

"I thought you came to town on business?" the young lady objected.

"And pleasure," he corrected. "Will you come?"

"Well, since you have been so rude as to buy tickets first and ask me afterwards, I will go. I don't like to see the ticket wasted."

"Oh, it wouldn't be wasted," said Dick, teasingly.

She surveyed him with a trace of suspicion, perhaps jealousy, then she smiled but did not speak.

"No, I wouldn't take any other girl," assured Dick, as though he had read between the lines of her manners.

"You are so thoughtful!" complimented the girl.

"And you are such a dear," Dick cried. "Be ready at eight. In the meantime go on dissecting the solar plexus. Good bye." And he went out laughing heartily at his own humor.

"Crazy!" Miss Fisher called after him as he disappeared.

Miss Fisher was away from home. She had passed senior matriculation in an interior high school, and was now at college in Vancouver. Although medicine, anatomy and physiology were not on the prescribed courses of study in her classroom, she had taken up those branches of science as a side line on her own initiative in anticipation of a professional career. She would be satisfied with nothing short of an M.D. degree, for the whole feminine world was crying out for female physicians and surgeons.

In the home town Dick had been her staunchest, most determined, and most faithful admirer, although she had many. He had been persistent to the extreme; firm in a blind faith that he would win; unfaltering and untiring notwithstanding the frigidity of her atmosphere, and the magnitude of the obstacles which she seemed to pile up in an effort to block his way to her heart. He battered away on the theory that a continued dropping of water will wear away stone.

For a few moments after the departure of Dick Bamford, Miss Fisher sat facing the mirror admiring the well-defined, perfectly-chiseled, richly-colored, sweet-expressed female face that was her own in all its wealth of human beauty. She regarded it with true feminine vanity; and then, as though the gift of nature had given offense, she dipped her finger into an inkwell and began to trace numerous hideous black lines across the astonished features.

"It's a shame, but it must be done," she said aloud in justification.

She disfigured her face until it resembled the features of a totem pole.

"There!" she cried, with mock triumph, "That will fix them. The next man who comes in here will get a fright."

Miss Fisher's feminine attractiveness was her most relentless enemy. Especially did she resent the beauty of her face, for it was a magnet of irresistible power to mere man. That physically perfect "defect" had been guilty of countless offenses. Unloving, it had been loved; despising, it had been worshipped; loathing, it had been honored. It had been the cause of precious time lost. Physically, Miss Fisher was a direct contradiction to her temperament. Physically, she had been created to be loved; mentally, she was wrapped up in things hopelessly foreign to love. She disfigured her features many times that she might be shunned rather than admired. She employed rouge to deform and not to beautify her skin. She neglected her dress, hair, and other important matters of toilet, and would hide herself for days and nights as a means of escape, but with negative results. The swifter she ran away the swifter they would follow. There were fatal attractions about her person, her manners, her movements, her voice, eyes, smile, laugh, that could not be covered up or obliterated—that would not permit themselves to go to waste.

Miss Fisher "admired" the disfigurement to her features for a few moments, smiled at the clownish face that greeted

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