



## A Healthy Skin

Here is a valuable family remedy for skin affection, etc.

Sunburned, chapped, cracked, chafed, and irritated skin is quickly restored to its natural softness and smoothness, by the application of

# Vaseline

Trade Mark Reg.

Petroleum Jelly

It is also very soothing and healing in case of burns, wounds, sprains, chilblains, etc. and taken internally, is very effective in the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throats, etc.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has so many uses that it should always be kept on hand in every home, and on every vessel.

Start a Medicine Chest

with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.

W. C. M. Shepherd, Distributor,  
137 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.



## Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XIII.

Philip's were grim and unhappy and the little fond smile on the girl's lips seemed suddenly frozen.

There was a second of silence; a second in which she felt that she looked down deep into Philip's heart, and found that it was a sealed book to her—that she had never really known the man himself, or what he felt and thought—that he was as much of a stranger to her now, when their wedding day was but a few hours away, as he had been that afternoon—weeks ago—when he had excused himself from playing with her in order to be with Kitty Arlington.

She clasped her hands hard together in her lap—panic seemed to take hold of her. For a moment the whole room seemed to recede from her; she pressed her feet hard to the floor—she knew that Calligan bent and spoke to her anxiously—then suddenly everyone seemed to turn their eyes from her. And rise in startled confusion as Kitty Arlington slipped fainting from her chair.

"It was just exactly the kind of thing Kitty would do," Mrs. Dennison said afterwards resignedly. "Anything to draw attention to herself and create a scene."

But at the moment, at least, consternation reigned. It was Philip who reached her first and picked her up in his arms, brushing young Peter unceremoniously out of his way.

The golden head with its simple white rose hung limply against his breast. To Eva that moment was the most cruel and vivid of the whole evening.



## Indoor Life

Spending more time indoors makes women far more subject to constipation than men.

The liver becomes sluggish and torpid, the bowels constipated and the system poisoned by impurities.

If you would get away from the myriads of ills which result from constipation, it is only necessary to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The benefits from their use are as lasting as they are prompt and certain.

Mrs. John Barry, 18 St. Annable Street, Quebec, Que., writes:

"This is to certify that I was troubled for years with constipation and tried all kinds of medicines without relief. At last my husband suggested that I try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I did so, and must say that they have given me more relief than all the medicine I have taken during the last fifteen years. I may also add that I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for piles with excellent results."

At All Dealers,

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

It was all over in a moment—Kitty was carried away, and Philip came back and went on with his speech, and everyone did their best to wipe out the incident, but to Eva it had a chasm in her happiness, inexplicable, but irrevocable.

Afterwards in the drawing-room she only longed to get away from everyone and go home. Her heart was torn with a thousand unanswered questions.

Why had Kitty fainted? Why had Philip been so eager to lift her himself? Why, oh why . . . ?

"You're worn out," said Calligan at her elbow.

He had never been far away from her since the whole evening. His shrewd eyes had seen a great deal. In little ways he had stepped into the breach and saved her from herself a thousand times. He drew her away from the others now and found her a chair in a quiet corner of the big drawing-room.

"He saw her pallor and the dark lines beneath her eyes—saw the way she kept clasping and unclasping her hands nervously—the unsteadiness of her lips."

He talked to her without making it necessary for her to reply. He spoke chiefly of Philip; about their "Varsity days—of what a splendid sportsman Philip was—how popular he had been with everyone."

He gave her to understand that he himself thought the world of his friend, and that she was exceedingly lucky to have made such a choice. In spite of herself, Eva felt the shadows dispersing. When Philip came into the drawing-room she was laughing and talking as if nothing had ever marred her happiness. He came at once to her side.

He was a little flushed, and his eyes were rather reckless, but he smiled at her affectionately.

"I can't have you monopolizing my property all the evening," he said to Calligan. He sat down beside her, laying his arm along the back of her chair with a little proprietary gesture.

Calligan rose. "If that means I am turned out," he said playfully.

It was Eva who stopped him. "Oh, don't go—please don't. . . . I was just beginning to enjoy myself."

She dreaded being left alone with Philip. When she looked at him she felt her old doubts and fears returning. She was relieved when Calligan consented to stay.

They laughed and talked together so much that Philip's silence passed almost unnoticed; the time went so quickly that Eva was surprised when people began to leave and she heard someone say that it was nearly midnight.

She rose then—hurriedly. "I must find mother. . . . She must be wanting me."

Philip caught her hand. "I'm taking you home," he said authoritatively. "I've told your mother."

She gave in at once. "Very well. . . . She looked round the room. The crowd had greatly diminished. "Has Kitty gone? I wanted to see her," she said deliberately. "I hope she is all right again."

"She went home two hours ago," Philip said. His eyes met hers steadily. . . .

"I think we ought to take Mr. Calligan with us," Eva said later, when she stood ready in her wraps. "Don't you want a midnight ride, Mr. Calligan?"

Calligan looked quickly at Philip. "No, he doesn't," Philip answered for him emphatically. "I'm not going to waste petrol on him. . . . Are you ready?"

There was a hint of impatience in his voice.

Mr. Winterdick kissed Eva affectionately—she was pleased, with the way in which the evening had passed off.

"Phil, are you sure the child is sufficiently wrapped up?"

"I'm quite all right," Eva assured her. "And it's such a little way."

"If I'd got an old shoe, I'd throw it after you," Calligan said.

He followed them out to the car. He appealed to a girl standing close by: "Anyone got a shoe to spare—or some rice?"

Eva laughed as she clambered in beside Philip. "You are two days too soon," she said. She peeped out at him from under the hood. Her face looked very sweet and happy.

Calligan sighed and his eyes clouded a little as they met hers. He had been wondering all the evening why he had only met this girl now, when it was too late. . . . The car started forward and disappeared into the darkness.

Philip did not speak till they were out in the road. In the glare of the great headlights the trees seemed giant shadows swooping down upon them from both sides.

"Tired?" he asked.

"Very." She gave a little sigh. "But it was lovely; I enjoyed it all so much. And I do like Mr. Calligan."

"So it appeared."

She laughed. She felt that if she once came down to his serious level she would say something which she would regret all her life.

Philip moved a little. "It's a dreadful business—this getting married isn't it?" he said half in fun. "Thank heaven, we've only got another two days, and then . . ."

"Then we shall have all our lives in which to be sorry that we did it," she said happily.

She laughed lightly. "What I say!"

"The Influence of Virol on Development."

Lamerton, Tavistock.

Dear Sir,

Here is a photo of Baby Ken—as hard as nails and bright as a sunbeam. He is 8 months old, and weighs 21 lb.

He has been a 'Virol Baby' from the age of 10 weeks, before which he was very small and thin and could never be satisfied. I usually tell his many admirers that he is a 'Virol Baby'.

Yours gratefully,  
(Signed) (Mrs.) L. A. T.

**VIROL**

Virol, Ltd., 149-150, Old St., London, E.C.1.

S. L. S.

"Marry in haste—repent at leisure, you know."

He rapped the brake home viciously, bringing the car to a jerky standstill.

"Don't you want to marry me?" he demanded.

He could feel, rather than see, that she shrugged her shoulders. He had never known her in this mood before. It piqued and irritated him.

Until to-night he had been so sure of her—so confident that she would never fail him, but now he knew that Calligan had found her attractive, and that she in return had been greatly taken by Calligan, and a faint sort of dog-in-the-manger jealousy stirred in his heart.

"Why don't you answer?" he said brusquely.

He waited, then all at once he caught her in his arms. She struggled against him, but he held her fast.

"If you're trying to make me jealous . . ." he said between kisses. He had never kissed her like this before, and Eva did not know that she had only Calligan to thank for it now. He kissed her till she was breathless, then she turned her face and hid it against his shoulder.

Philip laughed rather shakily. "Now, do you know who's going to be master?" he said.

She did not answer. She was shaken to the depths of her being.

"I'll teach Calligan to make love to you," Philip went on darkly. She had to laugh at that. "Oh, how foolish! Of course, he never did!" she protested.

Philip bent closer, trying to see her face. "Are you glad you are going to marry me?" he demanded in his best bullying manner.

"Of course, I am."

"Very well, then, I'll forgive you," he said magnanimously.

They both laughed at that, and he drove on again slowly.

"We must have been ages and ages," Eva said rather anxiously when they reached the house. "They will wonder where we have been."

She threw the rug aside and was opening the door when Philip stopped her.

"Eva—"

"Well?"

"Do you know that you're never—"

kissed me—not once, of your own free will," said young Winterdick, rather shamefacedly.

She sat quite still.

He waited—he was surprised how anxiously he waited, then he said with dignity: "Of course, if you don't want to . . ."

She made a little quick movement. She put her arms round his neck and, raising herself a little, kissed him right on the mouth.

"Eva—"

He would have detained her, but she escaped him and, with a murmured "Good-night," ran up the steps into the house.

(To be continued)

Try our Fresh Sausages—Tomato-Pork-Beef—Made daily at ELLIS—dec. 21

**Just Folks**

SELF-DENIAL.

To gratify a whim is fine, it's fun to loaf along the way.

It's nice to get the little things which make for comfort day by day; To live in luxury is what we all desire beyond a doubt—

## When Gems are "Sick."

Everyone knows that pearls are very apt to go "sick" and lose their lustre, and some know that the cause of the opal's ill reputation is the fact that these stones so often crack, or else shrink and drop out of their settings. What the public at large does not know is that practically all gems, with the one exception of the diamond, are liable to go wrong. The action of light on the coloring matter of any colored gem produces a slow but sure deterioration. The semi-precious stones, such as the garnet and topaz, change rapidly, the garnet growing lighter and losing its rich hue, while the topaz goes dull, losing the brightness and beauty of a newly-cut gem. All jewelers know of certain recipes for doctoring sick gems, and in the East especially, there are many trade secrets of the kind. Yellow diamonds, for instance, can be made beautifully white.

But the result is not lasting. Although even experts may be temporarily deceived, the stone soon reverts, and in a few weeks or months is as bad as ever.

Eat MRS. STEWART'S Home Made Bread.—oct. 18, 6mo

**Fashion Plates.**

A SIMPLE "EASY TO MAKE" APRON

Pattern 3751 is here illustrated. It is cut in one size: Medium and requires 1½ yard of 27 inch material.

Gingham, seersucker, drill, linen, lawn, saten, chintz and cretonne may be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR, COMFORTABLE DRESS STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

Pattern 3753 is here attractively illustrated. The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 2½ yards of 36 inch material for the Dress and 2¼ yards of 32 inch material for the gumpie.

Figured gingham is here combined with crepe de chine. Satin and serge, tricotette and organdy, silk and willow may be combined for this design.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

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NOTE.—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THIS!

Here is something I cannot understand.

How a person can bear to owe money and at the same time have luxuries of various sorts which the people to whom the money is owed cannot afford.

Here is a case which came to my attention recently. Some friends of mine who by hard work, thrift and self-denial had managed to put by several hundred dollars out of a salary which many people would consider barely enough to scrape by on (to say nothing of saving), loaned most of this money to some friends (2) of theirs. The time has now come when they need that money back and need it badly. They have always lived so simply that they have no possessions on which they could borrow money and because of unemployment, they need their savings. And the people to whom they loaned it are not able to pay.

Yet the latter have a piano, an automobile and a victrola, and the daughter of the family goes to dancing school. How can they face their friends, knowing that they are permitting themselves such luxuries and leaving their debts unpaid?

I should think they'd hate themselves.

How can they face themselves? It would be bad enough to be in debt if they were scrimping and denying themselves. But I should think being in debt to people who had less than themselves would be an ever present shame.

I once got a dentist to talking about his bills and he told me that many people would let bills of hundreds of dollars go for years, while at the same time they rode about in expensive machines, sent their children to private schools, went to expensive summer places, bought their wives fur coats. These apparently were necessities to them whereas the decency of prompt payment of bills

was not. Strangely enough he did not seem to resent it as much as I. "Everyone has to put up with it," he said. "No use minding."

Luxuries Mean More Than Meanness.

A Letter Friend who is a hard working nurse wrote me that some years ago she loaned several hundred dollars to a friend. The latter has repaid a small portion. "And you writes my Letter Friend," she writes a hat but one season where I was movies two or three times a week. She has her nails manicured and rubs looks down on me because I do my own, and lots of things like that. But can they do it," she concludes:

How indeed? Because, as I said, regard to the dentist's bill, material luxuries are more necessary to them than the moral cleanliness of keeping their bills paid.

WINTER WANTS—We have a large assortment of Boots, Shoes and Clothing for your Winter requirements—Prices reasonable. Drop in and be convinced. DOMINION SECOND HAND STORE, 4 Chapel Street, dec. 8, 251

Quite Different.

Little John had been sent to the house to get some eggs to put in the Christmas cake, and on his way he dropped the basket containing them.

"How many did you break?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I didn't break any," he replied, "but the shells came off some of them."

## The Climax of a Successful Christmas Dinner

is a Plum Pudding, and this year if you serve Libby's you will wonder why you ever toiled so long at home to make one.

Libby's Plum Pudding is prepared from choice Grecian currants, plump California seedless raisins, white kidney beef suet, pure creamery butter, fresh country eggs, flour, granulated cane sugar and blended spices—all carefully tested and mixed to make certain that the high quality of this product is maintained.

It takes but a minute or two of your time to get Libby's Plum Pudding ready for your table—and how delicious it is when it gets there!

Heat it in the can—turn out on a serving dish and serve with Hard Sauce. You will find it unequalled for purity, wholesomeness and flavor.

Cream 1/3 cup butter, add 1 cup powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon vanilla for the sauce.

You can get Libby's Plum Pudding at all first class grocers.

# Libby, McNeill & Libby

L. M. & L.

## MAGICAL!

### A Free Lathering Laundry Soap

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## JOB'S STORES, Ltd., Agents.

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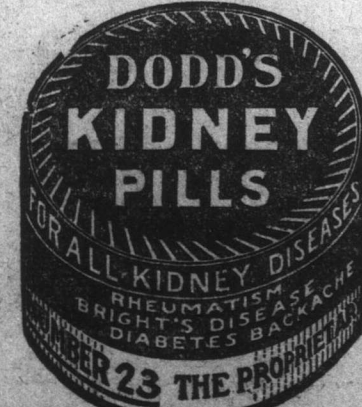
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RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BACKACHE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, etc.

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