

CASCARETS 10¢

For Constipated Bowels—Bilious Liver

The nicest cathartic-laxative, to physic your bowels when you have
Headache Biliousness
Colds Indigestion
Dizziness Sotir Stomach
Is candy-like Cascarets. One or two

to-night will empty your bowels completely by morning and you will feel splendid. "They work while you sleep." Cascarets never stir you up or give you a headache. Cascarets, or pills like Salts, Pills, Calomel, or Oil and they cost only ten cents a box. Children love Cascarets too.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER VIII.

But Mr. Dennison was not at all displeased.

"Well, well," he said, tolerantly, "you'll get along all right together. She's one in a thousand, though she's my daughter, and I'll guarantee that you'll be like lovebirds before you're married long—hee-hee!"

He dug Philip in the ribs jovially.

"Well, here's wishing you good luck, Mr. Winterdick—or I suppose I must call you Philip now—eh? . . . I'm proud to welcome you as a son-in-law; I'm an ambitious man, Mr.—that is, Philip—and I always wanted to see my girl married to a real gentleman."

Philip moved restlessly; the situation was intolerable. Even now, at the eleventh hour, he would have thrown up the whole thing and told Eva the truth, but for the unconscious betrayal in her voice and in her words that afternoon when she had said . . .

"But why need—what you have just told me—make any difference?"

He believed that she cared for him, and that fact alone kept him silent.

"There's one thing I must insist upon, however," he said presently, rather hoarsely. "That she—your daughter—is never told about your—our—despicable compact." He flushed up to his eyes. "Oh, I'm not proud of it, though I'm lending myself to your wishes, yours and my father's. But you must give me your word of honour that she shall never know—that nobody besides ourselves shall ever know."

Mr. Dennison held out his fat hand. "I give you my word of honour, Mr. Winterdick."

"And I," said Philip, "give you my word of honour that I'll do my best to make your daughter happy. And—and I'm much obliged to you for—for my father's sake."

Mr. Dennison laughed.

"Don't mention it," he said. "Just a little matter of business between business men, eh?—and the worse. A few thousands more or less, what are they? Poo! You'll have a glass of wine? Non sense—I insist—" he crossed the room and rang the bell.

Philip walked over to the window; stood there, looking into the garden, his hands clenched in his pockets.

He had never felt so ashamed and humiliated in all his life. He wondered what Eva would think if she could have overheard the conversation that had just taken place.

A maid brought decanters and glasses.

"And—er—just find Miss Eva," Mr. Dennison said in his most lordly tone. "Tell her Mr. Winterdick is here."

The girl had gone before Philip

could protest. He was standing by the table, pale and silent, when Eva entered.

Her eyes went straight to his, with a little questioning glance. Mr. Dennison put his arm round her.

"He's told you, you sly little puss," he said. He gave her a squeeze. "I never was so surprised. How dare you steal a march on your father like this? But, never mind, I forgive you. Give me a kiss, and then I suppose you two will want a word together, eh? Tut, tut—I was young myself once." He raised his glass.

"To my daughter—and her future husband," he said, and drained the contents.

Philip looked at Eva—her face was a little tremulous. With an effort he smiled at her.

"To my future wife," he said huskily, "and to—our happiness."

"And now, you two must have a little chat," Mr. Dennison said importantly. "Yes, yes, I insist," as Philip would have spoken. "Where is your mother, my dear? I'll just go and tell her." He walked to the door, turned as he reached it and looked back at them. "I shall give her the surprise of her life," he said chuckling.

When the door had closed behind him, Eva looked at Philip Winterdick. "And what did father say when you told him?" she asked shyly. "Was he very surprised?"

"No, I . . . I don't know—he didn't say much. I think he was pleased though."

He felt the veriest hypocrite.

"Yes, I am sure he would be pleased," she said. A gleam of fun lit her grey eyes. "Philip, what will people say? All your friends in Apsley?"

"Does it matter what they say?" he temporized. She held her hand to him. "I don't mind—if you don't," she said.

His fingers closed about hers.

"You're a thousand times too good for me—if you only knew it," he said. He bent his head and kissed her wrist clumsily, cursing himself because he was so tongue-tied and awkward. But Eva did not notice anything; she was too happy to be critical.

There was something of almost worshipful tenderness in her eyes as they met his troubled ones.

"I will be good to you—I swear I will," he said with sudden emotion.

CHAPTER IX.

Apsley took the news of its most eligible's engagement well.

So far no news of the Winterdick's financial losses had leaked out, so the probability of Philip having coveted the Dennisons' money never occurred to anyone, and Kitty Arlington kept her own counsel.

When she heard the news of his engagement to Eva she was at first incredulous and then scornful.

It was so obvious why he had done it, she thought; firstly, out of pique,

and, secondly, for money. She rather took it as a compliment to herself; when she saw Peter again she questioned him about it very tactfully.

Wasn't he surprised when he heard Peter was bound to admit that he had been? he added that he had never imagined for a moment that Winterdick had been serious in his attentions to Eva. Then, struck perhaps by something in Kitty's face, he added loyally that, of course, he wasn't really a bit surprised. Any fellow with eyes in his head would see at once what a topping fine girl she was. Kitty kept her eyes lowered. She said, "Yes, of course," sighed pensively and she hoped they would be very happy.

"It must be lovely to be engaged," she said, and Peter got very red and admitted that he had often thought so, too.

He was very young at heart, and he did not at all realize that Kitty was leading him on by gentle stages to a proposal. She did not care for him, but she liked his devotion and she had no intention of remaining in genteel poverty for the rest of her life. She was a year or two older than he was, but that did not matter. She wondered how she could suggest to him that he found out from his father what settlements might be expected.

The Dennisons were nobodies, of course, but the fact that Philip Winterdick was marrying Eva raised their status considerably.

Mrs. Dennison was elated over her daughter's engagement.

"My dear, how did you manage it?" she asked, amazed, momentarily deserting her fancy work to look at the girl.

Eva laughed. She understood her mother too well to be annoyed.

"I don't think I managed it at all," she said, happily. "It just came along."

"I always thought he was paying attention to that Miss Arlington," Mrs. Dennison resumed. "It only shows how mistaken one can be. And when are you going to be married, did you say?"

She spoke as if it were no concern of hers. Since they came to Apsley she had gradually drifted out of things, till now she was more like a spectator of her family's doings than one of them.

"I didn't say," said Eva. "I don't suppose it will be for ever so long. You see—" She stopped. She did not know if she ought to speak of Philip's affairs to anyone else. "There isn't any hurry," she added.

"I disapprove of long engagements," her mother said. "Get to know one another after marriage, that is my advice. Your father and I were engaged nearly four years—" she sighed, as much as to say: "Look at us now, and see what has come of it."

Eva stood twisting her ring absent-ly. She was wearing one of Philip's for the present.

"I'll take you to town to choose one soon," he said. "Will you wear mine in the meantime?"

"I'd much rather have yours," she told him.

It was rather big for her finger, but she loved it already; it seemed like a part of Philip himself—this ring, which he had worn ever since she knew him.

It was Saturday afternoon, and she was going up to the Highway House for tennis.

She had seen both Philip's parents since her engagement, and they had since her engagement, and they had "I am sure you will be happy," Mrs. Winterdick told her. "Phil is such a dear boy. Of course, I shall miss him terribly—our only son, you know."

Mr. Winterdick had kissed her heartily. He thought she was a very fine-looking girl. "Not a bit like her father, thank God," so he said afterwards to his wife. "She'll be all right—she'll make the boy a good wife, you see if she doesn't."

They were both so chummy that Eva found herself wondering if perhaps Philip had been mistaken when he had said that his father was a ruined man! It was true, it seemed strange, she thought, that there should not be more sign of trouble in the house. Mrs. Winterdick spoke of giving a dinner-party.

"I should like our friends to meet you, my dear," she said to Eva. "People who have known Phil ever since he was a small boy; they will be so interested."

Eva remembered this as she stood in her mother's room twisting her engagement ring.

Perhaps something had happened to change the complexion of things, she thought. She made up her mind to ask Philip about it that afternoon.

She had seen him very little since the night he asked her to marry him, and when they met there was generally somebody else present.

She did not guess that Philip tried to arrange it so. She never suspected what an unhappy man he was in these days.

He availed most of his friends—he took elaborate precautions not to see Kitty Arlington. In a burst of good resolution he destroyed all her photographs and the few little notes he had treasured of hers. He meant to start again fair and square; he was not going to give Eva cause for a single mistaking.

(To be continued.)

Bake a one-layer cake. Cut into rounds, diamonds and squares and frost in different colors.

THIN, FADED HAIR
NEEDS "DANDERINE"
TO THICKEN IT



THE WAY OF A WIFE.

She wasn't hungry, so she said. A salad and a cup of tea. Was all she felt she could eat, but it was different with me. "I'm rather hungry," I replied; "if you don't mind, I think I'll take some oysters to eat with and a good old-fashioned sirloin steak."

Now wives are curious in this, to make the statement blunt and straight; There's nothing tempers their appetites like food upon another's plate; And when those oysters six appeared she looked at them and said to me, "Just let me try one, will you, dear?" and right away she swallowed three.

On came the steak, and promptly she exclaimed: "Oh my, that looks so good! I think I'd like a bit of it." The game is one I understand.

I cut her off a healthy piece and never whimpered when she said: "Now just a few potatoes, dear, and also let me share your bread."

She wasn't hungry! She'd refused the food I had been glad to buy. But on the meal which came for me I know she turned a hungry eye; She never cares for much to eat, she's dainty in her choice, I'll state, But she gets ravenous enough to eat whatever's on my plate.

A delicious dessert is made by lining a dish with sliced stale cake, covering thickly with orange honey, dabbing with a meringue and browning in a cool oven.

Mexico Appreciating Education.

Mexico City.—Less will be spent by the Mexican Government in 1922 for the army and more for schools than ever before. The army budget for 1922 calls for \$124,383,859 or more than \$30,000,000 less than the 1921 budget. The estimate is based on a standing army of 50,000 men to which strength the various units are now being rapidly reduced. The 1922 budget includes an appropriations of \$1,000,000 for the development of aviation. The appropriation for schools is \$50,000,000.

ASPIRIN

"Bayer" is only Genuine



Warning! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester

Then L. G. Laughed.

A god story is going the rounds concerning Mr. Lloyd George and a certain well known Irishman.

The latter called on the Prime Minister, produced several ten-shilling notes from his pocket, and with a very serious expression told a story of their startling decline in value as a medium of exchange in Ireland.

"In all parts of the country these notes can be bought for 4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d.," he said.

Mr. Lloyd George called in an official and explained matters. The official smiled.

"That's quite right," he said. "4s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. make 10s."

The Premier took the joke in good part, and laughed heartily at the way in which he had been spoofed.

Bananas are good cooked in casseroles with currant jelly sauce. Serve with maple syrup.

MOTHER!

Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"

Even a sick child loves the "fruity" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has colic, give a teaspoonful to cleanse the liver and bowels.

In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Address in full:—

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

Fashion Plates.

LADIES APRON DRESS AND CAP.

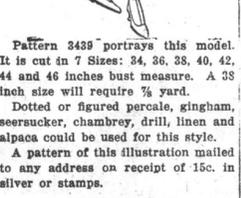


Pattern 3439 portrays this model. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 35 inch size will require 3/4 yard.

Dotted or figured percale, gingham, seersucker, chambray, drill, linen and alpaca could be used for this style.

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

A NEAT AND "EASILY MADE" DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.



Pattern 3783 is here illustrated. This one piece style is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6 year size requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

Repp, poplin, gingham, chintz, calico, crepe, crepe de chine and gabardine are good for this style.

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

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Finest Kind--We guarantee
Lantic Icing to be Positively
the Best--try it just once.

COLIN CAMPBELL, LIMITED.

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 curants, plump California seedless raisins, white kidney beef suet, pure creamy 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

NEW ARRIVALS

SOIL PIPE.

BLACK, GALVANIZED and BRASS PIPE.
SWING CHECK VALVES, ANGLE and GATE VALVES.
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HEWANEE UNIONS, FLANGE UNIONS up to 6 inch.
ELBOWS, TEES, ETC., up to 6 inch.
NIPPLES, COUPLINGS, RETURN BENDS.
REDUCING COUPLINGS, BUSHINGS, ETC.

Lowest Prices.

JOB'S STORES, Ltd.

Household Notes.

Add a pint of clear coffee and a small piece of spermaceti to starch for dark calicoes.

Stains may be removed from the mattress by covering stains with a

thick paste of starch and water. Place mattress in sun and after an hour rub off dry paste. Two applications may be needed.

When fish is done, cover top with a cup of cracked crumbs which have been stirred into two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Brown crumbs.

Use old felt hats for making new soles for bedroom slippers. Thus you wear out old tops without buying new soles.

Keep ready-made coffee on hand in fruit jars or cans. It is just as good as though freshly made, when heated.

Shard's Liniment For Garget in Cows