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For Cooking, for use in Coffee or Cocoa, it supplies the milk and the sugar you require.



N11-23

An Indispensable Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XIX.

Mrs. Murray clicks her spoon against a wineglass nervously, and Dallas Glynn feels a spasm of rage against everybody at the table.

"Joyce needn't think I am going to make an ass of myself even for her," he says inwardly. "I've seen too much of that sort of thing. It would do Joyce no good to have her name coupled with mine now; and I certainly shall not give Yolande cause to pose as the neglected, injured wife. Not that the cross, stiff little creature seems to care very much now what I do! Ever since that blessed wedding day, she has been more like a sugar icicle than anything else!"

He gazes across at the "sugar icicle"—Yolande is sitting at the opposite side of the oval table between Mrs. Murray and Lady Maria—and wonders gloomily whether, on the whole, it really would not have been pleasanter to have his fair young wife passionately and happily fond of him, as he had been so greatly afraid would be the normal state of affairs in his conjugal existence.

She seems to have quite "fallen out of love" with him now; and Captain Glynn does not feel as satisfied as he thought he should be in the circumstances.

"I wonder if I could not make her as much in love with me as ever, if I were to try?" he thinks.

At this moment Yolande looks up again, her eyes and his meet, a faint, troubled flush disturbs the cold pallor of her face, and he sees with what an effort she tries to continue her conversation with Viscount Glynn.

She has been enthusiastically describing the beauties and charms of

TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS

A Letter from Mrs. Smith Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Helped Her

Trenton, Ont.—"I am writing to you in regard to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not be without it. I have taken it before each of my children was born and afterwards, and find it a great help. Before my first baby was born I had shortness of breath and ringing in my ears. I felt as if I would never pull through. One day a friend of mine told me what the Vegetable Compound had done for her and advised me to take a bottle home for me. After the fourth bottle I was a different woman. I have four children now, and I always find the Vegetable Compound a great help as it seems to make confinement easier. I recommend it to my friends."—Mrs. FRED H. BURRIS, John St., Trenton, Ont.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is an excellent medicine for expectant mothers, and should be taken during the entire period. It has a general effect to strengthen and tone up the entire system, so that it may work in every respect effectively as nature intended. Thousands of women testify to this fact.

a St. Bernard puppy she had seen at the show.

"You're regularly in love with him, Mrs. Glynn!" the viscount remarks, with his slow, mirthless, sneering laugh. "Young ladies are apt to fall in love with handsome puppies."

Though she strives her utmost, Yolande cannot help reddening hotly, for the sting in the rude speech is palpable enough to every one.

"Well, I am in love with that dear little St. Bernard," she admits, looking down at her plate, and flushing more and more deeply in her anger and embarrassment, though she tries bravely not ever to feel the insulting insinuation. "I never saw such a beautiful little dog! I only wish I could buy him."

"If he is a well-bred puppy, you shall certainly have him, Yolande," her husband says, with a slight smile, and a faint accent on the adjective.

"Oh, thank you!" Yolande responds, looking a little flustered and confused by Dallas' addressing her in such gentle tones, and with such a soft, wistful look in his eyes. "But I wasn't angling for a present, I assure you. Perhaps, after I had got the little dog, I shouldn't care so much for him."

"I am sure you wouldn't," declares Lord Glynn, breaking a crust of bread with a vicious snap, an ugly, saturnine grin on his lean, dark face. "You'd find him a bad bargain."

Sir Gregory Parker, the eminent London physician, has arrived, and the viscount has left the drawing-room, and has gone to the earl's chamber.

In the sitting-room adjoining the old man's bedroom, the three doctors and Lord Glynn hold a social, semi-professional, and not unpleasant scene, mademoiselle occasionally finding a pretext for joining them. Sir Gregory Parker has dined well; but he does not refuse a glass of the choice old Burgundy which Viscount Glynn offers him, nor indeed do the other doctors.

They are all three very courteous and deferential to the man who will so soon be an earl, and the viscount finds the evening much more enjoyable than one spent in the drawing-room. There every one is either silent or sulky except Lady Maria, who for one weary hour after dinner "exerts herself," as she says, and diverts the conversation with lugubrious "cheerfulness" to sick-room topics, anecdotes of illnesses and sudden deaths, strange remedies and extraordinary recoveries, until her hearers are all limp and pallid with depression.

Joyce Murray yawns openly several times, and at last begs to be excused from sitting up any longer. Her mother, the Honorable Mrs. Murray, escapes from the consciousness of her troubles in a brief doze, until at last Lady Maria herself says "Good-night," and the occupants of the drawing-room immediately scatter.

The Honorable Mrs. Murray, with her stilette air, rustles up to the door of the earl's sitting-room, and prepares to enter and assert her superiority over mademoiselle, if "the presuming creature" is there at this moment.

Finding she is there, and countenanced by the presence of the viscount and the three doctors, Mrs. Murray is obliged to retire very meekly, after a few brief questions. Then she goes into her daughter's room to vent some of her displeasure and discuss some of her grievances.

But Joyce is already in bed, and, hearing her mother's footsteps, and anticipating the usual maternal grumblings, pretends to be asleep. But, as the good lady feels she must find fault with something or somebody, to relieve her ruffled sensibility, she finds fault with Joyce's dressing-case, and reproves her daughter crossly for leaving her jewels and money loosely thrown into an unlocked box.

"You are always losing your money or trinkets, or something!" she says, complainingly. "Now here are your gold bracelets thrust into your necklet case, and here is a ring case, the very one you had with poor, dear Lord Duhavon's ring, empty! I hope you have the ring safe, Joyce. Do you hear me, my dear? That ring is worth quite seventy or eighty pounds. Do you know where it is, Joyce—your beautiful diamond-and-sapphire ring, my dear?" Mrs. Murray asks, anxiously.



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"Yes, mamma, I know where it is," Joyce answers, sharply and suddenly, in a very wide-awake voice. "Please don't worry about it," she adds, crossly, turning her face away from the light of the candle Mrs. Murray carries. "The ring is quite safe."

.....

Captain Dallas Glynn, sitting smoking in an easy-chair by the fire in his own room, is asking himself over and over again why that cur, his cousin, was so rude to him at the dinner table.

"I wonder why Lyulph Glynn was so spiteful to me to-night?" he muses. "Because the fellow will be Earl of Pentreath so soon, or because—of Joyce Murray?"

There is a long silence. Captain Glynn's cigar goes out, and he throws it aside, and leaning forward, with his elbows on his knees and his hands over his head, thinks and thinks, staring at the fire, until the fire goes out, too.

And he is thinking of a young, fair, faithful wife whom in heart and soul he has wronged, of a pure, fond, true, love, given to him freely, which he has cast aside as a worthless thing, of the miracle of a false, fair woman's shallow, selfish fancy, which has lured him almost beyond the border line of honor and plighted troth.

He will never forget Yolande's face this evening, the proud anguish of the large, dark eyes, the incredulous pain of the lip, the girlish face changing into such disdain of him and his falsehoods and his insulting neglect.

"My poor, little wife! My poor, pretty, little, dark-haired girl!" he mutters, his heart throbbing fast in a sudden passion of sickle admiration. "I wish that Joyce and I had never met again. I wish I had not been fool enough to go off with her to-day and leave Yolande. She will never forget it or forgive it; and I wish, he mutters, lower still, "I had never given her my ring and taken—this."

He has taken a tiny object out of his waistcoat pocket, and it lies in the palm of his hand—a circlet of light glittering with points of fire—Joyce Murray's sapphire-and-diamond betrothal ring from her dead lover."

(To be continued.)

Charlotte ruses are easily made at home by hollowing out small sponge cakes, putting a teaspoonful of jam in each and filling with one cupful of heavy cream beaten with three table-spoonfuls of marshmallow creme until stiff and flavored with vanilla and a pinch of salt.

Add a dash of lemon juice and a little nutmeg to the white sauce of creamed cucumbers and sprinkle them with chopped parsley just before serving.

Household Notes.

Rice is delicious cooked in apricot juice and garnished with halves of canned apricots. Use one half cupful of rice to two cupfuls of the canned juice.

Peel and dice eggplant, dust in flour fry until tender in vegetable fat, with them scramble the required number of eggs and serve hot, on buttered toast.

When you make your next bread pudding mix a square of chocolate and add to the milk that you use. The family will respond to the different flavor.

Season boiled rice and grated cheese, make into nests for poached eggs, serve with cream sauce, and garnish with canned or fresh asparagus tips.

Vegetables keep their flavor, minerals and color best when steamed. Steamer-tops or sieves can be purchased which will fit into your kettles and saucepans.

Make jams and marmalades in rather small quantities as it is impossible to cook a large quantity of thick sweet fruit without scorching it, and the long cooking required impairs the color and flavor of the finished product.

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Just Folks.
BY SIGGAR A. GUEST.

THE POSE OF ANNABELLE.
Miss Annabelle now quits the store To spend two weeks along the shore, And she'll pretend to be while there The daughter of a millionaire.

With dainty graces she will walk, A touch of pride will mark her talk, And on the beach she'll be as fair As any maiden strolling there.

Not in a bitter way I tell This little pose of Annabelle, But just to show that birth and place Have no monopoly of grace.

Reverse the game, and let's suppose The rich man's daughter selling hose, Would any guess to find her there Her father was a millionaire?

We judge by what we think we see And what to us appears to be, And Annabelle will gain renown She couldn't hope to win in town.

For two short weeks they'll think her there The daughter of a millionaire, Which proves, to make an epigram, Our facts are often based on sham.

Now had her father prospered well, All would be proud of Annabelle; Had fortune found the rich man's door His child had labored in the store.

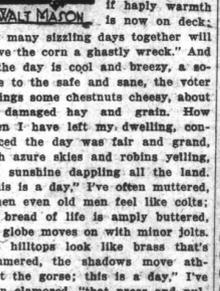
Thinking her what she seemed to be, Her beauty and her grace they'll see, Which blindly they would pass right over If they should meet her in the store.

And so I smile at Annabelle, And so her little sham I tell, To show how oft the thing called worth Is but the accident of birth.

Grief and Worry, Childbirth, La Grippe, Excesses and Overstrain cause **Nervous Exhaustion**. Take the new remedy **Asaya-Neurall**.

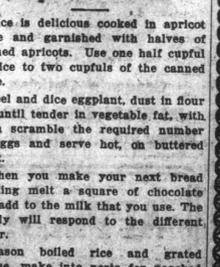
(TRADE MARK) which contains the form of phosphorus required for nerve repair. PREPARED BY **DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.** ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

THE PERFECT DAY.
It's hard to find a day so pleasant that all its merits will endorse; there always is some voter present to rise and whimny like a horse. "We need," he neighs, "much cooler weather," if haply warmth is now on deck. "So many sizzling days together will leave the corn a ghastly wreck." And if the day is cool and breezy, a sealer to the safe and sane, the voter springs some chestnut cheesy, about the damaged hay and grain. How often I have left my dwelling, convinced the day was fair and grand, with azure skies and robins yelling, and sunshine dapping all the land. "This is a day," I've often muttered, "when even old men feel like colts; the bread of life is amply buttered, the globe moves on with minor jolts. The hilltops look like brass that's hammered, the shadows move about the gorse; this is a day," I've often clamored, "that press and pulpit must endorse." And then I meet the dreary voter who never yet was satisfied; he throttles down his henry motor, and sobs, and will not be denied. "Oh, gee," he wails through gnashing tushes, "there's so much dew it's caused a blight; the prunes are moulding on the bushes, they're needing sunshine day and night."



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ON THE LEVEL, WHAT MAKES ME LAUGH IS THE WAY SOME PEOPLE HANDLE A SAW



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 - No. 1 Salmon (Janes)
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