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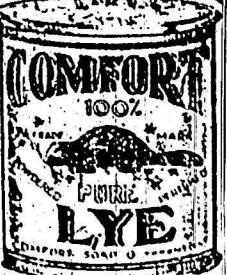
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**COMFORT LYE**

cleans sinks closets drains — kills rats mice bugs destroys dirt Extra Strong



## THE PLOTTERS

To begin with, they quarrelled. Being thorough in all things, they quarrelled as thoroughly as they had loved. Then, with equal thoroughness they swept up the pieces returned the presents, burned the letters; and tried to persuade themselves and their friends that the whole affair was washed out as utterly as if it had never happened. She stayed where she was, and went to live in a different town.

That's the prologue.

The story commences when Doris, coming out of a theatre with her aunt, met Billy for the first time in two years.

Billy was not the man with whom she had quarrelled. Billy was merely an old and devoted chum. He and she had grown up together, and their friendship was of the quarrel-proof brand. Which neither absence nor proximity, letters nor the lack of them, can ever still the indifference or warm love. Billy had known Doris from the dead and gone "episode," and Doris had started off with sisterly affection and maternal interests to meet of Billy's love affairs. I love in such days, but soon went to attack him much as my lover does his mate, driving scoldings, but and when I lag.

Two years in the East had altered Billy's looks, made him a bit more serious. In the way of carpeted passage ways, Doris had been with him again.

"Spotted you at the last of the show," he exclaimed, after the first rush of greetings. "I was upstairs, and of course when I saw you, I dashed right away before you could give me the stop, and how are things going with your old chum?"

Doris gave him a resume, which he punctuated with questions, even as of yore. From him, by chance, he mentioned a football game, and her pretty face blushed, and she stopped him with an impatient gesture.

"Please, I'll give you all about Billy," she said firmly. "I never want to think about him again, now again."

"Oh, I say, you know, Billy, as you always do," Doris said, smiling. "We're engaged," said Doris, in tones as in their schooldays.

He registered her comment with a faint smile, and Doris continued her narrative of her left wing. "Well, we're engaged," she repeated, but to the best of her knowledge, he had not yet responded.

"I say, Doris, I say, Doris," Doris began, nervously.

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AND  
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BOILED  
DINNER

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oughly miserable, with red eyes and a remorseful conscience, the sole mitigation of her wretchedness being the reflection that she had saved her pride. This cold comfort upheld her until the afternoon, when the maid announced

"What was the idea, Doris?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I fail to understand," said Doris coldly, her eyes hostile.

"Saying you were engaged to Whyte."

"I don't see how my engagement concerns you."

"Considering that it doesn't exist, I think I have a right to inquire."

"You forfeited all rights long ago. My affairs are nothing to you now."

"On the contrary, they are everything to me!"

Billy was white, and quivering with anger, refusing to be insulted like this.

"I knew you were capable of a good deed, but I didn't dream that you could sink to such depths. You come to me straight from your wife."

"Oh, Doris, we've been a pair of fools you and I!" said Derek. "She isn't my wife."

"Not your wife?"

"No; any more than Billy Whyte's your fiance."

"Then what made you tell me she was?"

The same mad reason that possessed you to say that you were engaged to Billy. "Pride—sinful pride, as Miss Anne used to call it." He laughed a little bitterly. "Madge Rose told me, on the occasion well, I must say, seeing that I sprang it on her without a moment's warning. But I shouldn't have done it if I hadn't thought you really were engaged."

Doris' sense of humor—always one of her saving graces—began to get the better of her.

At the bottom of her heart she knew perfectly well that her aunt was right.

"Oh, top-hole," said Billy enthusiastically, and shuffled and looked down his nose, very pink and pleased. The fact is, I well, I'm not the dearest girl in the world when I was in hospital down South, and we got engaged."

"Really? Oh, Billy, how glad I am!" exclaimed Doris, smiling and his smile broader. The aunt, scowling imminent rhapsodies, cut in with more gravity than consideration.

"Doris thinks you eat and as a taxi willie?" she asked. "We shall never get out if we wait much longer."

"Right you are, Miss Anne," said Billy cheerfully, and clapped the old lady to a seat. "Just sit down here. I come back."

It was at that moment Doris saw Derek.

He was coming down the passage, his tall figure in view above the low alterations which he traced out in front of him, before she could recover her eyes had met his, and she saw that an encounter was inevitable.

"And he was accompanied by a girl?" That did it. All the old pride, suppressed by depression, flew up again.

Derek noted: "What does that unashamed hold of him, make him do?"

"What about the girl?" This is, I repeat, an age of uplift, but the only uplift he gets is a playful toss in the air. What of his sighs, belches and preventions? He has about as many at the present time as a Chinese goldfish—the right to live. He fed and made himself sick, and was displayed to the greatest advantage.

He raised his voice in his own behalf many times, but the trouble is he speaks a foreign language. A French interpreter and I understood him. If he cries, according to parent tradition, he is either hungry or full, or a temper, more

"What about the girl?" This is, I repeat, an age of uplift, but the only uplift he gets is a playful toss in the air. What of his sighs, belches and preventions? He has about as many at the present time as a Chinese goldfish—the right to live. He fed and made himself sick, and was displayed to the greatest advantage.

After I have my jelly prepared I lay out the cubes and cups which have been washed and rinsed and apply the jelly with a soft cloth, stirring in thoroughly on each side.

If they are to be very stiff I allow them to dry, repeat the process and roll them up in a towel while still wet. In twenty or thirty minutes I open them on one side and then on the other, and lay them flat with paper until perfectly dry and glossy.

If a very soft jelly is desired I rub a damp cloth over them and again press until perfectly dry.

When washing articles which I do not care to have especially stiff I

"And I shouldn't have done it—if I hadn't seen you with a girl," she said. "You're not—you're not."

"Doris comes across the room."

"I've never seen anyone else in my life except you," he said. "On my honor, I've never courted another woman. I never tried to. Oh, Doris, kid is it too late to pick up the broken threads and mend them? Is it, too?"

Doris suddenly beyond speech shook her head round and away. She felt his arm round her—felt both her hands caught in one of his.

"There's nobody else?" he whispered.

"No."

"Doris! Doris! Oh, my dearest, I don't deserve this. Can you ever forgive me for the past three years?"

"Doris! It was my fault—mine all along. I spoilt these three years for you."

"There wasn't a minute in them that could match last night for wretchedness. When you'd gone home, I made Billy tell me what you'd said about me, and I thought then that I couldn't possibly stand a chance. I only came over because I was still longing for hope."

"Did Billy tell you that he and I weren't engaged?"

"There was no need. I'd been with him and his wife all the evening."

"His wife?"

"The one I borrowed. They're only just finished their honeymoon. He says Miss Anne didn't give him a chance to tell you the whole story."

"Doris, what am I? I've been pretty foolish, I suppose, but I've been pretty foolish all this time. Don't you think it's about time we reformed?"

Doris agreed that it was.

(The End.)

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