THE POISONED GIRL

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

A novelist, seeking nocturnal adventure, waits in Grosvenor Square, London. Perceiving a silent figure in white standing motionless against a railing, he investigates. He finds a girl in evening dress and beside her a man. The man declares he is a passerby who wonders what is wrong with the girl.

To every advance made by the two men the girl replies, "Go away." Finally she says she has taken poison and wants to die. The novelist asks the strange man to hail a taxi to take the girl to Middlesex Hospital. On the way to the hospital the girl fights to jump from the cab. Calling at the hospital early the following morning the writer finds the girl conscious. She reproaches him for saving her life.

The nurse in charge explains that the girl is recovering but says that she has had a very narrow escape from death. The nurse asks the girl to give her name and home address.

The girl says she is Lady Grace Tarset of 216 Grosvenor Square and that her father is the Marquis of Goswyn. She says she has quarreled with her lover, Carlo Scarlati, pianist. The novelist promises to bring Carlo back to the girl. Calling at Scarlati's hotel, the novelist learns that the pianist has gone to the Hotel Superbe, Brussels. He calls at the home of Lady Grace and is grudgingly admitted to the sick room, where Lady Grace is slowly recovering health.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

In the morning she had had an interval of lucidity, for now she was again rather comatose. She did not at first seem to recognize me, though I pressed a lax hand and reminded her of the incidents of the night. It was only when I pronounced the name of Scarlati that she revived: "Oh, where is he?" she asked. "Where . . . yes; I remember you now. Where is he?"

"He's in Brussels. I am going to him tonight."

"Oh, you must bring him back. I shall die if you don't."

I did not reply for a moment. She affected me now more than she had done before: it was not only her extravagant beauty, but her limpness, her weakness, her complete forlornness. Again I had to keep down the impulse that had come in the cab, to take her into my arms, console her, wrap her away from this absurd infatuation. But it would have been no use; her heart was as surely given to the faithless one as Titania's to Bottom the weaver. So, after a while, I left her. She laid upon me a thrall by saying: "If he doesn't come back soon I'll have to try again."

Thus, next morning, just after nine, so as to be sure to catch him, I presented myself at the Hotel Superbe. Yes, Mr. Scarlati was in, but would see nobody. This cost me twenty francs, given to the porter. The valet confirmed that Mr. Scarlati would see nobody. This cost me a hundred francs. The situation was so humorous that I wondered whether Scarlati would charge me a thousand francs. In fact the solution was simpler, for the valet came back to say that his master would not see me; thereupon, being, as I have said before, six foot two in height, I informed him that I would knock his head off if he annoyed me, and walked into a bedroom where Scarlati was having his breakfast.

"What the . . .?" began the musician.

"I apologize for disturbing you," I said, closing the door and sitting down.

"I don't want your apologies," said Scarlati, in good English, but with a foreign accent. "I only want you to leave the room."

"Impossible. I have a message for you from Lady Grace Tarset." He gazed at me in horror, and meanwhile I surveyed him. He was not at all repulsive; he wore his hair very long and he had one of those romantic mustaches, but he did not look too Italian. His hair was black, but reasonably black; also, he had certainly shaved close and had a bath.

"Lady Grace!" he said in a trembling voice.

"Yes. I suppose you don't know that the night before last she tried to commit suicide."

"Suicide!" he cried, jumping up. "Oh, my little white flower! Is she dead?" I felt a little sorry for him, for he looked genuinely horrified.

"No, fortunately she was prevented, and I think she is now out of danger. But it is not your fault she lives, Mr. Scarlati. Your conduct to her has been abominable."

"I know, I know," cried the musician, piteously, "but I couldn't help it."

"Nonsense. Lady Grace has told me the circumstances. It seems you had a quarrel, and that thereupon you bolted, breaking off the engagement. I don't blame you for breaking it off, if you didn't care for her, which seems absurd; but you should have ended the relationship gently, slowly. You have acted in a brutal manner. There is only one thing to be done."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come back with me to London by the night train, go to her to-morrow and . . ." I gulped, "renew the engagement."

"I can't."

"You must. You don't seem to understand, Mr. Scarlati; she's set her heart on it, and if you don't come back I think she'll try again. That time she'll kill herself."

The musician tramped about the room, clasping his hands over his head. "Oh, what am I to do? What am I to do?" he moaned. "I can't do it."

"Why not?"

There was a long pause. Then Scarlati muttered: "I'm married already."

"What!" I shouted. "You . . . cur!" and in my anger stepped toward him, so that he ran to the end of the room, interposing a table between us. "Married!" I repeated. "Well, here's a pretty situation! How can I go back and tell her that? But, look here, how dared you start a love affair with her if you were already married?"

"I couldn't help it," whined Scarlati. "It wasn't I who started it."

"If you dare to suggest that Lady Grace ran after you," I replied, "I'll brain you." He did not reply, and I felt a fool, for young girls do do these things in their childishness. Besides, what did it matter? For a moment I thought over this apparently hopeless situation. At last I made up my mind:

"Suicide!" he cried, jumping up.

"Look here, Mr. Scarlati, I don't want to use any hard words about this, you've behaved disgracefully, but let us see if something can be done to save the girl you have deceived. So far as I can see, the thing to do is to face her with the fact, so that she may hate and despise you."

"Much obliged," said Scarlati.

"It is the only way. Where is your wife?"

"I don't know. She left me five years ago."

"You've never heard from her?"

"No."

"Still, she's got to be found. Tell me something about her."

"Oh, I will help you, I will help you," cried Scarlati, with a theatrical gesture. "If I only can, if only a life of remorse . . ."

"Hang your remorse. Tell me about your wife."

"I married her just about ten years ago; her name was then Jeanne Darbot. She is French."

"Where did you marry her, and on what date?"

"In Paris, ten years ago, on the ninth of July."

"And that's all you know?"

"Yes. I'm awfully sorry, but that is all. My wife, when I married her, was living at Chartres, in France. She taught the piano and harmony. She helped me a little, then. She left me, well, there were private reasons; we quarreled and she went away."

"Did you look for her?"

"I thought of doing so. She was a little older than I am, but she had red hair." He snapped his fingers with admiration. "And she was a fine woman."

"I suppose you'd take her back if I could find her."

"Oh, well," said Scarlati, sentimentally, "forgive and forget, as you say in England. Perhaps we might spend the end of our lives by our fireside and see the years roll by . . ."

"Never mind the years. Can you tell me anything more?"

"I fear not."

"All right. I'm going to find your wife and bring her back to you. Meanwhile, you're going to London tonight; you're going to Lady Grace, saying it was all a mistake, and renew the engagement."

"But the marquis?"

"Will make no difficulties. He's much too frightened that she'll try to kill herself."

"But how is it to end?" wailed Scarlati.

"It will end either when I find your wife or when Lady Grace gets tired of you. I've every hope that she will."

"I won't go," screamed Scarlati, offended.

"Then she will kill herself, and her blood will be on your head. I will make the facts known everywhere."

Scarlati coyly twisted his mustache. I could see that he liked the idea that a daughter of a marquis might commit suicide for love of him. So I added in an amiable tone: "Also I will horsewhip you daily until you go."

"What time is the train?" asked Scarlati.

V.

And now I had to find on the European Continent an entirely unknown music mistress of whom all I knew was that she was French, maiden name Jeanne Darbot, aged about forty, red-haired, and a fine woman. There were probably lots of Darbots; as for the other details, Europe simply hummed with them. It was not until the evening that it struck me that Madame Scarlati, being French, could have fled only to France. Born in the provinces, she would return to her birthplace. The homing instinct of the French recalls that of the pigeon. Madame Scarlati must be in France; fortunately, since France has a population of forty millions, I could confine my researches to the district of Chartres. I left by the afternoon train for Paris, spent just enough time there to look up the music mistresses in the directory, where not a single Darbot figured.

I spent several days in Chartres, pleasantly engaged in going through every street of that little city, looking out for brass plates.

(To be continued.)

Run! Get Some

WRIGLEYS

satisfies the desire for sweets, helps make strong healthy teeth, removes particles of food from teeth crevices, and aids digestion. So it is a wonderful help to health.

CG37

ISSUE No. 39—'28.

Peonies.

At times they make me think
Of toy balloons
Swaying so gently
In the summer breeze;
When they shake out their
Lovely fluted petals
After the sun has coaxed
Persistently
They make me think
Of portly, berufflled ladies
Cowed for some great event.

But in the early morning,
When the starry dew
Clings to their sparkling petals
They open wide the gates
Of wonderland!
I wander, then,
In a gay world
Of radiant, flaming color—
Soft, rosy pink,
Deep, glowing red, and creamy, ivory white.
A fragrant fairy country
Rich in the lavish beauty
Of peonies in bloom!

—Eleanor G. R. Young.

Adjust Family Finances to Ownership of Your Home.

Perhaps the most vital step in home ownership is the matter of adjusting the family finances to the new order of things after moving into the new home. The first payment is out of the way, there is a new scale of living, with a long-time obligation ahead. Getting the right start is of utmost importance, and you can logically calculate just about what all obligations will amount to during the coming years and pan a definite program for taking care of them.

If the program works out successfully as planned in the first year, then it will prophesy well for the future years. If it fails to work out as planned, then some refiguring or retrenchment will be necessary. Its failure to work successfully does not necessarily mean disaster to your plans, but it does mean that you must develop yourself as a better manager.

She—"I hear you've gone into the real estate business."

He—"Not exactly; I'm a reporter. I'm picking up dirt for the newspapers now."

Cutting Out the Kisses.

Kissing is not favored in Japan, with the result that 800,000 feet of embraces have been cut out of films for exhibition in that country.

A FROCK EXPRESSING SMART SIMPLICITY IN EVERY DETAIL.

Nothing is more charmingly created to soften the severity of a straight-line dress than the cascade jabot as used on this model, and which falls from beneath a well-fitting collar. Shirrings at the shoulders are indicative of the newer mode, and a finely pleated skirt front lends a youthful swing. The back is in one piece, and the introduction of a narrow belt is another feature of the mode. No. 1422 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 (36 bust) requires 4⅝ yards 39-inch figured material; ¼ yard plain contrasting. 20 cents.

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Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Transformation.

A walnut tree upon a hill
For many a season grew,
And watched the eagles upward soar
And vanish in the blue.
It envied all the birds that built
Among its branches high,
And murmured to the passing breeze,
"Would that I, too, could fly."

It jugged and pulled in every gale
Against the roots that bound
Its graceful trunk and waving boughs
So firmly to the ground.
And ever lifted up its top
Through storm or sunlight clear,
A little nearer to the stars
And clouds from year to year.

Men came one day and felled the tree,
And sawed it into thin,
Smooth, fragrant pieces, finely grained
As wood for violin.
And wrought them in an aeroplane
To course the boundless sky.
"Now," sighed the walnut joyously,
"Beyond, at last I fly."

—Minus Irving.

Scottish Potato Crop.

Scottish potato growers are perturbed over the appearance of blight in the crop, which promised to be above the average.

Idiot!

"Why hasn't your man come to fix our door bell?"

"He was there twice to-day, lady!" said the voice at the other end of the line, "and he says he rang and rang and no one came to the door!"

Bricks in Ancient Rome.

The characteristic feature of Roman building proper is the long, narrow bricks, beautifully fitted together, and giving in the mass the impression of enormous solidity and strength. These masses of brick were, at least under the empire, generally faced with marble or some other precious material, and if one scratches at the base of a wall one is nearly certain to find some fragment thereof. . . .

For certain of the more pretentious buildings stone blocks were employed, e.g. for the construction of the various imperial fora, or the theatre of Marcellus; but the brick, with its beautiful dull red color, is the unmistakable sign of Roman work. It looks particularly effective in the round arch. So attractive is it to the eye that the Renaissance builders copied the color, and the prevalent note of the older quarter of modern Rome is the same dull red, verging sometimes on a yellow tinge. They developed an extraordinary skill, which the modern Roman inherits in working in that . . . product of marble, stucco, and somehow or other succeeded in making attractive what in other countries and climates would appear hideous. I have tried in vain to find anything intrinsically beautiful in the Roman baroque palaces, but I must admit that in the bulk they achieve a pleasing effect. This is probably due to their magnificent proportions. They have never been equalled in size by anything until the advent of the monster hotel: The Palazzo Doria, for example, at the right-hand south end of the Corso, once housed a thousand retainers of the family. All the great palaces—Doria, Borghese, Rospigliosi, Caetani, Chigi, Sciarra Barberini, etc.—are now let out into flats, or for museums, galleries, clubs, libraries, and even newspaper offices. The new quarter of the Prati, like most of the suburbs, is a horrid vista of shining and unrelieved whiteness, but it will tone down, and there are some charming interiors even now.

A complete knowledge of the materials used by the Roman builders in different ages enables the expert to date with certainty most of the crumbling remains which have nothing else recognizable about them except their names which have come down to us. It is a fact that builders in different periods used bricks of various sizes and colors, and mortar of different composition. In later days many bricks and tiles were stamped with the name of the factory where they were made, and sometimes with the name of the reigning emperor.—Colin R. Coote, in "Italian Town and Country Life."

Rare Fruit.

The mangosteen can only be grown where the temperature never drops below 35 degrees above zero. It is the size of a mandarin orange, deep purple externally, with a thick, woody rind. Within are several segments of snow-white pulp of extremely delicate flavor. Because of its great delicacy and the difficulty of transporting it long distances, Queen Victoria, it is said, once offered a handsome reward to the first man who succeeded in placing a dish of mangosteens on her table at Buckingham palace, but the reward was never won.

A Rare Type.

"And so you are not married yet?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, father says that my husband must be a keen and experienced man of good health and good habits; mother says he must be frugal, industrious and attentive; and I say he must be handsome, dashing, talented, and rich. We are still looking for him."

Billy Was In Luck.

Little Billy tripped over the edge of the carpet and dropped the dish of tapioca he was carrying. Picking himself up, he remarked, cheerfully, "That's jolly lucky!"

His mother was indignant.

"What's jolly lucky, I should like to know," she asked.

"Why, it's jolly lucky I don't like tapioca," replied Billy.

Nine Opportunities.

Teacher—"What would happen if you broke one of the ten commandments?"

Johnny—"There would be nine left."

To polish copper, brass, or zinc, use vinegar and salt. Apply with a soft cloth and polish with a dry woollen cloth.

Do not slice apples into even pieces when making a pie. It is better to cut them in irregular pieces. Then they do not "pack"; the hot air gets to them better, and they cook more quickly.

Test it Yourself!

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

Write Salada, Toronto, for free sample.

Surnames and Their Origin

GALBRAITH

Variation—Galbreth.
Racial Origin—Scottish.
Source—A given name.

At the period when the Scottish clans were at the height of their power the Galbraith formed a very important division of that most influential clan, the Macdonalds, North and South.

The Gaelic designation of this branch of the Macdonalds was "Chlann a' Bhreattannaich," or "descendants of the Britons," but they took as a family name the given name of their chieftain, who played an important part in the national affairs of Scotland about the time of James I., "Galbraich," of Baldernock.

Of course, in the earlier use of this name it was regularly prefixed by the "mac," indicating followers or descendants of the person named. But as has been the case with so many Scottish and Irish clan names, the prefix was droppedd as superfluous after the translation of the name into English in later generations.

The strongholds of this branch of the Macdonalds were Macrihannish and Drumore, and prior to 1600 they held the island of Gigha for the Macdonalds.

CANN[illegible]

Variations—O'Cann[illegible]
Racial Origin—Irish.
Source—A nickname.

It is remarkable [illegible] many instances a mere [illegible] gives you the exact [illegible] family name and in how many [illegible] very, obvious guess leads you [illegible] stray. Knowing that the family [illegible] of Cannon is Irish, you would [illegible] distrust the obvious. [illegible] would not come from the [illegible] "cannon."

Instead, it comes [illegible] Irish clan or sept name of [illegible] Conneain." If you drop out the [illegible] which is infected into silence [illegible] simply the three diphthongs [illegible] a pronunciation rough [illegible] "Cannaman." Then slur through the [illegible] syllable and you arrive at [illegible] "Cannan," or simply Cannon. [illegible] just about the way the name [illegible] anglicized through [illegible] of both the Gaelic spelling and [illegible] pronunciation.

The name comes from [illegible] nickname of "Ceannfionnach" [illegible] "fair haired, and which [illegible] schoolmates given to a chieftain [illegible] "Fiachra," who [illegible] founder of the sept. The [illegible] the O'Cannons from medieval [illegible] was the around Orgiall.

Overtaking the Seasons.

If, like me, you are more interested in seeing things happen than in seeing them when they have happened, you will not be such an advocate of Summer as of other, any other, season: For Summer is the one time of year when practically nothing happens outdoors. From about the middle of May — I speak of the south parts—to the middle of September, nature sits with her hands in her lap and a pleasantly tired face. There, my children, she says, I have done my job. I hope you will like it. Most of us, I can do like it very much, and signify the same in the usual manner by vigorous ball exercise and liquid refreshment, much of it of an explosive and delusive kind. When the Summer is over, somewhere round about Michaelmas day, Nature rolls up her sleeves and begins again. Properly speaking: there are only two seasons—Spring and Summer. The people therefore who, like me, prefer the spring to the summer, have more time in which to exhibit or dissemble their love.

The people who like everything are the people to envy. Children, for example, love the Winter just as much as the Summer. They whistle as they jump their feet, or flack their arms across their bodies; and whistling is one of the sure signs of contented youth. I remember that we used to think it rare sport to find the sponge a solid globe of ice, or to be able to get off cleaning our teeth on the ground that the tooth water was frozen in the bottle. I don't believe I ever had cold feet in bed, and am sure that if I did I had something much more exciting to think about. There might be skating to-morrow, or we could finish the snow-man, or go to bogganing with the tea-tray; or it was Christmas; or we were going to the Pantomime. All seasons were alike to us; each had its delights.

That of Summer, undoubtedly, was going to the seaside. We always had a month of that, and then a month in some country place or other which my father did not know. That was done for his sake, because the seaside bored him so much that even his children noticed it. It was nothing to us, of course, as we lived in the country, and did not, as he did, poor man, spend most days of the year in London; but equally of course we weren't bored.

. . . No, it was always interesting to live in some one else's house, learn something of their ways, chance upon a family photograph, or a discarded toy . . . or to read their books and guess what bits they had liked—any little things like that. . . . At the same time, I don't know where else one could be in August, except at the seaside.—Maurice Hewlett, in "Last Essays."

Advent of Autumn.

When fall's fr[illegible]
the grou[illegible]
And paint with [illegible]
trees;
Unfurl bright [illegible]
breeze;
And scatter leaves [illegible]
mound;
The goldenrod [illegible]
round;
A stray, brown [illegible]
low seas[illegible]
Then silence fo[illegible]
As Summer's [illegible]
are drow[illegible]

And neath the [illegible]
river,
The wildling a[illegible]
The yellow cat[illegible]
and quiv[illegible]
Just as they d[illegible]
There stirs a br[illegible]
and shiver
The buttonwood [illegible]
low.

Colorful Linoleum [illegible] Dullness of Plain Floors.

Don't stop at [illegible]
Make your floor[illegible]
as well as sani[illegible]
Inlaid linoleum [illegible]
than hardwood [illegible]
orative value. [illegible]
much character [illegible]
rooms need on[illegible]
its high notes [illegible]
tive effect. [illegible]
And these floors [illegible]
inexpensive, [illegible]
never require [illegible]
and cleaning [illegible]
and wear. Best [illegible]
quiet foot com[illegible]
fashioned carpets [illegible]

The Poor [illegible]

"He's hard [illegible]
burr, got almost [illegible]
"Oh, quit t[illegible]
nut!"

Men's [illegible]
green, but [illegible]

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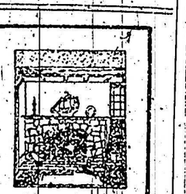

DON'T BUILD EXPENSIVELY ON A CHEAP LOT

Another thing to remember is the relation of the value of the house to the value of the lot. It is not advisable to build an expensive dwelling on a cheap lot. Generally speaking the value of a home should not be more than three or four times the value of the land on which it is built. A costly dwelling crammed on a lot with very little frontage is not liable to resell easily.

Remember, too, especially if the district is undeveloped, that the eventual level of the roads and sidewalks has a bearing on the water line, which, in turn, may result in damp basements. The best plan is to have a surveyor [illegible] the grade [illegible] is to sidewalk, the Roadways Department of the city or municipality will inform you of the future level.

Having selected your [illegible] with the utmost care the next move is to make an agreement or contract of sale with the owner. A certain percentage of the purchase price is usually stipulated as the first payment, generally about ten per cent. This payment makes the contract legal and binding for a limited period, usually thirty days, and during this period the title should be searched for claims of other impediments to clear ownership of the property. A clear title is imperative at once, especially if your financing of the proposition involves a loan to carry on building operations.

If the search of the title reveals no flaws or hindrances, there is one more thing to be done before completing the purchase and starting to build. That is to have the lot surveyed and staked, so that you make sure of getting all the property you have contracted to pay for, and also to insure against encroaching, even by a few inches, on neighboring property. Failure in this respect is likely to bring about costly litigation in the future.

Having attended to these details you are safe in completing the purchase. Once you are in possession of a deed of the land this document should be promptly registered with the proper authorities in order to officially establish your title.

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