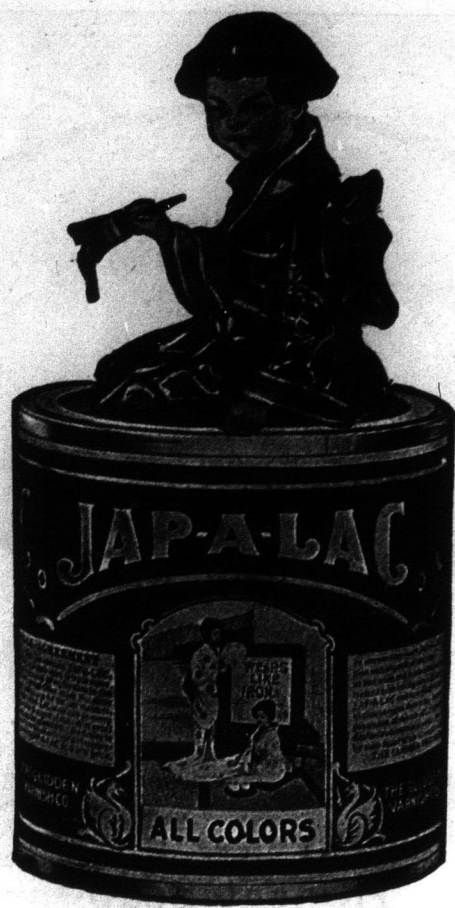




A Writer Has Recently Said That the American Woman is a Waster

Millions and Millions of Cans of

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 colors
and natural (clear)—renews
everything from cellar to garret

Sold every year to the Housewives of America
is indisputable proof that this is not true

Jap-a-lac is a money saver—it is first aid to an injured income—the Jack-of-all Trades among varnishes and stains—a stain, a varnish and an enamel all in one.

Jap-a-lac doubles the life of wood work, restores varnished and painted floors to their original beauty, and brings a second youth to shabby furniture.

It enables a woman to rent an old fashioned house at a moderate sum and with a little industry and at a cost so insignificant that it does not affect any purse, make it as spick and span and up-to-date as a home which rents for several hundred dollars more per year.

You can change a tin or zinc bath tub into a white enamelled tub, and take an old fashioned bath room and make it sanitary, spick and span and new. You can either varnish your chairs and tables, make a dingy, scarred refrigerator look as well as the day you bought it. You can enamel your pantry shelves with Jap-a-lac and have them sweet, clean, attractive and vermin-proof.

If you have a lot of old fashioned furniture, a can of Jap-a-lac will modernize it. With Flemish or Black Jap-a-lac an unattractive library can be altered into a charming cozy room. Your husband and you can do the work in one night.

Let us send you a book to tell you all about Jap-a-lac. It has no equal—it has no substitute—it costs little and does much. For sale everywhere.

There is no substitute. Jap-a-lac is a trade mark. Be sure you ask for Jap-a-lac. To be certain that you get Jap-a-lac, look for the name "Glidden" as well. Every dealer everywhere sells it. All sizes, 25c to \$3.50.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY
Cleveland, Ohio Factories—Toronto, Ont.

though challenging an answer to his cry: "My God! this is not true! My Ethel never wrote that—she never wrote that, I'll swear!"

He thrust the crumpled pages into his pocket and tried to whistle for his horse. But something in his throat made mockery of his pursed lips, and, as no sound came, he strode over to where the broncho was feeding, threw himself into the saddle and rode madly away.

When Jack Chadwick reached home he proceeded to straighten out and reread the crumpled pages. There could be no doubt as to the meaning conveyed in what was unmistakably Ethel's writing. She suggested that, perhaps, after all, they were not suited to each other, and that it was probably better that their paths should in future diverge. He would find another who would make him more happy, and under the circumstances she thought it would be better if he would release her from her promise. Jack Chadwick was tempted to take pen and paper and answer the letter with all the bitter promptings of his wounded heart; but, as he regained his wonted calmness, he resolved to postpone his reply. "Yes, until I can be sure that it is not all a horrid mistake or dream," he muttered. And, with this resolution once made, he endeavored to lose sight of his trouble in ministrations among his scattered flock. Hence it was some time before he determined to write what would, perhaps, be his last letter to Ethel.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Carsby's motherly heart was sore troubled by the turn affairs had taken beneath the Carsby roof. In less than three months, as she well knew, Mr. Carsby must have money or lose the business, and the hope of receiving temporary relief from Mr. Finch had been almost blasted by Ethel's strange conduct of late. Three times during the past two weeks Mr. Finch had called, and on each occasion Ethel, pleading headache, had retired to her room; where indeed, she now spent most of her time in spite of her mother's remonstrance. Mrs. Carsby regretted having spoken to Ethel with regard to Mr. Finch, for, dearly as she had hoped for the fruition of her plan, she could not bear to see the effect it had on her daughter. To lose the business would be a sad blow, but unless Ethel could be persuaded to desist from her habit of brooding, Mrs. Carsby feared a much sadder blow, the loss of her daughter's health.

And yet Ethel was far from being in the desponding mood that her appearance led her mother to believe. In fact, she was happier than she had been for some time, and, in spite of the apparent anxiety on her fair young face, there was a secret joy burning in her heart. She had had little time to brood or despond of late; she had been too feverishly busy with the scheme that had formed in her mind on the occasion that we last saw her. Those frail fingers that Mrs. Carsby imagined were nursing a desponding head behind the closely-guarded door, were, in reality, feverishly active guiding a pen over page after page of manuscript. Success beyond her wildest dreams had attended Ethel's venture, and she wished only to complete the long serial story upon which she was then engaged before taking a well-earned rest.

The rest, however, came much sooner than Ethel anticipated, for that evening her father, to whom Mrs. Carsby had confided her fears, insisted that Ethel should accompany him for a stroll in the park. Inwardly assuring herself that she could make up for lost time before retiring that night, Ethel consented. The September evening was very refreshing to the tired overworked girl as she walked through the park leaning on her father's arm. It was refreshing to feel the last sweet breath of the dying day stealing silently over her cheek to pounce suddenly upon the careless curls that clustered on her forehead. Between the trees that leaned far away to the west she could see the tip of the setting sun already sufficiently low to tinge the dark cloud's ragged edge with gold. Higher up in the broad blue of the sky idly floated the scattered cloud islands upon which the "levered" rays were still lingering, until they appeared like flakes of burnished gold. Ethel's thoughts

were westward. Alberta was there—and Jack. It was strange that she had not thought much about Jack lately. She wondered now that he had not answered her letter—it was a month since she had written it. Perhaps she had offended him. She tried to recall what she had written. No, he was probably away from home, and the mail-service was very slow and erratic out there. She would soon get his reply, and then—

"Let us sit down for a few moments, Ethel," suggested her father, and Ethel's thoughts were back in Toronto again.

Together they watched the glow of the sunset, remarking how that the fleecy cloudlings were touched, successively, into amber and gold and gray, until at last Ethel ventured: "Is your business any better lately, papa?"

"Yes, dear, very much better indeed, very much better indeed," replied Mr. Carsby. "If it were not for that 'note' our prospects would be brighter than they have been for years. But, Ethel dear," he added affectionately, "you are causing us much more anxiety just now than business. Why do you brood, my dear? You must not worry your pretty head over what your mother said to you. Your health, child," stroking her thin face, "is more dear to us than business—without you there would be little incentive to business," and he kissed her quivering lips.

Poor Ethel! There was something in her throat that seemed to be choking her, and her eyes were dim as she gazed out over the tree tops. Endearments from her father had been somewhat rare of late years, and now they brought memories of happier days—when business had prospered and home life had been smoother. But the business was being struggled with for her sake—Oh, how glad she was that she had determined to try to help!

"How much do you owe, papa?" Ethel felt forced to timidly enquire, after a pause of some moments. She had a vague notion that it was a huge amount and was trembling in anticipation.

"Never mind, dear, never mind," said Mr. Carsby. "Worry will not help matters. No doubt everything will turn out for the best." But his tone did not convince Ethel.

"Papa," she persisted, "can you not tell me—it would not hurt me to know, would it?"

"No, no, child! but you must not worry about it. We owe two thousand dollars, but only the half is due in November. If I could raise that," he added reflectively, "I believe I could pull through—I believe I could pull through."

"Why, papa!" exclaimed Ethel, her eyes ablaze with excitement, "I can help you if that is all!" and in excess of feeling she had thrown her arms about her father's neck and bestowed a dozen kisses on his wondering lips. "Why, I have over seven hundred in the bank already, and more to come—see!" and springing to her feet she waved a Bank or Toronto account book before his astonished eyes. "How beautifully I deceived Mamma!" she cried. "Mamma thought I was sulking, and all the time I've been writing—writing stories, papa—don't you understand?"

"Writing stories," muttered Mr. Carsby looked confusedly at the bank book Ethel had thrust into his hand. Yes, he understood now. He saw that there was a credit balance of seven hundred and twenty-five dollars in his daughter's name, and with her explanation there came the consciousness that a double load was lifting from his mind. He had a vague feeling that he ought to chide Ethel for worrying her mother by her secrecy, but speech proved almost beyond him.

"My dear, foolish, little child," was all he could whisper as he rose and kissed Ethel tenderly. "Let us go home before it gets too dark."

There was joy as of family reunion in the Carsby household that night. Not much was said by the parents, but a feeling of thankful pride took possession of their hearts as Ethel told how she had earned her money. She would not have to work so hard now, and with more leisure she felt sure that she could accomplish better work. When at last they retired for the night, Mrs. Carsby glanced with pride over the manuscript which Ethel was then preparing, at the