

**Cuticura**  
Will Help You Have Hair Like This

Touch spots of dandruff and itching, if any, with Cuticura Ointment. Shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water.

*Small text: Single Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: 27-29, St. Patrick St., Montreal. Soap shaves without lather.*



**JUST A GIRL**  
BY JANE PHELPS

ZENA MEETS AN OLD FRIEND.  
Chapter 103

Two days passed before I found an opportunity to thank Mr. Claxton for the treat he had given us, or to deliver Mary's message. He had been out of town the next day, and then we had had so busy a day I did not like to obtrude anything, even my thanks.

"Mary and I enjoyed the play immensely, Mr. Claxton. She wished me to thank you for her," said I in a moment of relaxation on his part.

"The tickets fulfilled their mission then. Your friend, Mary, did she really enjoy it? I can imagine she might be rather amusing at the theatre."

"She was—very. She is not accustomed to see evening dress—at least at such close range. Men and women both came in for a share of her criticism."

"Tell me some of the things she said. The work can wait a moment."

I repeated some of Mary's remarks, at which he laughed heartily.

"I think she is good for you, Miss Stewart—I mean that a girl of her type, one who can make you laugh, is what you need. You are inclined to be a bit nervous, I think. It was said kindly, not at all in a spirit of criticism."

"Oh she isn't! I think I would really have died of loneliness this past year had it not been for her. Sometimes I am ashamed of myself because of my jealousy of Tom. He is such a fine fellow, too."

"Jealous, in what way?"

"Oh, only because he will take all the time after they marry. I'm afraid! I am not really jealous—I want her to marry him and have a home of her own. But she has been my only friend."

"I understand."

"I am to live with them—so she says," I added. "And to quote a favorite remark of her's, 'That will help some!'"

"Naturally!" He looked keenly at me. "You look tired, Miss Stewart. It is nearly time to stop work for the day. I'll take you home in the car."

"No, thank you, Mr. Claxton. The subway will get me home just as quickly. I had nearly always taken the street car—the air is better."

I wanted to say "yes," what tired girl would not? But I had determined to accept no favors from my employer or anyone at the office. The jealousy of Miss Wilcox, the apparent dislike of Mr. Betty, the increased by any sign of favoritism, however slight.

Then, too, in spite of my good position, my hopes for the future, I was still a working girl still poor and lived in a shabby rooming house I was doing good work. I felt my employer respected me. I had no intention to allow a bit of personal comfort to alter that fact, or increase the hostility against me by others in the office.

These thoughts were running through my mind as I made my way to the street car. I was tired, and I would have enjoyed a ride in a motor immensely. At first I had missed my car perhaps more than any other luxury I had had to resign when we found we had no money. But long since I had forgotten even to wish to ride in one or even to think about it.

But long before I reached home I wished I had accepted Mr. Claxton's invitation.

Just as I stepped onto the back platform of the car, someone took my arm and a familiar voice said: "Zena Stewart! Of all the luck!"

I turned to face Tony Deland. And as I returned his greeting I had seen him I was acting as housemaid to Mrs. Russ, and that it was because he recognized me that I had left and hid myself in Chicago.

"Where are you going?" he asked after a moment, still holding my hand.

"Home," I replied, dragging my hand away. Some of the passengers

WHEN USING  
**WILSON'S FLY PADS**

READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Druggists, Grocers and General Stores



were smiling because of us. I felt embarrassed, and my face flushed hotly.

**TONY GOES HOME WITH ZENA**  
Chapter 104

"Where is home?" Tony asked, finally releasing my hand.

"Quite a long way from here. This car goes to within a couple of blocks," he said with a grin.

"Come on!" and before I realized his intention, Tony had stopped the car, and holding my elbow had propelled me upon the sidewalk. I had to laugh. It was done quickly and so efficiently.

"Now get in and tell me where you live," he said with a grin.

"You think you are terribly clever," I responded to his mood. "Still the same old Tony aren't you?" I gave him the address. "You will be horribly shocked. Tony I live in a very unattractive neighborhood, in a cheap rooming house. I might as well get it over with at once."

"All right! We'll ride a little first, then I'll inspect this mansion you speak of—inside and out if you will let me."

We had ridden a little ways, Tony had asked after Mother, had told me something of the old set, when suddenly he turned to me and asked, in the same old ingratiating way I remembered so well, "Aren't you glad to see me, Zena?"

"You know I am, Tony," I replied, and I meant it. I should have answered very differently had he asked me that question, had I run across him before I commenced to work for Mr. Claxton. I was a totally different girl as far as my own inward feelings were concerned since I had found my present position. My self-respect was restored. It was no crime to be poor—but I had felt before that I was also a failure. And in my eyes that was almost a crime under the circumstances.

We rode for an hour then he gave Mrs. Fagin's address to the driver. As we neared the house, he said: "I'll wait while you powder your nose, then we'll go out to dinner."

"But Tony—"

"I'll not be refused. I'll camp on your doorstep until you have to permit me to keep me from being arrested unless you say you'll be ready in 20 minutes. That's time enough for a girl as pretty as you are to primp in."

"All right! I'll go," I ushered the fastidious Tony into the parlor that awful rooming house parlor that always gave me a cold shudder of feeling, and that was more unattractive even than the rest of the house.

I smiled to myself—a little bitterly—as I thought of the immaculate Tony sitting on one of the faded chairs, looking at the gaily colored pictures of the family photographs, which decorated the center table and in which reposed pictures of the departed Fagins as well as most of the boarders. Mrs. Fagin invariably asked each boarder or roomer for a picture to increase this collection. I had promised her one of my own some day—one I had not yet had.

I called Mary. Fortunately she was at home. Tony had kept me out later than usual and she said she had commenced to fear I had met with some sort of accident.

"Help me dress, dear. I am going out with one of the boys from New York. One I used to know."

While I changed I answered all Mary's questions as to how and where I met him, and so forth. I donned a dress I had not worn save once or twice—a little plain blue crepe that had been made so plainly that it was still fairly good style.

"You are prettier than any of the other ladies with the bare backs we saw at the theater!" Mary said when I was ready to go down to Tony. I insisted she go and meet him.

"I want you to know my very best friend in Chicago," I said after I had formally introduced them. "I might say, in the world," I added. "She is fortunate to be your friend, Zena. You would have had many more—all the old ones—had you not hidden yourself from us."

Then to Mary: "I hope before I return to New York I may have the pleasure of making you and Zena out for the evening Miss Murphy."

His gallant speech delighted Mary, and she accepted at once.

"If Zena says so," she added quaintly.

**DINNER AT THE BLACKSTONE**  
Chapter 105

In spite of my objections, Tony insisted upon having dinner at the Blackstone.

"I am not dressed for such a place," I told him as a last plea. I really hated the thought of looking out of place, and so perhaps embarrassing him.

"I haven't seen anyone there who looks any better nor half as well as me, and I have been there two weeks. I guess, Zena, you have forgotten what a stunning girl you are. Haven't you a mirror in your room?"

"Of course, silly!"

"I was going to ask if I might send one if you hadn't! I'd advise you to look in one occasionally. It

like your old friends, Zena; not the same sort."

"I know, Tony, but when one's position in life is changed, as mine has, there can be nothing in common between us. I shall hold you to your promise."

When we were talking of all the people I used to know, and Tony mentioned Claudia Shepard—rather, Claudia Stewart now—I wanted to ask if he ever had seen her cousin, Kenneth Lawrence, again. But Tony was very shrewd. I remembered he was one of the boys who had laughed at me for being impressed with the "western farmer," as they all called Kenneth, and so I kept still.

Mary was waiting for me when I reached home. I had to tell her to the minutest detail all about my evening with Tony for dinner, and so I told her to come to the shop for lunch tomorrow. I told her. He had asked about Mary, and before I scarcely realized I was telling about our venture, my father's granite and Mary's success. He had been intensely interested, and in his good-hearted way, had declared nothing but pan-pakes would keep him from starving to death.

"You think he will surely come?" she asked, delighted.

"Surely! And Mary, I told him about Tom—you don't mind, do you? He's going to ask him to go out with us, a party of four."

"Mind! I'd kiss him if he was here, even if Tom is jealous."

I was amused at Mary's enthusiasm, but did not think it at all strange. She had had very little in life but work, and she had had everything; and the work had only come after my easy happy childhood and girlhood. Yet I, too, had been happy at my glimpse of gay life that evening, and had enjoyed every moment of the time.

I told Tony that if it was convenient for Tom, we would go Sunday night. He leaves Monday, and I know you and Tom both work hard on Saturday that you would be unable to enjoy your treat. I told him you would let him know tomorrow noon when he came for his pan-pakes.

"Tom'll go!" Mary said with such finality that I accused her of being the boss and brought a scathing rebuke upon myself.

It was after 12 when Mary and I stopped talking. But I did not feel the effects of my dissipation in the least. In fact, I felt brighter and better the next morning than I had in some time.

"It's them grand things you eat, and that ride in the park, that done it!" Mary said when I told her how well I felt.

"I guess it was having a little change, Mary. Then of course it was nice to have the dinner and the ride." I had enjoyed all Tony had done for me, but most of all his gay inconsequential chatter. He was like going back to days when dad was alive and the boys and girls would run in to tea, chattering like a band of monkeys' dad would declare in his nice way, making them feel at home, and me proud of that home, but prouder of Dad.

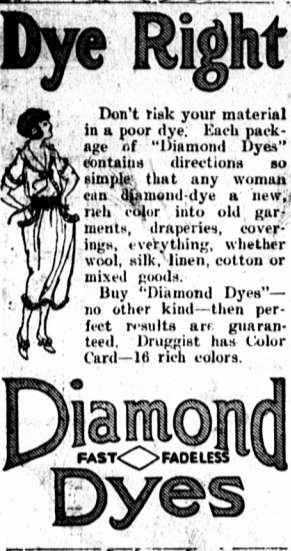
The next morning I was busily at work when Mr. Claxton came in. I said good morning, but failed to hear his reply, also I saw his lips move. I paid no attention, and he soon left me alone with a pile of letters on my desk.

I worked steadily until nearly noon. Then he came in. His manner was abrupt, almost as if I had offended him. It confused me, and I felt myself blushing under his gaze.

**Dye Right**

Don't risk your material in a poor dye. Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can diamond-dye a new, rich color into old garments, draperies, coverings, everything, whether wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods.

Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect results are guaranteed. Druggist has Color Card—16 rich colors.



**Diamond Dyes**  
FAST FADELESS

Dr. Martel's Pills

Over 20 years the standard. At your Druggist or by mail direct. Price \$2.00. Knickerbocker Remedy Co., 17 East Front Street, Toronto.



**Complete Optical Service**

Our expert system of eye-examination, coupled with our LENS GRINDING SERVICE, makes a complete service, equal to the best procurable. This service is approved and recommended by our constantly increasing volume of business. We sincerely thank our patrons, and will continue to strive to merit their confidence.

**G. F. Hutcheson**  
Optometrist and Optician

**How About Your Plumbing**

Maybe you are thinking of changing the present bath room or installing a new sanitary outfit. Have us go over the job with you.

Call and tell us your plumbing troubles. Prices right. Workmanship a quality. See us today.

**Plumbing and Heating**  
**Fred H. Trainor**  
Phone 393-J.  
80 Grafton Street

**Frequent Headaches**  
A SURE SIGN THAT THE BLOOD IS WATERY AND IMPURE.

People with this blood are much more subject to headaches than full-blooded persons and the form of anemia that afflicts growing girls is almost always accompanied by headaches, together with disturbance of the digestive organs.

Whenever you have constant or recurring headaches and pallor of the face, they show that the blood is thin and your efforts should be directed toward building up your blood. A fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do this effectively, and the rich red blood made by these pills will remove the headache.

More disturbances to the health are caused by their blood than most people have any idea of. When your blood is impoverished, the nerves suffer from lack of nourishment, and you may be troubled with insomnia, neuritis, neuralgia or sciatica. Muscles subject to strain are undernourished and you may have muscular rheumatism or lumbago. If your blood is thin and you begin to show symptoms of any of these disorders, try building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the blood is restored to its normal condition every symptom of the trouble will disappear. There are more people who owe their present state of good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than to any other medicine, and most of them do not hesitate to say so.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Children Of All Ages**

Children of all ages—whether it be the newborn babe or the growing child—have to be constantly guarded as to their health. Upon the good health of the little one largely depends his strength and usefulness in after years. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal home medicine for children of all ages. They are gentle but thoroughly laxative which are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or other harmful drugs and which may be given to the youngest child with perfect safety and action on the bowels and stomach, they banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. Mothers you can make your little ones well and keep them well by just keeping a box of the Tablets at hand and by giving an occasional dose to the baby to keep his little bowels regular and his stomach sweet. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**ZENA TELLS MARY OF HER GOOD TIME**  
Chapter 106

Late as it was, Tony insisted upon the longest walk home.

"Just think what a time it has been, since we have been together, and be nice to me. It is a lovely night and the ride will do you as much good as a little extra sleep. You look a different girl already. Your eyes shine like stars."

"Don't get poetical or sentimental, Tony, or I sha'n't like you. But think you are all right. The ride will do me just as much good, and I am enjoying myself hugely. It has been a great treat. I never was in the Blackstone. What a wonderful hotel!" I changed the subject.

"Isn't it! A New Yorker hates to grant that anything worth having in New York, anything worth having, but it is really a very good place to hang out. I am surprised someone hasn't taken you there."

"I don't go out with anyone but Mary and Tom."

"It isn't, Zena. They may be all right—their or not they wouldn't be your friends. But not

**"NEAR GASOLINE" AND THE DETONATION KNOCK.**

One of the worst bugbears of present day motoring is knocking of the engine caused by the involuntary fuel coming in use. Such fuel comes in use without the liability of the occurrence of that kind of sharp knocking known as "pinking." Many engines, even when their combustion chambers are perfectly clean, exhibit a knock of this kind, when they are run with full throttle and at low speed, and it can be said of them that they are of too high compression for satisfactory use with the fuel now available. Their failure to run quietly at open throttle and thus at full compression, plainly indicates this and the practical result is that, in order to avoid noisy operation, they are often not run at full throttle. When this power is not made use of, the pistons are even very slight deposits on piston heads or other surfaces of the combustion space, this kind of knocking is much more pronounced and occurs at smaller throttle openings and it is a fact that a pretty large proportion of engines become noisy in this way very soon after their cylinders have been cleaned. The fuel now in use, with its high boiling-point, kerosene constituents, seems to be subject to what is called detonation, one explanation of which is as follows: That the spark ignites the mixture in its immediate vicinity, but before this combustion can spread throughout the normal charge and burn it in the normal manner, other portions of the fuel have been altered chemically or otherwise, by the initial combustion action, so that they explode with abnormal violence producing excessive instantaneous pressures that strain the moving parts and cause the knock. This assumed action can be likened to the combustion of some high explosives which, when ignited by an ordinary flame, burn rather mildly but when set off by a dynamite cap, explode with fearful violence. This low-test gasoline seems to act in a similar way, the original combustion around the spark-plug playing the part of the fulminate detonator. The higher the compression and thus the temperature of the mixture, the more noticeable this action seems to be. Whether or not this theory is true, it is a fact that engines that "pink" on present day fuel do not do so on "real gasoline."

Ask for  
**Genuine Original Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**  
Good and Fresh, Sweet and Sustaining  
Made at London, Ontario



**REGAL**

The Big Value in FLOUR

IN THE KITCHEN, the big event is baking day. And the important thing on baking day is to use "REGAL"—the ideal flour for bread. "REGAL" means bread of uniform texture, lasting freshness and wholesome qualities.

THE ST. LAWRENCE FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED MONTREAL



An Established Reputation

The quality of KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE TEA needs no explanation. Its four years of service to the public has earned for it a reputation of which we are justly proud. From the first we claimed it to be "the extra in choice tea."

Users repeatedly tell us it is all that and more. We shall see to it that it is never any less.

**KING COLE ORANGE PEKOE TEA**

