



A REMARKABLE INVENTION FOR THE CULTURE OF HAIR

THE EVANS VACUUM CAP is a practical invention constructed on scientific and hygienic principles by the simple means of which a free and normal circulation is restored throughout the scalp. The minute blood vessels are gently stimulated to activity, thus allowing the food supply which can only be derived from the blood, to be carried to the hair roots, the effects of which are quickly seen in a healthy, vigorous growth of hair. There is no rubbing, and as no drugs or chemicals of whatsoever kind are employed there is nothing to cause irritation. It is only necessary to wear the Cap three or four minutes daily.

60 DAYS' FREE TRIAL!
THE COMPANY'S GUARANTEE

An Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent you for sixty day's free trial. If you do not see a gradual development of a new growth of hair, and are not convinced that the Cap will completely restore your hair, you are at liberty to return the Cap with no expense whatever to yourself. It is requested, as an evidence of good faith, that the price of the Cap be deposited with the Chancery Lane Safe Deposit Company of London, the largest financial and business institution of the kind in the world, who will issue a receipt guaranteeing that the money will be returned in full, on demand without questions or comment, at any time during the trial period.

The eminent Dr. I. N. LOVE, in his address to the Medical Board on the subject of Alopecia (loss of hair) stated that if a means could be devised to bring nutrition to the hair follicles (hair roots), without resorting to any irritating process, the problem of hair growth would be solved. Later on, when the EVANS VACUUM CAP was submitted to him for inspection, he remarked that the Cap would fulfil and confirm in practice the observations he had previously made before the Medical Board.

Dr. W. MOORE, referring to the invention, says that the principle upon which the Evans Vacuum Cap is founded is absolutely correct and indisputable.

An illustrated and descriptive book of the Evans Vacuum Cap will be sent, post free, on application.

The Secretary, Evans Vacuum Cap Co., Limited
REGENT HOUSE, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

"to eat my chicken and pie picnic fashion, or from the sideboard. But somehow, I feel an uncontrollable desire to have the table set properly, and lunch like civilized people."

"So do I," said Dorothy, and if you'll assume the responsibility, and also help some with the details, I'll turn this savage feast into a social function."

"Done!" cried Hugh; "I even know where Mrs. Glenn keeps her doilies." Laughing like two children in mischief, they set a dainty, if over-elaborate luncheon table, and Hugh volunteered to forage the desert island for flowers, while Dorothy attended to some culinary matters.

"Don't go near the west coast," she called after him, as he went off with basket and shears, "that's where the cannibals hide, and I don't want you eaten up before the Glenns come home."

"And after that?" he asked.

"After that, I've no jurisdiction over you," she returned saucily. "We're Crusoe and Friday for one day only." Masterson went off, with an unformulated prayer in his heart that the Glenns' automobile might break down as usual, for the present situation was quite in his mind, and he was in no hurry to have it end.

Dorothy knew her cooking school lore, and when she discovered some cold boiled potatoes, and a kitchen garden, she flew at them and concocted a salad that looked and proved to be worthy of an illustrated description in "Hints to Housewives."

Masterson returned with a quantity of sweet peas and honeysuckle vines, and himself undertook the task of table decoration. So well did he succeed, that Dorothy hastened to display her beautifully garnished salad as a competitive triumph.

The luncheon was a merry feast, indeed.

Dorothy Crusoe and Man Friday became wonderfully well acquainted, and somehow the acquaintance ripened fast into friendship.

Being in the exploring line, they experimented with a complicated coffee-machine, which neither of them

understood. They finally succeeded in making it perform properly, and their black coffee was a decided success.

"Now," said Dorothy, with a little sigh, when all was over, "now you must go back to your sketches, and I must clear away these dishes."

"Don't do that," said Masterson. "The Glenns will soon be home, and they'll bring one or more servants with them, and they can attend to all that."

"No," said Dorothy, firmly; "my bump of neatness is too largely developed to admit of such a plan. You run along, Man Friday, and attend to your work, and I'll attend to my own department."

Dorothy rolled up her sleeves, tied on an apron, and set to work vigorously.

"Let me help you, then," pleaded Hugh. "I don't want to go away and play by myself."

"But your work is imperative. You said you must do it to-day."

"I know—but I'd rather stay here."

"Don't be silly. Go on and do your duty, and when these things are all straightened up, I'll call you, and we'll sit on the veranda or go for a stroll."

"All right, then. And be as quick as you can with your ridiculous kitchen-work."

Dorothy must have felt an impetus of some sort, for in an incredibly short space of time, she had her work done, and done in her own punctilious way, and going to the piano she played a ragtime melody that brought Man Friday down-stairs, two steps at a time.

And then those two merry and light-hearted young people went for a walk, and went for a row, and somehow or other their friendship lost its impersonal character and they became deeply interested in each other as especial individuals. Masterson suddenly realized that he was falling over head and ears in love, and Dorothy, without troubling to realize anything, gave herself up to

the gayety and happiness of existing conditions.

They discovered that they possessed the same sense of humor and a similar code of ethics, and what is more needful for absolute congeniality?

"I feel as if we were old friends, and had known each other for years," said Dorothy, as they went back to the house.

"So do I," said Masterson, "and what delights me even more is the fact that we will continue to know each other for years to come; for let me tell you, my Dorothy Crusoe, you can't get rid of your Man Friday as suddenly as you found him."

Although it was five o'clock the Glenns had not yet returned, and the castaways proceeded to invent more entertainment for themselves.

They discovered each other's musical capabilities, and sang duets to their mutual delight. They wandered into the library and made the astounding discovery that their tastes in literature were similar, and after Hugh had read aloud certain poems—one of them twice over—Dorothy confided to her own heart that a man who could read poetry like that was the man for whom she could ever really care.

The hours went by faster than they realized, and at seven it had begun to grow dusk, and still the Glenns did not come.

"I wish they would come," said the girl, with a sudden feeling of embarrassment, which she couldn't exactly explain, even to herself.

"Dorothy," said Hugh, taking her hand in his, and speaking rather gravely, "the situation is growing a little bit serious. I have thought so for an hour or more, but I hated to alarm you. You see, the Glenns' automobile has an incurable habit of breaking down, and should it do so to-day, they will not know the absolute necessity of hurrying home, and may delay their return till—till—late. Also, they may not secure the new servants at once, and, thinking I can

easily keep bachelor hall here, they may take their own time about returning."

"You don't mean"—and Dorothy's brown eyes grew troubled—"you don't mean they mightn't come back till—till tomorrow?"

"That's about the size of it," said Masterson, with an attempt at gayety. "But—but, what an impossible state of affairs!" exclaimed the girl, the whole situation suddenly flashing upon her. "We can't stay here till tomorrow. You can't go away and leave me here alone. And I can't go away—I've nowhere to go."

Perhaps the tears that came into the brown eyes at these words precipitated Masterson's next move, but unrepulsed, he took Dorothy in his arms and softly whispered:

"Won't you leave it all to me, dear? Won't you trust me to take care of you now—and always?"

And Dorothy said she would.

After a time—and, as time slipped away faster than ever, it was nearly eight o'clock—they concluded that they must give up all hope of seeing the Glenns that night.

"And so," said Masterson, "Man Friday will find a horse and trap, and will manage some way to harness them together and take Dorothy Crusoe to the village. There, there is a comfortable, if not very elaborate inn, where we can dine, though perhaps frugally, compared to our luncheon of to-day."

"How long ago that luncheon seems," said Dorothy, dreamily.

"Yes, so much has happened since," returned her fiancé. "And then" he went on, "you shall stay at the inn over night, and, indeed, until the Glenns do return, and I'll come back here and keep the house safely against their home-coming."

Dorothy agreed to these most practical plans, and they would have been speedily carried out, but just as Masterson started for the stables to act as his own groom, an automobile came chugging up the driveway, and the Glenns had returned.

The presents lay piled and beautiful room set arrangement. The long table down its centre holds its there were jewels and sil of dainty trifles awaiting of the girl, whose busin place and ticket them.

The jeweller's assista special Bond Street firm, pleted his task. He pro tired of "the show." Suc no novelty to him. The also an employee of anothe for the artistic presentmen gifts, was just as tired as But she knew she must s last article had been assign the last card of the donor gift.

They made a brave sho sents. Silver plate—exq delicate china; cutlery, je ments; books, cheques; silver and ivory, laces fa furniture of Sheraton or Rose du Barri mirrors, Se China, paintings, engraving photograph frames; scent boxes and satchets—all the one dainty and expensive wealth lavishes on wealth prove that to "her who hat more shall be given!"

Kate Perren stood fo moments, surveying these wondering a little wheth cared about them; wonc little what that bride was was a love match or a marriage. If she were ha passively miserable, as so she had seen. Girls who their wedding-presents wit fiant eyes; girls who had wistful-eyed; girls whose quivering with longing to that should set them free, that the word must never

Of what sort or condit present martyr. This Miss ford, of 1001 Princess Gate

"Well, I'm sure you c right," said the jewelle "There's not much more to now."

She bade him good even resumed her own task. one—and one for which on and known experts were er firms who made such wo vince.

It seemed odd to Kate she should be employed in She—who once had been honored—and now knew h less, parentless and for runs the world. So sports Fate!

The door opened quietly stood arranging the last ro ering uselessness. She over one of the numberle cases. It was still in her, half turned her head. Th dusk had crept on apace, switched on one electric lig the open door came a glea firelight, the tinkle of cups the chatter and laughter voices. The man who h group, and been ordered to presents looked, stood star as if she had been a ghost as death, stood staring back hand fell to her side, the to the ground, making but as it touched the soft carp

The door was shut abru intruder came quickly forw "Kate! God in heaven! and here? What does it m

She caught hold of the seemed to her as if the v spun round. As if she w its giddy circles.

Had the dead returned what miracle was this? "Gerald! It can't be! heard you were dead."

"Was that why I could of you—hear nothing. I v 'missing.' I know. I had wounded, and the Boers got six months in hospital; the