POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER XIX—The Dream Dress.

more practical."

ing on that skirt?"

"Then that tete-de-negre lace with

the silver underneath-what a dar-

ling. How do they manage the drap-

"No-no," considered Polly, "looks

too costly. I've about decided on a

satin crepe or taffeta. I could wear

it afternoons or evenings either.

Look at that one with the adorable

puffs of sleeves! And the wide, shallow neck-line, and that wonderful

rosette-thing on the hip. Oh, I be-lieve— Would I look well in that

"You'd be a perfect duck in it. It's

Rather timorously, Polly signaled

the saleswoman that she would try

on the brown with the orange. It

But as she finally gave the order,

her heart stopped beating at the

price. Nearly \$180! But then, it was

(To Be Continued.)

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Spare Time Jobs

BURNT matches, when dropped on

When tossed on the top of the kit

chen stove they leave particles of

the floor, make black spots.

for Father—

so simple and distinguished. I'd have

shade of brown with the orange?"

it, no matter what it cost."

was exquisite on her.

a dress of a lifetime . . .

By ZOE BECKLEY. Beventeen! Why don't you get it? EVERY morning after Paul had set out for the "stove studio"

But Polly said firmly. "No. It's too evening-ish. I must have something olly would walk to where English and Americans frequently gathered. It was so good to hear the familiar English voices, to see the cleanhaven, well-set-up men, the wholeome girls with their neat silken inkles and pointed shoes and smart

She often made acquaintances and tent shopping or sightseeing with his woman or that. One of them roved uncommonly pleasant—a selfeliant girl named Norma Bradly, ho had come to France as a war worker and had remained to study. It was with Miss Bradly that Polly kent to Paverel's to get her "real lress" after the heartbreaking fail-

tre of the one from the side street.
"I don't want another such exerience," said Polly with a shudder "Bless your heart, I should say

ot! I know just how you feel. I lid the same thing, trying to econonize, and I've learned to go either the big departmental stores for eadymades, or to the good modistes. You get stung every time if you fon't. Even at the best places you jometimes have to scrap like everyhing to get exactly what you want. Come on, I'll help you." Norma was a comfortable girl,

findly and good humored. Polly ound her an immense relief from Violet Rand who, try as she would, the could not like. Violet, she felt, endured her only to be with Paul, and took a catlike pleasure in cratching whenever possible.

At Paverel's this time they were ushered into the "Special Salon l'Exposition"—a little theatre-like "Special Salon howroom exquisitely decorated in nauve and pale yellow. There was stage draped with many thicknesses of chiffon in shades of purple, mauve and cream, and bright with tootlights.

The audience sat in small gill thairs under amber-shaded lamps and the models undulated slowly out ppon the stage, walking, standing, litting and sometimes taking little Sance steps to show off the balltrocks.

There was a blue one-Paul loved ashes that often drop down into plue; what man doesn't?-of taffeta, cooking food. marvelously simple but with what | Put these used matches safely lines! The lowness of the bodice away by having a small "Burnt made Polly gasp a bit, but the skirt Matches" box in a handy place by was round and full, falling from a the stove.

I should call it a hip-line." Viennese botanist has been able "but it would to double the life of certain plants make a woman of seventy look by suppressing their blossoms

Color This Valentine For Teacher



In school I seldom do, But let me whisper Won't you be

Bet teacher will be surprised if you give her this valentine, all colored nicely with crayon. Cut it out and paste it on a stiff piece of cardboard before you color it. Monday there will be a valentine to color for your

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN

RAISIN BREADS

They Are Nice To Serve With Tea, Jam or Marmalade.



ea or may be served the family dinner. Housekeepers often forget that the sweet may be introduced early in the meal and

Raisin Brown Bread.

Two eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup granulated sugar, 1/2 cup molasses, 3 cups graham flour, 11/2 cups white flour, 2 cups sour milk, 2 teaspoons soda, 1 cup raisins.

Beat eggs well. Beat in salt and sugar and add molasses. Add gra-ham flour and mix thoroughly. Add thick and cut with a cookie cutter. She fell back one cup milk. Dissolve soda in renaining cup of milk and add to mixture. Sift flour over raising and stir into batter. Be sure that the whole into batter. Be sure that the whole is perfectly blended. Pour into 3 cert after a light dinner.

Two cups sour milk, ½ teaspoon have been well buttered and floured. Bake an hour in a hot oven.

Two cups sour milk, ½ teaspoon soda, 2¼ cups white flour, ¼ cup corn meal, 1 egg, you," he said. "What's the use o' "You young cat, I'm not gonna hurt white flour, ¼ cup corn meal, 1 egg, you," he said. "What's the use o' "Leesten Muchaco. Go down—

Raisin White Bread. One-half cup sugar, 1 egg, 11/2 up seeded and chopped raisins, 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

UICK light breads Beat egg well. Beat in salt and are always nice to sugar. Mix and sift flour and bakerve with afternoon ing powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Stir in raisins. with Jam or marma- Turn into buttered and floured baklade to take the ing powder cans. Put in a warm place of dessert for place and let rise twenty minutes. Bake forty-five minutes in a hot oven.

Raisins Scones If friends come in and there doesn't

seem much for dinner make these have you, my pretty?" a heavy voice a fancy dessert made raisin scones and serve them hot. jeered. Freshly baked raisin brown bread tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon sugardless of the pain, exerting every gar, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar, ½ muscle of the strong young arm and teaspoon soda, 1 egg, ½ cup seeded shoulder. and chopped raisins, 1/4 teaspoon salt.

Mix and sift flour, sugar, salt, soda and cream of tartar. Rub in me!" butter with fingers. Beat eggs till light with 1-3 cup of water and cut teeth. With a startled oath Doble into flour. If not soft enough to snatched his arm away. Savage as front of him, and rode away at a jog-roll add more water. Cut in raisins. a tigress, Joyce had closed her teeth trot. The youngster was screaming at the top of his lungs.

Bake in a hot oven.

Raisin Hot Cakes. Serve these with maple syrup some, round a tree, doubled on her course, Sunday night for supper or as des-sert after a light dinner. then deflected toward the corral. Swift and supple though she was, his

1/2 cup seeded and chopped raisins. Mix and sift flour, salt and soda, cups milk, 4 cups flour, 4 teaspoons Beat egg well and add sour milk. small body hurled itself against baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 Add raisins to first mixture and stir Doble's leg and clung there, beating in milk and egg. Beat till thorough- his thigh with a valiant little fist. ly mixed and then do not stir. Drop by spoonfuls on a hot, well greased sister go!" the boy shouted, repeat-

(Copyright, 1922).

Evolution of Coward To Hero Is Comedy Plot

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10 .- Cowardly youth. Runs away from fights Realizes his weakness.

His grandmother lectures him. Tell him of his grandfather. He, too, was yellow. But he had been given a carved figure, a talisman of cour Grandmother presents youth with

the carved figure. He thrashes a big youth who had been bullying him for years. Believing in the talisma he is brave. Then grandmother tells him the

tale about the grandfather was spun from the whole cloth. She takes the carved figure and fits it on her um brella as a handle.

The coward, believing in the symbol of courage, came to believe in his own courage.

That's the plot of the comedy Harold Lloyd is making now. He told me about it himself. It seems far removed from slap-stick. Lloyd also told me some illuminating things about comedy making.

"I don't know how successful that comedy will be," he said. only six laughs in the first reel, but that first reel creates sympathy for my character. I believe it builds the foundation for the laughs that come in later reels.'

When Lloyd makes a comedy he counts the number of laughs in it There is very little originality in the "gags" that are used to produce laughs. Most of them are suggested by situations in old comedies that have produced laughs. The originality lies solely in presenting them in a new manner. Lloyd is the most serious scree

player I have yet met.
That includes Chaplin. Chaplin may be more serious about life itself, about the plight of the underdogs of as Lloyd about the business of being

Those glassless specs of Lloyd's, for instance. He has worn the same pair in all his comedies for two years. third of all the situations in his pres

CHAPTER XXVI.

"So you've come back to old Dug,

"Let me go," she cried, terror ram-

pant in her white face. "Don't touch

There was a swift flash of white

There was a patter of rapid feet. A

ing the words over and over.

Doble looked down at Keith. "What

unny.



Pauline Starke. Each situation is built with a def
"Silent Years," the plot of which an immigrant lad in his latest cominite play for a humorous reaction, deals with the maternal spark with
edy, "My Boy," In it he appeals

for imparting knowledge, and a very in the breast of a childless woman.

> them on. The upper rim of them coincides with the arch of his eyebrows. Thus the audience is not constantly reminded that he is wearing glasses, he believes. The double line of spectacle rim and eye-brow would focus attention to the glasses.

up the cinema ladder has been largely through his own endeavors. He directed many of his comedies and wrote most of them. At least one-They fit so snugly he forgets he has ent comedies are his own innova- ducers of the Coogan films.



Jackie Coogan in the character of through his art and his artlessness.

Much of Jackie Coogan's appeal is in his simple boyishness. He shows real pantomimic genius, but that is displayed largely in boyish pranks. After a few years it will be harder ocus attention to the glasses.

And Lloyd was allowed to develop other player in the pictures, that is, the boys for confirmation.

"He gave us gruesome details of his be-spectacled character only after such vehicles as "My Boy." It has plight of the underdogs of he threatened to quit the firm he real story worth. The only child But he is not so serious had contracted with. Lloyd's climb actor who goes along without losing actor who goes along without losing from infractions of the moral law his appeal is Wesley Barry. That is because Marshall Neilan has raked hysterics, and gave him some sort of because Marshall Relian and scraped the ends of the literary psychic twist from which he never world for vehicles to fit him. The world for vehicles to fit him. The same task will soon confront the pro-

"Let me go!" she demanded. "At "You're not gonna go," he told

her flatly. "You'll stay here—with me. For keeps. Un'erstand?" "Have you gone crazy?" she asked wildly, her heart fluttering like a frightened bird in a cage. you know my father will search the

whole country for me?" "Too late. We travel south soon as it's dark." He leaned forward and put a hand on her knee, regardless of the fact that she shrank back quivering from his touch. "Listen, girl. You been a high-stepper. You had the ol' man kick me outa my job as foreman of the ranch. I told him an' you both I'd git even. But I don't aim to rub it in. I'm gonna give you a chance to be Mrs. Doble. An' when you marry me you get a

man for a husband." "I'll never marry you! Never! I'd rather be dead in my grave!" she broke out passionately. "Please yorse'f, sweetheart," he

"Peel this kid off'n my leg and hit feered. the trail, Juan. I don' care where you leave him so long as you keep an While he lounged sullenly on the chopping-block, shoulders and head sunken, a sound brought him to olert attention. A horseman was galloping down the slope on the ther side of the valley.

Doble eased his guns to make sure of them. Intently he watched the approaching figure. He recognized the horse, Chiquito, and then, with an oath, the rider. His eyes gleamed with evil joy. At last. At last he and Dave Sanders would settle ac-

the same instant that he pulled Chiquito up. The horse was between denly into the empty and undesirable him and his enemy.

long, level look, "Where's Joyce Crawford?" asked

'That your business?" Doble added

Norris intended it to mean, Somehow we always distrust novelto his retort the insult unmention-"I'm



A swish of skirts, a soft patter of feet, and Joyce was beside her friend, clinging to him, weeping in

his arms. Doble moved round in a wide circumference. When shooting began he did not want his foe to have the

"Go back to the house, Joyce," said Dave evenly. "I want to talk with this man alone."

risk of hitting Joyce.
"Hidin' behind a woman, are you?" he taunted. At any moment he might fire

Dave caught the wrists of the girl, dragged them down from his neck,

nan had come. He spoke quickly. Turn yer gun this way, Dug." It was Shorty, His revolver flashed at the same instant. Doble

The forty-fives roared. Yellow flames and smoke spurted. Out of the battle Shorty and Sanders came erect and uninjured. Doble recent evidence, recent evidence, resulting on the ground, his revolver 200,000 years ago.



Robinson. The Macmillan Com

ANOTHER addition to the long list of books about children written for grown-ups is provided by Edwin Meade Robinson's

iew volume, "Enter Jerry." - Daily It begins, not indeed with Jerry's but with his very earliest recollections, and ends when, at 17 he starts for college. He is himself the parrator of his history, his school and factory experiences, his youth-

ful love affairs and ambitions, The scene is laid in a small town which had hoped to be the county seat and been disappointed.

Jerry is a likable lad, who does all the usual boy things, skating and swimming, getting into trouble and out of it, being attracted by small girls, and so forth. No doubt many grown man will find in Jerry's youthful experiences his own reflected. When his parents go on trip abroad, Jerry is sent to Osborne Academy as a boarder, having formerly been there as a day pupil only.

Dr. Wareham, rector of the Episcopal Church, was head of the school eloquent preacher, he nevertheles thoroughly believed in corporal pun-

And the way in which he came presently to like, and after a while ghoulishly to enjoy, the sight of the pain he inflicted is very well indicated.

mental and physical disease resulting with something he did not under stand; and, in trying to build up our morals, he wrought sad havon in the dim penetralia of our unconscious.

The book is delightfully written and often very amusing. Jerry and his friends are real boys, not at all vicious, but with plenty of capacity for mischief-making-which they use to the fullest extent. But, besides its amusing side, the book clearly shows the influence upon the plastic character of many insignificant seeming events, events which make impressions never to be effaced.

CASEY-RYAN. By B. M. Bower McClelland, Toronto.
This is no more than a series of

highly picturesque anecdotes con cerning the adventures of an Irish man with a Ford car in the wilds of the American Rockies, without other connection than the fact that they successively happen to that philosophical, daring and loquacious

Readers of the Bower output, which now consists of eighteen volumes will not need to be told that the anecdotes are narrated with great vividness and humor, and introduce a large number of amusing char-

THE BELOVED WOMAN. By Kathleen Norris. Gundy, Toronto. Little Norma Sheridan had a mys-

tery about her birth, and people were constantly telling her their conjec tures about it as if they were certainties, which was hard on Norma, because they were very contradictory and always wrong. Norma was picked

working-class family and hurled sudlife of the richest old family of New The eyes of the men crossed in a York, where she had to associate with people who had the "belle aire"

which our dictionary tells us must

mean the "fine area," although we hardly think that that is what Mrs.

SANDERS WOULD SETTLE AC-

you done with her?"

protection of the horse's body.

The girl clung the tighter to him. "No, Dave, no! It's been .

The outlaw drew his long-barreled six-shooter, still circling the group. He could not fire without running a

and flung her roughly from him to the ground. Round the corner of the house a

staggered, steadied himself, and

smoking a foot or two from the twitching, outstretched hand. The outlaw was dead before Shorty turned him over, A bullet had passed through the heart. An other had struck him on the temple,

sts who write about high society in

Eventually Norma returned to her

apper working-class friends-one of

whom she had married in a moment

of pique-and she and her husband

went away to California, It is a

ow French.

messy tale.

a third in the chest. "We got him good," said Shorty. "It was comin' to him. I recken you lon't know that he fired the chaparral on purpose. Wanted to wipe out the Jackpot, I s'pose, Yes, Dus sure had it comin' to him."
"Yes," said Sanders,

He walked across to the corral fence, where Joyce sat huddled against the lower bars. She lifted her head and looked at

nim from wan eyes out of which the life had been stricken. They stared at him in dumb, amazed questioning. Dave lifted her from the ground. "I . . . I thought you . . . were dead," she whispered. "Not even powder-burnt."

"Is he . "Yes. He'll never trouble any of ıs again." She shuddered in his arms.

Dave ached for her in every tortured nerve. Presently she told him, not in

words, without knowing what he was suffering for her. A ghost of a smile touched her eyes.

"I knew you would come. It's all right now. His heart leaped. "Yes, it's all right Joyce." She disengaged herself from his

arms and looked at him, wan, haggard, unshaven, eyes sunken, a tattered wretch scarred with burns. "What have you done to your self?" she asked, astonished appearance.

"Souvenirs of the fire," he told fer. "They'll wash and wear off. Don't suppose I look exactly pretty." He had never looked so handsome in her eyes.

THE END.

Saber-toother tiger, according to ecent evidence, roamed the earth



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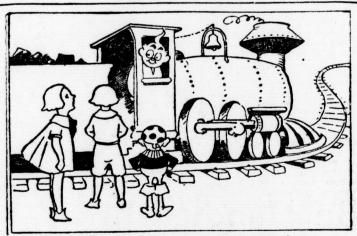
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CANADA.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS. MIST LAND [By Olive Roberts Barton.]

actin' crazy?'



There was a nice little train of cars to meet them.

THE next place to which Buskins Scootalong is a very important pertook the Twins was called Mist son." Kingdom-of-Up-in-the-Air.

looking out of the window. Buskins introduced them. "Nancy from the teakettle-fairies to the

steam-fairy. Scootalong, these are make all the weather." the Twins and we're on adventures. I'm glad you are here to meet us." otalong touched his cap and funny little cars. said that he was much obliged to meet them, and that he'd been look-

ing for them ever since he'd received

Buskins' telegram that they were

coming.

Buskins explained to the Twins that the reason all steam went straight up to the sky was because t was really a million fairies going to Scootalong for orders. He was chief of them all. "No one knows how important a person he is," went on Buskins, "for the 5:10 express down on the earth all depends on him and his fairies for being on time. He tells the steam fairies just how to push the wheels of the enthe throttle, and how to blov to stop the train at important will some EAR DRUME CO., Incorporated to stop the train at important will some EAR DRUME CO., Incorporated to stop the train at important will some EAR DRUME CO., Incorporated to stop the train at important will some EAR DRUME CO., Incorporated to stop the train at important will some the train at important will be at the train at important will be at the train at important will be at the train at the t

Land. It was another part of the Mr. Scootalong bowed and touched his cap again and repeated that he When the magic apple-tree elevas much obliged for the complivator stopped and they all got out, there was a nice little train of cars young friends?" he asked. "I'll take to meet them and a jolly engineer you around and show you things We're all busy up here in Mist Land and Nick, this is Scootalong, the fairies. Mr. Sprinkle-Blow doesn't

Nancy and Nick thanked him and followed Buskins into one of the (To Be Continued.)

(Copyright, 1922.)

eatness

With difficulty the Mexican swung at the top of his lungs.

The Mexican came forward and

The outlaw was irritated. All this

clamor of fear annoyed and disturbed

him. This was not the scene he had

planned in his drink-inspired rev

spoke in Spanish rapidly.

ve on his till afternoon

She fell back, got to her feet, and As his horse climbed toward the notch Otero looked back. Doble had fled from the house. Doble was after her on the instant. She dodged picked up his prisoner and was carrying her into the house.

An hour's riding through the chaparral brought him to the watershed counts. One of them would be carfar above the Jackpot. Otero picked ried out of the valley feet first. "Leesten Muchaco. Go downdown-down. First the gulch, then

a canyon, then the Jackpot. You go on thees trail." He dropped the boy to the ground. watched him start, then turned away at a Spanish trot.

The trail was a rough and precipitous one. Stumbling as he walked, Keith went sobbing down the gulch. He had wept himself out, and his sobs had fallen to a dry hiccough. A forlorn little chap, tired and sleepy, he picked his way among the mesquite, following the path along the dry creek bed. The claw tore his stockings and scratched him. Stone bruises hurt his tender

feet. He kept traveling, because he was afraid to give up. He reached the junction of the gulch and the canyon. A small stream which had survived the summer drought, trickled down the bed of the latter. Through tangled underbrush Keith crept to the water. He lay down and drank, after which he sat on a rock and pitied himself. In five minutes he would have been asleep if a sound had not startled him. Some one was snoring on the other side of

a mesquite thicket. Keith jumped up, pushed his way through, and almost stumbled over a sleeping man. He knelt down and began to shake the snorer. "Wake up, man!" Keith shouted in

his ear in the interval between shakes. The youngster roused the man at least by throwing water in his face. Shorty sat up, at the same time dragging out a revolver. His gaze fastened on the boy, after one swift

glance around. "Whadya doin' here?" "I want my daddy." "Who is yore daddy? What's yore

"Keith Crawford."

Howcome you here?" "A man brought me." As far as he understood them, the boy told the story of the night's adventures. Shorty's face grew grim He appreciated the meaning back of them far better than the little fellow He jumped to his feet. "We'll go,

Shorty bit off an oath of surprise.

CHAPTER XXVIL OYCE fainted for the first time in

her life. When she recovered conscious ness Doble was splashing water in her face. She was lying on the bunk from which she had fled a few minites earlier. The girl made a motion to rise and he put a heavy hand on her shoulder.
"Don't be a fool," he told her ir-

ritably. "I ain't gonna hurt you none —if you behave reasonable." She tried to slip by him and