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Sweetheart at Thirty

(Continued from Page 2.)

to see her again. Toby was with her, and for half an hour we all sat and gossiped while I heard about everything that had happened while I was away.

"There's to be an art student's ball in two weeks—do you know, Enid, that that's a few days after you sail on your wedding trip?" Helen asked.

I was startled. Less than two weeks—so very soon. For a moment I was almost afraid. So I took refuge in inconsequential things and pretended great interest in the students' ball.

"Toby and I are taking Vi," Helen said. Her fine, intelligent brown eyes rested for a moment on her fiance and all the contentment I was glad, for I felt that at last Helen was happy.

There are some women who are always seeking—seeking, restlessly they know not what. They fill from enthusiasm to enthusiasm, and nothing ever satisfies them. Helen was this sort. Discontent some say is divine—but so, then, is contentment. And Helen, in finding love, had found not only happiness, but peace.

I came back with a little start to the talk.

"But Vi's costume is blue chiffon over silver tulle with full Oriental bloomers and yards of huge pearls around her neck and hanging in strands from her hair," she was saying. "Vi, better come and put it on, then you can come up and show yourself off. Come on, Toby, you've got to go home now."

And Helen thus tactfully carried off both Vi and her guest, and left Francis and me facing each other with an understanding smile in our eyes.

"They always manage to leave an engaged couple alone for a few minutes," he said, as I came towards him.

And then, after a few minutes he kissed me again.

"It's after tea and you are tired from your long ride, he said. 'So I'll wait only for a glimpse of our go home. Tomorrow you are to dine with Mother and me at the house. I'll come for you on my way from the office.'"

He left soon after Vi came in again—Vi transformed into a slim little princess out of a fairy tale by her fantastic costume. Her slender little figure was tightly encased in full Turkish bloomers around her ankles, and over this she was draped the cloudy blue chiffon. Arms and neck were bare except for the ropes of wax pearls which wound around her throat with one strand caught up and pinned into her hair. Her golden hair was piled high on her head, she had touched the centre of her lips with scarlet, and beaded her lashes black, to carry out the fantastic effect.

My little country girl had vanished completely! Before me stood one of the most beautiful I ever possessed, sure of her loveliness and its captivating effect on others, certain of every word, every gesture. She had a little tilt to her shoulders as she turned around, a little arch to her eyebrows.

"I said suddenly you are grown up."

"Yes, Auntie dear and it's awfully nice," she answered.

"What did it mean? She had grown up by swift degrees under my eyes—she was fully her own mistress now. With her beauty and assurance of manner, Vi could be a great social figure. It was that, I wondered, that made her send Bud away? Did she think that she was too good for him, too high for him to reach?"

As he had promised, Francis brought his car around the next afternoon to take me to his Mother's to dinner. We lingered for perhaps a few minutes in my little living room, for there were so many things to talk about—and it was charming to talk while Francis held my hands or his arms were around me.

I had already put on my best sad dress—noticing with some concern that it was wearing out and that no amount of mending and pressing and sponging would quite overcome the increasing shabbiness. However, when I had carefully dressed my hair, and had even waved it slightly—I felt I could face his mother with more assurance, with my hair waved—I felt satisfied with my appearance.

"And you look lovelier every time I see you, my lover said after I had greeted him.

"We'll take a little spin first," Francis announced as he got into the car beside me.

I leaned back in the luxurious car with a sigh of pure content and happiness. Aside from the wonder of having Francis himself there was always the wonder of being part of this luxury, this beauty, this ease of life.

"This is your car if you want it," Francis said as we drove along. "I can get another for my own use, or I can have Bruce drive me to the office in his every day, and come home in a taxi."

"Don't get another car," I said almost at such extravagance. "I'll come to the office for you every afternoon."

Francis laughed indulgently. "So you think my dear and so you will wait for a few months. Then you'll find there are so many calls and luncheons and teas that you'll not have time for poor me."

I turned to protest. Then I thought over what he said. "Luncheons and teas with your friends! Will they like me? I've so much to learn about the social part of it. Dear—I'm rather frightened about that."

"You needn't be. And Mother will help you in that—yes, she will don't look incredulous. She'll be right on you tonight!"

I stopped the car before a house on Sixty-ninth Street—I recognized as one we had looked at casually before. Once one of the brownstone fronts that deluged this part of the city, this special house had been done over in a most artistic way. Red brick made a new front, and a better-looking one, and larger windows with leaded glass panes gave it a cheerful air that the other houses did not possess. It was only a few doors from Fifth Avenue and the Park.

"You new home madam," Francis announced, helping me out of the car.

I gave a little gasp of excitement. I knew, of course, that we were to have this place, but I did not know how much it had been done over. My excitement increased as we went into it—the ornate woodwork had been ripped out and replaced by a simpler style; the fireplaces had English mantels of a contemporary period; all the woodwork gowned with ivory white enamel.

"That's all I wanted to do to the place," he said. "When we come back, you can choose the color combinations, the papers and hangings and all the rest of it. Look here—this is our suite. Do you like it?"

I turned to him, and nodded my head. I could not trust myself to speak at just that instant. For there were some things that were beyond words, and some forms of happiness that could only be expressed in silence.

Mrs. Meade had evidently made up her mind to make the best of a situation she would not have chosen, and to do it gracefully. For this I admired her immensely.

She kissed me affectionately and took me into her room, where for an hour we went over the list of people who were to be invited to the wedding—which was to be the quietest sort of ceremony—and those to whom announcements were to be sent afterwards.

I wrote a little to myself as she wrote the name of Mark Upjohn as one to whom an announcement was to go. My own family, of course, were invited to the ceremony and Mrs. Meade very sweetly offered to put them up while they were in town.

"You sail in winter weather," she said. "Have you plenty of heavy clothes?"

"Francis said I should wait and get everything in Paris," I told her using the name vaguely—Paris was a place I merely dreamed of occasionally. While as for going there, I hadn't realized that at all as yet.

Very good but meantime you have ten days on shipboard—and you must look well. It won't take much."

How could I say that I had no money? Francis already was taking care of Violet—my bank account held only enough for rent and food for a few weeks.

You will please me more than you think if you let me select a few things for you," Mrs. Meade

asked, I hesitated, tempted, of course, but reluctant to take anything from her, knowing the antagonism she felt underneath.

"Do, my dear," she said. "I always wanted a daughter to dress. After all, she was coming round—she would like me!"

LETTERS Chapter 11

"You cannot have Enid tomorrow afternoon. I am taking her with me," Mrs. Meade announced at the dinner table.

Francis glanced up, surprised and then pleasure showed in his face as he took in what his Mother said.

"I can't think of anyone to whom I'd rather give her up," he said. "What is it—calls and frivolities?"

"Clothes!" his mother answered. "Call's later, perhaps."

Violet complained that she never saw me those two weeks. Mrs. Meade did things thoroughly, and when she took me in hand she did it efficiently as though she were undertaking to run a business, or a charity, or a church bazaar. Neither my time nor my taste nor my inclination were my own from that moment. But I gave in on every point, anxious to make her like me, to have her pleased with the marriage.

So we shopped, driving from place to place, comparing plans, lunching together in some softly lit restaurant, occasionally paying a call on some old friend of hers—women with soft voices and charmingly smooth manners, who made me feel, vaguely, that I was crude and unfinished. But I learned from them rapidly some little tricks of social usage—as I think Mrs. Meade meant that I should.

But her ideas as to what I would need for a ten day voyage were quite different from mine for I wondered how I would wear all the things she bought.

"You'll need a suit, of course," she said, and chose one with huge bands of fox on it, that was really wonderfully becoming.

"You've the fur coat, but you must have a hat for it, and one to match the suit, and one for a next—don't talking you to on Monday. You might as well buy a dozen blouses now—we really make them as well here as they do ab-

road, and the stoves in waist can't be changed so rapidly. Of course, you need an afternoon gown for the luncheon, and at least two dinner gowns and an evening gown."

"But I was to buy these things abroad!"

"You'll buy more abroad. You can't look shabby on the boat—not as Mrs. Meade!"

I felt humbled and hurt—then she was rolled up in one of her marvellous bonk silk negligees, and her short hair was in a delightfully tousled state over her head. "Toby isn't rich, and though my tea room pays well, I want to save money and some time picking out my trousseau in this sweet place and economy."

And I could wish her nothing better than that she should be even half as happy as I was.

Violet came into the room then, also rolled up in her kimono. She was unpinned her hair, which had been gathered up in a light and its golden glory fell around the blue silk of her shoulders. I, too, was tired—the three of us looked weary enough—so I slipped into a negligee, too. Violet suggested hot tea, and though it was nearly midnight, we agreed it was just the thing to make us feel better. Confidence was freely given, I then it was that Vi remembered

the letter from Henry Falls.

"Dear Enid,— Esther wrote in her little cramped handwriting that had become so familiar to me. 'We got the invitation to your wedding. I must say it was hospitable of Mrs. Meade to ask us to stay at her place. But we can't come.'"

"Can't come?" Vi echoed. "Mother was crazy to come."

"I like Francis well enough, though he does put on airs. But I know a thing or two myself, and I won't be a guest, or under obligations to a woman who never took the trouble to call on me when I was visiting you this winter. She never took the trouble to call on you either, who was going to be her daughter-in-law. But you always was a soft little thing, so I suppose you didn't mind. But I knew something about it what's what even if I do live in Henry Falls, so we won't come. Besides Laura's feeling pretty bad, with the baby coming and one thing and another, so I guess we'll stay here."

"Laura!" Vi exclaimed. "That's the trouble. She's put mother up to writing that letter. She's green with jealousy over the whole affair."

(Continued from Page 6.)



Santa Claus Decorated Our Store With a Most Gorgeous Array of XMAS GIFTS

The appearance of our store will soon make you realize Christmas is near here. We enter into the spirit of Christmas wholeheartedly with the result that our store is beautifully laden with a most complete and beautiful line of Xmas Gifts for ladies and gentlemen of all ages.

FOR THE LADIES

First we have a display of Chocolate packages from all the leading makers, in Christmas Boxes which are models of artistry and beauty. Our Perfumes are many in magnificent gift packages. Ivory Manicure Sets and single pieces we have in great variety. A magnificent line of Xmas Stationery is something very fine. We could go on indefinitely outlining the Gifts we have.

FOR GENTLEMEN

Cigars in Xmas Boxes—Case Pipes in Amber, etc.—Cigar Holders—Cigarette Holders—Tobacco Pouches—Cigar Cases—Cigarette Cases—Gillette Razors—Auto Strop Razors—Shaving Sets—Ebony Brushes, etc.

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HIRAM BALL, Gold Prize Medalist

N. GUNN'S VIEW, December 15.—For me, as a result of the report agents in London, turkeys are being introduced

Lucky For Him, Friend—I often hear of feet in connection with poetry. What are poetic feet?

Not Too Hard-Hearted, Lawyer—You want to ask \$5,000 a year alimony. How much is your husband making?

her and Her Baby are Relieved of Eczema, Mrs. Peter A. Palmer, Salt Burn, Sask., writes: "Dr. Chase's Ointment has completely relieved me of eczema and piles. I also used this Ointment for my baby, who broke out in eczema. A few applications were all that was necessary in her case. Dr. Chase's Ointment has been worth a hundred dollars to me—before using it I had spent a great deal more than that in unsuccessful treatment from doctors. We have also used Dr. Chase's other medicines, the Nerve Food having restored my health after suffering from severe nerve trouble when a girl."

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Safe Fat Reduction

Reduce, reduce, reduce, is the slogan of all fat people. Get thin, be slim, is the cry of fashion and society. And the averest and helplessness; revolting at nauseating drugs, afraid of violent exercise, dreading the unwelcome and unattractive diet, until they hit upon the harmless Marmola Prescription and learn through it that they may safely reduce steadily and easily without one change in their mode of life, but harmoniously, secretly, and quickly reaching their ideal of figure with a smoother skin, better appetite and health than they have ever known. And now comes Marmola Prescription Tablets from the same famous harmless formula as the Marmola Prescription. It behooves you to learn the satisfactory, beneficial effects of this great, safe, fat-reducer by giving to your druggist one dollar for a case, or sending a like amount to the Marmola Company, 4613 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., with a request that they mail to you a case of Marmola Prescription Tablets.

EXCITED PLANS Chapter 11

I was plunged into a perfect whirlpool of excitement from the day after my return home.

BRINGING UP FATTER—

OUR FUTURE ISN'T VERY BRIGHT AN' I DON'T THINK IT IS GONNA BE LONG!

RV GEORGE McMANIS

OH HOW I WISH I WUZ BACK IN AMERICA EATIN CORNED BEEF WITH JOHNNY CLEARY!

SAY ISN'T THERE ANY ONE AROUND HERE THAT SPEAKS ENGLISH!

LEAVE HIM ALONE—HE'S GONNA TAKE THESE DOORS OFF!

WELL TELL US WHY DID YOU TAKE THEM OFF—ARE WE FREE?

THEY COULDN'T HANG YOU WITH THESE ON—THAT'S WHY I TOOK 'EM OFF!



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