

## Children Cry for Fletcher's CASTORIA

Fletcher's Castoria is strictly a remedy for Infants and Children. Foods are specially prepared for babies. A baby's medicine is even more essential for Baby. Remedies primarily prepared for grown-ups are not interchangeable. It was the need of a remedy for the common ailments of Infants and Children that brought Castoria before the public after years of research, and no claim has been made for it that its use for over 30 years has not proven.

### What is CASTORIA?

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of  
*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over 30 Years

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" identifies the contains proper directions for Colds, only genuine Aspirin—the Aspirin Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Always buy an unbroken package of Bayer Tablets of Aspirin, which contains 12 tablets.

There is only one Aspirin—Bayer. You must say "Bayer". Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturers of Monoacetic acid esters of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross".

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In your soap, purity is not only desirable but its an absolute necessity if you want your clothes to last.

Sunlight Soap is absolutely pure—no fillers or adulterants of any kind. \$5000 guarantee of this.

## Sunlight Soap

washes clothes beautifully clean—fresh as new—without the wear and tear of the wash board.

Just on getting the Soap you ask for—SUNLIGHT SOAP

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO

# 2 IN 1

## BROWN AND OX-BLOOD SHOE POLISHES

THE GREAT HOME SHINE ALSO FOR BLACK, TAN AND WHITE SHOES

THE F. H. DALLEY CORPORATION LTD. HAMILTON, CAN.

## JUST A GIRL

BY JANE PHELPS

Chapter 65.

When I recovered from my faint steps I felt dazed for a moment, then recalled I had been right in front of the house when I fainted. My bundles were lying on the step beside me, but my pocket book, containing every penny I had in the world, was gone. Faint and dizzy as I still was, I searched frantically for it, even going back some distance along the way I had come, but finding no trace of it. Sick at heart, faint and weak in body, I climbed the three long flights of stairs to my mean little room, and throwing myself upon the bed gave way to my discouragement in tears and racking sobs.

Mary came in about half past six and found me there. "Zena, what is it? What has happened? Your mother?" "No, Mary—nothing quite so awful as that, but had enough." I controlled myself with an effort and told my story. She was all sympathy and indignation. "As if it ain't bad enough to steal anything, but a man or a woman who will steal a poor girl's pocket book is a skunk!" she vehemently declared. "I'd give a good deal to know who it was. I'd make them sorry, I bet."

"Never mind, Mary. It is gone and getting angry and crying won't bring it back." I struggled to my feet, but she at once pushed me back upon the bed. "You stay right there where you are till I get this supper. I won't will get a little nap."

I did as I was bid, and closed my eyes. But I did not sleep. Life wasn't all sweetness and light. One had so wonderful a friend as Mary. I must be brave and not allow discouragement to take hold of me. Then, as I lay quietly resting, thoughts of Kenneth Lawrence came to me, as they invariably did when under stress of any kind. What would he say, what would he think, if he knew of my plight? Would he care for me now that I was a poor working girl, as he had when I was the idle, well-groomed daughter of a supposedly rich man?

He was not rich—he had told me of his work, his struggles, but—poor me often married rich girls—and perhaps—HE was that kind looking for a girl with money. But I knew while I allowed these thoughts to run through my mind that it was not so; that Kenneth did not care for me because of his belief that dad was a rich man. But I was changed, sadly changed. I was no longer the gay, I'll bet or you wouldn't have fainted. Shut your eyes, perhaps you are a jitter. You ain't eat a bite and that had cared for me for myself.

I knew he was honest in his love, light-hearted girl he had known. I was tired, old before my time, often sad and uncompanionable. This change might make a difference in his feeling for me. "Supper's ready!" Mary's voice interrupted my musings. "Now you'll have to borrow," she remarked as we sat down to eat. "No, Mary. I shall pawn my ring." Then, "Don't look so disappointed! I shall not perhaps find work for days. I shall need money to pay carfare, for food and, unless I get work by next Saturday, for my room rent. It will be more than I could borrow from you, Mary. I know how pleased you are to be able to send more to your mother, and I may as well pawn this first as last."

The ring was one I had had since my seventeenth birthday—a cluster ring of pearls and diamonds, none of them large, but I knew it was a good ring as Mother never bought anything—save the best. And my string of pearls I would not part with unless it were positively necessary. Dad had given me the ring on my graduation, the pearls at my coming out. "Have you ever been to a pawn shop?" Mary asked after a minute. "No, but there is a first time for everything." I answered, more bravely than I felt. In fact, I was frightened at the thought of visiting a place where I think everyone who goes for the first time. But necessity knows no law, neither does it allow us to be too particular, so I made up my mind that I would go to one near the house the first thing in the morning.

## MOTHER!

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Accept "California" Syrup of Figs—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its "fruit" taste. For more information, look for the directions on each bottle. You must say "California."



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After shaving with Cuticura Soap the Cuticura cream, which gently rubs tender spots on face or dandruff on scalp with a bit of Cuticura Ointment. Then wash all off with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Rub with tepid water.

35c. Ointment 25c. and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: The Great Canadian Drug Co., Montreal. Cuticura Soap, each without box.

## ZENA TRIES PAWNING

Chapter 69  
The sign of the three balls in front of a dingy little shop down the street was my destination when an hour after Mary left me, I started out to raise money so that I might live until I found something to do.

I walked rapidly, my cheeks burning like fire. I went past the shop, around the block, then by again before I could summon up courage to go in. Then when the man behind the counter found I didn't want to buy, but had something to sell, or upon which I wanted to raise money, he sent me out into the street again, telling me to go to the entrance marked for such as me.

I felt an almost insane desire to run back to the boarding house, but put as great a distance between myself and that shop with the hard faced man, who had spoken so roughly to me. But I forced myself to walk calmly around to the designated entrance, first looking up and down the street to be sure no one saw me.

I found myself in a tiny cubby-hole sort of place, with a small table and chair. Upon opening the door to this cubby-hole a bell had tinkled, and before I had time to wonder what it meant, a man was asking what I wanted. "I want to pawn this," I stammered, as he held up the ring. "How much do you want?" It was the same hook-nosed man I had spoken to out in front, and his harsh voice took away all my courage.

"All you will let me have." "I want to pawn this, how much you want and I'll see if we can let you have it," he insisted. "Can I have \$30? It cost a great deal more but—" "I'll see," he interrupted so back and ask for more. He was back in a moment. "Yes, I can let you have \$30," he said shortly. Then he gave me a yellow ticket and the money.

I almost ran from the place and back to the house. How hateful it all was—pawning for small amounts the things one loved, gifts! I had often read of such things, but heard that people were forced to part with their possessions in this way, but that I, my father's daughter, would ever be so situated, was almost unbelievable.

That night when I told Mary what I had got for my ring, she sniffed. "I guess you didn't ask for any more near what it would have been given you, or the wouldn't have been so awful quick about it. But never mind, the interest won't be so big, and you'll know better next time." She took it for granted there would be a "next time."

## WORK AGAIN—FOR EIGHT DOLLARS

Chapter 70

"We will have to move, Mary," I declared when we reached the street. "We can't stay in this neighborhood any longer. After tonight they will be angry, and perhaps annoy us more than ever. I am beginning to be afraid of them." Both Mike and Joe had flashed sullen, angry glances at us when we hurried away from the motion picture show.

"Yes—I guess we got to move. It makes me mad to have them two toughs run us out!" "I'll get a position first, then we'll find a place as near where we both work as we can, and move right away."

Monday I commenced the round of the department stores again. The one where I hoped to get work had already all the help they wanted, so I moved along, taking them hit or-miss just as they came. After several rebuffs and some insulting remarks about my not looking like a girl who wanted work, I found a position at last at the notion counter of one of the large department stores, at \$8 a week.

"They only paid me \$6 when I started," I heard a girl mutter, and wondered if I had been given \$8 how I could have lived. Everything cost so much that even the \$8 would not allow me to send Mother and me. I would have to pay for all my meals instead of getting them in addition to my salary, as I had at the restaurant.

However, I didn't dare refuse the place. I was tired, almost discouraged. No one wanted me, an inexperienced girl. I must manage to get some typing and stenography. Yet how was I to do it on \$8 a week?

"Be sure you are here on time. We doek you for tardiness," the stern looking man who had hired me, remarked as I left the office. "Yes sir," I answered as meekly as any little ignorant girl could. Evidently meekness was expected of a working girl, so I would cultivate it.

"I will not let them crush me though," I said aloud when I burned the street. My cheeks burned, as I trembled. "I'll do anything so that I can do office work! I'll manage it somehow!" The \$8 would keep me going until I found something better, I argued, not realizing in the least that the return I must give for that \$8 would leave me with neither time nor strength to see Mary. Fortunately, Mrs. Watson was out, so I felt no embarrassment, only regret that I had been obliged to leave when the girls all greeted me pleasantly and said they missed me.

"I'll spend the rest of the day hunting a place to live," I told Mary. "I talked things over for a few moments—it was dull time in the restaurant—and then I started out. I had taken a list of the advertisement boarding houses in Sunday's paper, so I would soon find a place. Mrs. Leary seemed a good soul and her house was clean. I took the top floor, back bedrooms on the top floor.

"Why don't you be takin' the big wan in front, Miss, if there's two of ye?" "Mrs. Leary. We work hard and need to have more rest than we could get if we roomed together." "It's right ye are! I was only a thinkin' it would be a bit pleasant for yees. The back ain't much to see."

"We won't have much time to look out of the windows, and so long as it is clean, and comfortable that is all we require." "Where do you work?" she asked rather sharply, giving me a keen look. "In Marden's Department store. My Murphy works in a restaurant. May I ask you? Does it make any difference where your roomers work?" "No—dearie. I only asked because you seemed so good spoken. Different folks. But—no other, Mary Murphy, is she like you too?"

"different folks," perhaps she feared to take me in. So I added: "My father died, Mrs. Leary, and there was nothing left for Mother and me when everything was settled up there. We were very poor instead of having nearly everything we wanted, and—Dad. Mother is with a relative, and I am working so that some day we can have a home together."

"Glory! I knowed you was somebody the minute I clipped me two eyes on ye! I knowed you ain't been on work'n' gils for long. Not that work'n' ever hurt no one. I'll put some tidles on the chairs, Mrs. Lynch seem to fix up for yees here night."

I thanked her, paid a week's rent in advance, then left to pack up, feeling I had found another friend. Just that little speech about fixing up the room, putting tidles on the chairs, had made me feel that she understood just a bit how hard things were for me.

"I'll send your letters?" she asked. "No—I'll come around occasionally to see if there is any mail. My only correspondent was Mother, and I would write her at once, giving the changed address, as I might attempt to trace us."

"That evening Mary and I spent arranging our rooms. I had also packed and moved Mary's things for her so that we might be settled before I commenced to work. Mrs. Leary had been as good as her word. She had "fixed up" our rooms. As I saw the coarse lace tidles, the little attempt at beautifying the hopelessly ugly rooms, the tears filled my eyes.

"Ain't it nice and clean?" Mary asked, delighted. "Yes, and you see you keep it so!" I severely replied. Mary was far nearer than when we first knew each other but was still inclined to be careless. "You bet I will!"

We spent a busy evening getting settled. About 9 o'clock Mrs. Leary, who was very stout, came puffing up the stairs, with a pot of tea and some thin bread and butter on a tray. It was several minutes before she could get her breath so that she could speak, then: "I loike a cup of tea when I'm tired, and I thought you'd loike one when you went to bed. I've been listenin', and you has been workin' every minute. Aint' had no supper neither?"

"I had my supper at the restaurant and I brought Zena something," Mary told her. "But I AM hungry, and shall love the bread and butter and tea," I broke in. "So will Mary." "Mrs. Leary's hip to that! She knows no Irish girl ever, says no to a cup of tea."

"Oh, Mary will you ever learn to talk without using slang?" I laughed. "No, I never shall!" she returned so dolefully that I repented at once and coaxed her back to good humor, and tried to help Mary in her speech, tried to correct her use of slang, but made little headway. Had we been together all day, or had Mary worked in a different sort of a place, I would have had more success. But the slang of a sweat shop for years had acquired in a restaurant, cannot be overcome in a few months—especially if the girl has no education to speak of.

Mrs. Leary remained but a few moments, after she had gone, Mary and I sipped our tea, and congratulated ourselves upon being in so nice a place and upon having found so kind a landlady. "What's Mrs. Leary was to be to us, however, we never dreamed.

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answers, the sour looks, deterred me. I wandered about forlornly the entire noon hour. I was not hungry; I felt as if food would choke me. Then just as I realized it was time for me to return to the store, a common sense asserted itself and I ran into a little cafe, and gulped a cup of coffee and ate a sandwich. I worried along as best I could the remainder of the day. I asked no questions, and so made some mistakes. One of the floor walkers, a youngish man with a red pompadour and freckles, and wearing bright tan shoes, constantly passed the counter and as constantly stared at me. I supposed it was because I was new, and he was watching to see that I did my work properly. I tried not to let it make me nervous. Suddenly I heard one of the girls say: "Red-head has his eyes on that new girl! Just pipe him!"

I flushed with embarrassed anger. All the savior faire, all the sophistication, I had acquired in my life at home, didn't help very much. I was flouted by girls whose ignorance of what I knew, was only a little less than my lack of comprehension of them. But they knew how to sell notions, and I didn't. Fortunately at 20 we have a resiliency that enables us to endure

things which would be impossible in later life. And endure I had to, or give up the position. That I dared not do.

I speculated upon the cause of their dislike, and even consulted Mary as to her opinion. "They're jealous, that's what!" "Jealous of what?" I had learned one lesson, and wore the very plainest things I possessed. My dress was well made, and of good quality, but surely they would care about that, or even my hair. "Of your looks, I guess, it don't make no difference what you wear, Zena, you look the goods in 'em. I might put that dress on and it wouldn't make anyone turn around and look at me, but you look as if you had bought it at one of them shops on Michigan Avenue where they charge a thousand dollars a lookin'."

"Nonsense."

As the days grew shorter, I dreaded the time when the store closed. The floor walker had followed me once or twice, and once a big brute of a fellow had spoken to me as I hurried along to our boarding house.

Then one day I found out why I was disliked at the counter, where I surely minded my own business and did the best I could.

To Be Continued

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