

New Method
Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.



Nujol
For Constipation

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER VII.
She thought of the Winterdick's pride, of the position they had held in the country, and she realized what a terrible blow this would be for them. "Oh, I think money is the most dreadful thing," she said passionately. "It never seems to make people happy when they have it, and yet when they lose it . . . She turned her grey eyes to him in sweet sympathy. "And is this what you wanted to tell me?" she asked.

Philip Winterdick drew a long breath; he felt as if he were about to take a plunge into icy water.

"No," he said at last, desperately, "it isn't; at least . . . Miss Dennison, I came here to ask you to marry me, but now . . . He forced his eyes to her face, and for a moment there was absolute silence; then he rushed on: "Now, how can I . . . after what I've just told you . . . I—I . . . Oh, I can't tell you—I can't. . ."

He had meant to do the square thing and tell her why he wanted to marry her, but now it had come to the point his courage failed him. He liked her too well—he realized that she was a girl to be trusted and honoured—and that if he told her she would probably despise him for the rest of her life. And Philip Winterdick was a man who liked to be thought well of.

He looked away from her, and for what seemed an eternity neither of them spoke. Then Eva said almost in a whisper—

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

"Why—why need it make any—difference?" Philip Winterdick could not believe that he had heard aright. He turned his head slowly and looked at the girl beside him, then the hot colour flooded his face from chin to forehead. He stood still staring at her.

"You mean . . . you don't mean that . . . that you want to marry me?" she stammered at last.

Her head was downcast, and he could not see her eyes, but he saw the little quivering smile that curved her lips as she said softly:

"Why not, if . . . if you really want to marry me?"

He felt as if someone had struck him a knock-out blow over the heart. She must care for him then—that was his first thought, and it brought with it a tumult of emotion that for the moment robbed him of breath. He clutched at his scattering wits desperately.

How could she care for him? She hardly knew him. How could she possibly care, particularly after what he

had just told her? . . . Not that money mattered much to the Dennisons, he supposed, but all the same . . . He took a little step towards her.

"I don't think you quite understand," he said with a note of great gentleness in his voice. "My father is a ruined man, which means that I am so am practically penniless. I've never done a stroke of work since I left Oxford. I daresay it's a thing to be ashamed of, but it's a fact all the same. I shall have to start at the bottom of the ladder . . . Oh, you don't understand," he said again almost angrily.

"She looked up then.

"I think I do," she said. "But it doesn't frighten me at all. I've known what it is to be poor. I never expected to live in a house like this, and have a lot of money to spend."

"If you want to marry me, and I want to marry you, what does it matter what sort of house we live in?" she said.

Philip Winterdick pulled himself together with an effort.

"You're a brick," he said stammeringly. "A real brick—I . . . I'm not half good enough for you. . ."

He wondered if she considered herself engaged to him; there seemed nothing more to say; he wrung her hand hard and let it go.

He stammered out something about speaking to her father, about taking her to see his mother.

"I am afraid your mother won't be pleased," she said nervously.

"I think you will find that my mother will welcome you," he said, looking away from her.

They had reached the gate, Winterdick glanced at the girl and quickly away again.

He wondered whether she expected him to kiss her. He longed to kick himself, because he felt so stilted and unnatural. He thanked his lucky stars when Peter came up the road and put an end to any further tete-a-tete. He took his departure hurriedly.

"I'll come round after dinner—if I may," he said to Eva. He went off at a tremendous rate.

Winterdick was in the deuce of a hurry," Peter said, rather uncomfortably, as he joined his sister. He wondered if Philip guessed that he had been to Kitty's and had purposely avoided him in consequence.

He looked at Eva's flushed cheeks, and a sudden suspicion grew in his eyes.

"What's he been saying to you, Bonnie?" he asked sharply.

Eva slipped an arm through his.

"I was going to tell you first, anyway," she said, with happy shyness.

"Peter, dear, he asked me to marry him."

Peter gasped. He stopped dead for a moment, staring at his sister.

"And you—what did you say?" he asked blankly.

"I said 'Yes,'" she told him.

"Well, I'll be dashed!" said Peter. He put an arm round her with rough affection.

"I say, I'm jolly glad—if you are," he said. He bent and gave her a smacking kiss. "I say, I hope you'll be jolly happy," he added lamely.

Eva returned his kiss heartily.

"Yes—I'm sure of that."

She was sure of it. There were no clouds on her horizon. She was still a little dazed and bewildered, but over everything the fact that life was glorious shone steadily. She had got everything she had ever wanted. The little Man in the Moon had not failed her.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Mr. Winterdick, if you please, sir," Mr. Dennison was nodding over his after-dinner cigar when Philip was announced, and for a moment he sat still in his big chair with a sort of sleepy bewilderment, uncertain whether he



The Influence of Virol on development.

BABY FRANCIS.

"No trouble during teething"

92, Esme Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham.

Dear Sirs,— 10.11.20.

The enclosed photograph is of my son, who is nine months old, and I am glad to say it is due to Virol, with cow's milk, that he is such a bonny lad.

He is very strong, and his flesh is quite firm, and he weighs 27 lbs. 3 ozs.

A happier child one could not wish for, and even though he has seven teeth he was no trouble during teething.

It is a pleasure to give you this letter of testimony, and I hope others may benefit by my experience.

Yours faithfully,
O. E. FRANCIS.

VIROL.

Virol Ltd., 148-150, Old St., London, E.C.1.

had actually heard the maid's voice, when Philip himself walked into the room.

That woke him thoroughly, and he started up with outstretched hand.

"My dear boy—delighted. Sit down—have a cigar—take my chair. Nonsense, I insist."

Philip ignored chair and cigar alike; he stood stiffly by the table, looking at his future father-in-law.

"You expected me?" he asked. "Miss Dennison told you I should be coming."

"No—not a word—but I'm delighted all the same. Do have a cigar—half a crown apiece they cost me. No? Very well, then. Sit down, my dear boy."

Philip was a little nonplussed; somehow he had been sure that Eva would pave the way for him. He felt at a shabby disadvantage.

Mr. Dennison looked at him and coughed nervously.

He always felt a little ill at ease with the Winterdicks, though he would furiously have denied it had the suggestion been made. He wished with all his heart that Philip would sit down. He was a small man himself, and young Winterdick towered above him and put him at a disadvantage.

"Hot night," he ventured after a moment.

"Very," Philip answered absently.

There was a moment's silence; suddenly the young man squared his shoulders resolutely.

"I've come to ask your permission to marry your daughter, sir," he said. It was out at last, and he drew a long breath of relief. He had burned his boats behind him, and the sky

had not fallen and he was still surviving.

Mr. Dennison dropped his cigar—it was a habit of his when he was very much astonished.

Perhaps the thing that had chiefly taken his breath away was the fact that a Winterdick—a Winterdick, of the Highway House—had called him "sir." He was almost stunned by the unexpectedness of it.

Seeing that the cigar was apparently to be allowed to burn a hole in the obviously expensive Persian carpet, Philip stooped, picked it up and placed it carefully on an ashtray.

Mr. Dennison darted forward.

"You shouldn't have bothered—it didn't matter, I've plenty more."

In his confusion he hardly knew what he was saying. His face was purple with excitement. The greatest dream of his life had come true, and here was the only son of the most blue-blooded and influential man in the county asking permission to marry his daughter!

"I'm delighted—of course, I'm delighted. It's been the dream of my life." He was too pleased to be diplomatic.

"Marry her by all means, Mr. Winterdick. She's a lucky girl."

He stopped, struck by something in the young man's face.

There was a little silence, then Philip said deliberately:

"Isn't that a mistake? Isn't it I who am the lucky one?"

He shook his shoulders as if to rid them of a disagreeable burden. "Look here, Mr. Dennison, we may as well be frank with one another," he said roughly. "My father has told me of his conversation with you the other night, so it's useless for me to try and pretend innocence. . . . I have a great admiration and a deep respect for Miss Dennison, but—but if it had not been for your offer . . ."

The elder man broke in eagerly:

"Not another word, Mr. Winterdick. I assure you I don't wish to hear another word. Any little assistance I may be able to give your father is more than repaid by the fact that you have done my daughter the honour to love her. . . ."

"But I don't love her," said young Winterdick.

The words were forced from him, and as soon as they were spoken he would have given his soul to recall them. But it was too late.

"I admire her and respect her more than any woman I know—except my own mother," he went on. "But, it would be a lie if I told you I had any deep feeling for her. . . . We may as well have all the cards on the table while we are about it," he added, laughing mirthlessly.

(To be continued)

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No-To-Bac has helped thousands to break the costly, nerve-shattering tobacco habit. Whenever you have a longing for a smoke or chew, just place a harmless No-To-Bac tablet in your mouth instead. All desire stops. Shortly the habit is completely broken, and you are better off mentally, physically, financially. It's so easy, so simple. Get a box of No-To-Bac and if it doesn't release you from all craving for tobacco in any form, your druggist will refund your money without question.

THE CRIMINAL.

I mark the specialist in crime, as on his course he hopes, and when he isn't serving time he's dodging gumshoe cops; and he can never reach a clime where the avenger stops. He makes a killing now and then, and swipes some sucker's hoard; but never may, like other men, the wholesome joys afford, and soon or later in the pen he has his bed and board. For him there is no peace of mind, no rest at set of sun, and moral people and refined he evermore must shun.

And if he hears a step behind, his impulse is to run. His nerves forsakes him when he's old, his days are days of dread, the step that once was firm and bold is like a rabbit's tread, and, shaking in the dark and cold, he wishes he were dead. And if he'd use the clever brain with which he is endowed, for purposes of honest gain, in ways by law allowed, when old age gets him he might train with any classy crowd. 'Tis strange that men of splendid gifts elect with crooks to chase and try out all the evil shifts that stern detectives trace, and join the caravan that drifts to prison and disgrace. 'Tis strange because they well must know the end of such a trail; the law will dog them to and fro and in the end prevail; and crime will bring them only woe, and long years in a jail.

The mince meat will be that much richer for any added scraps of preserves or jelly.

Waffle butter should never be sweetened. Serve the waffles with sugar or syrup.

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"Viking" Hall Stoves
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Also all kinds

RCASTING PANS & PUDDING MOULDS
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Now in Stock!

300 brls. Choice N. S. Apples,
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PRICES RIGHT.
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Christmas is coming with the eternal question: **WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM?**

We are delighted to be able to inform you that we can answer this question to your entire satisfaction, and to the absolute gratification of the recipient of the present we suggest.

You will find at Messrs. Bowring Bros., Royal Stores, T. J. Duley, Geo. F. Kearney, J. P. Cash and Geo. F. Tring, a comprehensive range of Dunhill Pipes in every conceivable shape and style. Any man will be proud to own one of these essentially up-to-date "White Spot" smoking pipes, and you will rise to an adream of pipe-land admiration in this eye on the Christmas Day which marks your gift of a Dunhill Pipe.

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