

An Interesting Thanksgiving Story

The telephone bell dragged Arline out of bed at least two hours earlier than she had ordered her maid to awaken her. Rubbing her eyes, she stumbled to her desk and took up the instrument.

"I believe it's that wretched Katie," she muttered.
"Hello."
"Yes, this is Miss Sayre."
"Why, what is the matter?"
"Is she very ill?"

"What on earth shall I do?"
"No, of course not, if she is too ill to come; but—who are you?"
"Who?"
"Her cousin?"
"Why can't you come?"
"Can't cook?"
"Well, don't you know anybody who can cook?"
"She was perfectly well last night."
"Tomorrow morning. What good will that do me? My dinner is tonight."
"Oh, very well."
"No, I can't send her any money. Not a cent. She did this once before and—Hello, Hello."

Jerk, jerk at the receiver hook.
"Say, Central, did you cut me off? I was speaking to some one."
"No, I didn't cut off."
"What?"
"No, I don't know the number."
Arline flung the receiver to its hook and put the instrument on the desk with an ungentle thud.
She trailed her pale blue negligee over toward the mantel clock.
"Eight."
She looked around at the littered sitting room.
"Disgusting," she remarked. "I should have known better than to get one who

wanted to go home nights. The next one who works for me and takes my good money for next to nothing gets locked up, and I keep the key."
She yawned, scuffled in her heelless slippers along to the door of her kitchenette, peeped in, shuddered, and turned back to bed.
She pulled the covers up about her, sniffed the cold air from the open windows, cuddled down further into her pillow, and yawned again.
"And this is Thanksgiving Day," she muttered drowsily. "Well, I suppose I can take them all to a restaurant. Then she dropped back into her in-

terrupted morning nap, and the little sitting room, the untidied kitchen, the fat turkey on its way from the butcher's, the other goodies coming from various directions passed out of her mind, and dreamless sleep took her into its healthy forgetfulness.
An obliging janitor fended off intruders till ten o'clock. Then Arline became conscious of an insistent ringing.
"I thought I answered it," she murmured sleepily, as she fumbled into gown and slippers. "Kate must have had to go somewhere." Then her mind
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Today! You Get the FREE SOAP

The
Coupon
is Worth
10c
to You

Count the coupon and present it to any dealer when you buy your first 5c cake of Taylor's Borax Soap and we will give you *absolutely FREE* the full size 10c cake of *Infants' Delight* we have bought for you.

Don't Wait—
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This Coupon, when properly signed and presented to your Dealer any time within one week from date with 5c in payment for a cake of Taylor's Borax Soap, entitles bearer to a 10c cake of *Infants' Delight* Soap Free.

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Address _____

JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited, Toronto, Canada

Notice to Dealers

Please honor this coupon at its face value for a regular 10c cake of *Infants' Delight* soap, when properly filled out and applied on a purchase of 5c cake of Taylor's Borax Soap.

In accordance with our agreement we will redeem these coupons to allow you the regular profit on the soap.
JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Limited.

A Wonderful Offer on a Wonderful Soap

Infants'
Delight
Soap

Taylor's
ESTABLISHED 1865

Taylor's
Borax
Soap

We are making this special offer because it is the best way to get you to try the soap. Then you can decide whether you care to use *Infants' Delight* in the future—you will know how remarkable a soap it is in every way for the bath, the shampoo, massage, for baby's skin and for every toilet purpose.

The firm of John Taylor & Co., Limited, is an old one in Canada. We have been making good soap for 43 years. And in that time we've learned what particular people want in soap.

So we send 12,000 miles to the isle of Ceylon for coconut oil—we go to the distant gardens of France for a pure vegetable oil, and we combine these into a perfect toilet soap.

Infants' Delight also contains a very small percentage of boracic acid, used and recommended by physicians for cleansing babies' eyes and mouths. We have

overlooked nothing that would help to make this soap the purest and finest possible.

Then we add a delightful perfume—Otto of Roses. It requires 3,000 pounds of rose leaves to make a single ounce. We pay over \$100.00 a pound for this dainty perfume, simply to add to your pleasure in using *Infants' Delight* Soap.

But try the soap itself! Nothing we can say will show you so quickly how superior it is to soaps you thought were best.

See what a rich, foamy lather it makes—how it wears as thin as a wafer—how perfectly it cleans and how soft and smooth it leaves the skin.

It is unequalled for baby's velvety skin, but please don't think that is its only purpose. *Infants' Delight* is a superfine toilet soap within reach of all, and intended for all.

Take the coupon to your dealer today and get a cake free. Then you will learn how really good a soap can be.

Thousands of women now find Taylor's Borax Soap the most satisfactory.

Thousands more will be converted in the next few weeks. All Canada will be using it once they know its merit.

For here is a soap that outlasts any two cakes of common soap. By the tremendous 30 ten pressure in making, and our six months' aging, this soap is so firm and compact that it wears away slowly in use, where a common soap quickly dissolves into slime in the water.

Yet Taylor's Borax Soap lathers freely and makes sweet, white clothes. The borax in it softens the hardest water; cleans the filiciest of laces as well as the heaviest of woollens, and will not shrink either. It leaves your hands soft and white—it is a powerful but harmless cleanser.

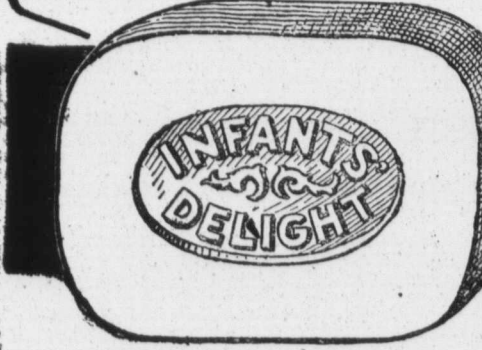
This soap, too, is made with coconut oil. Few makers go to the trouble or expense we do in making laundry soap.

But we have built up our enormous business by doing more than the ordinary maker. And you get the benefit.

So why use a common yellow soap when you can get the best at the same price? Why work harder and use more soap when Taylor's Borax Soap cleans so quickly and so economically?

Buy a cake today and compare it with any other. Then you will know why we are selling millions of cakes a year to Canadian housewives. For your own interest let Taylor's Borax Soap prove its surpassing worth. Then go back to ordinary soap if you choose.

When you buy a 5c cake, be sure and present the coupon and get a 10c cake of *Infants' Delight* FREE.



We Pay for
Infants' Delight

You Pay Only for
Taylor's Borax Soap



John Taylor & Co., Limited, Toronto