

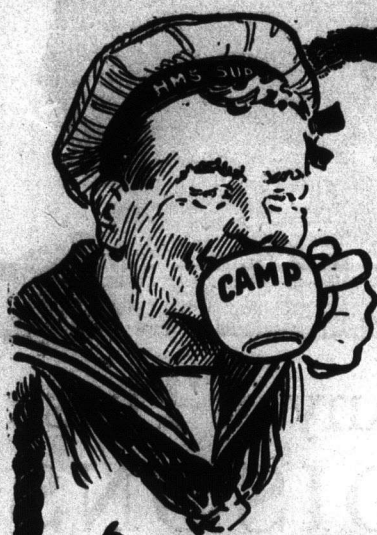
Royal Vinolia

Myliissia Face Powder

PRICE 50 CENTS
On sale at all good Druggists and Stores

Imparts to the skin the soft, velvety appearance of a well-ripened peach. In either sunlight or evening lights this exquisite powder gives the skin that translucent brightness which is so much desired. In the three popular shades—white, cream and pink. Harmless, beneficial and protecting—the most trustworthy beautifier for the theatre or dancing.

VINOLIA COMPANY, LIMITED
London Paris Toronto
Canadian Depot: Eastern Ave., Toronto



JACK'S the boy for 'CAMP'!

Cold raw mornings—all sorts of weather—ashore or afloat, 'Camp' always cheers, stimulates and 'warms the cockles of the heart.'

'CAMP' keeps anywhere—any time.

CAMP

COFFEE

If all grocers. Sole Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd. Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

Learn How the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet Saves Time, Labor, Health, and Pays for Itself

WRITE today for our free booklet. It tells how the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet forever does away with Kitchen drudgery, improves the appearance of the Kitchen and saves its own cost many, many times. The Hamilton combines all the latest and most scientific Kitchen Cabinet features.

We will ship you a Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet subject to your approval. If you are not pleased with it, return it to us at our expense.



Our booklet tells how you can pay for this wonderful device while it is paying for itself. Every housewife ought to have the Hamilton Kitchen Cabinet. It saves half your food. Write today, before you forget.

HAMILTON KITCHEN CABINET

The HAMILTON INCUBATOR CO., Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

NOTICE—WE WANT DEALERS TO HANDLE OUR GOODS IN SOME LOCALITIES

more contemptuous than ever. Nothin' would suit her but that I must quit the business entirely, pull down all the advertisements, and retire to some ghost-infested old ruin twenty miles from anywhere that she discovered. When I wouldn't she showed a bit of her mother's temper, with a few Parisian extras thrown in. I'm fond of Mamie—she doesn't guess how much—but I thought it was time to put my foot down, and I did. I said I'd give her three months to think things over. She could go back to France, or Scotland, or any darned place she pleased, with a companion—though Mamie no more needs a chaperon than she does a wooden leg, for the man who sassed her would stand a good chance of being frozen stiff on the spot—and that after that she was to come back to me, and say if she still felt as bad about Bongoline.

"At the end of a week I had a letter from her, written in a style that made me madder than ever. I sorter crystallised a plan that had occurred to me before. I'd no other relatives or friends, and it looked as if, when I'd gone, a flourishin' concern would be chuckled away simply because the girl who should have been mistress of it thought it debasin'."

Mr. Bosking plunged a fat hand into his breast-pocket, and withdrew a slip of paper.

"If you were travellin'," he said, "you mayn't have seen the English papers. But ten days after Mamie left, this appeared in about twenty of 'em."

I read the cutting which he handed me. It ran:

WANTED TO ADOPT, by wealthy Manufacturer, young, unmarried Man as Heir. Three primary essentials—good health and character, good business abilities, and comprehensive knowledge of "BONGOLINE." Write, or apply personally, between 4 and 6 p.m., at 20 Mulligrew Street, S.E.

"And the result?" I asked, as I handed this amazing advertisement back to him.

He smiled.
"In the first place, I had to explain to the staff at the depot that they weren't concerned in any way with what was simply an experiment of my own. In the second I had to set aside a special room to deal with the correspondence, and engage half a dozen temporary clerks simply to wade through it. And then there were the reporters! I saw fifteen before lunch the day the advertisement appeared, and about a dozen while I was feeding. Every blamed Editor in Christendom had spotted that notice, and worried over it, and sent round another idiot with a notebook or camera to make inquiries! Before four o'clock came I was fagged to death. I remember goin' to the window to get a breath of air, and then wantin' to crawl away and hide myself! The sidewalk was blocked with a solid army of men, with the police—who'd made inquiries on their own account earlier in the day, and seemed sorry they couldn't arrest me—marshalling 'em in fours. On the stroke of the hour, the big constable at the head of the procession stepped aside, and the first applicant entered my office. He was a pale-faced, determined-lookin' chap, with red hair, and I learnt afterwards that he'd been waitin' outside since two o'clock to make sure of bein' in time for the performance."

"I saw people until past eight, and then Fewkes—the clerk—put his head out of the window, and shouted that no further applications could be considered until the next day. This nearly led to a riot, but eventually the street was cleared, and I managed to get home."

"The next day I repeated the advertisement, but added:

"No candidate need apply who is not prepared to undergo a searching examination on the origin and properties of 'Bongoline.' Particulars with every bottle."

"Then I telegraphed to the factory to work at top pressure until further orders. It was well that I did. By noon on the following day you couldn't get a shilling bottle in London for less than one-and-nine, and before six the hawkers were selling copies of the

pamphlet that goes with the stuff all the way up Ludgate Hill at threepence a time.

"The first man who saw me at the second reception was a bit different from the others. He was decently dressed, physically fit, and very much alive. But instead of the usual slobber about his qualifications, he said:

"Look here, sir, I can't expect to get the berth because I've had no experience worth speaking of. But I want something to do. Give me ten shillings a day to weed out the riff-raff, before passing the balance on to you for inspection."

"Well, I liked the way he spoke, and the idea seemed reasonable enough, for all the other clerks were up to their eyes in work, and I was gettin' sick of the whole business."

"Very well," I said, after thinkin' it over a little. "But you must first understand exactly what is expected of the successful candidate."

"What's that?" said the young man, whose name, by the way, was Halesham.

"Assumin' that he's everything that the advertisement stipulates, he will first be required to spend a month in my business simply as an employee at a fair salary, to learn the ropes a little. If at the end of that time we're both satisfied, he will have to go abroad—probably to France—"

"To France!" says Halesham, prickin' up his ears.

"And to find out the whereabouts of a young lady named Mamie Wilton, who is at present travellin' there. Havin' found her, he will interview her. He will bring back, in writin', her opinion of Bongoline."

"Yes?" says the young man, lookin' as though he was ready to start on his own account immediately.

"If her opinion is favorable—and by that I mean a good deal—she will share with him and myself the whole of the profits of the business durin' my lifetime, and afterwards inherit my share as well as her own. Understand?"

Halesham nodded.

"If, however, her opinion is not favorable, she will simply receive the interest on a few shares I hold independent of the business, and when I'm gone, the shares themselves. The whole of the business will go to the young man."

"How about the shares, if her reply is favorable?"

"They'll go to the man, in addition to the one-third of the business. . . . Got it clear?"

"Quite," he says. And begins to deal with the problem of pickin' one man out of about seven thousand that same evenin'."

"He worked hard, and I found that I had to tackle only about three per cent. of the applicants. We kept it up for a week, and by that time there was a book full of the addresses of men from whom a final choice was to be made. The one that I had my eye upon was named Williams, a good-lookin' chap with curly hair, who answered every question like a gramophone, and told me a few facts about Bongoline that had escaped my own memory."

"I'll write to him, and settle the matter," I told Halesham at the end of the week, when the last man had been turned away, and I was more tired than I'd ever been in my life.

"Very good, sir." His manner was respectful enough, but there was a kink in his voice that didn't satisfy me.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Nothin' that I know of," says Halesham. "Merely a sort of instinctive distrust that I haven't had time to analyse. His testimonials were too dazillin'."

"Then, if that's all, he's comin'," I told him. "And I've somethin' else to say. You've made yourself fairly useful, and I understand that you're in want of a job pretty badly. If you care to remain here as a sort of private secretary, I'm willin' to continue the three pounds a week salary."

"Thank you sir," he says. "But what about my references?"

"I'll attend to them," I told him—though to tell the truth I took no more trouble about the matter."

"Well, he wrote to Williams, and Williams came along by the next train like a hungry dog after a bone. He flung himself into the job at once and in