Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued).

She rang the bell and questioned the servant.

"When did Miss Powis call, Mary?"

"One day last week, my lady. I told her you was in Scotland and she said she would write."

"I wish I could see her," said Lady Ellen, in her impulsive way.

To think was to act.

Mary rang up for a taxi and she drove over to see if she could find Miss Powis.

"If any one calls," she had said to the maid, "you can say that I am in town for a fortnight."

The woman she was going to see was a cousin of her late husband's, a middle-aged, capable, kind woman, one whom Lady Ellen loved most sincerely. Miss Powis was a trained nurse but, having a certain amount of money, she had taken up the duties of nursing almost entirely by way of charity, and she generally worked in the poorer quarters of the city.

The taxi was carrying Lady Ellen now to a street in Holloway.

The pretty little woman shivered once or twice as she rolled through the cold of the afternoon.

"I wish I had Norah's spirit; but I believe I should die if I had to live in these kind of places."

Yet when she got to Miss Powis's rooms they were not only cheery and comfortable, but actually pretty; and the neat maid informed her that her mistress would be back about tea time.

"I'll wait," said Lady Ellen; and she tossed off her furs and walked round the room, picking up the photographs and making herself quite at home.

In a very little while Miss Powis came in.

She wore her nurse's uniform. There was something stimulating about her. One felt oneself in the presence of a strong, resourceful, yet tender-hearted woman.

"Well, this is a pleasure," she said, as she kissed Lady Ellen. "I thought you were going to stay in Scotland all the winter."

"I'm only down here for a little while," said Lady Ellen; "and when I saw your card I thought I must rush off and see you, Norah you dear thing! How good it is to be with you."

"Sit down; we'll have some tea, and you shall tell me all about yourself," said Miss Powis.

"I've nothing to tell," Lady Ellen answered. "Your's is the interesting life, Norah." She laughed, with just a touch of bitterness in her laugh. "I'm nothing but a stupid, useless butterfly."

"Well, butterflies mean sunshine and flowers, you know."

Miss Powis smiled as she tossed off her bonnet and long cloak, and put the kettle on the spirit lamp.

Lady Ellen chatted away for a little while, but she was evidently restless. Suddenly she said.

"Can't you help me to do something, Norah?" I love seeing you, but you always make me a little unhappy, because there is such a contrast between us."

"Yes," agreed the other woman, "considering that I am old enough to be your mother, there is most certainly a contrast."

"I didn't mean that. I mean, one feels when one is with you that there is nothing wasted in your life, that each hour, each minute, you are doing something for somebody else."

Miss Powis looked across at the pretty face, which had a pathetic touch in its expression.

"I have always wanted to see you in your own home, Nell. I mean in a proper sense. God forgive me for saying hard things of the dead, but—Harvey was a cruel man; he had no right to have married you, no right to have treated you in the way he did. You wouldn't come asking me to help you if your life was what it ought to have been. Now, there's a nice cup of tea, and these are some of my favorite cookies. Come and tell me all about Scotland. Oh! by the way, Nell," Miss Powis pulled up her chair and sat down to the cosy table, "can you give me Adrian Dawney's new address?"

Lady Ellen's heart thrilled, as it always did, at the mere mention of this man's name.

"He is down in Kent; living in a farmhouse, you know."

"But doesn't he ever come to London?"

"Yes: as a matter of fact I believe he will be in town to-morrow. I had a note from him to-day. Can I give him a message?"

"I should like to see him for a few minutes. There is a little matter of business I want to discuss with him."

"I thought you always corresponded," said Lady Ellen.

Miss Powis shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh! my dear," she said, "really I am shocking where letters are concerned. I believe Adrian did write to me last, but it's ages ago. I think about him a great deal. He is a fine man, Nell."

"Yes, he is nice," said Lady Ellen, and she drank her tea hurriedly. Then she added: "Scribble him a line, I'll see that he gets it." Though she loved to talk about him, in a sense she was almost sorry that his name had cropped up just now. For, in truth, Lady Ellen hardly understood her own feelings with regard to Adrian Dawney: at least she knew perfectly well that he was the dearest and the best, the only man in all the world for her, but having conceived certain ideas about him (imagining that she held only a secondary place in his thoughts) she was schooling herself to grow, if not exactly indifferent, at least reconciled to the fact that she would have to live out her future without the joy of closer intercourse with this man whom she loved.

Moreover, she was honestly trying to train her thoughts to turn to Julian Bryant. She liked him sincerely. The fact that her cousin, the duchess, liked him and approved of him was also a great thing; and she did not disguise from herself the fact that Mr. Bryant admired her and was drawn towards her.

She quite saw the truth of what Norah Powis said. She was a woman born to be the centre of a home; she loved little children. She was not really at heart a worldly creature, one who lived only for excitement and amusement; she was too simple-hearted and—she longed for all those beautiful yet ordinary joys which fill the lives of most women.

Should she go on hugging to herself the hope which was dead even in her grasp, or should she turn and find her proper place in a second marriage with Julian Bryant?

This was really at the root of her restlessness, and at times made her almost unhappy.

She sat for a long time with Miss Powis, and felt altogether cheered and helped, although they exchanged no confidences when she took her departure.

Lady Ellen had told her cab to come back for her in an hour's time, and was soon driving back to the West End.

Miss Powis gave a good deal of thought to her after Lady Ellen had gone.

"She is a dear soul!" she said to herself. "Why doesn't Adrian make her happy?"

The maid, when she came in, brought a message to tell her that she was wanted by a certain case; but before she went out Miss Powis sat down and scribbled a few lines to Colonel Dawney. She addressed this care of Lady Ellen.

"Dear Adrian," she wrote, "I hear from Nell that you are in town for a day or two. Do make it convenient to come and see me. I am afraid I can't get West, as I am very pressed with work. I want to speak to you about a certain matter in which I am very interested. Could you manage to run up here to-morrow about six o'clock?"

She posted the letter herself, and walked briskly along, after she had done so, in her direction of the rather shabby, gloomy lodging house where her patient was awaiting her.

"I'd give a good deal," she said to herself, "to bring Nell and Adrian together; but I don't quite see how it is going to be done; and perhaps, after all, one might blunder! But she is too really sweet to be wasted all her life. I am only afraid Adrian will realize what he has lost when he finds that some other man has come into Nell's life."

CHAPTER XVI.

It had been hot, sultry August when Enid had taken up her life in the old rooms where she and Julian had once been so happy.

There was exquisite pleasure and pain combined for her to find herself in these well-known surroundings; and just for a few days she did nothing but rest and let Mrs. Chaplin take care of her.

Her landlady was genuinely sorry for her, and was kindness itself; but Enid quickly realized that the kindness was confined to Mrs. Chaplin; also she discovered in a very little while that she had made a great mistake in going back to where she had been known. People were naturally curious about her. It was all very well for her to tell Mrs. Chaplin that she did not wish to talk about her husband; but other people discussed him.

The knowledge came suddenly to Enid one morning that the story of Julian's great fortune had penetrated even to this small world; and with this story a certain element of doubt, if not actual suspicion, was born for herself.

Mrs. Chaplin, bringing in her breakfast, brought in also an old, discolored and torn copy of an illustrated paper.

"Mrs. Rogers saw that and she brought it along of her when she come to have a chat with me last night. She says as there is a picture in it of your poor husband, and, what's queer, he has got the same name. I told her as it couldn't be 'im, and must be a relation; but you know what she is! She will have it as it is the Mr. Bryant as used to live here."

Enid opened the paper and just for an instant her heart contracted and her eyes closed. The sight of Julian's pictured face was like torture to her.

It was a photograph taken before their marriage, when he had been a soldier.

It was younger, but oh! it was so like.

"You see," she said with pale and not very steady lips, "Mrs. Rogers has made a great mistake. This—this is a soldier."

"So it is," said Mrs. Chaplin, peering down at the page. Then she looked at her lodger a little furtively. "But didn't you tell me as once he'd been in the army."

"I don't remember," said Enid, in a low voice.

Prevarication untruths, were not easy to her. She looked so uncomfortable that Mrs. Chaplin said nothing more, picked up the paper, and went away.

Several days later Enid made another discovery. She realized that Mrs. Chaplin's kindness was no longer spontaneous.

By this time the rush of blood to her face and pain at her heart was easy to understand. She was discredited! The story of her widowhood, which had been suggested by Mrs. Chaplin, it is true, but tacitly accepted by her, was disbelieved.

She resolved at once on making a move.

"I have had an offer of some work," she said to Mrs. Chaplin. "It will take me right over the other side. I am awfully sorry to leave you, but——"

"Well, my dear, everybody must think for themselves," said Mrs. Chaplin. "I—I'm sorry to feel you must go, but perhaps you are wise."

"Will you tell me what you mean by that?" asked Enid a little coldly.

Mrs. Chaplin fumbled with her apron, and did not answer immediately, and then she said in an abrupt way—

"I didn't mean to say anything to you, because, after all, it's your business, but they're talking about you round about here, and that's the honest truth. They say Mr. Bryant isn't dead. One or two declare as they've seen him swelling round about in motor-cars, and—well—I'll leave you to guess what they say about you."

"I'll go away at once," said Enid hoarsely, "at once! Will you help me pack my things?"

"Nay! There is no such hurry as all that," said Mrs. Chaplin a little ashamed, as it were.

But Enid was now in a fever to escape from these old surroundings.

She was horribly hurt; the suggestion was so ugly, so humiliating, yet not even for this would she speak the truth. To put herself right in the eyes of these people would be to degrade him, and Julian's honor was still a treasure to her. Moreover, if she were to have told the truth, who would have believed her?

Some hours later she was seated in a four-wheeler with her modest luggage on the seat in front of her, and as she drove down the street she felt that everyone was looking at her, and everyone was passing harsh remarks about her.

She told the man to go to some lodgings, the address of which, by mere chance, had been given her by the baritone of the little touring party.

Literally she did not know where she would find the money to pay for the lodgings at the week's end, for all she had left were a few shillings, and these the cab fare would practically exhaust, yet the relief at leaving Mrs. Chaplin's house was so great that, though she was ill, she felt almost happy as she drove away.

When the new lodgings were reached, she had the good fortune to find one, and only one, room vacant. She gave the name of the singer who had recommended her and the landlady spoke of this one room deprecatingly; but when Enid had climbed up and had looked at it, she decided to take it.

"I shall be out all day at my work," she said; "and this will do splendidly."

The price was very modest, and after she had unpacked her few things, she went out and walked in search of a music shop.

Apparently there was not such a commodity in the neighborhood, but in the window of one of the local stores she caught sight of music, and entering boldly she made her way to this department and asked to speak to the manager.

With feverish nervousness she detailed her various qualifications. She could copy music, transpose, she could play, she could sing, she could teach. All she wanted was to earn a little money.

She did not receive much encouragement. The manager told her that the gramophone and mechanical instruments practically wiped out the value of a pianist's services; but he took down her name and address, and promised that if he heard of anything he would let her know; and after she had gone he said to one of his assistants, with a shrug of his shoulders, "More fit for the hospital than for anything else."

As a matter of fact, as she walked through to another department, scarcely knowing where she went, a sort of blindness came over Enid. Suddenly she staggered to a seat, and as she dropped on to the chair she lost consciousness for a few seconds.

A young woman who was shopping close by noticed her, and went at once to her assistance.

She exclaimed when she saw Enid.

"Why, it's Enid Sinclair!" she said. "Don't you remember me? I was Mary Pearson. Let's go and sit over there. I'll get you some water. You do look ill."

She was very kind, and little by little Enid came back to the knowledge of what was passing with her.

"I've often thought of you," said the other. "You were going to do such wonders at the Academy, do you remember? And then, of course, the usual story—you married, didn't you? and everything was ended. Are you living up in their neighborhood?"

"Yes," said Enid feebly. "I've—I've just come near here. I'm all alone now, and I must work to keep myself. I came to this shop to see if they could put me in the way of anything. I don't care what I do."

"Where are you staying."

Enid gave her address. She spoke of having toured, and she said that Miss Manon Laurie would be a reference for her if such were necessary.

"I know Manon Laurie," said the young woman. "I don't want any reference. You must let me help you. I'm married to a doctor, and he is doing very well. My name is Hughes now. I always liked you, Enid; you were such a pretty creature, and so jolly. I can't bear to see you as you are now. Look here, my dear, forgive me if I am very plain, but do you want a little money?"

Enid grew crimson, and then said in a low voice:

"Yes."

"I'm going to drive you home," said Mrs. Hughes and you must let my husband come and see you."

"Oh, no; oh, no," Enid answered hurriedly. "Thank you very, very much. I'm not really ill, only worried, and it has been so hot."

"Oh, my dear, you've got to be taken care of," the other young woman said earnestly. "You're simply not fit even to be out alone. Don't you realize that?"

"I shall be all right if I can get work. Help me to get some work," said Enid, feverishly. "I must earn something. If—if I can only get through this winter, then I'll go back to Canada."

Mrs. Hughes did not answer or press her views any further. She saw that Enid was really ill; in fact she half supported her friend as they walked out of the shop.

Outside she hailed a cab, and when they were driving away she said to Enid: "You are married, are you not, dear? I heard that was why you left the Academy; but I never heard your new name."

Enid paused just an instant, and then she said in a very low voice—

"Please call me Mrs. Sinclair."

Mary Hughes said nothing, but a little mist came over her eyes. She was an impulsive kind-hearted young woman, and something about Enid touched her very painfully.

The landlady at the lodgings was openly impressed by the fact that Mrs. Hughes was a friend of her new lodger.

The doctor's wife insisted on helping Enid to climb the stairs to that one little room, and when they were there she opened her purse and poured all the money in it on to the table.

"Look here, this is all I have with me, Enid; but I'm going to take care of you. Yes; I'll try and get you some work; but, first of all, you have to get a little better; and if you won't see my husband—well, you shall see someone else who is quite as good a doctor. She is a great friend of mine; such a nice woman! She does a good deal of nursing in this neighborhood. My husband finds her invaluable. I think I shall ask her to come and see you this evening. Her name is Norah Powis, and I know you and she will be great friends."

Mrs. Hughes did not leave until she had seen that Enid had various little comforts. Further, she insisted that her friend should undress and get into bed.

"I'll send you round some books and a few flowers, and I'll call on my way home and tell Miss Powis to come and see you this afternoon."

Words were impossible to Enid. She was overwhelmed with this kindness; also her physical weakness, her sense of exhaustion, was so great that she could do nothing but lie still, and seemingly accept all that was lone for her in silence.

Mrs. Hughes was as good as her word. An hour or so later she called again, with flowers and books and fruit. She had given her husband a little account of Enid.

"I had such a shock when I was in Cox's Stores this morning. I saw a woman very ill, and I went to help her, and it was one of the old Academy girls, a Canadian. I don't know what has happened to her, but she is very changed, and I am afraid she is in great, great trouble. Jack, one thing is sure, she is very ill."

"Where is she living? I'll go and see her," said Dr. Hughes. But his wife checked him.

"No; she begged me not to send you, so I scribbled a few lines to Miss Powis, and asked her to go in late to-day instead. I can't tell you how upset I feel about this. Why, I believe you must have met Enid Sinclair. Don't you remember when I sang at one of the Academy concerts I introduced you to an awfully pretty fair girl, quite beautiful, in fact?"

"Yes, of course, I remember her quite well. You must look after her, Mary."

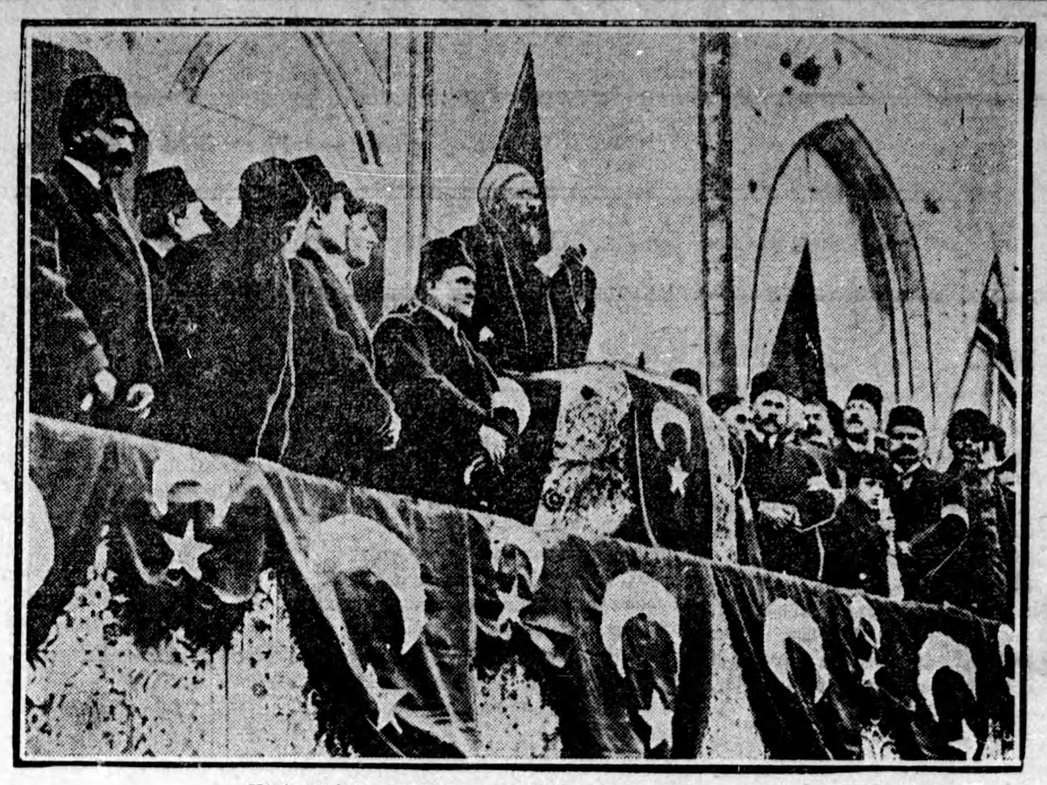
"Yes, I'm going to," said Mrs. Hughes. "She won't talk about her husband; in fact, I'm—I'm half afraid, Jack, that there is something wrong, but that doesn't make any difference. She was brilliant, Jack; the student of the moment, when I left. Now she wants to work, to teach; but she won't be fit to do anything for a long while."

That same evening Norah Powis climbed the many stairs to the little room where Mrs. Sinclair lay, and in the first meeting Enid's heart went out to her. She was kind and womanly, as Mrs. Graham had been; but there was more than this about her. She had strength, she had sympathy. Life had given her an understanding which made an instant and magnetic bond between them, and in the days that followed when Enid was very, very ill, it was extraordinary how this fragile and unhappy creature crept into the very heart of Norah Powis.

The doctor's wife was practical, womanly, thoughtful; but it was really Norah Powis who actually fought for the life of this young creature. She dragged Enid back from the grave—she and Dr. Hughes between them; and on this late December afternoon, after Lady Ellen had left her, she was making her way to that little room at the top of the tall lodging-house. As she walked her thoughts slipped quickly away from Ellen Crooper and her future. Lady Ellen at least had friends; she was safe in a material sense, but the future which stretched before Enid Sinclair was one that had grown to be a great trouble to Miss Powis, and she did not know how she could best help this girl whom she really loved.

(To be continued.)

Prosperity is a blessing to the good but a curse to the evil.



High Priest of Mussulman Faith Declaring a Holy War.

This photo which has just been received from Constantinople, shows the Turkish High Priest Sheik-Ul-Islan proclaiming the Holy War in front of the Mosque of Faith. The head of the Mussulman faith is shown reading the declaration of war, surrounded by Mussulman dignitaries.

MONARCHS HAVE MASCOTS.

Rulers Said to Believe in the Power of "Luck Bringers."

Many readers are probably familiar with the story of the Kaiser's toadstone ring, with which is said to be associated the prosperity of the house of Hohenzollern. According to the legend, implicitly believed in by all connected with the royal German house, the stone of this ring was dropped by a toad upon the bed of Elector John of Brandenburg, father of Frederick the Great, and has been worn by successive heads of the Hohenzollern family. And at his death, in accordance with the Hohenzollern tradition the ring will be handed, enclosed in a sealed casket, to his son, the crown prince.

The czar, too, believes implicitly in the supernatural powers of the ring which is said to contain a tiny piece of the erue cross. The story goes that it was presented to a Russian autocrat by the Vatican, who handed it to a former czar, and it has remained the talisman of the Russian royal family ever since. It might be mentioned, too, that the czar attaches marvelous protective powers to a unique collection of Oriental coins which were presented to Alexander III. by a Jew, who said that he had dreamt that they would have great influence on the wellbeing of the Russian royal family.

King Alfonso places great faith in a ring, one of the most famous in history, which is known as the Spanish opal and which was given to his father by the notorious adventuress, the Comtesse de Castiglione, as a love token. Alfonso XII. believed that it had a great effect on the destinies of Spain, and gave orders that it should always be regarded as the mascot of his country, a desire which the present king religiously observes.

This ring is kept securely safeguarded in the royal treasury, but Alfonso XIII. always wears on his watch chain a gold sequin given him by a gyspy woman, whom, according to the story told, he met one day near Madrid and offered her alms. The old woman indignantly refused them and then told how she really belonged to one of Spain's most ancient families and insisted upon giving his majesty a rare sequin which had been the treasured possession of her family for several centuries.

Probably few people are aware that the popularity of the copper and aluminum bracelet worn by so many ladies at the present time is really due to the fact that the late King Edward regarded as his mascot a similar bracelet, which was presented to him by one of his friends shortly before the serious illness which resulted in the postponement of his coronation. His late majesty, who was more than usually superstitious, regarded the bracelet as having a direct bearing on his ultimate recovery, and when he died it was placed among the personal belongings which he bequeathed to King George.

THE MONARCH'S CROWN.

Franz Josef of Austria Again Storm Centre in Old Age.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria came to the throne at a time when the imperial authority appeared to be crumbling before the assaults of democracy. Apparently he is going out when the Empire is in peril as a consequence of a too ambitious imperialism. It is often the case with nations as with men that the rapid attainment of power, wealth and territory entails certain elements of weakness as well as of strength.

After twenty-three years of war the Congress of Vienna in 1815 parcelled out European territory with a view of undoing the work of Napoleon and to restoring a sort of balance of power that would insure peace. Out of the territorial grab bag Austrias allotment was the provinces of Lombardy and Venetia to the crown and the grand duchies of Modena, Parma and Placentia to Hapsburg princes. Austria was also awarded the Illyrian provinces, Venetian Dalmatia, the Tyrol, Voraribrg, Salzburg, the Inviertel and Hausrucksviertel. Her possession of part of Galicia was also confirmed.

The yoke of Austrian domination fell heavily upon the Italian provinces and the result was the beginning of the United Italy agitation which kept the Empire in a ferment for half a century. The Hungarian and Slavonic people also chafed under German domination, and by 1848 the partition which had been designed to insure peace and undisturbed exercise of absolutism, came very near exploding all Europe and substituting democracy for imperialism.

Metternich, the master spirit of imperialism, fled for his life. Emperor Ferdinand did likewise, hiding himself in the mountains of Tyrol. He abdicated the throne in a state of mental panic. His brother, to whom the crown naturally fell, dared not accept it, but passed it on to his son Franz Josef, a fiery youth of more courage than discretion. By a supreme effort the imperial party managed to suppress the general uprising, and the young Emperor held fast to his crown, but his Italian provinces gradually escaped from him.

In the last days of Franz Josef's reign Austrian aggressions and territorial seizures again fired the Slavic people to a pitch of frenzy. The popular hatred led to a conspiracy of assassination. Austria was determined to punish the Servian nation as a whole for the crime of a few individuals because that conspiracy had developed out of the general state of the public mind in Servia. Opportunity was offered for a peaceful settlement by referring the matter to a congress of disinterested Powers, but Austria, backed by Germany, obstinately refused any sort of intervention and proceeded to a war with Servia. That war promises, before it is finished, to drag into the melee all of the European States. So the aged Emperor's reign, which began in a period of national peril, seems destined to close in a period of far greater peril.

On the Farm

Farm Notes.

It will take a few hundred feet of tiling, some grading and a little elbow grease to make the feed lot dry during the winter, but it will pay big in the added comfort to the animals, which always means added flesh.

There is a right way and a wrong way to prune any fruit tree. Each kind requires a different method of pruning, and it is important that the requirements of each kind be understood.

See that all weeds, grass and leaves are removed from around the apple trees. This sort of trash makes a good home for mice, and they like the green bark of apple trees.

The silo is a good investment for the rich farmer and a great blessing for the average dairyman who is striving to decrease the cost of the milk production.

Have plans been made for better plantings around the home next spring? Now is the time to study these things and decide what plants to use.

No man deserves sympathy when he is compelled to sell his stock in a half-finished condition because they are not doing well in a muddy feedlot.

Good layers are great eaters. A bird must have capacity to eat and digest a great amount of food if she is to lay a great amount of eggs.

Do not plant trees too deep. Two inches lower than they grew in the nursery is plenty, and will allow for the ground to settle.

While spraying is not a panacea for all the ills of the orchard, it is absolutely necessary for the production of fine fruit.

If the salt is not well mixed through the butter it will crystalize on the outside and probably make the butter streaked.

We may look at the silage question from any angle and we are forced to accept it as the cheapest food known for stock.

Alfalfa seed is expensive, and the heavier yields of hay are not usually secured until the second or third year or later.

Wherever alfalfa can be successfully established it results almost immediately in doubling the value of the land.

Arsenate of lead is growing in popularity as an insecticide, as it is superior in many respects to paris green.

The woodpile ought to be growing daily now. Sawing wood in the summer time is a tough and useless job.

A good remedy for bruises is a mixture made from equal parts of camphor, water and ammonia.

The hens must be fed and fed liberally if one expects eggs in large quantities, especially winter eggs.

Separate the breeding stock from the fattening hogs, also separate the larger from the smaller ones.

Steady, everyday feeding is what counts most in the final summing up of the year's business.

The business that expects big profits gets big profits—and small profits if it expects them.

No man can make money feeding 80 per cent. corn and $30 mill feed to mongrel hogs.

Hens lay a few more eggs when males are not used in the pens with them.

We can save a lot of time and work next summer by carefully planning now.

Never expose fowls in blustery weather.

Never feed wet alfalfa hay to horses.

There's a lot of dead timber in most family trees.

THE ALLIES

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

"Spohn's" and the Horsemen. For twenty-one years they have waged a successful campaign against the army of Disease. Distemper, Influenza, Catarrhal and Shipping Fever disastrously defeated by "Spohn's." Absolutely safe for all ages. Best preventive. Sold by all druggists, turf goods houses or the manufacturers.

Spohn Medical Co., Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.

$500 FOR A NAME

This is the beautiful new perfume, made in Canada, endorsed and used exclusively by Mde. Pauline Donalda, the famous Canadian Prima Donna.

We want a suitable name for it, and so will give.

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

as follows:—

$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
25.00 for the second best name.
10.00 for the second best description.
5.00 for the third best description.

and ten $1.00 prizes for the next best descriptions.

The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided, and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employee or member of this firm shall enter the contest. The contest closes at midnight, March 31st, 1915.

HOW TO ENTER:—To enable every contestant to try the new perfume before submitting their suggestion for a name, we make the following Special Offer:—For one dime, ten cents, we will send one of our Special Souvenir Bottles of the Perfume—regular 25 cents size—together with Free Contest Slip, and One Premium Coupon. All for 10 cents. It is necessary to have the Free Contest Slip to enter.

Write to-day. You will be delighted with the perfume, and have a chance to win the big prize.

RODGERS, GRAY & STEWART, PERFUMERS

Dept. W.I. 332 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.