



**An Indispensable Favorite**  
OR  
**Wealth and Beauty at Stake!**

CHAPTER II.

But eager to get out of durance, she pushes the door ere he can touch it, and his strong hand falls with a heavy pressure upon her slim, warm, ungloved fingers.

"I hope I haven't hurt you?" he says, politely, as the door opens, and they both step into the shallow, snow-white steps before them in the moonlight.

"Oh, no, thank you!" she replies, hastily, pulling on her long black silk gloves, though there is a little red bruise on the back of her hand from Captain Glynn's thick gypsy ring.

There is no one in sight, and the young girl looks about anxiously. "I am waiting for my governess," she explains, as Dallas lingers. "She went to see a friend while I was in the church."

He raises his hat at once, and goes down the steps without a word, half resolving at the same time to linger and see that she has a safe escort home. She is rather a new specimen of a genus schoolgirl, this maiden with the devotional eyes and grave, pure face, who goes to pray while waiting for her governess; and she interests Captain Glynn—slightly.

Within the friendly shadow, there, of a buttress on the east side of the church he resolves to linger unseen and watch the tall, slender figure under the portico; but he finds the spug hiding place already appropriated.

"Confound these spoony couples!" mutters Captain Glynn. "There isn't a square yard of the town, from the pier to the ramparts, safe from them. A sergeant de ville and a boune, of course!"

But the pair who have been disturbed in their safe whispering and giggling do not apparently belong to either class. The man indeed looks a jaunty "gent" of the London type, and the woman is a fashionably-dressed personage in a lace-trimmed silk costume. She runs lightly up the steps to the church porch, with exclamations in vogue French, in a most unrefined voice with a provincial accent, to the young lady who is patiently waiting there; and then they both descend the steps and walk away down the narrow street together.

"Upon my honor, a discreet chap-eron!" Dallas says, cynically, keeping them in view as he saunters down hill. "I wonder does the young lady's mamma—a British matron perhaps of Low-Church principles and immaculate propriety—know how her dear child and the French governess have been employed?" He grins under his tawny mustache at his own ideas. "I wonder, also, if the young 'mess' goes to pray every evening while the governess meets her lover in the moonlight?" he mutters. "If so, I think I'll supplant the unfaithful institutrice in her duties! My devoted little friend might make it worth my while."

He follows the governess and her charge all the way down into the Basse-Ville, along the Rue Basaine, to the courtyard doors of the Hotel Morval.

Dallas Glynn keeps close behind them; and when they mount the leaf-strewn steps of the vine-hung balcony, he follows—then up the staircase leading from the salon side of the house into one of the long corridors, which are all bewildering alike in color, carpeting, number of doors, irregularity of numbering, with oblong mirrors at the ends repeating the perspective of long red carpeting and doors and numbers and mirrors in a most distracting manner.

Captain Glynn's suspicions are deepened every moment, and he keeps close behind them—indeed, mademoiselle, the governess, had detected the echo of a masculine step following them long since, and has already cast several swift, demure side-glances at the tall, shapely figure with its measured, soldierly tread.

"Isabelle, I am afraid we are late for prayers!" the young lady says, in an anxious tone.

"Gracious mercy, prayers again!" Dallas thinks, fairly shocked at such an unreasonable amount of devotion. The girl opens a door softly as she

**TODAY I AM REAL WELL**

So Writes Woman After Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Jamestown, N.Y.—"I was nervous, easily excited and discouraged and had no ambition. Part of the time I was not able to sit up as I suffered with pain in my back and with weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, both the liquid and tablet forms, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash for Indigestion. Today I am real well and run a rooming house and do the work. I recommend your medicine to every woman who complains, and you may use my letter to help any one else. I am passing through the Change of Life now and I keep the Vegetable Compound in the house, ready to take when I feel the need of it."—Mrs. ALICE D. DAVIS, 208 W. Second St., Jamestown, N.Y.

Often some slight derangement may cause a general upset condition of the whole system, indicated by such symptoms as nervousness, headache, lack of ambition and general weakness. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will be found a splendid medicine for such troubles. In many cases it has removed the cause of the trouble.

speaks, and they both go in—not without another shy backward glance from the governess at the tall figure in gray standing a few doors farther down.

Captain Glynn sees on the closed door the number "54"; and, after noticing it carefully, he walks down the corridor very slowly, and deliberately opens a door at the farther end—the door of his mother's salon.

He goes in, throws himself upon a couch, with one arm over his head, and so lies a long time silent with wide open, haggard eyes, staring at the ceiling.

"So," he says at last, with a slow, bitter smile, "the little devotee in the black frock and with the long plait of hair over her shoulders is the future arbitress of my destiny, the possessor of the money-bags which I shall take from her in exchange for my name and myself! If she is only rich enough, that ignorant child can buy me. Poor little girl! She looks too good for an evil fate!"

CHAPTER III.

"Will you remain for our little evening worship, Lady Glynn?" old Miss Dormer says, with a preparatory cough and a deprecatory smile at her visitor, whose presence is at once an honor and an infliction to the homely old lady, translated at this advanced period of her life to what she calls "grandeur."

Miss Dormer bravely opens the devotional books which her old servant has just placed before her, and selects a hymn "for sinners convinced of sin," and a chapter which she thinks will be peculiarly suited to a "worldly fashionable" like Lady Glynn, and puts the blue-ribbon mark against the form of family prayer for that evening; and Mr. Dormer, her brother, leans back in his chair with a sigh and closed eyes, and the old servant "ahems" respectfully, and folds her hands on her knees in her corner near her mistress' chair.

"I shall be delighted, dear Miss Dormer," Lady Nora answers, feeling utterly dismayed.

What will she be expected to do or say she wonders. They are evidently Methodists—for she designates together all Dissenters—perhaps they will pray for her, and expect her to describe the state of her soul! She has heard of such things being done by those dreadful Methodist people.

"I'll put up with it this time, for the sake of Dallas," Lady Nora tells herself, eyeing with secret glances of alarm the array of books and solemn faces. "At another time Dallas shall come and be prayed for and preached at; I will let him see how he likes it!"

She nearly heaves herself to a giggle at the idea, and her bright eyes shimmer as she thinks it will be a capital opportunity for her to study this sort of thing the future historian may use.

"We must wait for Lady and her French governess," the old lady says, with another deprecatory smile, and the tall gentleman smote himself.

"Let's ought to be in more," he observes, consulting his watch, with its heavy gold guard and topped pendant. "Young folks can't be too particular. I always think, my lady."

(To be continued.)

**New Brunswick Forests.**

Latest estimates increase the value of forest damage by fires in New Brunswick to not less than \$5,000,000. The fires in the richest virgin forests of the province have continued to burn unabated.

As a result of the serious situation, Hon. C. W. Robinson, Minister of Lands and Mines, has issued a proclamation prohibiting all forest travel in the eight northern counties of New Brunswick, Restigouche, Madawaska, Gloucester, Northumberland, Kent, York, Carleton and Victoria. All existing forest travel certificates for that territory have been cancelled, and by the same proclamation the prohibition of all brush and slash burning throughout the entire province, effective since May 15, is continued indefinitely. The Minister has also sent instructions to all fire wardens, who are created special constables under the fire law, that all visitors be forthwith arrested and held for prosecution under the provisions of the Criminal Code.

This action was taken following a conference at Fredericton, recently, between the members of the Forest Advisory Board, leading lumber men of the province, and officials of the Department of Lands and Mines. It is the most drastic action ever taken in New Brunswick to lessen forest fire hazard; and it is indicative of the seriousness of the situation, which eclipses anything so far as forest destruction is concerned in this province in a century.

It is freely predicted in official circles that spring burning of slash and brush will be entirely prohibited hereafter in New Brunswick. Practically the entire conflagration in both provinces during the past two weeks is said to have been the direct result of imprudent and illegal slash and brush burning by colonists and settlers.

While there were seven hours' rain in the western end of Madawaska county and along the lower Tobique Valley, thus quenching the fires which were nearest the settlements there, the rainfall failed to extend to the district where the forest fires have been worst and failed to affect the biggest fire of all, which has burned its way from its origin near the International Railway down to the Little Tobique River and across into the Nepisiquit country.

Additional crews of fire-fighters are being rushed to the present scene of this fire near the Nepisiquit lakes in an effort to prevent its extending into the Miramichi country, which it would do if it passed Bald Mountain. A number of the large lumber companies are co-operating in providing crews of fire-fighters.

**Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK**

Coffee or Cocos, steaming hot — Creamed with Borden's Purity Brand — is delicious! The flavor is different. It is sweetened, too, for Purity Brand is pure milk and sugar blended—nothing more. — Try it!

Keep a Supply in the Pantry

**Aerial Golf.** London, July 9.—A golf putting competition from aeroplanes in flight is one of the attractions devised to entertain delegates of the British, French and Aero Clubs at the "aerial week-end" now being held at Le Touquet on the French coast. A special green has been marked out on the links for the aerial golfers. The hole, 16 inches in diameter, is surrounded by a broad white ring. The competitor must not come lower than 25 feet from the ground and must try and drop his ball—an ordinary golf-ball—into the hole. A variation of this "game" was tried out at Chicago the other day, with players on the ground playing the ball from where it was dropped by the ones in the plane.

**London "Bobbies" New Job.** London, July 9.—The myrmidons of the law having written an order-in-council authorising a policeman to demand the license of an airman "suspected of being under either the influence of liquor or drugs," the satellites of justice are wondering just how enforcement of the law is to be carried out in the event of non-compliance with orders to deliver. The only suggestion made so far is that there will have to be an addition to "Robert's" knut of a rifle, a signalling flag and a Morse lamp with a special course of signalling to enable him to bring in offenders.

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Unequaled Values  
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Prophylactic Tooth Brush at 70c. each. This Brush saves Dentists' bills. Hudnut's Tooth Paste 40c. tube. Hudnut's & Grossmith's Perfumes and Toilet Accessories. Ivory Soap at 5c. Cake, Palmolive Soap at 14c. Cake, Meadowsweet Soap at 6c. Cake.

**HENRY BLAIR**

**BOVRIL**  
Prevents that Sinking Feeling

**In the Open Desert**  
AN INCIDENT IN THE GREAT ROUND-THE-WORLD AIR FLIGHT

Major Blake, describing some of his adventures on the great attempted Round-the-World Air Flight, writes:—

"On several memorable occasions when we were stranded in the desert with little or no food, Bovril was most valuable."

"I cannot over-estimate the value of this food to us in the open desert when our portable machine and ourselves had to land miles away from anywhere. We had had to sleep under the machine unable to sleep through cold, until we obtained some petrol rations for the tanks and heated some of our small supply of water. Bovril's opening up a Bovril tin enabled us to thoroughly warm ourselves and get a little sleep."

"I should be extremely loath to undertake a trip of this nature without this food."

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Sudden Death to Flies, Mosquitoes, Bugs, etc.

El-Vampiro is sold by Ayre & Sons, Ltd., Bowring Bros., Ltd., Connors' Drug Store, Royal Stores, Ltd., Steer Bros. and Maritime Drug Store, C. P. Eagan, J. J. Killely's Drug Store.

Remember the Name—EL-VAMPIRO!

**Fads and Fashions.**  
A great deal of black crepe is worn with pearls in Paris. One linen frock resorts solely to huge scallops as trimming.

The large hat of black felt will be good for early fall wear. A grade of printed cotton is worn on a frock of rose linen. Smart simplicity is shown in sweaters worn at the resorts.

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