



Trust Your Complexion To Cuticura

The majority of skin and scalp troubles might be prevented by using Cuticura Soap. It is a soap of the purest quality. On the slightest sign of redness, roughness, pimples or dampness, apply a little Cuticura Soap to the affected part. The exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparation will keep it clean.

See 25c. Quarters 25c. 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold through the Canadian Drug Stores. Canadian Department Stores. 344 St. Paul St. W. Montreal. Quebec. Cuticura Soap is the best soap.

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVII. SOME GRIEFS ARE MEDICINABLE!

Mrs. Villiers was done betimes next morning.

Knowing that Sydney was generally earliest in the breakfast-room, he calculated on receiving her alone. He had something in his waistcoat-pocket that he kept fingering taking it out now and then to look at—a thick gold circle, set with sapphires three. He had the words ready with which to offer this, and birthday greetings, and—himself! He ran the little speech through mentally half a dozen times while pacing to and fro in the fresh morning air, casting a glance each turn he took past the window to see if she for whom he waited had appeared. He felt the minutes tumultuous. Once over, he could get his breakfast without that awkward sensation of a screw-propeller at work under his shirt-front. He could dash off a line to Tufer and sundry others fixing a day for—

The door opened. "Now for it!" thought he, and made one stride in. Check! It was Leonora!

Leonora in pale-blue cambric, looking for twenty-nine, quite youthful, as she stood with her back to the light, her brown locks rolled away in a tight knot, bathing fashion. Not hearing her cousin's step, she was bestowing all her attention on some object by Sydney's plate. It was her birthday gift; characteristic enough—a gilt-framed tinted photograph of her own fair self in sumptuous array. Square bodice deep-cut, pearls on the wide display of bosom, golden coils well nigh the only covering of the well-poised arms, face raised just enough to give the stately curve of the neck and catch the upward tilt of the eyelashes, folded hands resting on a tall vase so as to conceal no undulation of the handsome figure. It was the likeness of a very good-looking person, and the original, contemplating it with satisfaction, felt sorry she was going to part from it. None of fashion's beauties whom she had seen could compare with it to her mind. Fashion beauties! Ah!—with an audible "Heigh-ho!"—was the day coming when some society paper, perchance, would go forth bearing her lineaments to the upper ten thousand, her name above, not an unwed belle, her signature below, not Leonora Villiers? "Heigh-ho!"

First Aid

A medicine chest containing "Vaseline" preparations indispensable in emergencies. Every home and every vessel should have one.



Vaseline Carbolated Petroleum Jelly

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Carbolated Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here. The lid of the chest. Sold at all drug and general stores.

Cheesbrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.
W. G. Shephard, Distributor,
137 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

"VASELINE" Petroleum Jelly
—For skin diseases
—Camphor Jelly
—Balsam
—Eucalyptol Jelly
—For burns, catarrh, etc.
—Gum
—For eruptions, sores, etc.
—Carbolated jelly
—For sprains, bruises, cuts, etc.
—Anæsthetic
—For sprains, bruises, and painful conditions.

said she again, and gave a great start when her cousin, advancing, echoed her foolishly.

"What mean these plaintive sounds, Leonora ma? Are you wishing it were your twenty-first birthday over again, and you were going to have all sorts of good things given to you?"

"Indeed no, Rupert. I am not envious of Sydney in—any respect. I suppose I signed because I wanted my breakfast."

"Credible subterfuge, if not correct answer. Well, I've been sighing here for the last half-hour because I want—my breakfast! Is Sydney taking my injunction literally and going to sleep the clock round before she comes down?"

"When she does, we shall have to wait for mamma," answered Leonora, demurely. "But take comfort, dear cousin, they won't be long. I heard mamma call Sydney into her boudoir just as I came down, to give her some lace, and a lecture, I presume. This—indicating the picture—"is what I have got for her. Do you think she will like it?"

"She must," said Mr. Villiers; "that goes without saying. I do."

"Which," returned Leonora, with a droop of her red lips, "is a perplexing arrangement of sentences. Am I to infer that because you like it—or say so—Sydney must do the same? And do you expect my step-sister's opinion invariably to mold itself sweetly to your good cousin?"

"Oh, I've no fears on that point," replied Mr. Villiers, thinking with amusement, "Ah, charming Norah, so you are disposed to be spiteful, then, Sydney's presence."

"Then I hope you may find you have need for them," said she, dryly.

"Oh here comes mamma," looking up the hall. "Sydney reserves herself for the last to-day, to be received with undivided honors. Why, mamma, what is the matter?"

She might well ask Mrs. Alwyn entered with a rapid sweep; storm on her brow; extreme paleness, underling pearl powder, making her almost ghastly; the grand dame completely lost in the angry woman. She pushed to the door, cut short. Mr. Villiers' salutation, and throwing herself into a chair, panted in an abandonment of violent agitation.

"Aunt Helen," exclaimed Rupert Villiers, while Leonora ran to the bell-sal volatile must be wanted—"you know!" (with a masterly softening of tone. She could never keep her eyes on him like this if there were another man in the case).

"Come"—essaying to draw her to the sofa—"tell me what it all means, my dearest. I may say that I not?"

"Wait!" she said, and freeing herself, took a chair close by. "Rupert, I wish mamma had told you everything. But you do know about my father's money going, do you not—all of it?"

"Yes—all but your mother's—and yours, luckily." What was she driving at?

"All but ours—hers and mine—luckily, I suppose, or I might never have been able to do what I shall now. For did you know, too, Rupert, that many pearls—very poor ones—had lent papa their money, and—have never had it back from then till now?"

He caught a glimpse of her intention, and resolved instanter to treat it as untenable.

"Yes, yes, I think I know what you are alluding to," he said, assuming carelessness; "but that business was wound up ages ago. All these great smashings involve a lot of little interests. It never can be helped. You must not think of concerning yourself about it. How came you to hear of it even?"

"It was chance, or—looking beyond him, with what he silently dubbed a fanatical sort of resolve that made him very uncomfortable—"or something wiser that took me among these very persons on Wednesday. So I know all about them. And the money that is mine to-day is just a very little over."

"The probability of this being what was alluded to is by the word 'Till' on the piece of paper made one of them immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson which had been among the books sold to him? On his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them; and on examining the leaves found bank notes singularly dispersed in various parts of the volumes to the amount of £700.

"But what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Oxford, reading in his catalogue of this edition, had written to him and desired it might be sent to him; which was accordingly done. But the bindings of the books not meeting with the gentleman's approbation, they had been returned, and laid upon his (the bookseller's) shelves until the notes were found."—Bookman's Journal.

she bare sums they lent. So, Rupert, I am going to pay it to them."

"Sydney! Impossible!"
She watched him while she unfolded her plan. Now her spirit sunk, and her head drooped.

"Ah!" she said, "I was afraid you would think so."

"Afraid!" he exclaimed, getting up excitedly. "Why, my dear—why, Sydney, you must have known what I should say. It's only what any man, short of an idiot, would say, let alone any one who cares for you, as I do. Listen to me!" halting before her. "Do you assure me occurrences like these are as common as—as ditch-water. Your father's business was purely itself compared to most failures. These people you talk about ought to have watched their own interests better than they did. But for them to go and raise up their grievances—for you to dream of stripping yourself penniless on their behalf!—why, it isn't to be thought of for an instant. It would be most propositous absurdity."

"It would be common honesty."

"No, no. You are not a judge of these worldly matters. I tell you we cannot afford it. You must not do it. Sydney, you shall not!"

"But, Rupert, I will."

He had overshot the mark. Sydney stopped up, confronting him. The color ebbed from her face, but her clear eyes, her mouth, were resolute in what she now discerned was to be a double sacrifice. Mr. Villiers was beside himself with anger. He walked from her, frowning, and stood at the window, staring moodily out.

(To be continued)

She seemed waiting for him, and met his first gaze of questioning entreaty with a bearing incomprehensible in its blending of womanly firmness with girlish tremor.

"My dear, dearest Sydney," he exclaimed, offering to grasp both her hands—was he ready to take her to his arms even—the bolder the attack the better now—but she repulsed him with a blush that was not unkind, and asked, looking up most wistfully:

"Have you heard, Rupert? And do you—"

"I have heard," he interrupted, "only that you have been frightening Aunt Helen with some fancy that is to upset us all. But I can't have that, you know!" (with a masterly softening of tone. She could never keep her eyes on him like this if there were another man in the case).

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The Meeting Place of the Great Sea Roads.

"London is a great city because it is a great port," says the Morning Post. "The Metropolis is out of sight of the sea. It would, for instance, be utterly impossible to feed London by land. The whole railway system could not keep London alive. Had the enemy blockaded the mouth of the Thames during the war it would have been necessary to remove the greater proportion of the population of London and to distribute them among other ports which could still be supplied from the sea.

"It may be said that the real difficulty of transport and distribution begins at the dockside. Our supplies of food and raw material are brought in vessels averaging 5,000 tons, which can only enter the larger ports. From the ship the cargoes must be brought to the doors of the consignees, to factory, mill, warehouse, and shop. This is the expensive process, because it involves the cost of labour in handling the goods, unloading them from the great ship to smaller ship, or from ship to dock and warehouse, taking them by road or rail to their particular destinations. Some of the goods brought to the Port of London are transhipped into barges; some are transhipped into coasting vessels; some go by rail; a great deal of stuff is taken by road. As in the case of other ancient ports, such as Liverpool, the city has grown faster than the docks, so that the docks instead of being conveniently planned to supply the city, have been deprived of proper space and direct access.

"Few people, perhaps, realize that 60 per cent. of the population of Great Britain live within fifteen or twenty miles of the sea, that about 14 per cent. of the rest dwell in agricultural areas, which in the matter of food are self-supporting, and that only the remainder require their supplies brought to them over a long inland route. Most of our raw material, coal excepted, is brought from overseas. Half our meat, and four-fifths of our wheat, are imported. These things are paid for by the export of coal and of manufactures."

"Because our sources of supply and our markets alike are overseas, the great industrial towns tend to the coast, giving them access to the universal road of the sea. No other country is blessed with such advantages. These islands being set at the meeting-place of the great sea-roads, and endowed with many and deep harbours, are the natural home of the overseas trader.

In these circumstances the late Admiral Mahan found the origin of British sea-trade and its corollary British power."

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