

Shown into the library, Cyril received his fiancée with strange and studied coldness. Dobrin's outstretched hand was ignored, Rosalka regarded him narrowly. Duval opened the package in melodramatic fashion, removed the goblet from its wooden case, compared it with its fellow on the cabinet and remarked mockingly: "The only one in existence. Ha! Ha! Ha! They're alike as two peas."

Dobrin turned pale, Rosalka pointed tragically to the goblet as the memories of the past came back full-flood.

"Now listen to its history," commanded Cyril. "It was pledged by a poor Jew more than five years ago for fifteen shillings, was never redeemed, and found its way to a curio dealer, Raphael Joseph, from whom I learned these facts."

"And what is more," he added, tapping the cup by way of emphasizing every word, "it is an article used only by the Jewish people." "Surely you are Jews?" he asked, his glance taking in all three in turn.

Gertrude straightened herself at this remark, and with a presence both dignified and imperious replied: "And what of our Jewish ancestry? Are we less human than yourself? Must we bear the badge of our origin upon our sleeves?"

The girl looked reproachfully upon him, but no word came in reply. In a flash the engagement ring had been slipped off her finger and handed back to the giver.

Dobrin started in his chair at the dramatic turn of events and tried to restrain his impulsive daughter. But the mischief had been done.

"I beg of you," implored the new aggrieved love, "not to be hasty. But why should you have remained silent as to your origin? Of what were you afraid?"

Gertrude left the room without a word, followed by Cyril, who made an agitated departure.

All three now are seated around the library fire, the missing Kiddush cup in Dobrin's hand.

"Ah," he says, "I suppose it was not to be. Had it been Raphael, things might have turned out differently."

"But we have treated Raphael badly," chimed in Rosalka; "and did you notice the name of that curio dealer? It was Raphael Joseph. But, of course, that is merely a coincidence."

"I wonder what's become of him," said Gertrude.

"Mr. Raphael Joseph!" announced the butler, solemn of face.

The cast-off friend of their Ghetto days entered the room as in a dream.

All three were thunderstruck. Dobrin took him by the shoulder, placed him at arms' length, surveyed him with evident gratification, and then remarked: "Well, well, well! Talk of the angels—." They had much to tell each other, for the five years had been pregnant with incident for them all, and was not Raphael his own master, the aim, the ambition of every Jew?

It is Sabbath eve in the elegant home of the Dobrins. All the customs of their religion are revived, and the great apartment rings with the joyous notes of the Sabbath ritual, much to the amazement of the well-trained

menials.

Two goblets instead of one find a place on the table, and as the master of the house completes the benediction he turns to his daughter and to the now radiant Raphael and proclaims: "I promise on the eve of this blessed day of rest that these shall be heirlooms in our family. They have saved us from ourselves. 'Once a Jew, always a Jew.'" His hand trembled as he placed the Kiddush cups upon the table once again.

From Karlsbad Terrace a few months later there departed for the synagogue the happiest bride under the sun.

And Raphael fulfilled the vow of the days of obscurity, for love and fate did ever find a way.

(The End.)



HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

A large and enthusiastic audience witnessed on Monday night the performance of Chas. Klein's American play, "The Lion and the Mouse," which constitutes a premiere as far as Johannesburg is concerned. The scene of the piece like that of its predecessor is laid in America and is full of human interest, showing the power of "capital" and its abuse. For the author exposes in a drastic manner the ways and means the big trusts employ to remove persons who stand in their way and in these efforts shrink from nothing. Cleverly interwoven with these intrigues is a love story which in its naturalness and development, could easily be termed "a slice of life," and the whole production held the audience spell-bound witnessing the signal victory of a simple maiden over the money-king. It is almost needless to say that the production was a success and must be denoted as the best thing the talented members of the Williamson Company have so far placed before us. Mr. Ewert's magnificent acting as the magnate could hardly be improved upon and he was equally grand as

dictator and as the defeated hero. As for Miss Fabian, although she has already given us ample proof of her dramatic talent, yet her portrayal of the part of Shirley Rossmore must be considered the best she has so far produced, which is saying a great deal. The cast is a big one, nearly all the members of the company taking part, and each role was well filled. There was not a weak point in the ensemble, and the whole production was another unqualified success for this talented company.

STANDARD THEATRE.

Last (Thursday) night, after this issue had gone to press, in view of its great success when first produced in Johannesburg, and more especially to give the public constant changes in their entertainment fare, the management of the Standard Theatre revived "The Swiss Maid." This gem of Tiller's extensive repertoire was one of his most brilliant achievements, and was launched with a happy co-operation of two well-known giants in the musical comedy world—Herman Finch and Eustace Baynes, to wit. All who have witnessed the Swiss Maid's adventures were struck by the merry swing of the lyrics and the ear-haunting melodies of the popular Palace Theatre conductor. Plans are open at the Standard booking office, and readers should note that the "Swiss Maid" will be taken off after Saturday night's performance to make room for "A Trip to Paris," which will be staged on Monday next.

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