Money Makes Money;

Or, A Strange Stipulation.

CHAPTER XVII.

Lady Ellen went back to Scotland long before the fortnight was up. She carried with her a quantity of luggage, and when she met the duchess she smiled a rather wan little smile.

"I am going to stay with you, Poppy," she said, "till you turn me out."

"Well, my dear; there is plenty of room," her cousin answered gaily.

She saw at once that something had happened to upset Lady Ellen, and she was a little more tender in consequence.

"You have lost all your fresh, rosy locks," she said. "I suppose there was nothing but fog in London."

"No," said Lady Ellen; "as a matter of fact the weather was excellent, very sunny and almost warm, not a bit like Christmas."

"Mr. Bryant will be here just in time," the duchess observed.

She had escorted Lady Ellen up to her room, and stirred the fire vigorously as she spoke.

"He arrives in Liverpool on the twenty-third, and will travel up here, so that we shall have him for dinner on Christmas Eve."

"Tell the children to hang out all the largest stockings they can get," Ellen Crooper laughed, but as the duchess was leaving her, she said, "Don't go, Poppy. It is so nice to be with you again! I wonder why I went to London. I've got the most extraordinary Jack-in-the-box sort of feeling with me these days, and it is time I settled down, isn't it? I am getting quite old."

"Yes, quite old," said the duchess with a smile. "But didn't you get yourself some new clothes?"

Lady Ellen shook her head.

"No; I had various interviews with Mr. Pleydell, and he is so very nice to me, and gave me so much praise for being economical, that I was actually strong enough to deny the temptation. One thing annoyed me," Lady Ellen said, a little abruptly. "I had a very disagreeable interview with Mr. Tenderten."

"Ah!" said the duchess. "And what did that objectionable young man have to say for himself?"

"He was rather familiar," said Lady Ellen, and she colored hotly. "But—well, it is so absurd, that really one hardly likes to repeat it, but he asked me to marry him, Poppy!"

"Well," said the duchess. "I must borrow one of my boys' phrases and say 'that was cheek!'"

"Yes, wasn't it?" said Lady Ellen. "He took my breath away, and then—well, he would have been quite nasty only Mr. Pleydell happened to come in, and Mr. Tenderten went away in a great hurry. But—I wish I had never had anything to do with him. I can't understand how such a nice man as Mr. Pleydell can have him for a partner."

"I believe he is very clever," said the duchess. "Did you see anybody else?"

"Yes, one or two people. Adrian was in town just the day I arrived, and he promised to dine with me, and then threw me over suddenly—in fact, rather rudely," said Lady Ellen, laughing with an effort. "I am not going to trouble about Adrian any more; he is no use in a social sense! He is only fit for his farm and his pigs!"

"Well dearest; I hope you are going to have a very happy time with us," said the duchess, and she went forward and kissed Lady Ellen affectionately.

"I am always happy with you, Poppy dear."

But it was generally recognized that Lady Ellen was restless and out of spirits. She took her share in all the preparations for Christmas willingly enough; but her heart did not seem to be in the work. She certainly had grown thinner, though she was as pretty as ever.

The little pathetic note about her gave her an added charm; a charm which was instantly felt by Julian Bryant when he arrived on Christmas Eve.

It was like a dream to him to pass into the old hall of this wonderful old castle, to be received as almost one of the family.

Here at last he might forget for a little while! And there was so much he wanted to forget!

His mother was in England bombarding him with letters, eagerly excited to see him. She had installed herself in his house in town, greatly to his servants' disgust; and Julian knew that she would be quite capable of travelling up to Scotland, and foisting herself on his present hosts if she only had an inkling where he was.

He had warned Stephens that his whereabouts were to be kept a profound secret; in fact, no one but this servant knew that he was back from America; not even Bill Ketch had yet been informed.

Like Lady Ellen, Julian had grown much thinner. But he was, if possible, handsomer than he had been, and in his rough travelling coat as he entered the hall his likeness to Adrian Dawney was almost painful for Lady Ellen to realize.

They stood alone for a few seconds, and they clasped hands, really glad to see one another, for there was something which drew them together, although in both their hearts there was a shutter as it were, closing out all that was really best and truest in both of them.

"Welcome," said Lady Ellen. "I am so glad to see you."

Julian said nothing, but only clasped her hand very, very tightly.

As they were turning away from the fire he spoke.

"I came because you asked me," he said. "I hope you won't think me a presumptuous ass Lady Ellen, but I fancied from your letter that you wanted me to come."

"Yes, I did want you, and I do want you," said Lady Ellen. "I feel somehow as if we were great friends, as if we had known one another a long time, I mean, and one always wants the friends whom one likes at Christmas time. Last year," she caught her breath with a sharp sigh, "I was ill in bed. I couldn't be with Poppy or with anybody else; but it is going to be quite different now."

Last Christmas!

Julian Bryant's eyes closed for an instant, and that sickening sense of shame which every now and then overwhelmed him like a physical weakness, took possession of him once more.

Where was Enid now? What sort of Christmas was it going to be with her? Was she back in Canada? Surely if she remained in England, she could not have kept away from him. He wanted to think that she was in Canada, although he knew with what bitterness and sorrow she must have gone back to the few with whom she could claim kith and kin.

She had spoken to him so often of her childhood and of her early girlhood, and of all the hardships that she had had to endure in her aunt's household. He knew with what delight she had come to England.

He waked from his dream with an effort and thrust remembrance from him almost brutally.

"It is over," he said to himself. "It is over and done with!" Yet when he was up in his room he paced the floor nervously. Was it over and done with? Could a man lose his wife so easily? Was there not still a tie? Let him resolve to kill remembrance—let him deaden his heart, and stifle every honorable feeling, Enid was still his wife, even though the magnetic charm of another woman was drawing him almost against his will, and ambition was shaping a future where happiness might come to him again.

What was his position? How was he to act? Now he regretted, and that acutely, that he had not traced Enid, followed up her movements.

"If she left me so willingly, so eagerly," he said to himself, although he knew that he was traducing her, "well, then—then she ought to give me the chance of obtaining real freedom. How can I have this freedom if I do not know where she is?"

And then he took a decision. "Pleydell must help me. I'll tell everything to Pleydell. If she is found I will insist on settling so much on her so that she shall never want, but I must have my real freedom!"

Then he stood still and his face hardened.

"After all," he said. "She went away of her own free will. I did not drive her away. Why should I be judged and blamed?"

* * * * * *

Mr. Bryant was immediately accepted as a "good sort" by the young members of the ducal house. The duke himself took kindly to the young man, and as to the duchess, she frankly confessed that she was more than half in love with him.

She did not tell Lady Ellen that it was she who had prevented Colonel Dawney from joining them on Christmas Day.

After Lady Ellen's return she had thought things out, and she had decided that her cousin should not meet this man again for some time at least; so she very frankly gave Dawney a hint—

"I believe things are working out for Nell's future which will altogether be for her happiness. I am playing the matchmaker, in the most barefaced manner, but I have taken Mr. Bryant's measure, and I think he is just the man for Nell. I hope you will come up and stay with us in the New Year." After she had signed her letter, the duchess added a postscript. "By the way, Nell tells me that the singer about whom you were interested is needing help; and she said you wanted me to take this girl up. I want you to know that I shall be delighted to do anything I can. Will you let me have this young lady's address, and I will write to her? Wiltshire House can be at her disposal if she wishes to give a concert in town this season."

Colonel Dawney's reply to the duchess's letter did not come till after Christmas. He sent a few scribbled good wishes to Lady Ellen, and with it a box of violets. When he did write to the duchess he thanked her warmly for her kind suggestion about the concert. He told her that he feared his protege would be unable to avail herself of this kindness.

"As a matter of fact," he wrote, "I have only just within the last week or so heard anything of Miss Sinclair, and I regret to say that she is in very bad health, and, what is worse, in very, very poor circumstances. I am doing what little I can, but the position is one which is extremely delicate, and I find it practically impossible for me to move actively, in Miss Sinclair's affairs."

Acting on impulse, the duchess sat down and wrote a cheque. She enclosed it with a few lines to Colonel Dawney.

"I want you," she said, "to use this money how you like for this poor girl. Please don't refuse me, and if you would like it when I come south, I will look after her personally."

She said nothing of this correspondence to Lady Ellen, for she did not wish to even mention the name of Dawney.

Lady Ellen had not confided in her, yet it seemed to the duchess that things were practically settled between hershelf and Julian Bryant. At least, when Mr. Bryant left for London rather abruptly one day, Lady Ellen seemed very depressed and out of spirits.

Late that night when the duchess went in to have a little confidential chat with her, Lady Ellen spoke of Julian.

"I like him very much," she said; "but do you know, Poppy, I have made one very great discovery. He is a very unhappy man."

"Is he?" said the duchess, "why should he be unhappy?"

Lady Ellen shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, but I am sure I am right, and I wish I could help him!"

"Nell, do you like him? I mean in the real sense of the word?"

Lady Ellen stood in front of the fire, a slim, almost childish figure, in her long white dressing-gown.

"I like him very, very much," she said slowly. "I have a sense of comfort and pleasure when I am with him, but I don't love him, Poppy. I—I don't believe I ever should."

"And he? Does he care for you?"

"He has not said it in so many words," said Lady Ellen, "but he certainly gives me the idea he could care. Only if it wasn't rather silly, Poppy, I should be inclined to say that he feels for me just what I feel for him!"

"Well, sympathy is a very good thing to work upon," said the duchess cheerily. Then she probed the matter.

"Nell," she said, "if Julian Bryant asks you to marry him, what are you going to say?"

Lady Ellen paused a moment, and then she answered—

"If Julian Bryant asks me to marry him I shall say 'yes'!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

On arriving in London Julian Bryant went to a hotel. He was resolved not to meet his mother, and further resolved to teach her that she could not enter into his life in any way whatever.

His heart had hardened towards her. In the beginning Mrs. Marnock had told him on that memorable last interview which had taken place between them, Julian had made a whole sacrifice of his life for his mother's sake. He had stood by her most chivalrously. He had burdened himself with her obligations; he had behaved very generously. But when she had married a second time and life had become easy for her, moreover, when the opportunity had been given her to act generously in her turn towards him she had failed miserably; and oddly enough it was his mother's hard words about Enid which made the man so bitter now in his thoughts of her.

He did not even tell Stephens that he was in London. He had no need of a servant; in fact, he preferred to be quite alone; but he wrote to Mr. Pleydell and begged the lawyer to see him as soon as possible.

The first part of his interview with Mr. Pleydell was easy enough, for in this Julian dealt entirely with the question of his mother.

"I authorize you," he said to the lawyer, "to acquaint my mother with the fact that I am going to shut up my establishment for some long period, and that it is not my wish that she should instal herself in my house. She has gone there without any reference to me or my wishes and she must leave immediately. The question of the servants can be left in the hands of Stephens, who will get his orders from me."

After this there was a little uncomfortable pause, and then Julian said—

"I have asked you to come to-day, Mr. Pleydell, because I want to consult you upon another matter. Some little time ago, you will remember, I said that I did not wish to speak of my wife. Now I find that I must break the silence I imposed. Can you give me any news of her?"

"None whatever," said Mr. Pleydell, quietly. "She seems to have disappeared; as a matter of fact, I had a letter from the lady to whom she went when she left you asking me for information about Mrs. Bryant. This lady has been travelling, and is greatly concerned because she has had no news of any sort about your wife."

"I suppose she can be found," Julian Bryant asked in a low voice.

"Well, yes," said Mr. Pleydell. "I daresay she can be traced if we use professional means."

Again there was another pause, and then with a rush of color to his face, Bryant said—

"It has become necessary for me to know where she is, because I want to take steps to have our freedom made complete."

"You propose to divorce Mrs. Bryant?" Mr. Pleydell asked in his quietest way.

A curious sensation shot through Julian Bryant's heart. This time he turned very white.

"No!" he said hurriedly. "That—that is out of the question." Then he turned to the lawyer. "Look here," he said, "I suppose you know how to deal with these kind of matters? The law is very clever. If two people want to be put apart, the law can do it, can't it?"

"There is one method which the law follows in such cases," said Mr. Pleydell coldly "and if you do not propose to divorce Mrs. Bryant then you would have to give Mrs. Bryant cause and reason for divorcing you."

Julian Bryant got up and moved about restlessly.

"The position is intolerable," he said. "You know, or perhaps you don't know, because after all, I am a stranger to you, but it is the truth, Pleydell, that if she hadn't left me I would never have separated from her?"

"I am glad to hear you say that," Mr. Pleydell said, and there was real emotion in his voice. "I confess now that I was very much impressed at the time you heard of Mrs. Marnock's strange bequest by your loyalty to the woman you had married." The younger man did not answer at once. Mr. Pleydell's words swept him back into that past he seemed to be in touch with once again, and that acutely with all the mental strain which had worked so disastrously against him.

"I did nothing extraordinary," he said in a low voice. "I—I was tempted, and you know that, but I would never have left her, and—the last thing I expected was that she would leave me; but she did go, and she behaved cruelly, Pleydell! For it was cruel to leave me as she did, to put me where I am now—never to send me a word or a line to let me know whether she was living or dead. There are things which are unforgivable! And on her must rest the responsibility of all that follows."

"And so you want to have a complete separation from Mrs. Bryant, because she left you imagining she was doing the best for you?" There was a little touch of irony in Mr. Pleydell's voice.

"I won't go into any reasons," said Julian Bryant very coldly. "I just state a fact. I want—freedom. I want to have my life to myself, without any tie, any barrier, because——"

"I understand," said Mr. Pleydell, and he got up, "because you have made other plans for the future. Well, I shall have to go into this matter rather carefully. Divorce is a little out of my line, Mr. Bryant. I think you would do better to have consulted Tenderten. He is more up to it than I am, and he is, if I may say so, less hampered by certain scruples than I am."

"I will have nothing to do with that man," said Julian Bryant. "If you won't act for me in this—well, then, I'll go to someone else."

Mr. Pleydell bowed.

"If you will permit me to say so, that will be preferable."

Julian winced. He was almost hypersensitive in these days.

"All right," he said tersely. "I only thought I had better broach the matter to you first. I suppose you have no objection to dealing with other business for me?"

"None whatever," said Mr. Pleydell, and I will see to your wishes about your mother without delay."

It was not long before Mr. Tenderten discovered that his partner was in constant correspondence with Julian Bryant, and to find out Mr. Bryant's whereabouts was an easy matter.

He did not approach Julian by letter, but late one afternoon he presented himself at the hotel.

To be continued.)

In the Wake of the War's Cyclone.

The picture shows what is left of the once pretty village of Domremy, Department of the Marne, France.

AMERICA'S PROTEST TO GREAT BRITAIN.

By Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colo.

Perhaps no single incident of the great war has awakened more interest in the two great English-speaking nations than the protest filed by the United States against the treatment of American shipping by the British fleet.

The despatches also indicate that the protest is arousing keen interest across the waters, as the matter is being widely discussed in the public press. As indicating the deep interest involved, a special meeting of the British Cabinet has been called to consider the protest, and this morning's papers declare the Cabinet near to disruption in the debate on the subject.

In this country among a certain class, there is a suspicion that unfortunately amounts almost to a hope that this protest holds a promise of war between the two countries.

There is always quite a large class in every nation, who want to see trouble, but these howlers for revenge are generally the last to enlist when the trouble comes. They glory in trouble and contention, but they want somebody else to make it and to suffer the consequences. They are of the mole variety of heroes, ever ready to throw bricks when concealed from danger by the people surrounding them. Happily that class is not very strong in this country.

Sober, thoughtful, sensible men and women do not invite distress and suffering that would be sure to result were this country involved in the European struggle. They are not influenced by false sentiments of so-called "National honor," and the "rights of American seamen," to the extent of wishing to see this country rush into a controversy that means great loss of life and property until, at least, that it has been clearly established that the "national honor" has been insulted, or our rights have been needlessly interfered with by other.

On the contrary, America's protest to Great Britain was made in a spirit of friendship, and affords no basis for war talk, for it had been received in the same spirit.

The treatment of neutral shipping by belligerent nations is always a very delicate subject, and one requiring the best minds, thoroughly trained in the field of international law and diplomacy, to adjust. It will be recalled that troubles arose over shipping between this country and Great Britain during our great Civil War, and which were not settled till long after the war had ceased.

Though differing somewhat in character from those cited in the protest to Great Britain this week, they held a genuine threat of war, a true causus bellus, for the reason that it was then openly charged that Great Britain was purposely aiding the Confederacy in its efforts to destroy the shipping of the North. There is no such claim or contention involved in the present protest. The old controversy was peacefully settled, and the two countries have ever since remained on the most friendly terms. There is nothing now existing that approaches the seriousness of the Alabama claims and the dispute that arose out of them.

I have no doubt that this country will insist upon full reparation for any real damage done to American shipping, caused by any unwarranted interference of the British fleet; and I am equally certain that British justice will gladly recompense for such damages, when duly established.

It is quite inevitable that the fleet should wrongfully detain some shipping in its eagerness to find contraband goods and prevent them reaching the enemy, and to this end no doubt the war fleet has been instructed to detain and search vessels suspected of having contraband articles aboard, or conditional contraband intended for the enemy.

It looks as though the real question at issue is, regarding the treatment of conditional contraband goods. That this should be treated exactly as absolute contraband and seized and conveyed to British ports for disposition, works a very great hardship upon shippers. But even so, I have no doubt that Great Britain is willing to co-operate with this country, and with every other country, in living strictly up to the laws of nations in their treatment of neutral shipping. The protest is only a business precedure between two friends, who have been foremost in preserving the peace of the world. That they should forget their friendship and undertake to settle their business differences by the sword is too ridiculous for consideration.

The period that has elapsed since the treaty of Ghent was signed 100 years ago on Christmas eve, has not been without acute crises in the relations of England and the United States. Had England pursued a policy of callous greed, she might easily have made the preservation of the Union impossible in 1861-65 by intervention on behalf of the Confederacy; and again in 1898 she might have formed a coalition with Spain. That these things were not done shows the strength of the bond between the two nations. Many have been the explanations of the vast volumes of American sympathy with England in the present great struggle, but the undying truth is that this sympathy is rooted in the organic life of the two great English-speaking nations, and by itself affords a unique and surpassing celebration of the Century of peace just closed between these nations.

America knows that the independence of the new world is due to the very conditions that made England an arbiter of Europe's destinies, and instinctively she knows that England's downfall would expose this entire hemisphere to devastating wars from which it might never recover.

Why should the over-sea democracies hate England when every true democracy on the earth finds in England its prototype, its patron and its strength? And in turn, it may be said with equal truth that England's strength would not be what it is to-day had she not the sympathy and moral support of every true democracy on earth.

That the rounding out of the century of peace between England and the United States finds the two countries nearer together in political aspirations and common sympathy is a tremendous fact, and portends the glory and triumph of both nations.

CHAS. M. BICE.

Denver, Colo., Dec. 31, 1914.

A ZOUAVE HERO.

He Sacrificed His Life for Beloved France.

A rare and stirring incident of personal heroism is that recorded in a semiofficial notice given out in Paris on the afternoon of November 23rd.

"The other day in Belgium, a German column was advancing to attack a position in the forest of Brie, defended by a detachment of Zouaves. Our men noticed that before them the Germans forced a Zouave prisoner, and at the same time they heard cries of 'Stop firing!' For an instant our riflemen and the men in charge of our machine guns hesitated. Then from the German ranks they heard the voice of the Zouave prisoner, who called to them 'shoot comrades!'

"There then flashed out from the ranks of the Zouaves a general discharge of rifles and machine guns. The fire laid low the assailants of the Zouaves, and with them fell the heroic soldier whose devotion made it possible for his countrymen to checkmate the ruse of the enemy.

"If the name of the brave man is unknown to the world, at least his regiment will retain forever the remembrance of his sacrifice, which is equal to any of the most famous instances of personal heroism recorded in our glorious history."

"Wouldn't you like," his mother asked a little boy, "wouldn't you like to give your toy boat to that poor orphan who hasn't any father?" The little boy looked at his toy boat and frowned. "Could we not give him father instead?" he asked.

A well-known naval dignitary has a beautiful daughter. A young ensign, with no resources but his salary, fell in love with her, and asked the old gentleman for her hand. The father at once taxed him with the fact that he had only his salary—hardly enough to keep him in white gloves and to burnish his brass buttons. "Well, Admiral, what you say is true. But when you married you were only a midshipman, with even a smaller salary than mine. How did you get along?" asked the ensign, who thought he had made a most diplomatic defence. But not so. The crafty old seadog thundered forth: "I lived on my father-in-law for the first ten years, but I'll be hanged if you are going to do it!"

FROM MERRY OLD ENGLAND

NEWS BY MAIL ABOUT JOHN BULL AND HIS PEOPLE.

Occurrences in the Land That Reigns Supreme in the Commercial World.

Thousands of acres of land in Carlisle have been flooded as a result of the recent heavy rains.

Owing to the depletion of staff caused by the war, the General Post Offices at Rochester and Chatham are closing earlier now.

At Sheffield the sale of intoxicating liquor is prohibited after 9.30 p.m. on week nights, and 9 p.m. on Sundays in all licensed premises.

The authorities have decided to increase the establishment of the 7th Battalion of the Devon Regiment, by the addition of 96 cyclists.

The skipper of the Fleetwood trawler Belmont, reports the finding of an ivory-mounted set of bagpipes in his trawl when fishing 25 miles off Barra Head.

Lieut. Louis Van Esten, of the Belgian Artillery, who died from wounds at Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, was buried with full military honors at Aldershot.

Mr. Thomas Kidney, a well known Leeds steeplejack, has just died at the age of 82. He was the oldest steeplejack in England and had a world's record in having felled 168 chimneys.

Mr. F. Sanford Thomas, deputy coroner for the city of London, has been appointed to command a company in the 7th Battalion of the City of London Regiment, and has been gazetted a captain.

Serious damage was caused by fire at the Manor House, Sedgley, Staffs, an ancient English residence. The owner, Mr. G. E. Brown, and the servants removed all the valuable furniture to the lawn.

Mr. George Cronheim, a German merchant and principal of a firm of lace manufacturers at Nottingham, was found dead a week ago at his residence at Nottingham with a bullet wound in his head.

The Cemetery Committee of the Deptford Borough Council have recommended that a portion of the ground on the local cemetery be reserved for the burial of sailors and soldiers who were residents of the borough.

There is great dissatisfaction among the miners of County Durham at the action of the coal owners in reducing the wages of men 3¾ per cent. at a time when many have enlisted and others are working short time.

Owing to the large number of local coal miners who have joined the colors, there is a scarcity of laborers in some of the coal mines in the Manchester district, and many Belgian refugee colliery workers are being engaged.

At Southampton Charles Bowden, cartage contractor of Eastleigh, was fined $260 or three months' imprisonment for having purchased from soldiers a number of army blankets, rugs and waterproof sheets, the property of the King.

The coal, cotton and engineering industries in the Manchester districts are now prospering so much that the city council have been asked to pass plans for extension of over a score of local works to which additions are necessary owing to improved trade.

Owing to the number of men on war service, the London Fire Brigade Committee is experiencing difficulty at the present time in obtaining recruits for the brigade. It is proposed that 10s. ($2.50) be paid to each member of the brigade who introduces a suitable recruit during the next three months.

WORMS

SPOHN'S DISTEMPER COMPOUND TRADE MARK

"Wormy," that's what's the matter of 'em. Stomach and intestinal worms. Nearly as bad as distemper. Cost you too much to feed 'em. Look bad—are bad. Don't physic 'em to death. **Spohn's Cure** will remove the worms, improve the appetite, and tone 'em up all round, and don't "physic." Acts on glands and blood. Full directions with each bottle, and sold by all druggists.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists. 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.

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