

for Stings and Bites, Sunburn, Cuts, etc.



An Indispensable Favorite
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXII.
 He goes indoors feeling so ready to show that "serious talk" and that "humble pie" repeat that it is with surprise and satisfaction that he receives a message from the viscount, who wishes to see Captain Glynn in his private room.
 "I don't think I have ever been favored by an invitation to walk into your parlor before, viscount," he observes, with a glance around the small, dingy room, which is lumbered and crammed with a huge, heavy old escritoire and bookcase, and a marble-topped table supporting a massive lamp, which is pushed untidily back against a screen that leans against the wall, having no room to stand properly.
 "No," the viscount says, with a sour contortion of his face and a glimmer of an evil smile in his eyes. "Why that quotation, I should like to know? I certainly shouldn't bother to play spider to you!"
 "The words are sufficiently insulting; the tone is worse."
 "What do you want of me?" Dallas asks coldly and curtly, forgetting the "humble pie" altogether.
 "I want to ask you what you mean by offering an insult to my guests," the viscount demands, with a snarl. "If you and your wife can't agree together, you might—at least, while you remained in my house—have refrained from letting your admiration of another lady be so marked as to be an insult to that lady—yes, an insult to her! I repeat it, sir!" the viscount says sternly, confronting Dallas with a severe judicial aspect.
 Dallas, fairly paralyzed with rage and astonishment, stands gazing at him in silence.
 "Your conduct has driven your wife to leave Pentreath this morning," the viscount resumes, with a menacing tone and an ugly lowering frown; "and, as you know quite well, step like that on the part of a wife means deadly injury to a young girl's reputation—her spotless reputation, sir," the viscount adds, fiercely, raising his voice, "which you would sacrifice to your vanity!"
 "Don't you think, Lord Glynn, you have gone far enough?" Dallas says slowly; and his lordship fancies, from the look in his cousin's eyes, that he has gone far enough; but he knows—though he is afraid—that he must go farther.
 "I have not spoken without reason—without strong reason," he resumes, rather blusteringly. "Mrs. Murray and her daughter have no resource to leave the house at once. Lady Maria is indignant beyond measure about it, and naturally feels very strongly on Joyce's behalf; she feels also that, but for her being unhappy an invalid, this might never have happened. In her proper place as hostess she could have protected poor Joyce."
 "Don't you think," Dallas repeats,

coming a step nearer, his eyes gleaming with anger, "that you have said enough. Not that I should dream of resenting your malice and hatred," he adds, with galling contempt; "you can't help your nature. But I won't listen to your championing Joyce against me! It is as needless as it is impertinent. Joyce Murray knows her good name is as dear to me as my life or honor. Joyce knows me and trusts me!" he finishes.
 "Why don't you say at once that she loves you madly and means to be faithful to you forever?" Viscount Glynn asks, with a venomous sneer. "I shouldn't be surprised at any assertion of the kind from you."
 "Wouldn't you prefer proof?" Dallas asks, mockingly, suffering himself to be betrayed into an indiscretion in his raging contempt.
 The viscount's pallid face grows livid.
 "Not even your wretched vanity could trump up a proof!" he says, huskily.
 "Couldn't it?" Dallas rejoins, smiling; and the smile is like the red flag of the torero to the infuriated bull.
 "I don't wonder at your wife leaving you!" the viscount says furiously.
 "Nonsense!" Dallas responds, airily. "My wife hasn't left me. You've been swallowing slander wholesale, I'm afraid, viscount. My wife loves me, and I love her," he adds, a little unsteadily, "and I am going up to town to rejoin her this afternoon, unless the earl wishes me to stay."
 "The earl has expressed no wish about you, sir!" Lord Glynn retorts, his sunken eyes flaming still. "If he were able to express a wish, I have no doubt it would coincide with mine."
 "Thank you—for your courtesy and hospitality both," Dallas responds, smiling coldly. "I shall never forget either; and he quits the room, and half an hour later quits Pentreath, never to enter it again.
 When Dallas departs, Lord Glynn locks his door carefully against intruders, and from behind the screen which is leaning untidily against the wall and masking the second small door peep out, the dark glossy curled head and sparkling eyes of Mademoiselle Bella Glover.
 "Well," she says, laughing softly, "you said listeners would hear no good of themselves. That meant I should hear ill; but you see he never said one word against me, never suspecting I had the tip of my finger in the pie, poor young man!"
 "I don't know what good you have done for yourself or anybody by putting your finger in the pie," the viscount says, gruffly. "You're too clever by half, Bella!"
 "Oh, no, I'm not!" she retorts coolly. "I have to be very clever—poor little I!—in order to carry out my employer's wishes. You wanted to get rid of Dallas Glynn, didn't you? Well, you have got rid of him. Do be a little bit grateful to me sometimes!"
 "Yes, I have got rid of him, I hope," he admits savagely. "Contented him and his impudence!"
 "If you'd like to use a stronger expression than that to relieve your feelings, I won't object," says mademoiselle politely. "That remark of his about that quite too universally charming young lady seems to have riled you considerably, my lord. Do you want the 'proof' he hinted at? If so, and if it's to be had, and not a figment of his imagination, I'll get it for you."
 "I wish you would," the viscount says, sullenly. "It is too bad for a fellow like that to be able to slander an innocent girl with impunity."
 "Oh, Miss Glover rejoins, her lip curling, "I don't think it was exactly slander, do you know? But I'll find out for you, never fear! There's plenty to discover, I have no doubt."
 And Viscount Glynn, turning over some papers, makes no reply to this

Queen Mary's Doll's House.
 London, August 24.—Very little has appeared in the newspapers about the dolls house which is to be a gift to Queen Mary, and which is to be shown at the British Empire exhibition at Wembley next year. The idea of the dolls house was conceived by Sir Edwin Lutyens noted architect and artist, who designed the house and whose fertile brain has devised the many groups of bright ideas which have taken shape in it. The Princess Marie Louise has devoted herself to the correspondence and organization by which the furnishing of the Doll's house has been completed.
 It is a real gift house. Everything, from the tiny wine bottles in the cellars to the wonderful guides up which the walls of the house slide into space, leaving all the rooms free for inspection, is given free by the expert manufacturers, by artists, authors, artificers and craftsmen of all kinds. It is intended to preserve for posterity in a delightful form the domestic life of the present period in its most finished manifestation and great care and thought and invention have been lavished upon it. It is become the peculiar interest of certain members of the Royal Family, and it has been more talked of circles than any event except a coronation.
 The Queen's doll's house is a building fashioned in scale of an inch to the foot, and all its contents are worked exactly to that ratio. Its height is a little over eight feet, and beneath it is a base constructed with four drawers holding—
 A garden with flowers and shrubs exquisitely made in metal and other material.
 A garage holding a number of motor cars.
 Dolls exactly in scale with the building and dressed in appropriate clothes so that they can be placed at once in the particular room in the particular attitudes desired; and
 A wine cellar stocked with wine, the champagne bottles being about half an inch in length.
 The walls of the house have been devised and fitted on a system which allows them to be instantly raised to the roof and put back again. The building is a modern Renaissance structure of the richest country houses type that Sir Edwin Lutyens has brought into country life. The ceilings, fireplaces, doors, windows and panelling are all delicately designed in Sir Edwin's famous manner.
 The lower rooms and staircase have ceilings painted by William Nicholson, painter. The ceilings of the other floors are painted by Charles Sims, Edward Dulac, William Walcott, architect, painted and other, and other artists. The grand staircase is a precious work in jade and other rare materials. Sir John Lavery has painted miniature full-lengths of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, which, with frames, are about eight inches high. A large number of artists have contributed pictures and other decorations, most of the Academy and many of the independents being represented by their very smallest works.
 Etchings the size of a postage stamp are preserved in the library in little folios. Everything one could think of and many one could not can be found in these wonderful rooms. Electric fittings, fires, fans, telephones, typewriters, pianos, playing cards—but the list is endless. There are two bathrooms, the King's being decorated with political cartoons. All the taps and everything work as in a real palace. Electric light, telephones and water are all laid on.
 Then the library rejoices in books by famous authors that can be seen nowhere else. E. V. Lucas, editor of Punch, has written a book on the whole duty of dolls, with a word on each page, and Sir James Barrie and many other notable writers have not thought it unjust to themselves to write special books for this Lilliputian library. The kitchen rivals the library in its variety and novelty, and a whole dinner could be cooked in the delicate vessels for a doll's party of twenty or so.
 After the movies, visit the Blue Puttee. Try a cup of Hot Chocolate or Coffee with Whipped Cream and some of our real Homemade Cake. You can't get anything like it in town.—s225.11

friendly assurance beyond a savagely muttered imprecation.
 "Haven't you anything better than that to say to me," Miss Bella murmurs plaintively, "your poor little friend who is devoted to you—interested?"
 "I don't know why the deuce you wanted me to invite that fellow here," growls the viscount. "I did it to please you. I hate the sight of him."
 "Never mind—I had my reasons—good reasons," his "little friend" says soothingly. "And I promised you I would soon get rid of him for good and all, out of your way, and I have kept my promise, you see."
 The scheming woman speaks but the truth. Dallas Glynn has left Pentreath, never to re-enter it during his master's lifetime; for two days later Lyrph Glynn is Earl of Pentreath, and, when the old earl's will is read, not only is Dallas Glynn's name not even mentioned, but there is no allusion to the sum of five hundred pounds which has been paid yearly from the estate both to the Honorable Percival Glynn and afterward to his son, Dallas. Dallas Glynn has therefore now no surety as to its future payment; and can only trust to the generosity of his cousin, the new earl, who never offers him, or ever intended to offer him, one shilling from all his newly acquired wealth.
 (To be continued.)
 A sucker is one who thinks the "good things" are peddled about over the country to give the small investor a chance.

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 poisonous 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?
 That will destroy chicken lice without any injury to your stock?
 That applied in small quantities to the exposed parts of the body will insure you from Mosquito bites?
 That as a general disinfectant is stronger than the ordinary carbolic solution.

THAT FLUID IS
SAN-O-SPRAY.

No insect can live where San-O-Spray is used. Yet San-O-Spray is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in pantry, kitchen, dining room, and cellars, moreover San-O-Spray has an agreeable and delightful odor, removing all fetid or unpleasant odors. In addition San-O-Spray is a disinfectant and germicide. Keeps the home sanitary and free from infectious diseases.

Ellis & Co., Limited.

Carnation Milk Whips
 A SUPPLY of Carnation Milk in the house assures you delicious whipped cream whenever you desire. Because of its creamy richness, Carnation whips. Simply follow the instructions below and in a few minutes you can have rich whipped cream so suitable for summer serving on fruits, gelatines and desserts, as well as with chocolate, cocoa, coffee.

Carnation Milk is simply pure cows' milk with about 60% of the natural water content removed by evaporation, then sealed in the container and sterilized. For ordinary milk purposes dilute as desired by adding water. Carnation keeps for months in the can and for several days when opened.

Order several tall (16 oz.) cans or a case of 48 cans from your grocer. Write for the "Carnation Cook Book."

WHIPPED CARNATION MILK
 Put Carnation Milk in top part of double boiler. Let cook for 20 minutes. Cool. Whip thoroughly chilled, with quickly, using two wire egg whips. If thicker cream is desired, add 1 teaspoonful of Fluff or 1 unbeaten egg white after milk has been cooked and proceed as above.

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