



**Let Cuticura Heal Your Skin**  
In the treatment of all skin troubles bathe freely with Cuticura Soap and hot water, dry gently, and apply Cuticura Ointment to the affected parts. Do not fail to include the Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

Sole U.S. Distributors: Cuticura Soap and Ointment Co., New York, N.Y.  
Sole Canadian Distributors: The Canadian Cuticura Soap and Ointment Co., Toronto, Ont.

## "Flatterers"

OR  
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER IV.

She held him to her most fondly, poor child, frightened herself, saying he had wakened up; he had been dreaming, and—there, there—he would be better now—kissing the troubled face into peace again.

"But I wronged them," he kept half whispering, the dream haunting him still.

"Then I'll make it all right, papa," said Sydney, "never fear! You are only tired. I have talked to you too much to-day, that's what's amiss."

"You'll make it right?" he echoed, looking up at the child with most touching wonder and trust.

"Yes, that I will, father."

"Dearest, best! You'll make it right. My little girl—my only one! Now God be praised! Help her to—make it right."

He murmured that again and again, with interest satisfaction, as he let his head slip from her shoulder to the chair, and, still with his face turned westward, fell into restful slumber.

Sydney sat at his feet, holding his hand, that shivered twice or thrice, till it grew dark and toward the time for Mrs. Hills to return for the night.

The woman for once was late. When she stole softly in at nine, she found the young watcher sleeping beside her charge, and, with an exclamation at her own tardiness, essayed to wake them both. One quickly roused out of the land of dreams. The other was be-

fond that land—gone calmly to a region that mortality knew nothing of.

CHAPTER V.  
A HOME UNHOMELIKE.

With but few beats of his wide sea-wing, Time carried Sydney far past that summer-tide of loss and sadness into a girlhood lighter if lonelier, freer if less gladdened with willing duties, than could have been her fate if her father had lived.

Left now with his memory only, that she cherished long and truly. Tender recollection softened his patient, fading life into something sacred, and the flawless love between them set an ineffaceable mark on her succeeding days.

Years that transformed her from child to woman in no way altered the position between her mother and herself. The fact of her being fatherless kindled no fresh spark of love maternal. She had her place in the household; studies strictly prescribed. For so many hours a day she inhabited the schoolroom: the books Leonora had thumbed and discarded before her, and from these she was bidden to extract the wherewithal for her education. An impression was vaguely circulated that Mrs. Alwyn and her elder daughter superintended these studies and for some few minutes each morning these ladies would indeed look in upon the child stumbling along this discursive road to learning; but as the elder came always burdened with letters or domestic accounts, and the younger occupied the half-hour she was supposed to be listening to lectures Francis in penciling enchanting fashions down the margins of the pupil's themes, why, Sydney could hardly be said to profit much by their company.

Circumstances truly offered her during those years ample opportunity for growing up splendidly illiterate; but such fate was averted by the appetite she had inherited with her name. The meagre scant library provided she attacked with unappeasable vigor. Her dullest lessons she invested with a species of romance—threw into her untrained labors all the enthusiasm which had no other vent, and determined not to let a power within her rust but as her father would have desired to see her, so, and none other, to be.

At which point, however, Mrs. Alwyn's programme came into collision with her daughter's, and, widening the gap between them, earned for the girl that unenviable adjective which to her mother's mind marked her strongest characteristic.

It was the summer when Sydney was sixteen that this noticeable difference of opinion arose.

"She was a little dark-eyed lassie then, with long, broadly-rippling hair it was a slender to call black, so many shades of light lurked among the abundant locks; clear-cut features, scarcely pretty as yet, and a month too grave and firm for her years, but ready on occasion to curve into smiles that lighted the face like sunshine.

"Mamma," she asked one morning, looking beseechingly across a pile of well-worn volumes at Mrs. Alwyn checking her baker's bill, "what am I to do now I have finished these? Will you get me fresh books to learn from, please?"

Mrs. Alwyn paused, her forehead upon the last-checked item.

"One peck, one and ten, June the 28th. What do you want, Sydney? I wish you would avoid interrupting me. A girl of your age should surely be able to study alone."

"So I will," returned Sydney, promptly, "if I have anything to study. But I really do know all these books by heart. Or I mean," for she was strictly veracious, "I know all I can learn in them without a regular teacher. And it's not much use my going over them again if I can get no more out of them; 's it much, you are right there," Sydney's hopes rose, "But if you have mastered these, why want more? Where Leonora left off you can do the same."

"Oh! down, down to despairing went Sydney's hopes; for well she knew how grudgingly her mother's purse-strings opened to any but channels of her own choosing. Her face fell; her lips grew pale and rigid with the effort to keep them from twitching like a disappointed baby's."

"Two quarters, tenpence. Rolls, sixpence," pursued her mother, settling her gold eye-glasses firmly on her rather prominent nose, and resuming accounts as though this interlude were ended.

In desperate rejection of such flat, Sydney slowly mustered courage and spoke again.

"Mamma," appealingly, "you don't know how ignorant I am!"

"You said just now you had mastered Leonora's books," chided Mrs. Alwyn. "If I consider that enough, you should be content. You are sixteen now, so put aside childish lessons. It will leave you more time for other things. You play atrociously compared with Leonora."

"I am not so clever as Leonora at music, mamma," murmured Sydney.

"Perhaps not; but industry improves all things. Practice on this old piano three or four hours a day. The best is nearly dumb, but that doesn't signify. You may have a voice in a year or two, then you can take up exercises. Meanwhile—"

"Yes, meanwhile, mamma," said poor, disappointed Sydney, most dejectedly.

"Well, amuse yourself somehow. Get up your own lace, as Leonora does. Cuffs and collars give you a house-maid look; come and talk to callers; that is an essential part of a girl's education. Next spring I can take you out when I pay visits; Leonora does not always care to go. When you are seventeen there will be garden-parties for you, and so forth."

At each unloading of this prospect Sydney's heart sunk lower.

Long had she been in the background of this routine. Well she comprehended the frets and galls engendered by an invitation more or less; a fancied slight, a two-edged compliment, one country dame's condescension, another's hauteur; silently, but with the quickness of new springing girlish instinct, had she watched the yet unavailing efforts made to launch her handsome step-sister on matrimonial seas. Now she was to put the first step on this same unsatisfying treadmill! Also! she had asked bread and been offered a stone! If Mrs. Alwyn had had tact and tenderness enough to say, "I want you by me!"—if she could have drawn her child's face to her, crying, "I'm jealous of your books!" and, with a kiss, perhaps, called her "darling," why, Sydney's plans would have been remoulded under her will, the coveted studies played second right joyfully to her mother's wishes.

But no such note of sweetness summoned Sydney to surrender. An unquenched spirit of revolt forced out further petition.

"Mamma, I'm not fit for calling and going out with you—"

"You will be soon, Sydney," impatiently.

"And I should hate it!"

A shake of the head and an incredulous smile.

"But if you do not care to buy me books, may I borrow them? The Dacies will lend me plenty. I've not complained to them—hurriedly staying an angry exclamation—but I was just saying I envied them so many I remembered papa speaking of; and Mary said I could have them over, or read them with her. And—dashing bravely on—"Mr. Vaughan was there" (the rector of St. Clair's), "and when I said some names wrong, he asked if I would be too proud to learn with his little nephews, who have come to live with him. Would I, indeed! Oh, mother, let me! I know papa—with an unconquerable sob—"would have liked me to get on; so—a couple of anxious tears splashing on a well-worn "Markham"—"so I must!"

"Singularly like I will!" said Mrs. Alwyn, frowning the girl with chill disapprobation. "Well, you have taken your affairs so pronouncedly into your own hands, I can only trust they may prosper as you seem to expect. My own fear is they will make you as conceited as willful."

Thereupon the field was left to the victor. With this hardly extorted consent Sydney sought the offered telegram of Mary Dacie and the rector, gaining plus a wider range of work

IF YOU WANT  
BABY TO GROW UP

into a hardy, vigorous child, you must make sure you are feeding him properly. Baby should be fed at the breast if possible—and this will always be made easier if the expectant mother will prepare herself by including in one of her daily meals a bowlful of Neave's Food.

Dr. L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. (Edin.), L.F.P.S. (Glasg.), etc., Leeds, writes:—"Your Neave's Food is selling out everywhere, admirably, for which we are very thankful."

Babies thrive on

**Neave's Food**

Sold in The Specialty Pack for Newfoundland. Send 6s. for postage of FREE SAMPLE.

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**Just Folks**

A PLACE.

Young men, eager to rise in the world, Hark to the tale I tell: Never put hand to the least command Unless you will do it well.

You must strive for speed, but speed is vain If poorly the work is done. And the time you take for a good job's sake Is time well spent, my son.

I have known the world and the ways of men And the things I tell are true: You must build your fame on an honest name And the work that you can do.

Whatever you promise you must perform. Never utter a pledge absurd; By the faith you keep you shall sow and reap. You must stand to your given word.

The signs of the road are posted clear But the wrong way's thick with doubt, And day or night, if you keep to the right You never need face about.

If you gladly toll and you give your word To the tasks you find to do, If your record's clear, you need have no fear— The world has a place for you.

**Fashion Plates.**

A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT FOR THE SMALL BOY.

"But," said the doctor's boy, "so long as the dear old governor is all right we won't mind." And Mary Dacie had come back from the costly school to share, first, months of nursing, then the labors of the one Phyllis they could now afford. And Mrs. Dacie, the load of suspense off her mind, her husband about again, promising "the creaking gate hangs longest on its hinges," thanked God unwearyingly they were all left to their other still, and never let a care for wealth that might have rankled in her grateful mind, or plant a wrinkle on her comely brow. So long as her good man had his Norfolk cart and steady cob, to trundle him from one patient to another, the wife went willingly afoot; and if among her wide range of cottage calls she outwalked herself, why, then she would beg a lift, come smiling home in a tax-cart ("She bowed to me from the top of a truss of hay!" said Mrs. Alwyn once, with lugubrious scorn), with air as serene as if in her own victoria, behind a thorough-bred.

(To be continued)

**ASPIRIN**

"Bayer" is only Genuine

Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark registered in Canada, of Bayer Manufacturing Co. Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.

You'd Be Ugly in Japan.

It has happened more than once that a Japanese baby has howled and shrieked in terror at the sight of a beautiful, fair-haired, blue-eyed English girl.

This may strike you as comic or tragic, but it is a fact. Japanese standards of feminine beauty are different from ours.

A Japanese Beauty must have straight black hair. Should she have the misfortune to possess hair with the slightest tendency to wave, she will take endless trouble to straighten it out—as much trouble, in fact, as an English girl would take to produce the opposite effect.

Her face should be narrow and long; her forehead high and narrow at the middle, but wider and lower at the sides, so that it corresponds as nearly as possible to the outline of Fuji, the mountain beloved by Japanese artists.

Her eyes, of course, must be long and narrow, slanting upwards at the corners; the eyebrows mere shadows, and high above the eyes; her complexion ivory white with little or no colour.

The Japanese girl carries her head and shoulders slightly forward, and inclines her body forward from the waist. She walks with short, quick steps, her toes turned in and her feet hardly lifted from the ground. To walk otherwise would be immodest.

Pattern 3604 is shown in this model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. A 2 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Seersucker, kindergarten cloth, drill, crash, poplin, madras, percale, and Indian head are good for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR A JUNIOR.

Pattern 3604 is shown in this model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 12, 14, and 16 years. For a 14 year size 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material will be required. As here shown figured foulard was used. One may have this in dotted Swiss, organdie, or chamois. A crush crepe or sash of silk or ribbon in a contrasting shade forms a pretty finish.

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Take the chill out of  
Early Rising

As winter time—the coldest, chillest part of the day—the whole house can be as cozy as a June day with IDEAL heating.

**Easily put in OLD or NEW Houses, Farm or City**  
Why don't you enjoy this wonderful comfort, which is so economical? Spend part of your improvement money for IDEAL heating. It is the safest and most beneficial investment you can make. It costs as much to you as a bumper crop at high prices. Cellar or water pressure not required. Thousands of farmers today enjoy the labor-saving, clean and economical IDEAL heating—why not you?

We will figure up your heating requirements and give you free estimate of cost—no obligation. NOW is a good time. Phone, call or write.

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66 Prescott Street.  
Phone 955.

IDEAL Heater fuel pots mix the oil and gas and burn it in a clean, modern gas mantle, attracting heat from the fuel. Made in sections. Can be easily put up anywhere.

IDEAL Heater Radiator Heater for small houses without cellar. Easy to run, heating a stove, and heat whole house with Hot Water Heat.

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