

Emeralds Become Scarcer

EMERALDS, the rarest of precious stones, are gradually becoming scarcer, the decrees of fashion of late having caused a large inroad upon the already low stocks existing.

The Million Dollar Doll

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

Hartley Phillips Gets Several Unexpected Shocks Interviewing Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY:

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelievably innocent, has left her father.

Terrence Desmond, a selfish, unreliable man, the proprietor of the Blue Moon, a roadhouse, Terry's father.

Juliet Divine, her beautiful half-sister—known as the Million Dollar Doll—whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry. No one knows of the girl's relationship, and "Julia" is careful to keep Terry, who is an exquisite counterpart of herself, hidden from her (Julia's) fiancé.

Mancel Fernandez, a South American millionaire, of extremely jealous temperament.

Eustace Nazio is a wealthy Greek, whose unwelcome advances caused Terry to run away from her father.

Miles Sheridan, a young man, "the Prince," furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child, partly to atone for a past rudeness of

Betty Sheridan, his wife, whose infidelity is making him wretched.

Hartley Phillips, acting as Sheridan's medium, has offered Julia twenty thousand dollars to take a yacht-trip with Sheridan, in order to facilitate Betty's obtaining a divorce. Unable to go herself, Julia persuades Terry to go in her place, posing as the Million Dollar Doll.

Terry does this because of her desire to repay "the Prince" for his generosity.

Julia marries her South American and goes away, while Terry waits impatiently for the cruise when she will see her "prince" again.

Suspicious of Julia's long silence, Phillips calls at her apartment, and Terry, assuming her new role, informs him that she finds him coarse.

CHAPTER XVII.
A NEGLECTED YOUNG WIFE IN LAVENDER.

Hartley Phillips was somewhat taken aback. The rebuke was so quaintly put and so unexpected that he wanted to laugh again, but he didn't quite dare.

He felt that the tables had been turned upon him. He had come to scold, and was being scolded.

But, no doubt, that was precisely the little cat's game! She had balanced a chip on her shoulder, and was egging him on to knock it off.

Very likely she really did want an excuse to wriggle out of the bargain she hadn't been keen to accept; but if so she wouldn't get it from him.

Though he'd threatened to, and someone else for the yachting trip, Miss Divine didn't toe the mark, he knew no one who would fill the bill.

"I'm sorry," he said, scarcely letting his eyes twinkle. "I eat my own words—including the devil. But you must admit I have a grievance. For all I could tell, you might have left New York, and turned us down cold for some other business."

"Oh, I wouldn't do such a thing! I wouldn't even if I—" Terry blurted back her words. The blush that

flooded her face seemed to Phillips an achievement. There couldn't be much paint and powder about all that color to come through!

"I used always to believe you were a good little sport," he apologized.

"I'm glad I was right. But all those excuses—those naps—those headaches!"

"You don't look as if you'd been out of sorts. On the contrary, you look about ten years younger than when I saw you last!"

"Oh, I hope not!" cried Terry, then blushed more than ever. The blood that streamed to her forehead forced tears to her eyes.

This time Phillips could not keep back his laughter. "I see your point," he said. "As you looked only about 21 before, going back ten years would make a child of 11! I seem rather clumsy today."

"But never mind, as you mean to play fair, we'll let bygones be bygones. I had to find out for certain if you were prepared to keep your contract; and I came to say, too, that I shall call for you myself, about two hours before 'Silverwood' is due to sail, and march you on board. Mr. Sheridan is unable to do this. I hope you don't mind?"

"I never supposed he would come for me," said Terry.

The Million Dollar Doll humbled Phillips was getting a bewildering number of new lights upon her character. But, after each shock, he told himself that it was part of the game.

She was merely practicing upon him, to see what success she might hope to make with Sheridan later on, in the role of ingenue. He decided to warn Miles, whose treatment of Betty proved how soft he was towards women, in some ways.

"That's all right, then," Phillips replied cheerfully, and went on to give Miss Divine her instructions. She must be ready early in the morning, day after tomorrow.

He would call for her at 10 o'clock, in a taxi, as his own car was laid up (Julia would have known that this was not true; that he didn't wish his act of friendship for Sheridan to be too conspicuous); there would be a second taxi for luggage, with a reason it might be as much as she liked—and the yacht would call at 12.

The girl thanked him quietly for everything. Not a single port speech, not a single new extortion! This new game was really deep.

Phillips began to enjoy it more than he would have thought possible at first, for the creature's shrewd and ingenuously pleased him. His own sharpness pleased him also, for he was taking in a man who was in the least taken in.

As his motor was forced to give him a rest-cure, with traffic held up at the intersection of the main street, a miniature purple limousine sneaked into a cranny of space close to his car. Phillips recognized it in a flash and gave a glance at the occupant: Betty Sheridan.

Miles was the one man being the elder man devotedly loved, and his attachment to his friend caused him to detest Betty. As he sat in his big car, scowling at her in a dainty small one, he sent active waves of dislike towards the charming figure, exquisitely dressed in mauve that toned with the automobile.

He would have been glad to see the car smashed to matchwood, with Betty in it!

If she were dead, Miles wouldn't need to go through this dreary farce on board 'Silverwood' in order to take his own guilt on his own shoulders. Phillips could not think calmly of the pleasant future prepared for Betty Sheridan, by Miles' sacrifice; her divorce from him; the big sum in alimony she would get—big enough to make marriage possible with the man who had infatuated her—Prince di Salvano. Phillips wished he hadn't run across the woman this morning!

As if those hate-waves had reached him, given her an electric shock, Betty turned her head and stared straight at Hartley Phillips before he could avert his eyes and pretend not to see her.

Outwardly the two were on quite good terms. Although Betty was aware that Phillips' eyes had seen, all the world—supposed to ignore the tension between husband and wife. Betty was staying with a friend in Greenwich, and the New York house was in the decorator's hands; the alleged reason why Miles lived at the studio.

The legend was that the world

Hambone's Meditations
By J. P. Alley.

BOSS SAY I THOWS 'WAY
EVY BIT O' MONEY I
GITS;—WELL, I DON'T
HAVE T' THOW SO VEY
HAND T' DO IT!!!!



Copyright, 1923, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

"You Said It, Marceline!"
By MARCELINE D'ALROY.
ON THE DANGEROUS AGES OF MAN

There are THREE kinds of men,
Good, Bad, Indifferent.
As a rule the BAD ones
Make interesting lovers,
The GOOD ones,
Uninteresting husbands,
And no SELF-RESPECTING
man
Ever yet had time
For a man who was INDIFFER-
ENT.
The NICEST men are about nine-
teen,
The kindest, FORTY-NINE,
The HARDEST, about twenty-
nine,
But, of all men, the most FAS-
CINATING,
Blase, difficult and EXPERI-
ENCED,
Is the young man of thirty-nine.
And if he is a BACHELOR—
Spare me!
For the LOVE of a bachelor of
forty
Is worth very little.
It is frayed and THREADBARE,
And would give little SATISFAC-
TION
To a SENSITIVE woman.
What a wise WOMAN looks for
Is Security and Principle
In a man and in the BANK,
But she generally finds
By the time a man HAS ENOUGH
of both,
He's nearly seventy,
At least he's SIXTY-NINE—
So what's the use?

Copyright, 1923, Premier Syndicate, Inc.

Redtail Is Just a Minute Too Late To
Catch Little Chuck

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Little folks who are running away generally think of but one thing, and that one thing is getting away. It was just that way with the disobedient young chick scampering up the Long Lane toward Farmer Brown's. The only thing he could think of was getting as far as he could before his mother, Polly Chuck, should discover that he had run away. So as he ran he didn't give danger a thought. The only use he made of his eyes was to see where he was going, and now and then look back to see if his mother was coming after him.

Had his father or mother been in his place they would have seen Redtail the Hawk high up in the blue sky. They would have seen him because they would have been watching for him. But the young runaway didn't look up in the sky. It is doubtful that had he seen Redtail he would have had sense enough to hide. More than once he had seen Redtail when his mother had sent him, together with his brothers and sisters, down into their home to be safe. But always Redtail had been so high up in the blue, blue sky that he had looked very small and nothing to be afraid of at all.

The young Chucks had talked about it more than once. "Mother is silly," said the particular young Chuck had said. "She is afraid of nothing. How could that fellow way up there in the blue, blue sky hurt us?" I don't believe in being afraid until I see something to be really afraid of. Such a fraidy as mother is!"

His brothers and sisters had been inclined to agree with him. They listened to all that their mother told them about the dangers of the Great World, but inside they laughed at her. You see they had been too safe. It would have been a good thing to have had some real dangers to frighten them while their mother, Polly Chuck, was about to show them what to do. In this way they would really have learned.

So as the runaway Chuck scampered up the Long Lane he thought of danger entered his head. He was getting tired. You know he was only half-grown, and he had run so fast and so far that he was growing tired. He decided to turn into the bushes on one side and find a place to hide and rest a while. It was a lucky thing for that young Chuck that he decided to do this just when he did. Had he waited half a minute longer, this story would have had quite a different ending. He saw a little open-



ing and turned into it. Just as he did, there was a terrible sound. It was the wind whistling through the stiff wing feathers of Redtail the Hawk as he checked himself so as not to strike the ground. You see he had swooped down from high up in the sky just a second too late.

The young Chuck caught a glimpse of fierce eyes, terrible claws, an awful hooked bill, and great wings just as he ran under a thick bush. He hadn't dreamed that there could be such a terrible sight. He dropped down flat right where he was, and it was a lucky thing for him that he was under a thick bush. There was a scream of anger and disappointment, and this added to his fright, if that were possible. He had received his first great lesson—the lesson of fear.

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

The next story: "The Young Chuck Profits by His Lesson."

HARVESTERS' EXCURSION
CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

More harvesters than ever will be needed this year in Western Canada on account of the bumper crop. Special trains will be run by the Canadian Pacific Railway, which is advertising the usual low rate of \$15 to Winnipeg, plus a half mile beyond to destination in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Returning the fare will be \$20 from Winnipeg, plus a half cent per mile from starting point. Going dates are August 13, 15, 22 and 24, according to the territory in Ontario. On the lunch cars food and refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices. Special cars will be provided for ladies, children (full fare) and their escorts. First special train will leave Toronto on each date at 10 a.m. and last special at 10:30 p.m. on each date.

Full information may be secured from any Canadian Pacific ticket office.

July 27, 28, 30, Aug. 1, 3, 6, 8, 10, 13, 14

Mothers and
Their Children

One Mother Says:

"Sister" loves to wear white stockings all summer long, but as she plays hard I found it so much trouble to keep them clean. I bought her a small tub and washboard which she keeps on a bench near the back porch. She very proudly undertakes the responsibility of keeping her stockings washed.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.)

Dictation Dave
By C. L. Funnell.

Miss Hopper have we got any stamped envelopes that fine your sweetheart must be home from his vacation and take a letter to Missus Steven Stirrup, Luxora, Texas. Dear Missus Stirrup colon paragraph.

We have your letter telling how your son Arsenal stuck a potato on the end of the exhaust pipe of your automobile while his Uncle Woodbridge was tuning up the engine causing the muffler to blow pieces of itself through the floorboards and ripping a mean tear in his uncle apostrophe's trousers where he caught them on the fender from surprise and asking what you have got even if it costs real money that will keep that young cyclone busy until school starts up period paragraph.

Well Missus Stirrup there is nothing like dash by the way before I forget it we are making a special price on our Watford Whisper mufflers which will fit your car which while silencing all objectionable noise yet permits the passing explosion to emit that haughty hum which characterizes only the most expensive cars all this week dash there is nothing like a good motor cycle to keep a child from under the feet and the more we hear about your son Arsenal the more we think if he was ours we would sit him on one of our Scalded Rabbit motor cycles and tell him to go to it full of gas a catalog of which is inclosed with pleasure period.

Yours for tamed offspring,
THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM,
Per.....DD

Abbey's
EFFERVESCENT SALT
Makes Life Worth Living

PEDLAR'S
"PERFECT"
Toncan Metal
CULVERTS
Strongest and most durable for railway and highway drainage.
THE PEDLAR PEOPLE
London Office:
489 RICHMOND STREET,
Tel. 17.

DENTYNE
GUM
Whitens the Teeth
5¢

TO PREVENT DECAY—SWEETENS THE BREATH—
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
Whitens the Teeth
The gum in the red wrapper

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

For Anaemia
TAKE Vin St-Michel
(St Michael's Wine)

You'll
like its
wonderful
quality

Largest Searchlight In World

A SEARCHLIGHT of 500,000,000-candle power, said to be the largest in the world, was recently erected in San Francisco, California.

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

CORA COOKS THE BREAKFAST.

By JANE OSBORN.

Filbert North and Compton Hilton went down Linden Street at the same time every morning, for they both left home when the 7 o'clock whistles blew. The difference was that Compton, aged fourteen, went busily while Filbert North sailed easily along in his own car. It was exactly the sort of car that Compton was planning to have when he grew up. Then Cora wouldn't have to play for a living for herself and Compton.

Then she wouldn't be away every evening. Then, too, she would be able to go to bed in time enough so she would be able to get up in the morning to eat with Compton. All this Compton was reflecting, for it never occurred to him that they would not always go on living together just as they were then.

In course of time the young factory owner in the automobile saw the young schoolboy swinging along on foot, and asked him to take a lift. This it became Compton's duty to carry Compton as far as the grocery store.

"Gee, but I had something good," Compton told him, as he got in. "Sister made corn muffins last night and I had them warmed up for breakfast. She sure gets nice breakfasts for me even though she does have to get them the night before."

"Wish I had someone to make corn muffins for me," said Filbert with self-pity. Then he explained to his young friend that his aunt, who had been keeping house for him, had gone away for two or three months, and that after she had gone the cook left to get married. So Filbert decided to get along without a cook—just a woman once a week to clean house. First he tried to get breakfast at a downtown restaurant, but didn't like to start out hungry. Then he tried making it for himself, and he was still struggling with his own cooking. Dinner, for instance, he could get them at his club.

"I'd give a good deal for good breakfasts," said Mr. North wistfully. "I'd give another cook, but how'd I know if she was honest? And I'd have to leave her alone in the house."

They sped along in silence for a few minutes. Compton broke the pause. "What would you give for a good breakfast? I mean, what, for instance, did you give when you got your breakfasts out?" As much as 25 cents?"

"Nearly a dollar, counting the tip," said Filbert. "I'd give more than that for a good breakfast, though. Breakfast's my best meal."

"Would you give fifty cents?" said Compton eagerly, and Filbert North's quiet assent he went on: "You see, sister cooks more than enough. She seems to think I've got a terrible appetite, and well, you see you could have breakfast with me and maybe I'd tell her and maybe I wouldn't. And then I'd get the money, not for myself, but, you see, I'm trying to save enough money to get a little car—for sister. I'm getting twenty-five cents a day now she doesn't know about and I'm saving that, and if I could get fifty cents more that would be seventy-five, and after a while I'd have enough to make first payments on a car, and after that I guess Cora could afford to make the monthly payments just from what she'd save in taxi fares. You see she plays the piano nights for dances, teaches music daytimes besides, and quite often she has to take a taxi to go to the place, because she has to get at night alone and when the trolley isn't convenient she takes a taxi. But she can't afford to make the first payment."

Filbert North agreed. At dinner one night not long after Cora looked quizzically at her brother. "Compton, dear," she said, "do you get enough to eat? I mean at break-

fast. It seems to me as if I got enormous amounts ready, and I always lay out two or three eggs and make quite a lot of cereal, but there is never a bit left. I don't mind your eating so much, if you can, but I'm wondering if you'd like more. You wouldn't hesitate to tell me, would you?"

Once or twice the boy thought he would tell her all about it. It seemed a little sneaky to be selling part of the breakfast she prepared the night before, but Compton wanted it to be all part of his big surprise.

The next morning, when Compton went downstairs to finish breakfast preparations, he found on taking off the square of linen that covered the breakfast tables that places had been laid for two instead of one. Compton went into the kitchen, opened the refrigerator and, instead of finding a single grapefruit Compton apparently found two. Usually he gave his portion of fruit got ready for breakfast to his "boarder," insisting that he didn't like it anyway—and that was a lunch job.

Compton was a bit preoccupied during breakfast. He was wondering how his sister could have discovered the secret and what she probably thought of him for not having told her.

At each place a small breakfast plate was placed, and when Mr. North lifted this plate to one side to make room for his grapefruit, he noticed a small envelope unaddressed. He quickly slipped it into his pocket, and when his young host went into the kitchen to get the corn muffins he had been reheating and the scrambled eggs that he himself had made, Filbert North quickly scanned the note. It was brief:

"Dear Stranger—Since you are a friend of Compton's you are welcome in our house. What she slipped a note does not want to explain. Will you? Yours perplexedly."

"CORA HILTON."

Filbert North reread the letter as soon as he got to the office. And for some reason he left it in his waistcoat pocket and reread it on several occasions that day. As he left the house that morning he slipped a note addressed to Miss Cora Hilton into the letter box on the front porch.

"I have no right to explain," he told her, "but I'm sure you'll be of confidence to Compton. Why don't you ask him outright? I do not think you ought to deprive of what he is doing."

Then followed lines praising Cora's cookery and the expression of Filbert's gratitude. The note was signed simply "Stranger."

Cora read the letter—and that day found occasion to re-read it several times. She was young enough to answer, and the answer was placed beneath Mr. North's plate at breakfast. This followed for a few more days. It was Compton's turn to become suspicious. Then one day Mr. North met Compton with a new automobile. He had gone back to his garage while Compton was clearing up the breakfast. That was the custom.

Filbert asked him if he thought he could learn to run it.

"I haven't been paying enough for my breakfasts," he said, "so I thought maybe you'd take this instead. Cora says you can run it yourself as soon as you get a license."

"Cora—you mean my sister? Stammered Compton. "How'd you get acquainted with her?"

"You introduced us—as much as anyone," said Filbert. "We're pretty well acquainted. We've talked things over and—"

"Well, I don't think it would take me long to learn to drive," assured Compton, willing to postpone the solving of the mystery in the face of the marvel of possessing a car of his own. "How soon you think they'd let me have a license?"

"About as soon as we get our license," said Filbert easily. "Next week, maybe."

"Your license," said Compton. "What you're getting a license for?"

"We're getting a carriage license—your sister Cora and I," announced Filbert. And Compton only whistled and then said: "Oh, shucks."



Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules

Rheumatism - Sciatica

Neuritis - Lumbago

Magical for Headaches

HAY FEVER

Summer Asthma

Will spoil your summer and make your company distressing to your friends unless you get relief.

Get a box of RAZ-MAH today. Most people feel better from the first dose.

Your druggist will refund your money if a \$1 box does not bring relief. Absolutely harmless. Generous sample for 4c in stamps. Templetons, Toronto.

RAZ-MAH

"MILLBANK"

THE QUALITY CIGARETTE

FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHITIS AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AFFILICTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

USE MURINE NIGHT & MORNING KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAN CLEAR AND HEALTHY WITH OUR PAIR EYE CREAM REMEDY OR OIL.

for BURNS

FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHITIS AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AFFILICTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

USE MURINE NIGHT & MORNING KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAN CLEAR AND HEALTHY WITH OUR PAIR EYE CREAM REMEDY OR OIL.

for BURNS

FOR SCALDS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHITIS AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS AND NUMEROUS OTHER AFFILICTIONS COMMON TO MAN AND BEAST, THERE IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY.

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

USE MURINE NIGHT & MORNING KEEP YOUR EYES CLEAN