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Vaseline TRADE MARK PETROLEUM JELLY

Canon Cody's Opinion About A Plebiscite

Rev. Canon H. J. Cody, the world renowned rector of St. Paul's Church, Toronto, who had always been a prohibitionist and who was Minister of Education in the Hearst Government which placed Prohibition on the statute books of Ontario and who was called to Geneva to preach to the League of Nations, stated to the people of Ontario in recent months his unqualified belief in the Government control plan for improving temperance conditions.

DAUGHTERS OF MIDAS

BY ANNE AUSTIN

continued CHAPTER XXIX

"Have the girls in the store been talking about us," Mr. Curtis asked in a small, aggrieved voice. "I'm sure I for one have been the soul of courtesy to the girls who've waited on me. I wouldn't offend them for the world."

"I'm not blaming you—any of you," T. Q.'s stern face softened. "But I suppose it was inevitable that there should be jealousy and tale-bearing. I take three girls out of my store, set them up in what the papers call luxury, and leave the others to work for their living. I might have foreseen this but a man always fools himself that his own money is his to do with as he pleases."

"What do they say about us, Mr. Curtis?" Billy cut in. "It happens I did, wishing all the while that it was you, Mignon."

"I was in, waiting for you," Billy protested, her blue eyes wide with misery and doubt. "She simply lied if she told you I was at her home."

that I haven't had much money to shop with, because of what I give to my mother and the high cost of becoming a violinist. But I noticed that the girls didn't seem any too pleased to wait on us. Not that I blame them," she added honestly. "I'd loathe it, if I were in their position."

"They apparently do," T. Q. said. "Miss Simmons says the general complaint is that you girls ritz them, high-hat them, I believe their very expressive term is. I'd rather not go into unpleasant details but I believe all of you had better be seen at the store as little as possible. I never thought I'd be advising customers with cash in their pockets to shop elsewhere, but I believe it's best in this case. You get another month's allowance tomorrow, and I suggest, just to save unpleasantness, that you do your shopping anywhere but in the Curtis Store. Nothing to cry about, little girl."

He chuckled Winnie's quivering chin with awkward kindness. "Now let's forget it. Suppose you play for us after dinner, Billy. You've been putting me off with excuses too many evenings."

"Mr. Navariti has given me an inferiority complex," Billy explained evasively. "Don't let the professor buffalo you," T. Q. chuckled. "You play plenty good enough for old T. Q. now. Bring your fiddle into the parlor after dinner. He always referred to the drawing room as the parlor."

She had been practicing that afternoon in the music room and when she obediently went to fetch her violin, Dal Romaine, who had arrived just as coffee was being poured, followed her.

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"I don't think Billy would mind," T. Q. gave Billy a keen look. "I don't see much of her as it is. The Bradleys and the Trumans and the Krugers seem to have taken a mortgage on her evenings. This is the first time we've had the pleasure of hearing her violin for more than a week. But I want all of you to have a good time in your own way. I'll be mighty glad to have your help. Winnie, lie contented, with a whimsical smile, "if you want to donate your services to the old man. But I'll have to learn to slow up my dictation."

"If you don't care how your letters look, it ought to be a swell arrangement," Nyda thrust maliciously. "Winnie got 33 on a spelling test. I saw her paper—by accident."

"Oh, Nyda, you're jealous!" Winnie mourned, cuddling closer to T. Q.

"No need for any of my girls to be jealous," T. Q. laughed gruffly. "I'm proud of all of you. But I've got a surprise for you, Nyda. Reckon we better tell her now—show her, Mrs. Meadows?" He turned deferentially to Mrs. Meadows, who sat knitting placidly, with Dal Romaine on a hassack at her feet.

"Why, yes, I think it's finished. The last of the workmen left today. Shall we go up now?" Mr. Curtis has planned a delightful surprise for Nyda. I am sure she will be very happy."

Wonderingly, the three girls followed T. Q. and Mrs. Meadows up the stairs to the second floor, on which T. Q. had his own apartment. Dal Romaine, smiling a little cynically at T. Q.'s failure to invite him to share the surprise, remained in the drawing room.

"This was my—Clay's room," T. Q. opened the door into a room. "Or, rather, his sitting room. His bedroom is just beyond. I loved of children, marched in a haven't disturbed that. Well, Nyda, deep frieze about the walls. A big sand table, an enormous cabinet filled with every apparatus for kindergarten, had been removed. The garden work, another cabinet of toys, gave unmistakable evidence of the uses for which the room was designed."

"(To Be Continued) Parent—"But I am afraid he is a young man of fickle character." Daughter—"Oh, no, he isn't. Why he has smoked the same brand of cigarettes for nearly six months!" —London Opinion.

ways passing with papers and accounts and things, so you don't have any time at all to talk to me. So I thought," she confided, laying her cheek against his, "that maybe you'd dictate your letters to me and let me help you with the household accounts. And I'd get lots of practice to help become a good private secretary."

"Pshaw, child!" T. Q. protested, but he was enormously pleased and touched. "You don't want to devote your evenings to a cranky old man while these two gadabouts—the grinning at Nyda and Billy—" "Hilt from party to party. You're a mighty popular little girl with your new friends, and I let you slave for me in the evenings. I'd be mobbed by a score or so of your admirers."

"You make me laugh!" Winnie gurgled. "I don't like any of them as well as I do you. Won't you let me help you two or three evenings a week anyway? There's always time after dinner before we have to go to a dance or anything—"

"Now, I ask you, is that fair?" Nyda could stand it no longer. "We like Mr. Curtis, too, and you shan't shut him up in the library and have him all to yourself. We won't stand for that, will we, Billy?" She was forced to ring in Billy as an aid.

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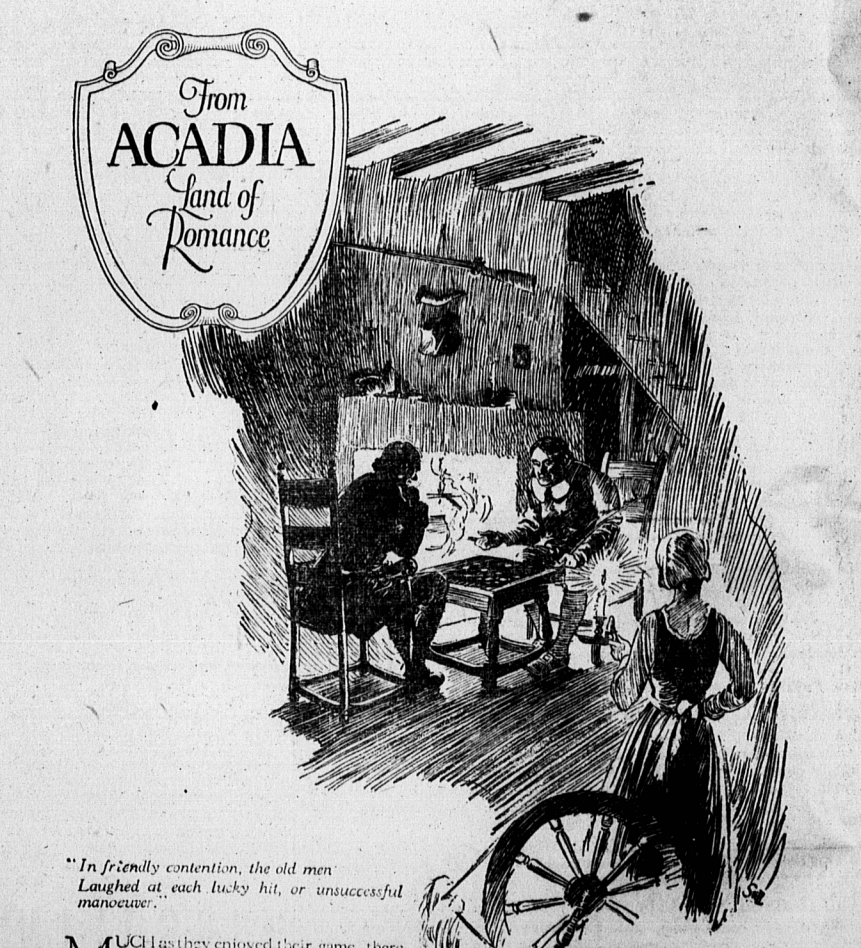
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"(To Be Continued) Parent—"But I am afraid he is a young man of fickle character." Daughter—"Oh, no, he isn't. Why he has smoked the same brand of cigarettes for nearly six months!" —London Opinion.

MONDAY'S MOTOR MESSAGE The Sixth Message— "Dunlop Tires—first in the tire field—first in the mileage yield." Start the week—and your car—right. Use Dunlop Balloon Tires

ly apple green, and stencilled lavishly with scenes from fairy stories. The three bears and Goldilocks, Little Red Riding Hood, the dwarfs and Snowwhite, all the heroes of children's literature, were painted on the walls. A big sand table, an enormous cabinet filled with every apparatus for kindergarten, had been removed. The garden work, another cabinet of toys, gave unmistakable evidence of the uses for which the room was designed.



MUCH as they enjoyed their game, there in the house of Benedict, farmer of Grand Pré, they lacked that which to-day makes a game—any game—most enjoyable—Chocolates by Moirs!

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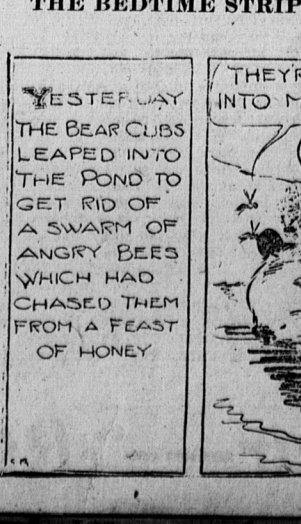
—By ARTHUR CHAPOUILLE

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