



A MOST STRENGTHENING BEVERAGE

The Unexpected

BY F. MORTON HOWARD.

PART I.

"No," said Pantling, "it hasn't been announced in the press yet. We're keeping it quiet a little longer. You see, my uncle Theodore—you've heard me mention my uncle Theodore, haven't you?"

"Oh, more than that!" I assured him.

"Yes, well, of course, he'll need careful management. Oh, a dear old chap, you know, but a little narrow, a little bigoted. One of the old school, you understand. He's—well," he twiddled his fingers in the air to denote the difficulty of exactly describing his relative—"oh, carpet slippers and smoking caps and all that they imply," he continued vaguely. "Oh, and goloshes and side whiskers! Family photograph album! Old fashioned notions! Mrs. Grundy! Property!"

"Post-pliocene Victorian, eh?" I suggested.

"Yes, that brings him into focus," accepted Pantling. "And then, you see, residing abroad so long, his liver—"

"Yes, he is quite orthodox. I always say that you're the most conventional man I know. You even carry it to the point of possessing the conventional type of rich uncle. Most conventional of you! Haven't you heard that it is the unexpected that always happens? That is the convention you've conformed to! And good luck to you!" I observed, heartily. "You'll have your photo in the illustrated papers. At least, there'll be a portion of your top hat visible above the bride's veil. Unless, of course, you keep your wits about you and push her out of the way in time."

"Well, anyhow," he remarked, a trifle pettishly, "we were talking about my Uncle Theodore. Now, my Uncle Theodore—"

"Look here, Pantling," I interrupted, "once and for all, I will repeat to you the salient details of your Uncle Theodore with which you are always irritating me. Thereafter, I trust you will understand that I will only submit tamely to new and hitherto unpublished facts about him."

I spoke severely, for Pantling is an old friend of mine, so I had every right to insult him. And, really, his Uncle Theodore!

I had suffered golfers, fathers of precocious infants, men with supernaturally intelligent dogs and amateurs who know how to grow tomatoes the only right way. I have been the unwilling confidant of the youth jalling with his first love affair, or the Scotsman who has been overcharged, and of the provincial actor who is kept from London by a great conspiracy.

I can only say that the conversation of all these people was sparkling with vivid interest when compared to the endless, dreary drip of flaccid commonplaces which Pantling emitted about his Uncle Theodore.

And so—
"Firstly, he is elderly," I catalogued. "Secondly, he is rich. Thirdly and fourthly, he is a widower and childless. Fifthly, you are his favorite nephew. A glorious combination, Pantling, but one of which contemplation is apt to be bitter to a person like myself, whose uncles are uniformly poor and—er—philoprogenitive. Further, your

uncle Theodore lives in Bermuda, a place better known perhaps to stamp-collectors than to the general public. And, at your uncle's sorrowful but doubtless timely demise, his riches will descend to you. That is the big fact—the very petrol of all your Uncle Theodore prattle."

"Yes, but suppose the old boy cuts up rough at my engagement to Moina?" propounded Pantling.

"Why should he? Miss Dayne is a most charming girl."

"Yes, but don't forget my uncle's old-fashioned notions. He might not approve of my marrying an actress. Naturally, I don't want to upset him."

"Most naturally," I concurred. "Your cousin Kenneth Bardelowe is second favorite for the Uncle Theodore purse, I believe?"

"Curse him!" murmured Pantling, but in quite a gentlemanly way.

"Curse him twice," I suggested.

"The first might be a dud."

"Moina, I can see," said Pantling, thoughtfully, "is going to be one of those simple, home-loving wives with all the more expensive domestic tastes. Old china and new furniture, little dinner parties, week-end rallies of relations—and a car, so that she can always get back home quickly when she goes out. It'll be all right, of course. When a man gets married, he doesn't mind launching out a bit, so long as he knows he'll be able to settle up some time. I mean—"

"You mean that Uncle Theodore's money will be very useful—when it comes?"

"Crudely put, but quite accurate. Now you see why the engagement has not yet been publicly announced. Uncle Theodore has all the English papers mailed to him. I want to break my particular news to him gently, tactfully. I don't want him to be slugged abruptly over the head with a ten-line slab of type, as it were. I shall write to him by the next mail, and—"

"Hullo, dear old chap!"

We looked up, Kenneth Bardelowe had entered the club smoking room and crossed to us.

"Hul-lo, old man!" exclaimed Pantling, very cordially.

"Congratulations!" said Kenneth.

"When's the great day?"

"Oh, not just yet."

"So much the better!" purred Bardelowe. "I'm sure Uncle Theodore will like to be present."

"Yes, I must write and tell the dear old fellow all about it. He will be surprised, won't he?"

"But haven't you written yet?" asked Bardelowe, with a queer little flicker in his eyes, like a man with four aces when the opposition calls "no trumps." "Dear me, I hope I haven't been too precipitate."

"What do you mean?" asked Pantling, quickly.

"Why, I happened to be writing to the old chap this morning, just in time to catch the mail this afternoon, when, by an odd coincidence, I heard of your engagement. Naturally, I thought you'd be writing, too. And I mentioned your engagement. You see, I know there are things which even the most infatuated lover hesitates to pen about his fiancée. I know how coy you are. And I knew how interested Uncle Theodore would be, so I told him all I could about Miss

Dayne. Oh, and I cut out and inclosed that photo they used in that illustrated interview with her. You remember—that charming one in pantomime. I thought it would give Uncle Theodore such a good idea of her."

"Well, when Uncle Theodore sees that," murmured Pantling.

His cousin laughed openly at his discomfort. Then he strode away. If he had had a mustache, I feel sure he would have twisted it airily. His very walk was the walk of the villain in the third act, when he has ruined the hero by doping the race-horse with a poisoned cabbage just as it is about to leave the starting post.

"Pantling," said I, "to use the honeyed words of Virgil, 'that's done it!' "Finished it completely," he acquiesced dismally. "Can't you imagine the kindly things he's written about the stage in general and Moina in particular to Uncle Theodore? Can't you see the lurid character he'll have given the poor girl just because she's an actress?"

"Miss Dayne can defy all calumniators!" I asserted warmly.

"I know—I know! But suppose in his headstrong, impulsive way the old chap alters his will as the immediate result of Kenneth's letter? Suppose a chill or a heat wave carries him off before I have time to smooth him down again?"

Not wishing to intrude on a man in his trouble—because he's not very good company then—I stole gently away.

Three days later, Pantling arrived at my rooms at the absurd time of 8.30 a.m., coming straight to my bedside with all the assurance of a family physician.

He appeared excited, even elated. That he was not quite master of his emotions I was able to deduce from the fact that he had tied his tie so well that it nearly resembled a ready-made one.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed. "I'm saved!"

"I don't believe you," I returned grumpily. "Where's your tambourine?"

"My Uncle Theodore," remorselessly repeated Pantling in a louder key, "is no longer living—"

"Congratulations!" I cried, emerging. "Why, of course, you're all right now. I say, if you happen to have an odd fifty—"

"Is no longer living in Bermuda," calmly continued Pantling. "I've just had a letter from him. He's chucked up his job—retired—and he's on his way to England. He always was an impulsive old beggar."

"He won't get your cousin's letter, then?"

"No, and by the time it's got to Bermuda and been redirected and reached Uncle Theodore, it won't matter. I shall have had the chance to put everything right with the old boy by then."

"When does he arrive in England?"

"He was coming by the next boat. He'll be due early next week."

"Well, and how will you break the news to him now? You'll have to see him face to face."

"I know. I've thought it all out on my way here. On the evening that the old boy arrives I shall give a little dinner to him at the Carlton. There'll be just four of us—Moina, her mother, Uncle Theodore and myself. I shall persuade Moina to take the evening off from the theatre. She can give her understudy a chance for once. To tell the truth I want Uncle Theodore to meet Moina in the ordinary social way first. I want him to get the right impression of her before he knows she's an actress."

(To be continued.)

Remove That Stain.

When we stain anything our first impulse is to rub it with a clean cloth and then rinse it in hot water.

In most cases the rubbing is bad, for it grinds the stain into the fibres of the material, and in certain instances, such as stains made by milk, egg, or meat, hot water is the surest means of fixing them permanently. Such stains should be soaked in cold water until the coloring matter has been dissolved and then sponged with ammonia.

Ink stains can be removed from almost any fabric by using milk. Soak the damaged part until the discoloration has disappeared; then wash in cold water.

Never use soap when dealing with fruit stains. Wash with hot water, and if a mark still remains use a little diluted vinegar. For grease stains use soap, warm water, and washing soda.

Stains caused by acids are more difficult to remove, since in most cases the fibres will have been partly destroyed by corrosion. They should be washed immediately in warm water and treated with a solution of washing soda. Even if the soda does not remove the stain, it will prevent the material from being eaten away.

Pat's Luck.

At a mine one day, John was walking round a turning. Looking up he saw an Irishman searching eagerly for something.

"What is it you're lookin' for?" said John.

"Oim luckin' for me waistcoat," said Pat.

John laughed and replied, "Why, man, you've got it on."

"Shure, now," Pat replied, "an if ye hadn't told me, Oi would have gone home without it!"

Minard's Liniment Used by Veterinaries

WRIGLEY'S NIPS



This new candy-coated gum delights young and old.

It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.

There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:

"After Every Meal"



The Pines.

Down aisles of white in tall solemnity They raise their arms to reach the winter sky.

A marble nave whose arches strong and high

Echo an organ's rolling melody;

Now like the far off murmur of the sea,

And now like summer winds that wander by.

Caressing some frail flower that blossoms nigh,

To waft its fragrance over hill and lea.

Never they waver, though the years be long,

Never they falter, though the dawn be far,

But lift serene to heaven their slender spires;

And ever through their boughs there runs a song

Joyous and sweet, unto the vesper star,

Hung like a jewel against the sunset fires!

—Elizabeth Scollard.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

SUCCESS

Lots of fertile eggs. Healthy chicks. Every bird kept in vigorous health, profitable condition, by Nature's tonic.

PRATT'S POULTRY REGULATOR

Booklet "Practical Pointers" shows the way to profit and success. Write—

PRATT FOOD CO. OF CANADA LIMITED TORONTO

Making Certain.

Little Esther was saying her bedtime prayers, and in conclusion asked: "Please, dear God, make Toronto the capital of Vancouver."

"Why did you ask that, Esther?" interrogated her mother.

"Because I wrote on my examination paper that way."

No greater calamity can befall a neighborhood than a little gossip which, when grown, rends the neighbors into two classes and makes these classes strangers to each other.

The most powerful aerial station in the world has been constructed at Dijon, in France. Its light, which can be seen for two hundred miles, is composed of eight arc lamps with a power of 1,000,000,000 candles.

Vaseline
Trade-Mark
CAMPHOR ICE

Going from the warm, steamy kitchen to the cold, windy yard is sure to chap your face and hands. "Vaseline" Camphor Ice keeps them smooth and soft. It's invaluable for housekeepers.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

Eases Kitchen Work

To Women Who Do Their Own Work: Suppose you could save six minutes every day in washing pots and pans—two minutes after every meal. In a month, this would amount to a saving of three hours of this disagreeable but necessary work. This saving can be made by using **SMP** enameled kitchen utensils, as their smooth sanitary surface will not absorb dirt or grease. No scraping, scouring or polishing is needed when you use Diamond or Pearl Ware. Soap, water and a dish towel is all you need. Ask for

SMP Diamond or Pearl WARE

Diamond Ware is a three-coated enameled steel, sky blue and white outside with a snowy white lining. Pearl Ware is enameled steel with two coats of pearl grey enamel, inside and out.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

At Every Hardware Store

The RITZ-CARLTON
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

THE NEWEST HOTEL
AT THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RESORT

European plan. Novel Ritz innovation; unique color scheme throughout; Restaurant overlooking Beach and Ocean. Dancing in Trellis Room and Ritz Grill.

Single Rooms \$5.00 up
Double Rooms \$8.00 up

All rooms with Private Bath and full Ocean View

ALBERT KELLER Managing Director
GUSTAVE TOTT Resident Manager