



McClary's

*Make good stoves and
Cooking utensils.*

MOIR'S Chocolates



THOUSANDS of men commenced to eat Moir's Chocolates while in service overseas. They craved the nourishing candy with the distinctive taste and wrote home for more Moir's.

Just as tea is now an afternoon beverage with service men, so have they become attached to the habit of eating Moir's Chocolates whenever that old trench craving for sweets comes upon them. They know Moir's Chocolates have a hundred or more varieties of fillings—and have found those that suit their taste.

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S.

Dreadfully he returned homeward, letting himself into the house like a felon and going at once to his study. The room was in a dustless order that bespoke the usual attentions of Mrs. Podmore—except that the plaster fragments were on the desk. He dropped a magazine over them and sank contemplatively into a chair.

He was done with politics! Furthermore, if he ever bought another luck-god it would be made of castiron. In the midst of his disagreeable reflections a light tap fell on the door. His fat shoulders went back and a stern, set look twisted at his chubby face. Minerva! he thought. His temper had passed without eruption. He would merely tell Mrs. Podmore what she had done to her husband by destroying the luck-god. The sight of him, in misery, would be enough. The rap was impatiently repeated.

"Come in," he called wearily.

It was not Minerva, but Lucy—Lucy in a white lawn dress with a red rose in her hair. Never had she looked more entrancing. And with Lucy came Tom Archer—persistent Tom Archer.

"Dear old dad!" murmured Lucy, in a burst of tenderness, hurrying to his chair and passing her soft arms about his neck. "Tom wanted you to be Mayor, daddikins," she whispered, her cool cheek against his, "but I never did."

"H'm," muttered Podmore, "I'm glad you're pleased, my dear."

"You ran well, Mr. Podmore," said Tom, "considering."

"Exactly," returned Podmore, "considering. Where's your mother, Lucy?"

"She'll be here in a little while, dad," answered Lucy. "Just now, though, while we're all by ourselves, Tom wants to ask you a question."

"It's this, Mr. Podmore," said Tom. "Is there any change in your sentiments?"

Instinctively Podmore's eyes sought the desk. There was no use in appealing to the luck-god. Podmore was thrown back upon

his own mental resources and inclinations.

"Is your heart really set on it, my child?" he asked Lucy.

"Oh, dad!" she exclaimed rapturously, "I'd be the happiest girl in the world if—if—"

"Here you are, Tom," said Podmore, holding Lucy's hand out to him. "My other ideas for Lucy's future have undergone a change."

"Will you forgive me for breaking your tobacco jar, dad?" Lucy asked. She was standing in front of her father and Tom's arm was around her waist.

"T-tobacco jar?" gasped Podmore, pushing forward in his chair and once more looking towards his desk.

The jar was not in its accustomed place. He noticed that now for the first time. A series of bewildering possibilities flashed through his brain.

"You see, dad," Lucy explained, "mother told me about the luck-god and how you had let it influence you against Tom and me. Mother wanted to get a doctor, for she was sure you weren't well, but I had an idea last night and worked it out this morning. I wanted you to know that the luck-god wasn't to be depended on, so I broke the tobacco jar and hid the plaster imp—here."

Gliding to a bookcase, she drew the Billikin from behind a set of Schopenhauer and handed it to her father.

"I have proved, I think," she added, "that the luck-bringer isn't reliable."

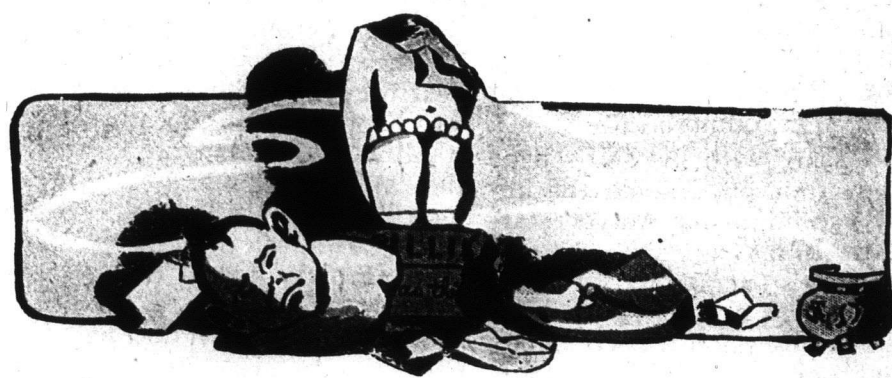
Podmore got up slowly, the luck-god in his hand.

"I'll give you young people my blessing on one consideration," said he slowly, "and only one."

"Done!" cried Tom. "What is it, Mr. Podmore?"

"Why, that you keep my experience with the luck-god a close family secret. A fool at forty is a spectacle for gods and men, but a fool at fifty—"

Podmore hurled the Billikin on the hearth before the grate and smiled for the first time that day as the grinning imp flew into a dozen pieces.



**SALTY
CRISP
DELICIOUS**

ASK FOR THEM

**IN THE
STRIPED
PACKAGE**

*Fairy
Soda
Biscuit*



RESPONSIBILITY

WHEN things go right
A world polite
Extends a wreath of glory,
And men with glee
Contend to be
The hero of the story.
From far and near
The cry you hear—
"Twere useless to forbid it—
On every hand
In accents grand,
"I Did It!"

When things go wrong
Another song
Is suddenly arising,
And men lay down
The martyr's crown
With promptness all surprising.
They do not pause
For the applause.
Their pride, long since they've hid it.
Each shifts the blame,
As all exclaim,
"He Did It!"

—Washington Star.