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Laugh and the World Laughs With You

BY MORGAN JOHNSON.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Severance, popular dramatist, author and bachelor, occupies a flat with his man, Grayson. Severance has been given but three months to live by a specialist. Wishing to keep his mind off his approaching death, he advertises in the "agony" columns for adventure.

Miss Valerie Fenwick has been left a fortune by her uncle, provided she marries within two months, otherwise she loses the fortune. She takes her troubles to her lawyers, Winter & Sparvell, who see Severance's advertisement and communicate with him. Severance and Valerie Fenwick are married quietly. Immediately after the wedding breakfast at Prince's, Severance says good-bye to Valerie.

"Won't you come and see me before you sail for Egypt?" Valerie asks.

Severance shook his head.

PART III.

Wearily he let himself into the flat, and in the deserted sitting room sank into a chair. Silent and grim, like some wounded animal, he wrestled with his devil; railed bitterly against an ironical, implacable Fate. He wished fervently that he had never been fool enough to put that "agony" in the Times.

With a little tap Grayson entered.

"Mix me a brandy and soda, Grayson," ordered Severance, wearily.

Grayson busied himself with the tantalus.

"Sir John Renshaw rang up twice from Harley street this afternoon, sir. He seemed very angry at not being able to get you. He wanted you to ring up as soon as you came in, sir."

"What did the old fossil want? Leave any message?"

"No, sir. He would speak to you personally."

"Probably fussing about Egypt. Tell me, have you got those bookings?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, you'd better fix up two berths in the morning."

"Very good, sir."

Severance broke into a chuckle.

"Put the lights on, Grayson. I want to see your face."

Unmoved, Grayson obeyed and stood waiting.

"I was married this afternoon, Grayson," observed Severance, with studied nonchalance.

Grayson, however, proved a sad disappointment. "Yes, sir," he remarked stolidly.

"Do you approve?"

"That, sir, is surely beside the point," said Grayson, with dignity.

Severance nodded, his eyes suddenly dull.

"You're right. I apologize, Grayson. It's rotten to nag you. But, you see, life flirted with me to-day. She gave me a fleeting glimpse of the lining of her torn drab cloak; and the vision was rare and beautiful—of a wondrous, rich design. And now it's hard, very hard to get used to the drabness again!" He sprang up swiftly, fiercely, "Oh! If I had the courage, I'd shoot myself! Grayson, we go to Egypt first boat. Leave me now. No, you old owl, I'm not mad. I'm just a little tired of perpetually grinning!"

Sighing, he crossed the room and, unhooking the telephone receiver, asked for a number.

"Hello—I believe Sir John wishes to speak to me—Mr. Severance this end. Hullo—that you, Sir John?"

The sun, in June, is an intolerant rascal; he breaks into slumber just as a bull makes hay of a china shop.

Valerie awoke next morning to a particularly distressing ray which the boisterous old gentleman had sent quivering into the privacy of her pink and white bedroom.

Lying very still upon her pillows, she indulged in deep reflection, broken at last by a shy, delicious smile when the trend of her thoughts led her to glance at her left hand and the gold signet ring which encircled a slim finger.

Her maid, fresh and smiling, bustled in with coffee and letters.

"Good morning, mam'selle!" greeted Marie cheerfully. "It is what you call a keeling and rippin' day." She paused, puzzled, waiting for the gurgle of laughter, which such statements usually called forth. "Mam'selle is sad—so sad!" she reproached.

Valerie sighed and reached for her letters. The blue eyes were misted with unshed tears.

"Athing so curious happened this morning," chattered Marie. "That imbecile of a postman gave me a letter addressed Madame Severance. The foolish one was very angry when I made him take it back. Ttiens! I say it is a mistake for one of the other flats. Only Mam'selle Fenwick resides here!"

Valerie's heart began to thud suddenly in a most alarming fashion. Who could it be? Only two people in the world would write to her as Mrs. Severance.

"Marie," she asked a little breathlessly, "Was—was—it a typewritten letter?"

Marie's black eyes shot a curious glance at her mistress.

"Non!" she decided, after a little thought, "of a surety it was written!"

That effectively disposed of Mr. Winter! There only remained— And then, Valerie tossed bedclothes and discretion to the four winds. Springing out of bed, she rammed two pink little feet into their respective slippers.

"Marie," she cried. "Don't stare like a fool! Get my bath quickly and then call a taxi, and—oh, stop staring, child—hurry, hurry!"

The thoroughly scared maid bolted incontinently from the room, and Valerie, coming face to face in the mirror with a flushed, adorable reflection, paused to whisper accusingly:

"You're behaving like a perfect little idiot, you know. Probably he only wrote to say good-bye. And, of course, you could easily telephone. No, the truth is, Mrs. Severance"—the blue eyes danced with impish mockery—"you're an indelicate, forward minx!"

An hour later an astonished Grayson opened the door upon a vision of delightful summer daintiness. Being in his shirtsleeves and anticipating at this early hour an obsequious tradesman, Grayson's dignity momentarily suffered eclipse.

"Yes, miss," he stammered, "Mr. Severance is in. Who shall I say, miss?"

"Mrs. Severance," quoth the delightful vision, demurely; and then quite ruined the effect by blushing furiously.

Grayson, torpedoed amidships, rose gallantly to the occasion.

"I'm sure I wish you every happiness, madam," he murmured, as he escorted her through the hall; and thereafter retired to the pantry to shakily fan himself.

Severance was astounded at sight of her; like a man in a dream he led her to a chair.

"My dear," he said gravely. "It's a terrible business, and I haven't slept a wink all night trying to work out a solution. Mr. Winter seems the only hope. Perhaps he'll be able to work a divorce——"

Valerie gazed at him wide-eyed. "Whatever are you talking about?" she gasped.

"It was in my letter."

"I didn't get it. My maid didn't know any one called Severance, so she returned it to the postman. I guessed it was from you, so that's why I'm here!"

"Worse and worse!" groaned Severance. "I funked telling you personally, so I got it off my chest by letter. Well, here goes!" He plunged desperately, avoiding her gaze. "It's like this. I've let you down, my dear, with a most awful bump. You see, when I got back yesterday, my physician, Sir John Renshaw, wanted me on the telephone. When I rang up he was in an awful stew, because apparently after consultation with another old scarecrow, he'd realized he'd made a hideous mistake about my case—mixed up the symptoms or something——"

The girl rose suddenly, and, walking to the window, looked out.

"That means," she said at last in an unsteady voice, and finding some extraordinary interest in the passing traffic, "that you're not going to die."

"It means just that," said Severance miserably. "I'm still to remain a blot upon the earth, and I've probably messed up your life, and——"

"Aren't you glad?" asked the girl in a low voice.

Severance looked at the slim young figure at the window and an eager light leaped into his eyes.

"It depends—" he said unsteadily.

Dead silence reigned. It was broken by a sigh from the girl—a sigh which might have meant anything.

She swung about, lips set, eyes very bright.

"I like your flat," she said, inconsequentially, flashing a quick, critical glance around.

Severance, puzzled and just a little hurt at the casual note in her voice, stared.

"I like it so much," she continued, and the blood surged riotously to her face, "that I'm going to stay here—for good!"

(The End.)

Athletes use Minard's Liniment.

A Puzzle.

She was a bright little thing, aged four, when her mother presented her with twin brothers and at at last she was allowed to see the new babies.

Silently she inspected them as they lay in their cots, then looked in a puzzled way at her mother and asked:

"Mummy, was I two when I was a baby?"

Thrift in Humor.

"What do they mean by a 'saving sense of humor'?"

"A joke at another's expense."

Knows His Brother.

Teacher—"If I gave you an apple and you gave your brother seven-eighths of it, what would you have?"

Willie—"The core."

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For further information write the Superintendent.

ISSUE No. 6—'27.

Fifty-Eighth Annual Meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada

The fifty-eighth annual general meeting of The Royal Bank of Canada, held at the head office, marked the close of a very successful year and was attended by a large gathering of shareholders.

Several announcements of special interest were made both by Sir Herbert Holt, president, and C. E. Neill, general manager. In his address, Sir Herbert Holt gave a complete review of the outstanding features of the growth in Canada's trade and industry and took the view that during the past year there had been steady and substantial improvement in almost every department of Canada's business life.

Discussing the necessity of the reducing of all taxes, Sir Herbert said: "What Canada needs is to follow the example set by the United States in the reduction of all taxes and in the cost of government, so that by economies due to the efficiency of administration we may secure a substantial reduction in the total burden of taxation rather than a change of incidence. Canada has frequently shown that she is not without courage in facing her economic problems, and there are indications that a bold co-operative policy of administrative economy on the part of all governments would meet with strong public approval and support."

C. E. Neill, general manager, gave a number of interesting particulars of the Bank's growth and expansion during the year. Of special import was the increase of $6,904,587 in commercial loans in Canada. This reflected business activity arising from the country's growing prosperity.

Referring to the constructive co-operation the Bank had been in a position to give towards the development of Canada's foreign trade, Mr. Neill said in part:

"Since this bank first commenced to establish branches abroad over twenty-five years ago, we have acquired an intimate knowledge of many foreign markets. We have done our utmost to use this knowledge for the benefit of Canadian trade by placing foreign buyers in touch with our exporters and locating advantageous sources of supply for Canadian importers. The Managers of our foreign branches are familiar with Canadian products, and it goes without saying that our opportunities to be of service have been numerous, more particularly since the majority of our foreign branches are located in countries which are not competitors of Canada, but rather buyers of our products and suppliers of our necessities. I know that during this past quarter of a century we have been able to facilitate the movement of Canadian goods to the extent of many millions of dollars."

A SMART FROCK FOR THE MISS OR SMALL WOMAN.

Delightfully girlish is the chic frock shown here and would be smart if fashioned of either woollen material or silk. The skirt has box-plaits in front and is joined to the bodice having tucks at each shoulder. The long raglan sleeves are finished with shaped cuffs, and a trim turn-down collar fastens onto the dress. The back is in one piece and a shaped belt achieves the two-piece mode. A smart note of contrast may be introduced in the collar, cuffs and belt. No. 1527 is for misses and small women and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 3⅜ yards 39-inch material, or 3 yards 54-inch. If contrasting material is used, ⅜ yard 39-inch additional is required. Price 20c the pattern.

Many styles of smart apparel may be found in our Fashion Book. Our designers originate their patterns in the heart of the style centres, and their creations are those of tested popularity, brought within the means of the average woman. Price of the book 10c the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

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.

How Dimples Come.

Have you a dimple? If so, do you know what it really is?

A dimple is actually nothing more than a dent or depression in a upart of the body where the flesh is very soft. Dimples are not confined to the cheek alone, and babies frequently have dimpled elbows and knees. Plump children usually have several dimples on their backs and shoulders.

Dimples usually accompany a smile, and when they appear on other people's cheeks we seldom think of their cause. Underneath the outside skin on the face are fibres of varying length, which run in all directions. Occasionally these fibres are too short in a certain spot, and so pull the skin which forms the dimple.

At the Dinner.

"Oh, John," she was saying, "you are a most inattentive host. I do wish you'd keep an eye on poor Mr. Smith. He's helping himself to everything."

For Colds—Minard's Liniment.

Queer Churches.

The miners in the Myndd Newydd coal-mines in Wales have no call to shave, shine their boots, or don Sunday garb when they go to worship. They have a chapel all their own at the bottom of the shaft, so that when they descend the pit they can have a short service before going to their working-places.

Rough timbers form the pillars and beams of his chapel, and a coal trolley serves as a pulpit. The miners sit on rough wooden benches and the oldest among them acts as pastor.

A chapel, more finished in appearance, the St. Anthony, exists in the salt-mines of Wieliczka, Austria. It has an altar, crucifix, and life-size figures of the saints, apparently of black marble, but really made of salt.

In the old German town of Oberstein an ancient church stands in a great rock rising from the river. The front is of stone, but the church itself is hollowed out of the rock and penetrates far into its heart. This curious church is now the only Protestant place of worship in the town.

A church in a Pennsylvania town is said to possess the distinction of being the work of one pair of hands. One man carried every block of stone of which it was constructed, cut each of them into shape, and laid it into place He spent six years in completing the work. The church is sixty feet long and thirty-eight feet broad; its tower is sixty feet high.

There is a church in Santa Rosa, California, whic his also remarkable. It was built of one tree, yet it is the largest church in that part of the country.

A man never loses his nerve until he needs it.

GOOD NEWS

For the Radio Fan, Dealer or Professional Set Builder.

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CONVERSATION AND CHARM

Do you remember the old fairy tale of the two sisters who were so different in disposition that every time one of them spoke pearls fell from her lips, while, when the other opened her mouth, toads jumped out?

The words people say are nearly as telltale in revealing their characters and thoughts as pearls and toads would be. Their conversation, although they are often not conscious of it, shows whether they are kind and thoughtful or self-centered. Conversation shows, too, whether people have made any use of their brains and of their powers of observation.

All of us want to be able to talk well, to say things that will be pleasant and agreeable and interesting to others. The Bible takes notice of the fine art of conversation, and in Proverbs we find, "A word spoken in due season, how good is it!" The way to interest people is to make them feel that they have a part in the conversation.

The first thing in becoming a good conversationalist is to cultivate an inner sweetness and thoughtfulness that will express themselves in a tolerant and sympathetic attitude of mind toward others; the next thing is to develop your intelligence so that you offer something to those with whom you talk.

Additional Qualities.

After we have cultivated the right kind of feelings inside, there are many things we should attend to so that we may give as much pleasure as we can in conversation.

Of course we want to make our voices gentle, and easy to listen to. A loud, harsh voice detracts from the charm of any person.

It is inconsiderate as well as careless to talk indistinctly or very fast, so that others find it difficult to understand. And it does not show much pride in our speech if we leave off the last letters of words when we say "running,'," "tellin','; if we add a letter as in "twict" and "onct"; or if we slide our words together, as, "Lemme try, wontcher?" It is not affected to say "running" and "Let me try, won't you?" and to add letters to words appears illiterate.

And when you stick on conversation's burs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful urs.

So wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is a bad habit,—that of throwing ur-urs into every sentence,—but another habit, easily formed and no more desirable, is that of using worn-out phrases constantly.

Some words ought to be left out of the conversation of discriminating people, because they do not belong in good company. This does not mean that all slang has to be given up, for some slang expressions are acceptable, but it does mean that many words have coarse associations and belong only to the street. Examples of these are "swell,' "guy," "her feller" and "bum." "Aw, quit yer kiddin'" is back-alley talk and should not be heard from nice girls. "Wire" for telegram, "photo," "ad," "auto" and "O K," as well as other shortened forms of words used in business, do not sound well in social conversation, although it happens that "taxi" and "movie" have been adopted by good custom.

Things to Omit.

Too much curiosity and boastfulness are qualities to be kept out of conversation. It is never polite to ask people very personal questions. Some girls do not like to be asked what grades they made in their studies. Boastfulness may show itself not only by "bragging," as boys and girls say, but in talking about one's self continually. One of the worst forms it could take would be for a girl whose parents were able to do many things for her to make her entire conversation with a girl whose parents were poor centre around the dresses she had.

Finally, if we want to be charming and to be popular in company, one thing is especially needful—simplicity and naturalness. To be sincere and unaffected in manner adds to the charm of any girl; to be gushing, full of poses and pert to her elders mars beauty. Do not contradict bluntly; do not be too positive in what you insist is true; be gentle, and then be yourself without affectation, and you will have something to offer any company.

The Oldest Gypsies.

Over the sky's dark roads
The caravan moon moves slow,
And all the hosts of stars
Forever restless go;
Unwearied gypsy companies
Traveling the centuries.
—Rachel Field, in "Taxis and Toadstools."

There to Stay.

A little boy had been to Sunday school, where he had listened open-eyed to the teacher's explanation of the "kingdom of heaven."

As he went down the street he saw several boys playing, and as he came up to them, they pushed him out into the mud.

He jumped up and brushed the dirt off and with a smile said, "Well, there is one thing you can't do. You can't push me out of heaven."

The truth that must be whispered should never be uttered at all.

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