

First Choice Today!
RED ROSE
COFFEE "is good coffee"
 As good as RED ROSE TEA

The Bough Breaks

By LOIS MONTROSE

Constance sat by the fireplace in the drawing-room. Trowbridge, standing with an arm on the mantelpiece, looked down at her incredulously. It was after midnight. They had talked for two hours. After dinner Cary Severance had gone away and Tam had told Constance everything. At least, thought Constance, nearly everything. "I can't understand you, my dear," Trowbridge repeated. "A word from you will prevent Millicent from making an unfortunate marriage. I know how much the child respects you—well, love and influence. I could say no, absolutely no, but it would cause bad feeling between Millicent and myself. I prefer you to use your feminine tact. You can do that easily. There is every reason for your doing it."

He struck the mantel with the flat of his hand. "Constance, try to see. The fellow, to begin with, depended on Millicent. She furthered his career, that's what he was a wedding. He ought to have been able to build himself first. Before he ever dreamed of asking her to share his life. Next, when he is launched by her efforts, he turns around and becomes interested in another young woman. Now he is back, having suffered a good deal. Let him suffer. And don't, for God's sake, allow Tam to imagine that she can supply the backbone for her husband. That is unthinkable. I must tell you here and now, Constance, that I forbid you to permit this marriage. You, and you alone, have the power to prevent it—shall we say—painlessly?" He turned to her and stroked her fine hair. "Please do this for me."

He thought she half nodded; then she rose and walked wearily from the room without a word. There would be no more. Constance guessed. Women were too romantic. That was the only reason Constance had clung to her. The strange conviction that Millicent should marry Severance. All she could argue was that the child needed Millicent and therefore she would be happy. Well, he had won. And he would not go up-stairs just now to be distressed by her unreasonable weeping.

Trowbridge turned on the light in a small, adjoining study. He was reaching into the box of cigars on a desk when he saw to his discomfort that he was near the door. His bright dark eyes were alert. He bounced upright with agility. Trowbridge could only hope that the old man had been sleeping. "You should be in bed," he said, kindly, "not doing in a draft. I was asleep," said Luke. He went to the door and shut it carefully and stood by it and Constance heard every word you and Constance said. And gory, if I ever knew a berated, misinformed man, it's you. It's not your fault—you're just a child at core of heart, and she's pulled the wool over your eyes, but she's never heard her old dad. Saints bless her."

"What are you talking about?" asked Trowbridge indignantly, as he lit his cigar.

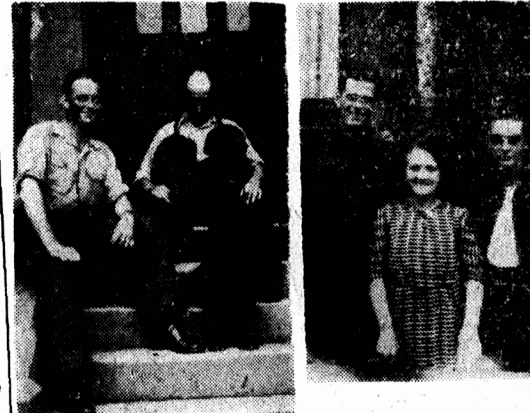
"Well, I warn you I won't mince words now, Trowbridge. And I wouldn't have spoken at this late date, save that I want little Tam to be happy. She's set on this boy she loves and her mother sees fit for her to have him. Why? Because he's just like you were at that age, only you were giddier and weaker."

Trowbridge kept a superior and dignified silence.

"All right," cried Luke. "Listen and think back! When Connie met you you had nothing whatever I'd call backbone. She put it in, and it into you and helped you start the agency. Oh, yes, she did—but she was too smart a woman to let you know it. She's always let you think she was weak and soft and addle-

Do You Know Them?

DO YOU KNOW ANYONE IN THESE PICTURES? It is suggested they may have been taken in Prince Edward Island. They were found on an unknown Canadian airman buried on the banks of the River Orne, in France, and are the only clue to his identity. Write to the Casualties Branch, R.C.A.F., Headquarters, Ottawa.



George Martin Brown was born at Sand Point, N. B., Jan. 2, 1885 and entered the service of the railway as a wiper and storekeeper at Stellarton in Oct. 1907. He was appointed storekeeper in May 1910.

Frank Willie Fullerton, was born at Stellarton, N. B., and first joined the railway service as an apprentice storeman at Moncton in 1907, being appointed storeman in 1909, in which position he remained for about two years. He returned to the service in December, 1909, in the stores department at Moncton, and served as compressor operator and clerk. In Sept. 1930, he enlisted for active military service, serving overseas for over five years, and was demobilized in October, 1935 with the rank of Major. He resumed duty with the railway the same month.

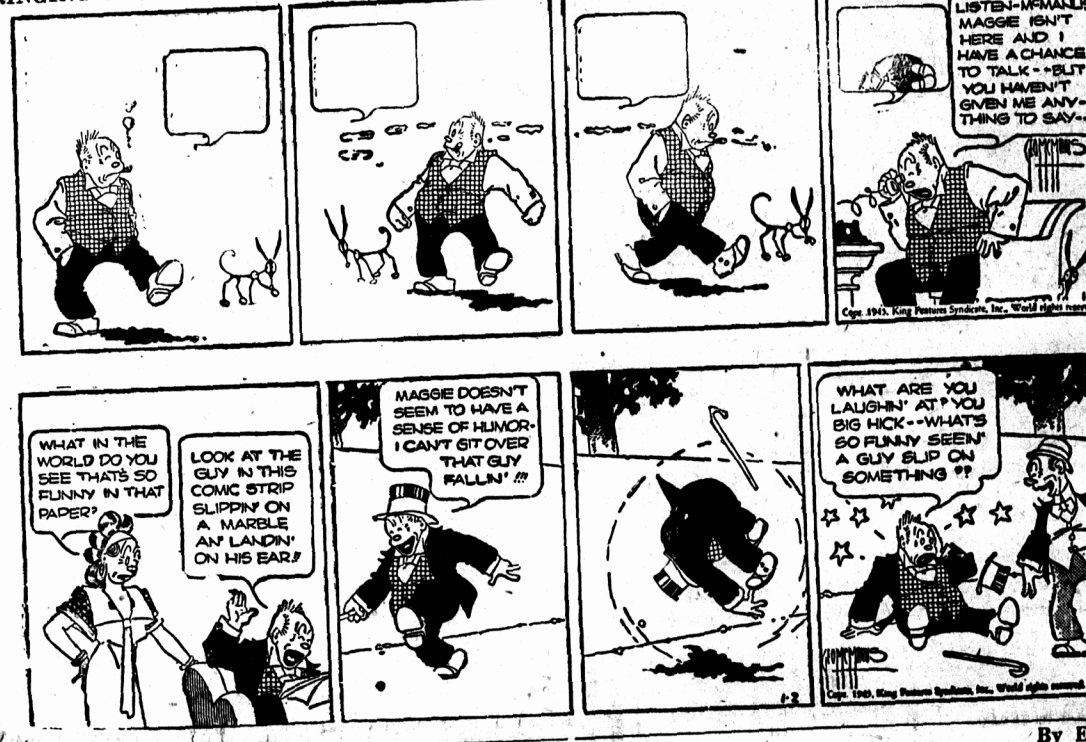
Houses Collapse in Palestine Flood

JERUSALEM, Dec. 30 — (CP)—Sixty mud huts and houses collapsed in the Gaza area in Southern Palestine after a cloudburst today and two women and six children were drowned and 25 persons reported missing. Five square miles, including parts of the town of Gaza, were flooded.

JOE PALOOKA



BRINGING UP FATHER



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



a grand mustard sauce for vegetables

