



An Indispensable Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER IV.
These friendly criticisms are uttered in close confidences with Colonel Majilton, whom Lady Nora tries to keep from being jealous of Major Hutchinson; and she endeavors by a whole network of smiles and jures to keep the audacious Irishman close to her side, and to impress upon him the assurance that Yolande Dormer and her fortune are but "sour grapes." Lady Nora has also the additional duty and care of improving her acquaintance with old Miss Dormer to the degree of confidential friendship delicately toned with condescension.

"For, in case Dallas should find the idea of this girl quite impracticable—and I'm sure I couldn't blame him, prim, spiritless, gawky creature as she is," Lady Nora says, crossly, to herself—"It will never do to be quite tied to those drysalter people."

She has likewise a great many anxious moments watching to see that Dallas and Yolande Dormer pair off together safely, and has besides to reward Mr. Dormer for all his services with smiles and sweet thanks. So, perhaps, after all, her share of the day's anxieties are not so disproportionate to Mr. Dormer's.

At last she is rewarded. "Events are on velvet," as Major Hutchinson says, with a sneer. The rendezvous is the moss-grown old bridge at the head of the valley, overhung by oak trees above the rushing stream down to the Moulin de Naque, a long way below. And here Lady Nora, with her very sweetest maternal air, introduces Dallas to the girlish heiress of "the drysalter people."

"My son, Captain Glynn—Miss Yolande Dormer," she says, with a tender smile divided between them both, as Yolande, tall, slender, nunlike, in her clinging black grenadine and snowy lada muslin scarf, acknowledges the introduction with a schoolgirl bow and a deep, hot blush of schoolgirl consciousness. For, in a moment, she recognizes with a joyful rush and whirl of almost incredulous gladness the "courteous stranger" who opened the cathedral doors for her last night, and whose face and figure she saw for a few minutes in the moonlight.

She hoped in the innermost shrine of her girlish heart—void and inno-

cent of the mystery of love as it is—that she might one day meet with him again—perhaps know him, and be his friend.

He is her ideal of a hero—this broad-shouldered, stalwart, soldierly young fellow, with the proud face and cold, gentle, refined voice and manner. He is something far different from her former heroes of imagination—shadowy creatures of romance and history.

She has not mentioned her brief adventure to Mademoiselle Gantier, confidential and affectionate as that amiable, lively young lady is with her dear pupil.

No doubt Miss Yolande Dormer loses by her maidenly reticence, for mademoiselle could have enlightened her as to the personality of the soldierly-looking young gentleman in the gray tweed suit before she slept that night—could have enlightened her girlish ignorance on a great many other points as well. But Yolande had never spoken of him. She has put away the thought of him until some quiet hour arrives when she shall be all alone, when they go back to England—until some quiet evening when Aunt Keren is gone to drink tea with some of her friends, and Uncle Silas is reading the paper, and Yolande can wander through the espaliered walks of the old garden, lonely and happy with her tender, mournful, girlish fancies.

And now, here, in this lovely place, in the golden afternoon, she has met again—met him, spoken to him, and learned his name—Dallas Glynn—Captain Dallas Glynn! And he does not turn away coldly and distantly after his introduction to her, as she fancied—feared he would. On the contrary, he places himself at her side, and they walk together, through the warm amber lights and tender, emerald shadows of the autumn day, with its glories of color in the purple haze of the fields and woodlands and the yellowing vine leaves on the white cottage walls. The stream runs in music beside them—a soft, rippling sound, as if murmuring of love and gladness.

"What on earth am I to begin to talk to her about?" Captain Glynn is thinking, perplexedly. "I know! Of course—the old church! Well, that will do to begin on; but I can't spin out the cathedral to last all the way down to the mill! Hum! Her school friends? Mademoiselle, her discreet governess? No, by jove! What am I to discourse upon? She never reads a novel, I should think, by the look of her, and I am sure she doesn't go to the theatres or the opera. I should say a church bazaar and attending early services constitute the chief excitements of her existence. I trust

you got home safely last night?" he says, making a conversational plunge.

"Got home?" Yolande has almost forgotten where she is for the time being. She looks up, startled out of her reverie, blushing and smiling nervously. "Oh, yes, thank you! You saw me in the church last evening, didn't you?"

"Yes," he replies, smiling slightly, wondering if she is always shy and stupid as she is now. "Were you afraid you were locked in for the night? Suppose you had been?" he adds, banteringly.

"I should have died or gone mad with terror before morning," she says, excitedly, "but in that great building with those ghostly, white altars and pillars, and all that funeral drapery!" Captain Glynn shrugs his shoulders un sympathetically.

"Hysterical into the bargain," he says, between his teeth. "Unco' guid young women often are, I believe. Let us hope, then, that such a disagreeable catastrophe will never occur," he says, aloud, dryly. "Do you go every evening to pray there? You are a Catholic, I presume?"

"Oh, no," Yolande answers, "I am a Protestant! We are Nonconformists, indeed. Uncle and aunt are at least, and I go to chapel with them. They are Baptists."

"Oh, then you like going to Roman Catholic services as well?" he says, looking puzzled. "I shall be out of my depth in a minute," he thinks, dismayed, "if my little devotee gets me into a tangle of creeds and polemics. I thought Dissenters were—well, bigoted, you know," he goes on, stumbling over his words a little before the wondering, innocent eyes, "and wouldn't go to pray in a Catholic church on any account. You are more liberal minded, I see."

"But one can pray anywhere," rejoins Yolande, seriously. "And why should I not pray in a Roman Catholic church, Captain Glynn? Aunt Keren and Uncle Silas would not, I know," she admits, in a lower tone, looking up at him confidentially; "they don't like me even to go in and listen to the music. But I think that is rather bigoted, and I don't think it is right."

"Come," says Dallas to himself, rather amused—"we have opinions of our own, demure little nun though we look! I don't think it is right, either. You and I quite agree," he says aloud, smiling slightly, and lowering his keen deep-set eyes to gaze into hers, which droop shyly, so that he is not able to get more than a glance at them.

Large, clear, wistful gray eyes they are. A nervous shrinking is perceptible in her manner at the change in his, a faint flush begins to rise in her thin, colorless young face.

They have paused in their walk, and are standing in the shadow of some birch trees, and the brook at their feet has eddied out into a miniature lake, with a miniature, pebbly shore, so he and she are all alone in this quiet, shady nook under the birch trees, by the deep, dark pool, with clusters of the wild mist blossoming purple beneath their feet.

"I shall never forget this day as long as I live," she is saying to her own glad, frightened heart, all astrife with strange emotions.

"Do you often go to pray in the cathedral while mademoiselle goes to see her friend?" he asks again.

"When we go out to walk after dinner up in that quiet old Haute-Ville, and mademoiselle leaves me for a few minutes," falters Yolande, "I go into the church. I am safe there, you know."

"So you are praying while she is sitting?" Dallas says, looking very stern, and thinking all the time what a good joke the whole thing will be to tell some of the fellows after mass. Yolande's pure, childlike face grows suddenly scarlet.

"Oh, no, she isn't! Please don't tell her!" she exclaims, tears of alarm rising to her eyes as she looks up beseechingly at Dallas, who preserves a stony aspect. "He is engaged to her—they have been engaged, I should say, for ever so long! And he is so poor, her friends won't let them be married; and she is so devoted to him—poor mademoiselle!—and, as he is going to Madagascar, she begged me to allow her to meet him a few times. Please don't tell any one, Captain Glynn!"

(To be continued.)

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The Change Cure.

When we get a holiday our one idea is to go away from home. Each of us has a sort of deep-seated feeling that the change is the great thing to refresh him and restore his health, and as a rule the instinct is a perfectly correct one.

The fact is that this instinct is hereditary. The period during which our ancestors were savage hunters wandering over vast tracts of country, with no fixed abodes, was so immensely longer than any estimate of historic time that it affected the whole constitution of man. The habit has left a lasting impress upon every cell and fibre of the human body.

Change is good, even if it is from one bad climate to another. At any rate, the air is different, so is the food, and so is the water. Water plays a much greater part in our lives than most of us imagine.

Even if you do not drink cold water, yet you take it in tea and coffee, in all sorts of cooked foods, even in bread. One of the first points which should be considered in the choice of a spot for making holiday is the water, yet few ever give it a thought.

For a healthy person the more complete the change, the greater the benefit. Those who live all the year round on low ground should go to the hills; those who live by the sea should move inland. A country clergyman living in a sequestered parish will often find that the bustle of a big town refreshes him beyond any other form of holiday.

In some cases the best holiday is found in a change of work.

Youths' Rubber Sole Canvas Shoes; sizes 9 to 13. Brown, 75c. pair; Black 70c. pair. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street.—June 20.

Rumanian Capital City.

MAY BE MOVED TO HERMANNSTADT. Bucharest—Hermannstadt, a city in Transylvania, 160 miles northwest of Bucharest, is being considered as the new capital of Greater Rumania. For a long time many Rumanians have felt that the enormously increased frontiers of the country demanded a capital nearer the Western States of Europe than Bucharest. They want to make of Hermannstadt which in Rumanian is called Sibiu, a sort of executive Washington.

Hermannstadt was founded in the twelfth century, and has been splendidly developed by the Austrians. It is thoroughly modern and has a series of fine, public squares, parks, schools, churches, libraries and theatres. It is much cleaner than any of the cities of Old Rumania, and has a much more healthful climate.

Baby's Skin Troubles
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Apply daily after the bath.

Former Emperor Reluctant to Pay Dutch Tax.

AMSTERDAM, June 12.—(A.P.)—William Hohenzollern is quarrelling with the Dutch over the payment of taxes. He is now engaged in a dispute with the municipal authorities at Doorn over the question of local assessments. The former German emperor refuses to pay, contending that the municipality is not entitled to its demand because he came to Holland under compulsion.

The Doorn city fathers maintain that he came there voluntarily, and have decided to enforce the law with retrospective effect.

The municipal council in Amersfoort, where the former emperor resided the first year of his exile, has not been slow in following up the decision of the Doorn council, and proposes to submit its claim for arrears in taxes.

Men's Black Shoes only \$4.50 at SMALLWOOD'S.—June 29.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

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4405. No buttons or snap fasteners to be considered, easy to adjust so easy to launder—and withal so comfortable and neat. An ideal apron indeed. The Pattern as here shown was developed in figured percale, and trimmed with rick rack braid. This style is good for all apron materials. In damask with pipings of saten or linen in a contrasting color, it will be very pleasing.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE BUT PRETTY FROCK.



4402. Printed voile in blue and tan tones is here shown, with bindings of blue crepe. This is a good model for white or colored lines, also for taffeta and pongee.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 4 1/2 yards of 33 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Why We Grow a First and Second Set of Teeth.

The lower order of creatures are able to produce an almost unlimited number of teeth, fresh ones growing to replace those which have been broken off in some way.

No doubt at some early stage in the world's history, we too possessed this faculty.

With the passing of the ages, however, man, thanks to soft foods, used his teeth less and less, till the necessity for such frequent replacements vanished, and Nature gradually brought us down to our present two sets.

We are born with the rudiments of our real set of 32 permanent teeth in our gums, but with a jaw too small to hold that number. Nature, therefore, provides the child with a temporary set of 20 "baby" teeth, just the number that the child's jaw can conveniently hold, almost ready to break through the gums. As the child grows up, its jaw enlarges, until it is able to hold its real set, and the temporary teeth, having accomplished their purpose, fall out, to be replaced by the permanent set.

The so-called "writings teeth" which some people get are really only a survival of the older scheme of three or more successive series of teeth.

Orange shortcake is delicious when generously spread with whipped cream. The whipped cream might be delicately flavored with orange extract.

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