

X
If you are
below the
mark—
Take **BOVRIL**

**An Indispensible
Favorite
Wealth and Beauty
at Stake!**

CHAPTER VIII.
There is a letter with the family crest on the top of the pile; and Captain Glyne opens it first, reads it, changes color, frowns, and re-reads it. "I shall have to go back to England to-night," he says briefly, "and run up to Pentreath. My uncle is very ill and wishes to see me, and the vicar is extra civil, which I don't understand, and urges me to come. What would you wish to do?" he asks carelessly, tearing open his other letters. "Oh here is one for you, Yolande! Stay here, in any case. I shall come back in any case, in a week or ten days, and you will be all right for society, as the Ormonds and Manstays are here. Not that I care much for Lady Jeannie as a companion for you."
"And I do not care at all for Lady Jeannie," Yolande says, in a voice which she vainly tries to steady. "Couldn't I go back to London and stay with Aunt Keren?"
"Certainly, or come with me to Pentreath, if you don't mind the circumstances—rather gloomy and all that," Dallas answers, with affected indifference, but watching her closely. "Read the viscount's letter for yourself—you see, he says Lady Maria—poor soul!—is worse than usual. She has got a new nurse, or attendant, or some one of that kind."
He hands his wife the open letter, and begins reading another eagerly and with deep interest—a most dainty letter with a narrow mourning border—and so does not notice that Yolande, after hastily reading the viscount's short letter, has hurriedly opened and read the letter he handed to her, and then instantly put it into her pocket. The envelope bears the Pentreath postmark as well as Lord Glyne's letter and the dainty letter with the mourning border.
"Well, how you made up your mind, Yolande?" Captain Glyne asks presently.

**COULD HARDLY
DO ANY WORK**

Since Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound This Woman Feels So Well

Keesville, N. Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly for the good it has done me. I was so much troubled with female weakness I could hardly do any work. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and read it to my husband. He said, 'You had better try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I bought six bottles, and by taking it, I am not troubled as I was. I am gaining strength, and getting fleshy. My female troubles have vanished and I have never felt so well. The Liver Pills are the best I ever took. If you think my letter will encourage other sufferers you have my permission to use it as an advertisement.'—Mrs. Sarah Evans, Box 1772, Keesville, N. Y."

Doing the housework for the average American family is some task, and many women lose their health in so doing. If you, as a housewife, are troubled with backache, irregularities, are easily tired out and irritable, or have other disagreeable ailments, named by some women, get Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. Let it help you.

ently. "You would not care to visit Pentreath just now, I am sure."
"On the contrary," Yolande says in a quiet constrained voice, "I should wish to visit Pentreath just now."
"Oh, very well!" he replied, coldly.
CHAPTER XIV.
"I wonder," Captain Glyne muses, apprehensively, "if there is another scene or unpleasantness of some kind in the air? And yet I hardly think so. Yolande seems to have repented to some purpose of her outbreak on that pleasant wedding day of ours!"
It is a cold, wet spring evening, and he and Yolande have just arrived at Pentreath Place from Paris; and, while he is dressing for dinner, Captain Glyne asks his valet what guests are staying in the house, though he knows quite well already.
Only the Honorable Mrs. Murray and her daughter, the man tells him. They were invited for Easter, but have stayed on since the terrible news of poor Lord Dunavon's death. They will probably stay on now "until the earl is better," the valet says, circumspectly—though every servant in the house knows that the old peer's days are numbered; and, as her lordship, the viscountess, is in such very bad health, Mrs. Murray takes the hostess' place "by her ladyship's desire."
"Ay, and by her own most cherished desire, too," mutters Dallas, with bitter contempt. "A far-sighted schemer that smooth-voiced lady is, as full of guiles as she is full of smiles, as one might say, like Silas Wegg. How could such a mother have a daughter that was not false and treacherous in every fiber of her being?"
He uses his ivory military brushes mercilessly for several moments, and then drops them suddenly, as a suspicion dawns vividly on him for the first time.
"Are they both—mother and daughter—waiting?" he asks himself, slowly. "I know Mrs. Murray was always anxious to hold the reins of government here even as a deputy. But can it be possible that they are waiting now to see Lyulph Glyne an earl and a widower? Is it possible that Joyce would sell herself to a man whom she hates and despises, even to be Countess of Pentreath? No, no; I could never believe it of Joyce, hard and worldly as I know her to be!"
He dresses himself, with his man's assistance, in a dazed and bewildered frame of mind; for the more he thinks of the possibility and probability of his suspicions the stronger they appear, and, when he is ready to go downstairs, he knocks at his wife's dressing-room door, thinking still of Joyce Murray and her fairness and falseness, and of how utterly he will scorn her if she ever wrongs herself so deeply for the sake of wealth and title as to marry Lyulph Glyne, whom he knows she dislikes and despises.
Yolande is waiting for him—she never has to wait for her at any time. She is wearing one of her pretty new dinner dresses—a rich, crimson silk, simply made, perfectly fitting—and her pale face and milk-white throat gleam fair and soft as rose petals from the contrast of rich, deep color.
Glyne's eyes soften and his heart aches with regret as he gazes at her, and he wishes she would smile at him as once she used to do. She is fastening the top button of her long, creamy gloves, and adjusting her gold bangles over them; and she does smile, when she has finished, partly at him, partly at the gloves, because she is pleased with their perfect fit.

"Ready, Yolande?" he asks, gently.
"Quite, thank. We are rather early, I think."
"Yes. But there are probably some guests whom you haven't met," he says, with a slight unsteadiness in his tones, and wincing a little before Yolande's cold, inquiring eyes.
"Yes? Who are they?" with calm indifference.
"Well, you have seen very few of my friends and relatives yet, Yolande," he says, prevaricating.
And she knows he is prevaricating, and her sad heart grows heavier, and the pain of jealous anguish that seldom leaves her makes her feel cold and faint. And then in a moment she grows hot with burning anger against him and his duplicity.
"But that I have been forewarned, I should have met her quite unprepared!" she thinks, trembling, and arming herself with the courage of indignant despair. "But for mademoiselle's spiteful letter, I should not have known whom I was going to meet! Captain Glyne doesn't even like to mention the name of his beloved to a common person like me! She is one of the 'high-bred' gentlewomen' of his acquaintance, and I am only the low-born wife he married for money! My feelings, and the betrayal of them perhaps before every one, do not matter in the least!"
All this passes through her mind while she is picking up her handkerchief and glancing at the "set" of her train in the wardrobe mirror.
"No, that is true," she agrees, deliberately. "Except a very slight acquaintance with your cousin, Viscount Glyne, and your mother, Lady Nora, I know none of your relatives."
And she does not say it as if she were sorry or displeased, or were stating anything but a perfectly unimportant fact. Since her miserable wedding day, it seems as if the very springs of emotion were frozen within her. Before her husband's eyes she compels herself to preserve always the same well-bred, equable-tempered indifference to all things, persons, and places. He would be gratified at this unexpected alteration in the simple-minded, innocent, untrained girl he has married if he were not pained at it. It is like seeing the life crushed out of a glad young being who was happy in her existence before he crossed her path. He guesses dimly at the secret pain she must suffer in this sudden severe training of herself. He never will know in this world what that pain is. His young wife has grown prettier, too, he fancies. The dignities and responsibilities of her new station have had their effect already on mind and body; and, as she has grown stouter, colder, and calmer, so there has come to her the pale, fragile, aesthetic prettiness that is picturesque and fashionable.
The waxen pallor and the delicate violet shadows of the wistful, girlish face are more pronounced than usual this evening, in contrast to the warm crimson of her robe, he thinks, and it touches his heart. For he knows there is a brightness gone out of face and eyes and voice for which nothing can atone.
"I shall have to forgive her all her savage little tempers and uncomplimentary speeches," he thinks, impatiently. "I cannot endure this sort of thing much longer. I can see the poor girl is secretly miserable, and so am I."
(To be continued.)

Aids the digestion
Windsor Table Salt
Purest & Best
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

PUMPKINVILLE.
Last year I stopped at Pumpkinville, while touring in the west; the people there showed kindly skill in casting for a guest. I found the Husbandmen's Hotel a pleasant place to stay; the room was clean, they fed me well, the bill was quite O. K. The citizens were glad to greet the corner of their town; they hoped its praises he'd repeat, and spread its fair renown. And ever since I've told my friends that it's a decent place; my praise of Pumpkinville ascends, as up the road I race. And people come to me and say, "Your counsel filled the bill; we landed, on a summer day, in good old Pumpkinville. They are a cordial bunch of guys, who do that grad in fact; they fed us on the choicest pies, and all things were the best. And now we tell our friends the tale we lately heard from you; they'll seek that village in the vale, and find the story true. Oh, Pumpkinville has many charms that should inspire a poem; she welcomes guests with open arms, and makes them feel at home." Such advertising is the best that any town can gain; to skin the tourist and the guest is neither safe nor sane.

Suzanne Talks by Radio to Tennis Fans Abroad.

LONDON—Miss Suzanne Lenglen, the famous lawn tennis star, recently entertained hundreds of thousands of "listeners-in" with a piquant talk about herself and her habits. In winning French manner she tripped from one thing to another, and surprised her unsexed audience with her command of English. She told her admirers how she kept her stockings up in play, why she sometimes cried on the court, what it is like to be a champion at Wimbledon, and what a false legend it was which depicted her as a slave of her father, who was really very kind and patient.
"I am so very pleased to have a chance of speaking to you," said Suzanne with a charming French accent. "When I play at Wimbledon, where thousands of people may be looking, I cannot talk with you. Now I understand I am talking to thousands. How nice it is to be in England. I have great love for this country because my great grandmother was English."
"I like to give you to-night some hints about myself, as I understand you all talk about me and are curious about my stockings. How do I keep them up? I role a piece of elastic round twice. I hope the gentlemen will not be shocked."
"Sometimes I feel a little sick. Then you cannot do yourself justice, so I retire from the court. This is allowed, but I am laughed at that I feel faint and I cry. I do not, but I have just dust in my eye. I do not cry because I am behind in the score; they cannot believe I am ever ill, so I cry."

Traffic Problem.

COSTS LONDON MANY MILLIONS.
LONDON.—Twenty million pounds annually is thrown to the winds as the result of traffic delays and congestion on the streets of London, according to experts in the art of statistics. This huge sum, which is said to be a conservative estimate, is sufficient, however, to arouse the indignation of many London newspapers, and to open a campaign against the present plight of the street traffic.
The members for London in the House of Commons have agreed to take the matter up and present a bill designed to regulate all classes of traffic in the city.
The most difficult problem in London is that of the omnibus and other heavy motor lorries. There are about 3,700 passenger buses in operation in the city, and the number is steadily increasing. The congested traffic has caused a considerable loss to the bus owners, as it is impossible for the machines to make any speed through the mass of other vehicles. The situation is becoming worse according to the newspapers, and it now takes a bus three minutes longer to traverse the Strand, about a half mile in length, than it did six months ago.
A report shows that 53,000 vehicles pass Hyde Park corner every twelve hours beginning at eight o'clock in the morning, while Piccadilly Circus accounts for 43,200 and Trafalgar Square for 41,000.
At the present time only in the City of London proper, an area of less than a square mile, is heavy traffic prohibited on some of the main streets any class of vehicle may wan-

**SMALLWOOD'S
Big SHOE SALE**



- We offer Big Values in Girls' Solid Foot-wear.
- CHILD'S GREY CLOTH TOP LACED BOOTS**—Sizes 6, 7 and 8. Only . . . \$2.00 the pair.
 - CHILD'S BLACK KID LACED BOOTS**—Sizes 6, 7 and 8. Only . . . \$2.00 the pair.
 - CHILD'S SOLID BROWN CALF BOOTS**—Only . . . \$3.00 the pair.
 - CHILD'S GREY TOP BOOTS**—Only . . . \$2.50 the pair.
 - CHILD'S BROWN LACED BOOTS**—With Brown Cloth Top. Only \$2.80 pair.
 - CHILD'S PATENT VAMP LACED BOOTS**—With Champagne Top. Sizes 6, 7, & 8. Only . . . \$2.00 the pair.
 - GIRLS' SOLID HIGH CUT BOOTS**—Sizes 11, 12, 13, 1 and 2. Only \$3.10 pair.

**Extra Special
IN MEN'S BOOTS**

- MEN'S DARK TAN LACED BOOTS**—Only . . . \$4.50 the pair.
- MEN'S FINE BLACK KID LACED BOOTS**—Only . . . \$5.00 the pair.

F. Smallwood
THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.
July 27, 1923

Keep Baby Outdoors

There's nothing like plenty of outdoor air to keep Baby in glowing health. And there's nothing like his carriage to keep him healthy outdoors.

**JUST RECEIVED ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF
BABY CARRIAGES
PULLMAN SLEEPERS
AND SULKIES.**

COME IN AND SEE THEM.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.
Complete House Furnishers.

Telegram Fashion Plates

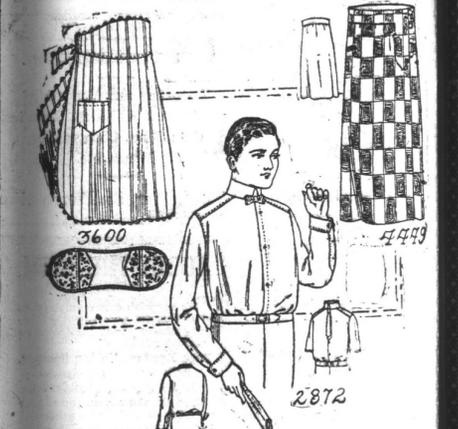
The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of useful patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



A PRETTY HOUSE OR PORCH FROCK.
4270. Checkedingham in brown and white in here illustrated. It is trimmed with white pique. Figured voile or percale will also be good for this model. Taffeta or tub silk would be very pleasing, with stitching or embroidery for trimming.
The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. To trim as illustrated requires 3/4 yard of 36 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A CHIC LITTLE DRESS.
4421. Foulard in tan and blue was used for this model. It makes an ideal warm-weather dress, with its simple sleeveless lines. The back over laps the fronts in shoulder extensions. A sash of bon or a stridle of silk will form pretty finish.
The dress is cut in 3 Sizes: 14 and 20 years. A 16 year size requires 4 yards of 32 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is yards.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE GROOMING GIRL.
4288. Blue wool jersey embroidered in colors, or green taffeta with pings and vest of pongee in a matching shade will be pretty for this model.
The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



TWO PRACTICAL KITCHEN ESSENTIALS.
Pattern 3600 supplies these models in One Size: Medium. For the Apron one may use percale, madras, gingham, seersucker, drill or cambric. It will require 1 1/2 yard.
For the Oven Cloth, unbleached muslin, denim or drill would be suitable for the foundation, and cretonne or gingham for pockets and facings. An interlining of asbestos is very desirable. A yard of 36 inch material will be required.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL MODEL.
2872. Here is a popular shirt style, good for madras, cambric, muslin, silk, flannel or khaki. The fronts are closed in coat style. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a cuff, or in elbow length without the cuff.
The Pattern is cut in 11 Sizes: 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18 and 18 1/2 inches neck measure. A 16 inch size requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A NEW "WRAP" SKIRT.
4448. This model has the belt slightly raised waistline. It is excellent for a sports or separate skirt and will develop well in all types of materials, and in serge, broad cloth, linen and other wash fabrics.
The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 27, 29, 31, 33, and 35 inches waist measure. A 29 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 54 inch material. The width at the foot is 1 1/2 yard.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

LOBSTER LIFTING.
The biggest catches of lobsters are made along the East Coast. At the Norfolk fishing stations about forty thousand lobsters are landed during the season. As many as five hundred have been sold at Whitty in one day.
The biggest lobster, however, are those taken on the Scottish coast as far north as Lewis and Harris. Here they succeed in a Channel, according to the Exchange and Calais at night, swimming nearly sixty miles in less than the three hours. Capt. W. August 24th, 1923, on September 1st, subsequently going to swim the Falls.
MR. OUTRAGES DUBBED bomb attack.

ONE UP!
A popular comedian was a victim in a suit for slander, and the opposing counsel said: "You are an idiot, I believe?"
"Yes," replied the comedian.
"Is not that a low calling?"
"I don't know; but it's a lot better than my father's that I rather proud of it."
"What was your father's?"
"He was a lawyer," said the comedian.

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