



NA-DRU-CO ROYAL ROSE TALCUM POWDER

NA-DRU-CO Royal Rose Talcum is as comforting to Baby's tender skin as it is to Mother's wind-chafed cheek or Father's chin smarting after a shave. Its remarkable fineness—its pronounced healing, antiseptic qualities—and its captivating odor of fresh-cut roses—have won for Na-Dru-Co Royal Rose Talcum the favored place on the dressing tables and in the nurseries of the most discriminating people.

25c. a tin, at your Druggist's—
or write for free sample to the

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO.
OF CANADA, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

191

The Pleasant Highway to Health.

"Wincarnis" is the pleasant highway
that leads you straight to good health.

And every step of the way—
every wineglassful of "Win-
carnis"—not only carries you
nearer to the goal of health,
but equips you with an addi-
tional vigour and vitality, and
an abundance of renewed
strength and stamina. Start
your journey along this pleas-
ant highway to-day. Take a
wineglassful of

WINGARNIS

daily, and you will speedily leave behind you such
ailments as Depression, Anaemia, Brain-fag, Sleep-
lessness, Nervous Disorders, and General Indiffer-
ent Health, and replace them with a delicious feel-
ing of exhilaration and buoyancy that will make your
whole body glow and pulsate with vigorous health.

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists,
Stores, Etc.

TRADE NOTE—"Wincarnis" can be readily ob-
tained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing
Houses in the Do-
minion.



as she looked anxiously at the two men.

"Nothing, my dear, nothing; not a woman's matter," and he waved a diffident hand toward the engineer.

She suddenly felt detached and help-
less. Had Haskell no explanation?

He almost shrank under her gaze, so insistent it was, so compelling. Things were at their worst, now—if the next moments could be endured, the pressure would ease.

There was a silence as they both looked at him, very much alone, very quiet and very, very proud. In spite of herself, she had a thrill of admiration for him. She knew the result of war with her father—it was invariably the same; and now the rupture was so definite, so final, that it seemed like the shadow of a good-by.

The contractor turned with a gesture of impatience, hooked his arm into the girl's, and, as they went out, shot one glance at the engineer from beneath his drooping lids. In it there mingled contempt and a derisive pity, more baleful than contempt.

In silence they walked together down the hill slope, climbed the opposite rise, and Haskell, rigid as a statue, watched them to the platform of the private car.

HE drew a long breath and his frame relaxed. This was the inevitable breach heralded by that midnight whispering. In boyish dreams he had pictured such scenes, and always emerged throbbing with virtue triumphant, but there had never been a Helen or a man like Brent.

His mind leaped to Stewart—sweating under tropical skies. What would Stewart have done? Mechanically he took up a photograph that always stood on his desk beside that of the contractor's daughter—his two ideals. Almost lovingly he scanned the broad brow, the keen, kindly eyes; the firm, masterful mouth; the clean line from ear to chin. Mentally he made his report; by telepathy he received the verdict. He could not imagine Stewart doing otherwise, and with so much, he was perforce content. But his own ambitions, his grip of worldly possibilities—these were in the balance—things apart from Stewart's approval; and he had begun by making a mortal enemy of a man powerful in his own professional circles. He saw the mistake made in not col-
laring that unconscious informer, for now his case rested solely on the tests.

His extremity was such that he experienced something almost of grim satisfaction in driving through it, the instant response of a clear, active brain and vigorous, untainted body. His mood was akin to that of men of old who shrived themselves in solitary chapels before they donned the armour of their knighthood.

Of Helen he hardly dared to think, but he knew she was his inspiration. This first and loyal devotion had ennobled every effort of his manhood, and coloured every dream of things to come; the bond of impulse, action, and ideal; and, although she had always seemed beyond him—now, she was infinitely removed.

Doggedly, conscientiously, the time that intervened before Brent's return was filled with labour, but seventy per cent. of his briquette-tests were eloquent of bad material.

LATE on the fourth afternoon, he was peering through an instrument at a carefully balanced picket, and turned at the contractor's voice. It was palpable that both men had schooled themselves, for the vital point was approached deftly and dispassionately as Brent made his query.

"No," said Haskell, "I have nothing more to say except that more tests give the same result."

"Well!"
"My report is waiting for to-night's post. I may take it out myself; probably shall."

"Mr. Haskell, I would like to know in a friendly way just what you think is going to happen to that report?"

The strength of a great decision was in the answer: "I don't know; I don't very much care—except that I shall have done my duty."

The contractor's voice was like soft

velvet. He almost purred: "Don't you think it's possible you're making a slight mistake? I've seen such things happen before—and now the men who made them are looking for jobs and don't find them."

The reply came like flint: "It's quite possible, but not so much a one as you made putting rotten cement into other people's sacks."

A great, fat fist was lifted under his nose, and Brent shook with sudden anger. He swore—swore viciously; told Haskell he was a young fool, then turned on his heel, and stumped down the hill to his car.

The engineer looked after him with trouble in his eyes. The parting of the ways had come—but his hand was on the plow, and, with set jaw, he vowed that the furrow would be clean and straight.

LATE into the night, he sat polishing, condensing, and clarifying his report—this done, he reached for his code book, and constructed a very terse cablegram to Stewart.

The report partook of the nature of a bombshell, when it exploded in the mahogany-paneled boardroom of the commissioners. A circle of white-haired, eminently representative men stared at each other from under lifted brows, as a secretarial voice aired its sentences in precise and formal tones.

They felt almost affronted that any procedure of Brent's should expose them to such a crisis, and, being in this mood, Haskell's technical proofs did not relieve him from the suggestion of hot-headed youthfulness. Of the engineer himself they knew but little. The work was being done by Peter Stewart; he alone was responsible. On one point they were unanimous—the papers must not get hold of it. A long and somewhat stormy session ensued—for Brent was a big man, and the channels of his influence lay broad and deep. He was a silent force in municipal circles; he moved slowly but with dogged certainty, seldom appearing in person, but always dominating every strategical point.

A sense of the man's ability had filtered through the board, and they took a noncommittal course. An independent expert, named Horton, known professionally to some of the members, was appointed to take personal samples of the cement and make personal tests; until his report should be received, the matter would remain open. In the meantime, only such cement was to be used as Haskell had accepted. Official notification was sent to both parties, and the meeting adjourned for a fortnight, when the report was expected.

With this ultimatum, Haskell was satisfied, and, when Horton appeared and began climbing over the mountain of bags, he greeted him with pleasure—any honest man could but corroborate him. The samples were taken with professional skill, and the huge pile raked fore and aft, that no section might pass unexplored.

Horton's face and black mustache were powdered gray when, at the end of the second day, he clambered down and gave Haskell's hand a parting shake. He had been sociable—very sociable—for an arbitrator, thought the latter. Brent remained in the city and had had no communication with the expert—for this Haskell gave him grudging credit, but Brent's vicious oaths still grated on his ear. With an effort, he shook off a sudden strange depression that fell over him—there was no doubt as to the finding, but what a barren victory that should cost him Helen!

IT was on a breathless June morning that he pulled down the top of his desk to answer the summons of the board; then, with a sudden impulse he shoved it up and thrust Stewart's farewell letter into his pocket. As he glanced along the valley, it was swarming with men, for his instructions had been to push the work, and the shrill signal whistles followed him as his train swung round a curve and gathered speed on a down grade. As the rail joints clicked, he slipped into a self-analysis that carried him to the Grand Central.

In the board room were the commis-