

Mdme. Fayard's Skin Food

THE PERFECT TOILET CREAM

It cleans and clears the skin, giving that glowing pink and white complexion, the mark of daintiness and refinement.

Use it every day. Steam or bathe the face with hot water, apply the cream, afterwards using a face cloth, which will clean the pores and freshen the skin after the day's routine.

50c JAR

Ivel's Pharmacy

1415 Government St.
Westhome Hotel Bldg.

Phone 2963 VICTORIA, B. C.

and her practical common sense was of such great value that it was not long before she began to feel a personal responsibility in the success of the scheme. It progressed slowly, for even the magic of Hoffman's name did not attract, and in the beginning many who came refused to stay the necessary time to complete a cure; but they both persevered, and in the end the seed she helped Hoffman to plant blossomed and brought forth fruit.

It was a different place from the Woodsmere Loring had first seen. A broad road led from the station to the plateau, and a carryall, with easy springs, now made the daily trip to meet the incoming train. The doctor's house was practically unchanged, but within the radius of a few hundred feet a dozen cabins had been erected, some of three rooms, some of four. A long, one-stories log house contained the common living room, dining room and kitchen, the latter presided over by a good cook, and a canvas awning could be spread from this building to the various cabins in very stormy weather. Outside of the cook and Eben, who still did the chores, there were no servants; and the colonists cared for their own houses and worked in the fields. Some tended the livestock; others helped indoors. In

De-Luxe
Monthly

winter there were rugs to be woven, wood to be carved, leather to be tooled, embroidery and sewing for the women's skillful fingers, and basket weaving and clay modeling for the children. For there were children at Woodsmere as well—little, stunted, diseased bodies and backward minds. Loring found them amid squalid surroundings and sent them to Hoffman, who cared for them either at his own house or paraded them out among the women patients who desired their special care. And all the children who were sent to Woodsmere grew in strength and in health, and their minds developed in harmony with their bodies.

In the valley a pulp factory had been established, and the village grew to be a thriving town. Most of the old lumbermen moved away, but a few of them, Jim Torby among the number, allied themselves to the new industry. The majority of the factory hands, however, were ignorant Slavs, and they viewed the colony in the hills with mingled awe and suspicion. Disease they could understand, and lunacy they feared, and they gradually came to harbor resentment against the health-seekers, who in their untutored minds, must have some contagion to spread, else they would not seclude themselves from their fellows in this fashion.

Hoffman spoke once of the antagonism of the factory workers. "You will be surprised to hear that Jim Torby is at the head of the opposition. He has gone in for the 'survival of the fittest' doctrine, and he came here one day to tell me that I was endangering the health of the mill hands by my colony of sick people and he wanted me to move to the other side of the mountain. I told him I had established myself here before the factory was started and mine was the prior right; besides, one can't catch nerves. He argued that the sick were better off out of the world, but I bade him recall my appearance when I first came here, and asked him if he would call me an invalid today. He grudgingly admitted that I looked saved, but I was an exceptional case."

"And Nora? Still no news of her?"

Hoffman sighed. "She has disappeared completely. We traced her as far as Boston, but lost track of her there. Because I gave the man a day's shelter when he came up here to fish, Jim was inclined to visit some of his wrath on me, but he's cooled down now, and though he curses the man, he refuses to talk about her."

"Poor little Nora! She was so pretty. Sometimes I blame myself, and wonder if

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bons in her curls were at the bottom of her downfall."

That winter Hoffman opened his door but not his heart, and Nora, broken hearted, spent her days in tears.

(To Be Continued)

BUSINESS MAN OR WOMAN:

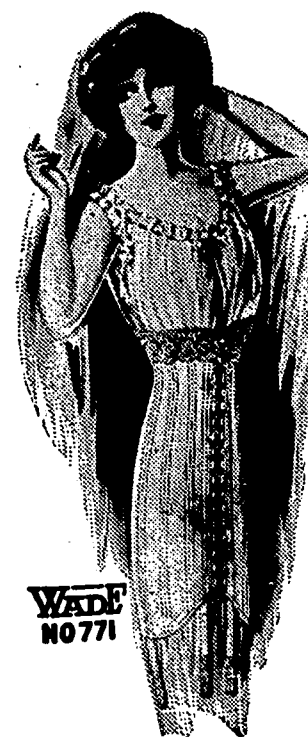
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