

WINGS OF FORTUNE

BY
LESLIE BERESEFORD

"Perfectly safely!" he interrupted her, laughing. "Because I knew where you were going, knew that you would be quite safe, since Vanderduyl was there and was looking after you."
"Lester Vanderduyl?" she questioned, in amazement. "Why I didn't think you even knew him?"
"And that was something, too, I felt it wisest not to tell you. If you didn't know it, there was no chance of your giving it away, perhaps accidentally. He was there on his own account, playing his own game against the d'Abbatos, but he was watching out for you as well."
For a moment, Sylvia was silent. Everything seemed so much clearer now. It had all seemed so much like

a jig-saw puzzle before. But now they had come back to the present, and the even more vital problem of the future. She tackled it at once.
"All this," she said, rising suddenly from her seat on the table, doesn't excuse you for going to the bank manager and daring to interfere with my arrangements. And—what is worse—she flashed him a defiant glance—"interfering with the course of justice. You can do what you like with my uncle's money; but—what you've just got to have it, whatever you say."
She swung round, seized the nearby telephone receiver, and was about to speak into it when he seized her by the arm.
"What are you going to do?" he demanded.

"Telephone to the bank manager to carry out my instructions."
"Wait!" he insisted curtly. "Put that thing down. If you don't it'll explode in your hand. And listen to me. Have you read that will you're wanting to have substituted for the one by which you inherit?"
"Read it?" she eyed him, puzzled. "No. Why?"
"Better do so," he suggested, and to her amazement—produced the document from his pocket. He nodded at her surprise.
"I admit it's irregular for the bank manager to have handed that to me! But—well, there it is! Read it, please! Read—at any rate—the last paragraph."

As a matter of fact, feeling obstinate, she read the whole will through. It was quite short, anyhow. But the last paragraph, unquestionably, was sufficiently startling to cause Sylvia's eyes to open widely, and for her to appreciate John Christopher's wisdom in making her read it.

Robbed of its portentous legal language, the substance of it amounted to this. Old Luke Masingham, always desirous that a marriage should be arranged between John Christopher and her, his niece, had realised that possibly his wish could never be gratified. While not making it, therefore, a condition of inheritance, he stipulated that, if John Christopher married elsewhere, the legacy passed to Sylvia Darnley, his niece.

And now, remembering Stella Darlingford, Sylvia understood John Christopher's refusal to accept the legacy. What, after all, would be the good of him making it, since quite soon now—as she remembered Stella saying in the bank that morning to her woman friend, when

showing her engagement ring—they were to be married?

"What right have people to make their wills like this?" Sylvia flamed, embarrassed by this revelation. It ought not to be allowed. Why should my uncle have punished you in this way? It means—"

"That, if I'm really interested in your uncle's money, I must either remain single all my life, or you must be my wife. Fortunate for you, perhaps, that—I don't want the wretched money, and won't have it," shrugged John Christopher.

"I can assure you the feeling's quite mutual—about the money!" Sylvia retorted. "I wish I'd never heard of it, had never left Malchester. I didn't know then how happy I really was."

"Come—come!" he urged on a note of amusement. "Things surely can't be as bad as that, Sylvia? Be honest and admit that you were a long way from happy in Malchester. And now you've known what wealth is, you couldn't go back there. You'll marry—"

Sylvia turned away abruptly, to hide the misery in her eyes, to control the unhappy emotions surging in her, bringing her to the border-line of tears.

"It was almost pathetic," she heard John Christopher saying behind her, "how keen your uncle was on bringing you and me together that way. You know, I can almost see his dictating that will on the table, his last frantic effort to achieve the impossible, his last bulldog bark of disappointment over a bone he could not reach."

"Why talk about it?" Sylvia shrugged, swinging on him with burning eyes. "It is, as you say, impossible."

"Which reminds me!" she added. "I haven't yet, I know, congratulated you on your engagement to Miss Darlingford. There's been so much happening that I don't seem to have found the chance. I suppose you'll be marrying quite soon now?"

"Quite soon—I hope!" he nodded. To Sylvia, those four words sounded like a sentence of death, and she wanted to run from the room, hide herself away, cry out her heart. But his hand was on her arm, holding her firmly.

It really depends so much upon you, dear!" Sylvia was amazed to hear John Christopher saying.

"Upon me?" She turned, eyeing him in wonder.

"Well, yes! I shall be married quite soon, if you agree to it!" he was smiling down at her.

"But it's nothing to do with me? Stella Darlingford—"

"Doesn't happen—as you seem to think—to be engaged to me at all. Stella Darlingford—"

He drew her gently but firmly towards one of the open windows which looked on the garden. And there, in the waiting car at a little distance, she saw Stella Darlingford sitting.

Not alone, nor without occupa-

tion, either. To Sylvia's astonishment, Lester Vanderduyl was with her. And the garden being empty, with—as he appeared to believe—no prying eyes to see, Lester Vanderduyl had his arm round Stella and was kissing her shamelessly, to her obvious pleasure.

"You see?" laughed the voice of John Christopher at Sylvia's side. "Why try to marry poor Stella off to me? She and Lester have known each other quite a while, been in love. He was only waiting to settle with those d'Abbatos people over his college mate's death."

"For myself," John Christopher went on, "I fell in love with you the first time I saw you at Malchester. But—could I admit it, knowing you were an heiress? All I could do was to wait in the back-ground and do what I could to help you. I'm afraid I didn't do much, even then."

"You saved my life, for one thing!" Sylvia reminded him with shining eyes, a pretty colour came suddenly to her face, which now seemed to dazzle in the dawn of amazing hope.

"Would that be an excuse for expecting you to love me as I love you, Sylvia darling? It would be blackmail, wouldn't it?"

"If I didn't happen to love you too, John Christopher?" she murmured, suddenly in his arms and gazing up at him earnestly. "If you only knew how much I did that, how unhappy I've been—"

And then, at last, her lips were given to his. In the cool shade of that room, there was silence, the silence of contentment. Outside, the gaud and glare and bustle of Monte counted for nothing.

Presently, John Christopher laughed down at Sylvia.

"I was right, wasn't I, when I said that the wings of fortune did not always make safe flying?"

"They've brought me to you and you to me," she smiled up at him.

"No!" he whispered. "Those were the wings of love, don't you really think?"

THE END

(The characters in this story are entirely imaginary, and no reference to living persons is intended.)

Movie Guide

Kalamazoo's public library has inaugurated a unique service which informs parents as to the merits of certain movies which are playing at local cinema houses.

Whether the picture in question is suitable for little "Johnnie" or little "Susan" can be easily determined by calling the library.

The library maintains an index rating on all motion pictures indicating whether they are fair, good, excellent, very good, and whether they are suitable for family audiences, adult audiences, or young people.

These ratings are arrived at from the findings of previewing committees of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, and eight leading magazines.

Woman Scientist Will Trace Origin of the Eskimo

Edmonton.—Intensive study of the Eskimo language, anthropology, customs and folk lore with a view to proving the theory that the hardy northern race originally came from the Orient via Behring Strait will be undertaken next summer by Miss Sue Thorn, graduate in anthropology of the University of California.

The young Berkeley, Cal., scientist who arrived in Edmonton planning to go north to Aklavik this winter, has just decided to spend the remainder of the season here and journey by river boat down the Mackenzie River to Aklavik in June.

Tea at its Best "SALADA" TEA

What Does Your Handwriting Reveal?

GEOFFREY ST. CLAIR
(Graphologist)
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(Editor's Note: Many people have problems on which they would like some disinterested advice. The author of these fascinating articles has been able to help many of our readers with their personal problems, through his ability to analyse character from handwriting. See his invitation to YOU following this article.)

There can be no doubt about the advisability of being able to find out the true characteristics of people, both in a commercial sense and also socially. And the science of Graphology has vindicated itself so often during the past few years that it is no wonder that more and more people are making use of its aid in helping them in various ways.

And even at this stage, Graphology is by no means at the end of its resources. Research, that is proceeding all the time, is finding new truths, fresh facts, that add to the value of the science. The time will come when Graphology will be accepted just as matter-of-factly as in medicine and dentistry and psychology. Even today, there are countless people who realise its great intrinsic value and literally swear by it.

Some readers, from time to time, enquire whether it is possible for them to learn Graphology. Some of them are primarily interested in it as a study to occupy their time, and to help them socially. Others are interested in a more mundane sense looking to it as a possible career.

I shall be glad to help any reader who will write to me and who is anxious to take up the study. It is fascinating, always interesting and intensely valuable.

Would YOU like to have a personal character analysis from your own handwriting? And have you any friends about whom you are anxious to know their real nature? Send specimens of the writings you wish analysed, stating birthdate in each case. Send 10c coin for each specimen, and enclose with 3c stamped envelope, to: Geoffrey St. Clair, Graphologist, Room 421, 73 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont. All letters are confidential, and replies will be forwarded as quickly as possible, having regard to the large number of letters that are coming in.

There are cases where there is a possibility of criminal intent. Cases of disputed wills come under this class—and as a matter of fact, there is a case in a Canadian Court at the time I write this, where there is a difference of opinion as to a certain signature—then various writings are compared, and the handwriting expert is able to decide as to the writing in question. But these are entirely different from cases of character analysis. In these disputed cases, the expert knows of the circumstances, and a comparison is always made with writings that are quite genuine.

A large corporation has recently announced its intention of having the writing of applicants for important positions analysed by expert graphologists. This is still another example of the growing faith in this science of character reading from handwriting.

NO PEP?

When you feel like a log and your muscles tire easily, it's more than likely that wastes that shouldn't be in your body are sending out poisons into your blood. At times like these, take a bubbling, bracing glass of Andrews Liver Salt each day till the trouble clears up. Then take an occasional glass—once or twice each week—and you'll stay perfectly fit. Get Andrews now. Small tin, 35c; Large tin, 60c; Extra large bottle, 75c. Proprietors, Scott & Turner, Ltd., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng. 45

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Issue No. 5—'35

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PELEE ISLAND, fifteen miles out in Lake Erie, was the scene of a hunting accident. The local doctor advised immediate removal of the victim to the hospital at Windsor, 60 miles away. Fortunately, an aeroplane was on the Island. A message was radioed to Leamington where the Long Distance telephone operator advised the Windsor hospital. All within an hour of the accident, the patient was at the hospital, thanks to the speedy trio—radio, telephone and aeroplane.

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When you have a cold, remember the simple treatment pictured here... prescribed by doctors as the quick, safe way.

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All you do is take Aspirin and drink plenty of water. Do this every 2 to 4 hours the first day—less often afterward... if throat is sore, the Aspirin gargle will ease it in as little as 2 minutes.

Ask your doctor about this. And be sure you get ASPIRIN when you buy it. It is made in Canada and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every Aspirin tablet. Aspirin is the trade mark of the Bayer Company, Limited.

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1. Take 2 Aspirin tablets.
2. Drink full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
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LIBRARIES

Books "With a Job" Most Popular in United States

CHICAGO—It takes only three eggs, when eggs are 30 cents a dozen, to pay in tax money the cost of borrowing a good library book on poultry farming. Twelve books on chicken raising can be borrowed for two years for the price of three dozen eggs. A good poultry library for 36 eggs!

Though chickens may seem like a far cackle from Shakespeare and Plato, concrete figures, like these, reported recently to the American Library Association here, indicated the value in dollars and cents that libraries are giving the people. So many books "with a job" have been borrowed from libraries in the last few years that librarians have been appealing to the citizens for support on the ground of the service actually being given, it is found.

Citizens in many parts of the country have been aroused too to the practical value of libraries and have organized what is becoming a citizen library movement to stand back of public libraries.

But to speak further of the chickens. It was in the Haverhill, Mass., public library where it was discovered that more than 100 people were borrowing a certain 12 volumes on poultry farming.

They were studying how to build chicken houses, market eggs, select feed, and were getting other knowledge on processes necessary for the poultry man who would meet competition and succeed in the poultry business. From this, concrete figures were worked out by the librarian for the citizens to ponder.

The people of Haverhill were told that they had borrowed 400,000 books last year, and if they had had to buy these it would have cost them \$1,000,000. The 67.5 cents apiece spent from the citizens' taxes cooperatively last year, plus a similar 15.7 cents from the library endowments, enabled the public library to provide Haverhill folks with \$1,000,000 worth of books.

The cost of public libraries to American cities in 1929 was about 1 2/5 cents of the tax dollar, according to Carl H. Milam, secretary of the American Library Association. The people of Springfield, Mass., he said, a few years ago, were reading about \$35 worth of books per inhabitant per year at a per capita cost of 90 cents. The books read by the users of the Albany, New York, Public Library last year would have cost, if each reader had purchased them individually, \$2,000,000. But the total cost for upkeep of the library was only about one-eighth of this sum, Mr. Milam said.

Figures like these have been put before the people by librarians in the various states and citizen response has been forthcoming, it is found. In Yankton, S.D., many civic and business organizations joined in resolutions to include in any permanent plan of taxation some provision for at least partial state support of library service as a part of the educational system. In many states librarians are getting the support of citizens, it is found, either in book drives, meetings to encourage legislation for funds for the local library.

A Few Kind Words

(From the Sherbrooke Daily Record)

The Dingman family have been long in journalism in Western Ontario and have always been a force because of their business ability in being able to keep their newspapers free from monetary need. I brother controls a newspaper in Stratford and also owns The St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Fifty years ago a newspaper such as this one in St. Thomas was unknown. Published in a railway town of 16,000 English people, it has all the atmosphere of a metropolitan journal, and deals with national and international questions with breadth and understanding.

There is naught that is insular or provincial in the editorial management of The Times-Journal. We regard it as one of our most valued exchanges, and cannot refrain from entombing those little professional jealousies which mark the insular mind. We do take time off to inform the Dingmans that they have an everconstant admirer in this English corner of Quebec. I have seen both papers grow from a purely local viewpoint to national size. Until we have more of the like we cannot be the great nation we aim to be. A newspaper should always be two jumps ahead of the town in which it is published, and yet it must ever be a mirror of that same town or city.

"It was Grandad's ambition to have a 'gig and a gal."
"Yes, and Dada wanted to have a flivver and a flapper."
"And the son will probably want a plane and a Jane."