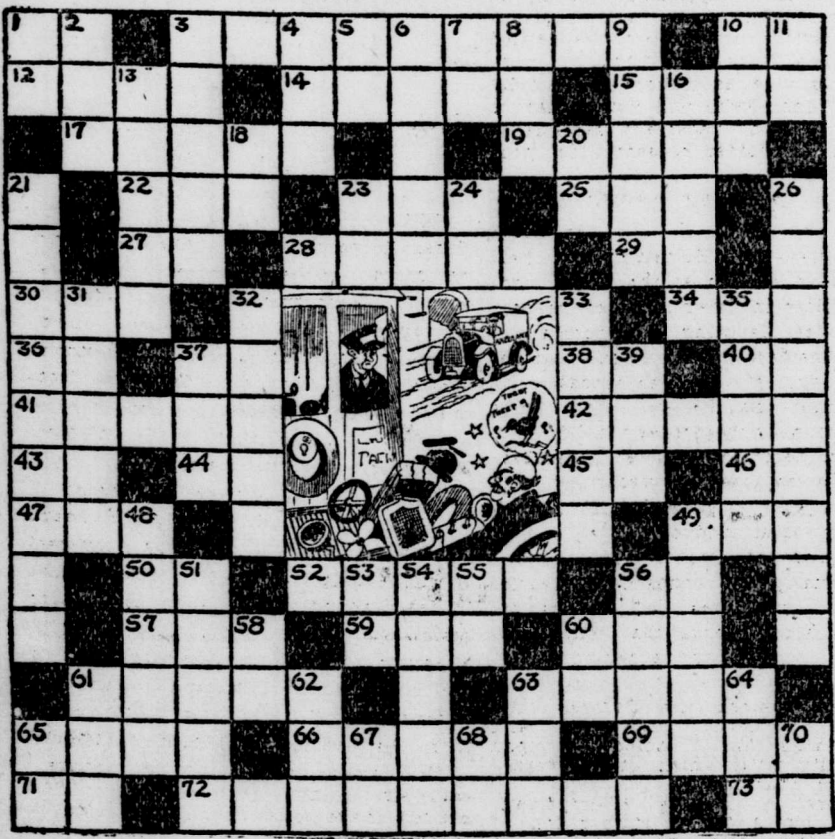
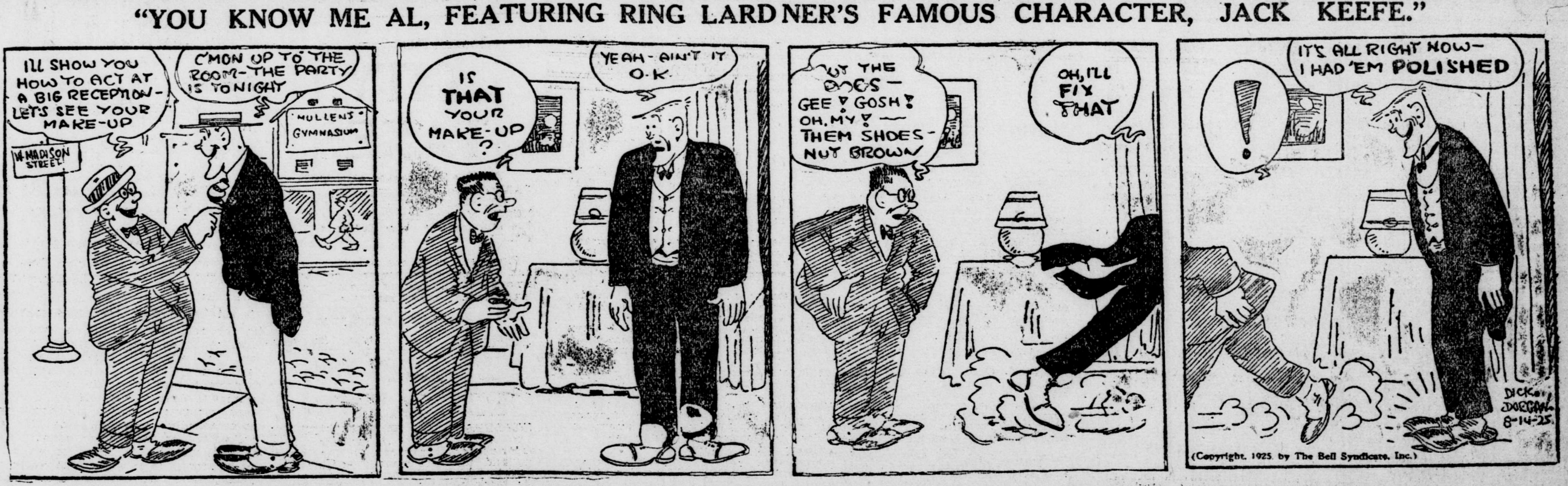


Crossword Puzzle



- HORIZONTAL.**
- Correlative of either.
 - Correlative of speed and carelessness (pl.).
 - Exclamation of surprise.
 - To suffer from injury.
 - The unripe fruit of this tree yields a purple dye.
 - Valiant man.
 - To advance over obstacles.
 - Open passage through the wood.
 - Unit.
 - Venomous snake.
 - Metal in rock.
 - Myself.
 - Regions.
 - Printer's measure.
 - Harbor.
 - Every.
 - You and me.
 - Therefore.
 - Masculine pronoun.
 - Morindin dye.
 - Opposite of heavy.
 - Fragrant oleoresin.
 - Paid publicity.
 - Exclamation used with heave.
 - Part of verb to be.
 - Exists.
 - Fish bags.
 - Cuckoo.
 - Hebrew word for God.
 - A stone worker.
 - S. 1416.
 - To ventilate.
 - Kind.
 - To lubricate.
 - Valuable property.
 - Quaking.
 - Prescribed course of food.
 - Indian liquor tax.
 - Paradise.
 - Alleged force producing hypnotism.
 - Tram car.
 - Grief (variant).
- VERTICAL.**
- Exclamation of astonishment.
 - To smear.
 - To make reparation.
 - To slash.
 - Within.
 - To drench.
 - Half an em.
 - To scold constantly.
 - To divide.
- Answers to Yesterday's Crossword Puzzle.**
- CASTLE ABACUS
ATTIC MEN PRIDE
REAR A MARRIED
OPERATIONAL E
IT SELL DUTY ME
ARE DEAFENS DAM
CORD SWEAT PALE
SPOPPLES SPERD
MOPPLES SPERD
AL FREDOLENCE BE
TAB REBATOIS NAT
TRAP NAMED SUST
EGRET TAB WASTE
RESTORE SPECTER



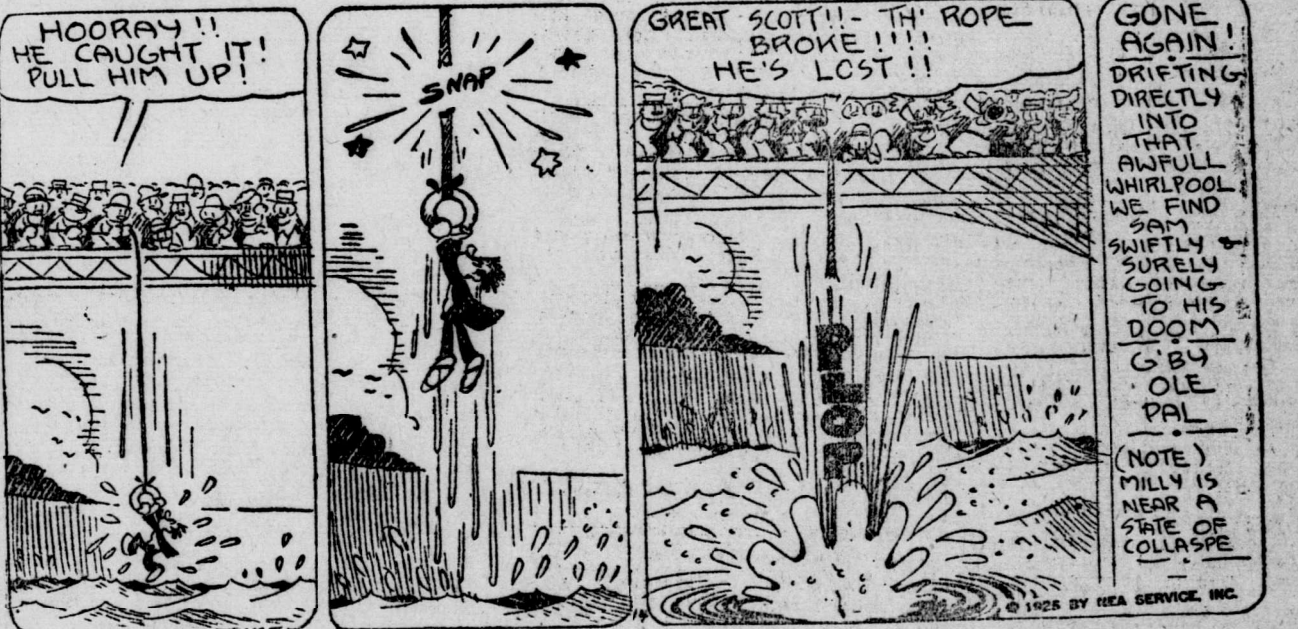
SALESMAN \$AM



Almost But Not Quite



BY SWAN



"CAP" STUBBS



Ma Changed Her Hair Dressing—Twice!



BY EDWINA



The Lonely House

By MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

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All at once there emerged from the path leading up through the orange grove a tall, dark young man, wearing white flannels and a straw hat. For a moment she felt a shock of disappointment, for it was not Captain Stuart—a moment later she told herself that it was, it must be, Beppo Poldi!

He took off his smart straw hat with a graceful gesture, and, speaking in remarkably good English, though with a strong foreign accent, he exclaimed: "Have I the honor to greet Miss Fairfield?"

He held out his hand and fixed on her a pair of brilliant penetrating eyes.

Count Beppo had all his mother's good points: her tall, upright figure, her clear-cut features, and her one-time thick, curling hair. From his plain, short father, he had inherited that indefinable look of race which generally, though not always by any means, implies in its possessor a long pedigree. He also possessed what is in most countries a rare gift—that is, a most beautiful speaking voice.

They stood talking together for a few moments while Count Beppo explained in his full, caressing voice how he had always longed to meet Miss Fairfield, ever since his mother had told him of her many delightful qualities, when he was still a boy, years ago, after the Countess had paid her memorable visit to England.

"And now," he said at last, "I suppose I must go in and greet my papa and mamma—or are they having a siesta? If yes, perhaps I may linger in Capua yet a little longer," and he smiled down into Lily's pretty face.

"Didn't they meet you?" she exclaimed. "They were expecting you by the 2 o'clock train!"

Her companion laughed. "I gave them what you call in England 'the slip'! I arrived at Monte yesterday. I have put up at the Hidalgo Hotel. It is very select and comfortable."

Lily remembered the hours she and Cristina had spent in making what was evidently the real spare room of the old-time pleasant and habitable from the point of view of a highly-civilized young man. Also, it must be confessed that she felt a little disappointment.

"I suppose some letter you wrote was lost in the post. I know that your mother thought you were going to stay here."

"You know what mamma is like," he went on confidentially. "If I had told her that I was going to an hotel, there would have been endless discussions and long letters—and my dear mamma is a great letter-writer!"

Lily felt suddenly revolted by Beppo's indifference to the disappointment he had inflicted on his father and mother.

"I think you ought to go down into the town now," she said firmly, "and try to find them. It'll be a dreadful blow to them if they go to the station and don't find you."

"I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll send down Christina!"

And even as he spoke her name the old waiting woman appeared at the open drawing-room window. Joy flashed into her face, and a moment later his arms were around her neck, and he was kissing her affectionately.

With one arm still round Cristina's shoulders, he turned to the girl and smiled not a trace of embarrassment on his handsome face.

"Cristina is my second mamma!" he exclaimed. "She was my darling, kind nurse—as kind to me as the nurse in your Shakespeare's beautiful tragedy, 'Romeo and Juliet,' was to her sweet girl."

To Lily's surprise, Cristina made no objection at being named as the Countess. As she turned away Beppo called after her: "Cristina! You might go up to Hidalgo Hotel before finding my parents. Give the first-floor valet—he's a very decent fellow, an Italian—to give you my dress clothes."

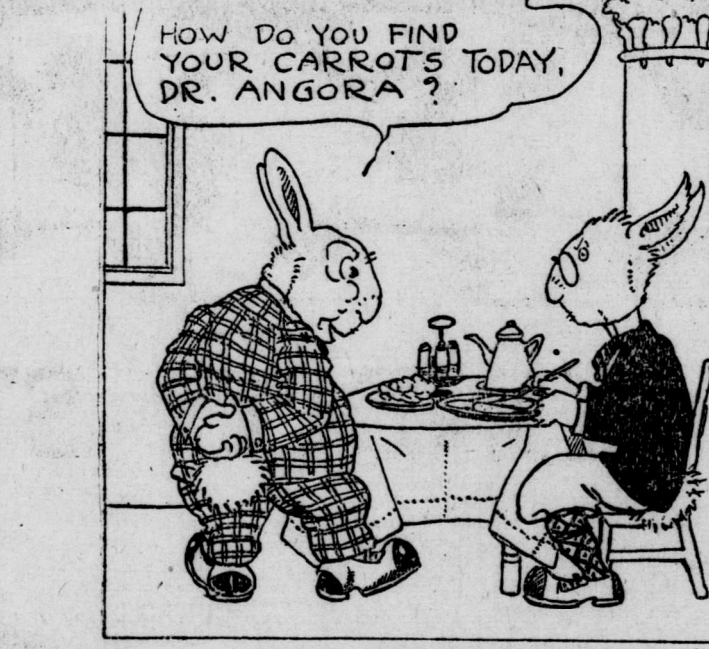
The boy that followed seemed to go very quickly—more quickly than any hour the girl had spent since her arrival at Monte Carlo.

The young Count had plenty to say for himself; she had managed to convey how much he admired her—Lily. At once he had claimed relationship. Soon he claimed her "my pretty cousin," and instructed her to "call him 'Beppo.'"

He also told her, which amused her, that he and his mother always talked English when they were "talking serious."

"We shouldn't be able to do that

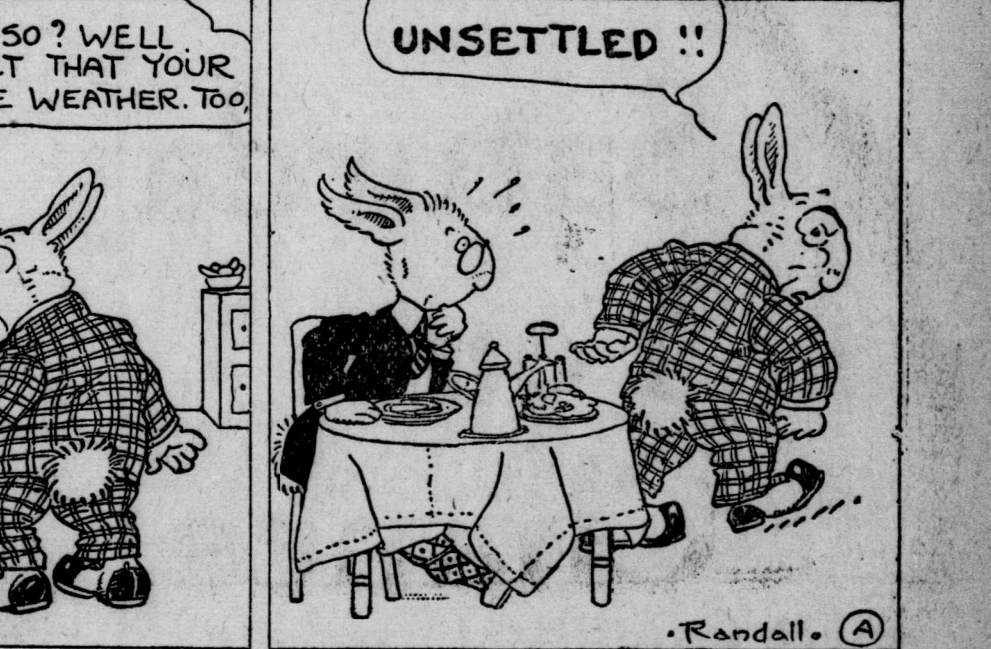
IN RABBITBORO



A Little Chat About the Weather



BY ALBERTINE RANDALL



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AT GROCERS & DRUGGISTS

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ANGLEFOOT is the most powerful and efficient household insecticide sold. It kills all common household insect pests, is not injurious to human beings or animals and does not stain or injure the finest fabrics. Sold in 8, 16, 32 and 128 ounce cans.

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THE TANGLEFOOT COMPANY
Walkerville, Ontario

now," he said, laughing.

Then they heard the sound of wheels on the little clearing below. Lily got up from her wicker chair and, to her surprise, Beppo took her hand as if to help her, and then kept her hand within his and looked down ardently into her eyes.

She freed her hand from his rather quickly, and he said: "Forgive me! But I cannot help remembering that we shall not be alone together again for a long time. Do you realize, Cousin Lily, that we have been alone—quite alone—up here, in this lonely place, for 60 full minutes?"

"Of course I do," she answered, blushing a little. "But I never thought about it."

"I remember it," he exclaimed, "every minute of the time! And I couldn't help being sorry we were not greater friends than we are—yet."

He said those words in a low, meaningful tone, and somehow that little interchange of words spoiled the girl's pleasant feeling of being at ease in his company.

Lily made more than one effort on that afternoon to leave Beppo alone with his parents. But both the young man and his mother seemed determined that she should stay with them all the time.

At last she went up to dress for dinner. Opening the door of her room, she suddenly heard Beppo's voice coming from below.

He was speaking, very sternly and decidedly, in English.

"A promise is a promise, mamma! I absolutely counted on the money. I had hoped to stay with you till the New Year. As it is, I must go back to Rome in a very few days."

Lily heard the murmured answer: "If you should receive the money within, say, a week, could you then stay on?"

"Certainly I could!"

And then someone walked quickly across to the door of the small sitting-room at the bottom of the staircase, and shut the door. Lily felt sorry she had heard so much, or so little.

Now, for the first time, it did strike her as very strange that Beppo should look so well-to-do, while she knew the money his parents received from her as their paying guest meant so much to them. Once or twice the Countess was concerned with big business affairs; but if that were so, how could the small amount of money his mother might send him make the slightest difference to his movements?

CHAPTER XV.
WORDS OVERHEARD.

Next day all was radiant happiness and good humor—indeed, the whole atmosphere of the Lonely House seemed transformed.

The night before, during dinner, Beppo had overcome his mother's dislike to leaving La Solitude. "I won't ask you to come often," he said coaxingly. "But to-morrow you'll just have a nice little luncheon—you, my papa, and our charming English cousin! The Pescobaldis are going out to lunch."

As Beppo uttered the long, peculiar Italian name the Countess frowned for the first time since her son's arrival. "Have they come with you?" she exclaimed in a surprised, annoyed tone.

There was a pause, and then Aunt Cosy turned to Lily.

"It will interest you to meet the Marchesa Pescobaldi," she observed.

"She is a very charming and clever woman. It would, perhaps, be unkind to add that the Marchesa has the unfortunate reputation of possessing the evil eye."

Now it was Beppo's turn to frown, and a very angry look came over his good-looking face and brilliant, piercing blue eyes.

"It is very wrong of you to say that to Lily!" he exclaimed. "You must understand—that in Italy any person is said to have the evil eye who even for a moment is disliked by the speaker. Mamma does not like my friend; therefore she attributes to her the evil eye."

"Poor Lily felt desperately uncomfortable, so she wisely said nothing. As for the Countess, she burst out into somewhat bitter laughter.

"Beppo does right to defend the Marchesa," she said sarcastically, "for the lady's husband is his greatest friend."

"Cosy, Cosy!" interposed Count Poldi. "You forget that the Pescobaldis are connections of ours."

By 11 o'clock they were all ready, Lily wearing her new coat and skirt and becoming little hat.

When Beppo arrived they were taken by surprise, for, according to his mother, he was not punctual.

"Come quick!" he called out. "The Pescobaldis are waiting for us in the car. We shall all drive together to Eze where they are going to lunch with some friends who have a villa there, and then we four will go for a delightful little drive, and end up at the restaurant of the Hotel de Paris."

They hurried down through the orange grove, to see on the clearing, which always recalled to the girl the dreadful moments when she had found Gorgon's body, a large, open touring car, in which were seated a lady and a gentleman.

As they emerged from the wood the lady stood up—and Lily gazed at the most beautiful woman she had ever seen.

Marchesa Pescobaldi looked neither old nor young. Her glorious beauty might almost have been described as of an ageless type. As for her gray hair, it set off her flawless complexion and intensified the dark fire of her large eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

Little Jack Rabbit

by David Cory

Now let me ponder, let me think just a winky, blinky winky.

"Oh, won't some kindly firefly With shining lantern please come by?"

Did we leave dear Uncle Lucky all alone in the Shady Forest? Of course we did, and it was dark, very dark, for Mr. Merry Sun had long since gone to bed behind the Western hills. Again Old Hooty Tooty Owl commenced screech:

"I'm very fond of little mice. They make a meal that's very nice. I'll visit Uncle Lucky's house And catch his pretty little mouse."

"Dear, Oh, dear," shivered the poor old gentleman rabbit, "what shall I do. Here I am, far from home. I must warn my tiny housekeeper," and hopping on to his hind legs, anxious Uncle Lucky peered through the darkness.

Hop with care for fear you slip, Or against a long root trip."

sang the little firefly as she flitted a few feet ahead of the dear old gentleman rabbit.

Then, all of a sudden, again screeched Hooty Tooty Owl:

"Pretty soon on feathers fleet I shall be at Carrot Street."

"Fly faster," begged Uncle Lucky in a whisper to the tiny firefly. "Old Hooty Tooty Owl is about ready to start out for my little red-shingled house, and the plucky old gentleman rabbit quickened his footsteps. Above in the treetops Eilly Breeze was singing a tune and Mrs. Moon was doing her best to brighten the dark forest. But the leafy foliage was so thick that her faint light scarcely filtered through, and had it not been for the firefly's tiny lantern I'm sure that dear Uncle Lucky would have stumbled many a time, and perhaps fallen. At last, with a sigh of relief, he hopped out on Lettuce Avenue.

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IT WILL GIVE YOU PROMPT RELIEF

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"Thank you, little firefly. Now to you I'll say good-bye. I must reach my country home in time to warn my little mouse."

And in the next story you shall hear what happened after that, which, I hope, will not be disagreeable news to make you shiver in your shoes.

SQUARE NECKLINE.

The square neckline is gaining favor, and is shown in an exaggerated form for evening.

MYSTERIES OF THE ANCIENTS

The department of agriculture of Egypt has seeds which were found in agroproof containers in the tomb of King Tutankhamen, which they will endeavor to propagate at their agricultural research laboratories. These seeds may represent herbs containing medicinal properties that this age and generation knows not of. It was the simple roots and herbs of the field that half a century ago produced Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—a remedy that has never been equalled in overcoming ailments peculiar to women.—Adv.