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CHAPTER IV.

"Oh, no, I don't think so," Yolande says, with a slight regretful laugh. "It isn't in the least likely, Cousin Wilmot-was in Venice last autumn."

"Well, what is to prevent you and Cousin Wilmot from going to Venice next autumn?" Dallas asks, growing serious. "I thought there would be some faithful cookney in the background!"

"Well, a great many things," Yolande answers slowly, looking puzzled.

And at this moment they come in sight of the luncheon tent and the gypsy fire a little way off to boil the kettle for coffee, and the waiters humbly tripping about, putting the finishing touches to the table set out with glass and silver and snowy serviettes and an array of dainty dishes.

"Oh, how pretty that looks—and I am so thirsty!" Yolande says, catching sight of the crystal-clear siphons of jetter water and the tall claret bottles and thinking gratefully how good and clever it is of dear old Uncle Silas to have managed so well and been so generous. Men like nice things to eat and drink, and she hopes Captain Glynn will enjoy his luncheon.

"Good gracious!" Captain Glynn exclaims, sourly. "Are we expected all to sit in that stifling tent and then drink hot coffee afterward by the fireside? An al fresco feast with a vengeance!"

None of the party have assembled as yet, and there is no one but the waiters in sight, except a lady who is sitting at the foot of an apple tree in a pensive attitude, shading herself from the hot rays of the sun with a black lilac-lined en-tout-cas.

"Oh, poor mademoiselle," Yolande says, remorsefully, hurrying forward—"sitting here all by herself! She came on with Uncle Silas, to help him, as he doesn't know a word of French; and now every one has gone away and left her! Oh, no—Uncle Silas is at the other side of the tree, talking to her! No—it isn't Uncle Silas! Who can it be?"

Mr. Silas Dormer's broad, sturdy figure is certainly not like the figure of the person who rises deliberately at their approach and stands by the trunk of the apple tree, with his hands loosely behind his narrow, long back, surveying the advancing party with a stammering smile in his lack-luster eyes.

"What a horrid, long-bodied, snake-looking man!" Yolande mutters to herself instantly, with unreasoning youthful impulse of dislike.

And Dallas Glynn almost rubs his eyes in incredulous amazement when he recognizes in the strange gentle-

man who has been lounging behind the tree, chatting confidentially with Miss Dormer's governess, his cousin, Viscount Glynn!

CHAPTER V.

"Not that anything that that cadaverous humbug does ought to surprise me!" Dallas says, contemptuously, when he and Lady Nora compare notes. "It was just a little startling to find his lordship, instead of being at a charityazaar, or a missionary meeting, or being smiled at or prayed for by a lot of pious old ladies in Exeter Hall, appear suddenly, at a picnic in these 'rural wilds,' as your friend, Mr. Silas Dormer, describes the place, and improving the shining hours by flirting with the governess."

"Flirting, Dallas!" exclaims Lady Nora, haughtily. "Your cousin is a gentleman, though a very disagreeable one. Do you know who and what that girl is?"

"I know she is louche," Dallas answers, carelessly; "and I am quite sure she is not a lady by birth or education. But really, madame, it isn't my mission to disturb either the young woman or her employer with my suspicions."

"She is a servant!" Lady Nora declares, with angry emphasis. "She was Lillian Vavator's waiting-woman! I believe she left the situation because she couldn't stand Lillian's vile temper and stinginess combined; but I have seen the girl trimming Lillian's tea gowns myself."

"Anything particularly iniquitous in that?" Dallas asks, provokingly.

"Seriously, I don't think any the worse of Mademoiselle—"

"She is English!" Lady Nora interrupts, sharply. "Her name is Glover—Bella Glover. And she calls herself Isabella Gantier now—so that poor old soul Miss Dormer told me."

"Well," responds Dallas, imperturbably, "I don't think any the worse of Miss Bella Glover, otherwise Gantier, for being an honest waiting-maid or a dressmaker. But I suspect Mademoiselle Bella is somewhat accomplished in large and small deceptions. In fact, I think artful Miss Governess is almost as great a hypocrite as my Cousin Glynn. They seem to fraternize notwithstanding your disclaimer."

"I believe he was trying to find out things from her—horrid creature!" Lady Nora says, in suppressed, wrathful tones. "The idea of his following us out here from the town, and then sitting down for ever so long to chat with that girl, as if she were a friend of his!"

"Perhaps she is," calmly rejoins Dallas.

"I shouldn't wonder in the least," Lady Nora says, spitefully. "And I know people who say that Lylolph Glynn is not altogether what he might be, though he does assume such a lofty moral tone with one."

Poor little Lady Nora speaks from bitter self-experience of the "lofty moral tone" assumed by her nephew.

"Lylolph Glynn is a humbug!" Dallas declares, emphatically.

"He is!" agrees Lady Nora, with unabated anger. "You are going back with him to Pentreath, of course, Dallas?"

"Not at all 'of course!'" Dallas says, curtly. "I am not at the beck and call of my Uncle Pentreath any more than of my Cousin Glynn. I have accepted Lord Pentreath's invitation for the shooting for a fortnight, though the preserves aren't worth much, and it is horribly dull always at that damp old house in Wales, between my uncle's pompous old man and my cousin's pompous young men—ten degrees worse—and there isn't a nice girl or a jolly woman in their set."

"Hardly," Lady Nora agrees, with a little sneer, "when they are all either friends or relatives of that poor sickly Maria. She is horribly jealous of Lylolph, too, I believe."

"There are not quite three weeks of my leave to expire," Dallas con-

cludes; "and I shan't apply for any extension of it for Pentreath, you may be sure. Lylolph wants me to stay on for the election, and do the canvassing for him; but I don't intend to trouble myself for a fellow I don't like."

"Dallas," said his mother, in a low, earnest tone, "I wish you would."

They are standing a little apart from the rest of their party under the orchard trees, while the gypsy tea is preparing under the auspices of Mr. Dormer and the ever-amiable and clever governess. Mademoiselle has pinned the faintest of muslin-embroidered aprons over her elegant gray cashmere gown, and looking very French and picturesque and charming, has pressed Major Hutchinson into the service of bread-and-butter cutting, that gallant Irishman nothing loath.

Colonel Maitton is talking to Lady Jeanie behind her parasol as they sit together a little way off on a shady bank "where the wild thyme grows." George Ormond is trying vainly to keep up a desultory conversation with Viscount Glynn, who is holding forth lustily to old Miss Dormer on the latest missionary reports from Lapland. The old lady is listening with rapt and reverential attention, disturbed only by mundane recollections of the rank and title of the pious young gentleman who is talking so sweetly of sanctified subjects, and distracted fears that the new bonnet she is wearing is creased.

Only Yolande is alone and companionless, and she is keeping near her uncle and her governess, who are both too much absorbed to notice her. Ever and anon she casts a swift, wistful glance at Lady Nora and Dallas, who are standing at the other side of the orchard, by the brook, talking together. A vague, chill shadow has fallen over the glory and brightness of the pleasant afternoon for her, ever since the luncheon, two hours ago, when Captain Glynn met his cousin that unpleasant-looking, pale-faced viscount—and they walked up and down together by the stream. Ever since then the shadow has fallen, and the wild mint blossoms have faded on her breast with the fading day.

What Do You Think of a Fluid

That will draw roaches and ants out of every hole, crack, or crevice before killing them and not poison food?

That will kill bugs instantly and not leave an unpleasant odor?

That will knock flies off the wall and not harm paint or paper?

That will keep the bedroom, kitchen, or verandah clear of flies, mosquitoes, etc., for several hours after a few sprays?

That will take fleas off a dog and not harm the dog?

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That applied in small quantities to the exposed parts of the body will insure you from Mosquito bites?

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June 4, 1923

World's Speediest Train Averages Sixty-One Miles An Hour.

London. (A.P.)—The fastest train in the world is now running between London and Swindon, a distance of 77 1/2 miles, which it covers in 75 minutes, travelling at the rate of 61.5 miles an hour.

This is one of five trains announced in the summer schedules of the English railroads, that will make better than a mile a minute on regular runs. The longest run is between London and Bath 106 7/8 miles, which is made at the rate of 61.2 miles an hour.

Another feature of the summer train schedule is that daily non-stop trains are run between London and all the important cities and summer resorts in England, which are designed to allow the worker to live at the seaside and continue to work in London.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRACTICAL APRON STYLE.



#408. The apron affords good protection to the busy housekeeper. It is easy to develop and to launder. It slips over the head, but may be made adjustable at the skirt portion. Dotted percale in white and blue, with binding of blue sateen is here shown. This is a good model for cretonne or gingham.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, Medium, Large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR MODEL.



#409. The house dress of to-day has many versions. It is now one of the most attractive garments in the busy woman's wardrobe. The style here shown has long waist portions over which trimming panels are arranged. The short sleeves and low collar, make this a comfortable model.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 32-inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

No. 408

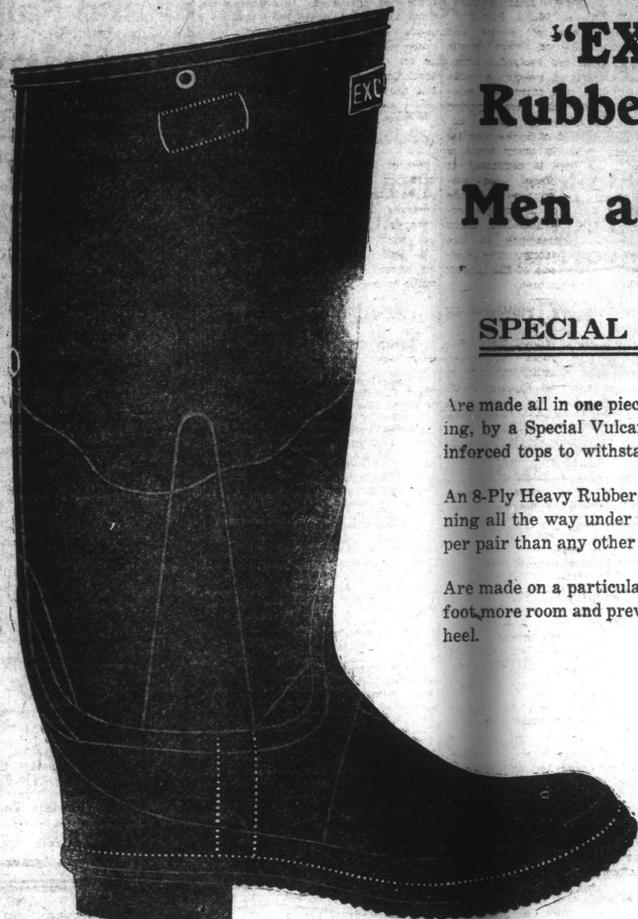
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Plans to Launch Air Attacks From Great Altitudes.

London, July 13.—Keels are now being laid in Great Britain for huge rigid airships which will hover above the clouds with a number of small fighting machines on board ready to launch at a foe, says an aeronautical expert in the London Daily Chronicle. The task of these new machines in war, he says, will be to carry aloft to immense heights and to transport, if necessary, thousands of miles, squadrons of swift, deadly, steel-built "attack-planes." These will be launched from high above the clouds, and will rush at 200 miles an hour and more earthward to harry other aircraft and raid the commerce of the seas.

"The airships will have the power, lacking in a small machine," the writer says, "of long-distance flights at a great altitude, while, on the other hand, the small planes they carry will be able to outfly and out-fight any machine laden for a long journey."

"In the case of specially organized attacks by these formidable air-borne fighters on 'planes carried at sea by mother ships, the tactics of the craft sent darting down from airships will be to dive pell-mell on their surface-launched opponents and strike them deadly blows before they can gain the vantage-point of altitude."

"Height in air-warfare is the key to victory, and these airship-carrier fighters will have the advantage of being in a position to choose their own moment for a swoop upon enemy craft climbing from the earth."

The Chronicle's contributor says

that France, Italy and the United States all show a growing recognition of the importance of mobile "aerial harbors" for swarms of fighting-planes. The United States, already has laid the keel of an airship which will launch single-seater fighters and pick them up again while the mother-raft is travelling at full speed. The first American "flying aerodrome," he adds, "will be ready to take the air this summer. It will carry as a normal load twelve fighters of the latest type."

Great Britain has completed the first seagoing vessel in the world, designed specially for the transport of aircraft. She has a displacement of 10,950 tons and carries seven 8-inch guns, four 4-inch and a number of smaller guns. Besides torpedo armament, the new vessel is fitted with two hangars, enabling her to carry twenty airplanes, which will be raised to the taking-off decks by means of electric elevators.

Another advance in aerial efficiency is the construction, by the British air ministry, of huge-seaplanes with a speed of 125 miles an hour.

One of the latest types has a wingspan of 112 feet and carries nearly two tons of gasoline. It is fitted with twin Condor engines of 1,300 horsepower each, driving twin propellers.

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(To be continued.)