



Your Home and Your Neighbor's

have everything to do with the character and appearance of your neighborhood.

This is "Neighborhood Improvement Week" in thousands of communities, when every property owner is asked to consider the improvement of his property and the neighborhood in which it is located. Are you helping to arouse interest in your town?



The "Little Blue Flag" Varnishes—one for every purpose—are famous for their high quality and perfect results. Look for the little blue flag on the can.



The beautiful, modern flat finish for interior walls and ceilings. Black, white and fourteen colors.



"High Standard," the highest grade paint made. For exterior and general use. White, black and 54 tints and shades.



Gives beautiful and permanent finish in all the popular wood effects. Does not fade like ordinary wood dyes. These are but a few of the "High Standard" products. There's a Lowe Brothers Paint, Varnish, Enamel or Stain for every purpose.

In the home and neighborhood, flowers, shrubbery, trees and lawns have their important uses, but a wise selection and use of good paint is most important of all. A liberal use of good paint will go furthest toward beautifying, improving, and raising the value of your home and neighborhood.

You will get the most permanent beauty and the most complete protection by using



It is made of the choicest materials, by the latest improved processes, and by formulas which years of exposure tests have proved to give best results. No hand-mixed paint or ordinary prepared paint can approach "High Standard" in its beautifying and protecting qualities, or in true economy, considering the years of service it will give on your buildings.

In Your Home and Your Neighborhood

Lowe Brothers "High Standard" Liquid Paint will add thousands of dollars to the value of your house and your neighbors' by improving the appearance of your home and neighborhood. Every dollar of cost adds five to the value of your buildings, as has been proved by many householders, and the beauty of your home will have an uplifting influence for you, your family and your neighborhood.

Decorate the interiors with



the beautiful, modern flat wall finish. Its delicate colors give the most pleasing effects, and it is well adapted to stenciling and free hand decorations. It is also washable, fadeless and very durable, and does not easily scratch or mar. Send for Mellotone booklet and color cards.

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TORONTO - CANADA

that till then she has a governess-companion. I never believe in girls philandering. The young men find it very pleasant to pass the time, but they don't marry them."

Mr. Pridham smiled. "You were only seventeen yourself, Selina, when we fixed things up. How old is Theo?"

"Sixteen-and-a-half—and very precocious, as all the young girls are nowadays. To hear her talk sometimes you would think she was an experienced married woman of twenty-five. She knows the world better than Agnes does already."

"Agnes is a saint," said Pridham, "and modern saints seldom know this world. They only see one side of it."

"I think that school-friend of Theo's—Fenella Leach—might do," said Mrs. Pridham, who always kept to the subject in hand. "She is about the same age as Agnes, and I hear she wants a situation of some kind."

"What is she supposed to do?"

"She can read and practise with Theo and keep her up in her French and German. I daresay she would come without a salary at all, for the matter of that—just to get the change of air and a holiday."

"A holiday!" Pridham repeated. "It doesn't sound much like one, old lady. She must have a salary; we don't want any give-and-take system of that kind. What we want we can afford to pay for. Those who pay call the tune—and I don't give anyone else the chance of calling the tune in my house."

"I might write to Miss Leach tonight," said Mrs. Pridham. "She gets on well with both the girls, and she's a quiet, sensible sort of young woman, with no nonsense about her."

"How does she come to want a situation?" he asked. "I thought Theo's school was only for rich people's daughters. I'm sure it's been expensive enough."

"I fancy Miss Leach's father hadn't any money to leave them, so he had them well educated in order that they might be fit to earn their living. Theo told me that this girl took the language and mathematical classes the last term, because her father couldn't afford to keep her on there, and she didn't want to leave until she had passed some exam."

"Well, have her by all means, if you like," Mr. Pridham said. "When does Laurie come home, by the way?"

"Monday; he'll be home for a fortnight."

"Better give a dinner while he's home and ask the Brismains and some of the local lights, eh?"

"Yes," Mrs. Pridham's resolute face softened. Her son was the idol of her heart, though, if she had been told so, she would have denied it with asperity.

It was for him she wished her husband to get on—for him, indirectly, that she desired a marriage between Theo and young Mauleverer, because this would further certain schemes she had about Laurie's own marriage.

SHE went away to write the letter to Miss Leach, and to make out a list of people for the dinner. Mrs. Pridham was not only more adaptable than her husband, as women always are, to higher circumstances than they are born to, but she had been in a superior position of life when she married him.

She had realized long since that if the Suburban woman wishes to succeed in good society, she must not be too agreeable in her manners. No amount of gush softens an aristocratic heart to a second rate person: the only way to obtain influence—slowly, steadily, surely—is to be an objective personality—to be more difficult of approach than the upper class itself.

So far she had made no false step in the upward rise of her husband's career, and no one ventured to patronize her.

She had a brain that analyzed every circumstance with cool calculation, to see if it fitted in with her scheme of life!

When her elder daughter, Agnes, seceded from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic Church—a blow which Mr. Pridham took very badly

and violently—Mrs. Pridham said little.

She had recognized already that one way of being hand in glove with social magnates was to be converted to their religion, and she hoped that a week-end at an English Duke's castle would compensate for Agnes' defection.

"They generally take up converts for a bit," she said to her husband, who intervened testily, "Perverts, my dear, perverts."

"And," continued his wife unmoved, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if Agnes gets an invitation to some swell house before long."

"Then I hope she'll refuse it," said Pridham.

"I am quite sure she will accept it," his wife said; "not because she is ambitious, but because she is in thorough earnest, and she loves everything and everyone that belongs to her new faith."

"Have it your own way," Pridham concluded, "but if I catch Laurie turning, there'll be ructions."

"Oh! Laurie! that's a very different pair of shoes!" Mrs. Pridham conceded.

CHAPTER II.

One and One, With a Shadowy Third.

IN a bedroom at Spinney Chase, on a July night, a girl, in front of her mirror, was taking down her hair, gazing at herself, while the shining, wavy strands fell like a filmy cloak over her shoulders. A pale blue dressing gown draped her tall, slight figure, and the wide sleeves fell back as she sat down, showing the round, white arms, and, resting her chin on her clasped hands, studied her face intently. It was a charming face, the very irregularity of its features adding to its attractiveness, and the light in the dark grey eyes was eloquent of the stir of feeling underlying her fixed, absorbed attitude.

To herself she was no longer Fenella Leach, companion-governess to her former schoolmate, Theodora Pridham, but someone of far greater importance, with a future, whose promise of wealth and cessation of work was nothing to her compared to the mutual love that glorified it in her eyes.

A soft tap at the door failed to attract her notice, and the girl who followed it up by peeping in, crossed to the dressing-table noiselessly and, putting her hands over Fenella's shoulders, lightly veiled her eyes with them.

Fenella started up, putting the hands away, saw the laughing girlish face reflected in the mirror. Rosy cheeks, brown eyes, tumbled brown hair, and the lissome figure of a girl of sixteen.

"Theo, you little monkey!" she exclaimed. "I never heard you come in."

"We don't admire ourselves, do we?" answered Theo; not 'arf!"

Fenella turned round, putting her hair back, and became serious. "Theo," she asked earnestly, "do you think I'm pretty?"

Theo, perched on the edge of an armchair, replied carelessly: "I never thought about it at all, my dear."

"Because," went on Fenella, "well—there's a special reason why I want you to tell me."

"I know," Theo said. "I shouldn't bother about that if I were you, Fen."

"You know? How could you? And why do you say I needn't bother?"

"Well," answered Theo, "mother doesn't mean all she says for one thing, and—"

"Your mother! Has she been talking about me?"

"Didn't you mean that? I told mother at the time I thought you had overheard."

"No," said Fenella, "I overheard nothing. Tell me, Theo, please tell me!"

"Oh, well! I suppose it doesn't make any odds. She said you were done up—and that you had plebeian features—and that your hair wasn't your own. That's all, I think."

Fenella leant forward, her eyes darkening a little. "Whom did she