

for Stings and Bites, Sunburn, Cuts, etc.



## An Indispensable Favorite

OR

## Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

## CHAPTER VIII.

"And the best chance you have had yet, or are likely to have—a penniless girl who has been out for four years!" Mrs. Murray winds up, angrily and warningly. "You are no fool, Joyce, though you choose to behave like one; and you know that Maria will never ask us here again if you manage to offend her prudery or her prejudices. She is crosser and more fidgety than ever of late, and full of complaints against everybody and everything. She even talks of engaging some paragon of a kind confidential attendant, who will have some sympathy with her sufferings! She said so to my face!" Mrs. Murray adds indignantly, adjusting her cap of dark crimson roses and black velvet on her fair grayish shining hair. "And I victimizing myself evening after evening in that hot stuffy room of hers, reading to her and listening to the details of her ailments, and tasting her medicines to please her! There were many thanks!"

"Poor victimized mamma!" Joyce says, carelessly. "The Viscountess Maria is a nuisance; and her spouse is a pet detestation among men; and the pearl is an old noodle; and you and I are a pair of genteel paupers, hanging on to their skirts for the sake of our board and lodgings—aren't we?"

"We can't help it, Joyce," Mrs. Murray replies, mournfully, looking pleadingly at her daughter. "I have nothing but my wretched little settlement of three hundred a year to live on or to leave to you; and unless you marry some one who can put you in your proper position, my poor child, you have nothing better to look forward to than to end as a faded, neglected spinster living in a boarding house!"

"Dear mother, don't pile up the agony so needlessly high," Joyce



## Firm Flesh

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These are the signs of a rightly fed baby. So long as baby is fed naturally, all is well, but where this is not possible, cow's milk with the addition of Virol is the best substitute.

Virol contains bone marrow, malt extract, eggs and lemon syrup, with the salts of lime and iron. It not only enriches the milk, but supplies those vital principles essential to growth and development, and is a wonderful aid in weaning.

More than 3,000 Infant Clinics and Maternity Centres are regularly using Virol.

## VIROL

The Food for Growth.

VIROL LTD., HANOVER-LANE, BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.

says, curtly. "I won't be a faded, neglected spinster living in a boarding house. Cheer up, mamma! If I can't find any one more to my liking than Lord Dunavon, with money of course"—with a sharp, short sigh—"I promise you I'll marry Lord Dunavon before next season!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

Yolande's very worst fears are realised. Aunt Sarjent has come to dinner, not in her peony satin and imitation mechin, but in a more atrocious dress, if possible—a beforesaid, be-frilled, trailing, rustling gown of salmon pink which has long since lost its freshness, lavishly trimmed with yellow lace in the last stage of limpness and rumple, and her whole set of huge amethysts decorating her wrists and neck, and even stuck among the palpably false plaits which are coiled up in a disc at the back of her head.

"I wish to goodness that my cousin, Mrs. Sarjent, wouldn't wear such light silks and such a lot of jewelry!" Miss Dormer says confidentially to the trusty and sympathetic mademoiselle. "It doesn't look at all well—and Lord Glynne coming to dinner too!"

"Madam is not at all good style," agrees mademoiselle, in tones of sadness and regret. "I fear the viscount may think her some vulgar, unlady-like person."

"I don't know what he'll think!" poor Miss Dormer says, seriously ruffled, and never heeding mademoiselle Bella's light, hard eyes, which are twinkling with malicious amusement.

"And I do wish she'd take to caps, too," she adds, pulling her own grandmotherly structure of lace and ribbon well over her ears. "Wilnot Sarjent is quite old enough to wear caps at fifty-five, I'm sure; and she'd look all the better for them."

"How peculiar and interesting it is," mademoiselle observes, with modest curiosity, "that a mother and son should have the same Christian names!"

"Yes—odd enough," agrees Miss Dormer, carelessly. "We are so used to it that we do not notice it. The firm was always Wilnot Sarjent & Son, you see, mademoiselle, and Wilnot was sole heiress when her brother died, and she is head partner and her son in junior partner—just as it always was."

"Oh, I see," the governess says, with clasped hands of innocent satisfaction. "How interesting! And how grand a thing it must be to inherit great wealth like that, generation after generation!"

"Oh, the firm is not very wealthy! But they do a fair business," Miss Dormer admits, with simple honesty.

"And they are shareholders in this great company as well as Mr. Dormer and Lord Glynne—are they not, madam?" inquires mademoiselle, with the innocent air of one seeking information and instruction. "The Pacific Salvage Company—is not that the name?"

"Yes, I think," Miss Dormer answers, dubiously young Wilnot Sarjent has put money into it, but not his mother. She has no faith in anything but "real estate and hard cash," she says. A regular woman of business Mrs. Sarjent is," Miss Dormer adds, with a little chuckle of pride at her own middle-headedness—"I never was! My brother was trying to explain all about this Pacific Salvage—no—Salvage Company—to me; but, bless you!" exclaims the old lady, with her face wreathed in smiles, "I couldn't understand half he said! You did, I suppose, every word? You've a fine mind, mademoiselle!" the simple soul concludes, in fervent admiration.

"Ah, madam, I must keep my eyes and my ears open and be quick to learn, if I want to earn my bread and butter, as you say in English," responds Miss Glover, Camberwell-born and bred, with touching politeness and a Frenchified little shrug.

Mrs. Sarjent's amethysts are the

proverbial last straw, and Yolande's feeble hope of seeing the good lady attired for once in quiet and suitable apparel vanishes the instant she enters the drawing-room. Mrs. Sarjent herself, as she sits on the center lounge in an attitude of display, seems radiant with self-complacency. She is pleased to see her relatives, again, she has a lot of gossip and news, and she is delighted at the idea of dining with a viscount.

Yolande kissed her, and greets her in a subdued manner, and says she hopes she is well.

"Well? Of course I'm well!" Mrs. Sarjent retorts, jollyly, in a deep contralto voice. "No one but idlers are always ill! When people are ill, they should go to bed and stay there, and send for the doctor, and get it over, and then for ever afterward hold their tongues about it." She spreads out her box-plated founces with much satisfaction and displays a pair of dress-shoes with big gilt buckles and huge ankles covered with pink insertion lace stockings. "You don't look up to much, child," she remarks, leaning back so that her amethysts almost disappeared in the fleshy folds of her fat neck. Your foreign trip hasn't done you a ha'porth of good; or you are pinning after your captain and his whiskers."

"Oh, Aunt Sarjent, hush!" cries Yolande, turning crimson.

"There's nobody here," says Mrs. Sarjent, coolly, noting the girl's blushes and tremor; "and, if there was, we're not talking treason. Every one will have to know it some day, Yolande, you know."

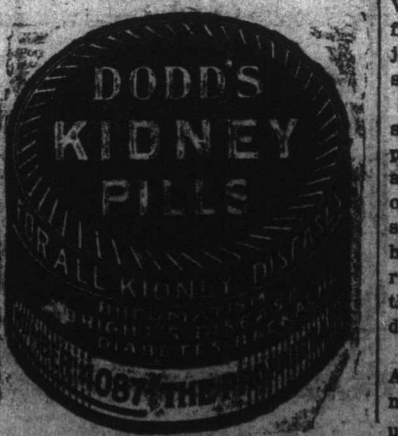
"There is very little to know, Aunt Sarjent," returns Yolande, coldly.

"Oh, ay—of course!"—and Mrs. Sarjent nods her head knowingly. "I heard all about it, and how you fell in love with one another the first day you met, and all the rest of it! Law bless you, child, you needn't flush up to your ears like that!" Mrs. Sarjent exclaims, pointing at Yolande's little ears, all red and burning uncomfortably. "I was almost crazy about the redcoats when I was your age myself. Mad in love I was with a young lieutenant in the Marines. But your trustees will look sharp after him, Yolande," she adds, in a businesslike manner, folding her arms—"mind that! An honorable, isn't he? A nephew or a son of an earl—a wild fashionable military man—he'd make ducks and drake's of your thirty thousand pounds in a couple of years, my dear, if it wasn't tied down tight on yourself and your children."

"Oh, Aunt Sarjent, please don't talk in that manner!" Yolande pleads, trembling, and tears of shame and vexation welling into her eyes. "You are altogether mistaken if you are talking of Captain Glynne! He is not an honorable, to begin with, and he is almost a stranger to me in the next place."

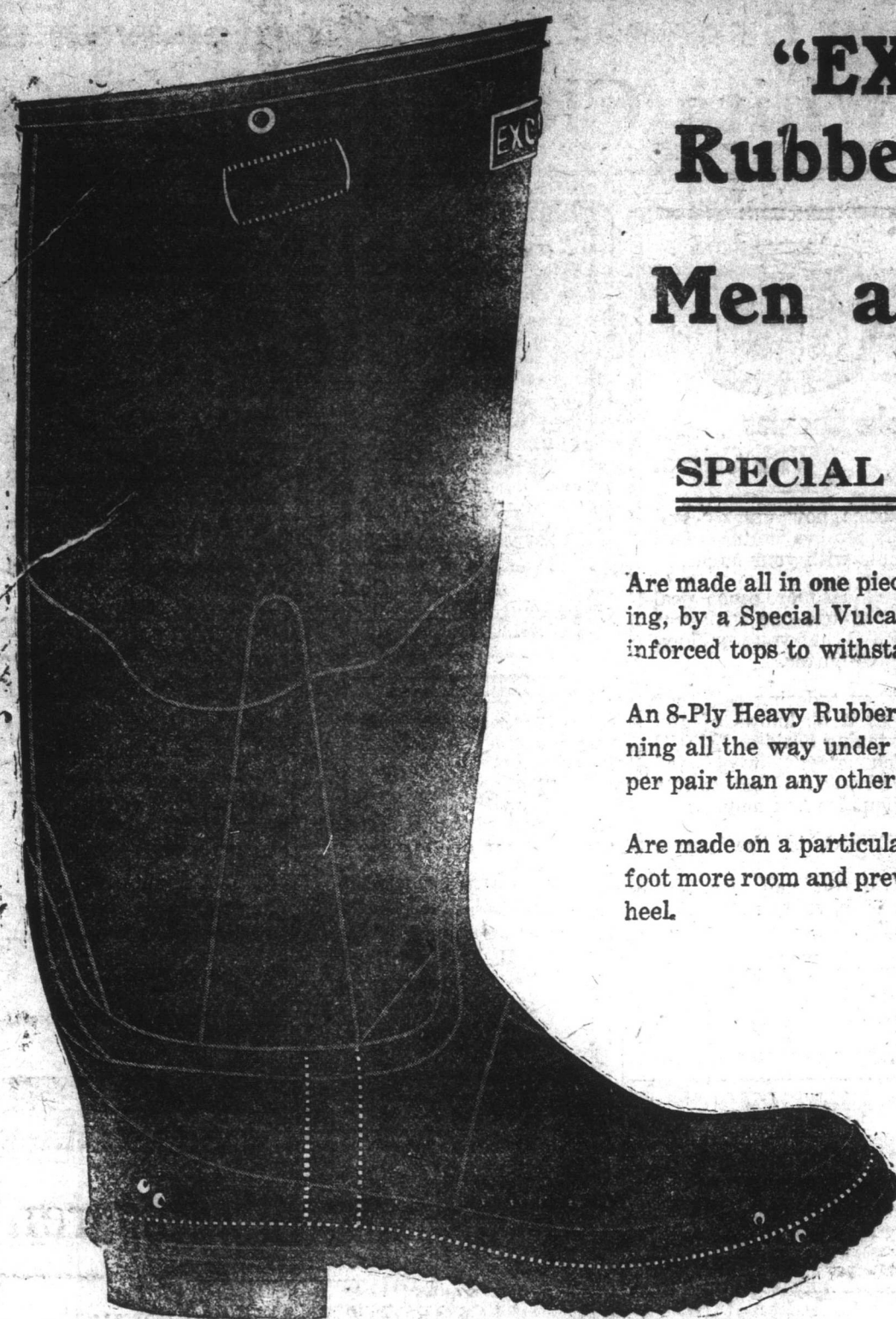
"And, in the next place, he has fallen head over heels in love with you and your fortune, and he'll marry you; as sure as a gun, as soon as he gets the chance!" Mrs. Sarjent interrupts, putting the girl down with triumphant complacency. "I know the world a trifle better than you, my dear; and you'll have your young swell after you in less than no time! He won't be such a fool as to lose the chance of a nice, virtuous young wife with a handsome fortune—never fear! That's what his uncle, Lord Glynne, is coming here for this evening, you may be sure," Mrs. Sarjent adds, with a knowing nod—"looking you-over-to-see-if-you'll-do sort of style, you know. You'll be very grand by and by, Lollie," she continued, starting and laughing; "you won't look at your city relations, my dear! Your poor mother never thought, when she used to be fretting about not being able to buy new boots for you to go to school in, that you'd be a titled lady one day!"

(To be continued.)



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The Shoe Men

June 25, m.w.f. 11

## Fathers Were Happy a Century Ago.

Especially to be envied is the father of the 1830's, because he could plant himself on the hearth rug with his legs apart and his hands under his coat tails and thunder moral remarks at his children without any fear of being interrupted, says Robert M. Gay, in the Atlantic Monthly.

There is nothing that gives one such a sense of well-being as to thunder moral remarks at somebody; but the opportunities for doing so are becoming fewer and fewer. Now and then in an advertisement in a magazine we see a well-bred and well-preserved man of middle age sitting behind an office desk and pointing a finger at a group of cringing operatives as an illustration of what a course in will-power can do for one, and we see at a glance that he is being moral with all his might and, consequently, a happy man.

But in real life we rarely see anyone do that—certainly never a father. When it is necessary for the modern father to be moral he tries to be jovial rather than Jovian and insinuates rather than incendiary.

He begins his homily with some such preamble as, "Not to seem to preach," or "Not to pose as an orator," or "With no desire to appear complacent," and as like as not, the son or daughter who is listening breaks in encouragingly, "That's right. Don't come too heavy, father, that's a good fellow," or "That's a dear old thing."

Who could be moral after that? And is it really quite fair? The modern father has few enough pleasures in any event and it seems as if

he might have been permitted to keep this little one of thundering at his family now and then. No one ever paid much attention to him, anyway, even in 1820; but he got an innocent pleasure out of it as well as an abiding sense of security out of feeling his feet planted firmly on the eternal rock of fundamental right and wrong.

He said proudly, "I am an old fashioned man," and all the other fathers cried, "Hear! hear!" To-day he prefaces his remarks to the family with the phrase, "I may be old fashioned, but—" and the younger generation giggles.

Look out for the Independent. July 12th

The ingredients for mayonnaise will mix more easily if they are not too cold.

Add a few drops of lemon juice to the melted butter that you pour over veal kidneys.

An unbreakable folding lantern of light weight is an essential to the camper.



## Fashion Plates

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4413. Striped and plain ratine combined in this instance. Figure and plain wools, crepe, and linen are also attractive for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 14, 14½ and 16 years. A 14 year size requires 3½ yards of one kind of material 32 inch wide. To make as the treated requires 2 yards of plain and 1½ yard of figured material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR PRACTICAL MODEL.



4391. This style has good and comfortable lines. The closing is a coat style. Madras, gingham, jeans, drill or flannel could be used for this model.

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