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On Body and Face, Red and Itchy, Cried for Hours. Lasted a Year.

"A rash started all over my little girl's body, and she had some on her face. It started in a pimple that was full of water, and it got red and itchy. She cried for hours. This trouble lasted a year, and I had tried every sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bought more, and I used four cakes of soap and three boxes of Ointment which healed her." (Signed) Mrs. Dora Langley, 1032 Gertrude St., Verdun, Que., August 11, 1918.

The Cuticura Toilet Trio Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum is an indispensable adjunct of the daily toilet in maintaining skin purity and skin health. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Dept. of Hygiene, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

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### JUST A GIRL

BY JANE PHELPS

A FOURSOME Chapter 108

Mr. Claxton did not mention our talk in any way, until we were leaving on Saturday. Then he said: "I trust you and Mary will enjoy your outing tomorrow night, Miss Stewart. You see I haven't forgotten." He smiled pleasantly at me.

I was absolutely happy as I hurried home. I felt that my employer realized I had done no wrong—had no wish to do anything of which he or any good man would disapprove.

That evening I had my trunk pulled into my room. I kept it in the hall, and Mary and I decided what we should wear the next night. I would wear the same blue dress, and I found a dainty chiffon waist for Mary. And with some feathers and velvet I re-trimmed our hats. We worked late, but we were so happy in doing it we didn't mind.

"I told Tom he could just stay away tonight!" Mary had said when I asked her why he was not with her. Saturday night they usually went the movies or somewhere, because since they did not open the restaurant on Sundays they could rest later in the morning.

"Poor fellow!" I replied in mock sympathy. "He had some thing to do too," Mary went on after making a face at me. "He is as pleased as Puck because Mr. Deland asked him. He said he needed some new collars and a tie, and would get them to night. The gent's furnishing stores near his boarding place keeps open Saturday nights."

"Oh, Mary, please don't say 'gent's' say 'men's'!" "I thought gent's was the proper caper."

"No, we speak of gentlemen, and men, but never gents." "I've seen it lots of times on windows signs."

"I know, and I have too, and wondered at it. Either the people who run the places are very ignorant, or they cater to the ignorant class."

"I'll try not to say it again. I must tell you what you said. This was typical of Mary. She wanted Tom to be as correct as possible, without ever thinking of trying to criticize him. She keenly regretted the lack of education was inordinately proud when she did and said the right thing, but correspondingly depressed if she failed to remember what I told her. It kept me still often when otherwise I should have corrected her. Yet she had improved wonderfully and was far from being uncouth and ill as was when first I knew her. She never wasted a minute. She read and studied indefatigably, whenever she was not at her business or with Tom.

"By the way, I am as old as they tell people lived in the Bible, perhaps I will know something," she had once said to me. But I knew she improved daily. I saw it, and so I told her.

"If you wasn't a truthful girl I should think you was trying to make me feel good, Zena. But if I only improve a little, it will help."

"Help! Of course it will. And you have improved enormously!" "Half as much as that word sounds will suit me."

She invariably ended a serious discussion in some manner, usually making me laugh. "I always like you in blue, Zena," Tony said when he called for us the next afternoon. I had gone down to the parlor, and we were waiting for Tom and Mary. "It somehow looks like you, and that dress you had on the day I met you first, didn't."

"That was my work dress, Tony." "Zena, do you really mean that you are going on living this way?" He looked around at the dreary room. "Going to keep away from friends? If you must work why not work in New York where those who know you, live?"

"I tried it, Tony! Have you forgotten?" He flushed painfully. "What an ass I was that night! But I was so amazed to see you playing maid I couldn't keep still."

"Saying maid I WAS maid. And compared to that, my position with Mr. Claxton is heaven."

Before he could reply Tom and Mary appeared, much to my relief. They were all smiles, and immediately showed his breeding by making them feel at ease. "We are going to the Blackstone again!" he announced. Then to Mary: "Zena thought it a very nice place to dine, and she tells me you haven't been there. I thought she would mind going a second time. I engaged a table for four."

"No, indeed!" I broke in. "I would love it!" I realized at once that Tony had chosen the same place he had taken me so that my friends he was not ashamed to take them also.

### Every 10 Packet of WILSON'S FLY PADS

WILL KILL MORE FLIES THAN 50 WORTH OF ANY STICKY FLY CATCHER

Clean to handle. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores

did not show his feeling as plainly as did Mary. She fairly bubbled. "Tony had reserved a table for four, and at Mary's plate and mine were corsage bouquets of lovely roses. Mary looked at me, and when I plinned mine she did the same, first holding them across to Tom, so he could smell them.

"Ain't 'em lovely?" she said of me. "Indeed they are."

"Do men like him," she glanced at Tony who, busy with the waiter, was paying no attention to her for the moment, "always buy girls flowers when they take them out to dinner?"

"Ain't 'em lovely?" she said of me. "Indeed they are."

"Pleased! It is just like I have always thought Heaven would be. Lovely music, lights, everybody looking happy. It's mighty good of you, Mr. Deland, to ask Tom and me."

"It's mighty good of Tom and you to come," Tony replied with a smile. "Here comes the waiter. I hope I have ordered things you like."

Tony had ordered a very beautiful dinner, but had left out the unusual, highly seasoned dishes he usually indulged in. There was thick cream soup, simple fish, young lamb with peas and potatoes, a wonderful dessert, coffee, crackers and cheese—the kind of meal a person of simple tastes, unused to a hotel menu, would enjoy. Then he and Tom smoked a good cigar while we talked and listened to the music.

"I never eat so much in all my life at one meal!" Mary said to me. "Neither did I!" Tom agreed. Tony had left us for a moment, someone had called him to the telephone.

It was a nice dinner," I said, then added: "Mr. Deland always knows how to do the right thing."

"Do you know, Zena, I think that's what makes him so nice. He is just a man of simple tastes, unused to a hotel menu, would enjoy. Then he and Tom smoked a good cigar while we talked and listened to the music."

"I have secured tickets to a show, hope you haven't seen it," he said as he sat down. We had not, of course, and we left at once.

He had four seats in the orchestra, near the front of the house. It was a musical comedy and Mary was so delighted that she kept us laughing with her quaint remarks. Tom, too, seemed to enjoy every bit of the play. During intermission, Mary whispered:

"Backs seem to be the part of their bodies women like to show at the theatre, don't they, Zena?" In front of us was a large woman, her very low gown held on by straps of net.

Tony heard and laughed. Afterwards he said it was more at Mary's expression than at what she said. "Harry was a bit embarrassed and said nothing further about the gowning of the women. But her re-

marks about the play and the characters were really funnier than anything on the stage.

"She's a whole show in herself!" Tony said in an aside to me. "And such a dear," I replied. "I'll bet she is! no one could help liking her."

I made up my mind to repeat that remark to Mary. She was apt to underestimate herself. On our way out I saw Mr. Claxton. He bowed and smiled at me. How happy I was that I had told him of Tony, and that he seemed so friendly.

Chapter 110 "There's Mr. Claxton!" Mary exclaimed. "Who's he, if I may ask?" Tony smiled at her evident excitement. "Zena's boss! He's awfully nice."

"I knew I was blushing, altho I had no reason to do so. Tony flashed a look at me before he said: "Good-looking fellow."

"Ain't 'em lovely?" she said of me. "Indeed they are."

Once more Tony darted his quick glance in my direction. But we were soon out of the theater, and I forgot all about Mr. Claxton—everything but the nice time he had given us. He took us home in a taxi, and after making me promise to lunch with him Monday—he was to leave the city directly after—we said good night—that is, Mary taking Tony to live some distance away home.

"Now, wasn't that just fine in him, to take Tom home?" Mary asked her face beaming. "Yes, it was thoughtful," I conceded. "I thought I never would get to bed, Mary kept hating across my room to talk of something she remembered in the play, to praise Tony or to go into ecstasies over the dinner and how wonderful Tony had been to us all."

"That music was just grand, Zena. I wish I could hear it all the time. I just couldn't keep my feet still and once I am not sure I stepped on Mr. Deland's toe under the table. And Zena, he thinks a lot of you. He looked sort of put out when I spoke of Mr. Claxton. What made you blush so?"

"Did I blush?" Mary was very observing, very apt to jump at conclusions. I did not wish her to get any notions about Mr. Claxton—it, embarrassing for me.

"I should say you did, Mr. Deland noticed it too. I'll bet he asks you about your bouquet when you lunch with him tomorrow." She kept quiet for a minute. Then, "Why don't you marry Mr. Deland, Zena? anyone with half an eye can see he is dead in love with you."

"Nonsense! I have known Tony Deland all my life. Do please stop getting notions in that head of yours. And do please go to bed. We will both be dead tired in the morning if you keep me up any longer."

"I don't care! I don't go to the Blackstone to dinner every night, you know, and I don't go to the theater, either. I can't sleep, I am too excited. I'll bet he asks you to marry him before he goes away."

I fairly pushed Mary out of the room. But I too was wakeful. As always, any talk of love or marriage brought me back to the head of Lawrence. I wondered where he was, if he had forgotten me. And in thoughts of him, the evening was forgotten. Tony was forgotten. I did not remember that I had ever seen Mr. Claxton. Yet I had never would see Ken in again.

The next day I met Tony as I had promised, and he took me to luncheon at a popular place in the business section. He talked of Mary and Tom, and told me how much he enjoyed them.

"You treat them just as you never will forget," I replied, telling him how Mary kept me up talking of him and the good time she had. "I am glad if they enjoyed themselves." Then, "Zena, you never thought of me in the old days—was young and foolish. But—Zena, I have always cared. Could you—would you—would you?"

"Oh, Tony! What made you?" I exclaimed. "I do like you so much. I have enjoyed being with you. But I don't care in that way, Tony. I never shall marry a man until—"

"You mean—you don't—love me?" "I nodded. "But I'd make you care, Zena. I'd be awfully good to you," he said in his boyish, lovable way. "You think that isn't all a girl wants. She needs to really care for the man in the right way if she marries him. I am so sorry, I felt as if I had lost my friend, and was relieved. His answer reassured me."

"That's all right, Zena. Don't look so sad. Love goes where it is sent, they say; and if love for me wasn't sent to you, why can't it help it. We'll be jolly good friends it. We'll be jolly good friends just the same."

"I kissed me good-bye when we left the restaurant and with wipe my eyes more than once as I hurried back to the office. But I had not lost my friend."

A FAREWELL LUNCHEON Chapter 111

During our luncheon Tony had asked me how much I earned with Mr. Claxton. When I told him rather proudly, I must admit, he said:

"If you earn \$25 a week can't you get out of that awful rooming house? I don't see how you can stand it, Zena, honestly I don't. After your lovely home, to live in that place!"

"You forget, Tony, that it is a long time now since I have had so lovely home. Mrs. Fagin is just kind to me. I don't know how I could have lived at one time had it not been for her. She helped Mary and me get started in the pancake shop, has waited upon me when I was sick, and she has done lots of things for me! But when Tom and Mary are married, I shall live with them until I can save enough to bring Mother on."

"Is that your plan? To have your Mother with you?" "You forget, Tony, that it is a long time now since I have had so lovely home. Mrs. Fagin is just kind to me. I don't know how I could have lived at one time had it not been for her. She helped Mary and me get started in the pancake shop, has waited upon me when I was sick, and she has done lots of things for me! But when Tom and Mary are married, I shall live with them until I can save enough to bring Mother on."

"It has been the one thing that has kept me going, Tony."

"By Jove, Zena! You're a wonder!"

Tony had also asked me some questions about Mr. Claxton. He tried to tease me a little when he found he was a bachelor, but soon desisted when I explained how very kind, but employer-like always,

he had been to me. Tony had said one thing that worried me a little. "I shall be away several months, Zena. But now that I have found you I'm not going to lose you again. I shall be home occasionally, and we'll have some good times together, like we used to."

"But, Tony, I have neither the time nor the strength to do the things I used to—nor the clothes. I was not exactly dissatisfied because of this—it only brought back so much Saturday night. Your poor little tummy must feel awfully flattered on account of all them good things you have been putting into it lately."

"I guess it does, Mary. Anyway I can't eat another mouthful." I cannot deny that Tony Deland's visit had an unsettling effect upon me for some time after he left. I spent a good deal of time thinking of all he had told me, the gossip about all my boy and girl friends. I was not exactly dissatisfied because of this—it only brought back so much Saturday night. Your poor little tummy must feel awfully flattered on account of all them good things you have been putting into it lately."

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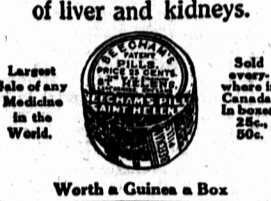
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## When You Get up "tired as a dog" and sleep is full of ugly dreams you need BEECHAM'S PILLS

Fatigue is the result of poisons produced by exercise or failure to digest food properly, and eliminate it promptly with the aid of liver and kidneys.



he had been to me. Tony had said one thing that worried me a little. "I shall be away several months, Zena. But now that I have found you I'm not going to lose you again. I shall be home occasionally, and we'll have some good times together, like we used to."

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been a great treat for you to see and talk with one of your old friends."

"I was, Mr. Claxton. And Tony was so nice to Mary and Tom. He took us all to dinner at the Blackstone Saturday night, then to the theatre."

I was surprised at the quick look of something very like gladness that came into Mr. Claxton's eyes at my remark.

"I dined at the Blackstone Saturday night, too, and saw you. The gentleman I was with knew Mr. Deland, and spoke very highly of him."

"He is fine! Since his father's death he has become quite a business man, I judge."

This ended the conversation about Tony, but it left me feeling happy once more—absolutely oblivious to the black looks of Mr. Betts and Miss Wilcox.

Chapter 112 I stopped at the shop to go home with Mary, as I often did, eating my dinner there. I wasn't at all hungry, and Mary teased me because of it.

"No wonder you can't eat," she grumbled, "going to lunch with Mr. Deland. I wasn't hungry for all day yesterday on account of eating so much Saturday night. Your poor little tummy must feel awfully flattered on account of all them good things you have been putting into it lately."

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## Lantic Sugar

when baking melts instantly

fine!

to make me keep late hours, or to undermine my strength—of which I had none to spare.

When ever I read of some business woman's success—and, this often happened—I was encouraged perhaps beyond what I was warranted in being. I would read these articles aloud to Mary, especially if they told of woman's success in the financial world, or office women who had risen by the force of their ability, aided by personality.

I also read about stories of business women—woman like Mary Elizabeth who, starting in a very small way had made a tremendous success. It was women in business who interested Mary, so we would talk of both sorts, and plan how if we kept our health we would also be like them—successful in what we had undertaken.

"You girls leave me out entirely when you talk," Tom once said, pretending to be peeved. "Won't you let me help Mary a little, Miss Zena?"

"A little!" I exclaimed. "Why Tom, Mary never could handle the shop alone, and you know it. But by working together I predict that some day you will have one of the smart places of Chicago—something like the Blackstone perhaps."

"I was not exactly dissatisfied because of this—it only brought back so much Saturday night. Your poor little tummy must feel awfully flattered on account of all them good things you have been putting into it lately."

"I guess it does, Mary. Anyway I can't eat another mouthful." I cannot deny that Tony Deland's visit had an unsettling effect upon me for some time after he left. I spent a good deal of time thinking of all he had told me, the gossip about all my boy and girl friends. I was not exactly dissatisfied because of this—it only brought back so much Saturday night. Your poor little tummy must feel awfully flattered on account of all them good things you have been putting into it lately."