

"A Daily Treat" "ICED" "SALADA" TEA

Good on all occasions.
BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

"Flatterers" —OR— The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XI.
A GRAND DISCOVERY.

Among the elements of uneasiness underlying Sydney Alwyn's young life was one extremely common to mankind—want of money. Endowed with a quick eye for other people's needs, a ready hand to help them, it was no light bond to feel herself always scantily provided with means to this end, and in nothing was the contrast of her nature to her mother's and sister's more clearly shown than in this matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Mrs. Alwyn would nail down the charges of a laundress to the lowest farthing, and travel miles, metaphorically, to save a mite; Leonora invariably had headaches on offertory Sundays at St. Clair's, and as Phillips would grimly say, was never known to give away so much as her cast-off frilling, and neither lady grudged any domestic screwing which would supply means of external display; while Sydney's economies, contrariwise, began and ended with herself. All she could garner up went in channels she was not in the habit of talking about, and many a rueful hour it cost her to think that these savings were so provokingly small.

Mrs. Alwyn, however, took good care that only a very small portion of her income should be wasted through Sydney's proclivities, and so it came to pass, that the girl had to tax her native ingenuity to make the most of the little she possessed.

She was making, one May morning, an after-breakfast inspection of last winter's garments, pondering over what could be spared to robe the convalescent Patty Peggs, and two or three junior sisters, lamenting secretly that she must not venture on eliciting up a suggestively useful serge, for fear her mother might not see fit to replace it before cold weather came again, when Phillips entered, and exclaiming, "The bag was late this morning, miss. Mistress sent this up here," laid a letter on the table.

Sydney's postal communications were few, and a glance at the old-fashioned business envelope told her from whom this came—Jacob Cheene.



When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—

MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.

Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delightful fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

nothing of the light approaching step. Sydney could not avoid catching the last sentence.

"We mean no offense; but seen' one of us is wholly laid by now, and you know full well, ma'am, how we've bore up again' our troubles from beginnin' to end, we humbly ask a trifle now and—" "Sydney!" Mrs. Alwyn broke off, her face, in common parlance, as black as a thunder-cloud, "why did you not knock? Never—never should you enter a room in that manner when people are reading letters!"

"I beg your pardon, mamma. I didn't mean to interrupt you. Is yours a troublesome one?"

"Ye-es—so—oh no! That is, nothing particular. Merely a begging letter. Is yours more important?"

The girl's bearing was so wonderfully bright, for a moment Mrs. Alwyn thought Mr. Villiers had proposed in writing and was certainly to be accepted.

"It seems so to me, mamma. But if you, for once, will read what Mr. Cheene says, you can best tell me if it really is." And she laid the open epistle down for perusal.

Perusal of its contents came over Mrs. Alwyn, but she read it slowly through without a word, her face lowering at every line. Then she folded and almost fung it back to the owner.

"Your true and dutiful friend is a most meddling old man!" she said, briefly.

"Then it is true!" cried Sydney, her delight in the news not to be quenched even by this reception of it. "Where, oh, where does the money come from, mamma?"

"From me. That is, if you will kindly have patience and listen"—for Sydney uttered a bewildered ejaculation—"from the sum secured to me by marriage-settlement. You would have heard all in due time if this ridiculous interference had not forestalled the proper explanation. Mercifully, your father put away a few thousand for any child or children came of age, the interest was mine exclusively. I explained part of this to you once before. Now, when your birthday arrives, next month, you are at liberty to assume control of the money, six thousand pounds. I presume you will expect to lay the interest out yourself, instead of leaving me to do so?"

Sydney looked almost aghast at the prospect, after her very meager allowance. She felt such a person of property.

"Why, however much will it be, mamma?" she all but gasped.

"Between two and three hundred, but"—as Sydney barely restrained a delighted note—"you must, of course, pay properly for your share of this home while you stay in it."

"But that will leave me rich!" cried Sydney, "if you take half, or even more. Oh, mamma, venturing to let a hand drop on Mrs. Alwyn's shoulder, "I can't help being very glad. I hope it doesn't vex you."

"Vex me! Oh, dear no, so drawing up her handsome figure as to rid herself of contact with that warm, eager young touch; "but, naturally, I don't exult as you do. In a certain way, remember, your gain is my loss. Now, with just the glimmer of a sneer, "of course you want to carry your news to those Dacies. Be sure and say it was merely antedated by that garrulous old man. And—Sydney," as the girl turned away, chilled, subdued—somehow she and her mother could never either rejoice or mourn together—"as you pass the post-office, bring me half a crown's worth of stamps." Thus did Mrs. Alwyn merge these wondrous tidings in the current of the common-place, effectually damping her daughter's pleasure for the hour. But it renewed itself before long, and during the May days that followed many and many a superb castle did Miss Sydney rear on the solid foundation of those six thousands.

It was while the full glamour of this brilliant promise was upon her that Mr. Villiers came down again, and felt himself fairly checked by the frank innocence with which his surprise and congratulations were claimed. "I have such a piece of news to tell you," said Sydney, the first minute she was with him alone. "Something I really think you will like to hear. In quite a very small way I am actually a little bit of an heiress, Mr. Villiers. Value six thousand pounds!"

Love would have made no stumbling-block of that speech, but it put interest into a quandy. Guiltily conscious of having been very much indeed aware of the grand fact all the way through, Mr. Rupert expressed his satisfaction awkwardly and in guarded phrase (at which Sydney was sorry, having counted on his sharing her gratification more warmly; she did so want some one to be very glad at it), and the great question he had been determining to ask her somehow stuck in his throat.

Holding conference with his aunt that evening, "Upon my honor," he said, with a sheepishness that was about the most creditable trait yet recorded of him, "when a girl has just told you she is worth so much, a fellow can't decently make a dash at it all in a moment. It would have been better now if I'd spoken at Christmas. As I didn't, I'll stake my luck on my next coming. I can get my holiday just about the birthday week, Aunt Helen, and bring everything to the right end then."

(To be continued)



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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

SHOULD HUSBANDS AND WIVES ARGUE?

Speaking of arguments, which I did last week, a letter I received wants to know whether I believe in arguments between husbands and wives. She says that she has a neighbor who is always and forever arguing things with her husband and that she and her husband so hate to hear them that they have made a resolution never to argue.

Two Kinds of Argument. Before trying to answer that question I looked up the word "argue" to be sure of my ground, and I found that it has two distinct shades of meaning. One is "to debate or discuss," the other is "to contend or dispute."

If she means the first kind of argument, I think that the husband and wife who didn't argue would be rather goopy. If she means the second kind of argument, I think the husband and wife who could manage always to avoid it would be laying the foundation for a happy home.



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some other matter, a trick too many of us have. Some other suggestions I would make about arguments between husbands and wives are: Avoid argument at mealtimes, even when it is fairly friendly. The extra mental effort is bad for the digestion. Keep the Breakfast Peaceful. Especially avoid arguments at the breakfast table—for if anything does go wrong and the discussion becomes a dispute, the whole day is apt to be tainted by the mental upset which results. Also, never begin any discussion in the late evening. Remember, also, that people live happily together even if they hold different opinions on many points, and that neither the man nor your marriage need come to an end because you hold different opinions on religion, politics, or other facts. Live and let live—the motto for married folks was never wiser.

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