



The right soap for Skin Beauty

THE beauty of your skin depends largely upon the healthful activity of the delicate skin pores.

Fairy Soap leaves the tiny pores healthfully active because its

pure lather cleanses so thoroughly, and rinses off easily, perfectly.

Make friends with pure, easy-rinsing Fairy Soap. But be sure to use Fairy consistently both for your complexion and your bath.



IRISH TABLE LINEN

DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS

LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
(Floral Design)
Size 2 x 2 yards each \$4.68
" 2 x 2 1/2 " " \$5.90
" 2 x 3 " " \$7.06
NAPKINS (To match)
Size 20 x 20 inches . . . per dozen \$5.50
" 24 x 24 " . . . " " \$6.60

LINEN DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
(Floral Design)
Size 2 x 2 yards each \$5.32
" 2 x 2 1/2 " " \$6.70
" 2 x 3 " " \$8.02
NAPKINS (To match)
Size 22 x 22 inches . . . per doz n \$6.22
" 24 x 24 " . . . " " \$7.14

Write for Catalogue 38U

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

BELFAST, IRELAND.

Lucy and the Luck God

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"Mining shares!" Mrs. Podmore's hands went up in amazement.

"It's my rule, you know," expanded Podmore, "never to touch such things, but when I'm in doubt I look at the luck-god and he gives me a tip. Two days ago I received a telegram saying that the first report of the expert sent to examine the Golconda Mine had caused the shares to double in value. When the Independents wanted me to go before the city convention as candidate for Mayor I asked Billikin about it, and he said 'Run.' So I broke over my rule to keep out of politics, and—and I received the nomination."

"How does this—this Billikin tell you these things, Abner?"

"He talks to my subconscious mind," answered Abner, wagging his head sapiently. "I frame the mental questions and put it up to him. He always answers, and the answer is always right."

Mrs. Podmore started at her husband as though she could hardly credit the evidence of her senses.

"Abner," said she, "when I asked you yesterday whether we should have roast beef or chicken for dinner, you did not answer me until you had come to your study. Did you ask this Billikin that?"

"Yes, my dear. I've got so I go to him with the most trivial—"

"And when Hilda wanted her wages increased a dollar a week—"

"I was told to increase them."

"Abner," pursued Mrs. Podmore in a queer voice, "when Tom Archer came here, a little while ago, and asked for our Lucy, did you go to that thing of plaster and allow it to sway your judgment?"

"Why, certainly. I'm going to be Mayor of this town, Minerva, and the Podmores will cut a pretty wide swath. It wouldn't do, it wouldn't do."

"And poor Lucy is crying her eyes out, and Tom Archer sees the world a whole lot darker today than he did yesterday. Abner Podmore, I'm surprised at you! Here you are, fifty years old and a vestryman of the church, kneeling down before that fetish, eating what it tells you to eat, paying the wages it tells you to pay, and breaking hearts because that senseless plaster of paris idol counsels it. I'd never have believed it, never!"

She sat back in her chair and looked at him with horror and incredulity in her eyes.

"Now, Minerva," he cried, "suppose you try it! Get the habit, my dear, of going to the luck-god and asking about your D. A. R. paper, or what you ought to do as president of the Monday Club, or—"

But, with a gurgling exclamation of contempt, Mrs. Podmore bounded from the chair and flung angrily out of the room. Uneasy of mind, Abner carefully returned the luck-god to its drawer, found his hat and went to campaign

headquarters to learn how the cause was progressing.

He returned home at eleven o'clock, convinced that only the luck-god could pull him through. The house was dark and the atmosphere oppressive. A gleam of light came from under Lucy's door. Animated by a touch of contrition, he halted and knocked softly.

"Go to bed, my dear, it is late," he said.

There was no answer. He waited a space with a pronounced feeling of discomfort and then moved on to his own room.

Lucy did not appear at breakfast next morning, and Mrs. Podmore radiated an aura that was distinctly hostile. She was cold, and deliberate, and full of mute rebuke.

"I'm going to be elected, my dear," said Podmore, in a voice he tried to make cheerful.

"Go up to your study, Abner, and hobnob with your fetish," was his wife's response.

With heavy feet Podmore climbed the stairs. Again he halted at Lucy's door. Should he step in and commiserate with her? Perhaps, on the whole, he had better counsel with Billikin first! He hurried on to the study, opened the drawer and groped for the image. It wasn't where he had placed it. What did this mean? He started back suddenly as a little heap of white fragments, on the rug, met his eyes. Then he staggered and caught at the back of a chair.

Broken! Who had been tampering with his destiny on this critical day of all days in his career? Was it Minerva?

This was carrying matters a step too far! He was master of his own house, and if he wanted a little knick-knack that appealed to him, and that helped him, what right had Mrs. Podmore to set aside his vested authority?

For the first time in twenty-five years serious domestic trouble threatened the house of Podmore. As he opened the door to call his wife, he confronted Hilda. She was bringing a telegram.

"Et jüst came, sor," said Hilda. Podmore snatched the message and whirled back into his study.

"Golconda preferred gone to smash. Mine only a hole in the ground. Too much salt."

There it was! That's what it meant to smash a Billikin! Podmore flung aside the message, grabbed his hat and rushed downstairs. Hilda told him that Mrs. Podmore had gone out. So Podmore also went out and cooled his temper by visiting the various precincts.

Everything looked bad for him. His paid lieutenants were working hard, but some mysterious influence was turning the tide against the Independents. He phoned the house for his motor-car, resolved to take a little spin into the country and get back his nerve; then he hung around the Second Ward booth waiting for the car to come. The car did not come. Perkins, the driver, arrived presently, limping and visibly