



An easy-rinsing soap for your skin

SOAPS which work up into a "thick" lather—or soaps which work up into a "thin" lather—are not "easy-rinsing" soaps. Their constant use tends to thicken and harden the more delicate skin of the face and hands, causing roughness and coarseness.

The easy-rinsing qualities of Fairy Soap make it a perfect soap for the complexion and for the bath. Used daily in the bath the abundance of its pure, cleansing, easy-rinsing lather keeps the entire skin freshened and active. And these same pure, cleansing, easy-rinsing qualities help to keep tender skin of face and hands fine-textured and beautiful.

THE FAIRBANK COMPANY
LIMITED
MONTREAL



"Cascarets" act on Liver and Bowels without Gripping or Shaking you up—So Convenient! You wake up with your Head Clear, Complexion Rosy, Breath and Stomach Sweet—No Biliousness, Headache or Constipation

Women Discard Twenty Dollar

Washing Machines for this wonderful \$2.00 Vacuum Washer

Regular Price \$4.00. This advertisement worth \$2.00 if you order at once.

This wonderful vacuum washer will pay for itself the first wash day you use it—we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. It will wash a tubful of clothes in three minutes. It will wash anything from the heaviest blankets or overalls to the finest laces. It prevents the wear on clothes—prevents back ache and does away altogether with the old drudgery of washdays. No more rubbing—throw away your washboard.

This washer can be used for washing, rinsing, bluing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Send this advertisement and only \$2.00 to-day, and we will send the \$4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer, complete with long handle and exhaust protectors, postpaid to any address. We want to prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer. Don't Wait—Order one to-day. Agents Wanted.

GRANT & McMILLAN CO., Dept. M.W. 3, 837 Clinton St., Toronto

Calla and Lily

Continued from Page 7

Before this Burton learned to distinguish between Calla and Lily. There was a certain droop to Lily's eyelashes and a fall in her voice which affected him powerfully—made him want to fight some fellow. He could not understand how he had ever thought them so much alike. But in spite of Burton's predilection for Lily he found himself much more at ease with her sister and was able to exchange repartee with Calla in the best manner of the young men of Hilgenreiner's. As this went on, in the twins' endless talks about Burton, Calla began to assume a little air of proprietorship and to treat her sister with just a shade of condescension. Lily, so far as one could tell was satisfied. If there was any change in her it was that she began to think more of Calla's appearance on their weekly journeys to the Island than of her own.

One night when Burton and Lily were waltzing, Burton's tongue, usually tied when he was alone with her, seemed to be released. This was the more surprising since dancing at Hilgenreiner's is a serious matter and conversation while the music lasts is not considered the thing. Burton appeared to be anxious to unburden himself about his family affairs, to which he had never before referred.

"My sister's going to be married next month," he began. "Her fellow's a floor walker and they've raised him to be a buyer for the notions. They're going to take a swell flat and they've offered the old woman a home. That lets me out." This was a long speech for Burton. On the face of it, it seemed like an ordinary communication, but something made Lily's heart start thumping in a most surprising way.

"I'm soon due for a raise, too," he continued. "I'm in line for the head shipper's job down at the store." This confirmed Lily's fears. She knew instinctively what next to expect. They waltzed awhile in silence.

"Lil," he suddenly blurted out, his heart in his voice, "I'm just crazy about you. I want you for my steady."

"Oh, stop," she murmured. They dropped out of the dance and stood by a pillar at the end of the hall where there were fewer people.

"You spoil it all!" she complained. "Why can't we go along as we are?"

"I can't go with the two of you. It makes me look like a fool!"

"Oh, if you're ashamed of us—"

"I'm not!" he protested. "And you know it. I asked you to dance the first night because the fellows dared me to and I've been glad ever since. I'll knock any fellow's block off that laughs at you. But I can't talk to you when she's around. I don't want her to hear what I've got to say to you!"

By this time Lily had managed to draw a long breath and collect her wits; besides there was that in his last speech which brought anger to her aid. To his astonishment she faced him indignantly.

"How dare you say such things to me!" she cried. "Are you trying to turn me against my own sister?" What do you mean by making up to her all this time and then asking me to keep company with you. Do you know what you've got to do? You've got to go over there this minute and ask her!"

Burton closed his mouth obstinately, "I'll be hanged if I do," he said, without heat.

Lily drew herself up to the full of her small height. "Then never speak to either of us again!" she said impressively.

"Oh, all right!" he said, sullenly, and marched off.

Lily's ordeal commenced when Calla naturally demanded to know what had taken Burton away so suddenly. He had been very faithful of late. Lily explained it somehow. She felt it necessary at any cost to keep Calla in ignorance of what had happened, though the task of playing a part with her twin, with whom up to this minute she had shared every thought in her head, was a staggering one. Lily's pillow was sprinkled with a good many tears that night and the nights which followed; but she succeeded. Calla never guessed.

Contrive as she would, Lily could not bring up a reasonable excuse for their re-

maining away from Hilgenreiner's the following Saturday. It had become so much a thing of course in their week that Calla would have been astounded at such a suggestion. Moreover, this was the night on which the new dresses were to be shown. Lily knew that no pretext of illness would deceive her twin. It was either confess the truth or go ahead as if nothing had happened. She chose the latter plan, relying on the belief that Burton would not dare show his face after what had happened. She underestimated that young man's pertinacity and resourcefulness. He, too, was making preparations during the week—"laying pipes," he said—for Saturday night.

By one pretext and another Lily managed to delay their departure and the evening was well advanced before they arrived at the dancing palace. Burton was not immediately in evidence, but Lily enjoyed only the briefest of respites. They had scarcely seated themselves and ordered two glasses of pear cider when she saw him at the far end of the hall pushing through the crowd with a dogged set to his shoulders which told her he was coming to have it out with them. Lily lowered her lashes to hide the resentful tears which would rise. What had been the use of her painful struggle to keep the truth away from her sister, she thought, if Burton was coming to make trouble between Calla and her.

"Good evening, ladies," said Burton, as on the first night. His tone conveyed a portentous formality, but was otherwise mild. Lily breathed more freely.

"Shake hands with my friend, Mr. William Dolan," said Burton.

It was their first intimation that Burton was not alone. He stepped aside to allow his friend to come forward. In spite of their manners the twins' eyes opened very wide and they could not forbear exchanging a glance of astonishment; for Mr. Dolan was a wonderful sight, perfect in every detail, the embodiment of the swell dresser they had dreamed of before Burton appeared on their horizon. He was about Burton's size, but younger, and according to the standard of the twins, extremely good looking. Poor Burton looked as heavy as a day laborer beside him.

After duly shaking hands with the twins, Mr. Dolan seated himself beside Lily, while Burton took the chair next to Calla. Lily was conscious of a double irritation with this arrangement. She was annoyed because Burton allowed the newcomer to sit beside her instead of taking that seat himself, and she was annoyed again because she could not take in the details of Bill Dolan's make-up without turning rudely in her seat. Calla was free to gaze openly at the splendor.

Burton sent back the pear cider and ordered lemonade for the twins. Lily felt that she ought to be angry with him, but to her shame she found herself admiring him instead for the cool way in which he had ignored her command never to approach them again. Bill Dolan did not talk, but his actions were eloquent. He blew his nose into his mauve handkerchief, he shot his cuffs, he unbuttoned his coat the better to display a startling waistcoat. Bill ran to purple; handkerchief, shirt and cravat were of a shade. The twins were dying to see if he had on purple socks as well. Bill's hair was brushed to a degree and an odor of violets permeated the atmosphere every time he shook out his handkerchief. He accepted the twins' admiration as a matter of course; Bill was delighted with himself.

When the band struck up Bill asked Calla for a dance and Lily and Burton were left together. They avoided each other's eyes.

"Will you dance with me?" asked Burton, in a guarded tone.

"If you wish," returned Lily, no less noncommittal than he.

They two-stepped solemnly through the number in Hilgenreiner's best manner, without exchanging a single word. Naturally the dance broke the ice and thenceforward the quartette got along famously. Calla and Lily scarcely recognized each other, they became so gay and talkative. Mr. Dolan proved to be as entertaining as he was decorative. Only Burton seemed to have a

Continued on Page 9