

Remember The Name

"SALADA"

ITS STRENGTH, PURITY AND FRAGRANCE ARE UNEQUALED

The Sealed Packet is your safeguard

An Indispensable Favorite

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XII
"Chere madam," she calls, with some mockery, either in her tones, "do you hear me? We are all waiting for you—"

"Bridemen and kinsmen and brothers and all;

and your lord has sent up his commands that you are to hurry!"

The dressing-room door opens suddenly, and mademoiselle's malicious smile fades in spite of herself.

"Did Captain Glynn send you up with orders to me to hurry, mademoiselle?" Yolande asks, coolly butting her long, dark tan gloves.

"Orders! Well—really, I beg a thousand pardons, madam, if I have offended!" Miss Glover exclaims, with scarcely veiled impertinence in her sneering tones as she dares to glance at the girl who has just entered.

"I thought so!" he says, laughing. "I thought she had some dire cause of offense against you!" A woman, sir, would rather you beat her than be indifferent to her."

He stops abruptly, but Dallas Glynn's flashing glance and frown of warning have come too late. Mr. Ormond sees that the bride has entered the room, and is standing at his elbow, looking from him to her husband with an inquiring smile.

"We are not quite such fools as we seem, I trust, Mr. Ormond," she says, gravely. "And what sentiments to inculcate in the mind of a newly married man! I shall take my husband away from you," and she slips her daintily-gloved hand within his arm and smiles radiantly up at him.

George Ormond stares admiringly and tugs at his mustache.

"By Jove," mutters the young gentleman, appreciatively. "Glynn knew what he was about! She's a pretty girl and a charming girl, and she looks on him! How precious lucky some fellows are!"

But now the quiet, shy maiden Yolande Dornier has been transformed, and Yolande Glynn, his young wife of a few hours, is as different from her as a fresh red rose is from a white daisy—as different as a sparkling, handsome, self-possessed girl is from a dull, plain one. Her dark eyes are alight with a strange brilliance, her cheeks are softly flushed, her lips wreathed in smiles; her whole manner is rather feverishly gay, but charmingly different from her usual tame placidity—so Dallas thinks.

His heart is very sore for that false love who is now, when it is all too late, within his reach. He despises her, he almost hates her, for her falseness; but he hungers for her sweetness and brightness and her little girlish fondness—now lost to him forever.

Knowing, however, that she is lost to him, his heart is on the rebound toward the girl who loves him truly and passionately, his fair little bride, who is standing beside him now, with all the men admiring her and envying him. His slighted love and wounded pride are yearning for the comfort and the consolation of the unselfish, adoring tenderness of Yolande's heart; but, alas and alas, she knows this too!

And little does he know or imagine that the pretty dark-haired girl who is looking so elegant and attractive that he feels for the first time a thrill of pride at possessing her—little does he know or imagine that she, with her dainty gloved hand resting confidently on his arm, is writhing in a secret agony of jealous wrath and misery—that she is counting the weary minutes and the lagging hours that must elapse before the time comes when she can be revenged on him for his treachery and baseness and cruelty. Happless girl! Revenge on him whom her soul loves, who is her demigod and her darling!

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His face a red with rage, and smarting from the pelting he has received; and he utters some ugly expostives in smothered tones as he leaps into the brougham. He shuts the door with a bang ere the footman can touch it, throws himself back into a corner, and flings his rice-laden hat upon the opposite seat.

"Disgusting tomfoolery!" he mutters, savagely.

Yolande laughs carelessly.

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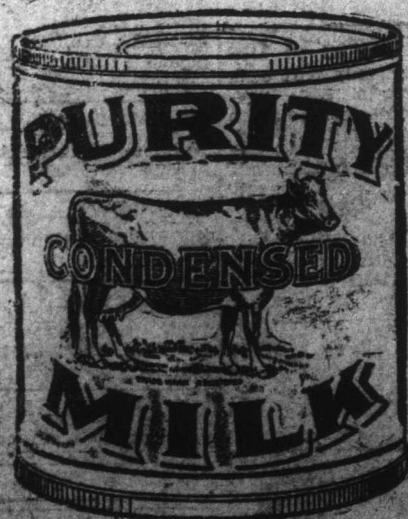
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Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Pure, full-cream, country milk combined with sugar, that is Purity Brand. The ideal milk for use in all recipes that call for both milk and sugar. Besides adding a distinctive flavor, it is decidedly economical.

'Keep a Supply in the Pantry'



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AFTER EVERY MEAL WRIGLEY'S



Sealed for You

Wrigley's is made of pure chic and other ingredients of highest quality obtainable.

But it is no use to make WRIGLEY'S 100% in quality and then reach you in poor condition.

So we put it in the wax-wrapped package and SEALED IT TIGHT to keep it good—for you.

Aids digestion—keeps teeth white—helps appetite.

Wrigley's Doublemint is peppermint flavor in double strength.



he does not want her words or her caresses; he wants nothing of her but her wretched money for which he has sold himself! She and her love are only tireless adjuncts to thirty thousand pounds.

"Because I wasn't as clever as you," Captain Glynn replies, crossly, for some grains of rice are slipping down his back.

"Oh, I think you are—quite!" Yolande rejoins, in a girlish tone and with a disdainful smile; and neither bride nor bridegroom speaks another word until Victoria is reached.

(To be continued.)

Stories for all Moods.

HARRY DE WINDT'S YARNS.
(John O'London's Weekly.)

"I heard a good story of a resplendent 'Nouveau-riche' staying at the Hotel de Paris who had recently purchased a mansion in the south of England, where he posed as the village squire. Having been brought up as a Dissenter, the latter was, on the first Sunday, rather puzzled by Anglican rites as practised by the vicar, who, with the choir, happened to be issuing from the vestry just as the 'squire' and his family walked up the aisle to their pew. Simultaneously the congregation arose (upon the entrance of the clergy), but the 'squire,' assuming that people were standing up in his honor, not only

howed his acknowledgments, but afterwards wrote to thank the vicar for this gratifying tribute of respect from his parishioners!"

MAX O'RELL.

Mr. de Windt tells two stories of that clever Frenchman who understood the English so well—Max O'Rell:—

"Max O'Rell used to declare that he had never met with such native humor as in the Western States of America, especially in Texas, where even public notices, although seriously meant, are jokingly displayed in the mining towns. Thus in one of the latter, when I passed through while motoring near the Mexican frontier, the following warning to 'chaffeurs' met my eye:—

"Drive slow, and see our beautiful city; Drive fast, and see our beautiful goal!"

THE JEW AND THE POM.

"Max O'Rell used to delight in the following story, which we heard during one of our nocturnal expeditions, and which my friend intended to publish in a work on America, which, however, never appeared. A business man conversing, during the luncheon hour, in the 'bar' of the Palace Hotel, observed to another that his wife was crazy about 'Poms,' and that he would gladly give 200 dollars for one if he could only find it. A Jew standing by advanced towards the speaker and, stating that he had overheard the conversation, declared that he could at once supply the desired article, but that the price would be at least 300 dollars, also that the prospective buyer would never get one cheaper.

"All right," said the latter; "bring it around to-night to my house, and if it is all right you shall have the money." The Jew then hurried off to his office, and meeting on the way another Israelite, cautiously drew him aside to whisper: "Ikey, old man, just do me a favor! Tell me what is a Pom?"

The author tells a story about George Chetwynd, the famous sportsman, who used to frequent the "Chalet Bar" in Paris, a favorite resort of Englishmen.

"Chetwynd had one peculiarity: a marked dislike of the rising generation, and I foresaw trouble when, one day at the 'Chalet,' a young Guardsman was loudly expressing his wonder as to how anyone with property in England could ever be really hard up for money. And this tactless remark, for obvious reasons, at once put Chetwynd's back up.

"May I ask how old you are, sir?" inquired the latter, in a freezing tone, to the ingenuous youth. "I am twenty-two to-day," beamingly responded the other, adding: "And only this morning my dear old mother sent me a 'monkey.'"

"(£500). She seems rather addicted to that practice," dryly observed George. "Really, sir, why?"

"Well, according to your account, she gave one to your father twenty-two years ago to-day."

MAY 12th 1900. 284 Independence Ave. Kansas City, Mo.

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Police Closing Foreign Schools.

Scores of special schools have been started in industrial centres throughout Canada by foreign interests. The teachers are foreigners—in some few cases British converts. In certain districts they have got control of public schools, the teachers in public schools working under their inspiration. Some schools have been so bad the police had to close them, and recently several of them have been raided.

Among the principles being instilled in the children's minds are these: That theft from an employer is not morally wrong, because it is taking what belongs to the people and is preliminary to the "revolution" which will restore property stolen from the proletariat, but care must be taken at present to avoid being caught; that marriage is a capitalist institution which reserves the most beautiful girls for rich men; that a girl may have as many lovers as she desires; that children belong to the state and are to be put into a state institution at birth and brought up at public expense.

What conditions will be five or ten years from now when these boys and girls go out into the world is not hard to foresee.

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