

Continued From Our Last Issue. Nona had written of it in ringing She flushed in beautiful ardor of the enthusiasm she joined with Sabre's at his opening words of their meeting; but she ended with "What do you mean, Nona, 'And

She took a letter from her bag. "I only got this this morning just as I was coming away. It's in reply to Oh. Marko, so splendid, so utterly leave and he's going to spend it in by a hidden spring suddenly touched paris! One of his women is there. by grouping fingers. That Mrs. Winfred. He's taken up with her again. He says, 'Poor thing. She's all alone in Paris. I know how ought to go and look after her. I amazing irrelevancy. thow you will agree with me. I'll tell course I do, Mr. Sabre." er you sent me. That will amuse and please her so."

She touched her eyes with her andkerchief. "It rather hurts, Mar-It's not that I mind his going. wet, s just what he would do. But it's the way he tells me. He just says it like that deliberately because he knows it will hurt. So utterly splen-did. Marko, and so utterly grace-day of the Old Year was to have ess." She gave her little note of adness again. "Utterly splendid! Look, this is all he says about his V. C. Isn't this fine and isn't it like n? He says, P. S. Yes, that V. C. usiness. You know why I got it on't you? It stands for Very Cau-

ious, vou know. They laughed together. Yes, like Tybar exactly! see him writing the letter. Delightin saying words that would hurt; felighting in his own whimsicality hat would amuse. Splendid; airy intouched by fear; untouched by hought; fearless, faithless, heedless, aceless. Fortune's darling; invested in her robe of mockery.

Nona's laughter ended in a little catch at her breath. He touched her erm. "Let's walk, Nona." 111.

He thought she was looking thin and done up. Her face had rather a frawn look, its soft roundness gone He thought she never had looked so beautiful to him. She spoke to him of what she had tried to say in her etters of his disappointments in ffering himself for service. kindled and enlarged, back into his long.

right thing. But strength to do it—
Strength flows out of you to me. It always has. I want it more and "For me? Who on earth more. I shall want it. Things are difficult. Sometimes I've a frightful feeling that things are closing in on There's Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind." It makes me-I don't know—wrought up. And sometimes ive the feeling that I'm being cared along like that and towards nat frightful cry at the end, 'O ind, if winter comes-

There will be strength in it for me- watch her. me hold on to the rest-to believe it— 'If Winter Comes—Can ipring be far behind?'"

She touched her handkerchief to her lips and gave it to him.

Sabre had always thought Bright Mrs. Perch. He wrote long letters o Young Perch, telling him how nuch more than wonderful Bright from the

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nored her in a way that not even Young Perch himself could have

bettered.

Marvelous Effie! Sabre used to think; and of course it was because "And then!" she said. her astounding fund of humor was based upon her all-embracing capacity for love. Sabre liked immensely the half-whispered talks with her while Mrs. Perch dozed in her chair. Effle was always happy.

One evening he asked her a most extraordinary question, shot out of plendid as he is, and then to be like him without intending it, discharged this. Look, he says he's just got out of his questioning thoughts as Effle, do you love God?"

Her surprise seemed to him to be more at the thing he had asked than orry you will feel for her, and I feel at its amazing unexpectedness and "Why, of Why do you?"

She said in simple wonderment, as one asked what had the sun to do with light, or whether water was "Why, God is love." He stared at her.

The second Christmas of the war



ASKED.

given Sabre a rare pleasure to which had her sweet voice sounded so ex-quisitely tender to him. They spoke ward. He was to have spent it with of the war. Never, but in their let- Mr. Fargus. The old chess and acrosers, had he been able thus to give tic evenings hardly ever happened his feelings and receive them, now. It was to have been a real ed with the same perceptions, long evening; but it proved not very At ten o'clock profound gymnastics

He shook his head, not trusting of the mind in search of a hidder inself to look at her. He said, word beginning with e and ending "You. Not L Anyone can know the with I were interrupted by the entry

"For me? Who on earth-?" He opened it. He did not recognize the writing on the envelope. He unfolded it. Ah!

"Freddie's killed. Please do come at once. I think she's dying .- E. B. CHAPTER VII.

He was alone in the room where Mrs. Perch lay-not even Effle. One o'clock. This war!

He stopped. He said, "Give me The doctor had been and was compour handkerchief to keep, Nona. ing again in the morning. There was comething of your own to keep, nothing to be done, he had said; just

bed—the biggest bed he had ever here. Anyway, there it is, Nona. I seen—and what was there to watch? heard them. It was imagination, of "Sinking," the doctor had said. In process here before his eyes, but not to be seen by them, awful and mysoffie would be wonderful with old terious things. Death with practiced fingers about his awful and mysterious surgery of separating the spirit flesh, the soul from the Effic mothered Mrs. body, the incorruptible from the cor-

### Rembranat, Long Since Dead, Teaches Film Lighting

BY JAMES W. DEAN.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The greatest advance in the technique of the movies in the past few years has been in lighting effects.

This is most noticeable in Chaplin comedies. Many of his old comics are now being shown. They are all flat lighted, that is, the corners of the picture and the center are lighted with the same intensity.

"Pay Day," his latest film, was made entirely at night. The scenes in which he attempts to board a rowded street car are the best sam ples of night photography yet shows on the screen.

Cecil DeMille and his cameraman Allan Wyckoff, were the pioneers in 'Rembrandt lighting." This method is to highlight one side of the figures and obscure the other side in sha The idea was gained from study of the paintings of Rembrandt Hence the name.

Rembrandt lighting gives an ap-

pearance of depth to pictures. That reates a note of naturalism.

Night photography is old stuff. Several years ago it was overdone Almost every picture with an auto in its action had many feet of film in which the headlights made bizarre and garish effects. One of these films was "Always Audacious," in which Wallie Reid played a dual role. Several commentators in their reviews of that film declared that night scenes in films were becoming mon

The night photography in "The Loves of Pharaoh" is effectively executed, but no more so than has been the case in scores of films.

ruptible But Young Perch was dead. Young Perch was killed. It was real. He was here. This war!

He felt very cold. He moved from the bed and replenished the fire and

There was some strange sound in the room. He had dozed in a chair. Some strange sound, or had he imagined it? He sat up tensely and listened. It was her breathing, a harsh and labored sound. He stepped quickly to the bed and looked and then ran into the passage and called loudly, "Effie! Effie!" Frightening, terrible, agonizing.

He was kneeling on one side of the bed, Effie at the other. The extreme range a place to put the fruit out-moment was come to her that lay doors. If not, choose a sunny window noment was come to her that lay doors. If not choose a sunny window between them. She was moaning. He in an unused room and put the platters of fruit on a table in front of sound of her moaning was terrible to him. That inhabitant of this her body had done its preparations and "WHY DO YO LOVE GOD?" HE now stood at the door in the darkness, very frightened. It wanted to It had been very accustomed to being here. It could not go back. It did not want to shut the door. The door was shutting. It stood and shrank and whimpered

Oh, terrible! Beyond endurance agonizing. It was old Mrs. Perch that stood there whimpering, shrinking, upon the threshold of that huge abyss, wide as space, dark as night. It was no spirit. It was just that very feeble Mrs. Perch with her fumbling hands and her moving lips. Young Perch never allow her even to cross a road without him! How in pity was she to take this frightful step? He wisted up all his emotions into an ippeal of tremendous intensity. appeal Young Perch! Come here! Your mother! Young Perch, come here!"

Telling it, once, to Nona, he said, "I don't know what happened. They alk about self-hypnotism. Perhaps was that. I know I made a most rightful effort saying 'Young Perch.' I had to. I could see her-that poor terrified thing. Something had to be done. Someone had to go to her. I been standing at the foot of the huge to get out of it. 'Young Perch. Come

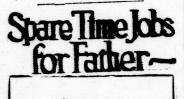
course. But I heard them." He heard. Don't be frightened. Here I am, mother. Come on, mother. One step, Only one. I can't reach you. You must take just one step. Look, mother, here's my hand. Can't

you see my hand?" "Now, mother, I tell you it isn't.
Do just trust me. Do just come." "I daren't, Freddie. I can't, Freddie. I can't. I can't."

"You must. Mother, you must. Look, look, here I am. It's I, Freddie. Don't cry, mother. Just trus yourself entirely to me. You know how you always can trust me. Look, here's my hand. Just one tiny step and you will touch it. I know you feel ill, darling mother. You won't any, any more, once you touch my hand. But I can't come any nearer, dearest. You must. You—. Ah, brave, beloved mother—now:" He heard Effie's voice. "Oh, she's dead! She's dead!"

Dead? He stared upon her dead face. Where was gone that mask? Whence had come this glory? That inhabitant of this her body, in act of going had looked back, and its look had done this thing. It had closed the door upon a ruined house, and looked, and left a temple. It had departed from beneath a mask, and looked, and that which had been masked now was beautiful.

Young Perch! (Continued in Our Next Issue.)





BURBANK.

BURBANK.

To prepare the boxes use leaf mold in mixing the earth and provide it is usually exposed to the air because the bottles have no caps.

You can eastly make caps for these bottles, similar to milk bottle caps, out of cardboard. Get the proper size and cut them out with scissors.

Other plants are desired, the amateur would do well to start his seed in boxes.

To prepare the boxes use leaf mold in mixing the earth and provide in the bottles have no caps.

You can eastly make caps for these bottles, similar to milk bottle caps, direct sunlight. When the seedlings out of cardboard. Get the proper appear—and particularly when the size and cut them out with scissors. fourth leaf has appeared—transplant



Rex Ingram and Alice Terry were so busy making pictures when they were married four months ago they didn't stop for a honeymoon. Now they's touring Pacific Coast states.

SISTER MARY'S KITCHEN\_

#### SUNSHINE PRESERVES



serves try some this year. Strawberry preserves made this way are delicately flavored and the fruit re-mains whole. The natural color of the berries is preserved when the fruit is cooked in the sun.

If possible, ar-

the window. Sunshine Strawberry Preserves.

Wash and hull berries. Weigh fruit. Use pound for pound of sugar and strawberries. Put a layer of berries in preserving kettle and utes, sprinkle with sugar. Continue layer Dr

Put over the fire and bring to the boiling point. Let boil up once over the entire surface of the fruit and Remove from fire and spread The berries should on platters. swim in the syrup in one layer. Twelve hours of hot sun outdoors will cook the berries enough.

Two or three days will be necessary in the house for there is less evaporation. If a glass is put over the platters outdoors the same length of time will be required. Remove glass frequently and wipe off the out having a strong tas drops of water that gather.

When the syrup is thick and jelly-F you have never made sunshine preinto sterilized glass jars and with paraffin. Store in a dark, dry Use equal amounts of rhubarb and

strawberries. Wash and hull berries and weigh. Peel and cut rhubarb in small pieces and weigh. Use pound for pound of sugar and fruit Proceed as in preceding recipe.

This jam can be cooked in the sur

or boiled over the fire. Rhubarb contains pectine and the syrup will jelly quickly if boiled. Put the jam in sterilized jars and seal while boil Strawberry and Pineapple Marma

lade. Wash and hull berries and weigh

Pare and cut pineapple in cubes. Weigh. Use equal amounts of strawberries and pineapple. Put pineapple in boiling water for five min-Drain and plunge at once into cold

for layer until all is used. Let stand water. Drain and combine with until the sugar draws the juice from strawberries. Use pound for pound of fruit and sugar. Put fruit and sugar in preserving kettle layer for layer. Let stand until the sugar is dissolved. Put over a slow fire and bring to the boiling point.

left the magiclan's star and flew to them, westward, leaving the lost Boil 20 minutes and seal in steri-lized jars while boiling. Or bring to a place in the dark sky right over their heads. He had turned into a sleeping. the boiling point and spread on platters. Put in the sun until the syrup bat, you know. thick and jelly-like. Put into bag he carried and two dreams cozed out like smoke out of a pipe. sterilized jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

Fruit preserved in the sun can be "cooked down" till very thick with-

BURBANK'S BETTER GARDEN TIPS

# GARDEN SEEDS



ARDEN TIPS.

ARTICLE NO. 8 BY LUTHER BURBANK. World's Greatest Scientific Agri-

culturist. MANY of the common mistakes of the beginner are made in plantng. A few suggestions may help materially in avoiding them:

If flowers are to trouble. be grown the beginner is likely to have the best sucess with "hardy nnuals" - such lowers as zinnias marigolds-but n the event that

other plants are

them, either in another box or the garden. When well up thin the plants according to the variety. Covering seeds too deeply is a

common mistake and should be avoided, particularly in the case of flowers. When boxes are used and precautions taken very little earth First of all- is needed over the seeds and, in GET GOOD some cases, practically none. This SEEDS! Like all will be later referred to.

good things they But, at all events, do not make are cheaper in the careless seed purchases if you wish

planting vegetables.

Cured Her Rheumatism

#### POLLY AND PAUL AND PARIS CHAPTER LVIII.—CARNIVAL!

-with the dear Paris streets flag-

wherever the smallest clearing pre-

At the corner a platform had been

built, bright with the tricolor, blue,

white and red, and the inevitable

"RF" in electric lights-beloved

symbol of the Republican Fran-caise. Up climbed the band, and

merry foot with buxom flower ven-dors. A chef in his white cap gallop-

ing with Mile. Clarice of the vaude-

To Be Continued.

But really. Nancy was walking

away from the mountains, eastward,

and Nick was walking away from

record near the place they had been

If Nancy had kept on she would

But again the red feather rescued

caught Nick's toe just as he was

Then flying after Nancy the

feather did exactly the same thing.

Another step would have brought

her to the edge of the precipice. But

To Be Continued.

(Copyright, 1922.)

"Where am I?" she cried. "And

Nick? What's happened?

THE RESCUE

Two dreams oozed out, like smoke out of a pipe. NANCY and Nick were sleeping store Mountain and over the Moun-

and the two of them began to walk her toe caught, she tripped, fell, and

peacefully under a nice bush tain-that-wasn't-there!

the pleasant valley between the

Electric Mountain and the Eider-

lown Mountain when Twelve Toes

Then he untied the strings of the

wake. Get up and walk in the direc-

tion I shall show you. You will be

The other dream whispered the

So Nancy got up and Nick got up

They both dreamed that they were

walking over the Eiderdown Mountain and over the Chocolate Moun-

tain and over the Five-and-ten-cent-

straight for the Twins.

before nightfall."

same thing to Nick.

instead of up, and made

over the rest of the Seven Mountains | woke him.

in their sleep, but in opposite direc- | wakened!

By Zoe Beckley

DOLLY had fretted herself into a the merry dance."

the merry dance."

"All right," said Polly, with a halflow mood. A sensitive state of hearted smile, "Let's." She would no more have told him the secret then nerves, natural under the cir-cumstances, contributed its share. And a series of small jangles—what than she could have stood at the Aunt Susan back home would have street corner and shouted it. They made conversation as called "fate"-completed the atmo-

sphere of constraint that now lay like dressed and started forth to find of the art. thick fog between them. some promising restaurant. The top layer of Paul's mood was anger, and that was the first to

"I'm sorry, Polly." He stood by thing." the reading lamp turning absently the leaves of a magazine. "I was termined to be the good sport, cost beautiful for their position. You might have left what it might, and carry the evening some word, you know, when you to success. Surely it would be easy

"I didn't think of it. I waited for decked and thronged with the youth you till nearly 7. Didn't it occur to of both sexes pelting one another you to send me some word?"

"I had to go out of town. There stopping to break into a dance

was an accident and trains were held up. I couldn't get a message sented: Carnival's own spirit was through. I expected to get home loosed! before 6. Mme. Dubois had not seen you go out. I called up Normaeverybody. I was frantic. Then you came in-quite calm and uncon-

Polly laughed mirthlessly. "Oh, well-I'm sorry, too, Paul. Let's say no more about it." He came over to her.

"Can't we do better than that? from the country. Cabbies flinging a merry foot with buxom flower ven-"Yes. I know." "Well, let's join the rest of the

world in a bit of fun tonight. Make it a truce, make it an armistice, something anyhow, and even if we of it, but in all that throng they don't feel like regular cut-ups, we were the only two who had not the can go through the motions. spirit of carnival. Dinner'll make us both feel better. Come on, let's freshen up and join ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

THE LATEST THING AND OTHER THINGS. By Alexander Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. \$2. BOOKS ought to be hung, as well

as pictures, and hung by masters Everyone knows that a fine picture "Suppose we try Romani's—I've may be killed by its neighbors; it is heard it's a good Italian table d'hote, therefore the part of judgment to put

and it's right in the midst of every- a fine picture where it will look its best, and with neighbors which will To Romani's they went, each de- enhance it and be themselves more

Why should not the same thing obtain with books?

Take a book like this by Alexander Black, for instance, and read it immediately after having finished a thrilling detective yarn. been turning your pages breathlessly, perhaps annoyed enough at the grip the plot has on you, disturbed by the ridiculous dialogue, it may be, or the woodenness of the character drawing. Yet, for all that, you must go on and see how the thing turns out -who fired the shot or soaped the safe, or accomplished whatever villainy was perpetrated in the first

as if by magic the garlanded plat-form was packed with dancers. few pages. To turn from that to the serene Everybody danced. Boys and girls paragraphs of a volume of essays, where humor plays mildly about reflection, where there is no more plot than there is villainy, this is turning from the mad hubbub of a ville, who adores the lobster he cooks. futurist canvas to the cool tints and Paul whirled Polly into the thick considered spacings of a Cazin.

After a while there will arise a delightful sensation of repose and content; but for a few moments there will be only blankness - you will see nothing, having seen too violently. And if in that short space you turn away, the fine picture, the fine book, suffers. You, too, suffer, for you have been cheated out of the fine by the gross.

There ought to be some way out of this dangerous situation, some way of making sure that the wrong two books shall not impinge upon each other, nor the reader. It would be delightful to enter rooms dedicated to certain types of books, for in-stance. Libraries that had their own sort of galleries, where amid proper surroundings you could go to get your piece of fiction or your essays or poetry; rooms of scarlet and gold or mist-tinted, whang-bang rooms for the red-blood stuff; primrosepale rooms where, on Sheraton tables, by bowls of daffodils, should lie the books that are grave, serene, intimately charming, into which you dip as you dip into the mind of a visiting friend whose talk is ripe and exquisite, who has seen much and thought much, but is full of delicate In this room you would find Alexander Black's "The Latest Thing."

Mr. Black has a considerable pubsary to remark upon the quality of his style, which, soundly based on the best traditions, does not fear the new word, and which does not sacrifice flexibility to form, nor yet forget the beauty that form alone can give. These papers are to be read with have walked over a high cliff, and if Nick had kept on he would have walked into a thorny patch where up, enjoyed, laid aside to wait again ozed out like smoke out of a pipe. Walked into a thorny patch where the right moment. They incite a re-These dreams, unlike smoke, went sharp thorns would have torn him flective mood, inspire to gentle argument, hold many a smile. them. It jumped out of Nick's pocket nothing startlingly new in them, One dream whispered to Nancy: them. It jumped out of Nick's pocket nothing startingly new in them. It jumped out of Nick's pocket nothing noisy. They are agreeably and, stretching itself on the ground, and stimulating, which is what an essay about to take his last step. That ought to be, and they are informal,



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