

Mrs. Lillian Taylor Tells How Cuticura Healed Her Baby

"Our baby was two weeks old when his face became very red and terribly itchy, and he was fairly crazy with it. I tried all the skin broke and bled. He could not sleep, and I did nothing even better. His face looked as though he might be disfigured for life.

"I thought I would give Cuticura Soap and Ointment a trial. I found the free sample so good that I bought more and two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a tin of Cuticura Ointment. I used them as directed. (Signed) Mrs. Lillian M. Taylor, Box 99, Brackley, Muskoka, Ont., Dec. 30, 1919.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume are ideal for daily toilet purposes.

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THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XXXII. THE LADY OF THE NIGHT.

Love is a strange, mysterious thing! As Eliot put his arm round the Lady of the Night, an indescribable thrill ran through him, and he was conscious of a sense of familiarity, as if he had met her, even known her, before she came near him. He looked down at the face near his shoulder; but there is no disguise so complete as a half-black mask; and Nora held her head inclined downwards, so that he could not easily examine the features that were visible; but notwithstanding this he felt sure that the face was a beautiful one, as plainly as he was aware of the grace of the girlish figure.

She had not spoken a word, and Eliot also was silent as they glided down the ballroom. Nora danced well, with the rhythmic ease of the woman who loves music, and whose every motion is in harmony with it; and yet she was dancing as one who dances in a dream.

To see him, to be near him again, was good; but to have his arm round her, to be dancing with him to the heavenly music, filled her with an indescribable joy.

Be sure she thought of all that happened at Byeworthy, of Lonsaway, of the day she had saved his life—it all moved rapidly across her mental vision like a panorama. And he was here in London, amongst these great and fashionable people, no longer a kind of servant of Sir Joseph's, but a guest. What did it mean? Had Sir Joseph acknowledged him, provided for him? And Florence Bartley: was Eliot going to marry her? She caught her breath: with a little gasp, at the thought, and her smooth, gliding step faltered.

"Sorry! My fault," said Eliot, and as he murmured the conventional words, she too came back from a reverie, in which the past had appeared to him, as plainly as it had flashed across Nora's brain.

MOST OF THE AILMENTS THAT MAY ATTACK YOUR BABY

arise from improper feeding, and it is important that mothers should understand that baby will thrive best if fed in the natural way—at the breast. This will not be so difficult of accomplishment if the prospective mother includes in her daily food a bowlful of Neave's Health Diet. But there are very many cases when the baby cannot be breast-fed, and then an important decision has to be made—"Which food shall we give our baby?"

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"I ought to have steered you out of this," he said, "but I'm not very used to dancing. I haven't danced for a long time." He was thinking of the impromptu hops at the Australia. "I hope you are not tired, hot?"

Nora was now obliged to speak, but her "No" was scarcely audible, and Eliot had to bend down to catch it. They went on again, and Nora's breath was coming more evenly now, though her heart was beating scarcely less. At least, I suppose so; this is the first time of dowagers on the settees, and Miss Deborah looked up and smiled and nodded approvingly at Nora.

"That lady your mother?" asked Eliot.

"No," replied Nora.

Eliot smiled. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I forgot for the moment that you were masked and incognito, and that it is bad form to ask questions; at least, I suppose so; this is the first masked ball I have been at. You I suppose, know all the rules?"

"No," said Nora, "this is my first ball of any kind."

She had spoken in a more audible tone, and she knew by the sudden pressure of his hand that her voice had in some way affected him. He looked down at her with a sudden keenness, and held his breath, as if he were listening intently.

"You don't mean to say that!" he said, with surprise. "You dance perfectly; at least, I suppose so; I'm no judge. And this is your first ball? I hope you like it, are enjoying it?"

"Yes," said Nora. "Are you enjoying it?"

He laughed shortly, the laugh she knew so well. "I'm not sure," he replied. "I certainly wasn't a little while ago; and I was asking myself why I had come to this sort of thing, rather out of my line. But I am enjoying it now."

"What is your line?" Nora asked, with the audacity which would never leave her.

Eliot laughed again. "Well, I suppose it's work," he said. "I'm here on a kind of sabbatical. I am only waiting in London until I can get some business done."

"Where are you going when it is done?" asked Nora.

He looked at her with a smile for her feminine curiosity.

"I don't know," he said. "Abroad, Australia, perhaps. I suppose you think you have a right to ask me questions because I don't wear a mask. It's

ham! All the great ones of the earth here, as you may say."

Eliot nodded. "I hope you are having a great good time, and I am sorry said, and as he spoke, he went up to Miss Deborah, Stripley still hanging about them and rubbing his huge hands with a kind of suppressed excitement.

(To be continued)

CHAPTER XXXIII. A DISCOVERY.

"Don't forget that the next is our dance," she said in a low, almost caressing voice.

Eliot looked up and nodded.

"That is Miss Florence Bartley," said Nora.

Eliot looked down at her curiously. "You know her?" he said.

"I've seen her," said Nora.

"You must have sharp eyes," Eliot observed. "I can scarcely recognize a lady with her mask on."

"She is a friend of yours, a great friend?" said Nora in a low voice.

Eliot moved uneasily. "She is a friend," he said. "She is a friend, I'm sure, all this is out of my line, as I told you. I am new to London; fresh and green; and Miss Bartley—He paused and stared at his empty glass.

"She is very beautiful," said Nora.

"Oh, yes," assented Eliot. "She is supposed to be one of the most beautiful women in London."

"You ought to be very proud," murmured Nora.

Eliot frowned, and then stared at his shoes.

"The music's beginning for the next dance," he said. "I'm afraid I must take you back to your chaperon."

"My mistress," Nora corrected him.

She put her hand lightly on his arm, and he led her towards Miss Deborah. On the way, he said—

"Will you give me another dance? I meant going after the next one; but I should like to dance with you again, if you will let me. It's a pleasure. It's a singular thing, a mere fancy, of course, but I have a kind of idea that I have met you before."

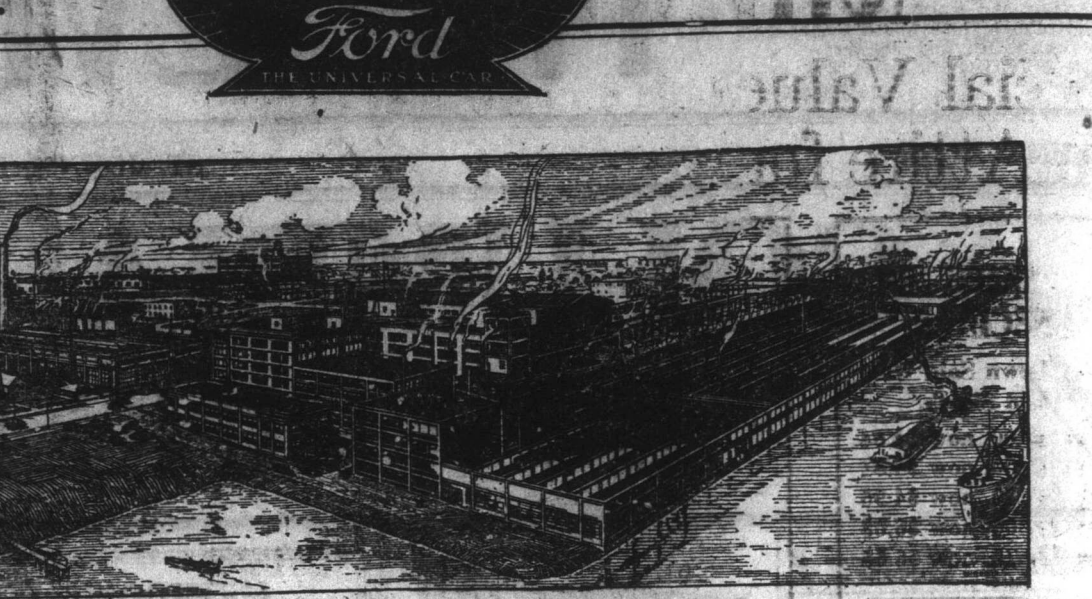
Nora began to tremble. "It is not very likely," she said in a low voice. "I have lived in the country all my life; I have only been in London for a short time. Where do you think you met me?"

"I don't know," he replied. "That's just as if I knew. I can't tell you. I wish you would tell me your name!"

She shook her head. They reached Miss Deborah, and as they did so a man dressed as a rustic, a kind of stage peasant, drew near them. He had an immense mouth, huge ears that stood out at right angles from his head, and prominent eyes. At the sight of Eliot he stopped and grinned, so that his mouth seemed to run beyond his ears. Eliot could not but be attracted by so grotesque a face, and after staring at it for a moment, he exclaimed—

"Why, Stripley, you here!"

"Yes, Mr. Graham," he said. "Sir Joseph was good enough to send me a ticket. Ain't he got a kind heart? What a scene of revelry by night, Mr. Gra-



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WORK

Whenever there's a task to do it means the world has need of you. Whenever there's a hammer raised, Whenever metal is driven in, Or fixed a tiny cotter pin, There should be when the work is done, More joy than man has known before.

The man who puts his hand to toll, The ploughboy turning up the soil, The laborer or mechanic skilled, Give something of themselves to build The better world; a duty done, Improved the path men travel on, And there's no deed so common-place But which bestows its sum of grace.

No man has ever toiled in vain— Who sweeps a street or cleans a drain, Who drives a nail or wields a sledge, Or works with tools of keener edge, Is bettering the lives of men, And adding to their comforts then, For from such service here has come Relief from much that's burdensome.

Beauty and peace of mind and ease Are born of duties such as these, Whenever man employs a wrench, Or stands to service at his bench, Whenever there's a hammer raised, Whenever there's a window glazed, Whenever man has served a cause, The world is better than it was.

Names and Phrases.

The word burp, a stream, is, however, English. It springs from the Middle Englishbourne. The Anglo-Saxon word was burne, a fountain stream or well. The Aryan root is supposed to be "bhr" and the following are derived from it: Icelandic, brunni; Swedish, brunna; Danish, brunn; German, brunnen; Gothic, brunna. Those interested in the subject may compare with these the Greek "phreer," as well.

When a person "is particularly dense in understanding he is called a chump, which is as it should be, for this word springs from the Scandinavian chump, a log of wood, and is derived from the Icelandic kumbi. This word is really part of the parent word chup or chop, to cut. On the other hand, chup meaning a fool follows in a diminutive of chapman, a merchant, as was explained a few weeks ago.

Thomas A. Becket was created Archbishop of Canterbury on a Tuesday, and the following one befell him on a Thursday, which was his fateful day. Brought face to face with the peers of Northampton; banished from England; received a celestial visit foretelling his martyrdom; came home from exile; was slain at the altar, and finally he was canonized as a saint on a Tuesday.

Household Notes.

It is a nice idea to have a guest chest in the guest-room. It should contain a nightgown, bathrobe, slippers, and even a new toothbrush.

If any bodied starch is left over, save and put it into the water with which oilcloth or linoleum is washed. It will keep them new and bright.

Delicious jellied apples are made by slicing apples very thin and packing them in deep bowls between layers of sugar, then baking slowly till the apples are full of color and tender.

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