

**"DUNLOP"**The World's Most  
Envied Tire

Record Mileage—Faultless Anti-skid

An Indispensable  
FavoriteOR  
Wealth and Beauty  
at Stake!

## CHAPTER VII.

"Your Aunt Sargent has come, Yolande," she says, sharply, without a trace of her French accent, "and Mr. Sargent is coming down from town with your uncle and Viscount Glynn, and—Clie!—that parlor maid has as much notion of her duties as a Pata-gonia! I really don't believe," the quondam Miss Glover says, impressively, to mark her sense of the parlor maid's crass and deplorable ignorance, "that she knows what a menu is! I am positive she did not know what those new fanholders were for!"

"I dare say not," admits Yolande, quietly, but reddening a little. "We never had such a thing as a menu on our dinner table until a very short time ago, when we grew rich!"

"Hush! you, indeed, dear?" mademoiselle says, gratified to see that Yolande is blushing crimson every moment.

"Is Viscount Glynn really coming down to dinner with Uncle Silas and Cousin Wilmot?" Yolande asks, incredulous, and fairly trembling with mingled fear and indignation. "I did not know that uncle had any acquaintance with Viscount Glynn till that day we met him at the picnic. How did you hear of it, mademoiselle?"

To Yolande's simple mind mademoiselle seems to possess an amount of actual omniscience. It never once dawns on the girl's trustful soul that the old-fangled Bellis Glover announces results before they are accomplished, jumps hastily to desirable conclusions, and, when a lie can fill a gap in any piece of information, always neatly fills it.

"Miss Dormer had a telegram half an hour ago," mademoiselle replied, with a mysterious smile. "Besides, I am not in the least astonished, ma chere. I quite believed, from something he said to me, that he would likely soon to renew the acquaintance with your family."

She sees that Yolande's white eyelids are drooping considerably, and she is hanging her head and blushing like a rose in June, and the sneer on mademoiselle's long, thin

mouth and in her hard, light eyes grows very pronounced.

"What did he say, mademoiselle?" Yolande asks, laughing a little, though she trembles with agitation.

"I mustn't tell!" Miss Bella replies, with a discreet shake of the head.

"But I am not at all surprised he is coming here, cherie. The viscount is a thoroughly sensible man of the world and a man of the highest principles, and sense of honor." She says this with the severity of decision of one who has known him from his years of infancy and thoroughly comprehends the innermost workings of a noble mind.

"Yes!" innocent Yolande says, drinking it all in, and listening to the oracle with parted lips and eager eyes. "Do you think he is a nice, kind man, mademoiselle? Really, I did not quite like him," she adds, remorsefully.

"He is a gentleman, my dear," mademoiselle replies, in a tone that admits of no doubt whatever. "But I am not sure that le Beau Capitaine will be here this evening, I think not."

The viscount will prefer to make his first visits without him, you see, the young woman continued. "It is a serious matter when an aristocratic and noble family like the Pentreaths contemplate a marriage alliance. There must be certain formalities of etiquette observed, the same as if you were going to marry one of the blood royal!"

He is a fairy prince, you know, and are a great heiress, so it is much the same thing!

"Don't be so absurd, mademoiselle!" Yolande says, angrily, turning away hot and offended.

Mademoiselle's whole speech has indeed been an elaborate sneer dictated by the rancorous envy of her sordid nature against her generous, indulgent employers and her affectionate young pupil. Her words have insulted the girl's pride and delicacy, and roused her temper.

"I must go in and speak to Aunt Sargent," she says, trying to recover herself.

"I did not intend to displease you," mademoiselle says, in a melancholy voice; "but I really do not think that Captain Glynn will come with the viscount."

Yolande blushed more hotly and angrily than ever at the insinuation of the cause of her displeasure.

"I am quite sure he will not," she rejoins, trying to laugh it off carelessly. "He is not in London all this time, you know. Besides, he told me he should go down to Wales at once; he had so much to do in canvassing for his cousin's election. He is at Pentreath hard at work by this time, I dare say."

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In the large drawing-room at Pentreath Palace, a huge, grand, and gloomy apartment, which, however, is looking its best just now with a couple of inland Japanese screens making a cosy circle of firelight and warmth around the great marble hearth, and in the ruddy glow, there is a picturesque merry party of young men and girls enjoying afternoon tea. They have just returned from a long mountain excursion, and now, chaperoned by a couple of gay matrons in the most charming of silk tea gowns and conical caps, are refreshing themselves before going to dress for dinner.

Poor, weakly, low-spirited Lady Marks is not present; so there is nothing to mar the general good humor and gaiety.

Some of the young men are leaning on the dairy maid-carved wooden rocking-chairs, a delicious innovation among the grim old-fashioned grandeur of the Pentreath furniture, and entirely due to the influence of

the Honorable Mrs. Murray, who is Lady Maria Glynn's aunt. And in the prettiest rocking-chair, all blue satin and gilded wicker-work, reclines pretty Joyce Murray, with her ruffled, golden hair laid daintily back and her half-closed blue eyes glistening witchery through their dazy lashes at the young man who is lying on the rug at her feet.

"You lazy mortal!" she says, mischievously putting on the tip of one little foot and touching him with it. "One is awfully tempted to tread you under foot and crush you into fragments, Dallas! Do you hear me, or have you fallen asleep? If so, prepare to be trodden under foot and annihilated."

Dallas Glynn looks up at her without raising his head, which is leaning on his hand; and at the tender look the coquettish blue eyes fill suddenly, and Joyce sways back in her chair with a slight flush and smile. He draws a little nearer, looking up at her still.

"Trample me, Dear feet, that I have followed through the world, And I will pay you worship; tread me down, And I will kiss you for it!" he whispers; and then Dallas Glynn stoops and kisses the dainty footed foot.

"It is thoughtless of you, Joyce," her mother says, half an hour later, when they were dressing for dinner—"so thoughtless, so positively wrong of you! You are giving the man very good cause to say you treated him badly! He is handsome, gentlemanly, agreeable, and all that but utterly detrimental, as you know quite as well as I do."

"And he knows it, too!" laughs Joyce, carelessly. "My dear mother, it's a case of

"I saw Beau kissing Kate—The fact is that we all saw; I saw Beau, he saw me, And Kate saw I saw Beau!"

"Is that a music-hall song, Joyce?" the Honorable Mrs. Murray asks, looking scandalized.

"I dare say it is," replied Joyce, coolly, fastening her necktie.

"My dear child," her mother goes on, almost beseechingly, "mischievous mischief will come of this—mischievous and trouble. Mind, I warn you, Joyce! You are going too far in flirting with Dallas Glynn, when you know, and he knows, you say, that you can never be anything more to each other. I don't believe he thinks so—men are such foolish, selfish, thoughtless creatures when they are in love; and if he chooses to consider himself your lover, and you get yourself talked about with him, Joyce, you will lose your chance forever of being Lady Dunavon, as you can easily be—"

"Pooh! An Irish peer who intends setting up as a model landlord in the 'distressed country!' Joyce interposes scornfully, with a delicious little flavor of brogue.

"He has six thousand a year and that charming house at Glenahinch," her mother urges, growing sterner.

"A shooting lodge!" Joyce retorts, with her saucy, dimpled chin up-turned.

(To be continued.)

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Cuticura Talcum  
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After a warm bath with Cuticura Soap there is nothing more refreshing for baby's tender skin than Cuticura Talcum. If his skin is red, rough or irritated, anoint with Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for all babies' uses.

See Dr. J. C. Russell and his wife, who have used Cuticura Talcum for many years, and who have written to the Cuticura Company, St. Paul, Minn., U.S.A., saying: "Cuticura Soap and Talcum are the best I have ever used for my baby's skin."

## Maxims for the Married.

From Books of To-day and To-morrow

"You ought to feel flattered if another man shows appreciation of your wife's charms. It reflects credit on your judgment. Besides women thrive on admiration."

"The world is full of men who want something for nothing. Steer clear of them."

"Be tolerant. It is a virtue that never fails."

"If your husband has tea with a woman he knew long before he met you, tell him you hope she'll call on you. She won't, but he'll think how wonderful you are."

"Don't imagine that, because you're married, it doesn't matter how you dress. Men have a weakness for pretty things, and a horrid habit, if they can't get them at home, of going in search of them, and, what's more, finding them."

"A woman who criticizes her wife to you is a cat. Cut her."—The Book of a Bachelor, by Duncan Swan.

The Art of Wearing Clothes.

"Men in love are not generally very reticent, especially Englishmen in love. The reticence of Englishmen is as much an illusion as the good manners of Frenchmen."

"He shook both my hands; and he held them a little while in that pathetic attempt at tenderness which sometimes overtakes Englishmen when they are eager to go and do something else."—These Charming People, by Michael Arlen.

"There are women who can no more help making eyes than they can help having eyes."—Time is Whispering, by Elizabeth Robins.

"It is one thing to determine to turn one's back on love; but having turned the back, it is terribly difficult to refrain from looking over one's shoulder."—Salwyn Brothers, by F. E. Mills Young.

"Lydia contrived to look well-dressed, having early in her career discovered that the putting on of clothes is more than half the battle. Wear rags with enough of an air, a style, conviction, and you may boldly take the social field."

"To put it vulgarly, if man does not spend himself doing his perpetual best to tick Nature into shape, she'll slap him off the face of this round earth very effectually, and finally expunge him."—The Survivors, by Lucas Malet.

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## MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS

PRICES THAT COUNT ON THE THINGS YOU NEED!

## TOILET GOODS.

Cuticura Soap . . . . .35c.  
Palmolive Soap . . . . .12c.  
Palmolive Powder . . . . .30c.  
Luxor Vanishing Cream . . . . .75c.  
Baby Talcum Powder . . . . .10c.  
Luxor Cold Cream . . . . .75c.  
Eyebrow Pencil . . . . .49c.  
Pond's Vanishing and Cold Cream . . . . .50c.  
Dressing Combs . . . . .19c. to 75c.  
Powder Puffs, each . . . . .15c. to 19c.

## NOTIONS.

Embroidery Hoops . . . . .15c. to 25c.  
Hair Rolls . . . . .19c. to 23c.  
Marcel Wavers . . . . .19c.  
Collar and Cuff Sets . . . . .49c.  
Kurley Kews . . . . .15c.

## UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Strap Vests, 19c. to 59c.  
Ladies' 1/2 Sleeve Vests, 39c.  
Camisoles, Each, 49c. to \$1.25  
Good Suits . . . . .49c.  
Nightdresses, . . . . .98c. to \$1.98

## Hosiery for Everyone.

Mercedized Hosiery, in assorted colors. Per Pair . . . . .69c. to 98c.  
Silk Hosiery, all colors. Per Pair, . . . . .75c. to \$1.49  
Special in Brown and Black Cotton. 3 Pairs for . . . . .49c.  
Children's Sox. Per Pair, 29c. & 49c.  
Children's Hosiery in Black and Brown. Per Pair . . . . .29c.  
Boys' Wool Socks. Per Pair 75c. to . . . . .85c.

## CORSETS.

Ladies' Corsets, low bust. Per Pair, \$1.49  
Children's Ferris Waists. Each, 69c.  
Babies' Bands. Each, 69c.

## SWEATERS.

Balkan Jacket, Tuxedo and slip-over style. All new colors. Each, \$2.49 to \$6.49

## SHOES.

White Canvas Shoes, rubber heel attached; all sizes and styles. Per Pair, \$2.25 to \$2.80  
Ladies' Brown and Black Shoes in Strap and Oxford styles. Per Pair, \$3.98  
Tennis Shoes, in Brown, Black and White.  
Child's. Per Pair . . . . .98c.  
Ladies' . . . . .\$1.89  
Men's . . . . .\$1.49  
Misses' . . . . .\$1.85

## SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

Here's a John D. Rockefeller golf story. I got it from a friend of David R. Forgan, the well-known Chicago banker, who was born and brought up in Scotland (and Canada). Mr. Forgan was playing in a threesome on an Augusta, Ga., course some winters ago, when Mr. Rockefeller "cut in" at the seventeenth hole, to complete his regular nine holes' allowance, just as Mr. Forgan and his friends reached the tee. Although none of them knew him personally, they at once recognized him and told him "Go ahead, Mr. Rockefeller."

"No," replied the aged old king, "I'm in no hurry, and I have no right." And he sat down on the bench. Mr. Forgan drove his ball and then also sat down.

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## \$1,000 Worth of Enamel and Tinware

Gréy Enamel Preserving Kettles. Each 49c. to \$1.79  
Aluminum Saucepans, asstd. sizes. Each 65c. to 98c.

Enamel Kettles. Each . . . . .59c. to \$1.49  
Nickel Kettles. Each . . . . .\$3.49 to \$4.25  
Bright Tin Milk Pans; asstd. sizes. Each . . . . .6c. to 39c.  
Comfort Pie Pans. Each . . . . .17c. to 25c.  
Jelly Roll Pans. Each . . . . .27c.

Frying Pans. Each . . . . .15c. to 75c.  
Pure Aluminum Boilers. Each 98c. to \$2.98  
Flat Bottom Tin Kettles. Each 49c. to 79c.

## Ginghams

Dress-Ginghams. Per yard 39c.  
Fancy Volles, assorted shades—Reg. 49c. per yard . . . . .22c.

## Voiles

Shirting, English Tongcloth—Per Yard, 19c. to 39c.

## Curtain Scrim.

In plain and fancy border. Per Yard 19c. to 59c.

## Blue Serge.

36 inches wide. Yard 59c.

## Quilt Cotton.

Floral design, large pieces. Per Pound 49c.

## Soiled Cotton.

Large pieces, mostly dark shades. Per Pound 57c.

## Ladies' Gloves.

In Brown and Grey. Per Pair 49c.

## Lime Brushes.

Each . . . . .29c.

## Wash Boards, wooden frame, riveted on both sides.

Each 59c.

## Toilet Paper. 3 Rolls for . . . . .25c.

Men's Light Summer Caps. Each 98c.

## Children's Blue Lustre Jack Tar Reefers.

Each \$2.49.

## Whisk Brooms. Each . . . . .29c.

## Colorite, 16 shades.

Per Bottle 29c.

## Sultana Hat Dye, all shades—

Per Bottle 25c.

## Men's Dress Shirts, Silk Stripe—

Each \$3.50

## Fibre Suit Cases, bound corners, strong grip and lock.

Each \$1.98 to \$3.98.

## Men's Pants.

Men's all Wool-Tweed Work Pants, sizes up to 8. Per Pair \$2.98

## Men's Overalls.

Men's Blue Denim Overalls, extra good quality. Per Pair \$1.49

## Household Notes.

Keep on hand in the refrigerator a jar of simple sugar syrup to use for making cold fruit drinks. Punches are smoother and richer when made with this syrup.

Try cooking string beans in olive oil in an open pan. First boil them until tender in salted water, drain, heat in the oil and season with salt, pepper and a little vinegar.

With a cupful of cream, stiffly beaten mix three ripe bananas, put through a ricer, sweeten to taste, chill and serve in sherbert glasses, sprinkled with a little grated chocolate.

To a quart of apricots put through a sieve add a pint of water, the juice of two lemons and an orange, and a cupful of powdered sugar. Add water and serve with cracked ice.

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## Boys' Shop News.

Boys' Balbriggan Underwear, per garment . . . . .79c.

## Boys' Fawn Rain Coats with all round belt, each \$4.98

Boys' Panama Hats with black band, each . . . . .\$1.25

Boys' Sport Shirts, each . . . . .\$1.49

Boys' Sport Pants, per pair . . . . .98c.

## Children's Gingham Dresses.

Each \$1.98

## Celluloid Girdles.

Each 29c. to 49c.

## Men's Silk Ties.

Each 49c.

## Shopping Bags.

Each 19c. to 59c.

## Ladies' Collars.

In the popular Bertha and Tut styles. Each 79c. to \$1.79

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