

## Fills a Niche In the Kitchen

You are familiar with absorbent-cotton, and its many uses. Likewise with absorbent blotting paper. But do you know the world of uses for absorbent-paper in the form of soft, snow-white

### Scot Tissue Towels

"use like a blotter"

In the kitchen, they are useful for polishing glassware; for ironing, instead of using a linty cloth; for absorbing surplus fat from fried foods; for laying over baking bread; for covering pantry shelves; and for drying the hands after their frequent washes during the day.

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Fixtures - 25c to \$1.00

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testimonials which we hand to people in our service who have given satisfaction:

"I, THE undersigned Arsène Lupin, gentleman-burglar, ex-colonel, ex-man-of-all-work, ex-corpse, hereby certify that the person of the name of Ganimard gave proof of the most remarkable qualities during his stay in this house. He was exemplary in his behavior, thoroughly devoted and attentive; and, unaided by the least clew, he foiled a part of my plans and saved the insurance companies four hundred and fifty thousand francs. I congratulate

him; and I am quite willing to overlook his blunder in not anticipating that the downstairs telephone communicates with the telephone in Sonia Kritchhoff's bedroom and that, when telephoning to Mr. Chief-detective, he was at the same time telephoning to me to clear out as fast as I could. It was a pardonable slip which must not be allowed to dim the glamor of his services, nor to detract from the merits of his victory.

"Having said this, I beg him to accept the homage of my admiration and of my sincere friendship.

"ARSENE LUPIN."

## A Deep Purple Finish

(Continued from Page 6)

for you that you'll not forget soon."

Whether it was because of the faith inspired in Mr. Brown by the word scientific, or whether Sullivan actually could make hair grow, will never be known; but the fact remains, that after eighteen months of persistent treatment, during which time Sullivan nursed his patient's hair with pains worthy a greater creation, Mr. Brown had the semblance of a crop.

Sullivan was proud of his work; but following Flanagan's advice, he talked little. On several occasions, he wondered if Mr. Brown would offer any token of special recognition; but the latter seemed to have forgotten, until one day just after he had received his weekly treatment.

"Do you want to make some money, Sullivan?" queried Mr. Brown, somewhat patronizingly.

"Yes, I lika make some more da mon'. I do perty good here; but no can sava moch. My wife an' me, we joost pay twelfa hundred dollar on a house in da Bronx. Dat 's all we sava since we come to America," replied Sullivan, thinking the poorer he seemed the more generous his benefactor might be.

"You'll never get rich saving money, and you'll never make much buying houses. Invest where you will get quick returns. I know where you can double your money in three days," said Mr. Brown looking at Sullivan as though he pitied him for his pettiness. The idea of buying houses! Absurd!

Sullivan did not know very much about geometric progression; but as he surveyed the wonderful man before him, he saw his capital doubling itself several times, and the result made him dizzy. Here, at last, was America! Double your money in three days! What matter if it took three weeks?

But to get back to business, Sullivan of course must ask: "How?" The pain that has been caused by that simple query, makes it the most dangerous word in the language. It is the first bite of the sucker.

Of course it was very simple. Mr. Brown had reason to know that Union Pacific was going up kiting, and those who got in now would clean up. He was obliged to explain that the Union Pacific was a railroad whose receipts were millions a month. Sullivan suggested that if he brought the money to Mr. Brown, possibly he would look after the transaction. Of course, Mr. Brown had never anticipated such an outcome as this; but since it was Sullivan, he consented. The barber was to buy one hundred shares, for which he was to deposit one thousand dollars.

THAT evening, there was a tumultuous scene in the Sullivan home. Sullivan told his wife the whole glowing story, ending with a proposition that they at once proceed to Contorno, the Italian banker, and arrange for a loan of one thousand dollars, with a second mortgage on their house as security. But Maria was not impressed. On the contrary, she thought the whole scheme the height of folly. She wailed and vainly implored her husband to turn a deaf ear to the get-rich-quick siren. He was obdurate. She could not even persuade him to seek Flanagan's advice. Maria knew intuitively that the thousand was gone. When Contorno would consent to loan only eight hundred dollars on the second mortgage, she was secretly delighted; for she counted that two hundred saved from the ruins.

Apologetically, Sullivan applied at Mr.

Brown's office the following morning, with the money pinned inside his shirt. He explained that he had not been able to raise one thousand dollars; but hoped that he could still participate in the golden reward.

"That's all right, Sullivan; I'll lend you two hundred, if you need it. You give me the money. This eight hundred will protect you in case the stock goes down eight points, and if it does go down any further than that, I'll protect you!" and Mr. Brown patted him on the back.

With a deep affection for this his second benefactor, Sullivan returned to the shop. For the first time since he had opened his place of business, he was not proud of it. It seemed very paltry, compared to the Union Pacific Railroad, of which he was now part owner.

The disillusionment of the next few weeks may be dismissed briefly. Of course, the stock went down; and, of course, Mr. Brown didn't protect Sullivan. Maria was not enough of an angel to resist rubbing it in to her spouse, until home lost its charm. The only place that looked really inviting was the East River. Mr. Brown, however, must first be properly despatched. Several visits to that worthy's office — the last in company with Maria, who stormed and cried until both were ejected — resulted in naught. Mr. Brown was not to be seen, and moreover ceased his visits to Sullivan's shop.

THOSE theorists who believe that a persistent thought is ultimately externalized, would have found corroborative evidence in the case of J. Montgomery Brown. Shortly after he had submitted himself to a new barber, the old fear returned and gripped him harder than ever. He knew that his hair was falling again, and coupled with the fear was the firm belief that no one but Sullivan could save him from baldness. Several times he got as far as the latter's door, and then lost courage; for he was in doubt of the consequences.

The surrender came after a six months' struggle. Mr. Brown had communed with the office mirror, carefully noting all that the glass reported to him. He touched one of a little row of buttons on his desk. In response, appeared a velvet-footed clerk, who gazed upon him with great reverence.

"Get eight hundred dollars from the cashier, and bring it to me," growled Mr. Brown.

"Cash, or a check, sir?" timidly inquired the clerk.

"Cash, or a check?" bellowed the lord of the office. "Must you always ask foolish questions? If I wanted a check, would n't I ask for a check? Why can't I find some one with brains?"

With the eight hundred dollars carelessly dropped in his coat pocket, Mr. Brown sallied forth. He was torn by conflicting emotions; but he had figured it all out — his hair was worth more to him than the money. He prided himself on his diplomacy. He knew exactly how to handle this matter; but, nevertheless, there was a sickly smile on his face as he breezed into Sullivan's shop.

Before the amazed barber had a chance to make a hostile move, Mr. Brown grabbed his wet hand, shook it vigorously and opened up his squaring speech:

"Why have n't you been around to see me? I've been so busy I have n't had a chance to get in here. Just happened to remember this morning that you had not come around to get your money. You

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