

## Delicious in the Cup "SALADA" TEA

is equalled by no other tea on sale for  
Quality and Flavour.

### An Indispensable Favorite

### Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

#### CHAPTER XXVIII

It is an Opera night, a "Patti" night. Oxford Street is densely crowded with cabs, carriages and omnibuses, and the cab in which Yolande sits, speechless, almost breathless in anxiety and suspense, gets into a black again and again, until she feels she must get out and run.

At last the cab gets free of the black block, and whisks on cityward, while Yolande watches with straining eyes through the fading evening light for the Baltimore Hotel.

But, while she is gazing through one window, the Baltimore Hotel is confronting the other, and the cab pulls up and Yolande gets out with tottering steps, wondering feverishly if that is Dallas—that man inside the glass-paned entrance doors.

No, that is not he. That other man perhaps! There is some one on the other side of the hall, fair-haired, gentle, manly-looking. No, it is not he either. She pauses, timid and bewildered, with a severe and gentlemanly head waiter confronting her, and a diverted hall porter and page boy hovering near.

"Which room, madam?" the hall porter asks, with a stiff bow, noting her dress—the long, handsome silk material and the edge of white lace-trimmed flounces peering out beneath her youthful ladylike, third gown, and the well-dressed, respectable servant behind her.

"No, thank you," Yolande answers, nervously, flushing brightly: "I wish to see Captain Glynn, please."

"O gentleman staying in the hotel, madam," the head waiter asks, scanning her more closely.

"No—he is not staying in the hotel—that is, he is—I have been told he is employed—in a situation here," stammered Yolande, flushing until her face and neck burned with shame.

"There is no gentleman of the name of Glynn employed here," he says, decisively. "The two gentlemen employed in the office are Mr. Marsh, the sub-manager and Mr. Dallas, the head clerk."

"That is he!" Yolande interrupts, with a wild, eager joyfulness that reminds the stiff and rigid head waiter of the days when he read romances and believed in them. "I called him by his family name. Will you tell him, please, that a lady wants to see him—Mr. Dallas Glynn?"

The head waiter is but a man, after all. He looks puzzled but interested, noting the sparkling eyes, the appealing glance, the glad, fluttering blushes.

"Certainly, madam," he responds,

with a faint smile; and then he gives another quick glance of surprise and scrutiny. He indicates a man standing a few feet off, looking at the group in the center of the hall. "There is Mr. Dallas," he says, wondering if there will be recognition on both sides or not. "A lady to see you, Mr. Dallas," he adds very needlessly, as the lady has rushed over to the hotel and held out her trembling little hands.

"Won't you—won't you?" she mutters, in choking half-audible tones, with an agony of entreaty, an agony of gladness and grief in her fair, tear-wet, quivering face.

And Dallas Glynn—can this be Dallas Glynn—this pallid, haggard, stern-looking man in well-worn office suit, his hair thin and turning gray on his temples? He looks ten years older than when she saw him last, little more than a year ago—the elegant young aristocrat—and army "beauty-man."

He takes the hand she offers him, and presses it slightly.

"How did you find me out?" he asks, as it were carelessly; but there is a faint smile on his pale, set face, a wistful darkness and warmth in his cold, gray eyes. "Evans," he says, turning to the waiter, "take this lady into the manager's sitting-room. Excuse me for a moment," he says to his wife; and he stays behind, and goes back to the office for a minute or two, lest the curious eyes turned on him every direction discern that his usual, cold gentlemanly composure—the Johnny Bull high tone style, his American patrons term it—has been rudely ruffled in the least by this mysterious rencontre.

#### CHAPTER XXIX

Dallas enters the room gravely and deliberately, and she hurries forward and takes his hand again, and, sobbing and smiling, and behaving altogether absurdly, says:

"Oh, how are you? Are you quite well?"

"Quite well, thank you, Yolande," Dallas replies, with a slight smile, courteously, but very coldly. "How did you find me here, may I ask? I thought no one but my employer was aware of my real name. And you are quite well? I need scarcely ask, though; you are looking extremely well. And you are taller, I think," with a faint amused smile; but his eyes are resting on her with a warm light of pleasure and admiration in them which makes her heart throb wildly with glad excitement.

"I am very well, thank you—quite well indeed," Yolande repeats vaguely. And you are quite well, Dallas? she goes on, stammering shyly. "I found you—that is, Lady Pentreath gave me your address."

His pallid, handsome face, grown so prematurely aged and haggard, darkens with a flush of anger.

"Lady Pentreath and her husband? I thought I had rid myself of them for life! Pray how did the noble earl and countess?"

"I don't know about the earl," Yolande answers, shrilly. "But undoubtedly she lives with Lady Pentreath, you know—I believe she learned where you were."

"Oh, mademoiselle, the spy?" Dallas says, with a curt, hard laugh. "What an interest that excellent young woman does take in my affairs! It seems to continue also. Love may be forgetful, but hatred—never!"

"I have never been forgetful of you," Yolande says, in low, unsteady tones—"never—I wish I could have been—since the day you left me and would not even say good-by."

"That was not quite right or courteous, I confess," Dallas acknowledges, coldly and carelessly. "I regretted it afterward, but at the same time I did not see the use of distressing you with a leave-taking which I meant to be final."

"You meant never to come back any more?" Yolande questions, her voice clear and hard now, her eyes tearless and glittering. "Then I was right in my first belief, that you had deserted me forever!"

"I don't think 'desertion' is quite the correct term," Dallas says, frowning, while a slight color rises in his face. "You were rich, prosperous, comfortable, surrounded by loving friends and relatives in your own home. I was almost penniless when my debts were paid; my prospects were blighted—I was without fortune, position, home nor friends. I was quite sure, then, and I am quite sure now, that the only honest and manly course to pursue was to leave you as free as I could, and undo as far as lay in my power the wrong I had done you in marrying you."

"And do you think—did you really believe in your heart?" Yolande asks—and Dallas Glynn's eyes fall before the passion and the accusation in hers—"that you were not inflicting a cruel wrong on me, and blighting my life by leaving me alone, desolate, bound to you, and deserted by you, for the rest of my days, before I was much more than twenty years of age? Did you?"

"I thought that you would soon forget me," Dallas answers, in a lower tone, "and that, perhaps, before very long, I should be dead, and you would be free again. I did not think I was wronging you. I had not any settled plans or ideas in going away, except that I must earn an independent livelihood in some way or other, or make an end of myself."

"And I was to have nothing to say in the matter, good or bad?" Yolande asks, coming nearer to him, reckless, fearless now, in her anger and jealous despair. "I thought you vowed to hold me as long as we should live. That you went the way of all the rest, I dare say."

"You never gave me a chance of keeping any vows, Dallas rejoins, shrugging his shoulders. "You can't say, I suppose, that you did not give me to understand that pretty plainly on our wedding day."

"Has your treatment of me been in revenge for that?" Yolande asks, with her hands up to her throat to check the suffocating feeling that is oppressing her.

"There is no question of revenge in the matter," he answers, impatiently. "You needn't think quite so vilely of me. You were incensed and deeply hurt at what you so unfortunately overheard that morning—naturally enough, I confess—and you resented it bitterly, as any girl would do, I suppose. There is no more to be said. There is no use in harking back, Yolande. We began wrongly, and we went on worse, and I thought the best thing to do was to cut the Gordian knot of miseries and misunderstandings at once."

"The best for yourself, you mean," Yolande says, frigidly. "Well is there no more to be said, as you say?"

"I don't think there is," Dallas replies, gloomily, but looking at her with a fire in his somber eyes, and slowly dragging his moustache through his fingers—"except that I hope you will forgive me, or try to forgive me, for all the unintentional wrong I have done you."

"Never, until you atone for it!" Yolande says, curiously, and bitterly.

"How can I atone for it?" Dallas asks, in a low tone, moving some books and papers restlessly about on the table.

(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

### MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Hemford, N. S.—"I am the mother of four children and I was so weak after my last baby came that I could not do my work and suffered for months until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Since taking the Vegetable Compound my weakness has left me and the pain in my back has gone. I tell all my friends who are troubled with female weakness to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I think it is the best medicine ever sold. You may advertise my letter."—Mrs. GEORGE L. CROUCH, Hemford, N. S.

#### My First Child

Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimony."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cobourg, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments Peculiar to Women."

### London Woman

DESERTS SOCIETY FOR THE JUNGLE.

LONDON.—"Because I hate society life, the dinners and dances, and the constant striving to wear a prettier dress than the other woman. Some people like it, but I prefer the forest and the camp fire and the rough life."

Such are the reasons given by Mrs. Diana Strickland, a well-known society woman for organizing what she calls "an expedition of adventure and business" that will start soon for Central Africa.

The party will consist of two women, four men, and three hundred native porters. From Boma, on the west coast of Africa, it will make its way on foot through the Bahutu country, which is practically unexplored, through the Ituri Forest to the North-east Congo, then east of Lake Edward, and finally to Kenya.

"We expect to be away for 12 months and shall travel 3,000 miles, all on foot," said Mrs. Strickland. "The expedition is limited to six Europeans on account of the food difficulty, for we have to take it all with us, and this necessitates 50 native porters for each person."

"We hope to trade in ivory and do some prospecting, and we are also making a collection for the New York Zoological Gardens, and hope to get an ox, a giant field hog, and some pigmy elephants."

"We shall be pretty well armed, and even are taking a machine-gun in case of a serious attack. Of that there is little danger. Natives generally attack by stealth and in small numbers."

Keep the flies from your food by using Wire Dish Covers, selling at lowest prices. See our window. BOWRING BROS., LTD., Hardware Department.—July 4th.

### FOR "THE BEST" TONIC you can't beat STAFFORD'S QUININE and IRON TONIC

It is the proper thing to build up the system. Great appetite enlivener.

If you're run down and your appetite is poor, a treatment of this will put you on your feet in a "jiffy."

Price: 40c. Per Bottle.

at  
**Dr. Stafford and Son,**  
Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill.

### Russian Peasants Find Substitutes for Church Ritual.

Moscow, Sept. 7. (A.P.)—Love of ceremony is too human a trait to permit of its abandonment even in Russia in the three principal events of family life, birth, marriage and death. Certain Communist "rites" are therefore finding their way into the family lives of Russian peasants and workmen as a substitute for church ceremonies.

These conclusions are brought out in an article by Leon Trotsky, the Russian war commissar. In some cases they contradict the previous ruling theory among Communists in Russia that, as Trotsky puts it, "the workers' state had disclaimed church ceremony, having announced to its citizens that they had the right to be born, marry and die without any ceremony whatsoever."

"The life of a laboring family is too monotonous for this, and the monotony reacts upon the nervous system," Trotsky writes. "Therefore there is a craving for the church and its ceremonies. The workers' state already has its holidays and processions, its sights and parades, its new symbolic pleasures, and the new state theatre."

Instead of naming their children after some saint, many workmen now are choosing names indicative of revolutionary ideas, or after personages. Octobrists, after the October revolution, and Ninels, which is Lenin's name spelled backward, are two of the new names for girl babies.

In place of christenings there are now "baptizing" inspections of new born babies by factory committees, and special protocols are drawn up including the new comers among the free citizens of the Soviet Republic. The entrance of a pupil into school is also marked by a special holiday in the workers' family, with the participation of trade unions and guilds.

So far as marriages are concerned, Trotsky says "life does not want to content itself with the mere marriage, theatrically unadorned." Cremation is the proper system of disposal of the dead, but there must be ceremonies for "the requirement for outer appearances of feelings is both mighty and lawful."

Trotsky advocates the development of moving pictures as an antidote for both the church and the saloon.

### The "Limejuicer" is an Old Nickname.

Time is every bit as much an avenger as a healer.

To-day English ships may not enter the territorial waters of the United States of America with any intoxicating liquor on board.

American liners are diked, and the U. S. Navy for some years has slaked its official thirst with grape-juice. The Yankee crossing the Western Ocean in a Yankee ship has no hope of a real drink until he sets foot in England.

And yet for more years than most seafaring men can remember the American sailor has, in contempt and derision, nicknamed the English merchant vessel "The Limejuicer," writes R. W. Rees in the London Daily Mail.

The English merchant seaman is not encouraged to drink while he is aloft. He has no ration of rum, like his more fortunate brother in the Navy. Rum is issued to him, in thumbelins, only after really heavy weather and long hours on deck.

But because men who spend long periods at sea without fresh vegetables have a habit of developing scurvy, the Board of Trade decrees that ten days out from port each man shall have a daily ration of limejuice.

Other nations give their men crude wine and other liquors. The Yankee merchantman fell into that category; wherever, whenever he met Jack ashore, he precipitated a fight by making rude remarks about "gold-arned Limejuicers"—or words to that effect.

The name stuck. All the maritime world knows an English merchant vessel, and especially a sailing ship, as a "Limejuicer." And the Yankee seaman, now ground under the heel of Mr. Pussfoot, was our godfather in the matter.

Time, you see, has turned the tables. Not the Red Ensign, but the Stars and Stripes is the limejuice flag to-day. The American seahawk who hankers after his rum and molasses must ship in an English ship. He may get it there. He surely will not on board his own craft. No more will he sing:

The limejuice ship put out to sea—  
To ho, bullets, for 'Frisco!  
And they gave them coffee and gave them tea.  
Which never would do for you and me—

With a hey and a ho for 'Frisco!  
No, I imagine they will not talk much about "Limejuicers" in the near future.

A gelatin sponge is delicious flavored with grape juice and served with boiled custard.

**Keep a Few  
Tins on the  
Pantry Shelf**

The advantage of Purity Brand Condensed Milk lies in its convenience. If you have a few tins in the house you never run out of milk for cooking, coffee or cocoa. And, remember, when using Purity Brand you need not use sugar.

**Borden's  
PURITY  
BRAND  
CONDENSED  
MILK**

### The Sun on Strike.

These are indeed days of woe and lamentation. First the ex-Kaiser's new wife won't play with Willie's frau; then Mussolini refuses to resign; and now the sun has gone on strike. From out the Friendly Arctic, where the little Esquimaux poposes make pile of snow while lying naked and unashamed on bear rugs in the Arctic sunbaths, there is due to arrive sooner or later such a blast of chilly atmosphere as will drive furies through coat coats and make the porcupine's quills crackle through. If these waves arrive in time, they may half-ruin the Canadian wheat crop—so say the prophets of evil. But we feel singularly nonchalant about that, for the crop is well on its way to safety. What worries us more than we like is the idea of having to wear winter clothing during next winter.

The present summer has been more or less wintry, so it would be reasonable to expect that the coming winter will be more or less summery. But no such luck is coming our way. Old Sol, that boulder of the heavens, has joined the Bolsheviks and is out

against humanity and the bourgeoisie. A gentleman from the Smithsonian Institute, who peers at the heavens nightly through a long brass tube with terrible lenses at both ends, says this is so, and it is unthinkable that the man in the street should either challenge or doubt the statement. Are not our street car windows closed all day long on most routes these winter-summer mornings? Do not our home-going public shiver with the chilly breeze when they go home at night? Obviously there is something wrong with the sun. It can be nothing but a sun-strike. It might be a sunspot, but they are out of fashion. A sun-strike is a novelty.

Most people enjoy reading about the weather. It is the sole topic of conversation regarding which nobody ever grows weary—it we may judge from what we hear all around us every day. But with the sun on strike, it is not unthinkable that careful folk will prefer to regard with dubiety a topic that gets so near their own skins. If these icy blasts from an inconsiderate North materialize, there will be nothing left for us to do but meet the moment with a smile, though it is more than like-

ly to be a twisted grin. By way of the behaviour of the squirrels, our principal residential fares during the next few weeks may obtain a natural indication what is likely to occur. They shall be able to economize by hoarding their nuts during the late summer months, and if we are wise—alike market is propitious—we can use up such stores of coal as shall den the heart of the most luxurious furnace-man. Taken all round, however, about to descend upon us may be a blessing in disguise, thing we can rely upon—it is the end of us—that Hudson railway scheme will be shelved all time.—Montreal Star.

It was the first time Richard had seen her, and they were things over.

"So my son has proposed to her," he said, "and you're accepted. I think you might have seen first."

She blushed sweetly as she replied: "I did; but I think I had better not."

"Serve freshly popped corn cream of corn soup."

### How to make your skin fresh and clear



Palm and olive oils—nothing else—give nature's green color to Palmolive Soap

Every woman passes as pretty if only her skin is fresh, smooth and young. It is within the power of every woman to possess this attraction to make her complexion as beautiful as she longs for it to be.

The secret? Cleopatra knew and practiced it in the days of ancient Egypt. She observed a daily ceremonious cleansing. The cleansers she used were the same you may have today, Palm and Olive oils.

These beautifying oils are scientifically blended in famous Palmolive Soap. They give it mildness, wonderful soothing qualities, profuse, creamy and refreshing lather.

Cleansing with Palmolive is a beauty treatment in itself. No woman should say her skin is too sensitive to use soap until she has tried Palmolive.

The attractive green cake, the natural color of the oils, is within the reach of every one who appreciates that cleanliness is the greatest beautifier.

You can buy Palmolive Soap at all first class dealers.

### In the Open Desert

Major Blake, describing some of his adventures on the great attempted Round-the-World Air Flight, writes:—

"On several occasions when we were stranded in the desert, with little or no food, Bovril was most valuable. I recollect one of the latter cold nights in the open desert, when our scanty machine and ourselves had to land miles away from anywhere. We sat huddled up under the machine, waiting for the dawn of a new day, and we drained some Bovril, and one of us

the tanks and heated some of our small supply of water. Then we opened up a Bovril tin, and the machine was thoroughly warmed over and got a lift out of it. I cannot overstate the value of this food to us. I should be extremely loath to undertake a journey of this nature without it."

**BOVRIL**