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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS

An Indispensable Favorite

OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XX.

"I can travel with Pitts," Yolande objects; but the voice is yielding and very unsteady, and the tip of her forefinger is most industriously tracing every curve and line of the carved chair back.

"No, you can't travel with Pitts," Captain Glynn responds, shortly, his voice changing, also, and the smile illumining his eyes growing brighter.

"I don't see why I cannot," Yolande says, with a last feeble mutinous effort.

"Because, whatever you may think of me," he remarks, gently, "I would not for the world offer you a public slight. We have not been married a month, Yolande, and, if I were to stay here and suffer you to go to London, it would nullify our mutual unhappiness to every one. You don't wish that, I am sure."

Yolande shakes her head, and a smothered, convulsive sob is his answer.

"You don't wish to punish me for my unfortunate involuntary wrong toward you, do you, Yolande? I hope," he continues, with his hand laid on her arm—and a pretty little arm it is, Dallas notices—a slim, girlish pink-white arm, which he feels an almost irresistible longing to kiss. "If I met a woman before I met you, or heard of you, or saw you, and loved her first, you can scarcely lay it to my charge as a willful wrong, can you?"

"No," Yolande answers, listening only too gladly and eagerly to the dear voice which persuades her, "it was not that. I did not blame you for—for loving her—in a pitiful, trembling whisper. She is very pretty and elegant and attractive, I know well. But if you had only told me the truth plainly and frankly! If you hadn't led me to believe that you cared for me!"

"But I did care for you, Yolande," he declares, smiling, and slipping his

arm around her waist. "I shouldn't have married you, if I had not thought you were a sweet, lovable, ladylike girl whom I felt proud and pleased to call my wife, and with whom I felt proud and pleased to call my wife, and with whom I hoped to spend many happy years."

Captain Glynn's fair, handsome head is resting on hers, with its coils of silken brown hair, and his right hand meets his left among the laces and ribbons at Yolande's waist. "It is rather dull, this wooing of one's own wife; but it is an experience by no means lacking in pleasantness or piquancy, Dallas admits.

"But if my wife's pride is going to punish me for another woman's falsehood," he continues, softly, pressing his lips to her forehead—"going to condemn me to loneliness and desolation for the rest of my days—married and divorced, with a wife and no wife—why, I must only endure it as best I can!"

"Oh, Dallas, oh, Dallas!" Yolande cries, with a convulsive sob, quite heart-wrung by this mournful picture of a solitary, joyless life. "Oh, no, oh, no, my darling! Oh, my darling, I'll stay with you and comfort you as much as I can!"

"You'll not forsake me then, love?" Captain Glynn asks, plaintively, as they sit side by side opposite to the now blazing fire; and his young wife's arms are round his neck, and she is clinging to him in a passion of tender protectiveness, as if to save him from the horrible fate that menaces him.

"You won't leave me alone in misery and temptation, dearest, will you?" he murmurs, pressing a kiss on Yolande's cheek; and he smiles to himself to think how easy and complete, after all, has been his victory over his little rebel wife.

"I should have taken this tone with her from the first," he thinks, blaming himself. "I should have had a pleasanter honeymoon, I dare say, and not would she if I had humored her a little. She is easy enough to manage, poor little girl!"

"No, no!" Yolande says, in answer to his question, her slender arms tightening their hold of him. "I'll stay, I'll stay! I won't leave you, my darling, you won't stay very long here, will you?"

For Joyce Murray's fair, winsome face, with her curling lip and sarcastic smile, rises before her like a vision of evil. A chill comes over her in the warm glow of her freshly kindled hopes and happiness, and a heavy sigh rises to the lips her husband kisses. "He has loved Joyce Murray—may, he loves her now, though he tries, because he is married, to quell his love. Nothing can undo that or alter it. Joyce Murray has his first, best love—that is an irrevocable fact.

"Not very long, I suppose, in any case," Dallas replies. "Until after the poor old earl is gone, you know, dear."

And Yolande wonders vaguely, with the selfish hopefulness of youth, how long it will be ere the last ends of the old man's life will have run out; and Dallas, trembling between hope and fear, wonders whether the earl has put his name down in his will for a lump sum, as well as for the regular allowance which is paid to him from the estate, as it was to his father before him.

He has a good many debts, which, though not individually very serious, are hampering him somewhat, and of which he is most unwilling that the existence should come to the knowledge of Yolande or her trust-

ees. The small sum of two hundred a year, which is his allowance for pocket-money under his marriage settlement until Yolande inherits her uncle's and aunt's fortunes, will be forestalled for years to clear off these debts, unless the earl has remembered him with a stray thousand pounds or so.

"Dallas, you won't be angry with me, if I say something?" Yolande whispers, falteringly, flushing and creeping closer to him.

"No, dear; I hope not," Dallas answers, guessing what is coming.

"You won't make me so miserable again as I have been to-day, will you?" she pleads humbly and tenderly, caressing his hand, but not venturing to look up into his face. "I have been so unhappy to-day—oh, so unhappy, dear!"

"Jealous?" and Dallas smiles, as he chuckles her under the chin. "No, dear, I'll give you no real cause for unhappiness on that score. I can't answer for imaginary causes, you know."

"I shall not make unhappiness for myself without a real cause, Dallas," Yolande says, with a sigh.

"You shall have no real cause, my darling!" Dallas assures her affectionately, but wondering at the same time, with grim amusement, how he will contrive to keep Yolande and Joyce on good terms with him and each other while they all remain under the same roof.

"I almost wish, upon my word, that Yolande would go up to London in the morning," he thinks. "I have a presentiment that mischief will come of her visit here. I have felt it all along."

"Well, I won't worry you about imaginary grievances, my dearest," jealous Yolande says, fondly, her pale face lighting up anew with happy hope, as she dutifully kisses her lord's hand in gratitude for his goodness to her. As she does so, she misses one well-known sargaw from the slender fingers.

"Where is that beautiful red cameo ring, Dallas," she asks—"that one I admire so much. You haven't lost it, I hope?"

"No, oh, no!" Dallas answers quickly, with rather overdone carelessness of tone; and involuntarily, as he is startled into remembrance, he puts his hand to his vest-pocket to feel if the other ring is safe.

"Is it there?" Yolande asks, smiling, nestling closer, and playfully twining her fingers with his, as she thinks how she will take the ring from him, put it on his finger formally, repeat a passage from the marriage-service over it, and say—"Now Dallas, we are married over again!"

"Don't!" he says, irritably and sharply, pushing her head away. "No, no! It isn't here!" And he is so startled to find that Joyce's ring is not in the vest pocket, where he thought he had placed it, that he loses his presence of mind.

He looks about on the carpet eagerly, then hurriedly thrusts his fingers into the pocket on the right side of his vest, and, getting somewhat distracted, jerks the ring up for a moment into the light, as he gropes after it.

The diamonds, catching the firelight, emit a scintillating ray, and Yolande sees it.

(To be continued.)

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2-3 cup sugar, 1 1/2 cups water, 1 1/2 cups Carnation Milk, 2 eggs, 1/2 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Beat the milk. Beat the eggs slightly; add sugar and salt. Add the scalded milk mixed with the water and stir constantly. Put in double boiler and stir until the mixture thickens and a coating is formed on spoon. Cook, add flavoring and fruit. This recipe makes one quart, enough to serve six people.

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Their Wrongs and Ours Must be Curbed.

(Morning Chronicle)

Mr. F. J. Cragg, in a letter which we printed recently, made a timely and vigorous protest against excessive speeding and reckless driving on Halifax streets, and especially on St. Margaret's Bay Road, and he issued the warning that he will personally report to the proper authorities all motorists who indulge in the dangerous speeding on that road. Mr. Cragg has shown courageous public spirit.

Undoubtedly reckless motorists is a serious menace, not only to those who practice it, but still more to the public. The Chicago Tribune recently spread before the public an impressive object lesson of the automobile toll of death in that city when it printed across a half page 48 portraits of persons who had been killed in automobile accidents in that city. Many of these were pictures of little children; but all ages were represented.

All were killed by motor cars in Chicago, and the small portion of Cook County outside the limits of the city. All lost their lives during the present year. And the forty-eight were little more than one-tenth of the total of what the Chicago newspaper describes as "the death harvest of seven months of speed," or to be exact, seven months and seven days.

Under the pictures, filling the greater portion of the remainder of the page, are the lists of other victims. With them appears a chart showing that deaths caused by automobiles have been steadily increasing in number year by year since 1916, with the exception of 1918, when there was a slight drop, doubtless due to decreased riding during the war. The number of deaths during the first seven months of 1918 was 188. During the corresponding period of 1922 it was 332. It has now passed the 400 mark.

All motor accidents, it is true, are not due to speeding or to carelessness on the part of the motorists. The pedestrian himself is frequently at fault

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