

**An Indispensable Favorite**  
OR  
**Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER XV.

Yolande listens to this recital with awed interest depicted on every feature, and Lady Maria, looking quite cheerful, raises herself into a more upright position by means of a large air pillow, and continues her recital of the endeavors made to preserve her on the roll of humanity.

"The first thing in the morning—on my good mornings, as I call them," she goes on, pleasantly, "I have my tepid salt-bath; and, I assure you, Miss—I mean, Mrs. Glynn, if the temperature of that bath was one degree too high or too low it would be attended with serious consequences. Then I have my dose of mineral water; then I lie down again for half an hour exactly; then my attendant gives me my dose of bark and quinine, then half an hour later my first morsel of food, a cup of black tea, not strong, and one oaten biscuit. That is all I have until ten o'clock; the stomach by that time has begun to awake thoroughly to the duties of the day, and I can venture on a small cup of cafe au lait, another oaten biscuit, and a bit of toast under a poached egg. Then—"

But do you care to hear all about this? Does it interest you?" she asks, pausing, with an indulgent smile.

"Yes, indeed, Lady Maria," poor Yolande replies, truthfully; "it is so new and strange to me!"

"Well, then," Lady Maria continues, with renewed animation, "at half-past ten on fine mornings; and, of course, having studied the barometer readings and all that, I go out into the grounds in my pony-chair until twelve, when I have half an hour of muscular exercises presently," she adds, in the tone of one who promises a good child some reward.

"I fear not, Lady Maria," mademoiselle says, gravely, entering the room at this moment, bearing a tiny silver cup of beef essence and a champagne glass with a tablespoonful of wine and one little cube of ice on a salver. "You must have longer repose after the excitement of seeing visitors. I

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MONTREAL



do not task your strength for at least two hours to come."

"Poor Lady Maria looks rather cowed and disappointed.

"Mrs. Glynn and I are only having a quiet chat, Isabelle," she explains, with a pleasing smile. "You are such a dreadfully cautious, careful creature about my health!"

"It is no wonder that I should be cautious about the most valuable thing committed to my care, Lady Maria," mademoiselle says, with a fine assumption of the amiable, devoted, high-principled nurse. "Mrs. Glynn is all that is gentle and sympathetic. I know; but more than one visitor before two o'clock in the day is too much for you, and I really cannot consent to run any risks, for my own part." The high-principled nurse grows very determined here. "Five minutes more for Mrs. Glynn's visit, dear Lady Maria, is all I can allow, as Mrs. Murray is waiting to see you."

"Oh, Aunt Murray!" Lady Maria says, coldly and impatiently. "I can't see more than one visitor at a time, Isabelle. Ask her to please come in the afternoon instead. I feel fatigued now."

"I know your ladyship is fatigued," mademoiselle agrees, casting down her eyelids gravely; "I told Mrs. Murray's maid that I feared so, but she said she was not to go back without a message from Lady Maria herself."

"Well, tell her I can't see her until the afternoon," Lady Maria says, sharply, rather vigorously, too, for an exhausted invalid. "About five o'clock, Isabelle, say I shall be glad if she will come in to see me. Dear me," Lady Maria adds, very irritably, "I will give your ladyship's message," and she glides away noiselessly, her soft, pale-gray cashmere gown and snow-white muslin scarf and apron fluttering down the dusky corridor like the plumes of a ministering spirit.

Lady Maria glances after her with satisfaction, and some of the lines of her peevish, troubles face are softened.

"Isabelle is a good creature," she says, gratefully, "a good, affectionate, high-principled young woman—in fact, I may say, a most worthy young person of Christian character! Didn't you find her so, dear?" she adds, turning to Yolande. "What's the matter? You are not going in yet?"

"I was afraid I was staying too long, Lady Maria," Yolande answers, flushing and hesitating. "I came for only a short visit, and you are fatigued—"

"No—not at all," Lady Maria says, promptly; "at least, you don't fatigue me, and I wish you to stay a while. Aunt Murray worries me; she is not in the least sympathetic—I can feel that the minute she enters the room—and Joyce is worse. I must be very well, indeed, when I care for a visit from them. Besides—here a recollection of some neglected conventionalities occurs to the hypochondriacal lady—"I want to see a little more of you, you know. You are a sort of relative now. Well, you are very happy, of course?"

Yolande flushes crimson, and smiles faintly.

"Of course! All girls are when they're only a fortnight married!" Lady Maria goes on, smiling scornfully, and not noticing either Yolande's silence or discomfiture. "Captain Glynn is very good-looking and gentlemanly—you must bring him into my rooms some afternoon when I am feeling very strong. I hope he is not more selfish than most men. No, of course, you won't allow that, child."

Not a word comes from Yolande, whose cheeks are burning and whose hands are clenched as she tries desperately to make a pretty, conventional speech about ordinary married happiness.

"Ah, well, you will find that all the wonderful bliss and sweetness and all the rest of it won't last!" Lady Maria says, with an outbreak of bitter compassion. "It lasts for a while certainly—longer with some than others; but the end is always the same! Better not expect too much! What is your name? Ah, Yolande! What a queer, queer name, and what a queer, quiet little thing you are!" She cannot resist the temptation to patronize the gentle little bride. It is a novelty to poor Lady Maria to be able to patronize a young girl, rich and fair, in her own rank of life. "I never imagined Dallas Glynn

would marry a girl of your style," she continues, coolly, scanning Yolande's face and figure.

The blushing girlish face pales and hardens with scorn at this, and the dark, shy eyes which return Lady Maria's half-friendly, half-deprecatory gaze are bright and glittering with disdain.

"Nor do I, until I knew Dallas Glynn," Yolande remarks, briefly.

Lady Maria looks rather startled and surprised.

"When I say that," she begins, in a gentler, more conciliatory manner, "I mean—"

But what she means Yolande never learns, for at this moment the door communicating with the corridor, which has been standing ajar, is pushed open hurriedly, and mademoiselle re-enters, with a very pink color in her cheeks and her black eyes aflame with sparks of secret rage.

"I am very sorry, Lady Maria," she begins, in low, regretful tones, but Yolande knows she is in a fury by the curious, catching sound in her voice, "but, though I gave your message to Mrs. Murray's maid, Mrs. Murray—"

"Herself has thought fit not to be kept out by any machinations of yours, mademoiselle!" Mrs. Murray says interrupting her with a shrill, angry laugh, as she enters the room, close on mademoiselle's heels.

(To Be Continued.)

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## A Song Against Washing

AN EXTRACT FROM THE CHILD'S GARDEN OF CURSES.

By F. W. THOMAS.  
I sometimes wish I was a fish  
A-swimming in the sea;  
A starling on a chimney-pot,  
A blackbird in a tree.  
For they can play and sing all day,  
And no one interferes;  
Or makes them scrub their fingers  
And wash behind their ears.

But nurse is always after me,  
And if there's just a speck  
She makes me take my collar off  
And wash all round my neck.  
And sometimes when I rub myself  
Until I fairly shine  
She pulls my sleeves up, just to see  
If I have left a line.

She digs into my ears with  
The corner of the towel,  
And bugs the soap in both my eyes.  
Until I want to howl,  
I can't think why she does it,  
'Cos it only makes me sore,  
And in less than twenty minutes  
I'm as dirty as before.

I dare say washing's healthy  
And all that sort of thing,  
But blackbirds don't use soap-suds,  
And that is why they sing!  
I can't help getting dirty  
When out to play I go,  
But I wish I was a nigger,  
And then it wouldn't show.

## Oddities in the News.

**AN EYE TO BUSINESS.**  
Having helped to put out the flames on a blazing motor-cycle at Egham, Surrey, one of the firemen bought the wreck for £15.

**A RECORD "WASH-UP."**  
A world record in dish-washing is now claimed by a Miss Susie Helleck. It is stated she "washed-up" in a Philadelphia hotel for thirty-one hours without a break.

**"LISTENING-IN" UNDERGROUND.**  
A broadcast programme from Glasgow was heard distinctly on a receiving set in a mine, over 300 feet, underground, at Larkhall.

**HUSTLE!**  
A pigeon which won a race from Doncaster to Blatchley flew at the rate of 1,183 yards per minute.

**"NAICE!"**  
In the report of a Fulham society the word "salary" has been changed to "honorarium" because, it is stated, "it is more aristocratic."

**MEN KEEP HOUSE.**  
In Japan is a settlement where the wives support the husbands and children and are the acknowledged heads of the family. The men keep house.

**TELEPHONE "ALSO MAN."**  
An aeroplane which flew with passengers from London to Hythe arrived at Hythe before a telephone call announcing its departure from London was received. The telephone call was put in before the machine left London.

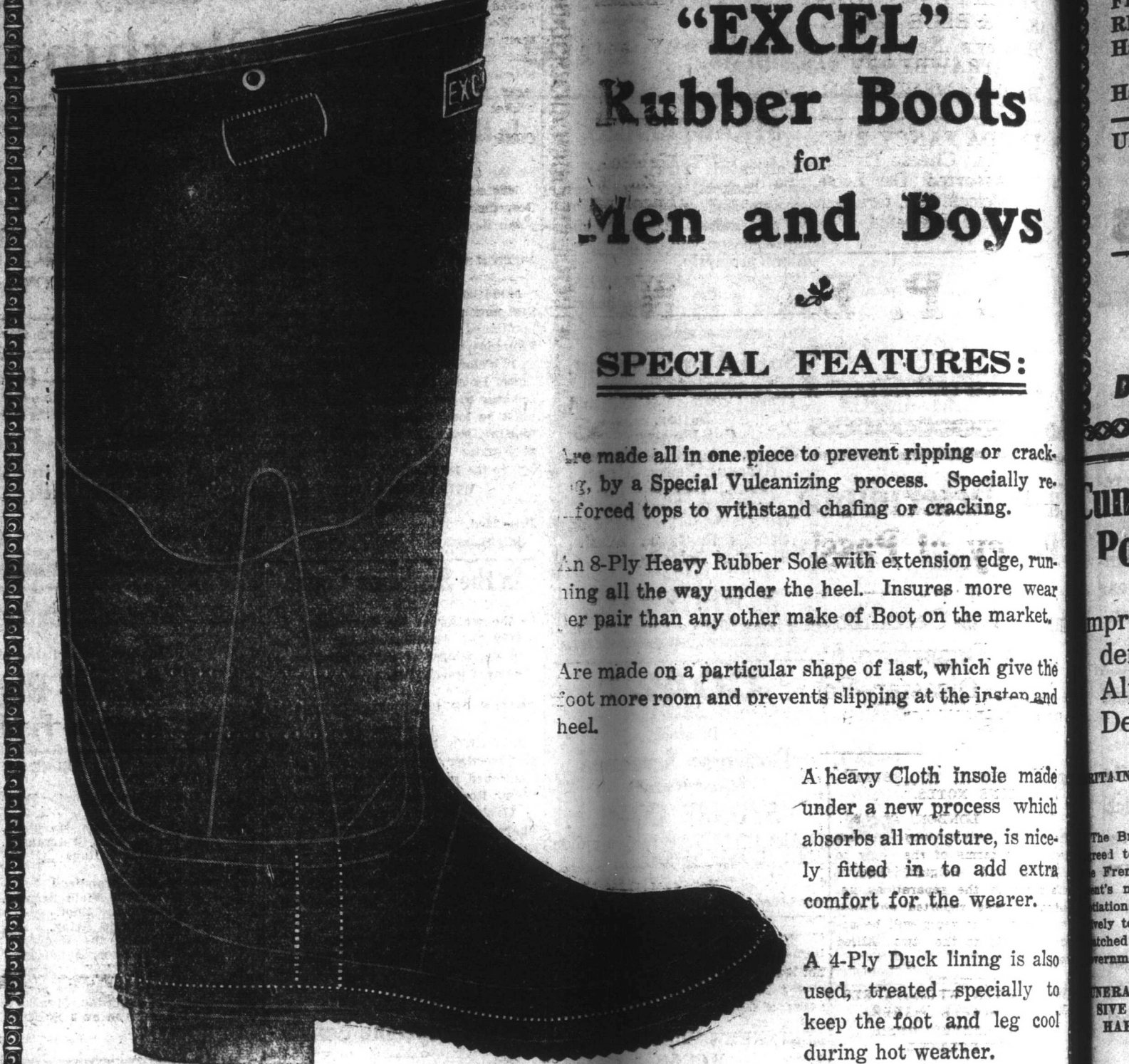
**MAKING A DAY OF IT.**  
The Illinois House of Representatives have passed a Bill making it possible for a person to obtain a divorce and get married the same day.

**PARENT BEATS SON.**  
An Airly's carrier that attacked a parrot which had escaped from its cage in Baling was wounded and put to flight by the bird.

**TO DADDY IN HEAVEN.**  
On a recent laid at the foot of Sutton Warf Memorial, was written: "Dear Daddy, I hope you are getting

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June 25, m. w. f. t.

on "In Heaven." The wreath was brought by a little boy of six, grandson of Mr. R. W. Wootton, J.P., Chairman of the Sutton Urban District Council.

**England Won't Keep Her Art.**  
London, July 16. (A.P.)—It is not intended to take any legislative measures to keep works of art, famous books and pictures in this country. Sir W. Joynson Hicks, financial secretary to the treasury, told a questioner in the House of Commons recently.

The questioner referred to measures he thought should be introduced whereby such treasures, which might otherwise be sold to America, might come instead to national or municipal collections at a fair valuation. The secretary said the question had been considered by the trustees of the National Gallery, who advised the government against any such legislation.

**Save Your Hair**  
Rub the scalp four times a week with Minard's

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT**  
Try quartering hard-boiled eggs and heating them in thick white sauce.

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