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SWEETENS THE BREATH

THE FLAVOR LASTS

THE STANDARD OF QUALITY throughout the World

THE REMARKABLE ROMANCE OF AN INDUSTRIAL DICTATOR

Velvet and Steel

By
PEARL BELLAIRS

SYNOPSIS

Joan Denby of humble origin, is introduced as a social equal of Miss Georgina La Fontaine, rather than as her secretary. She meets Piers Hannen, millionaire, who forces his attentions on her. Lord Edwards proposes to Joan.

Joan laughed, though her cheeks were very pink.

"I couldn't help it. He drove me to it! He's insufferable."

She explained how Piers Hannen, though he had asked Miss la Fontaine if he might take Joan for a drive, had dispensed with asking herself.

"My dear, you should have been flattered," said Miss la Fontaine at the end of the recital.

"Well, I wasn't. He makes me so nervous because I'm not sure of what he is thinking. I don't like him—I think he's hideous; he's finely built, perhaps—but beastly. Georgie, I can't stand him, and that's the end of it!"

"And so you hit him with your fan to make him let go of your

hand, which he took to stop you from going away after you had insulted him!"

"My dear Georgie, the only way to make a man like that understand what you think of him is to hit him! He's like a super-intelligent bull or something!"

"Oh, so you do think he's intelligent!"

"Yes, I suppose that he's even clever in a way," Joan had to admit. "Anyhow, Georgie," she added, jumping up to pour more coffee into the cream-and-gold cups, "it went home, I think, when I slapped him with the fan. I don't think he'll bother about me any more. I'm sorry, of course, because he's a friend of yours, but I don't suppose he'll hold it against you!"

"Well!" said Miss la Fontaine in despair. "There go the rest of my hopes! First Lord Edward is turned down—and then when a man like Piers Hannen takes an interest in you, you simply hit him in the face. Joan, you're intolerable!"

"I'm sorry," said Joan contritely. "Am I so dreadful? I must be a trial to you!"

"And yet I suppose you wouldn't be what you are if you didn't behave like this, my dear!"

"Georgie, you're so sweet to me!" "No one could be anything else," said Miss la Fontaine.

Satisfied that all was well and that Georgina was not really annoyed with her, Joan went back to her room. The maid brought in some letters, and Joan, looking through them, found one for herself from her mother. It was badly written on a piece of soiled paper. Mrs. Denby hoped that Joan was having a lovely time; it had been very cold and wet; her brother Jimmy had been troubled with his chest again. Ben had had to go to the hospital about his eyes, and they were hard put to it to find the money to pay for a pair of spectacles for him. But still they were not doing so bad—she did hope they would see Joan again soon.

Joan looked round the beautifully furnished bedroom, and thought of her home in Hooley Street. What right had she to be here, she thought. Ought she to allow Georgie to be so kind to her?

And yet—life was short, and it should be sweet! She harmed no one by being happy, just for a while. She gave every spare penny of her salary to her mother—everything else that she enjoyed belong to Georgie and was not to be given away.

The maid came to tell her that her bath was ready, and she went to lie in the deep marble pool and think over the events of yesterday. She did not regret having thrown away her chance of becoming the mistress of Blagh Castle, though she was sorry for poor Lord Edward. Nor did she regret her dreadful behaviour to Piers Hannen. At least she had finished with him, even though she had had to resort to violence to do so!

After she slipped into her wrap again, and with her fair curls all damp and tousled from the steam, she went back into her sunny yellow satin and birch-wood bedroom.

As soon as she came into it she saw a big cardboard box lying on the table by the window. She drew her wrap more closely around herself and went to look; the box was addressed to herself.

Could it be Lord Edward who had sent her flowers? Poor Lord Edward! She hoped not.

Miss la Fontaine's maid came and snipped the string for her, and Joan lifted the lid.

A cloud of delicious perfume rose and enveloped her as she opened the box. She saw before her—daphne! A great heap, spray upon spray and whole branches of exquisite rose-flowering daphne. In a moment the scent of it filled the whole room.

"Oh, how lovely, miss!" the maid exclaimed, involuntarily.

But Joan, with a shock of astonishment, was looking at the card which lay on top of the flowers.

"Piers Hannen," it read, and a London address was crossed out. Below, in a firm hand, was written:

"With regards—and regrets."

Joan threw down the lid of the box and turned away. Her heart raced, and she felt a mixture of indignation and fear. It was absurd! Sending her flowers! Hadn't she made him understand? The truth was that he cared so little for her good opinion that it made no difference to him if he had or not.

She would not look at the flowers but turned away to get dressed. All the time she dressed the smell of daphne grew stronger and stronger in the room.

(To Be Continued.)

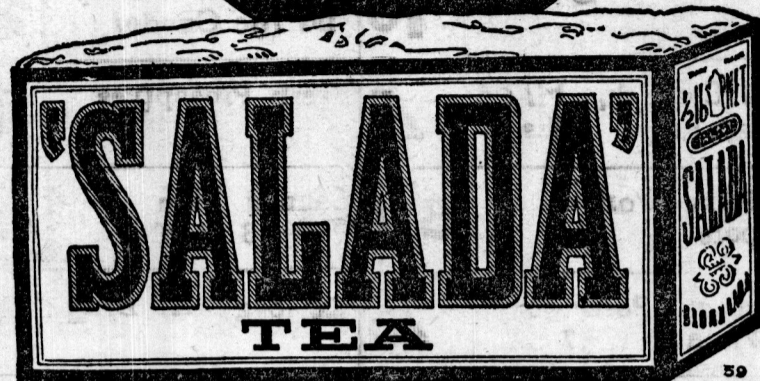
Has Built 1,200 Boats and Canoes

Couer D'Alen, Idaho. — Moses Sauve, 82, has built several thousand boats and canoes in the past 63 years but admits he "still is learning more and more about the boat business each day."

Sauve has built 1,200 boats on Lake Couer d'Alene in the past 33 years, as well as several thousand others in his younger days, among the Thousand Island, St. Lawrence River, Brockville, Ont.

Since his 70th birthday Sauve has maintained an average of 41 boats, 100 sets of oars and paddles a year.

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28^c ½ lb.



BROWN LABEL - 33^c ½ lb.
ORANGE PEKOE - 40^c ½ lb.

Two And Two Turn Four Into Two Again

Seattle.—Twins Louise May and Lois Maude Coat, whose declaration they would marry only twins brought them 52 proposals from far parts of the world, have selected their mates—twins from their old home town in Kansas, they announced recently.

The Coat family moved to the Pacific Northwest not long after the twins' birth. Two years ago Louise and Lois, then 20, vowed:

"We'll marry only twins." Proposals followed from London, Hawaii, Australia, New York, Thirteenth came from Kansas.

The successful suitors were the Sebring twins from Oneida, Ray Calvin and Roy Calvin, now marines at San Diego, Calif. They will be married shortly.

In spite of improvements in transport that have taken place in the last few years, the fastest train from London to Edinburgh is one hour and ten minutes slower in 1935 than it was in 1895.

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An Aspirin tablet starts disintegrating as soon as it touches moisture. That means that Aspirin starts "taking hold" . . . eases even a bad headache, neuritis or rheumatic pain almost instantly. And Aspirin is safe. Doctors prescribe it. For Aspirin does not harm the heart.

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Go to your druggist or department store and buy RIT Dye (any color, 15c—2 for 25c). Use it. Then tell us in a statement of 50 words or less, why you prefer RIT—1,000 pairs of Monarch Debutante full-fashioned—shadow-free pure silk chifon stockings—latest Spring shades—guaranteed \$1.00 value—will be given as prizes to 1,000 entrants. There are dozens of reasons why you will prefer RIT. RIT comes in 33 basic brilliant colors, from which can be produced over 50 of the newest Paris shades.

FAST COLORS WITHOUT BOILING! Only RIT offers this advantage! RIT is the modern tint or dye—easier and surer—far superior to ordinary "surface dyes" because it contains a patented ingredient that makes the color *soak in deeper*, set faster and last longer. Sold everywhere.

HOW TO WIN
1. Write a short statement (under 50 words) on why you prefer RIT Dyes and send it together with an empty RIT package (or reasonable facsimile) and your name and address, to John A. Huston Co. Ltd., 100 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.
2. Send as many as you wish; contest closes midnight June 29, 1935.
3. 1,000 prizes will be awarded on the decision of the judges, which will be final. Whether you win a pair of silk stockings or not, we will mail to all entrants free of charge, our famous booklet—"The A.B.C. of Home Rug Making".



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Rit is a convenient *soaked water*, easier to measure; won't sift out of the package.

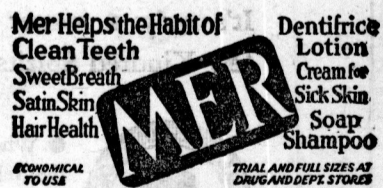
NOT A SOAP!

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Issue No. 18—'35



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