

POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

CHAPTER III.—THE MOONLIT ROAD

By Zoe Beckley

THEY had known each other more than half a year. Since Paul Dawson's coming, Polly found new joys in the old town that had begun to bore her.

Paul liked her—she saw that the first evening they had talked together at her sister's.

Paul liked her, she would tell herself as she typed old Canby's letters and helped Aunt Sue with the dishes evenings.

Paul liked her, she smiled in the twilight as she waited for him to come whistling down the street that had seemed dull before and now was magical.

Paul liked her—maybe more than liked—she would whisper as she lay in bed, happily sleepless.

And then she would swiftly turn, hiding her hot cheeks in the pillow and murmuring: "Paul—Paul—Paul." Sometimes at dances it seemed as if he caught her thoughts, for he would close his hand over hers with warmer pressure. Oh, it was all so sweet.

It was such fun, too, to show him

about the town—the falls, the river road, the lake where they swam and skated. Even the old movie palace became a happy place.

"Do you know," said Paul there one night, his shoulder touching hers in a new intimacy, "you're the differentest girl I ever knew?"

"Am I—why?" (Polly rejoiced that the seats in the movie theatre were so close together. She had hated them when she went with Charlie Briggs.)

"Oh, gosh, it's so hard to say. Let's see. I remember you didn't say, 'Pleased to meet you when we first met.' Yet I knew you were—were you, Polly? Say yes—Ah!"

"And you talked about things that interested me, or rather you let me talk your arm off—that pretty arm in the rose georgette!"

"And once when I brought you chocolates you scolded me for spending so much. You said some droll thing about young men starting bank accounts and making hits with the boss by economy. It wasn't preachy—just quaint. I loved it."

"Then you lend me books, corking ones. I didn't know girls knew the kind of books fellows like, most girls wouldn't. And—well, you even dress different. Everything you wear has distinction."

"Thanks, kind sir!"

"Oh, well, you know what I mean. Say, Polly, let's get out of this stuffy place. I can't breathe."

The interval had come between the film drama and the comic stunt. Polly and Paul squeezed past the feet and hats and candy boxes and with one mind headed for the moonlit road skirting the river.

They hurried past the scattering houses at the edge of town, and as they came into the silvered scene beyond, both drank in deep breaths of the sweet, cool air, and relaxed to a slow walk.

Polly's soul sang. The familiar countryside seemed changed to fairy-land. A sound as of wings beat softly in her ears. It seemed as if the very trees and meadows called out to her in friendliness.

"Happiness, happiness—he loves you, loves you—"

She turned a little and looked at him. It was staring ahead along the white road with eyes that seemed lit from within. She sensed some vague abstraction.

Suddenly he looked down at her, the light in his eyes heightening, a tenderness about his lips. He clasped and unclasped her hand with an endearing nervousness.

"Polly—I must tell you something. You're so wonderful, dear, and so different and fine and lovely—I'm just a chap who wants to do the best that's in him, but hasn't a million dollars or a fleet of cars or a house with nine masters' bedrooms and seven baths—"

"Paul—you absurd old thing—"

"—but who might accomplish wonders if he had a chance. Polly—"

He broke off suddenly, staring down into her face. Then, "Polly, I—I'm going abroad."

To Be Continued.
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Says Beauty Comes From Mental Fitness



ROBERTA ARNOLD.

The London Advertiser asked several of the world's leading beauties how they keep beautiful. Following is what Roberta Arnold gave as her recipe for beauty:

BY ROBERTA ARNOLD.

THERE is beauty and then there is beauty! As many kinds as there are women, but probably only two great classes.

There is that doll loveliness—the kind men say "Oh—O—O!" over and then, once possessed, forget!

And there is that other sort of beauty which shows in the face but is for the greater part mental. That is the beauty which moves the world!

There is a certain mental force of the truly great and beautiful woman, which destroys doll-like loveliness while it constructs a sort of visible soul.

Must Be Mentally Alert.

Woman can cultivate that lasting and magnetic beauty by keeping herself mentally alert and insisting that her mental attitude always be evident in the physical expression.

As for keeping in physical trim—I think the most destructive thing you can do is to retire when you are keyed up to an exhilarated pitch and then expect sleep to be a natural result, just because it is night.

When I go home tired I read until I am relaxed. Then I go to bed and sleep.

I have the utmost faith in regular living. Every morning at 10:30 I start a series of exercises. At 10 minutes of 11 I have finished them and am preparing for breakfast.

My exercises are simple, just the regular college gym things which every girl learns. With knees straight, I bend from the waist until my hands touch the floor—this ten times as I do every one of the others.

For Slow Eating.

Next, standing on one foot, I lift the other foot until it extends straight out. This ten times and then I change feet! Next, my back flat against the floor, I repeat practically the same movement, except that my weight is off of my feet and the muscles of the back are being brought into play instead of those of the legs.

Each one of these ten times every day, mind you!

Two years' of domestic science taught me that slow eating is necessary if one would be fit. I never eat fancy dressings and mixtures which are highly spiced, and I do eat a variety of foods. I never eat potatoes more than once a week. Never have milk more than once a week.

Live regularly, exercise, eat a variety of foods and use plenty of soap and water—and unless you have a temper, you can't help being lovely!

A bad temper is the only thing in the world which really hurts one's skin!

By stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. When the sauce boils remove from fire and stir in the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Add lemon juice and parsley, and pour over hot turnips. Serve at once.

The preparation of vegetables for their sauce is important. Put all root vegetables on to cook in rapidly boiling water. Add salt the last half hour of cooking. One teaspoonful of salt being allowed for every four cups of vegetables.

Salt added after the vegetable is cooked does not flavor the finished dish as it does when the salt is cooked in. Do not cover root vegetables during boiling.

Another simple aid in the preparation of vegetables is a vegetable cutter. Turnips cut in neat dice or tiny balls taste much better than the same vegetables cut in "hunks."

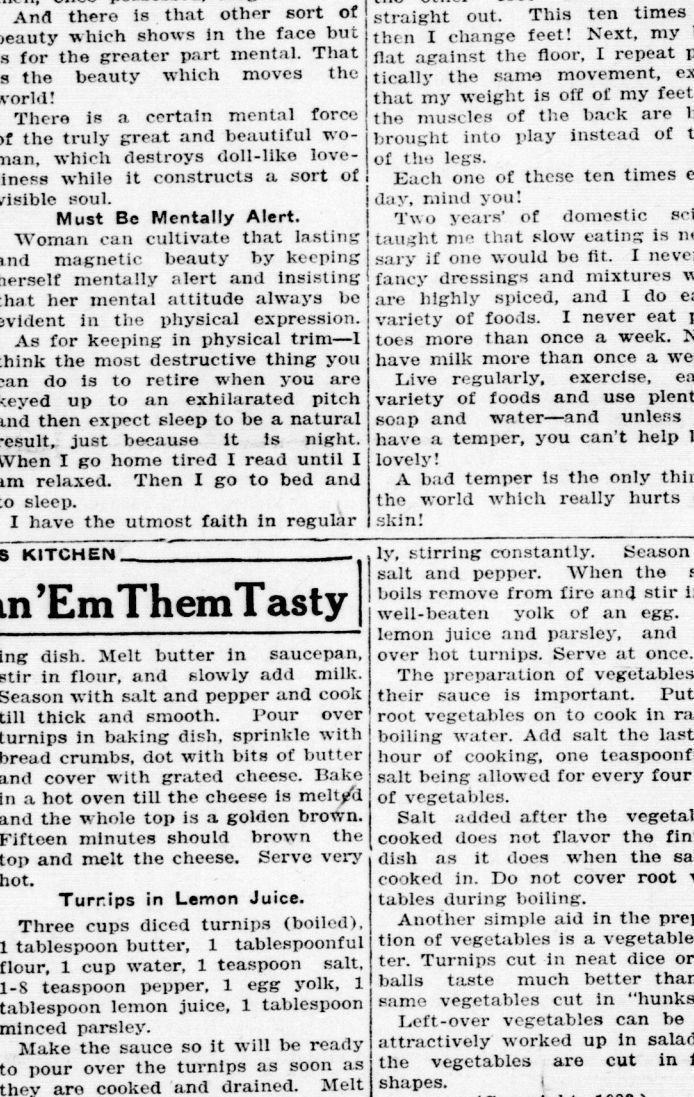
Left-over vegetables can be most attractively worked up in salads if the vegetables are cut in fancy shapes.

(Copyright, 1922.)

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS.

"MR. CRAMPLEG CRANE"

[By Olive Roberts Barton.]



MR. CRAMPLEG CRANE made a bow when he saw Nancy and Nick and Buskins. The visitors bowed back, and Buskins presented the Twins.

Mr. Crane apologized for his appearance because he'd just come from the factory, he said, and hadn't had time to change his clothes. He had on a big apron, a workman's cap, and carried a large pair of scissors.

"Factory!" exclaimed Nick. "Up in the sky?"

"Yes," nodded the crane. "Does that surprise you? Why, we have one of the most useful factories in Fairyland. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, thank you," put in Nancy quickly. "But we came to see where the runaway feathers blow to that come up to the sky, so we'd better go there first with Buskins. Then we can see your factory on our way back."

The crane laughed soberly. "But that's where the runaway feathers go to, my dear," said he. "As soon

as they fall out of Davy Duck or Goosey Gander or Chucky Chicken, or Sid Sparrow or any of the birds, or even escape from pillows like your friends, they make a bee-line for our country, the Land-of-Up-in-the-Air. They come because they know that they can still be useful."

"Oh, well, then," said Nancy, "I guess we'd better go with you to once, hadn't we, Buskins?"

Buskins said yes, so off they all started down the road of this queer country up in the sky where they were to see more magic. It seemed to the little boy and girl that such close attention to the medical examiner hadn't performed the autopsy yet, naturally, but from his account of the affair as well as the reports of the boys from the local precinct, and Boyle and Craig, it appears that the Vane woman was shot by some visitor, someone she knew well, and that she had no premonition of the attack. There's one queer point about the murder that the press is bound to pounce on and play up big, and yet I can't see any explanation; I thought perhaps you might have some idea."

"What is that, sir?" Barry's tone was guileless.

"There were no powder marks on the woman's smock, and the medical examiner says that the shot must have been fired from a distance of several feet at least."

Spare Time Jobs for Father—



There has been many a milky splash caused by the common way of opening a milk bottle—attempts to get the cap out with your fingers. Often the cap pushes in instead of out.

This can be avoided through the use of an old button hook. Straighten out the curve end of it and file this to a point. When you want a milk cap out, stick in the sharp end and pry up. Hang this "opener" on a nail by the kitchen sink and it will always be handy.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

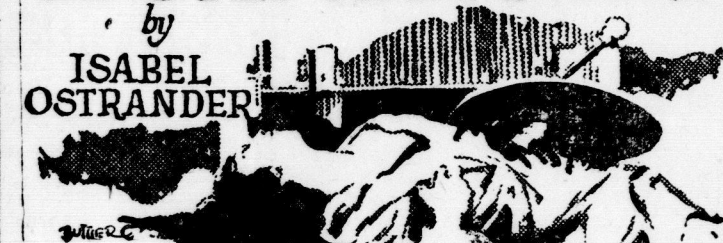
"I don't want to eat this egg. It's not a nice egg," protested the 6-year-old daughter of the house at the breakfast table.

"Mary," said her mother, sternly, "you are always complaining of your food. Eat what is placed before you—every bit of it—without another word, or else I'll have to give you a good spanking!"

All was quiet for some minutes. Then from the other end of the table sounded a mournful voice.

"Mother, dear, do I have to eat the egg, too?"

The STEP on the STAIRS



(Continued From Our Last Issue)

The girl's slender figure did not resemble the splendid, sensuously full lines of the body of Mrs. Vane. In his height, and the face was an indistinguishable blur, but on a sudden inspiration Barry rose, still carrying the picture, and going into the studio he turned on the brilliant light within the reflector. Then he drew from his pocket a small but powerful microscope. It proved of little aid beyond showing that the blurred object by the girl's side was indeed a large dog, for the photograph was too worn and faded, but on the reverse side the distinction between the pencil marks and pen scratches was plainly visible, and three words, written in round, glistening, uniform hand were unmistakably revealed:

"Mopus would move."

Then, standing almost on the same spot which the body of Miriam Vane had occupied in front of the easel, Barry used his microscope to scan every inch of the portrait with meticulous care.

Straitening at length with a very grave expression upon his boyish countenance, he switched off the glaring light in the reflector, leaving only the side brackets in the wall glowing softly, and crossing behind the portrait he passed the model throne and went to the row of windows.

When he raised the shade of one of them the empty house beyond the narrow strip of garden stood out more distinctly than before and a greyish effluence was spreading over the cloudy sky. The sultry summer dawn was at hand.

Dropping the shade once more, Barry turned and reflectively regarded the back of the portrait upon the easel. The huge square of canvas was blank except for some numbers scrawled in charcoal on the upper left hand corner and a small cross in red paint a little below the center. For some minutes these enigmatic characters occupied the chief attention of the sergeant, then he turned off the last of the lights and left the studio, going directly to the outer hall without a second glance toward the boudoir and bedroom.

Big Doane, seated upon the lowest step of the staircase, rose hastily and saluted.

"One of the boys came up, sir, to find out about the light in that studio, but I fixed it with him," he remarked. "Did you find the answer to what was puzzling you, sergeant?"

"If I've found the answer to what was puzzling me, Doane," he replied, "I've stumbled on a bigger mystery yet, and a blacker one."

He found at headquarters that Craig had already turned in his report, and the chief was awaiting his own appearance with ill-concealed impatience.

"What do you think?" the chief asked.

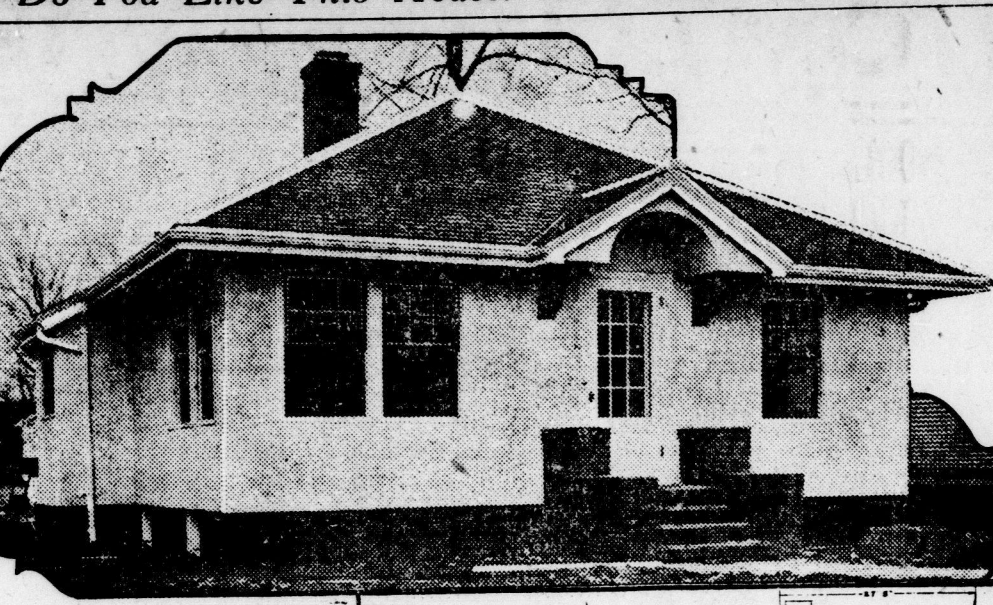
"As to the identity of the murderer, sir?" Barry asked, cautiously. "I'm quite certain that several people who might conceivably have killed Mrs. Vane did not do it, and that lets me out for the moment. However, I took it upon myself to do a little unofficial investigating—"

"Of course! That's what I expected you to do!" the chief interrupted eagerly. "With medical examiner hasn't performed the autopsy yet, naturally, but from his account of the affair as well as the reports of the boys from the local precinct, and Boyle and Craig, it appears that the Vane woman was shot by some visitor, someone she knew well, and that she had no premonition of the attack. There's one queer point about the murder that the press is bound to pounce on and play up big, and yet I can't see any explanation; I thought perhaps you might have some idea."

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Do You Like This House? It's Yours For \$5,000



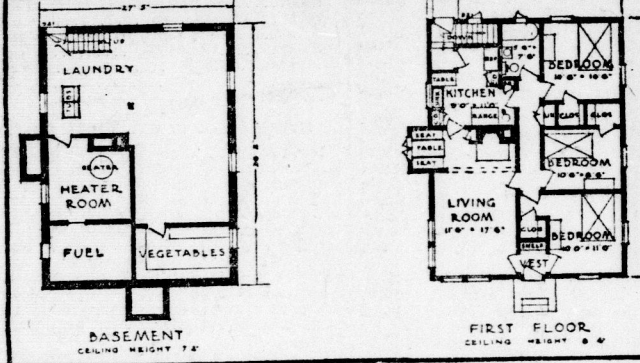
YOU can build a house just like this for less than \$5,000.

For the one shown in the photograph actually has been built in accordance with plans drafted by some of the best architects, concentrating their skill on the problems of the small home builder.

This is the third of a series of house plans The London Advertiser is printing for your guidance in building your home this year.

This house has a stucco exterior, brick fireplace and shingle roof. It contains five rooms, bath and breakfast alcove.

Size is 27.5 by 36.2.



The \$5,000 estimate includes installation of lighting and heating equipment. Another house plan tomorrow.

"The ribbon, dried flowers, lace and the hair and the locket—why, I suppose every woman treasures just such things the world over," commented the chief. "That empty cartridge, though. It must have meant something mighty serious to her, and we've got to find out what that something is. The photograph is too faded to be of any use as evidence, and whatever was written on the back has been scratched out long ago—"

"Look at it through this, sir," Barry offered his microscope. "The pencilled words beneath the ink scrawl are 'Mopus WOULD move.' Now, as I make it out, that refers to the blur beside the figure of the girl, which under the glass resolves itself into a large dog of some sort."

Barry laid the little packet of sketches before the chief and took his leave. It was broad daylight.

"The professor and I have a slight difference of opinion about the direction of the sound of those footsteps; he believes that they were coming up, while I am quite as certain that they were descending," he said. "However, that's not the main point. You are wrong, I think, sir, though not in the way you mean. That 'step on the stairs' had everything to do with the murder!"

"What!" The chief sprang from his chair.

"Has anyone given you a description yet of the portrait which Miriam Vane was painting when she met her death, sir?" asked Barry.

"Only that it is a picture of Mrs. Theodore Vansittart—"

"Coming down a staircase," Barry finished. "The THIRD STEP OF THE STAIRS is just on a level with the artist's breast as she sat on a stool before the easel, and there is a bullet hole in the canvas. Miriam Vane was shot through the heart by someone on the other side of the portrait!"

VII.

FOR a moment the chief seemed about to explode with the mingled emotions which consumed him. The next he sank back in his chair and raised his powerful hands, to let them fall with a slam upon his desk.

"A bullet hole through the portrait!" he exclaimed. "And none of those no-account flatfoot dicks, not even the medical examiner himself, had eyes to see it! The reporters would have smoked it out and had a fine laugh on the department if it hadn't been for you, John!"

"No woman deliberately destroys all signs of her former identity unless she has a secret to hide," said Barry, and I am not certain that a previous tragedy was not linked in some fashion with her life. The shot which killed her was not the first to be involved in her destiny."

"I ought to!" Kedge ejaculated.

FOR A MOMENT THE CHIEF SEEMED ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

when he reached the street, and on reaching the antique shop he found that a crowd collected before its doors. Boyle's temporary successor and the plainclothes men were sharply interrogating a surly individual who was in the act of unlocking the basement door.

At Barry's approach they greeted him and stepped aside.

"Are you the janitor of this building?" he asked.

"I am, Jacob Kedge by name, and what business is it of yours?" the other replied truculently, eyeing the detective sergeant up and down.

"Come inside," Barry drew him within the entrance door, closing it upon the gaping knot of curious sightseers.

"I'm from headquarters, and I suppose you know that one of your tenants has been murdered."

"I ought to!" Kedge ejaculated.

"Did you succeed, sir?" the detective demanded eagerly.

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)
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Put cooked turnips in buttered bak-

TURNIPS--You Can 'Em Them Tasty

THE housekeeper who must rely on root vegetables during the winter may welcome these recipes.

The winter root vegetables are richer in mineral salts than canned summer vegetables, and every housekeeper should serve them often. Instead of plain boiled turnips for dinner tomorrow, try "turnips au gratin." There is more food value on the second dish than the first, wholly aside from the "tastiness" of the dish.

Turnips au Gratin.

Five cups boiled diced turnips, 2 cups milk, 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1-3 cup coarse state bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons melted cheese.

Put cooked turnips in buttered bak-

ing dish. Melt butter in saucepan, stir in flour, and slowly add milk. Season with salt and pepper and cook till thick and smooth. Pour over turnips in baking dish, sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with bits of butter and cover with grated cheese. Bake in a hot oven till the cheese is melted and the whole top is a golden brown. Fifteen minutes should brown the top and melt the cheese. Serve very hot.

Three cups diced turnips (boiled), 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoonful flour, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8 teaspoon pepper, 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon minced parsley.

Mince the sauce so it will be ready to pour over the turnips as soon as they are cooked and drained. Melt butter, stir in flour, and water slow-

ly, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper. When the sauce boils remove from fire and stir in the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Add lemon juice and parsley, and pour over hot turnips. Serve at once.

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