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The man who expresses his willingness to die for a woman during courtship proves too lax to earn a decent living for her after marriage.

The Vital Flame A Stirring Serial of Primitive Passions by May Christie

CHAPTER X. There is more in these remarks than meets the eye! Marcella told herself, knowing her father as no diplomat. "Warwick has been hating of his feeling for me, and Daddy wonders if I care for him." Aloud she said, with apparent nonchalance: "Did you see much of him while I was away?" "I did, latterly. He came to a couple of meetings with me, and took the most intelligent interest in a paper that I read." "Diplomatic Warwick!" thought Marcella. "Trying to get on Daddy's good books, so that the path of true love might run easier when I returned!" "He—tells me—that he thinks very highly of you, my child. He seems a clever, honourable, upright man. And—oh, I don't want these things for myself—but he is so richly endowed with this world's goods that surely you would have all the things that girls like you enjoy—I have been a bad father, Marcella, from the worldly point of view—and this man is in a great position, and he loves you as you deserve to be loved—" His stammering ended at a look on his daughter's face. "You don't want me to marry without love, do you, Daddy?" "No, no, of course not. But he has everything. Qualities of mind, and companionableness—would you not soon learn to love him? I mean—he floundered helplessly—" "It is right to let this good man go out of your life, my dear? Men like that are scarce, these days. Your poor mother—she loved me, yes—but I could never give her the setting, the background that her beauty and charms demanded. I want everything for you, Marcella!" He broke off helplessly. "Dear, blind bat!" thought the young girl ruefully. "He can't read character one jot. Warwick has 'bluffed' him into believing he's the super-paragon." But it was terrible to see the harassed look on the fine old face. If only she could care for Warwick, how easy would her father's life become! Dear, unworried Daddy! What a joy to help him, if she only could! There must be some way out. Miss Holden would advise her. Why, of course he loved her! She would trust him—absolutely. Warwick Treman's hints and insinuations were the product of a jealous petty mind. This Leonie Day and her precious hat-Shop! If they had been anything in Miles' life to tell, he would have confessed it on boardship, like an honourable man! Treman judged others by himself. And Leonie was in Paris, while to-morrow night she—Marcella—was dining with Miles, and everything would be cleared up. How silly she had been, how wrong, to doubt him for a moment! "Telegram for you, miss." A maid entered, with an envelope. "The boy is waiting for an answer." Marcella tore the flap open, and read the message with a sickening sinking of the heart. She read it once, twice, thrice, and then she spoke. "There is no answer," she said dully. The message stated badly that Miles Holden had been called to Paris on immediate business—and would be gone for an indefinite time! Paris! Paris of all places! Paris and Leonie! In the lounge of the exclusive little French hotel, which was her "pied a terre" during business visits to the capital, sat Miss Leonie Day, toying with an after-luncheon cup of coffee, and at the same shrewdly examining each and all of the other guests. She was a smart young woman in more ways than one. "A graduate from the University of Hard Knocks!" she called herself, with the dry humour she could occasionally evince. That period of her career was past, however. Prosperity had come knocking at her door. She had flung the door wide open to receive it, but its advent had not turned her head. For that clever, scheming, calculating little head of hers was screwed firmly in the right direction on her swift young shoulders. Her reflections, as luxuriously she sat back in the contemplation of her fellow-visitors, were of a pleasing kind. Paris from this angle was enchanting. "Bien soignée," an expensive marcelle in her hair, the latest thing in hats drawn smartly down above said marcelle, her soft little face so artfully made-up that it bloomed as naturally as an English rose, and a gown that was "just right" in its quiet exclusiveness setting off the lovely lines of her figure, it was a vastly different Leonie from the Latin Quarter "gamine" of eight years ago! "And all due to my own hard work and cleverness!" thought she, complacently. Also—though this thought did not shape itself so definitely—she was indebted for her "succession" to a really subtle gift she had of flattering men. She could flatter women, too, adroitly. Becky Sharp, in "Vanity Fair" had a near-rival in Miss Leonie Day—in fact, the latter threatened to outstrip her. For where Thackeray's heroine aimed too high, her downfall being all the greater, Miss Day's ambitions were ruled by commonsense. She had achieved, in a small way, a business triumph. The Maison Leonie in London was a little dream of a hat-shop, and her clientele both wealthy and exclusive. But—like Achilles and the rest of us—she had one vulnerable spot, her passion for Miles Holden, if the feeling could be traced by such a term. It nearly got the better of her business instinct, almost compelling her to delay her buying-trip, just for the pleasure of a talk with him. But the money-getting instinct had won out, and heroically she had gone to Paris, leaving a little note behind to await his arrival in the English capital. Dear, handsome Miles! What a creditous, charming boy he was! How glib, and how quotable! And totally without a business head! To borrow the three hundred from him wherewith to set herself up in her own little millinery establishment had been as easy as taking pennies out of a blind man's hat! And it wasn't that he'd suffered from 'embarrass de riches.' He had never answered another. How about the measles?" "We've both had them both ways," answered Nancy. "Wheat-cakes or buns—which?" said the Wink. "Wheat-cakes!" shouted the Twins with one voice. "Weather! That's important. Do the earth folk like it?" "Well," said Nick. "I guess it's all right when it doesn't rain." At this all the hats on the Forty Winks flew up and down like trip-hammers, and the Twins looked so amazed that the first Wink said, "That's the way Winks clap their hands. You have passed your examination one hundred per cent. each. You see we like to hear that earth folk like clear weather. When it's rainy or cloudy, there is no moon. Then where, oh where, are we? For Drowsy Land is on the moon." "These are passes to any place in Drowsy Land you may wish to go," said he. "We hope you may find your lost friends. And now, I shall do you a last favor. Your eyes shall be opened. Shut-Eye Town is not a place of trees. Behold!" And to the children's amazement the trees all slid aside like stage scenery and disappeared in the distance, leaving the queerest looking streets and houses they had ever beheld. And people! You should have seen the people, my dears! I can't wait to tell you what they looked like! The other thirty-nine Winks now came out of the same tall tree that the first Wink had come from and stood staring in a silent row. They were of different colors, all the Winks were. Some were blue, some were brown, some black, some gray, some hazel, and some even green. "We're the policemen of Drowsy Land," said the first Wink. "We have to ask everybody who comes exactly what he is here for, if he's had the measles, whether he prefers wheat-cakes to buns, and what the earth folk think of the weather. Commence!" The Twins couldn't help laughing, which had a peculiar effect. The hats of the forty Winks slid down and then instantly slid up again. No doubt they were showing their surprise. "I'll tell you what we're here for," said Nick. "We're hunting for Inco our china elephant door-stop. He had roars all over him and no tall. Flops, the clown was on him. They both ran off! The Fairy Queen told us they had come to Drowsy Land. Did they?" "Answer the other questions first," said the first Wink. "One question

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VACATION SCHOOL AGAIN BEING HELD

This Summer It is at Sydenham School—Miss C. Lovick Principal.

Since 1922 a vacation school has been held in Kingston. It was held in Louise school for five weeks during July and part of August. The idea was recommended by Inspector Stuart in 1919 and was approved in 1920 but was not attempted until 1922. This was found to be very successful for various reasons. The chief purpose of the school is to facilitate the more rapid advancement of pupils of superior ability. It also secured the promotion of pupils who would otherwise fall through past irregular attendance, weakness in one subject, etc. This method has been found to be far more satisfactory than allowing the exceptionally bright pupils to "skip" a grade. The term is one to six weeks. The teachers attend three hours daily from 9 till 12 noon. The classes are so arranged that the pupils have only to attend one and a half hours. The teachers at the school this summer are Miss C. Lovick, principal, Miss Bureau, Miss Elliot, Miss English. The cost of the upkeep of the school is very low and the system is regarded as very successful. The vacation school this year is held at Sydenham school, Wellington street.

EXAMINATIONS IN MUSIC

Held at St. Mary's-of-the-Lake Orphanage. The music class at St. Mary's-of-the-Lake Orphanage under the direction of Sister Mary Plus, had a very successful year. Professor Bearder, Mus. Bac., F.R.C.O., who presided at the examinations, held at the Orphanage on June 28th, expressed himself as being highly pleased with the proficiency of the children. The following are the names of the pupils who were successful in the examinations: Junior violin—Paul Oligny (honors), Hector Saue (honors), Leo St. Onge, John O'Gorman. Piano primary grade—Kathleen Arnold. Elementary grade—Hazel Wright, Maude O'Gorman, Loretta Oligny, Eva May Kirkey. Junior grade—Edward Haunts, Walters Tharret, Laura Godfrey. Intermediate and senior grades—Viola Kennedy (honors), Jean Evee (honors), Doris Bolton (honors), Frances Haunts.

Advertisement for Dr. A.W. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, featuring an illustration of a bottle and a person.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS by Olive Roberts Bartor

The Forty Winks Greets the Twins. "I'm one of the Forty Winks," said the Eye as it looked solemnly at the Twins from under its three-cornered hat. "Didn't you ever hear of the Forty Winks of Drowsy Land?" "The name seems familiar," said Nick politely. "Where are the others?" "They're coming," said the Eye. "This place is called Shut-Eye Town. We sleep most of the time with our hats down over our faces like this." And the Eye's queer three-cornered hat slid down until he was covered entirely—all but his arms and legs. Then it flew up again where it had been before. "But when there is the slightest noise we wake up," he went on. "I heard Snootsleughleughleugh, the gatekeeper, open the blue gate to let you in. So I came to see what was up. Here are my brothers now. I thought they would waken when they heard us talking." The other thirty-nine Winks now came out of the same tall tree that the first Wink had come from and stood staring in a silent row. They were of different colors, all the Winks were. Some were blue, some were brown, some black, some gray, some hazel, and some even green. "We're the policemen of Drowsy Land," said the first Wink. "We have to ask everybody who comes exactly what he is here for, if he's had the measles, whether he prefers wheat-cakes to buns, and what the earth folk think of the weather. Commence!" The Twins couldn't help laughing, which had a peculiar effect. The hats of the forty Winks slid down and then instantly slid up again. No doubt they were showing their surprise. "I'll tell you what we're here for," said Nick. "We're hunting for Inco our china elephant door-stop. He had roars all over him and no tall. Flops, the clown was on him. They both ran off! The Fairy Queen told us they had come to Drowsy Land. Did they?" "Answer the other questions first," said the first Wink. "One question

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CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

A crossword puzzle grid with numbers 1 through 52 indicating starting points for words.

- Horizontal. 1. To contaminate with germs. 6. One who manages. 11. Region. 12. To press. 13. Correlative of either. 15. To increase. 17. Stop! (Interj.). 19. Relates. 21. To scatter. 22. Light brown. 24. Cry for help at sea. 25. Distant. 26. Yawns. 28. Beneath. 30. Chair. 32. Dinner. 33. Preposition of place. 35. To perish. 36. To die. 37. 3,1416. 38. To make an incision. 40. Reckoned chronologically. 42. Possesses. 43. Colored portion of the eye. 45. Quantity. 46. Young horse. 47. Sea eagles. 49. Pink sea skeleton used to make beads. 50. To rebound. 52. To express briefly in notes. 54. Small perforation. Vertical. 1. Image. 2. Fourth note in the scale. 3. Before. 4. Penny. 5. Stories. 6. Maidens. 7. Units of work. 8. Eyes of fishes. 9. Half an em. 10. Stepped upon. 14. Polynesian chestnut tree. 16. Plant which yields a bitter drug. 17. Valiant man. 18. Small openings. 21. High. 22. To require. 25. Exploit. 26. Ice formations. 27. Mentioned. 28. Portion of a neck-lace. 29. Band used to protect the wrist. 31. Wild duck. 32. To join. 34. A little tower. 37. Roof of the mouth. 39. Ringworm. 41. Peak. 42. Hourly. 44. Believers in a popular creed. 46. Shed for small domestic animals. 48. Feminine pronoun. 49. Demure. 51. Bone. 52. Point of compass.

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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

A comic strip titled 'Freckles and His Friends' showing characters in a boat. Dialogue includes: 'NO SIR, YOU CAN'T GO SWIMMING TODAY—THAT'S FINALE NO ARGUING IS NECESSARY.' 'SEE-IT'S ANWFUL HOT TODAY.' 'WHERE ARE YOU GOIN' ALEK?' 'ON-DOWN TO ZOOK'S CREEK—COME ON ALONG!' 'I CAN'T—POPS GOT A GROUPLY SPELL TODAY AN' I WON'T LET ME!' 'AN—THAT'S TO BAD—WELL, SO LONG!' 'SOME FELLAS ARE LUCKY! OTHERS ANY?'

Stich Is Life!

A comic strip titled 'Stich Is Life!' showing a character in a boat. Dialogue includes: 'I CAN'T—POPS GOT A GROUPLY SPELL TODAY AN' I WON'T LET ME!' 'AN—THAT'S TO BAD—WELL, SO LONG!' 'SOME FELLAS ARE LUCKY! OTHERS ANY?'

By Blosser