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CHAPTER XIX.

"I'll give it back again to Joyce," he says, hurriedly, dropping it into his pocket again. "I hate the sight of the thing. She was false to me for the sake of this ring and a few gew-gaws like it. I hate it—and I hate her falseness and—sometimes I hate her! Besides, what if Yolande ever saw it or knew I had it? Poor, little, romantic soul! She doesn't imagine that there could be a woman who would barter the man she loved for 'gear an' gowd.' Poor, little Yolande! I wish she didn't dread me and shun me as she does," he says, with a frown and a deep, quick sigh. "I wish I could see her now. I would try to atone for this day, if I could!"

When, a minute later, a gentle tap comes on the door between his room and Yolande's, it startles him like a mystical answer to his desire. He starts up eagerly—he is ashamed to feel how eagerly—and hurries to the door.

"Yes, yes!" he says, in quick, unsteady tones. "Is that you, Yolande?" "Yes," she replied, in a weary, quiet voice opening the door; and the pale, young face, the wistful, bright eyes, the slender, silk-robed form appear in the dark portal; for the two candles on the toilet table utterly fail to light the huge, cheerless room behind her. "I wanted to speak to you. I have been writing letters, and I wanted to speak to you for a minute, to consult you—please."

"Dallas takes the cold, little hand that is holding the door, and clasps it in both his.

"You want to speak to me, Yolande?" he asks, huskily, trembling beneath the sudden passion of keen emotion that surges over him. "And I want to speak to you, my own little wife, my darling!"



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"Captain Glynn," the unhappy wife exclaimed, trying to draw her quivering hand from his strong clasp. "It is needless—and it is cruel—I think—to use such pretences. I know quite well that—I am not your darling!"

CHAPTER XX.

Dallas and Yolande—"man and wife together" by the laws of church and state, but disunited and almost strangers in sad reality—stand now with clasped hands, gazing at each other in wistful silence, until the young wife's dark, moirated eyes are dim with unshed tears.

"What do you mean by saying that you are not my darling?" Dallas demands, angrily, but in husky, unsteady tones. "No, I won't let you go until you tell me!"

Compared with his muscular strength, hers is slight indeed; besides, the resistance she offers is not very strenuous. So, with both her ice-cold hands imprisoned in one of his, Captain Glynn draws his forlorn girl-wife close to his breast, and presses his face to hers.

"Oh, don't, don't! Let me go!" Yolande cries, sobbing miserably, but yielding in spite of herself, of her pride and anger, her jealousy and wretchedness. "You are cruel, cruel! Let me go, Captain Glynn!"

"What is the matter with you, my poor little woman," he whispers, kissing her. "Don't cry so, Yolande, darling; you are bedewing me with your tears!"

He shuts the door, places her in an easy-chair, and, wondering rather vexedly how women can shed such floods of tears as they do,

"I beg your pardon," she says, in a resentful tone, and trying to thrust his hands away. "If you let me go, as I asked you, you will not be annoyed with my stupid tears!"

"I am not annoyed—I am grieved," Captain Glynn responds, not quite truthfully. "Let us shut this door, and come into my room. This big, gloomy mausoleum of yours is enough to give you your death of cold! No wonder you are half frozen!"

He shuts the door, places her in an easy-chair, and, drawing the red embers of the fire carefully together, puts on them some paper, a handful of wax matches, and a little coal.

"See what a capital housemaid I am!" he says, laughing.

As Yolande watches him on his knees on the hearth-rug, with the flickering firelight shining on his close-cropped, red-gold hair, on his low, broad brow and thick, curling hazel lashes, she wonders if there was ever anybody so handsome and winning and lovable.

"There, dear," he goes on, looking up with a gay smile, as he breaks up a cigar box to feed the blaze; then, dusting his fingers in his silk handkerchief, and, kneeling at her feet, he lays his fair, handsome head gently upon her arm. "Give me a smile and a kiss, Yolande, for a reward!" he says, coaxingly.

"You don't care for my smiles or my kisses, either," Yolande answers, coldly, with a heaving breast, her heart aching with anguish.

His brow darkens sullenly at this, and he rises to his feet.

"Why can't you let bygones be bygones?" he cries, resentfully.

"I did not think they were bygones," Yolande answers, rising, also. "I have had no reason to think so, you must admit."

"You allude to my having gone out with Miss Murray to-day, I suppose?" Dallas says, coloring, and twisting his mustache angrily. "I asked you, but you refused to come with me."

"Yes," Yolande admits, curtly. "I knew I wasn't wanted."

"You are insulting me, Yolande!" he mutters, through his clenched teeth; and his eyes blaze with fierce anger.

"I am not," Yolande retorts, turning away with a haggard look of weariness. "I am only stating a sim-

ple fact—that you had chosen the company you preferred, and did not want mine."

"You are insulting me!" Dallas cries, again, angrily reproachful. "You are accusing me, your lawful husband, of infidelity of heart and purpose toward you!"

"There can't be infidelity where there never was fidelity," Yolande rejoins, in the same, calm, dreary fashion. "You never care for me, even for one hour; your love was all given to some one else before I ever saw your face. How could you be faithful to me in heart, or mind, or feelings?—I can't expect it."

"Don't say that!" Dallas exclaims, hastily, his eyes softening. "You can expect it! My own little wife, why shouldn't your husband love you?"

"Love two women at the same time?" Yolande asks, scornfully, staring at him through her tears. "No, thank you; I don't want a share in your affections."

"Yolande, I wish you wouldn't talk such horrible nonsense!" cries Dallas, incensed. "I wonder how you can stand there saying such cruel, insulting things to me," he adds, reproachfully. "If I loved another woman before I married you, that is no reason why I should not learn to love you now, and why we should not live happily and comfortably together."

"Learn to love me!" Yolande repeats, bitterly. "You need not give yourself the trouble! I have not the slightest intention of trying to learn to live happily and comfortably with you!"

"Do you intend, then, that we shall go on leading this cat-and-dog existence?" Dallas asks, his lips trembling with rage, but with a dull, intangible pain at his heart. For, in some strange way, the love of this faithful, passionate girl, whose heart he knows is truly his, even while she repulses his caresses and defies his authority, seems to have suddenly become a dearer and more desirable possession than Joyce Murray's fickle fondness.

"No," Yolande answers, quietly. "I was coming to speak to you on that subject just now—to propose that we should part."

"Part!" he repeats, his face paling. "Certainly, if you desire it. No open scandal, you know! I won't permit that."

"You couldn't help permitting it if I were base and faithless to you, regardless of your feelings and of appearances!" retorts Yolande, sharply and passionately.

"As I am to you, that means," Dallas says. "Very well. Since you think so badly of me, we had certainly better part. What do you intend doing—if I may inquire?"

"I wish to go back to Rutland Gardens, to aunt Keren, of course," Yolande answers, in a sad, half-inaudible tone, her mind misgiving her, her conscience reproving her, her heart bewailing the last vanishing hope of her lost love. "I thought of going up to London to-morrow morning. I do not care to stay here. It is—rather miserable for me, and—lonely."

There is a piteous quivering of the soft lips, and a tremor in the sorrowful voice, as Yolande turns her head away quickly.

Captain Glynn's eyes brighten with a smile.

"Poor, little soul!" he tells himself. "She is trying dreadfully hard to steel herself against me."

"I must ask you to remain over to-morrow," he says, speaking in an indifferent tone. "I cannot leave Pen-treath as long as the earl survives, for I have not seen him yet, though I believe he wishes to see me. So, as I must escort you, you see you must kindly defer your journey for two or three days longer."

(To be continued.)

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WEALTHY MAN'S DOWNFALL.

The story of a man who spent a fortune of between £3000 and £5000 in two years was told at London Sessions, recently.

Thomas Colmer (36), described as a manager, pleaded guilty to incurring a debt of £28 with Hows Hotels, Limited, and obtaining credit under false pretences.

Detective Spanish said that, representing himself to be a travelling inspector of a well-known firm of caterers, Colmer stayed at an hotel in Bloomsbury Street for three weeks,

and ran up a bill amounting to £28. When the bill was presented he could not meet it.

The prisoner attributes his present position to domestic troubles and gambling. Sentence of nine months in the second division was passed.

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Tassel trimming is a fall note of interest.

Fads and Fashions.

Attractive dance frocks feature cape effects. Lingerie blouses in pastel shades are popular. Collars and sleeves show the Chinese influence.

Black and white is having a vogue in the sports world. The broken or plaque border is noted on fall coats.

A new cotton crepe material resembles georgette crepe.

Felt hats for fall are trimmed with batter's plush ribbon.

Brown velvet sandal slippers are introduced for fall wearing.

Telegram Fashion Plates

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of such patterns as she likes. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



A STYLISH MODEL.
4266. This design is suitable for slender and for mature figures. The pleat lines, the side closing and becoming sleeve are very attractive, and new. Figured crepe is here portrayed finished with a stitching in floss. The style is also good for satin, broad cloth and serge.

The Pattern is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

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

A GOOD STYLE FOR MATURE FIGURES.
4480. Figured and plain foulard are here combined. One could wear this with crepe, and embroidered georgette are also a good combination. The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. For panel of collar of contrasting material 1 1/2 yards 27 inches wide will be required. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1/4 yards.

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

A ONE PIECE FROCK WITH DRAPED PANELS.
4264. Figured silk combined with crepe is here portrayed. This is a good style for velvet and satin, and chiffon.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 18, and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 7 yards of one material 44 inches wide. To make as illustrated for the dress of plain material will require 4 yards of 40 inch material and 3 1/2 yards for the panels of figured material.

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



A POPULAR "OVER" BLOUSE MODEL.
4041. Silk or tissue singham with organdy for collar and cuffs would be nice for this style. The poplin may be omitted. The blouse is in "slip on" style, and may be finished with the sleeves in wrist or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Collar and cuffs of contrasting material require 3/4 yards of 40 inches wide.

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

A SLENDER SKIRT FOR MATURE FIGURES.
3962. Up-to-date with its uneven hem lines, and pleasing in its long soft lines, is the model here shown. Crepe weaves, pongee or linen could be used to develop it.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 27, 28, 31, 33, 35 1/2 and 39 inches waist measure. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards. This style

is finished in "slightly raised" waist line. A 31 inch waist size will require 2 1/2 yards of 38 inch material for the skirt and 2 3/4 yards for the tunic.

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

A POPULAR STYLE.
4433. This is a splendid sport model. It lends itself well to pattern weaves, and to silk, or linen.

The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 1/2 yards of 32 inch material.

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