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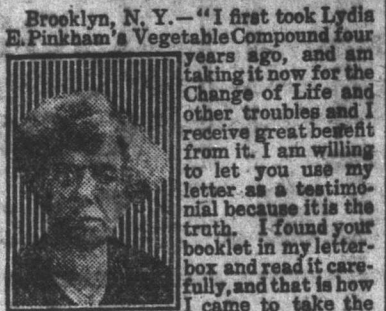
**An Indispensable
Favorite**
OR
**Wealth and Beauty
at Stake!**

CHAPTER XXIX
"You are too fond of me, child!" he demonstrates, half sadly, half laughingly; and then he moves restlessly and looks at the door, and Yolande drops her arms, which have been clasped around his neck.
"This isn't your own room, dear?" she asks, timidly.
"No, dear; it's the manager's," Dallas answers, hurriedly, in a low voice; "and I would rather he did not see you. He is a cad of a fellow."
"Then had I better go away?" she asks, meekly, but with a sudden pang as she realizes that Dallas is anxious for her to go. "And when am I to expect you?" she asks, after waiting several moments for an assurance on this point. "Late, dear, I suppose?"
"Poor fellow!"
"Late?" he repeats, staring. "What do you mean? To-night, my dear girl? I cannot leave here to-night! I sleep in the hotel, you know!"
"Well, when?" she asks, biting her lip nervously and flushing. "I thought I understood."
"My dear, I cannot leave my situation at a minute's notice in that manner!" Dallas explains, rather sharply, for the necessity he is under annoys him just at the moment. "I must give formal notice, and wait until my successor is appointed."
"How long?" she asks, feeling the dark, chill shadow growing colder

and deeper each moment. "A week?" "A month, dear!" Dallas replies, in the same sharp, hurried manner. "Now you must go, Yolande! I hear that fellow, Davison's, voice. Hang it, here he is!"
The door is opened roughly and unceremoniously, and a tall, showy, flashy-looking man, with huge, black, glossy mustache and bold, wolfish eyes, enters the room and crosses over to a writing table.
"A thousand pardons, Dallas!" he says, with a smile at Yolande—a smile which is a leer—and a hasty bow. "Just a little matter of business—gone in a moment—sorry to intrude, I'm sure," and he glances keenly and appreciatively over the top of the paper in his hand at the young, girlish face and form, the shy eyes and flushed cheeks.
"It is I who should apologize for the intrusion, Mr. Davison," Dallas says, icily. "I took the liberty of bringing Mrs. Glynn—my wife—in here for a few minutes' conversation, as this room was the only one unoccupied."
"Mrs. Glynn!" the manager repeats, bowing and smiling, and curling the ends of his mustache. "Never knew you were married before—never knew your name was Glynn," he says, curiously; "knew it wasn't Dallas from something Daville said."
"You were wrong, then; it is Dallas Dallas Glynn," the other says, with a frigid smile. "We mustn't intrude on Mr. Davison, Yolande. I will put you and your servant into a cab."
"My dear, you must not come here again on any account," Dallas says, gravely, as he holds her hand at the cab door; "I cannot have you run the risk of meeting that infernal snob again! We will write to each other, and arrange a place of meeting some day."
"Very well," Yolande responds, quietly, "some day" sinking down like a weight on her heart, so glad and warm with hope a few minutes since.
"Good-by, dear, now," he adds, with a hasty, backward glance. "Those fellows are all staring at us; they haven't seen me taking a tender adieu of a pretty girl before!"
He rather wishes she would not kiss him—she can tell that in some intangible way—but without a word she does put her lips to the cheek next to her, for she feels that tears will burst out with words.
And the cab drives on; and so ends another of Yolande's happy dreams.

**WOMEN OF
MIDDLE AGE**

Relieved of Nervousness and Other Distressing Ailments by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I first took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound four years ago, and am taking it now for the change of life and other troubles and I receive great benefit from it. I am willing to let you use my letter as a testimonial because it is the truth. I found your booklet in my letter-box and read it carefully, and that is how I came to take the Vegetable Compound myself. It has given me quiet nerves so that I sleep all night, and a better appetite. I have recommended it already to all my friends and relatives."—Mrs. ENGLISHMAN, 2082 Palmetto St., Ridgewood, Brooklyn, N. Y.

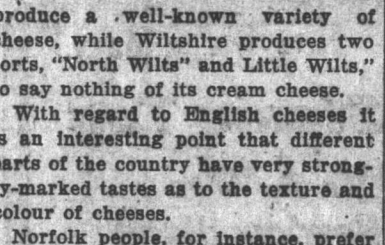
CHAPTER XXX.
The dull presentation of a boring trouble that has suddenly fallen upon Yolande hangs about her and follows her every step of the way home to the house in Rutland Gardens. Nay, it gets out of the four-wheeled cab with her—
"The bosom-weight, the stubborn gift that no philosophy can lift—and stands close to her side as she waits for a moment for the door to be opened.
There is rather an unusual delay in this being done, as if "the liveried menial" whose principal duties consist in reading the daily papers and opening the hall door were so deeply absorbed in the one duty as to be oblivious of the summons to attend to the other; and Yolande notices that a few persons seem loitering on the pavement near the house and over the way and watching her with glances of interest. But the moment the door is opened by the younger footman presentments are merged in reality.
"What is the matter?" Yolande asks, involuntarily stopping short on the great square mat.
"Master's not very well, ma'am," the young footman replies, with eyes wide open in dismay—that say much more than his mild phrases.
"He—he was brought home—Mr. Sarjent came home with him, ma'am—in a cab; and the doctor's just come."
"An accident! Oh, poor uncle!" Yolande cries, her conscience reproaching her as she thinks how little she has known or even thought of her poor old-uncle's whereabouts or his welfare all this evening, absorbed as she has been in her own heart troubles.
"No, ma'am," the footman answers; "it's not exactly an accident; but he didn't seem quite himself, Mr. Sarjent said. Mrs. Sarjent's here, too, ma'am; and just as they were bringing him in—"
"He was took with a fit on the very spot where you are standing, ma'am," the butler interposes, taking the cream of the story from his subordinate—which act of high-handed aggression the footman resents bitterly for the rest of the evening. "It's a hapollectic seizure, ma'am, Dr. Corder says," the butler goes on. "Mr. Sarjent ran for Dr. Corder, ma'am; and now a nurse is sent for, as the doctor can't say how it will turn out, ma'am!"
Yolande is weeping, and Mrs. Brett is pale with alarm, but pleased to think what an important story she will have to tell Lady Pentreath and her fellow-servants in Harley Street presently; and the butler grows benign and imbued with a paternal dignity, as he sees himself suddenly at the head of the household.
"One minute, ma'am, and I'll send your maid," he says, opening the dining-room door. "It's a terrible shock to you, ma'am, and her ladyship not at home, either; but we are all doing what we can, ma'am. Shall I acquaint Mrs. Sarjent with your return, ma'am?"
"Mrs. Sarjent?" Yolande repeats, dazedly. "Yes. And where is Lady Nora? Oh, I know! Oh, dear! She is at the fancy ball!"
"Her ladyship wasn't above ten minutes gone when the poor master was brought home, ma'am," the butler says, confidentially. "The carriage is to go for her at two, ma'am, as her ladyship said she shouldn't be any manner of means stay late."
"Oh, dear me!" poor Yolande moans, wringing her hands. "Lady Nora gone for hours, and Aunt Karen seventy miles away, and—nobody to help me!"
A wild thought, but disastrous in its very wildness and boldness, flashes across her mind. She will send for Dallas! Surely at this late hour his duties must be nearly over; and the sight of his face, the sound of his voice, will help her to hear anything and everything. Her heart throbs fast in eager hope; she is ashamed of herself for the thrill of passionate selfish joy that runs through her at the thought that this domestic trouble may be the happy means of uniting them all in the bonds of pleasant family affection—Dallas, her lover and husband, and poor, dear Aunt Karen, and Uncle Elias—
"Mrs. Glynn is in the dining-room, ma'am," she hears the butler say as he opens the door.
And then came heavy footsteps, and the tones of a coarse voice, and the sound of a big, rustling, heavy-moving body, and all Yolande's hopes and wishes and ideas take flight.
"Oh, you have returned, Yolande!" Mrs. Sarjent says, severely, with a loud sigh, as she enters. "I am thankful that there is one member of the family at home at last! Wilmot and I have been obliged to send for doctors and nurses on our own responsibility!"
"Oh, aunt, do tell me how uncle is!" Yolande exclaims, sharply and impatiently. "Of course you have done everything that was right and kind, and I am very grateful to you. I was dining with Lady Pentreath, and Lady Nora has gone out."
(to be continued.)

Two Hundred Different Cheeses.
(John o' London's Weekly.)
Seeing what an interest most of us take in food, it is startling to realize how many sorts of food there are of which the average man knows nothing.
Take cheese as an instance in point. Some little time ago the United States Department of Agriculture set to work to find out all about cheese, and has issued a report which shows that the countries of the world make more than two hundred different kinds.
If this statement sounds a trifle startling, I might remind you that here in our own islands we make some thirty different varieties, ranging all the way from Exeter cream cheese to Double Gloucester.
The best known of English cheeses and the one most copied abroad is probably Cheddar; the best from the spicure's point of view is Stilton, followed closely by Wensleydale.
The Wiltshire, Cheshire, Derby, Gloucester, Leicester, and York are counties which each produce a well-known variety of cheese, while Wiltshire produces two sorts, "North Wiltshire" and "Little Wiltshire," to say nothing of its cream cheese.
With regard to English cheeses it is an interesting point that different parts of the country have very strongly-marked tastes as to the texture and colour of cheeses.
Norfolk people, for instance, prefer a cheese of a brick-red colour; Lancashire must have "Manchester White," while farther north a pale yellow or golden tinted cheese is in demand. So well is this fact known that the Canadian cheese makers colour their cheeses specially for the various markets.
France and Switzerland between them produce as many varieties of cheese as England. Of these Gruyere is probably the most popular in this country. Good Gruyere is elastic in texture, light yellow in tint, and should melt in the mouth. Interior Gruyere has a greyish tint, is dry, full of holes, and rapidly acquires an offensive odour. It is made from the milk of goats, Camembert, delicious when well made and well kept, is repulsive if over ripe.
French.
Roquefort and Brie are French cheeses well known in England. Post-Brie is too oily for some people. Roquefort, by the by, is made from sheep's milk and is richly veined with blue marblings. Mont d'Or is of goat's milk mixed with that of cows, is golden yellow in colour, and luscious in taste; one of the oddest of Swiss cheeses is Schapsieger, which is green in colour and so strong in flavour that it is merely used for grating on bread and butter. It is supposed to be valuable as a digestive.
Italians are expert cheese makers, and Gorgonzola, named from a village in Northern Italy, comes to England by the ton. It is ripened in the limestone caves of Ballabie, where the cheeses are kept on shelves until fit for use. Parmesan takes longer to make than any other cheese, for it must ripen for four whole years before it is fit for market. Gex cheese, made in the south of France, has a great reputation locally. The oddest cheese of all is perhaps the potato cheese, which comes from Thuringia, and which is flavoured with caraway seeds.
The wise folk frock for street wear has a convertible collar for added chic and convenience.

**Two Hundred
Different Cheeses.**

Another case was that of a Kingston gold-digger, who, seeing a copy of the illustrated paper, was much impressed by the youth and beauty of society debutans whose portraits were contained.
He hung the portrait on the wall of his rough cabin. It soothed his loneliness through the days when he was "making his pile." And when, at length, he was able to return to his home country, a millionaire, his first care was to ascertain if the lady of his dreams was still unmarried.
She was, he obtained an introduction, and some time afterwards the wedding bells were set ringing for the ex-digger and his society bride.

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Apply daily after the bath.

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In Love With a Portrait.
REAL-LIFE ROMANCES IN WHICH THE TENDER PASSION WAS INSPIRED BY A PICTURE.
It is not only in fairy tales that a young man falls in love with a picture and seeks out and marries the original.
One such real-life romance is recalled by the death recently of Mme. Therese Schuetz, the wife of a Connecticut newspaper proprietor. M. Schuetz, when a young man, saw her portrait.
"This is the woman I would like to marry," he said, and never rested until he met her. A little later they married.
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