

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Realization of What She Has Done, Begins To Dawn On Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:
Teresa Diamond (Terry)—Lovely and unbelievably innocent, is impersonating her beautiful half-sister, Juliet Divine, known as the Million Dollar Doll—whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry.
Miss Sheridan, Terry's Dream Prince, furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child. His wife's infidelity is making him wretched, and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry, who is an exquisite counterpart of herself, to take her place. Miles does not recognize the little girl he befriended so long ago.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife is in love with Paul di Salvo, a handsome Italian. Eustace Nallo, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Juliet, is in love with the younger girl.
Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant, is Terry's maid on board the yacht. Her early disapproval of "The Million Dollar Doll" is swiftly disappearing under the influence of Terry's child-like charm. Miles has stipulated that he will have nothing to do with the girl on the voyage, but under the impression that Terry is flirting with him, he breaks his bargain and kisses her. Terry's indignation is so real that Miles Sheridan apologizes for his action.

After his dinner with Terry, Miles sits and smokes, reviewing his past. Terry goes to her room wretchedly unhappy.
CHAPTER XLVI.
New Fears.
The girl wondered how she had been able to get through the evening without breaking down. "I couldn't have done it," she thought, "unless we'd talked about history and things like that."
But she had got to get through; and she believed that the trembling of her hands and the constant effort to make her voice sound natural had passed unnoticed by Sheridan.

"If I'd guessed what it would be like I shouldn't have dared risk going up to dine with him," she told herself.

She said now, in looking back at what had happened, that she must

have been numbed at first by the shock, for after her horror of the change in Sheridan had been turned to self-reproach by his scolding, she had been conscious of no sensation at all.
She had forced herself to think that he could have meant no wrong, that she had misunderstood, and must atone.

But as she sat opposite to him at dinner, striving to be composed, a voice seemed to shout question after question in her ear. The questions were so loud, so insistent, that often she could scarcely hear through their clamor, what Sheridan was saying, and she was afraid, when she spoke, of answering them, instead of replying to him. The effect upon her mind of this confusion was unnerving.

"What does he think of you?" the voice would scream, over the sounds in the room and the noise of the sea without.

"What does he think of you that he should walk into your cabin and shut the door, and kiss you, and then say the fault is all yours?"

"Is that the way good men behave to girls?"
"What have you done to him that he shouldn't respect you?"
"Is it because you came on board his yacht alone?"
"Is it just because you are you, or is it because he thinks you're Juliet?"
"What has Juliet done to make him act like that, and look at her like that, though he never knew her, never even saw her before?"
"Do men treat all actresses like that?"

"Was it even more terrible of you to come on the yacht for this trip with him than you thought it was, or than Juliet told you when she said people would understand, and you would have to sacrifice the respect of the world?"

Now, as she lay on her bed reviewing, dry-eyed, what had passed, the girl saw that there was something very wrong somewhere, either about Sheridan, or Juliet, or about herself—or all three.

The thing she had done could not be undone. She would not undo it, even if she could, because it was for Sheridan's sake; and, in spite of his harshness at first, and worse than his harshness at last, he was the Prince. She owed everything to him.

But oh, she was paying! And he was like the rest of the world, in not respecting her. She hadn't realized that it would be so with him, as with others.

"The Story of Tea"

is a unique motion picture on the culture and preparation of this delicious beverage, which will be part of the Salada Tea Exhibit (just to the left of the Main Entrance to the Pure Food Building) at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. Do not fail to see it. You are cordially invited also to inspect the Salada Plant at 461 King Street West, (near Spadina Avenue) famed for its cleanliness and oriental art treasures.

See This Moving Picture

Our Mothers Knew

The makers tell you why our Mothers used Sunlight Soap. It is the best because it is made from the pure oil of the Coconut and Palm.

Coconut Oil gives you that soft easy lather that saves your energy and saves your clothes.

The Palm Oil makes Sunlight firm and hard so that it is the most economical Soap in the world to use.

Sunlight is the purest laundry soap in Canada.

"Our Mothers Knew"

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
Toronto



The Days of Real Sport



THE MORNING ROUTE

Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

WHEN I GOT A POCKET FULL O' MONEY I AIN' GOT NO APPETITE, BUT IF ISE BROKE I NEAR BOUT STARVES T' DEATH!



And she could not see ahead, into the future.
She was afraid, and trembled.

Sheridan did not meet his guest on the day that followed. She was keeping out of his way; he understood that, of course. It would have been a slow moving brain not to take in that fact.

But Sheridan puzzled over the point of view of such a woman. In spite of trying to push the thought of her out of his head, it crept back again and again.

"Why does she think it worth while to go on acting as if she were aggrieved?" he wanted to know. "Why do I feel as if I'd been a brute to her, when I know that these million-dollar women appreciate a man only when he is a brute?"

He wished that she would walk on deck, as usual, and give him a chance to throw her a word, as if nothing had happened. If he could see the girl, he would stop thinking about her in this stupid way, that was a mere trick of a brain too highly keyed.

But she did not come; and that evening Sheridan said indifferently to Mrs. Harkness, "I suppose your charge—Miss Divine—got through that little squall last night as well as she did the big one. Not upset at all?"

"No, Mr. Miles, she seems pretty well," replied the old woman. "She hasn't been about much, because she wants to rest her ankle a bit before we land at Monaco tomorrow. She's been reading in her cabin a good deal."

At least the girl hadn't given him away to Henry. He could tell by the look in his old nurse's eyes that she'd received no shock.

And it would have been a shock if she had had any hint of the scene in Miss Divine's stateroom.

(Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.)

In tomorrow's installment Terry Experiences Mortification.

Have you shined your shoes today?

2 IN 1 Shoe Polish Saves You Money

ROBERT'S SYRUP

OF THE EXTRACT OF COD LIVER OIL

GET RID OF THAT COUGH BEFORE IT BECOMES SOMETHING WORSE. IT HAS GAINED AN ENVIABLE REPUTATION THROUGH ITS SUCCESS IN TREATING COUGHS, COLDS, OR BRONCHITIS.

BREAKS UP COUGHS

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE DALROY.
ON HANDSOME HUSBANDS.

To behold an ADONIS

Is ONE thing.

To GET him.

Even temporarily.

Is ANOTHER;

Whilst to secure him

Permanently

Is harder still.

Handsomeness

Are hard to catch

On the hop.

Women spoil them

And they are often blasé.

You MAY get one

For a few TIMES

As a DANCING partner;

Others are good FOR NOTHING.

Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.

Grandfather Frog and Peter Rabbit Get Into a Hot Argument

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Grandfather Frog glared with his big, soggy eyes up at Peter Rabbit sitting on the bank of the Smiling Pool. You know Grandfather Frog is very old and is accounted very wise, and so is usually very much respected. But Peter had just shown him no respect at all. Grandfather Frog had said that the young Chuck, whose shining doorstep of yellow sand Peter could see on the other side, had swum across the Laughing Brook, and Peter had declared that he didn't believe it.

"You long-legged, long-eared piece of impudence! Do you mean to sit there and tell me that you think I've told an untruth?" demanded Grandfather Frog angrily.

Peter shook his head very hard. "My goodness, no!" exclaimed Peter. "I couldn't imagine you telling an untruth, Grandfather Frog. But you said that young Chuck swam across the Laughing Brook. You said that Jerry Muskrat told you that he saw him swim across. I think Jerry was mistaken. He must have seen someone else."

"Did I hear you mention my name?" asked a somewhat squeaky voice, and Jerry Muskrat's head appeared close beside the big green lily pad on which sat Grandfather Frog.

"You did," spoke up Grandfather Frog.

"My goodness, no!" exclaimed Peter.

Frog before Peter could find his tongue. That long-legged bundle of curiosity up there thinks there is something the matter with your eyes."

Jerry Muskrat looked puzzled. "If there is I am not aware of it," said he mildly. "Just what does he think is wrong with my eyes?"

"He thinks you didn't see that young Chuck over yonder swim across the Laughing Brook," replied Grandfather Frog.

"Huh! Is that so?" Jerry exclaimed. "Well, if I didn't then I can't see him now, and I am looking right straight at him."

"You must have been mistaken," protested Peter. "You must have been, because Chucks can't swim."

"Who says they can't?" retorted Jerry Muskrat.

"Why I— I—I've never heard of such a thing," stammered Peter.

For a FEW WEEKS

As an ADMIRER;

With strategy

You might EVEN get one

For several MONTHS

As a BEAU,

Or for a few YEARS

As a HUSBAND;

But it is not till you've

Got him for BETTER or WORSE

That you know whether you've

Got him FOR GOOD.

Some handsome husbands are

good—

Others are good FOR NOTHING.

Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.

Mothers and Their Children



Regarding Property.

One Mother Says:
My child is naturally very destructive, and after trying to break her of the habit I finally got her a bank into which he takes his pocket money she has earned. I am the custodian, and whenever she deliberately destroys anything I take out some of her money and make her pay for it. Of course it never covers the loss, but it makes her see that she has some responsibility for the property of others.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper if you can spare one hand from your hair a moment take a letter to Mister Clutchen Brake, Manitowish, Michigan. Dear Mister Brake colon paragraph.

We have your letter stating that the most extravagant thing you ever did was to buy a 1907 four-cylinder, chain-drive Piazza runabout for \$200 to economize as the brute makes four miles on a gallon of gas and a quart of oil doesn't even moisten her crank case adding that you could show one of the giant redwoods of California into one of her cylinders and never notice it and what can we suggest you can do to start a gasoline war in your town period paragraph.

Well comma Mister Brake comma long experience has taught us to look for the silver lining comma no misfortune of any of our clients being as dark that there is nothing we can sell them comma and one way to approach the gasoline problem is to install a half dozen of our Squakless Squirt gasoline service pumps and sell gas for ten cents a gallon which is fine if you have an oil well and foolish if you have not but a more practical solution is to give your Piazza runabout a couple of coats of our brilliant yellow Shower Survivor porch paint if you want to sell it or Limited Libation economy carburetor if you don't period.

Yours for frugal fuel.

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM.

Per D. D.

The next story: "Seeing is Believing."

Change of Water

Change of Diet

Change of Climate

Cause DIARRHOEA

Mr. Fred Palmer, 217 Dalhousie street, Brantford, Ont., writes:

"When I first went out to the Northwest, the water played havoc with my bowels, and being in a remote spot, I could not get anything to give me relief for any length of time."

"I wrote and told my wife about the time I was having, and she sent me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I cannot speak too highly of it for what it did for me."

"Whenever the children have any bowel trouble from eating fruit or drinking strange water, which they have done for the past five years, living in the country, the only remedy we use is Dr. Fowler's, and nobody should be without it, as it cannot be beat for instant relief."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for the past 78 years, and you don't experiment with new and untried remedies when you buy it; but be sure and get Dr. Fowler's when you ask for it, as a substitute may be dangerous to your health.

Price, 50c a bottle. Put up only by the T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont. — Adv.

To Make Hairs Vanish From Face, Neck or Arms

(Beauty Culture)

Keep a little powdered gelatine handy and when hairy growths appear make a paste with some of the powder and a little water, and spread over hairy surface. After 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be entirely free from hair or blemish. This simple treatment is unfailing, but care should be exercised to be sure and get genuine gelatine, otherwise you may be disappointed.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

A LARGE ORDER.

By H. LOUIS RAYBOLD.

Henry had brains, but he was a blunderbuss. He was a blunderbuss, but he had brains. Some people said it one way, some the other, and they were all right. His stenographer, Mary Crocker, didn't remark on it at all, but she believed in keeping her eye on him, and when his brains won him a promotion in the foundry, she kept to herself the suspicion that the blunderbuss part of him would sooner or later get him into trouble.

There were two factors hostile to his success. One was a natural antipathy to the efficiency methods of cost accounting as practiced in the general office. The other was a rival in another department—one of the few other departments which had not yet been put under his charge so far as such matters as the routing of material and like matters were concerned.

In this department, by the way, Mary's brother Jim also worked. The rival's name was Peter Revere, and he was unwittingly jealous of Henry's promotion, not taking into account the fact that Henry had brains, while Peter used his head chiefly as a place in which to stable a mean disposition.

The fifth person concerned in this little drama was familiarly known as the "boss." Spoken of, that was his title. Spoken to, he was Mr. Stockbridge. Stockbridge, Wallace M., in the telephone book. He owned the foundry, was inordinately fond of it, and indefatigably interested in its least important activities. At times he was badly bitten by the efficiency bug, but so far as the effects of such a bite had not been felt personally by Henry.

Recently, however, there had been a bit of trouble somewhere. A vast supply—enough to last for European wars—had been accumulating without rhyme or reason. Henry was frankly puzzled. While most of the routing of material was in his hands, there was one department which he had not taken over, and he surmised that someone there was acting according to orders from higher up.

His stenographer and something else up her sleeve besides a plump, well-rounded arm. Henry had caught glimpses of filing cards of a color and size which he knew had no meaning in his department. He caught once studying them, she had flushed uncomfortably and thrust them out of sight in the pigeonhole in her desk. Now, what the deuce, ruminated Henry, was Mary up to?

Henry flattered himself he had a very fatherly feeling for all the girls in his office, especially Mary. Now, a fatherly feeling is all very well, but when it concentrates very much on one person, a man wants to beware. But Henry, in his blunderbuss fashion, wasn't hep to the real directions in which his feelings were leading him.

Then everything happened at once. To begin with, it started on a back page of a popular magazine. W. M. Stockbridge, pursuing a story through the advertisements, happened instead on an efficiency blurb, and took it all in, as he periodically did.

Next morning he set out on a tour of the foundry, resolved to find something which needed correction. Running into Peter Revere, he soon discovered quite as much as, if not more than, he had hoped for. In the course of conversation the fact leaked out that there were three-quarter-inch European threaded couplings to connect the desert of Sahara with the canals of Mars.

"Who ordered them?" demanded the boss.

Peter shrugged his shoulders and remained discreetly silent.

"Hm," grunted Stockbridge, and

strode into Henry's sanctum, where Henry was paternally watching the soft curve of Mary's cheek as she bent above his dictation.

"I'd like to know who is responsible for those ten tons of couplings," he bellowed at Henry. "Show me just how much you've ordered made up in the past year." He threw a choleric glance at the filing cabinets.

Henry swallowed bravely, and looked hopefully at Mary. He didn't recall having gone on record for any particular order, come to think of it. Had just had it done, and that was the end of it.

But Mary turned obediently. Only, strange to say, what she handed over to Henry was that bunch of cards he had once caught her examining. Surprised, he looked them through.

Then he cleared his throat. "Mr. Stockbridge, you probably won't be interested in what little I've made up," he said briskly. "But here's what's been sent in from another department, and accounts for about nine tons."

He handed them over to the boss, who gave them a short scrutiny and then stalked out to blow up Peter Revere.

"How in time for the love of Mike did you collect all that data?" asked Henry curiously, when he and Mary were alone.

"Oh, I had a bit of an idea that Revere was trying to put something over on you," said Mary demurely. "My brother Jim's in his department, and I got him to make copies of the orders. They were spread over some time and in small lots, but Revere probably knows how careless—that is, I mean how you don't keep records, and thought he saw a chance to get even with you for your promotion over him."

"I see. Thank you, Mary," said Henry soberly.

Then he took first one slender hand and then the other tenderly in his. "Mary," he said (and his tone was not in the least paternal), "you are just the person I need to keep me out of trouble. How about undertaking the job for life?"

Mary threw him a roguish glance from beneath her curling lashes.

"Rather a large order, Henry," she said. "But—I'll try."

(Copyright, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)



Make Cuticura Your Daily Toilet Soap

Clear the pores of impurities by daily use of Cuticura Soap and occasional touches of Cuticura Ointment as needed. They are ideal for the toilet as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.

Sole U.S. Distributors, The J. C. F. Co., 100 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Depot: Lyons, Limited, 346 St. Paul St., W. Montreal.

Cuticura Soap shaves without muss.

For Nerves TAKE Vin St-Michel (St Michael's Wine)

White Rose Gasoline

A PURE, powerful gasoline of uniform quality. It's exclusive use in conjunction with En-ar-co Motor Oil will help you secure the best possible results from your motor.

Canadian Oil Companies Limited

Canada's Largest and Oldest Independent Refiners of Gasoline and Lubricants



Scientifically Refined

"Deliciously Fragrant"



15¢ packages
1/2 lb. tins

Valuable Coupons in each package and tin