

PREVENT Skin Troubles by Daily Use of Cuticura

Make Cuticura Soap and Ointment your every-day toilet preparations. Bathe with the Soap and hot water on rising and retiring, using plenty of Soap, best applied with the hands. Smear any signs of pimples, redness or roughness with the Ointment and let it remain five minutes before bathing. Finally dust on a few grains of the exquisitely perfumed Cuticura Talcum. It takes the place of other perfumes for the skin.

Small text: Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Dispensary, Ltd., Montreal, Que., and in all large cities.

"Flatterers"
—OR—
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVIII.
"COURAGE MOUNTETH WITH OCCASION."

"Mind, it is a friend who pays it," she begged. "That is enough for any to know; and, Jacob, the friend is 'Miss Grey'—my mother desired it so—and she goes to dwell here"—giving him the address—"where you must render up accounts to her. What are you looking at?"

"Th—the—this!" he answered, with some confusion, putting up the paper she had given him. "I used to know the name—once."

"My mother said the same. But it may be only chance. Anyhow, as Sydney Grey I shall not—her lips curving sadly at the dead—"disgrace any belonging to me."

"Disgrace!" the old clerk began—but the train was gliding on. He could only, hat in hand, bid her good-bye, and then turn toward, saying slowly, "Hurst, Hurst. Ay, it's best, then, she should be Miss Grey."

With evening Sydney reached her destination—Capel Moss, high, wooded, three parts encircled by a swift-rushing river, on whose foliaged banks hauses of crag stood forth like sentries.

Then, with the end of wandering in view, came the fear of excessive weariness, the fall of spirits too long forced. As she made the last mile afoot, the full sense came upon her that St. Clair's was lost, no other certainty attained. For a minute her heart faltered. Then out from the amber sky gleamed one bright star. She took it for an omen, and thanked God. The lad who was her guide cried out from the rear, "This be Wynstone, miss." Another instant, and the homely features of last week's acquaintance met her at a porch covered with almost-scented "traveler's joy." She was welcomed—brought into a room where light from

the western sky yet lingered. There a tall figure stood. "My brother Gilbert," said Miss Hurst, with a nervous gesture of explanation; and Sydney recognized one whose blind loneliness had moved her pitying help ten days before.

CHAPTER XIX.
MISS GREY'S NEW DUTIES.

Sydney had speculated at different points of her journey on what the "us" of Miss Hurst's communication signified.

Now whether to be glad or sorry, in the surprise of this recognition, she hardly knew. The feeling uppermost she spoke.

"I have seen your brother before, Miss Hurst, so we are not quite strangers."

"As I should have known the instant I heard you speak," said Mr. Hurst, turning toward her voice with some eagerness, but promptly dropping back into his first attitude. "I told you, Jean, the foreign aid made up to me that day for our missing each other's trains. I am glad"—with a bow toward Sydney—"to be able to thank Miss Grey more fully than I could then."

"Well, really," cried Miss Hurst, "this is extraordinary! for both to have met, both spoken to you! And then for you to have found a reason for taking the situation I was talking to you about without the slightest notion of your ever wanting it! That was a most remarkable morning! I hope its events may work for the benefit of us all, Miss Grey."

Remarkable truly, Sydney yet bewildered over its curious climax, had forgotten her new personality and was thinking instead of responding. Miss Hurst felt uneasy. Whatever had induced this beautiful young woman to Wynstone, she did trust the prospect of the peculiar employment required was not going to scare her away, or make her a worse disappointment than that weak widow.

"I hope," she repeated, with emphasis, "we may none of us regret the events of that singular morning."

Sydney quickly responded herself.

"Oh, no! Why should we? I'm—quelling a faltering nerve—never mean to." And reassured by this, her hostess, employer, whatever she was to be, shook hands once more to make up, perhaps, for her brother's not having done so at all, and led the newcomer up-stairs, just entering the audible warning.

"Gilbert, stand still till I come down. You are not used to this room. You may knock the chairs over if you more."

"It's a fearful trial to him, Miss Grey," she pursued, ushering Sydney to her room, "and in a large degree, to me. I'm sure he's never off my mind a moment. And the better he bears it the more I've felt it my duty to keep with him, and make him cheerful, which is not easy. That reacts upon myself, and is the real cause of my feeling we must have a third party. You understand, I couldn't enter on this writing. It would have looked awkward to say, 'I want you expressly to help in taking charge of a blind man,' would it not? And I thought, if you'll excuse my saying so, that as you frankly said you were leaving home from circumstances you would rather not mention, why, I might be allowed a little reservation too. You see?"

"Quite," said Sydney, smoothing her dark hair back with tired hands. Peace

from reproach, leave to earn her bread, was all she felt to want awhile. "This makes no difference to me, Miss Hurst; only show me how to be useful; I will do my best."

"And I will show you that fast enough," said Miss Hurst, cheerfully, "but we need not begin to-night. Suppose you can find your way down. There's not much space to go astray in. Your room and mine look out at the back—a lovely view by day-light. Through the swing door, the staircase, and my brother's room. His is shut in by poplars, but that doesn't matter. As I thought when your letter reached me—"

"Yes?" said Sydney, Miss Hurst having come rather inconsequently to a stand-still. "You thought?"

"Oh," hesitating, "nothing particular, Miss Grey. I shall run on till I tire you. But," turning back with a droll bird-like air of caution, "excuse my naming it; I hadn't mentioned anything about you to my brother, Odd, but I hadn't."

Very odd, as Sydney could realize later, for her new friend had not the faculty of keeping much to herself.

"So he knows nothing about you; age or anything personal. And it's as well, perhaps, he should not. You'll feel more comfortable if he imagines you like me, about seven-and-thirty. It will put us on a pleasanter footing, won't it?"

Sydney scarcely saw the force of the argument, but agreement being expected, gave it without qualification.

"From seventeen to seventy," she said, smiling. "I don't mind the least; I won't announce that I am just twenty-one!" and Miss Hurst descended, well pleased.

"A nice, capable person I think this Miss Grey will turn out," she informed her brother, who stood resignedly as she had left him—"intelligent, unless I'm much mistaken. So, Gilbert, I hope I've hit on the means of giving you pleasure and myself rest. No—stopping at a disturbed gesture of her brother—"I didn't mean that, of course. I'm always ready to wait on you, Gilbert, my dear, and attend to you. I consider my time freely yours. Still, I mean, you'll naturally like a change of voice about you, and I can get out now and then, which is what I've never liked to do, for fear you would have an accident before I got back. Now this—er—person" (an appellation so charmingly vague, Miss Hurst kept it sacred to Sydney for many months) "will be in charge of you, as it were, and I shall be easy. And I can manage the extra expense. I do want you to be comfortable. You are sure of that, Gilbert?"

"Yes, Jean," he answered, the contraction of forehead, sign of distress more mental than physical, melting in a smile of singular pathos. "I'm sure I have a sister with the kind heart in the world. If I seem to forget that, it is only because I ache under being a burden to her."

"Now, Gilbert, don't," Miss Hurst stroked him affectionately with a huge crochet-hook. "How can you be a burden? you know I have no one—now—with a querulous sigh—"to care for but you. It's my duty and desire to make you happy."

Then which nothing might be truer. And yet, poor lady, never was method clumsier than that she employed over the task. For Sydney reappearing just then, Miss Hurst begged her to follow to the dining-room, and seizing her brother by the arm, drove him, like a huge schoolboy in disgrace, a few paces in advance; called volubly to Fanny, the young servant in attendance, to put a certain mat straight, unless she wishes Mr. Hurst to trip and break his limbs; apologized to Sydney for ministering first to her brother's requirements at table, "because," in a stage aside, "it might weary him to wait, as he can't see what is going on"—and ere the end of the meal, by acts palpably well meant and exasperating tactics, plunged her brother into patient taciturnity, Sydney into sensitive discomfort. How she was to fill the singular position into which the evening had led her because a prospect so formidable that the tall figure of Gilbert Hurst in every variety of dilemmas haunted each hour of her first night at Wynstone, while, as if to keep her task to the fore, he was the first object her glance lighted on when she looked from her window next morning.

(To be continued.)

What the World Owes to X-Ray Wonders.

When, a quarter of a century ago, Professor Rontgen discovered, after years of patient study, rays that could pierce certain substances through which light had never passed before, he little dreamt of the way in which his feeble apparatus would be developed in a comparatively short time.

His small vacuum tubes gave out rays which, though capable of penetrating a few substances, could not pierce any kind of metal.

Doctors hailed the new discovery, for it enabled them to find, for example, the exact position of a broken needle in a patient's foot by means of an X-ray photograph. Such a photograph then required an exposure of many minutes; now it can be taken almost instantaneously.

The medical side of X-rays has made enormous advances. The exact position of the broken bones in a fracture can now be seen by the doctor, who

formerly had to rely upon his sense of touch. Deformities and displacements of the internal organs of the body can be photographed. If a patient is suffering from indigestion he is given a meal containing some metallic substance such as bismuth. As the metal will not allow comparatively weak X-rays to pass, the process of digestion may be watched and the seat of the trouble discovered.

It has been found, too, that X-rays have a wonderful curative effect in certain skin diseases.

But there has been another development of the use of this marvellous penetrating rays. The invention of the Coolidge tube a year or two ago made it possible to produce X-rays of unlimited power; it was soon possible to see through three inches of steel, to-day a new form of tube is being made

by means of which it is hoped to penetrate a thickness twice as great.

This opened up an entirely new field. The most careful tests by hand or unaided eye cannot disclose the presence of flaws in a bar of steel, and if a flawed bar is used for the making of an axle of an express engine an appalling accident may result. By means of the Coolidge tube we can now examine not only the outside but also the inside of steel bars. Internal flaws escape detection no longer.

Another great difficulty in the past was to test a welded joint. In a perfect weld the two pieces of metal are combined so closely that they seem to become one. A joint may look perfect, though really it is a very bad one. In this case its two halves, though joined well enough on the surface, are quite separate within. Such a joint in a great girder may cause the collapse of a bridge with terrible loss of life. X-rays enable us to examine every part of it, and the fault is detected.

Trapping Criminals.

It is important that the wood used for building aeroplanes should contain no knots, for their presence may mean that one of the struts will give way under the enormous strains it is called upon to withstand. Here again we call in the aid of the "eye" that sees through everything.

There are a thousand other uses for X-rays in everyday life. They will tell real diamonds from false; the former let them pass easily for detecting faked pictures, for when a canvas is X-rayed old and new paint show up quite differently.

The Custom-house man makes use of X-rays to detect smuggling. Precious stones hidden in the heel of a boot

show up as clearly as if the heel were made of glass. The rays are the greatest use to those who deal with criminals, for an X-ray finger-print is clearer than one taken with ink-pad and paper. Even now they are the doctor's best friend, and in the world of business, unerring detectors of dangerous faults, bad work, and fraud. What they may do for us to-morrow no man can say.

THE WRONG ROLE.

G. Bernard Shaw put on his robe prophetic, and said that Carp would win the recent fight; his guess was raw; it was a thing pathetic, and as a seer G. Bernard was a fright. No more can he with features most com-

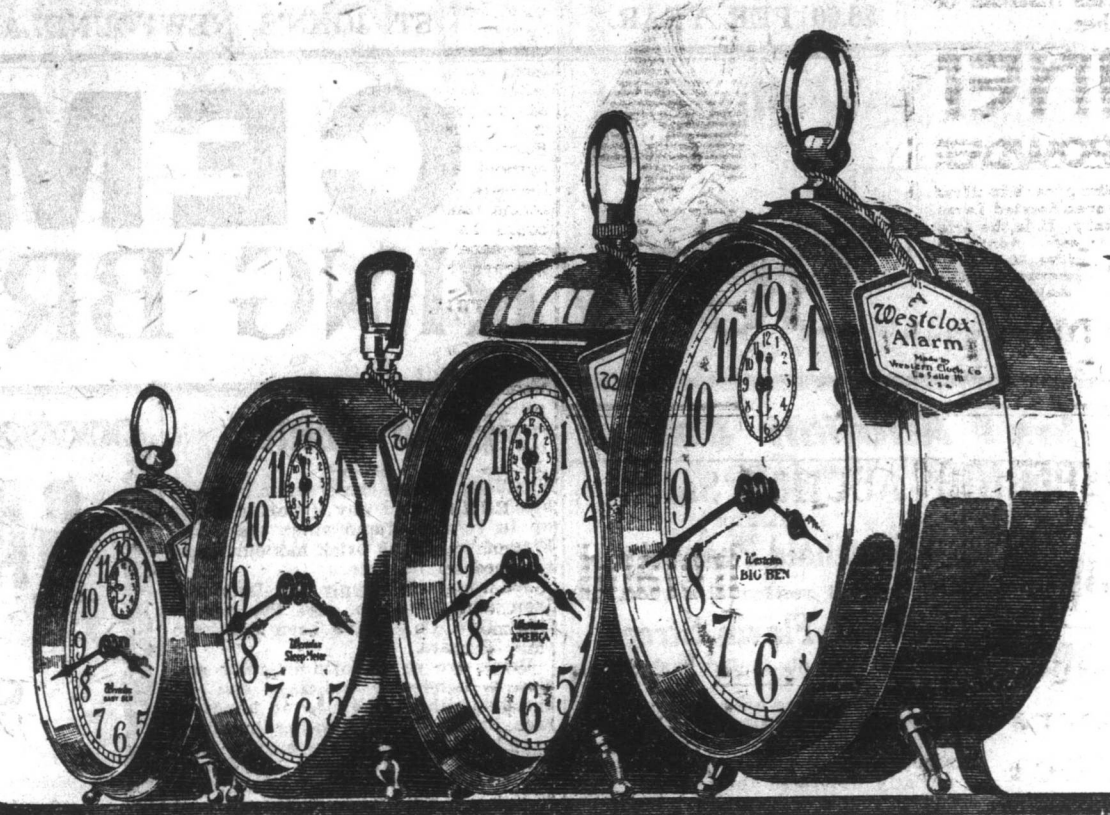
manding, compel our awe when he'd the future read; at one fell swoop he

spotted his prophet standing, he Elijah badly gone to seed. When a prophet sees the people grin, if he is wise he will take in his own shot his bolt, he's fooled by his snoring, his words don't crash facts are out of line. All over world poor delegates are trying the things for which they were sent into harm. The barber longs to preach a ringing sermon, the bandman would plow the sea, the student hopes to see French and German, when all needs is Greek or Cherokee. In us this folly is outcropping, other crafts we'd drop our tools; with diligence I keep my a-popping, but I would like to see cows and mules. If I'd a hat, I might do I doff it, when Bernard brings forth his witty phrase but when I see him as a prophet, a loud and raucous laugh, do I raise.

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YOU like an honest clock for the same reason you like an honest man. You can depend on what it says.

Westclox alarms make and hold so many friends because they run and ring on time.

The secret of their dependability is inside the case—Westclox construction.

The wheels turn on needle-fine pivots of polished steel. Friction is greatly reduced; the clock runs more smoothly and gives you longer service.

Big Ben, America, Sleep-Meter and Baby Ben are the four top-notchers of the Westclox line. But all Westclox alarms have this same construction. The men who make Big Ben take pride in making every Westclox right.

It will pay you to look for the Westclox mark of good time-keeping on the dial and tag of the clock you buy. Then you will have a timekeeper that you can depend on for honest, faithful service.

WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lanterns
Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.



When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in a twinkling. Greatly softens the cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread, it coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.



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