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CHAPTER XX. Deirdre walked quicker. He ac-

celerated his pace. the man a "tec?" Her ears the sound of every footfall.

it, telling the man to drive straight was late, anyway. on until required to stop.

got out, retracing his steps. The with the Paris stamp!

hat well down. And anyway I must have changed tremendously." Still, she'd seen that fairly recent photograph, and spotted a fugitive

If she did recognize him, there ing. was no real harm that she could do.

Whatever she knew or didn't know fact go unremarked. about him, she could bring forth no definite proof. against her that would counter-bal- It shall be just as you wish!"

ance everything and anything that she might say. His lips formed a cruel little smile. But it would be just as well to be!" keep an eye on her, from a safe

ing in the distance now. . . an- towards him. other moment or two, and he would | "How long must I wait, Marcella? know if it were she!

the pointed little face. . . yes? . . . and on, just to be near you, with-150 Wellington Street. 'Phone 679. no?. . . it couldn't be! And then he in touch and sight of you. saw the little jagged scar across the . He was astonished at his own chin that she had got by falling on humility. But indeed he did want

more. . . he'd recognize it any- of mind and body. where. How they had quarrelled! She'd had brown hair then, in- eyes filled with tears. She returned stead of this awful peroxide blonde. the pressure of his hand on hers, But she was the same woman, right however, with a little squeeze to enough, here in the same town as show her gratitude.

Forewarned was forearmed, how- yielding. could play!

"I'm going in. I'll take the letdoorstep of Marcella's home, ad-|stand?" dressed the postman on his rounds. He shook his head.

Blink Serves Lunch

Blink was the Dream-Maker Man's

The lunch was served on a tea-

it they couldn't help thinking of the

Muffin Man's stand in Daddy Gan-

wagon of quite unusual size.

of three-colored ice-cream.

he passed to the visitors.

said he. "Go right ahead."

der's Land.

In came Blink with the lunch.

without a letter-box.

The postman was in a hurry, and She looked round nervously. Was the maid in this place was usually very slow in answering his knock. trained through hard experience to Of course it was breaking regulations, but why not give the letters Warwick Treman saw her turn, to this gentleman, who was here so and slackened, so as to re-assure often, and who was the young lady's Men are the choosers. Women wait! her. A taxi came along. He hailed "beau"? It would save time, and he Love comes to a woman after mar- wouldn't let you."

lots of hurrying men of his height or weighing his action, he slipped those two envelopes in his pocket, a She'll not see me, if I keep my second before the maid appeared. Yes, Miss Marcella was at home -would he come in?

He would-and did.

He was tactful enough to let that "How are you, dear? I came in the car to take you for a spin. Or And he had one big, damning fact would you prefer to stay right here?

> She smiled faintly. "You are very kind, Warwick." "Not half so kind as I'd like to

He sat down beside her, and took coign of vantage. They must never her hand in his. There was somemeet. Maybe she wasn't the same thing so like a faithful dog in his woman. . . . he could see her com- expression that her heart softened

I didn't use to think I'd be so patient. Under the strangely tinted hair but now that I really know what and heavy make-up he recognized love means I'm willing to hang on,

a frozen stone the day he pushed her this girl with a sort of hunger that . . heavens! Twelve years ago, or was really disconcerting to his peace "I'm not worth it, Warwick." Her

Treman, thought that she

ever! Just let her try to get in touch | "If you'd only let me, I could with him, and see what happened! make you awfully happy." He gaz-Blackmail was a game that two ed at her, still with that wistful,

"It wouldn't be fair of me to give myself to you, when I wasn't real-Warwick Treman, standing on the ly giving anything. D'you under-

adventures Olive Roberts Barton

same way . She looked at Nick and he, too, seemed to be having trouble. "Finished?" said Blink, whisking their plates away. "Then do have cook, you know, who always kept his some of these. And with that he hands in a muff when he wasn't cook- stuck a large platter of cream puffs

right under their noses. Nancy took one and Nick took another, and both of them started to Indeed when the Twins looked at bite.

"Everybody likes my cooking," said Blink. "The proof of the pud- lately I've been growing fonder. I ding is in the eating. I knew you

"Would you like some of this?" | would like those cakes. Now here asked Blink, pointing to a large brick is some of my famous fudge. See what you think of it." The cream puffs seemed to disap- fonder all the time. I intend to "If you please," said Nancy and Nick, sitting up on the edges of their pear, and the Twins each took a leave no stone unturned, to win

They were glad that Blink under- was the same as before. Not a thing does it?" stood English as well as Moon. Moon | could they taste. language was most difficult to under- Blink remarked that he hoped held balm for her wounded pride. they had had a pleasant time and 1 And she knew lots of girls who Blink took a large spoon and two that they had enjoyed his cooking, were keen about this man. They

large plates and dished out most gen- Then he wheeled away the tea-wagon thought him handsome, fascinating. erous helpings of ice-cream, which the way he had come in. And now, my dears," said the "Aren't you having any?" said Dream-Maker Man, "while you have time. She must learn to forget Nancy politely to the Dream-Maker been eating I have been thinking and Miles Holden. He wasn't worthy of I have it all figured out. We shall

"Oh, no I never eat, thank you," go the the Man-in-the-Moon with Dissolve Your Corns Snoozel in his airplane, and ask him But why do you keep a cook if we may go elephant hunting in his then?" Nancy started to ask, when forest. I haven't a doubt in the suddenly she remembered the three world, I mean in the moon, that sons. Snoogl and Snuggle and there is where we shall find your Snore. 'No doubt they eat quite a lost friends.'

But the queerest thing happened! Nick.

No. sir! The minute she but the liver it for me." said their host, "We spoon to her lips the ice-cream seem- often do favors for each other. But less Corn Extractor, and you are sure ed to vanish. She tried it three times | hark! Here comes Snoozle now." and every time it was exactly the (Copyright, 1926, NEA Service, Inc.) sore callouses. Sold by all druggists

"The gift of yourself would be the greatest any man could have." She gave a timid laugh.

"Oh no, it wouldn't-not couldn't give love!'

He moved a little nearer to her. "You are wrong Marcella. Wo- and no worries." men don't love the way men do. riage. It takes time, you see. A They passed her, going in the a dozen envelopes, and hurried off. mind almost instantly, the way I contented, that she really cares."

Marcella stirred on her elbow, ested in archaeology." starting thoughtfully into the fire. "Are you sure of that?" He nodded.

CHAPTER XXI. Marcella knit her white brow for

"Yes, I've heard that before, may, be true. On the other hand, it would be a frightful risk to take." Kind and thoughtful as Warwick

Treman had been recently, would he ever be able to efface the image of Miles Holden from her mind? But of course it was all over wit

Miles! He hadn't written. She had waited for his letter for two dreary weeks. That interminable silence. She had even pocketed her pride and twice rung up his studio, only to be told each time that he was still

in Paris. She wouldn't give her name and hoped that Miles would never come to hear of it. Yes, to forget him absolutely was the only way to happiness. And how frightfully kind and sym-

pathetic Warwick had become! He would be a man to trust, to lean on. That stupid threat of bringing the Swiss woman as a maid to Lady Warrington had been merely the result of sudden shock—the shock of hearing she intended to marry someone else -he had apologized for it a dozen times, and called himself a cad and blackguard.

She had forgiven him, and almost forgotten the incident. Life with Warwick Treman would hold no glorious passion and

thrills. But it would be safe sheltered. . . and luxurious. Mar- fast and comfortable trains of Cana- 17. An African farmer. cella, if the truth be told, fully ap- | dian National Railways, you preclated yachts and cars and coun- visit Canada's Kingdom of Pleasure try houses, foreign travel and enter- - Muskoka, one of the most beautiful 20. Play on words, taining. She loved a circle of in- lake regions on the continent. teresting, talented friends!

the times.

Men busy with the arts were of- to go again. ten just like that! softly, persuasively.

"Am I such an ogre that you couldn't spare me even a tiny por- City Passenger and Ticket Agent. tion of your heart?" She hesitated, then she said:-

"I'm fond of you. I believe that suppose girls are like that. Kindness and consideration count." Warwick was pleased

"You'll find yourself getting piece of nut fudge instead. But it you! That doesn't make you angry

"Oh no." As a matter of fact, They would have jumped at him! Real love would surely come, in

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This is the best and surest way get rid of corn's and callouses. Always successful, if you do it in this way: Cover over the corn or callous lot." she said to hereself, opening her "Won't you have to take your with a few drops of Putnam's Painmouth wide and taking a large bite. | dream to the earth first? asked | less Corn Extractor. Do this morn ing and night. Take a hot bath and She couldn't taste one blessed thing. "The Sand Man said he would de- the thing is done. Simple? Of course t is. Successful? Yes, it always is. to get rid of corns, foot lumps and

any woman's love-philanderer that he was.

"I was talking to your father yesterday at his club. He approves of me as a son-inglaw, Marcella." She nodded.

"Oh yes, I know it. But-"with a hint of mischief brightening the sadness of her face-"dear old dad's so unworldly and up in the clouds that he's no judge of character. Anyone who takes the least interest in his 'fesearches' and mumies and museums is considered charming."

Warwick Treman did not answer that, but said:

"I'd be so glad to help him, dear. Indeed, I'd make a handsome settlement on him. Then he could pursue his work, full steam ahead,

Marcella looked thoughtful, "He's as proud as Lucifer! He

Treman leant back in his chai So the postman handed over half man meets a girl and makes up his and fumbled for his cigarette-case. same direction, but it wasn't until Warwick Treman hastily scanned did. But it's only after a girl has Besides, he needn't know. As you he was far along the road that War- the postmarks. Two for Marcella in been wakened up by marriage, and say, he's not a practical man of afwick Treman stopped the cab and the same strong handwriting, and lived with a man, and found out fairs, and would probably look on how staunch he is, and how he does the money as manna dropped from Involuntarily, without hesitation everything to make her happy and heaven. We could make him believe

He offered the girl a cigarette. She took one, lighting it abstract-

"It's a well-known fact. There's By the way, I'd almost forgot-The girl brightened when she saw always one of the two must love ten-I met the postman on the doorlikeness. That gave this quest a spice him. She was lying on the sofa in the most. And the happiest mar- step with some letters. The old boy of danger that was curiously ex- her own little den, and her eyes look- riages are those where most of the was in a hurry, so he gave them to ed as though she had been weep- affection is on the man's side. | me." He handed Marcella four envelopes. "Two for your father. Two for you."

She grasped them eagerly. A wave of red ran up into her smooth cheeks. There was just a chance . . . Ah no! No Paris postmark! "Thanks, Warwick." Her voice

was flat and toneless. "Come out for a breath of air, dear. You look a bit seedy. My car's waiting, and a blow up on the Heath would do you good."

"Oh, very well." She rose listlessly, and got her hat and wrap. Anything to forget! On the doorstep they met her fa-

ther. He looked old and tired and shabby, and her heart smote her. "I'll be home in an hour, daddy. Do go and have a rest. You look fagged out."

Warwick Treman handed her into his big, luxurious car, as though she were extremely fragile, and fussed about her, tucking a fur rug about her knees, Marcella leant back comfortably. The seats were low, and splendidly upholstered. (To Be Continued).

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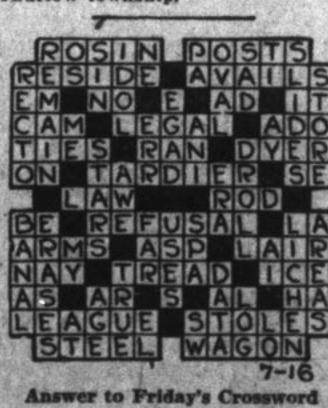
Muskoka has all the requisites for Married to Warwick, she could an ideal summer vacation-attrachave these things and many more. tive hotels, some gay and fashion-Miles' silence was sufficient as- able, some quiet and secluded; exsurance that he did not love her; cellent steamboat service, and the that indeed the boardship enchant- choicest facilities for golf. tennis, ment had been merely a passing ro- bowling, hiking, dancing, boating, mance, engineered to while away swimming and other aquatic sports. Go once to Muskoka and you'll want

35. To decay. For full information, literature, 36. Pertaining to pun-Warwick was speaking again, etc., apply to any Canadian National lagent.

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Dies of Horse's Kick. Pembroke, July 16 .- John Davidson, aged twenty-five, of Westmeath, died in the hospital here as the result of being kicked in the stomach two weeks ago by a horse which he was grooming.

The marriage took place in Belleville, on July 8th, of Sylvenus John Hagerman and Miss Ellen Serridge. Rawdon, township. The young couple will reside near Harold in Thurlow township.



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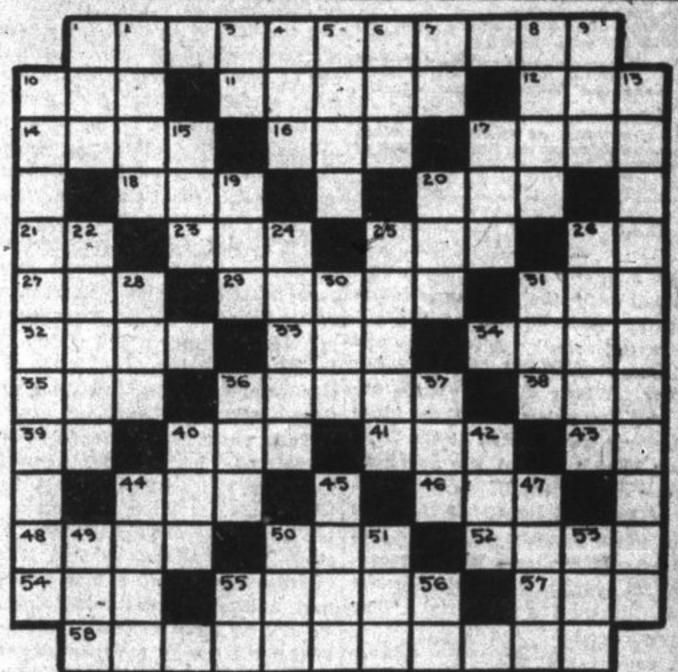
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143. Like. 115. Door rug. Forced or impelled 44. Embryo or 17. Conjunction. flower. 19. Cotton machine. 46. To obstruct a body 20. Constant companof water. Feminine haircut 22. A piece of table sil-

54. Turf. 57. To free. 21. You and me.

Vertical. 1. Feline animal. 2. Smell. 27. Mineral spring. 3. Point of compass. 4. To make lace. bance of peace by

33. Egg of a louse. a crowd. 34. Metal fised in bat-6. Venomous snake. 7. Neuter pronoun. 8. Black.

38. Inlet. 39. Within. 40. Sun. 41. To loiter.

Colds

Pain

29. Native.

31. Fashion

32. Heavy string.

Insane.

Blouse.

18. Neat. 50. Era. 52. To deal out grud- 24. A section of a wall. 55. To misrepresent. 58. Evolution.

5. Tumultuous distur- 44. To tolerate or

10. Unpublished

horses). 47. First part of day (poetic). 9. Female of the fal- 9. Stick. 50. Snake-like fish, 51. Frost bite. 53. Kindled. 13. Transmitted 55. To subsist.

25. Deadly.

26. Frenzy

31. Pine tree.

36. Seed bag.

37. Boy.

40. Total.

dure.

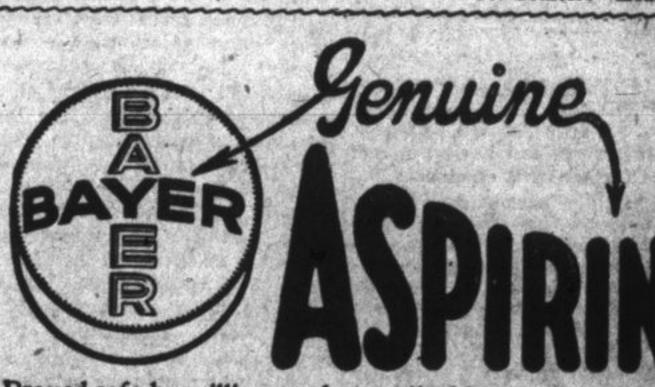
30. Baking dish

28. A work of genius.

42. To wander about

45. Sport (played

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