



Your Skin Suffers from the Cold

WINDS dry its natural oil, cold constricts the flow of blood near the surface—your skin will grow coarse and rough if you do not protect it in winter. In my Salons I am recommending for these last harsh weeks of the season:

Venetian Amoretta Cream—smooth it on the face and neck before going out. Fragrant, vanishing, it leaves a film of protection on the skin, and serves as a lasting and becoming powder foundation. (If your skin is dry, ask for Ultra-Amoretta.) Two sizes, \$1.25, \$2.55.

Venetian Cleansing Cream—a light, melting cream that seeps into the depths of the pores, dissolves and dislodges all impurities. Use it after exposure to cold and wind, and in the night-and-morning treatment of the skin. Keeps the skin smooth and soft. \$1.25, \$2.55, \$3.80.

Read my book "The Quest of the Beautiful" for instruction on the care of the skin. Sent on request with personal advice, if you write me about your skin.

ELIZABETH ARDEN
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It is much cheaper for Canadian clients to purchase direct from my agencies in Canada.



Prevents Chapped Skin

"VASELINE" CAMPHOR ICE will take the bite from winter winds.

Apply a little to your lips before going outdoors, and liberally to your hands and face when you return. This will prevent the skin from becoming chapped or roughened.

If the damage has already been done, "Vaseline" Camphor Ice will soothe and heal.

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CAMPHOR ICE

Every "Vaseline" Product is recommended everywhere because of its absolute purity and effectiveness.



WITHOUT THE LAW

(Continued from page 37)

away in his pocket, a line-cut ready for use in to-morrow's paper. That would have greater effect than just the picture.

The second move? To take advantage of her hopelessness; her helplessness; her estrangement from her husband. There were such things as easy divorces in this interesting modern world! If he played his cards carefully there might be at last some reciprocation; Jerry was not unconscious of his charms, nor inexperienced. He might even forget his duty to his father's cause . . . if things went right!

Failing that? Why then—Jerry's heavy-jowled face flushed passionately at the thought—why then, he would play a pretty tune upon her emotions; make her pay in advance, as far as such payment could be exacted, for the line-cut she should never have; then mock her with the hopelessness of it all! That was the plan which passion, and a long-nourished jealousy that another should have been given her love, dictated.

And now his man Canning had telephoned to say that he had traced the girl to Courtenay's office, and there, in the guise of a magazine and book canvasser—one of which he often made good use—he had discovered that she would be there for half-an-hour, and that Courtenay had gone out. Jerry, much concerned, had bade him lure the girl away at all costs—get her somewhere that he could talk to her straight—represent himself as a neighbor 'phoning for Mrs. Mulanny, who would be conveniently sick and require her instantly. . . . He must frighten her, if need be, away from this shrewd, queer old fellow, Courtenay.

He had not spoken of the Garbut picture to anyone.

That was his bait; if she was obdurate, a morning extra would make a roorback that would count. The "Clarion" would headline it; McGinnis owned the paper body and soul.

Otherwise . . . The contemplation of it all drew him like a magnet. And now word had come that the ruse had worked; the girl was on her way to Mulanny's. Jerry felt safer seeing her there than in more central and disturbed surroundings.

A henchman, entering as he slipped out, eyed him strangely, hailed him:

"What's up, Jerry?"

"Nothing," retorted the young man, roughly. "What do you mean?"

The other laughed. "Well, you look like a man who's been drinking, or is famished for one. Thought you might find one for me!"

Jerry showed a firm set of teeth in an odd smile, and went on. The fire remained in his eyes.

PRECISELY at three, Lawyer Courtenay sought his man at Committee Room No. 1. The place was chaotic, with the election less than twenty-four hours away. Henchmen crowded the place, adding to the confusion of noise and the thickness of atmosphere. Mr. Price was in, but he was busy over details of to-night's final great meeting, and could see no one. It was no use giving his name or his card just now. If he cared to wait. . . .

Daniel P. smiled disarmingly, but his eye was on the young man who had just come from the private room with some papers, and was likely to return. . . . He moved towards him, and when the secretary re-entered he went not alone. The room was smoke-filled; some half-dozen men sat about a table.

"Just a minute," growled the candidate, when the surprised aide turned upon the intruder. "Who's this? Mr.—Mr.—"

"Courtenay," said Daniel P., blandly.

Darrel Price winced a little; he said: "Just sit down a moment, and I'll see you." And, presently, taking the intruder aside into a smaller room that led off the inner committee room: "I was busy enough to—almost forget personal

troubles, Mr. Courtenay! I'm glad you've come!"

"We can save time, Mr. Price, by both coming frankly to the point. The final rock on which your domestic happiness seems like to suffer shipwreck is the Garbut affair. I know it only by name—may I suggest that it is in your interests to give me the inside details of it?"

Darrel Price shot a quick look at the lawyer.

"The Garbut affair!" He laughed shortly. "I'm damned!" he said.

"You may be politically," said the cherub drily, "if you don't care to tell me!"

"Supposing I refuse?"

"I don't think you will refuse," said the cherub quietly. He added, after a moment: "I'm thinking of your—confession of this morning. You do care—don't you? Your wife doesn't think so, Mr. Price. I wish she might believe as I do!"

The candidate sat on the edge of a paper-littered desk, and regarded the visitor intently. Daniel P.'s mild blue eyes met the gaze frankly. Price nodded, as if in decision, and resumed his cigar.

"There's nothing much to it, Mr. Courtenay," he said at last. "Past history, too. Prior to my marriage, my wife's brother, Jim Bender, became involved in a low gambling dive that was not only against the law but crooked right through. I did not trouble Gwennyth with all the details; she was worried enough already at the lad's ways. He was in with a bad crowd from the start—including the ring-leader, Jerry McGinnis. I knew that 'Garbut's'—that was the name it went by—was protected from higher up, but I knew, too, that with what I had discovered about it, I could force the matter. I warned Bender straight that if he didn't quit I'd have the place raided out of business; otherwise it was no business of mine more than it was to get after a dozen other such joints. He blustered a bit, and evaded, but in the end promised a vague reformation. Some nights later a message had reached me—through Daniel Mulanny—that Jim was in trouble at the gambling joint. For Gwennyth's sake I went down to 'Garbut's'. The place was quite wide-open, the man at the door recognized me, apparently, and let me in. Jim met me, the picture of despair. He had been gambling heavily, on a shoes-tring, and had lost and lost, until his cash was followed into the pockets of Garbut himself, by a flock of I.O.U.'s. I had expected that, and went heeled for it. He promised to swear off if I'd help him out. Garbut was threatening to turn him over to the police—a queer twist that I understood, because I had an insight into the hand-and-glove methods involved. Garbut stood by rather sneeringly. I thought of my promise to Gwennyth and that decided me.

"Come inside," said Garbut, and led me into a private room, kept for very high play at roulette—a fancy equipment that was famous, furnishing the room. Garbut began to count out his I.O.U.'s and I my money to cover, when a flash lit up the room! I knew at once that I had been trapped! They had my picture in the act of obviously paying up my gambling debts in this famous room. Garbut's back was to the camera, but not mine, of course. 'You've got the idea,' said Garbut, coldly, watching my face. 'Here, take back your dirty money, I don't want it! All I want is—hand's off—see!—or else that picture goes plump on the first page of the "Clarion"! And I have witnesses to prove that you were here right enough. It'll make a story you'll find hard to explain!"

"They had me, of course. And I daren't tell Gwennyth. She still had illusions about Jim. I took my medicine and bided my time. My friends would have seen through the frame-up, but my enemies would have played it for a knock-out. And I have plenty of enemies, Mr.

Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

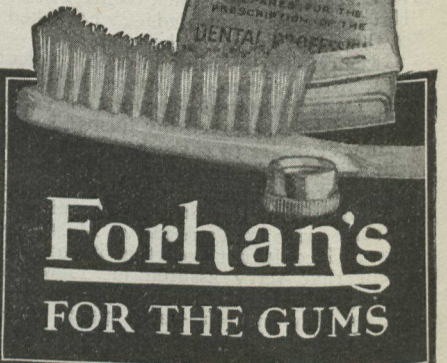
Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

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