

Linseed and Milk Are Alike

WHILE to the casual observer there is no noticeable resemblance linseed is the nearest approach to milk in composition of any natural vegetable food.

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Julia Finds Her Own Plans Need Re-adjusting If Terry Is To Masquerade As the Millionaire Doll

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Teresa Desmond (Terry), exquisite and unbelievably innocent, has determined to leave her father.

Terrence Desmond, the proprietor of a roadhouse, the Blue Moon. He is moody and selfish, bent on Terry's "bazzing" a rich man. He introduces her to

Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek who falls in love with the girl, and on an auto ride makes unwelcome advances. She escapes from him and goes to

Juliet Divine—the stage name of her beautiful half sister, known as the Million Dollar Doll. She has not been seen for years. "Juliet's" career has been somewhat sketchy, but she has a genuine affection for Terry, whom she greatly resembles.

Miles Sheridan, Terry's dream prince, furnished the money for Terry's education at a convent when she was a child, partly to atone for a past rudeness of his wife.

Betty Sheridan, who is now making him unhappy with her infidelity.

Hartley Phillips, a member of the Four Hundred, calls on Julia to tell her that Sheridan, in order to facilitate his wife's obtaining a divorce, will pay the Million Dollar Doll twenty thousand dollars to take a yacht trip with him. Except for appearing with her in order to cause talk, he wants to have nothing to do with her.

Terry confesses to Julia that Sheridan has always been her ideal. Julia tells Terry that it is in her power to help Sheridan.

Desmond, in an effort to locate Terry, calls Julia.

Desmond is persuaded to let Terry remain with Julia, and the latter arranges the details of the trip.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I SHALL BE IN NO DANGER."

As for the money, though Terry had refused it in advance, it would be banked for her. Senora Fernandez would be very rich, and could afford a gift of twenty thousand dollars to her sister.

Manoel would suppose that it came out of her own pocket, and in his jealousy of the past would think it a good riddance. Even Terry need never know where the "present" originated.

Julia glowed with a sense of disinterested virtue in her anxiety for Terry's welfare. She was ready for sacrifices, but the cost was one she would not make: she'd run no risk of losing Fernandez! So before deciding on and for all to accept Phillips' offer, she studied the situation as it concerned Manoel.

She thought of his business trip to Europe, which at first glance had seemed to clear the coast. Suppose, while in Spain, he heard of Sheridan's cruise and the name of the girl

who traveled with him? Would he jump to the conclusion that the woman he'd left in New York had run away with another man?

Despite his boisterous joviality, and his passion which overstepped the past, Julia had caught glimpses of Manoel's Latin temper. She pictured him rushing off to see for himself if the rumor were true; at Algiers, for instance, where the yacht was pretty sure to anchor.

If he saw Terry from a distance, he'd believe that he saw Julia, and then—well, the devil would be to pay! She decided on the instant that this risk wasn't worth taking. She would marry Manoel and go with him to Spain, after all. Then she'd be safe, whatever happened to Terry. Her engagement was very new. She hadn't told anyone except her father, her sister, and Phillips. She'd meant to have a quiet wedding in any case, because she didn't wish Senora Fernandez to be associated in people's minds with Juliet Divine.

She could slip away from New York with her husband, and hardly anyone would know what had become of the "Million Dollar Doll." When she had mapped out her own private plans, Julia turned her attention energetically to business. Phillips was amused and a little disgusted with her shrewd bargaining.

She must have a maid to wait upon her aboard "Silverwood." The money must be paid in two installments, one before starting, and one at the end of the cruise. She would prefer cash rather than a check. In her circumstances, large checks from Mr. Sheridan might lead to an awkward situation.

Also "num" was to be the word about her presence on the yacht until the time for departure. After that, she didn't care how much talk there was. She quite realized that Sheridan was paying for talk!

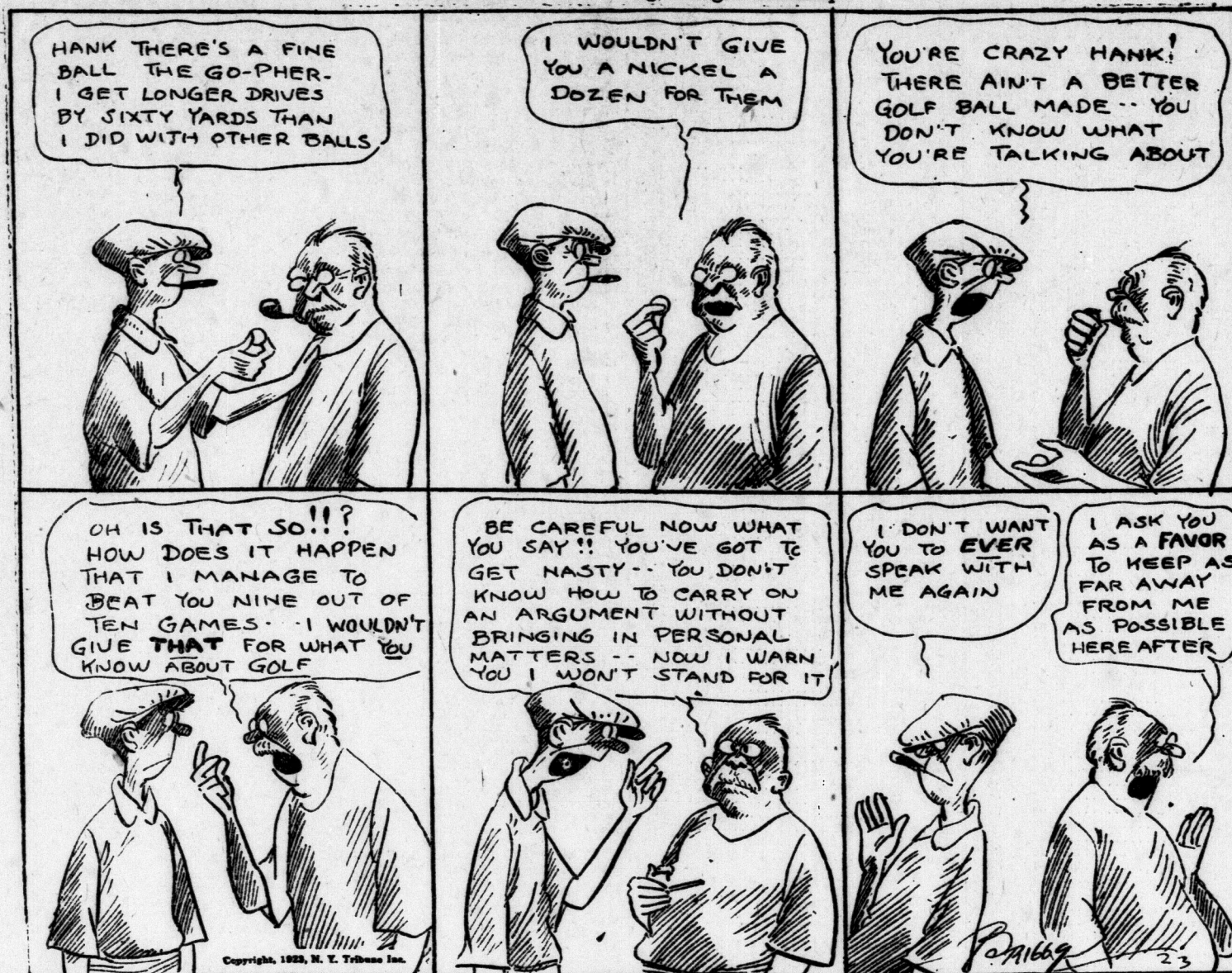
Phillips agreed to all her demands, in the name of his friend, arranging also to let Miss Divine know the date of sailing, and soon. Meanwhile, she could prepare her wardrobe for Monte Carlo and Algiers.

When everything was clear between them, he bade his hostess good morning and directed the chauffeur to drive to Washington Square. Miles Sheridan had a studio there, where he spent most of his time just now, more exacting the voyage, but for Monte Carlo and Algiers.

He had done some strange, haunting pictures in the past, when he was fighting in France, and had been ready to arrange an exhibition of his work, when he stumbled upon the bald truth of Betty's affair with Paul di Salvaano. He had abandoned the exhibition, had ceased to use his

A Magazine Page For Everyone

The Finish of a Long, Long Friendship.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

EF DEY EVUH BEES ANOTHER FLOOD I DON' WANTER FOOL WID NO "NORAH'S ARK"; I WANTS TALL TIMBER, EN HIT CLOST BY!!



club, or to go anywhere except to the studio.

Hartley Phillips, his oldest friend, was the only person he had talked with during the three weeks since the bombshell burst. And Phillips knew that Miles would have given him no confidence if he hadn't learned the truth about Mrs. Sheridan at the time when it broke upon her husband. Miles had brought him home late one night when the two men had been to Washington attending a soldiers' library of Sheridan's house, to find Betty and the Italian ex-almirante together.

"You fixed up everything with Miss Divine," Phillips told his friend. "Of course, you know I think you're a fool to throw away your reputation for your wife's sake. She doesn't deserve it. But since you're determined, you can't do better than follow my suggestion about this girl."

"By dove, she's a queer combination. She's got the face of a well-to-do angel; let's say a goddess, the brains of a parrot and the heart of a hawk. I'm rather interested to know what impression she'll make on you."

"The same as on you, no doubt," Sheridan answered dully. "I shall see nothing of her at all on board."

"So you think," warned Phillips. "But I wouldn't put it past that young person to make a dead set at you, my boy. She's supposed to be engaged to some chap—must be a damned ass to take her—but if she could fasten her claws into you, she'd drop the other prey so quick you couldn't say 'Jack Robinson!'"

"You don't need to warn me," Sheridan smiled grimly. "I suppose your scheme's a good one for the purpose, but I hate these painted harpies. They make me sick! I shall be in no danger from Miss Juliet Divine." (Copyright, 1923, by the Bell Syndicate.)

In the next installment, Terry becomes a "Woman of Mystery."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time To Get Rid Of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist, and apply a little of it at night and morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful, clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles—Advt.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY.

ON MATRIMONIAL HANDICAPS.

MEN are like RACE HORSES. And WOMEN are the JOCKEYS.

Often, when they enter The Matrimonial Event,

They are too heavily HANDICAPPED,

And get LEFT At the post.

Some are very temperamental And PLAY UP at the barrier,

But once they get a GOOD START,

Though the race may be rough,

When they enter the straight They FINISH strong.

Others make a GOOD START

But often finish With the ALSO-RANS.

But whether they WIN or LOSE DEPENDS, to a great extent On the BREED of the horse:

And the ability Of the JOCKEY.

A GIRL should learn When to hold the reins TIC

And when to let him MAKE the pace;

But be able to PULL HIM UP,

If required. Otherwise—he may DOLT.

(Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.)

Johnny and Polly Chuck Come Into the Story Again—Farmer Brown's Boy Is Good To Them

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Perhaps you remember that Johnny and Polly Chuck made their new home just out in front of their doorway was Farmer Brown's garden. When Farmer Brown discovered that they had his boy and that those Chucks must be gotten rid of. You see, he was afraid that they would do a great deal of damage in his garden.

But Farmer Brown's Boy couldn't bear to think of troubling Johnny and Polly Chuck, and at last he thought of a way of keeping them out of mischief. He knew that they were especially fond of beans and squash plants. So he planted a lot of both just for them. He planted them right near the home of Johnny and Polly Chuck.

When those beans and squashes came up Johnny and Polly Chuck went right away. Of course, they didn't know that they were planted just for them, but they did know that never had they had such splendid food so near their home. They didn't bother anything else in that garden. From time to time Farmer Brown's Boy planted more beans and squashes for them, and not another word did he hear from Farmer Brown about getting rid of those Chucks.

What with such good things to eat right in front of their doorstep and plenty of sweet clover and grass just across the Long Lane, there was no trouble at all in getting all they wanted to eat without running much of any risk. And when the five babies were big enough to come out and nibble green food the Chucks certainly were a happy family.

Of course, they didn't live long in their new home before everybody knew where it was. Johnny and Polly Chuck never expect to keep their home a secret. They couldn't if they wanted to, because of the pile of shining yellow sand that makes their doorstep. But though Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy and Old Man Coyote knew all about that new home, they kept away from it during the day. It was too near Farmer Brown's. At night they sometimes paid it a visit, but Johnny and Polly and the little Chucks were always safely in their beds by dark and there was no way of getting at them.

"I told you this was going to be a wonderful place for a home," said Polly to Johnny one day, as they were watching the five babies.

"Yes, my dear," replied Johnny. "You are a very wise little person. I've always said so. We've had some good homes before, but this one is the best. Reddy and the Hawk are about the only enemy we have to watch out for, and he doesn't come around very often. How those youngsters are growing! That is because they are having so much good food."

"They will be the finest family we have ever raised," declared their mother as she looked at them proud-



When those beans and squashes came up, Johnny and Polly Chuck went right away.

They then counted them to be sure that they were all there.

(Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

SUMMER COMPLAINT CRAMPS AND DIARRHOEA

There is no other kind of disease that comes on so quickly and with so little warning as an attack of bowel trouble.

One may retire at night, in the best of health, and before morning be awakened by terrific cramps and pains in the stomach, followed by diarrhoea, dysentery, summer complaint or bowel trouble in one form or another.

At this season of the year, when bowel troubles are so prevalent, we would advise the precaution of always having on hand a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so that you will be ready for any and all emergencies. You will find that a few doses of this valuable remedy, taken promptly, will be the means of preventing a great deal of unnecessary suffering, and many a time save life.

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Price, 50c a bottle. Put up by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

Mothers and Their Children

By C. L. Funnell.

Summer Clothes for Baby.

One Mother says:

In the hot summer weather when I go traveling or visiting with my baby I take along short-sleeved, low-necked slips of white china silk, as these are cooler than cotton dresses, shed the dust and can be washed out so easily. They are simple to make and ideal for traveling.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Dictation Dave

By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper. Take a letter to that new vacuum cleaner salesman of ours with the nice hair. Mister Clarence Clossom, Miss Manor, Michigan.

Dear Clarence coddle paragraph.

We can tell by the number of kicks coming in from our regular customers that you are making lots of calls and your sales reports make me feel a little guilty to keep such an imagination as you got tied down to a sales job when there are so many magazines to be filled with fiction our commissions being paid for production not prediction period paragraph.

Yesterday we got a letter from old Missus Wiffen who as you know ought to if you got the brains a pickled lentil was born with is president of the world-wide women's club of Missle Manor and there sure are some wide women in that town saying that when you came to demonstrate our vacuum cleaner she was impressed with your nice hair and boyish smile but when you cleaned one of her rugs and then dumped the dust bag on a clean paper to show her what the machine took and poured out a pint of live bugs out she knew there was a catch in it somewhere because Rover hasn't scratched all summer and you better hustle back there and explain that some of those bugs come off a neighbor's rose bush and sell her the machine while she is still worried about the rest of them.

Yours for simple sales and lots more of them.

THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM Per D. D.

CHEEKS COVERED WITH PIMPLES

Also Chin, Large and Red.

Cuticura Healed.

"About a year ago a few small pimples broke out on my face. A month later my cheeks and chin were entirely covered with large, red pimples that festered and scaled over, and frequently caused irritation. I tried different remedies without success. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I could see an improvement so purchased more, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, together with the Cuticura Soap, I was healed." (Signed) G. Marcoux, Laval Hospital, Ste. Foye, Quebec.

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Sample each free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura, Ltd., 245 St. Paul St., W. Montreal, P. Q. Send 3c. for Soap, 10c. for Ointment and 5c. for Talcum. No. 1000" Cuticura Soap shaves without soap.

Highest Radio In the World

THE highest radio station in the world is 2100 feet above Rio de Janeiro on the peak of Mount Corcovado. The construction was done at great risks to the workmen.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

NOT BROKEN REEDS.

By JORONA REMINGTON.

Pretty Evelyn Maynard leaned over in the limousine and touched Mrs. Worthen's arm caressingly.

"Dear Grannie, it's such fun to have you with us," she said.

"It's fine to be with you young folks again—especially you, Evelyn. You know you're my pet."

"Darling Grannie, but I do wish mother'd come on; she's had time enough to buy a whole store out."

"She'll be along in a minute. Mary always was that way, even when she was a child. Sometimes I just hated to take her uptown because she'd have to stop at every counter and examine everything on it. And the questions that child could ask! Mercy me!"

"Oh, there's Valley!" Evelyn suddenly exclaimed, sitting up and starting to lower one of the little windows.

"Valed," she called. "Want to speak to you."

In horror, Mrs. Worthen put a restraining hand on her granddaughter's arm.

"Dear me, Evelyn, what are you coming to? Screaming after a man at the top of your lungs; on the main street at that! You won't have a foot on the running-board of the car and looked admiringly at Evelyn.

"I want to present you to my grandmother, Mrs. Worthen, Valley. Mr. Valentine Bassells, grannie."

Mrs. Worthen was so amazed by the flippant familiarity of the two that she found her general nature completely frozen up and could only manage a curt little bow in acknowledgment of the introduction. "Prissy," Valley.

Her granddaughter permitting that! In her days it would have been "Miss Evelyn" and "Mr. Bassells," and if she had called after a man in that hoydenish fashion she would have been banished to her room for a week. She listened to the two as they chattered away—a perfect jargon of slang; half the expressions she had never even heard before.

At last to her relief Mrs. Maynard emerged from the store and came toward the car. Bassells moved aside, greeted her almost as familiarly as he had her daughter, opened the door and helped her into the car.

"Say, Prissy, got a date for tonight?" he asked as the chauffeur started the engine. "No? Good; let's go to the show at the Regina. They say it's great stuff."

Grandmother Worthen's thoughts were in a whirl. She leaned back in the car and tried to adjust herself to the fact that Evelyn was of her own kindred. After luncheon that day she brought a faded old album into the living-room where Evelyn and her mother were seated.

"I came across this in the attic

just before I left home," she explained. "So I brought it along because I thought it might interest you. In the old days there were no telephones, so when a young man wanted to take a young lady out he sent a note by his negro man servant. Here are some I received."

"Oh, Grannie, how exciting," exclaimed Evelyn. "Let me read them, do."

She took the book and began reading aloud:

"Miss Sarah, May I have the pleasure of your company at the opera tomorrow night? If you have an engagement for that time may we go to the cadet drill Wednesday?"

Your sincere friend, C. S. Melton.

"Miss Sarah," Oh, laughed Evelyn. "The pleasure of your company any? Wasn't he the quaintest old thing, though? If anybody began a letter to me like that I'd think he was angry."

"How do they begin them?"

"Usually 'Dearest Evelyn' or 'Prissy' or whatever their nickname for me is."

"I thought so."

Mrs. Worthen said it as if she had feared the worst and found it as "No harm in that. What's the use of being so stiff and formal, anyway?"

Mrs. Worthen was depressed. The world was going to the dogs. No doubt about it—the whole future depended upon the younger generation, and that was, indeed, a sadly broken record to lean on.

That evening after dinner she dozed over her knitting in the library, and when Bassells called she was dimly conscious of voices nearby.

"Sh-h-h, don't wake Grannie. She's so tired."

It was Evelyn speaking.

"Bless her heart, not I. I took a shine to her straight off the bat. Say, Prissy, don't let's go to the show tonight. Let's talk."

"All right, I'd rather. I want to show you Grannie's memory book, anyway. She won't mind."

The two young heads were soon bowed close together over the faded old book. Grannie's eyes came open just a little way, and she had to admit that it was rather a pretty picture; his hair was so black and masculine, hers so fair and dainty.

"She may think men were more chivalrous in those days," said Valley, "but I believe they'd defend a girl and protect her just as quick today as they ever would. And men and women are much closer together now than they ever were. Look at our case; you're not only my sweetheart—you're my chum, my little buddy. There's nothing I'd be afraid to tell you; you know I always come straight to you with everything, and that means a whole lot to a fellow. But her husband didn't tell her everything—not by a jugful!"

As Grandmother Worthen sat dozing, quite wide awake, it came back to her suddenly how often in days long past she had tried to get close to her husband, and how she had felt, rather bitterly, that he had done of men friends who knew him better than she.

She gave a sigh of genuine relief as the book was put leaning on such broken reeds after all.

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