

# WHITE LILY CAKE

IS DELICIOUS  
IT SATISFIES



The Kinds

POUND CAKE - FRUIT CAKE - SULTANA CAKE  
GENOA CAKE - CHERRY CAKE - WALNUT CAKE  
POUND PACKAGES ONLY

**J.A. MARVEN LIMITED**  
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS  
MONCTON, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX, MONTREAL

## THE BROKEN WING

Continued from Page 9

that possibly a man might be as drastically clean as Inez demanded and still retain much of his manly self-respect. Anyway, he would take a chance, and he did, much to the consternation of his men. Inez approved, admitted, and might have surrendered but for one inevitable complication. Innocencio's scandalous cleanliness made him as unpleasantly conspicuous as "mamma's boy" amidst street urchins. The chief was forced to fight, and fight continually, to maintain the respect of his men, and when Capt. Innocencio fought he killed.

These frequent killings coming to the ears of Inez offset the good impression of the cleanliness which caused them. Her Bible said "Thou shalt not kill." There matters stood, until one day the captain's miraculous patience wore out. He delivered an ultimatum to Farley and returned for his answer, one afternoon, just ahead of a thunder-storm.

To disregard the advice of her kindly old foster father and defy the all-powerful lord of her territory was as hopeless as to defy the lightning playing among the black clouds over her head. As she gazed upward in silent prayer there came to her ears a new and unfamiliar sound blending with the rumbling of the storm. It sounded as if a distant sawmill were travelling through the sky.

All three listened in wonder till the captain explained:

"It is an aeroplane. I know well the sound of the motor."  
"Only a moment was it audible till the storm swallowed it up and Inez turned to the anxious face of the man who had been father, mother and teacher to her and then to the stern black eyes of him whom nobody could disobey.

The fateful decision could not be postponed another moment. As she opened her lips to speak the thought of the passing aeroplane colored her answer.

### CHAPTER III

Nobody denies that when an irresistible force meets an immovable body, something serious is bound to happen.

Something like this flashed through old Farley's anxious mind as Captain Innocencio advanced upon Inez for his answer.

Their eyes fenced a moment and just then the heavens split, with a deafening crash as the long gathering thundering reached its peak. The window curtains belled inward and a fresh gust of cold wet air and rain rattled the spent shrapnel.

All eyes turned to the kerosene lamp which three times threatened to give up the ghost. Beside it lay a much worn pack of American playing cards, picked them up. "Well," demanded the captain, "I be back in a minute, Santo," she answered, "and then I answer you."

Santo bowed politely and watched the girl proceed to her room. Captain Innocencio was always polite. He stole politely, he killed politely; so now, of course, he would break this girl's will—politely.

In the seclusion of her bed-chamber, Inez rapidly laid out the cards in parallel lines. Like a genuine daughter of Mexico she descended from the sublime to the ridiculous. A few minutes before, with that true and rare faith that moves mountains, she prayed for guidance in the hour of need and felt sure that she had received an answer. Now she was trying to confirm the Almighty's advice with the ancient superstition of fortune telling.

A silent hare-foot creature stepped to her side and eagerly watched the sequence of the cards. It was Quichita, Farley's maid-of-all-work, and to Inez, friend, counselor and inexhaustible mine of mis-information.

"Light," said Inez, "the black jack—that mean trouble, Quichita, and the red queen more trouble. Ah, but see, the king of hearts. He always good. Now three nines. That mean he come in sure—these king of hearts."

"Yeh," agreed Quichita, "he here right now. That king of hearts is the captain."  
"No," flashed Inez, "Santo cannot be my king of hearts. He is the black jack."  
Three ten spots put in an appearance. Both paused to consider this new marvel.

"What that mean those three tens?"  
"Thirty days," assured Quichita without the slightest doubt or hesitation.

Inez nodded, hid one card in her bosom and with firm steps returned to face the man who loved her and would not be denied. At the first glance, the captain saw that her answer was to be "yes." Farley knew, too, and much relieved, withdrew. However, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, particularly when it concerns women.

The conversation, like all that went on in that household was in English—that is, Inez considered it English or at least "American." Farley never could understand how these Mexicans picked up so much American slang, and, unjustly perhaps, blamed it to the newspapers. The captain started the ball rolling with a blunt and direct question: "When you marry me?"

"I know like a man that kill."  
"All right, I stop."  
"Right now?" she asked suspiciously.

"No, I stop when you marry me."  
"How you stop, if you stay in army?"

It was evident that the girl had no intention of surrendering unconditionally. Innocencio expected this and was prepared to make concessions. Furthermore he was growing tired of these frequent and profligate duels. Anyway the army meant little more to him than a uniform. So he surprised her with:

"I give up army."  
"What you do if you give up army?"

This was the captain's trump card. He posed magnificently and with all the pathos and solemnity of a king offering to abdicate his throne, said:

"For you, I make the supreme sacrifice—I go to work."  
Inez really ought not to have laughed in his face, so you can't blame even a polite brigand for forgetting his manners and filling the room with growlsome Mexican oaths which rivalled the thunder outside.

"Vera bad words, Santo. Be! Wash out the mouth. I go get the soap."

"Soap," he repeated, really hurt. "Why you always want to make fool of me? Soap, always soap!"

"I no make fool of you."  
"Carramba! that is right. I make fool of myself for you. For you, I go loco. But it is too much. No more."

"What you mean?"  
"If I want some other girl and she no want to come—what I do, I take her. What dare say 'no' to Captain Innocencio?"

"I say 'no.' You just one big bluff." But she, not he, was "the big bluff," and they both knew it. Folding her in his arms, and blandly smiling, he whispered fondly: "To Hell with you, I love you."  
"Santo, you love no good."  
"No—what's matter?"

"You love all the girls. I hear about the others. You love every girl you see. That's bum love."

"Ah," protested the bandit, "those are just little loves. I am strong man. You do not understand the little loves of strong man. They little love, not so quick, but just so wear out his pants. Then come the beeg love—that last forever. When you marry me?"

"Santo, I don't got to marry nobody."  
"You marry me, or pretty quick I break your neck."

This amorous brigand spoke gently and with his brilliant smile. But the girl knew he would do just what he said and, if possible, would do it politely.

"You see him?" she asked with a sigh, producing the card from her dress.

"Yeh, the king of hearts."  
"If the king of hearts don't come in one month, I marry you or you break my neck. How that suit you?"

"Who is these king of hearts?" asked the mystified captain.

"Husband, I goin' to marry."  
Now this was not exactly a definite or satisfactory answer. However, one thing was clear, Inez agreed to marry somebody within a month. It only remained for the captain to make sure that no other candidate appeared—a very simple and easy matter, as he reflected.

"Good," he agreed, "that is thirty day to say 'Good-bye' to all the little loves and one day to come back to the beeg one and take you to the nice new house."  
"New house," she echoed, "new house—you build new house for me?"

Santo suddenly realized what he had done.

"Ah, it was beeg surprise I keep for you. Now I have split the beans, I am fool—by dam, I am."  
Then, of course, he had to explain:

"I no build him, I buy from the book, Cheecago," said he, mentioning a world renowned mail order house.

"From Cheecago—a whole house—a 'Gringo' house" she murmured, in ecstasy.

"Well almost. They do forget the front door and one bay window. But they throw in two dog kennels. I put them together. They look pretty good. It come by pieces, these house, inside beautiful—white—what you think?"

He paused and described, with his polished fingernail, a large oblong object.

"Oh, Santo, I know—bath tub!" she exclaimed rapturously.

"Yeh and plenty soap. All day long you can scrub, scrub, scrub, in the middle, stairs go up—plenty more houses on top—brass beds, chairs, table, rugs, beautiful pictures on the wall. I pick them all from the book. O, and one thing more, hot and cold water run all over house so soon I find out how to work these patent heater."

The girl's eyes sparkled at the vision. She would have married him at that instant and rushed to the "Gringo" house, if only he were not a "Greaser." Meanwhile the "Greaser" went on with the fascinating details:

# "MILLBANK"

10  
For  
15¢



25  
For  
35¢

## THE QUALITY CIGARETTE

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.

"Iron rod go up side of house, over roof and stick up so — you know what he is?"  
"Yeh I know—thunder rod."  
"No, no," he laughed indulgently. "Not thunder rod, lightning cable. One more thing I bring for you, but I don't know where it come from."  
So saying he produced from its hiding place beneath the couch, a

large package. Within lay a gorgeous white dress. Inez could not find words in either language to express her joy as she examined the dainty fragile thing.  
"These is silk," exclaimed the captain, "and these is white beads, nice expensive, made in Paris, and the stocking go—and pull down the corsets so. Then she fit fine."  
"Fool-slippers," gasped Inez, dig-

ging deeper and, for the first time around his own ewing frame and demonstrated. It was an accurate and creditable demonstration. Suddenly he became aware that his lady love was cocking a suspicious eye at him.  
"How you know so much about what goes on underneath?" she demanded.

(Continued on Page Thirteen)



## Bake with BEAVER FLOUR

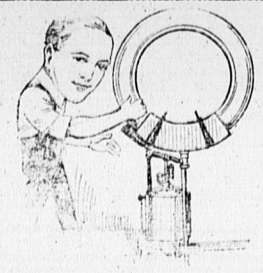
OBTAIN bread with that delicious home-made flavor—pies, cakes and pastry with tender, delicate, flaky crusts.

Beaver Flour is made from the finest of selected Ontario Winter Wheat combined with enough Western Hard Wheat to give it strength.

Beaver Flour is the original blended flour—and blended flour is recognized by all qualified experts to be the best flour for general baking purposes.

Don't hesitate! Try it! Sold by your grocer.

THE T.H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED CHATHAM ONTARIO



It is now rumored that tires and tubes will take another drop in January 1923. So make your old ones do you the rest of this season by having us fix them up.

**TRAINER TIRE SURGERY**  
Cor. Queen and Water Sts  
Phone 832-J.

## Which Do You Prefer Well water or Tank water?

Our water systems deliver water DIRECT from the well to the tap. The tank is used to store air only. Result:—Fresh water at all times, and no frost troubles. Nothing above ground to freeze.

Our systems have established a reputation on the Island for dependable service. Don't be deceived and accept a substitute. They are sold ONLY by

**The Trask Well Co.**  
P. O. Box 120 Kensington, P. E. I.

## E. R. BROW

146 Richmond Street  
Charlottetown

Fire, Life, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass Insurance at Lowest rate. Agent at Summerside, Lloyd Lewis Good Strong Stock Companies.

## When the Baby Laughs

YOU are being advertised to. When the sun shines when the flowers bloom, when dinner sends out its inviting aroma—when any one of a thousand things happen to attract your attention, you are being advertised to.

The purpose of any advertisement is to attract your attention and arouse your desire; to tell you what is new and good; to guide you to something you ought to have; to make you happier and more comfortable; to save you money and make life easier for you.

So, read advertisements. They will give you the latest ideas and improvements. They will help you to live better and dress better at less cost.

You'll be surprised at the world of interest and the wealth of new ideas that you'll find in reading the advertisements in this paper.

Advertisements are daily records of progress. They are the reports to you of merchants and manufacturers who work for you, telling what has been accomplished for your benefit. Take advantage of them.

Don't let a day slip by without reading the advertisements.