



MOIR'S Chocolates

CHILDREN are introduced to Moir's Chocolates by mothers who came to know these superior confections as a delightful gift in the days before marriage.

It was then that mothers became lovers of Moir's Chocolates for their unsurpassed goodness and rich flavor. So it is that Moir's Chocolates have become the chocolates of the home. Young mothers have sweet memories of Moir's and pass them on to the children.

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S. 114



CLARK'S PORK & BEANS

Will Save the Meats

*And Give Just as Much Satisfaction
and Nourishment*

W. CLARK, Limited : Montreal

CANADA FOOD BOARD—License Number 14-216



Women Discard Twenty Dollar Washing Machines for this wonderful \$2.00 Vacuum Washer

Regular Price \$4.00. This advertisement worth \$2.00 if you order at once.

This wonderful vacuum washer will pay for itself the first wash day you use it—we guarantee satisfaction or refund your money. It will wash a tubful of clothes in three minutes. It will wash anything from the heaviest blankets or overalls to the finest laces.

It prevents the wear on clothes—prevents back ache and does away altogether with the old clogging of washdays.

No more rubbing—throw away your washboard.

This washer can be used for washing, rinsing, blueing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Send this advertisement and only \$2.00 to-day, and we will send the \$4.00 Vacuum Clothes Washer, complete with long handle and exhaust protector, postpaid to any address. We want to prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer. **Don't Wait—Order one to-day. Agents Wanted.**

GRANT & McMILLAN CO., Dept. M.W. 5, 837 Clinton St., Toronto

The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 9

departure had broken. Yvette, more poised, more sought after, more delicately experienced in every way, appealed strongly to his appreciation. Possibly that appreciation acquired something of its fervency from the fact that Yvette was now behind the plate-glass window of another's prospective ownership. Men are like that. In any case, the appreciation was fervent, and its expression unmistakable. At first, for a little, he fenced, he experimented for the weak spot in her armor, and he fired from ambush. Then he came boldly into the open.

"You loved me once," he said. "You women don't forget."

"I cannot listen to you," Yvette rebuffed him uneasily.

"You could listen fast enough if you'd forgotten."

Which shot went home, and Yvette winced.

"You're afraid," he said, "that I can make you care again."

"I am afraid of nothing," said Yvette. But she would not look at him.

"Yvette," he said, with sudden passion, "it's like a flame consuming me, for all I thought myself so strong. I've forgotten all the other women I ever knew, and they've been more than two or three. You cared once—you've got to care again."

His hand shook while he said it, and it was true that Yvette had cared—once. There you have the makings of a very probable *da capo*, but time passed without a climax, and it came to be the night of the little dinner which Whiting was having for Yvette. He had it in his bachelor apartments, with Mrs. de la Fuente an imposing evidence of propriety at the head of the table.

In the center of the table, which was lit with rosy-shaded candles, was a bank of pale orchids, and around the table—it was rather small—were Whiting, Yvette and Hays. I have said that Mrs. de la Fuente presided.

"But Tony," said Yvette, a little nervously perhaps, "are we your only guests?"

"Why, there's a camaraderie, I think, about these little dinners," said Whiting. There was, however, small camaraderie about that little dinner. Mrs. de la Fuente alone talked determinedly and lightly on many subjects. Yvette ate little, and laughed a good deal. For the two men, Whiting was cheerfully silent, and Hays taciturn. The courses came and went, and eventually dinner was over. When the coffee cups were empty, Whiting led the way to his library.

"There's a fire," he said, "an open fire, which I find is always first aid to sociability."

About a quarter of an hour later he appealed to Mrs. de la Fuente.

"I have been hoping all day that you would play for us."

Mrs. de la Fuente rose with a pleased flutter.

"Ah, but I am old-fashioned," she protested, "I have not the music of to-day."

"I don't know your equal," said Whiting, "for 'Lucia' and 'Aida' and 'Trovatore'—all the real tunes."

He led her to the grand piano which occupied almost all of the room adjoining the library, and then came back to the fire.

"Celeste Aida" followed him, sighing upon the air.

"Well!" said Whiting, pleasantly conversational. He stood with his back to the fire, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and looked from Yvette to Hays.

"Well, what, Tony?" asked Yvette. Hays crossed his legs, and looked at the fire.

"What have you decided?" asked Whiting.

"I!" said Yvette. She said it sharply, being startled.

"And Hays," said Whiting. He spoke quietly, beneath the music.

Then Hays looked at Yvette.

"What do you mean?" he inquired, "I don't quite get you, my dear fellow. Is it a joke?"

"Shall I explain?" asked Whiting.

"If you please," said Yvette, her chin lifting proudly.

"I fancy," said Whiting, after a considerable pause, "it won't be any too easy. Still, I've arranged this little dinner with a view to explanations, where two or three are gathered together, y'know—Yvette, have you ever found me unreasonable?"

"No," said Yvette.

"Or exacting?"

"No."

"Or unfair?"

"No—no—!" She answered vehemently.

"Then you will answer a question if I ask it?"

"I will answer any question," said Yvette, "you choose to ask me."

"Thanks," said Whiting. He turned curtly to Hays.

"Never knew me to be anything but square, did you?"

"So far as I know," said Hays with the barest trace of a sneer.

"Then you will answer a question?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Concerning us three," said Whiting quietly. He added, lifting his voice a trifle, "Ah, don't stop, Mrs. de la Fuente! Give us the immortal sextet."

"I will answer any question," said Hays to Yvette, "that you wish me to answer."

"Good!" said Whiting cheerfully.

"Now then—here's the thing in a nutshell." He spoke swiftly, but rather low. "Do either or both of you wish me to release Yvette from her promise to marry me?"

The fire of seasoned logs crackled like thorns beneath a pot, and the immortal sextet flooded the room with melody. Otherwise ensued a silence.

"You're pretty frank, aren't you?" said Hays at length.

Yvette said nothing, only looked.

"It would hardly escape me," said Whiting, still with the same pleasant quiet, "that this is a triangle. Your firm sent you here, Hays, a couple of weeks ago. I had heard of you before you came. Gossip dies hard. I had heard that you were once extremely attentive to Miss de la Fuente. You're young, you're interesting, you have it on me every way but one. I wanted to be absolutely fair to the lady who had done me the honor to accept me, so I saw that she met you again—I saw that she met

Continued on Page 49



Indian Council. Hudson's Bay Pageant. Old Fort Garry, May 3rd.