, are you going over there? I never saw anyone so pathetically happy as Chad in all my life."

"Is she pretty, Do you like her?" asked Eliene eagerly.

"No, she is not pretty," said Aunt Margie, "but I like her very much." Then she added quietly, "She is at least fifteen years older than Chad."

"What!" exclaimed Eliene and I in unison.

"Yes, Chad's father is quite tragic about it. He seems to think she roped him in because she knew he was rich. But Mollie is almost as happy as Chad. She says, rather wisely, that her son's wife is devotedly in love with him and that if she were a younger or prettier woman she might grow tired of caring for a blind man."

"What Chad wants and needs," said your Aunt Mollie, "is just the kind of love this woman gives him."

"But does she know anything?" asked Eliene.

"She is a very good musician; plays the piano well enough to accompany Chad on his violin. She is very well read and has evidently traveled much. Personally I think it is a very good match. But Chad's father—with the usual man's idea that a woman must have youth and beauty, if she has nothing else, to make an acceptable wife—is quite heartbroken. Only his wife's great tact makes it possible to keep his disapproval from Chad. I am quite sure the girl is fully aware of it."

Of course Eliene and I were quite curious to see this woman after Aunt Margie's comments, and we drove over immediately.

(Tomorrow—"Chadwick Hatton's Wife.")

### THE BORDERLAND.

"What's the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms?" asked the teacher.

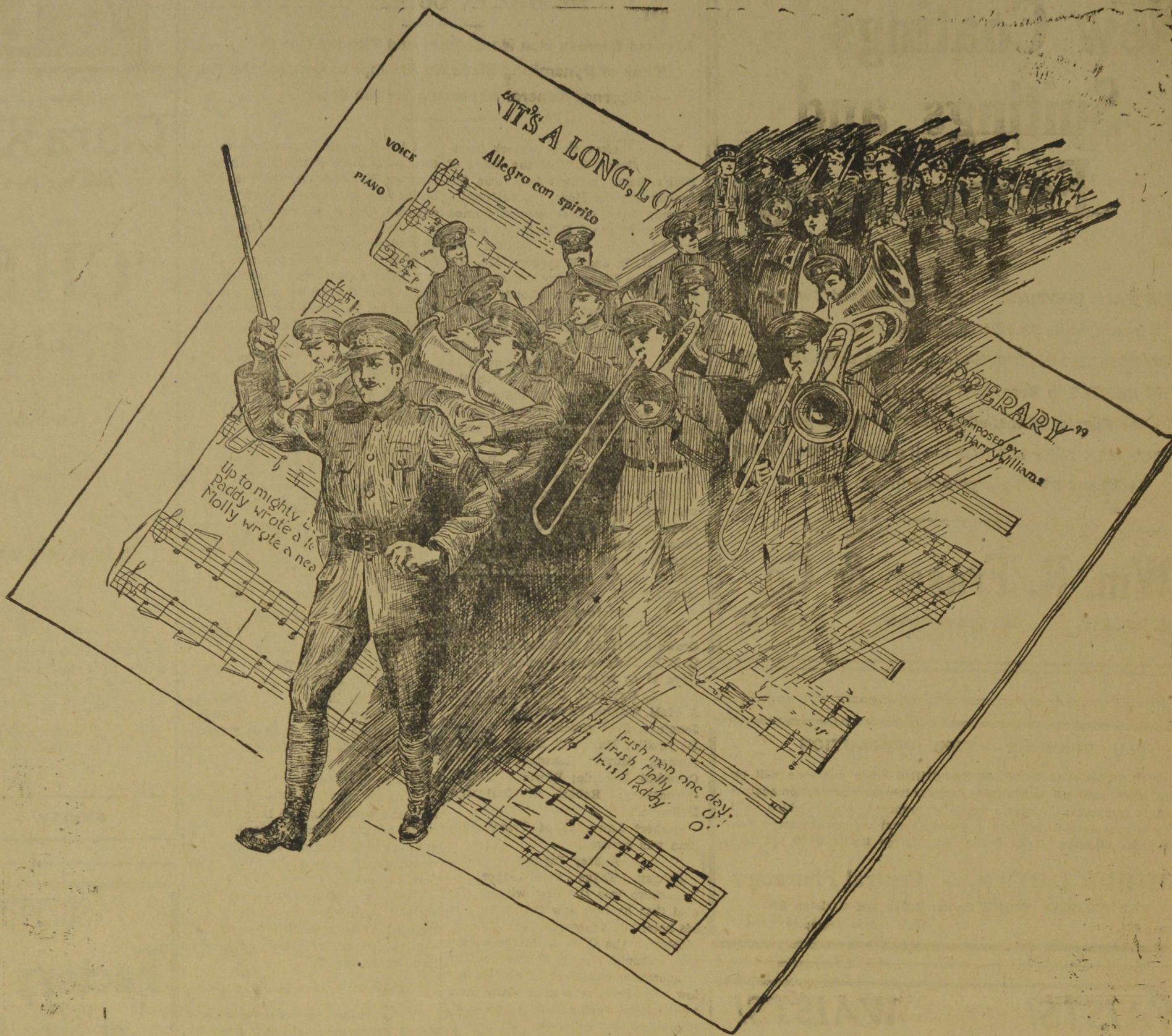
"Hash!" yelled the class with one voice.

### DODGING OPPORTUNITY.

Remember this, when duty calls,  
It never pays to shirk.  
You're dodging opportunity  
When you are dodging work.

### THE OLDEST MAN LIVING

If asked about his corns would say they didn't bother him because he always used Putnam's Corn Extractor. For fifty years "Putnam's" has been the favorite because painless and sure. Try only "Putnam's," 25c. at all dealers.



## When They Went Away Singing "Tipperary"

In those brave days of '14 and '15, they were indeed the idols of the Nation. To their support Canada brought all that the weight of money could bring.

And when they came to the furnace of their testing, we acclaimed them proudly as of no common clay.

"Tipperary" is forgotten, swept like a butterfly caught in a tornado or a catch of song in the throat of death. But Ypres, St. Eloi, Vimy, Hill 70, Passchaendale, Cambrai and Mons have placed its singers among the Immortals.

In these brave days—that to some of us are still but of yesterday—Canada proclaimed herself in the fight to the last man and to the last dollar.

Well has man played his fighting part. It is our Dollar that must now redeem the pledge.

To make the Victory Loan a success is a National obligation.

If the fighting were still raging you wouldn't hesitate to invest.

Be thankful then that it is ended, and be glad that your part now is but to lend money to pay the Debts of Honour.

The spirit that moved you to buy Victory Bonds one year ago and two years ago should impel you to buy them again.

But even if you suppress that spirit—grant that you may not—the material advantage of the investment cannot fail to appeal to your good common sense.

Think of it. The peerless security of a mighty nation—a nation at peace—the great uncertainty of war past—and 5½% interest. Where can you find its equal?

Whichever way you look at it, if you are true to yourself you must

# Buy Victory Bonds 1919

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee  
In co-operation with the Minister of Finance  
of the Dominion of Canada.