



An Indispensible Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XI
Late in the evening Captain Glynn and Yolande find themselves alone in the small drawing-room, which, as it is a bitterly cold, stormy night, has the heavy terra-cotta plush portieres dropped between it and the larger room. Just now, in the warm light of the lamp with its big amber-glass shade and the ruddy glow of the fire, it looks a nest of luxury and comfort. Captain Glynn is standing by the fireplace, resting his elbow on the lower shelf of the overmantel and closely watching Yolande.

To "make conversation"—for there are sudden lapses which are becoming dreadfully embarrassing—Yolande takes up a little white porcelain figure—a peasant maiden with a basket on her arm in which are delicate ferns—shows it to Captain Glynn, and asks him if he admires it.

For answer he puts his two strong hands upon her shoulders; draws her toward him, and stoops down until his heavy mustache touches her cheek.

"Yes, I admire it very much," he replied, smilingly. "I should like to have it. Will you give it to me?"

"With pleasure," Yolande answers, with tremulous gladness of heart and not swift blushes.

"And I want something else," Captain Glynn whispers.

"What?" Yolande whispers back again.

"You?" he says, smiling. "Will you be my wife, Yolande?"

No answer comes from the frightened, happy Yolande, who can only tremulously cling to Captain Glynn's arm with both hands.

"Silence gives consent, I suppose, after the 'immemorial fashion!'" he says, with a slight laugh; and he presses his lips to her cheek. And then, after a little pause, in a rather formal manner and deliberate tone, he continues, "I will be a good husband to you, Yolande. You are an amiable girl, and I know you will be affectionate, faithful wife—you could not be anything else—and I will be a good, faithful husband to you—as Heaven hears me, I will!"

In the dead hour of the night she reflects that he did not once say he loved her—did not once say if she loved him.

And thenceforward the dream is a troublous whirl of people and things—shops, dressmakers, lawyers, worry—the people not so pleasant as they might be—for old Miss Dornier is always ailing and fidgety and a little cross—indeed, she is overbearingly tyrannical and imperious at times, which has to be endured for the sake of the valuable services which, with her cleverness and tact, she impresses upon her employers she alone can render.

And then there is a dream of a chill, gusty, lowering morning, with the wild wind swaying the leafless trees

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in Rutland Gardens. There is a dreadful sense of unreality, of a dream which oppresses her spirit and a faint, wild longing, sometimes flying away, sometimes rising into a frenzy, to awake a bewildering series of visions and scenes in which she seems to take part with no will of her own.

There is one scene in which she is dressed in stiff white, rustling robes, strangely purchased splendid-looking, such as she has never before worn—a vision of going in a carriage to church with the heavy fragrance of a great bouquet of lilies and white hyacinths almost making her swoon, while her heart beats heavily against her tight-laced satin bodice.

And there, in her dream, she is walking slowly up a long aisle, and seeing as in a kaleidoscope, a series of faces and rich dresses, but noticing nobody except her Aunt Sarjent, who is prominent in the foreground in emerald velvet and sables, until she sees Captain Glynn's face as he stands before the altar waiting for her, gazing at her with calm, critical eyes, without a trace of emotion or embarrassment.

This is the dream that the girl in the white silk robe and the bridal veil has been dreaming; and now she awakes, in her own room in No. 9 Rutland Gardens, to know that the dream is all real, and that her wooing and her wedding, her six weeks' engagement and her bridal morning, are all deeds of the past—done, and never to be undone—and she who was Yolande Dornier, an unwedded girl three hours ago, is Yolande Glynn, a wedded bride, now.

Her maid has gone to fetch her some tea before she begins to change her costume, and Yolande has gladly locked the door against her bridesmaids, relatives, and every one for a few minutes' rest, and to give her time to think.

But now, as she rouses herself and looks at the clock, Yolande sees with dismay that she must hurry to be ready in time, and wishes earnestly she could see Captain Glynn and tell him that she had decided on his suggestion that they should go to Dover by a later train and cross over by the day service the next morning to Paris.

It is not by any means an agreeable, this reappearing of a bride in her wedding dress after the breakfast—mademoiselle is sure to tell her of it again; but Yolande feels, in her present excited, overwrought state, as if she would rather like to defy her and her opinions; and, without giving herself time to hesitate, she opens her door, and glides softly down the thickly carpeted stairs to the door of the small drawing-room where she has last seen Captain Glynn—she does not yet dare to say to herself "my husband."

She folds her shivering, shimmering white robes about her, and pauses irresolute in the deep narrow entry; for the door, though closed, is not shut, and, though Captain Glynn is there, he is not alone, for he is speaking in a low voice.

Why should she not open the door and go in and speak to him? She has the right. But the sudden impulse to see him and speak to him is the impulse of the fond young heart of his shy girl bride, which is yearning for a few soft, low-spoken words, a reassuring touch of his kind hand, a tender glance from his eyes. And now he is not alone, and—worse still—mademoiselle is there, too; and she is laughing—a mocking little laugh, though she speaks in a tone of condolence.

"It is hard on you!" she exclaims. "Couldn't Lord Danvers have broken his neck in the hunting field a little sooner than yesterday, or not broken it at all? He had signed the settlement a week ago, my friends tell me; so Miss Joyce Murray has a nice little fortune now—fifteen thousand. Only half what your bride has, of course; but a half a loaf with the girl you love is better than a whole loaf with

"Hush, hush!" Dallas cries, angrily. "Well, of course, it's too late now," mademoiselle says, lamently. "If the news had come only a week ago, or even at eight o'clock this morning, you—"

"Hush!" Captain Glynn cries again, more sternly. "It was too late two months ago, mademoiselle! When I knew that the girl I loved was false to me for the sake of money, and meant to marry for money, I resolved to do the same. But, once my honor was pledged elsewhere, there was no drawing back possible, even if Joyce Murray became the richest heiress in Christendom!"

And Yolande Glynn, wife of three hours—the hapless girl who loves him as she reveres him, as the best, noblest, wisest, truest of men—the man who honored her above all women on earth in choosing her, young and simple and unlovely as she is, to bear his name, to be his wife and his love—she hears from the cruel lips of her false friend, from the cruel lips of her beloved, her bridegroom, the darling of her soul, why he has chosen her, why he has married her.

(To be continued.)

A Smart Salesman.
At the Lyceum the other day, Mr. Bransby Williams told me a good story.

A pedlar was selling almanacs at a shilling each, and although the innkeeper he pestered didn't really want one yet he paid a shilling to get rid of the pedlar.

Putting the almanac in his pocket, the landlord visited the inn for a brief period, after calling his wife downstairs to look after the bar, while he was away. The pedlar stayed on to finish the glass of beer he had ordered, and succeeded in persuading the woman to buy an almanac, she being ignorant of the fact that her husband had one already.

The husband shortly returned, and discovering the trick, sent his potman to the railway station after the pedlar, with a message that he wished to see him on business.

"Oh, yes," said the pedlar, "I know. He wants one of my almanacs, but I can't really miss my train for that. You can give me a shilling and take the almanac to him!"

Pineapple fritters served with cream sauce are nice with roast duck. Hamburg steak will be especially welcome when served with tomato sauce.

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 poison food?
- That will kill bugs instantly and not leave an unpleasant odor?
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The Horror of the Horn.
(Toronto Saturday Night)

As time passes the motorist does not undeer himself to a long-suffering public. No one contributes more to the demoralization of the nerves and consequent break down of the health of citizens of a great city. At least it is so in Toronto. There are, we know, well governed cities where the motorist is made by law to be seen, but not heard except in cases of emergency. It is not so with us. When the motorist is not speedily to his own and others' danger, invading the very sidewalks and knocking people down, or killing children, he bellows with his horn and fills the city streets with terror and distraction. At the moment of writing, there is a hold up in the street below of the east and west bound traffic—a perfectly proper stoppage, for it is made by the traffic "cop" to allow the north and south bound vehicles to pass. But what do these autocrats of the motor, who don't like being held back, do? Quite disregarding the ears and nerves of all the people in the offices on the street, they make pandemonium with their horns. One begins the howling din and the others—with their queer sense of humor—follow suit, till one would think that all the bulls of Bashan had been let loose in the street. The noise is maddening, nerve shattering to those still at work, but it goes on, and none of the impatient autocrats of the hold-up cars has the slightest compunction. They want to pass in spite of the law embodied in the police officer, and they protest noisily and behave like savages. They roar and bellow and howl with their horns till the neighbourhood rings like Babel. Perhaps you think that these rowdy motorists are of a class proclaimed by their behavior? Not at all. I look carefully at the cars and they are all well-kept, expensive affairs that would seem to belong to civilized human beings—for we most erroneously think that prosperity and worldly possession go with manners and decency. No—all these cars would seem to indicate ownership by the better class of citizens. But their behavior argues against this. They sit in their cars and make the afternoon hideous with the "impious uproar."

Now what would happen if pedestrians were to take to shouting, boeing, bellowing, roaring and shrieking on the public streets when they have to stand still and allow the vehicular traffic to pass, or for some other cogent reason? They would be arrested very promptly for disorderly behavior and for contempt of the law. Why, then, does the roaring, barking, howling motorist go free? Surely there is no difference in the effect created! And is it not time that motorists who are guilty of such unseemly behavior on the street should be treated the same as the disorderly pedestrian? He should be arrested promptly and smartly fined for any such breach of the quiet of the city. Those in down town offices who are engaged upon work that calls for concentrated attention and great accuracy toward the end of the long day's strain are in no condition nervously to be made the victims of unnecessary street noises, and it is an offense and an outrage that they should be subjected to it. The self-control and irresponsible drivers of cars who are bitten with the speed and hurry germ, think of none but themselves, and are every much astonished and even pained to learn that instead of being decent citizens they are menaces to the health and safety of the city.

OLD IDEAS.
Your grandma knew the virtue of bark, and roots and buds—any ailment but you honest and a grandpa's corns were sorest, or when he had the gout, she roamed the fields and forests for yarrow to knock them out. And is the gloomy attic dried weeds in bunches hung, to stiffle palas rheumatic, or heat the rusty lung. And now we smile at granny, and josh her ancient ways; the cures were most uncanny they used in olden days. Strange talk of microbes vicious, strange hunk concerning germs, the learned physicians dish us, in phosphorescent terms. All vain are mulein bitters, and useless tansy tea; we have to kill the critters that are too small to see. Of course old dame were ally to brew things in a crock, and climb the pastures hilly in search of yellow dock; in vain was their endeavor, it vain the cures they sprang; yet people lived forever when you and I were young. Filled up with yarrow and pine tea; the graybeards went their way, and when their years were ninety, they still were pitching hay. The old receipts were wrong, and yet, with all our learning, we do not live so long.

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SCALLOPED POTATOES
One tablespoonful salt, 4 medium-sized potatoes, 1 1/2 cups water, 2/3 cup Carnation Milk, 1/4 tablespoonful butter. Wash, pare and cut potatoes in thin slices. Put a layer in buttered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and dredge with a small amount of flour. Add milk, mixed with the water, and butter, and bake until potatoes are soft. This recipe serves six people.

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Household Notes.
Cook macaroni in boiling salted water.
Serve rings of ripe olives in chicken soup.
Garnish moulded egg salad with small bird's nest.
Serve junket topped with fresh fruit in season.
Use a little grated cheese in your scalloped potatoes.
Serve a dish of grated cheese with hot cream soup.
Do not peel a boiled tongue until you are ready to use it.
Mince left-over ham and use in a dish of scrambled eggs.
Sweet sandwiches are delicious when made with nutbread.

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June 21, 1923, eod

Left-over rice can be combined with cheese, tomatoes or meat. Very small sausages are nice baked in scooped-out tomatoes. Dip zwieback in egg and milk, and serve with marmalade. Silk gloves should be turned inside out before washing. Serve tiny bread and butter waffles with your chicken salad. Cover slices of hot toast with cold chicken in rainy season. Very little blushing should be done in the time water for table linen.