my upas tree,

closing of the

day: there's com

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An Indispensible **Favorite**

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER I.

"That will be convenient, I should say, for Lady Jeanme," remarks Dal-1as, dryly, "Will you come out, the swinging doors and enters a side file," Dallas thinks, contemplatively, home may be built in a day. A few mother? It is fun to see the aristo- aisle. cracy of the Camden Road and Bloomsbury disporting themselves when they fling off their garments of British a property and starchiness. for a few lamps glimmering handy They 'go it,' I assure you, worse even along one of the pillared chales and

fully that class of people can never and before the alter to a women paybe fast without being glaringly solding. They label themselves 'improper," as

ment; but Lady Nora picks up her workbasket, with some knittingwools and a number of "Good Words," and trips off with a matronly air altogether charming.

And Dallas stands at the door of the she disappears, with a gay, friendly



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greeting, within a lighted doorway at

e says, shrugging his shouldersled while she does the fighting, and makes terms, and annexes territory. ing an orphan boy and having & every point respecting my future wife's pedigree, breeding and disposi-

He thrusts his hat upon his head, flings his half-smoked cigarette away as if disgusted with it, and, sauntering slowly out of the vine-hung courtyard of the Hotel Morval into the pavwater, Dallas deliberately turns his

what he may expect to see in tho which falls below her waist. cathedral at this hour, pushes open

CHAPTER II.

the light of a cluster of tapers around "Oh, yes," Lady Nora says, scorn- an altar, in one of the side chapter:

There is semethan manually it were, before one's very eyes." | gloomy and somber in the aspect of "We manage matters better," ob- the great church even in its semiserves Dallas, selecting a cigarette. obscurity; and D. J. fooking about "Won't you come, mother? We are to ascertain the care, sees that the sure to find two, or three whom we great organ and C _ lory over the entrance doors are draped in black. "It is very doubtful," Lady Nora re- and the pillars of the conter sisle joins, gravely. "No, Dallas; I am go- and the rows of prie-Dien mourest the ing to Miss Dormer's rooms, to sit high Faltar are also feeleened with

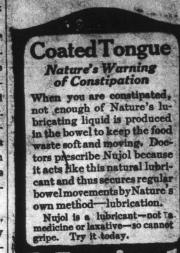
service. And then Dallas recollects since of the death of the prefect of the department. To-morrow he will salon, and watches his mother until be buried, and so the cathedral is partly draped in black for the high rict_will attend.

> darkness of the vast building, and listens to the organist practising passages of the funeral music, and to the rolling of the muffled drums which now and then reverberates through he dark, silent aisles.

> "Rather odd I should just step in or this sort of thing!" he mutters, shrugging his shoulders. "If I believed in evil omens, I should say this

> He makes his way softly round to the little side-chapel, where the tapers are burning, idly wondering who the solitary devotee can be who is a prayer at this hour.

But Captain Glynne does not venture disturb the worshipper, and so slips ato a chair a little way behind, in the shadow of a pillar, partly out of vague curiosity, partly because he wants to rest, most of all become he wants to think out in the cool, shadowy silence of the old church, the tangled thoughts that harass himthoughts of his debts, his poverty, and the complications attendant thereon, of this marriage of convenience from which his inmost soul shrinks, for loes not a vision of Joyce Murray's ittle golden head and sparkling blu



and music come softened to the ears raised. As she removes her face from hair, and Captain Glynne's eyes inof steps leading up to the church her thick, soft hair combed loosely ful that I saved a crate of coin when doors, now in the blackest shadow. back from her temples; so that little I was hale and strong." One solitary lamp only is alight over curls and silken rings lie over her a side-door; and Dallas, without any brow, while all the thick brown tresdistinct idea of what he is doing, or ses are plaited into one broad plait

> as the girl looks about rather nerv- birds afflicted with chronic laziness ously at this juncture; and Captain do no more than repair an old nest Glynne, behind the pillar, sees a pale, rather thin, young face with an earn- gins usually at the rate of one a day est, intense expression and melan- laid about the same time. Eggs laid

I wonder who she is "

girlish figure, slender and willowy as a young sapling, and is hastily put- Sea birds nesting on the inaccessible ting on her hat and veil while appar- cliffs lay only one egg, water-fowl ten ently watching and waiting for some to twenty. The usual number is one, peering about wistfully with a three to five. Incubation usually befrightened childishness of aspect that gins with the laying of the first egg. touches Captain Glynne's not very egg has been laid. Robins' eggs re-

with the dear old soul and chat with black cloth. ** watching her. "Would she giggle with the eggs have to be constantly turnother. She looks scared; it would probably be hysterics, so I will let her

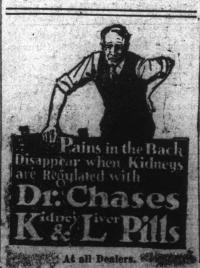
> church now, with swift glances from one side to the other; and Dallas, waiting until she disappears in the gloom, follows leisurely. But, as he reaches the porch doors, he sees the girl pushing fruitlessly at the hinge No one can be less superstitious side of the leather-covered swing-

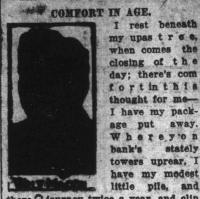
"Oh, dear, what shall I do? I'm fastened in! The cathedral is locked the night!" she mutters, in when a tall, stalwart figure comes out of the shadows behind her, and a strong hand is stretched out toward

"Permit me," a clear, refined English voice says: and the closed door

"Merci, monsieur," she says, with An orange or an apple red. her schoolgirl French accent, too flurried to know exactly what she is sayas she steps forward and he follows, they both find themselves Ago I saw the lad devour shut in between the double doors in

"Take care," Captain Glynne says, calmly, "until I can open the other





towers uprear, I and books and rice and gas and casings for my wain. The kindly gods I often thank, now that I'm old and halt and gray, that I have roubles in the bank, a modest parcel put away. Youth says. "We'll go it while we're young, for we shall be a long time lead; while yet our withers are unand the dimly-lit pier with lovers her clasped hands and looks rever- to blow a portion of your mon, and seated in all the cosy corners, and ently upward, the yellow gleam of the waltz through life with pep and vim. goes up the long tree-shaded hill to candlelight falls on her uncovered But always you should recollect that The air is much fresher and cooler stantly take note of two facts—first, will know that youth is gone. And if up here; the Place, between the old that it is a grandly-shaped head, in- you salted down a dime before you Hotel de Ville and the Cathedral, is tellectual, noble, womanly in its grace- blew in four or five, you'll think your quite deserted, and the moonlight ful curves and in the width of the low prudence was sublime, when life's streams in a flood of light upon the brow; secondly, that the stranger is side my garden gate, and croon these white-walled convent and the flight not a woman, but a young girl, with words, the evening long: "I'm thank-

Birds and Their Nests.

The average time taken by a bir to build its nest is about a week: but if the first one be destroyed a second of last year. Immediately after the nest has been built, egg laying be-"Not French, of course," he tells peckers and kingfishers, are always himself—"an English 'mees,' or she bird entering the nest. Eggs, howwhite so that they can be seen by the would not be here alone at this hour. ever, are all colors. a Often, contrary to popular opinion, the coloring is She is standing up now, a tall, thin, not at all protective. The number of "I wonder who she is?" he repeats. ducks twenty-seven, geese thirty-

> A Minard's - King of Pain Excellent for Rheumatism. Neuralgia,

> > Backache and kindred



Just Folks. By EDGAR A. GUEST.

"I'm hungry, Ma!" And take what he can find himself. piece of cake, a slice of bread. Then boit it down, and hurry back To skirmish for another snack: I'm hungry, Ma!"

He washed it down with milk, and

The cookie jar is empty quite, Was ever such an appetite? Fast vanishes the food we buy, "I'm hungry, Ma!"

At ten years old, it seems to me, This is a youngster's constant plea.
"I'm hungry, Ma!" We try to stay his appetite, \
We heap his plate with food at night, Potatoes, meat and early greens, A double-share of beans and peas, And when it's time to go to bed We'd think him ill unless he said: "I'm hungry, Ma!"

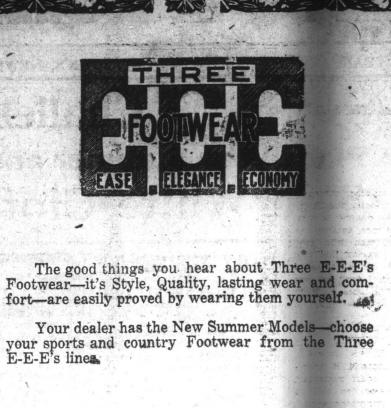
Oh, healthy lad of ten years old. Oh, healthy lad of ten years old.

A richer wealth have you than gold—
"I'm hungry, Ma!"

When you have grown as old as I and lost your appetite for pie, Perhaps you'll smile as now I do Upon a little boy like you

Who rushes in and stands about and greets his mother with the shout:
"I'm hungry Ma!"

Big values. Boys' Rubber Sole



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It was left to the Italian admiral

sually indigestible gala dinner, which | end. he had attended in full uniform, he, offered to initiate his fellow guests

It is nothing more than marbles, played with pool-balls on an ordinary

Ismet Pasha enjoys it immensely

playing a dashing, if somewhat reckless, game: Marquis Garroni,

And some of the younger membe

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the national adaptibility for all games. In fact, the Lausanne erence could probably put up a that would excel the most al English errand boys that ever blood-alley

table on which "botchy-botis played has a patched cloth oribund cushions, and balls on its surface are liable to as and inexplicable aberrations they were projects at the conbut it is the only English

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Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very

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be considered, easy to adjust s easy to launder-and withal so com fortable and neat. An ideal apron deed The Pattern as here show vas developed in figured percale, and rimmed with rick rack braid. The style is good for all apron materials. In damask with pipings of sateen linen in a contasting color, it will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large. 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size re quires 4% yards of 36 inch material The width at the foot is 21/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address of eccipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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mes is here shown, with bindings hine crepe. This is a good model f

18 and 20 years. An 18 year size quires 414 yards of 32 inch materia The width at the foot is 21/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address

