POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS

By Zoe Beckley ...

VIOLET RAND had been sulking. since the morning she waylaid Polly and Barray coming home Anger had obscured her vision, She had not foreseen the effect her behavior might have on Barray. He had not called. Nor telephoned. And fools, but if you really don't know, to her messages monsieur was "out." and dignity and it prevented her at home, refusing herself to every-

On the night of the great festivity, July 13, when all Paris forgets its worries and begins its threeday merrymaking, Barray's heart

She had her fine points, had Violet Rand-handsome woman, clever. too. Her feelings. . . . What were her

He found himself in her street passing her house. It was dark save for four windows, high up-Violet's Vi was home, curious! A party maybe... Well, there was safety in numbers— Barray turned in at

the entrance. Violet herself opened the door-Violet in a defiant mood, trailing a gown of orange chiffon that rippled and darted like flames as she walked "However do you come to be in tonight!" The words were banal; he

could think of nothing better to say.
"Where should I be!" she flared. Is that why you come-because you nought I'd be out?"

"Perhaps I came to ask about that unpleasant scene the other Catching a dangerous morningglance he altered his tone. "Look here, Vi, why did you raise a row like that with little Mrs. Dawson?"

She turned squarely and faced him, staring long, as if to make sure of something. Then she walked away

with a strange, hard laugh. "George-' she spoke with an effort I'll tell you. It was because in the

own surprise, he did not feel dis- of a recollection of sudden shock, about the past stenographical careers

"Then I shall prescribe for you. You've been moping. This is no night to mope. Come-be the guest of a lonely bachelor-unless there's someone else?"

She stopped, tracing a pattern on the table with her finger. It was being builted by a man she-liked. saying: "If I go," she said slowly, "it must be something novel - somewhere where anything's likely to happen How about Simon's?"

"What! On a night like this? Tonight half the crooks in hiding from the police will be there." "All the better! Anyhow it's

Simon's or nothing." He saw she was morosely craving for excitement, but he hesitated-"Of course, if you're afraid, George-

"I'm not afraid, except for youand you know it. . . Some day, young woman, I'm going to give you a good oll-fashioned spanking. Come on, now," he snapped his fingers hurry;"

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1922.)

"Hullo, old man," said Twyning,

Twyning was looking keenly

"Yes. I remember; we were wait-

"Oh, yes, waiting for your wife,

were you?" Twyning appeared to be

"No. she's not. She's not too well.

Twyning stared again. "Oh, I'm sorry, old man. Well, you'll want to

be getting in. I'll tell old Bright

understand. Seemed a bit funny at

first, that's all. Goodby, old man.

He put out his hand and squeezed

added another and a vital hour to

Sabre's ultimate encounter with life.

VIII.

what you say about Effie.

ing for my wife."

Got a rotten cold."



Continued From Our Last Issue. It would have been uncommonly jolly to have had Bright Effic as com-Just off? I say, old man, old man, panion on the walks, and once or old Bright's very upset about Effie twice he did. But Mabel showed very getting the sack from your place like clearly that this was very far from that. How was it?" having her approval and on the sec-ond occasion said so. There was the him. "But a bit sudden, wasn't it? slightest possible little tiff about it; I mean to say, I thought you were and thenceforward-the subject havon such friendly terms with the girl ing been opened—there were frequent Why, only a couple of days before little passages over Effie, arising alshe left I saw you with her having ways out of his doing what Mabel tea in the Cloister tea rooms. called "forever sticking up for her." How frequent they were, and how much they annoyed Mabel, he did not realize until, in the last week of his leave, and in the midst of a sticking thinking. 'Well, that's what I mean, up for her scene, Mabel surprisingly old man. She's seeing you off, I supannounced: "Well, anyway, I'm sick pose?" and tired of the girl, and I'm sick

ing up for her, and I'm going to get rid of her-tomorrow.' But, Mabel-what will her people

and tired of having you always stick-

'I'm sure I don't care what they think. If you're so concerned about the precious girl I'll tell her mother Jolly good luck." that I was going to make other arrangements in any case, and that as this was your last week we thought and destiny put out its hand and we'd like to be alone together. Will that satisfy you?"

"I hope it will satisfy them. And I hope very much indeed that you VII.

But she did do it. On the follow-ing day Effic left. Sabre, pretending to know nothing about it, went for a long walk all day. When he returned Effie was gone. He said nothing. Her name was not again mentioned between him and Mabel. It happened that only the reference to her sudden departure in which he was concerned was with Twyning.

Setting out on his return to France his orders were to join a Fusilier battalion, reporting to 34th Divisionhe found Twyning on the platform

they used the wrong side, so it wasn't

said Mr. Jinks, "and so we carried it

"Are you fairles?" asked Nancy.

killed."

"Nona!"

That came careering headlong, as though malignity, bitter and wanton, had loosed a savage bolt. IX. On the following evening he for a screen story she wrote.

abeyance, waiting his return. Seven three war-his tenancy of the strange perthe great break through of the Hinthen of whirling giddiness in which of present stars. he was conscious of some enormous it-like (as he afterwards thought)

beginning to come to in the middle of a tooth extraction under gas-on the top of these and of extraordinary things and scenes and people he could the table with her ringer. It was not at all understand came someone Most of the popular maganzine writ-"Well, it's good-by to the war for

you, old man. He knew that he was aware-and somehow for some time had been aware—that he was in a cot in a ship. He said: "I got knocked out, ors and seamstresses as a rule have

. . Someone was telling him me interminable story about someone being wounded in the shoulder and in the knee. He said, and his voice appeared to him to be all jumbled up and thick: "Well, I don't care a damn." . . Someone laugh-

> PART FOUR. MADEL-EFFIE-NONA. CHAPTER 1.

Hapgood-that garrulous book spoke of Sabre to a mutual friend—said Hapgood, seated in the comfortable study of his flat, to that same friend, staying the night:

"Well, now, old man, about Sabre, Well, I tell you it's a funny business -a dashed funny business, the posiion old Puzzlehead Sabre has got himself into.

"Look here, this is April, April, 1918. Well, old Sabre got knocked of the plots upon which pictures are out in France just about five months ago, back in November. He copped ten it he or she would have comit twice-shoulder and knee. Shoul- manded a price of five figures for it der nothing much; knee pretty bad. Thought they'd have to take his leg off one time. Thought better of it, thanks be; patched him up; dis-charged him from the army; and sent him home—very groggy, only just able to put the bad leg to the ground, rutches, and going to be a stick and a bit of a limp all his life. "Very well. That's as he was when

I first saw him again. That was back in February, Early in February, two nonths ago. There was good old me down in Tidborough on businessand remembering about old Sabre having been wounded and discharged,



"I GOT KNOCKED OUT, DIDN'T

blew into Fortune, East and Sabre's His leave ended with the one thing for news of him. utterly unexpected and flagrantly im-"Of course he wasn't there. Saw

old Fortune and the man Twyning Arriving in London about nine, he and found them in regard to Sabre stood on a street refuge to let by a about as genial and communicative cab coming out of the station. As as a malden aunt over a married it passed he saw its occupants-two sister's new dress. Sort of handed women; and one saw him-Nona! Of out the impression that he'd been out all incredible things, Nona of the business so long that really She stopped the cab and he hurried after it. doings. Rather rotten, I thought it, "Nona!"

seeing that the poor beggar had done his best in the war and done it pretty She said: "I'm hurrying to Euston thoroughly, too. to catch a train. Tony's mother is "Well I honned it over on the railwith me. way and walked down to old Sabre's. How funny her voice was. "Nona

found him a bit down the road from his house trying out this game leg ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS. of his. By jove, he was no end bucked to see me. And talk! He simply THE RAVELING jabbered. I said: 'By Jove, Sabre, one would think you hadn't met any-[By Olive Roberts Barton.] one for a month the way you're un-YES, it was the Squeedillums who the underground passage, and in a little belting the sacred rights of welcome.

had carried off the record and made made a dance floor of it. Forunately they used the wrong side, so it wasn't wasn't while there was a scattering of earth and gravel as they dug a larger opening for the return of the record.

"Oh, goody!" cried Nancy. "I'm so of mine." much obliged to you, Mr. Jinks. You've just happened to see it here," no idea how precious this thing is!"

"Hm! What's that?" asked Mr.
Jinks suddenly. "Who are you and who "Well, old Sabre took me into a room on the ground floor where they'd put up a bed for him, him not being able to do the ground. am I, and what are you talking about?

Well, as I say, old man, I always rather liked his wife. I-always-

anging, if you follow me.
"Mind you, I don't mean that he

was cowed and afraid to open his mouth in his wife's presence. Noth-

ing a bit like that. What I got out

of it was that he was starved, in-

tellectually starved, mentally starved,

starved of the good old milk of hu-

"Presently he settled himself down and we began talking. He's got some ideas, old Sabre has. He didn't talk

about the war. He talked a lot about the effect of the war on people and on institutions, and that sort of stuff. Devilish deep, devilishly interesting.

rather-liked-her. But somehow, as we went on through lunch, and then on after that, I didn't like her quite so much. Have you ever seen a wo-man unpicking a bit of sewing? Alvays looks rather angry at it, I suppose because it's got to be unpicked. They sort of flip the threads out, as much as to say, 'Come out of it, drat That's you, drat you.' Well that was the way she spoke to old Sabre. Sort of snipped off the end



"Have you all gone crazy?" demanded Nancy.

thoughtfully. "But I've seen all sorts of bugs your size."

Mr. Jinks was offended. "Well, you

can look in all the bug books and animal doing here?" books too. But you won't find Squeedillums. The Fairy Queen has us in her fairy book, though. We're one of her nine hundred and ninety-nine kingdoms "Have you all gone crazy?" demanded Nancy.

"Crazy? What's crazy? We forget everything." they answered.

nine hundred and ninety-nine kingdoms—small, to be sure, but important.

Then turning to some of the little fairies behind him, he waved a hand.

"Come, boys, we'll have to go back to the ballroom and get the new dance floor. This lady and gentleman say it belongs to them."

"Crazy? What's crazy? We forget everything," they answered.

Suddenly Nancy spied a raveling wrapped about them, and she knew. The Cloth of Dreams was still making trouble. The raveling had been sticking to the record, and the fairies had touched it. So the little folks all turned back into

man kindness—that's what I mean.
Course, she may have had jolly good
reason. I daresay she had. Still,
there it was, and it seemed rather
rotten to me. I didn't like it. Damn
it, the chap only had one decent leg
under the table and an uncommonly
tired-looking face above it, and I felt
rather sorry for him." "You never saw humans this taken leave of his senses. "Does he get "No, we never did," she answered others, thoughtfully. "But I've seen all sorts "What way?" asked a blue-satin fairy.

"And who are you? And what's this black thing "Have you all gone crazy?" demanded

"Tell you one thing, though, just I won't push it on to you.

rather sorry for him."

you look ill. You sound ill. up? Is anything wrong?"

She said: "Oh, Marko, Tony's Cheer Up. Amateur, Scenarists! Stenographer Wins \$1,000

> BY JAMES W. DEAN. NEW YORK, March 30.—Nell Marie Dace, 22, a stenographer, has just received \$1,000 from Hugo Ballin

crossed to France, there to take up again that strange identity in whose get far more publicity than the creoccupancy his own self was held in ators of the stories. Hence these cheers and a tiger for Miss months passed before he returned Dace. She is one of a countless numto that waiting identity, and he re- ber of stenographers and others in sumed it then permanently-done common pursuits who are seeking at self-control, "I knew men were with the war. The tremendous fight-to and who actually contribute ma-fools, but if you really don't know, ing of 1917—his participation in the

Most stenographers seeking a place abyss of my own idiocy I was furious sonality caught up in the enormous in the movies want to desert their that she should take you away from machinery of it all-ended for him in typewriters for make-up boxes. That, according to a populad conception Barray flushed slowly, but to his denburg line in November. On top fostered by press agents who tell

> Some of the best screen stories of violence going on but could not feel the day are the product of a steel puddler's imagination and an author's execution.

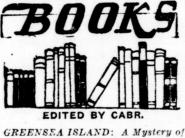
What the screen needs today is better stories. They are not likely to come from recognized writers ers of the day-they are usually our popular screen writers-work with compass and rule. A plot to them is a geometrical figure composed of one or more triangles.

Stenographers and puddlers, sailmore vivid imaginations than writ-Writers are sophisticated. Sophistication leads to monotony of thought.

The story of Nell Marie Dace's success is set down here to encour age other novices to submit their ideas to motion picture producers.

The maternal instinct in a woman is undeveloped. She loses her husband's respect. They separate. A burglar visits the woman's home. He boosts a child through a transom Said Hapgood—that garrulous to unlock the door for his entrance. trapgood, solicitor, who first in this to unlock the door for his entrance. The woman fires a revolver. The child is wounded. She takes it to a hospital and acts as its nurse. The maternal spark is fanned by her interest in the child she harmed. Husband and wife are reunited. That is the gist of the story for

which Hugo Ballin paid \$1,000. There is really nothing remarkable about built. Had a recognized author writ-



the Essex Coast. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THOUGH this is a story of English adventure written thoroughly to appease the appetite of the lover of excitement, there is a very pretty love story interwoven with the fights Greensea Island is clothed in mys-

tery. The mystery comes to John Dryden along with the island and money inherited from his uncle. An ex-prizefighter and a vicious dog protect the island from visitors. After having been knocked on the head and almost drowned as a result, John learns that he must not attempt to live at the island without having a trusty friend with him. But why? That he seems to be un-

This mystery story has all the oments of excitement which make the movie so popular when the mystery plot is featured. There are feats which require nerve and almost superhuman strength to accomplish, and at each moment, warned to protect himself, John escapes danger, but someone of his

to give you an idea of the way he's been developing all these years. He talked about how sickened he was with all this stuff in the papers and in the pulpits about how the nation, they weren't much in touch with his in this war, is passing through the purging fires of salvation and is going to emerge with higher, nobler, purer ideals, and all that. He said not so. 'They talk about the nation turning back to old faiths, to the old God of their fathers. Man,' he said, 'what can you see already? Temples everywhere to a new God-Greed—Profit—Extortion.'
"I said to him, 'What's the remedy

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)



Ballin paid her \$1,000 for Neil Marie Dace, a stenographer. a story to be used as a screen vehicle for Mabel Ballin.

friends suffer instead, and when the wins the girl, final moment arrives the heroine is there to save him.

point of view, it is hair-raising! Looking at it from the novel point reader's mind. of view, when the mystery is solved,

It is the manner in which the The English have many

along about the third quarter of the author tells his story, the little twists for sorrel borrowed from book, there is little left but to learn in the solution of the mystery and French. These rules are worked out just how the villains do their work the loyable character traits in Chris- for the Canadian housewife. and how Dryden defeats them and tine and John which make the reader. One cup minced sorrel, 2 table-

follow the story to the end, and when FILLERS FOR LINER PAGES finished not stop to criticize the plot, but have pleasant sensation-the sensation which comes after finishing a story in which you liked immensely

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EDIBLE WEEDS



table.

ing through the While the leaves are tightly curled and a pale yellow,

remember that when scoke shoots not good to eat. Wash the shoots through several eggs. Serve at once. vaters. Let stand in salt water for half an hour. Drain and pour over

boiling water to cover. Let stand ten minutes and drain. Put in a smooth stew pan, add just enough water to prevent burning Drain and reheat in white sauce.

This is a very good supper dish and good accompaniment for fish. Scoke shoots are used, too, with a plain butter dressing or with a tart ressing such as is used with dandelion greens.

Another weed that was cultivated years ago is the sorrel. Most everyone knows the weed, but few housekeepers realize its food value.

Sorrel can be used uncooked as a reen salad alone or in combination with other salad plants. Shredded there to save him.

Looking at the story from the movie

Characters are clearly drawn and with oil and lemon juice make an their part in the story fixed in the unusual salad that is surprisingly good.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN EARN to know the spoons butter, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1-

weeds of teaspoon vinegar, few gratings nu early spring and meg, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups chicke use them on your or veal stock, 1-2 cup cream, 1 cu white sauce, yolks 3 eggs. The tender young | Wash sorrel and strip leaves from

leaves of scoke are stem. Mince and measure. Medelicious. The butter and add sorrel. Cook five shoots come up minutes, stirring to prevent burning and look much like Add stock and let simmer 30 min rhubarb just com- utes. Rub through a fine sieve. Return to the fire with the white sauce, salt and pepper,

sugar and nutmeg and cook five min are tightly curled and a pale yellow, scoke is considered a delicacy. But with cream and stir into the ho remember that when scoke shoots soup. Do not let boil after the egg untold into real leaves the leaves are are added, but stir over a slow fir three or four minutes to cook th Three pounds sorrel, 3 tablespoon

butter, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 des sertspoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, pep per and few gratings nutmeg. Wash sorrel and strip leaves from stems. Put leaves in stew pan wit and boil uncovered 20 minutes. just enough water to cover botto of pan. Sprinkle with salt and coo gently 20 minutes. Drain well, the

rub through a fine sieve. Return to stew pan with butte and cream. Season with salt an pepper and nutmeg. Sift in the flou slowly, stirring constantly. about eight minutes. Serve

Sorrel and dandelions are ver good cooked together as the sorr supplies just the tartness dandelion

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