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The Luck of Geraldine Laird

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS,

Author of "The Story of Julia Page," "Heart of Rachel," "Josselyn's Wife," "Sisters," etc.

"Thirty-four—Jud says he'd pay sixty for the place!"

"What a blessing it would be—Geraldine mused, slowly resuming her darning. 'Men do funny things in business,' she commented.

"What I started in to tell you was that to-day I saw old Bates, of the Middlefield, having lunch with the old man from our office, you know," George went on, "and the old man got some letter out of his pocket and showed it to Bates. It just went through my mind that they might be discussing that; it would be darned uncomfortable for me if they asked any questions! However, I guess I'm worrying for nothing—"

"Dean at the telephone!" announced Mrs. Fitzpatrick, from the dining-room door.

"He's asleep!" his wife objected.

"It's that Miss Bond," her mother explained.

"Ah, then, wake him!" Geraldine laughed.

"That reminds me that I've got to go up and get a number I've got to call," George, removing his attention from the headlines and re-mounting the stairs, said lastly.

"Was that call for me, mother?"

"No—for Dean!" Geraldine said.

"Come, girls—we're going to be late!"

"He probably telephoned the Middlefield people to know what delayed their bid, and compared the date on the letter with the date of delivery," Geraldine summarized, aghast.

"Oh, George, how could you do such a thing!" she added despairingly, the tears he had momentarily diverted all awake again.

"Oh, don't worry—it'll all blow over in a few days—nothing will come of it!" he answered comfortably.

He kissed her, ruffled her hair in his boyish, affectionate way, and went off to bed.

"They went away through the wet, bare garden, and joined the groups of church-goers that were already moving down the street. Geraldine always liked this hour with her little girls; they talked of serious things on Sunday mornings, opened their little prayer-books and read them dutifully, through the service, and looked with virtuous dismay at the bad little boys who giggled and whispered and looked back at the choir. To-day they came home happily through the first slanting lines of a hard spring rain. Breathless and laughing they rushed up the front steps, and with much noise and bustle disposed of wraps and overshoes in the hall. Then the children raced upstairs to get at their delayed play with paints and doll-house, and Geraldine went into the dining-room to find her husband eating his breakfast. There was a fire in this room, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick had brought a caller to the fire, an elderly widow who held her wet prayer-book between cotton gloves as she talked. Dean, who hated these familiarities on the part of his mother-in-law's old friends, was sternly reading the paper. She went to sit beside her husband and attempt to engage him in agreeable conversation.

"It's wonderful out!" she said enthusiastically.

Dean received this with a shrug, Geraldine tried again.

"What did the charming Kennedy have to say?"

He looked away from his paper, with the quick little scowl that was partly irritation and partly an effort to hold his glasses securely in place.

"I don't understand you!" he said.

Geraldine looked at him blankly a moment.

"You got her message?" she asked, with a sudden sinking at her heart.

"I got no message!" he answered.

"At the telephone—just before nine!" she said blankly.

"Do you mean that she called me?" Dean questioned.

"Why—why—mother," Geraldine said, looking about defensively, "didn't Dean get that message from Miss Bond this morning?"

"I thought he did!" her mother answered with concern. "I certainly called out to you that it was for Dean."

(To be continued.)

The little girls, in ruffled snowy petticoats that made them look like inverted flowers, and the trim sailor-suits and black hair-ribbons that, rather than their mother's and old-fashioned, seemed preferred by their modern mother to chollies and velvet ribbons, kept up an intimate undertone, while their elders talked. Lizzie Garney asked, respectful in manner, if "Clem's folks" were coming to the one o'clock dinner, and observed that Mrs. Clem looked like death. Geraldine, finishing her breakfast, wandered to the window, and observing that the weather threatened rain, organized a search for umbrellas, overshoes, and rain-coats.

It was then that the telephone rang, and that George began slowly to come downstairs, in his bath-robe, tousled and yawning, but ready for his breakfast. Little Jane gathered up an excited sheaf of Sunday papers from the front step, and carried them toward him.

legre, Kingston, was at the Windsor, Montreal, en route to Melborough, Que., to visit his sister, Mrs. Arthur Robinson. During the war, Col. Taylor was in charge of an airdrome in France.

Miss Hemings, Kingston, is a guest of her brother, William Hemings, Metcalfe street, Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Chown, Montreal, motored up on Monday to holiday here. They are with Mrs. Thomas Lambert, Clergy street, Miss Beatrice Lambert and Miss Myra Dyde accompanied them on the trip.

Mrs. Malloch, Riverside, Cal., was in the city for a short time. She is the daughter of the late William Irving, a former city engineer here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wilton and Mrs. Smith motored from Ottawa on Saturday, returning on Sunday.

Miss Story, New York, the guest of Mrs. George Mahood, University avenue, returned home on Monday.

Dr. Edward J. Williamson, who has been visiting in Kingston, left on Monday for Cobourg to pay a visit to his sister, Mrs. E. H. Young.

Miss May Millan, Earl street, is holidaying at Banker's Island, near Brockville.

Mrs. Gourley and family, of Cayuga, Ont., have arrived to take up their residence at Portmouth.

Mr. and Mrs. David Jackson and Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Oshawa, with their families have come to spend a month in the city. They have taken Mr. Drysdale's house on the corner of Union and Albert streets and have as their guest for the next week Charles Jackson, lately returned from overseas.

Dr. and Mrs. Pettipiece, Ottawa, have left for the Thousand Islands where they will spend a month at the Hay Island House.

Miss Marjorie Gansby is on a short visit with Miss Lorraine Short, Ottawa.

Mrs. Fisher, Ottawa, is here to visit her sister and will also visit relations in New York before returning home.

Mrs. Kidd, wife of Lieut.-Col. Kidd, Kingston, is returning to Canada shortly. Mrs. Kidd went overseas with her husband in 1910 and has since been on active service, first on Lemnos Island in the Mediterranean, and later in France.

Duncan McTavish, a Queen's student, with his mother and sister are visiting in England.

Lady Falcoer paid a visit to her sister, Mrs. James Thomson, in Napanee last week.

Miss Muriel Grant and Mrs. Sydney Armstrong, Toronto, are visiting Mrs. James Reid, Princess street.

E. C. Mitchell, London, Ont., is in the city on a holiday, the guest of Mrs. Winnet, Bago street.

Miss Mary and Edith Johnston, Pembroke, who have been visiting with friends in Kingston and vicinity, left to-day for Napanee and Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bridge, Hamilton, Ont., are visiting with their son, at "Elstonbridge," Collins Bay.

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(To be continued.)

TALKING IT OVER
—With Lorna Moon—

Told in Twilight

(Continued from page 3.)

Prof. and Mrs. Chambers, Gananoque, are spending a few days in Kingston.

Mrs. P. B. Ewing, Westport, spent the week-end in Kingston.

Miss Beiva Curtis, Kingston, is visiting her uncle, D. A. Curtis, Westport.

Miss Marion Clark, Kingston, is the guest of Mrs. B. O. Britton at Tremont Park.

Col. L. Irving and Mrs. Irving, Renfrew, are spending the summer at Brule Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Waterhouse, Whitby, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. George Waterhouse, Kingston, are on a motor trip through the United States.

Ray Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kilpatrick, Miss Reta Kilpatrick and Mrs. David Casagney, Amherst Island motored to Pittsburg on Sunday and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. David McClement and family.

Miss Avis McConnell and Mrs. Harvey Woolough arrived here to-day en route to Mrs. Woolough's summer home, Alexandria Bay.

Miss Irene Farrell and Veronica Foy, Perth, visited in Kingston for a few days.

Miss Luella Dunmigo, Picton is visiting relatives in Kingston.

Miss A. G. Bird, Kingston, is visiting at her aunt's, Mrs. E. Mc, Caw's, Greenbush.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Spriggs, and family, Picton, are spending holidays in Kingston.

C. H. Sager, Deseronto, is holidaying at Kingston and other points east. His family accompanied him.

Miss Sallie Wood, Kingston, was a guest at a birthday party in honor of the Misses Hibbs, Picton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Deroghe, Napanee are entertaining Mrs. Costigan, of Halifax.

Mrs. Jennett, Napanee, spent the week-end with her son, Douglas, in Kingston.

Mrs. Daisy Farley, Kingston, and baby, Vivian, are visiting at James Farley's, Newburgh.

I. P. Sampers, editor and publisher of the Courier d'Etat's Unit, a French newspaper published in New York, has rented Mrs. Emma Flower Taylor's "By-Water Lodge" at St. Lawrence Park, N.Y.

Mrs. G. M. Parker has returned from Ottawa and she and Capt. Parker have taken up their residence at 234 Brock street.

Col. Edward Taylor, formerly commandant of the Royal Military Col-

The Little Girl You Used To Be

Do you ever play hide and seek with the little girl you used to be? She peeps at you every time you see a little miss going to school; there is a tear of sympathy in her eye when your neck throbs; she never goes very far away, for she wants to be remembered, she knows that you will never be really old until the day you forget her.

She was a sorry little soul, sometimes, this little girl you used to be, always being misunderstood and being a nuisance when she didn't deserve it; or being praised for something that probably understood would have earned her punishment.

Do you remember the day when, in a passionate desire to understand the feelings of a blind beggar she had seen, she walked round with her eyes shut tight, her little heart throbbing with compassion? She over-turned a table of bric-a-brac in her blind groping, and was scolded and thrashed for a "stupid, clumsy, careless little wretch."

And the day when she resolved to be good, good as gold, and not speak a word unless she was spoken to; the governess told her that day not to sulk, or she would be punished!

Ah! but she was an imp of mischief as well, and her misdeeds were not all written up against her! You know who hugged herself in a paroxysm of holy delight when the governess pleaded a headache the next morning. And you know also, who poured her medicine down the sink, and who went and asked for a stick of candy because she had been good and taken her nasty tonic!

Oh, you know all about it, and yet you shake your head and ask why your neighbor's little girl can be so naughty; but there isn't much invitation in your voice, because the little girl you used to be, is shaking her head at you accusingly!

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Why Corns Hurt



Note this diagram picture of a corn. Note its conical shape. The cause of the corn is pressure. And pressure makes it hurt. The point of the corn is pushed into the nerves. Applying a Blue-jay plaster instantly removes the pressure. Note the felt ring (A) in the picture below. The ring gives barefoot comfort in the tightest shoe.

But that is temporary. One should not continue a ring. The corn should be quickly ended.

The bit of B&B wax in the center of the ring does that (marked B in illustration below). In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. It stops the pain, then ends the corn. And it wraps the corn so the action is undisturbed.

Then the action of the B&B wax is centered on the corn. Held there by the rubber coated adhesive tape (C) which wraps comfortably around the toe. Healthy tissue is not affected.

These are the reasons why millions of people have adopted the Blue-jay method. Keeping corns is folly when this easy way can end them. Treating them in cruder ways is inexcusable.

For your own sake, convince yourself by applying Blue-jay to one corn.

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