

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

Miles Sheridan Is Baffled By the Unassuming Manner of Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelievably innocent, is impersonating her beautiful half-sister, **Julius Divine**—known as the Million Dollar Doll—whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry.

Miles Sheridan, Terry's "Dream Prince," furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child. His wife is making him wretched with her infidelity and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him. Julius is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry, who is an exquisite counterpart of herself, to take her place.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is deeply in love with

Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian.

Eustace Natio, a wealthy Greek, who does not know of Terry's relationship to Julius, is in love with the younger girl.

Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant, is Terry's maid on board the yacht. Her early disapproval of "The Million Dollar Doll" is swiftly disappearing under the influence of Terry's childish charm. But Miles, "the Prince," is cold and hostile. He has no desire to be friendly with this notorious young person, in whom he does not recognize the little girl he befriended so long ago. A storm comes up and Terry is frightened until Miles appears.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Prince's Solicitude.

"I heard you'd hurt yourself today," he said, pausing in the doorway. "You sprained your ankle, didn't you?"

No longer had the girl to strive for courage. She felt no fear at all. Miles had come. He looked almost kind. He was here on purpose to ask how she was.

"Oh no, I didn't sprain my ankle, thank you," she answered cheerfully. "It was only a little wrench. I shall be all right tomorrow. This yacht isn't much of a place for invalids—with no doctor on board. I suppose I must be an optimist, not to carry one. We've had one casualty today. I'm glad you don't call yourself an optimist."

Delicate Girls Need New Blood

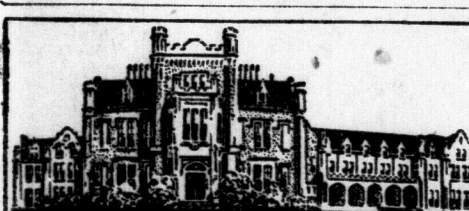
Rich, Red Blood Means Health and Strength

The anaemia of young girls may be inherited, or it may be caused by bad air, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insufficient out-of-door exercise, and not enough rest and sleep.

It comes on gradually, beginning with languor, indisposition to mental and bodily exertion, irritability, and feeling of fatigue. Later comes the paleness of the face, headaches, dizziness following a stooping position, frequent headaches, and breathlessness. In a majority of cases constipation is present. There may be no great loss of flesh, but usually the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow color.

Cases of this kind, if neglected, become more serious, but if taken in time there is no need to worry. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are free from any harmful or habit-forming drug, are just the tonic needed to remedy this wretched state of health. Though it is not noticeable, improvement begins with the first dose. As the blood is made rich, the pallor leaves the face, strength and activity gradually return, and the danger of relapse is very slight.

If any symptom of anaemia appears, prudence suggests that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be given at once, and the sooner they are taken the more speedily will their action improve the blood. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail, at 50 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Adv.



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How To End the Vacation Wrong



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I IS FELT SO DEAD BROKE -- I JES' NOW SEED A MAN COUNT OUT TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!



"Why, I—I never heard much about religion at home," Terry confessed. "My father came of a Catholic family. He wasn't a Catholic himself, or anything at all; yet he wouldn't let mother bring me up in her church. I just thought out a religion for myself."

"You see, one felt as if one had to do it—the convent garden was so sweet, and quiet—and I'd always loved gardens! The stars looked so lovely, too, and put thoughts into one's head."

"I don't believe, though, Mr. Sheridan, that you really want to know about my religion. You are only making a little fun of me."

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Monday's installment, Miles makes a promise to himself.

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School re-opens September 11.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE D'ALROY.

ON KISSING.

ALL WOMEN yield their lips. Eventually, But only **THOUGHTLESS** women Yield them easily; For a **KISS** on the cheek May be a tap on the **DOOR**; But when a woman Surrenders her **LIPS** She has handed over the **KEY**. All women should **GUARD** their lips, Because not **EVERY** man Can keep his **MOUTH SHUT**. Men that kiss unintelligently Are **DESPISED**;

Those who do it **WELL** Are **SUSPECTED**. **SOME** men kiss too long, Some too **little**; Some too **STRONG**, And **MOST** men, too **MUCH**; For a kiss, to give **SATISFACTION**, Should never **SATISFY**. Of course, there are **Kisses** and **kisses**. In courtship A kiss is a **COCKTAIL**, In **MARRIAGE**, It is a **DEMI-TASSE**!

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The Young Chuck Is Badly Scared By Bowser the Hound

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The old stone wall with the bushes growing along it on the edge of the Old Orchard is a blessed place. At least that is the way the little people of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest think of it. In its time it has saved the lives of many, many little people. Probably no other place anywhere has seen so many narrow escapes as the old stone wall. Peter Rabbit, Striped Chipmunk, Chatterbox the Red Squirrel, Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, Johnny and Polly Chuck, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, and the children of all these have learned to call that old stone wall blessed.

The young Chuck who had run away to see the Great World is one of these. It saved his life the very first time he saw it. He had turned the corner of Farmer Brown's barn and come face to face with Black Pussy the Cat. With his back to the barn, he had made himself look very



awful looking teeth, and from that great mouth was coming that dreadful noise.

The young Chuck forgot that he was big and bold and brave and afraid of nothing. It seemed to him that his heart actually turned right over with fright. My, you should have seen his legs go! But a young Chuck's legs are short, and though he may make them go very fast, he cannot get over the ground as such long legs as those of Bowser the Hound can. The worst part of it was the young Chuck knew of no place to go. The only thing he could do was to run until he was caught.

The great jaws of Bowser were almost at the tip of the young Chuck's tail when he came to the old stone wall. Fortunately for him there was an opening between two big stones just in front of him. He dived into it, and he heard Bowser's jaws snap together just as he pulled his tail in after him. Once more he was safe! But he no longer felt big and bold and brave and fearless and boastful. So it was that the young Chuck learned to call the old stone wall blessed.

The next story: "The Young Chuck Finds a Friend."

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper this new waterproof face powder for girls is great stuff, now maybe we can sell some face soap again, and take a letter to the Blackstone Brothers Law Library, Lita-gashen, Illinois. Colon dash paragraph. Oh yes Gentlemen.

Your letter with the picture of the man with a headache pointing his finger at me demanding how do I expect to succeed without a knowledge of the law domestic and international on which all business intercourse is founded comma do I know the responsibilities of a notary public semicolon and how often have I signed a note for a friend in a moment of needless good fellowship adding that I will have to act today if I am going to get your law library for \$97 has been received paragraph.

Well sir no I guess we better say well gentlemen now that you mention notary public I happen to be one and I can tell you that a notary public's chief responsibility is swearing to income tax statements and automobile licenses for friends who have no change and if you count up my moments of needless good fellowship by the number of notes I have indorsed you will find me a vigilant recluse semi-colon besides which the fact that I was hit in the park by a coal truck losing a wheel one fender and part of my crank case and modern legal procedure collected fifty dollars damages for me at the moderate cost of a hundred and ten bucks, makes me more than glad that your kind offer to sell me your library for \$97 expires today period. Yours for leaving litigation be.

The Supremacy Emporium, Inc. D. D.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

POLLYS PURPLE BEADS.

"Polly, dear, I like to see you taking an interest in clothes, and I do love the pretty orchid evening gown you're so devoted to of late, but I am tired of picking up purple beads everywhere I go," sighed Polly Anderson's chum one afternoon, as she picked up bits of colored chins from the rug.

Polly laughed. "That's the trail of my aura!"

"Aura nonsense! And, besides, they don't have trails, they have merely depth. I've been reading some very learned book about the human atmosphere by a person who has almost all the letters of the alphabet after his name, and he has pictures of your aura in his articles. They have no trails, Polly, my dear."

"All right. Have it your way. Anyway, I am known by my wake of purple beads, am I not?"

As usual, Polly had the final word. The orchid gown trimmed so heavily in tiny purple beads was a venture with her, and it amused her to have it attract so much attention.

Somewhere in an essay on colors she had read that the mauve and purple shades were mental stimulants, and with no further excuse or motive than that in her whimsical mind, she had searched the town for a gown in which should blaze forth those shades. "For I shall be mentally stimulated—I shall," she said to herself on that occasion.

She had felt herself getting into a rut for months. Nothing was any fun. Nothing amused her. She seemed subnormal spiritually. And she had happened to see this little essay on colors. It had appealed to her and she had bought the gown in which were all the tones of purple. Now it was shedding its beads everywhere she went, and she was being amused by the result. No doubt she would have been equally well entertained if the beads had been green.

One morning she was casting her eyes casually over the lost and found column of her daily paper. She liked to read them. She stopped suddenly, her eyes fairly glued to a small inset. FOUND—Numerous small purple beads, evidently the tones of a gown, may have same by matching them for identification.—A. N.

What if they should be my purple beads? thought Polly. Then she scoffed at the idea. Who would be so silly as to advertise common china beads he had found?

But her interest and curiosity were aroused, and she replied to the advertisement and inclosed a dozen of the small trimmings in order to prove possession.

"Well—I have stimulated my interest in the everyday life, anyway," she said to herself as she felt a positive thrill at the sight of the postman again.

A small package addressed to her was handed to her by the mail carrier. Polly opened it eagerly. There, on a bed of white cotton in a small jeweler's box were dozens of her little purple beads. She looked on the wrapper. "Arthur Norton, College Heights."

"College Heights? Where is there such a place? Not in this town, I know. Anyhow, did my beads get out of town?" All these questions tumbled through Polly's mind.

She looked at the postmark and found that the town was a small university town not far from where she lived. But who was Arthur Norton? Where did he get the beads and why did he advertise for the owner of anything so valueless?

Nevertheless, she put the box of beads aside and proceeded to recall the names of everyone she had ever met from the university town. She had not been to a hop or a fraternity dance since she had worn the gown. Otherwise it might

have been a prank of some of her student friends.

Trying to be entirely indifferent as to the answer, she asked her chum one afternoon, when they were together if she knew any Arthur Norton.

"Why—no. What makes you ask?"

"Nothing, specially. I happened to think I knew someone by that name and yet I could not place him. Perhaps it is someone I've read—some writer," fibbed Polly glibly.

The girls compared notes and found they were both invited to a dance at one of the fraternity houses at the university the following month.

"Let's go," said Polly. "It's ages since we've been to one. I know the boys bore you, Lil, and they do me, but they can dance. You'll have to grant them that, and I know of nothing more exciting to do."

"All right," said Polly. "I'll go."

Polly had a premonition that she ought to wear her purple frock. It was her habit to have a new dancing gown for such occasions, but she seemed to want to wear the beaded orchid chiffon. She didn't quite admit it to herself, but this was the real reason for her going to the dance at all—to find out if there was such a person as Arthur Norton in the college town.

The men with whom the girls were to go to the dance had arranged to meet them at the train and take them to the fraternity house, where they were to stay with a number of other out-of-town girls.

They were scarcely inside the door of the fraternity house when the stranger who was with was stopped by a friend.

"Hello, Norton, coming tonight of course?" asked Polly's companion.

"Rather," replied the stranger. He had not noticed Polly.

Polly, accustomed at least to a glance from most male eyes, was a trifle piqued when the stranger passed on. "Who was that?" she asked, softly, the name having caught her ear.

"Oh—that Prof. Norton, the new professor of applied psychology. A bit of a nut, perhaps, but quite all right. He'll be at the dance."

Surely he could not be Arthur Norton, argued Polly to herself.

That night when Prof. Norton was presented to her and she saw his splendid gray eyes fall on the designs of purple beads all over her shimmering gown she knew it was he.

"But—" he began.

Polly stopped him while she got into step. "Don't ask me now. I'd rather wait a minute. Isn't it funny?"

The two danced for a couple of moments in silence, wondering at the rhythm. The music suddenly caught them up together.

"Now tell me," said Polly, looking up at him. You are Arthur Norton and you did send me the beads, but—where did you get them and why did you advertise?"

He explained that in the beginning it had been a joke. One of the men from his house had been visiting in Polly's town, had picked up the beads here and there during the course of a dance, for fun, had pulled them out of his dinner coat pocket and dared Norton to advertise for the owner. There the subject had dropped between the men, but unknown to anyone he had sent in the advertisement. "With this result," he began.

"Do you believe in such infinitesimally small things having any real place in the scheme of-of Fate?" asked Polly, later.

"Do I?" asked Norton, all the earnestness of his nature having been let loose in these words. "Wait and see."

Polly did not have to wait long to learn that the purple beads had shown themselves across her path way for a wonderful purpose.

Mothers and Their Children



Two or three apricot halves left from dinner's dessert formed the basis of a dish the next day which the children enjoyed as a surprise. With three-fourths cup of milk, one fourth cup of sugar I made a bland mangle. When cool, this was spread thinly on a plate. Then I placed the apricots on it to look like eggs. A sprinkling of cinnamon resembled pepper.

"Oh, Boy! Summer Sandwiches!"

In hot weather, when you're hungry, but don't want anything too heavy, try the satisfying effect of a club or chicken sandwich garnished with lettuce—light but substantial; you'll find it ideal, non-heating summer fare.

Here are sandwich recipes just right for the dog-days—equally delicious for the Sunday night supper, the basket lunch or the motor trip.

No. 14—Club Sandwiches

Make ready the desired number of pieces of toasted Neat's Bread. Prepare each sandwich as follows: Place a lettuce leaf on one of the slices; sprinkle over it a teaspoonful of salad dressing, add sliced chicken; put on a little more lettuce and dressing, then bacon and tomato, and more lettuce and dressing. Finish with the second slice of toast. Cut the sandwich cornwise. Garnish with very small lettuce leaves or parsley.

No. 15—Hot Chicken Sandwiches

Cut Neat's Bread in slices one-quarter inch thick. Spread lightly with creamed butter and lay on this slices of chicken. Sprinkle on a little oiled salt. Press the second slice of Bread in place; toast on either side and when finished butter the toasted surfaces.

No. 16—Jelly Sandwiches

Spread buttered slices with currant jelly and sprinkle with chopped nuts, meat. Trim crusts and cut slices in half, diagonally.

For jam or marmalade sandwiches, follow the same directions, omitting the nut meats.

No. 17—Outing Sandwiches

Prepare the desired number of slices of Neat's Bread and butter lightly. Peel one or two sweet apples, cut and slice very thin. Place a layer of apple on the bottom slice, then a generous spread of peanut butter; add another layer of the apple and press top slice firmly in place.

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