



The DIM LANTERN

by TEMPLE BAILEY.

"So Jane listened with all her ears, and modified the opinion she had formed of Frederick Towne from his picture and from her first glimpse of him. He was nice to talk to, but he might be hard to live with. He had obstinacy and egotism."

"Why Edith should have done it amazes me."

"She was hurt," she said, "and she wanted to hide."

"But people seem to think that in some way it is my fault. I don't like that. It isn't fair. We've always been the best of friends—more like brother and sister than niece and uncle."

"But not like Baldy and me," said Jane to herself, "not in the least like Baldy and me."

"Of course Simms ought to be shot," Towne told them heatedly. "He ought to be hanged," was Baldy's amendment.

Jane's needles clicked, but she said nothing. She was dying to tell these bloodthirsty males what she thought of them. What good would do to shoot Delafield Simms? woman's hurt pride isn't healed by the thought of a man dead body.

Young Baldwin brought out the bag. "It is one that Delafield gave her," Frederick stated, "and I cashed a check for her at the bank the day before the wedding. I can't imagine why she took the ring with her."

"She probably forgot to take it off; her mind wasn't on rings," Jane's voice was warm with feeling. He looked at her with some curiosity. "What was it on?"

"Oh, her heart was broken. Nothing else mattered. Can't you see?" Jane swept them back to the matter of the bag. "We thought you ought to have it, Mr. Towne, but Baldy had scribbles about revealing anything he knows about Miss Towne's hiding place. He feels that she trusted him."

"You said you had advertised, Mr. Barnes?"

"Yes."

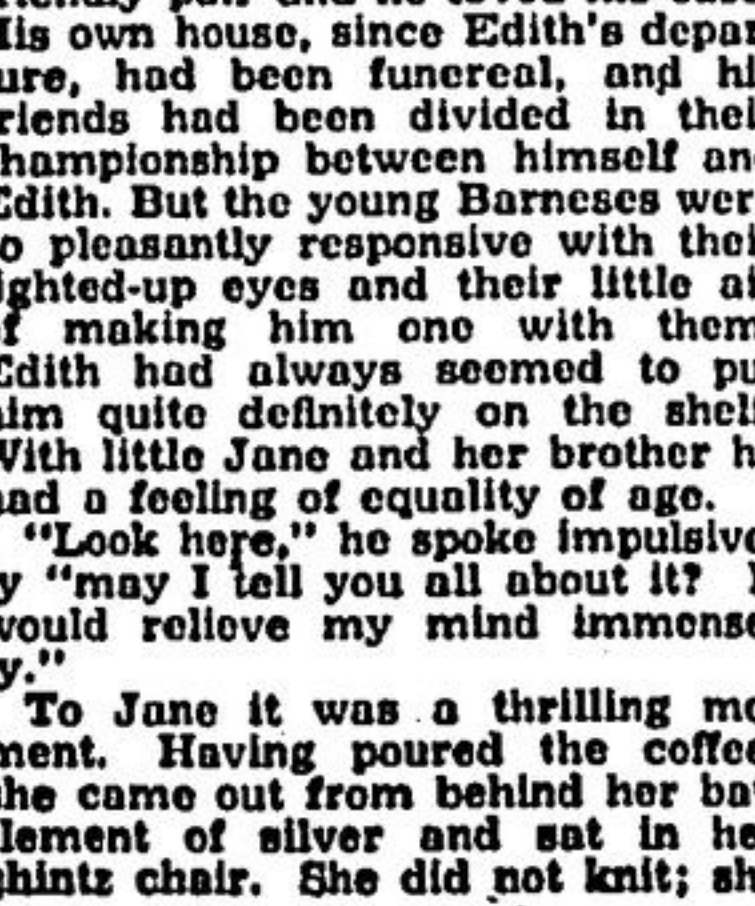
"Well, the one thing is to get her home. Tell her that if she calls you up," Frederick looked suddenly tired and old.

Baldy, leaning against the mantel, gazed down at him. "It's hard to decide what I ought to do. But I feel that I'm right in giving her a chance first to answer the advertisement."

Towne's tone showed a touch of irritation. "Of course you'll have to act as you think best."

And now Jane took things in her own hands. "Mr. Towne, I'm going to make you a cup of coffee."

"I shall be very grateful," he smiled at her. What a charming child she was! He was soothed and refreshed by the atmosphere they created. This boy and girl were a



was enchanted by the tale that Towne was telling. She sat very still, her hands folded, the tropical birds about her. To Frederick she seemed like a bird herself—slim and lovely, and with a voice that sang!

CHAPTER III

Edith Towne had lived with her Uncle Frederick nearly four years when she became engaged to Delafield Simms. Her mother was dead, as was her father. Frederick was her father's only brother, and had a big house to himself, after his mother's death. It seemed the only haven for his niece, so he asked her, and asked also his father's cousin, Annabel Towne, to keep house for him, and chaperone Edith.

Annabel was over sixty, and rather indefinite, but she served to play propriety, and there was nothing else demanded of her in Frederick's household of six servants. She was a dried-up and desiccated person, with fixed ideas of what one owed to society. Frederick's mother had been like that, so he did not mind. He rather liked to think that the woman of his family kept to old ideals. It gave to things an air of dignity.

Edith, when she came, was different. So different that Frederick was glad that she had three more years at college before she would spend the winters with him. The summers were not hard to arrange. Edith and Annabel adjourned to the Towne cottage on an island in Maine—and Frederick went up for weekends and for the month of August. Edith spent much time out-of-doors with her young friends. She was rather fond of her Uncle Fred, but he did not loom large on the horizon of her youthful occupations.

Then came her winter at home, and her consequent engagement to Delafield Simms. It was because of Uncle Fred that she became engaged. She simply didn't want to live with him any more. She felt that Uncle Fred would be glad to have her go, and the feeling was mutual. She was an elephant on his hands. Naturally, he was a Turk. He didn't know it, of course. But his ideas of being master of his own house were perfectly archaic. Cousin Annabel and the servants, and everybody in his office simply hung on his words, and Edith wouldn't hang. She came into his bachelor Paradise like a rather troublesome Eve, and demanded her share of the universe. He didn't like it, and there you were.

It was really Uncle Fred who wanted her to marry Delafield Simms. He talked about it a lot. At first Edith wouldn't listen. But Delafield was persistent and patient. He came gradually to be as much of a part of her everyday life as the meals she ate or the car she drove. Uncle Fred was always inviting him. He was forever on hand, and when he wasn't she missed him.

They felt for each other, she decided, the thing called "love." It was not, perhaps, the romance which one found in books. But she had been taught carefully at college to distrust romance. The emphasis had been laid on the transient quality of adolescent emotion. One married for the sake of the race, and one chose, quite logically, with one's head instead, as in the old days, with the heart.

So there you had it. Delafield was eligible. He was healthy, had brains enough, an acceptable code of morals—and was willing to let her have her own way. If there were moments when Edith wondered if this program was adequate to wedded bliss, she put the thought aside. She and Delafield liked each other no end. Why worry?

And really at times Uncle Fred was impossible. His mother had lived until he was thirty-five, she had adored him, and had passed on to Cousin Annabel and to the old servants in the house the formula by which she had made her son happy. Her one fear had been that he might marry. He was extremely popular, much sought after. But he had kept his heart at home. His sweetheart, he had often said, was silver-haired and over sixty. He basked in her approbation; was soothed and sustained by it.

Then she had died, and Edith had come, and things had been different. The difference had been demonstrated in a dozen ways. Edith was pleasantly affectionate, but she didn't yield an inch. "Dear Uncle Fred," she would ask, when they disagreed on matters of manners or morals, or art or athletics, or religion or the lack of it, "isn't my opinion as good as yours?"

"Apparently my opinion isn't worth anything,"

"Oh, yes it is—but you must let me have mine."

Yet, as time went on, he learned that Edith's faults were tempered by her fastidiousness. She did not confuse liberty and license. She neither smoked nor drank. There was about her dancing a fine and stately quality which saved it from sensuousness. Yet when he told her things, there was always that irritating shrug of the shoulders. "Oh, well, I'm not a rowdy—you know that. But I like to play around."

His pride in her grew—in her burnished hair, the burning blue of her eyes, her great beauty, the fineness of her spirit, the integrity of her character.

Yet he sighed with relief when she told him of her engagement to Delafield Simms. He loved her, but none the less he felt the strain of her presence in his establishment. It would be like sinking back into the luxury of a feather bed, to take up the old life where she had entered it.

And Edith, too, welcomed her emancipation. "When I marry you," she told Delafield, "I am going to break all the rules. In Uncle Fred's house everything runs by clockwork, and it is he who winds the clock."

Their engagement was one of mutual freedom. Edith did as she pleased, Delafield did as he pleased. They rarely clashed. And as the wedding day approached, they were pleasantly complacent.

Delafield, dictating a letter one day to Frederick Towne's stenographer, spoke of his complacency. He was writing to Bob Sterling, who was to be his best man, and who shared his apartment in New York. Delafield was an orphan, and had big money interests. He felt that Washington was tame compared to the metropolis. He and Edith were to live one block east of Fifth Avenue, in a house that he had bought for her.

When he was in Washington he occupied a desk in Frederick's office. Lucy Logan took his dictation. She had been for several years with Towne. She was twenty-three, well-groomed, and self-possessed. She had slender, flexible fingers, and Delafield liked to look at them. She had soft brown hair, and her profile, as she bent over her book, was clear-cut and composed.

"Edith and I are great pals," he dictated. "I rather think we are going to hit it off famously. I'd hate to have a woman hang around my neck. And I want you for my best man. I know it is asking a lot, but it's just once in a lifetime, old chap."

Lucy wrote that and waited with her pencil poised.

"That's about all," said Delafield. Lucy shut up her book and rose.

"Wait a minute," Delafield decided. "I want to add a postscript."

Lucy sat down.

"By the way," Delafield dictated, "I wish you'd order the flowers at Tolley's. White orchids for Edith, of course. He'll know the right thing for the bridesmaids—I'll get Edith to send him the color scheme."

Lucy's pencil dashed and dotted. She looked up, hesitated. "Miss Towne doesn't care for orchids."

"How do you know?" he demanded.

She fluttered the leaves of her notebook and found an order from Towne to a local florist. "He says here, 'Anything but orchids—she doesn't like them.'"

"But I've been sending her orchids every week."

"Perhaps she didn't want to, tell you."

"And you think I should have something else for the wedding bouquet?"

"I think she might like it better."

There was a faint flush on her cheek.

"What would you suggest?"

"I can't be sure what Miss Towne would like."

"What would you like?" intently.

She considered it seriously—her slender fingers clasped on her book. "I think," she told him, finally, "that if I were going to marry a man I should want what he wanted."

He laughed and leaned forward. "Good heavens, are there any women like that left in the world?"

Her flush deepened, she rose and went towards the door. "Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything."

His voice changed. "Indeed, I am glad you did." He had risen and now held the door open for her. "We men are stupid creatures. I should never have found it out for myself."

She went away, and he sat there thinking about her. Her impersonal manner had always been perfect, and he had found her little flush charming.

It was because of Lucy Logan, therefore, that Edith had white violets instead of orchids in her wedding bouquet. And it was because, too, of Lucy Logan, that other things happened. Three of Edith's bridesmaids were house-guests. Their names were Rosalind, Helen and Margaret. They had, of course, last names, but these had nothing to do with the story. They had been Edith's classmates at college, and she had been somewhat democratic in her selection of them.

"They are perfect dears, Uncle Fred. I'll have three cave-dwellers to balance them." Socially, I suppose, it will be a case of sheep and goats, but the goats are—darling!"

They were, however, the six of them, what Delafield called a bunch of beauties. Their bridesmaid gowns were exquisite—but unobtrusive. The color scheme was blue and silver—and the flowers, forget-me-nots and sweet peas. "It's a bit old-fashioned," Edith said, "but I hate sensational effects."

(continued next week)

Double Wedding For Cousins In Toronto

HELEN MCGOWAN AND RUTH ALLISON WED SERVICE-MEN

At a quiet ceremony at St. Basil's Rector, Toronto, last Friday, a double wedding was performed by Rev. Herbert A. Jamieson, B.A., when Helen Elizabeth McGowan, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. McGowan, of Barrie, became the bride of Pte. A. H. (Harry) Smethurst, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Smethurst, of Limhouse, and her cousin Ruth Allison, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Allison, of Cookstown, was married to Pte. Patrick Trainer, of St. Joseph's Island. Miss McGowan formerly lived in Limhouse and attended Georgetown High School. Pte. Smethurst is stationed at Camp Borden with the Queen's York Rangers.

Late May Wedding In Toronto For Shirley Brill

Rabbi Maurice N. Eisenbath officiated at a wedding Sunday, May 31st, in Holy Blossom Synagogue, when Shirley Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Brill, became the bride of Mr. Jack Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Abram Taylor, of Montreal. Mr. Eric Schaeffer was at the organ and Miss Stewart sang.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a picture gown of white eyelet-embroidered organdy. The bouffant skirt formed a slight train. Her finger-encircling set of tulle was caught with a Dutch cap of eyelet embroidery, and she carried lily-of-the-valley, anemones and vardenias. Her attendants were dressed alike in bouffant frocks of azure blue, with matching Dutch caps, and carried coral geranium, blue calla lilies and Queen Mary roses. Miss Edna Brill, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Esther Brill, cousin of the bride, and Miss Fern Goldberg, Mr. Theodore Silverman, of Montreal, was groomsmen, and the ushers were Mr. Edward Brill, brother of the bride, Mr. Nelson and Mr. William Taylor, brothers of the bridegroom, both of Montreal, and Mr. William Papernick, cousin of the bride, Toronto.

The reception was held at the Primrose Club. Going away, the bride wore a printed silk frock of paragonet yellow, matching rabbit hair jacket, brown saku hat, and mink fur. The couple will live in Montreal.

The bride is a niece of Mr. and Mrs. D. Brill, of Georgetown, and is well-known among the younger set in this town, where she has frequently visited.

King's Chef Saves Sugar in Recipes

To further aid in conserving sugar, J. P. Morgan, Chef Instructor, Canadian National Railways, who was chef during the Queen Mary, Maldives, King George and Queen Elizabeth during their North American tour, has prepared a number of sugar-saving recipes substituting maple sugar, corn syrup, molasses. The new recipes are already introduced to dining car patrons on the Canadian National, include muffins, maple butter, pincbread, cup custard, cake and cake fillings. Here are some of Morgan's favorite new "sugars" suggestions:

Golden Corn Cakes

1 cup butter 1 cup flour
1/2 cup molasses 1/2 cup sugar
1 egg 1/2 cup milk
1 cup corn meal 1/2 cup salt
1/2 cup milk 1/2 cup sugar

Cream the butter, add molasses and egg yolks. Gradually add milk alternating with dry ingredients mixed and sifted. Beat thoroughly. Fold in whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in buttered cake pan 20 minutes at 350 F. Makes 2 1/2 inch layers.

Maple-Fruit Filling

Boil one-half pint maple syrup with beaten yolks of 4 eggs in double boiler until mixture thickens. Stir constantly. Remove from fire, add 1 tablespoon butter and beat until cool. Stir in 1 cup citron, currants and chopped nut meats which have been flavored with 1 tablespoon sherry and 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg. Spread between layers of cake and ice with maple frosting.

Soft Molasses Gingerbread

1 cup molasses 1 egg
1/2 cup butter 2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon soda 2 teaspoons ginger
1/2 cup sour milk 1/2 teaspoon salt

Put butter and molasses in saucepan and cook until boiling point is reached. Remove from fire, add soda and beat vigorously. Then add milk, egg well beaten and remaining ingredients mixed and sifted. Bake 15 minutes in small tin having pan two-thirds filled with mixture.

Chef Morgan will gladly furnish other choice sugar-saving recipes. He may be reached in care of Canadian National Railways, 360 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

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