## Million Dollar Doll

Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

## Salvano Is Working a Little Treachery of His Own

Paul's Treachery.
o had lied to Betty. He and Callahan were married. But if Mrs. Sheridan had not come giers with her letters and her

The old man would have liked to secure the right kind of a prince for a son-in-law, but it looked as if Salvano weren't the right kind. Not only that, but there were plenty of better princes where Salvano came from, and in various other countries. Called

The prince, being Italian, would not have dared propose it, for the simple reason that such a marriage would not in fact be legal, and he might be accused of deceiving the girl. He explained in a half-hearted way that there were difficulties. way that there were difficulties. Without the parents' consent a marriage would not hold in his own countries the state of the control of the and there were besides all sorts ry; and there were besides an solid erved. Still, they could be maried according to American law, if sweet Rose trusted him enough

ried according to American law, if his sweet Rose trusted him enough for a secret wedding. Then, if her father consented later, the whole thing could be done over again in the proper way before outsiders knew the story.

Rose was sure her father would consent. Why, he'd have to! So a license was bought by the girl herself, and the two were married one afternoon at Jamaica, Long Island. Rose wrote to one or two friends, cautioning them not to tell; but she was in a mood not to care, really, whether they told or not. This mood changed somewhat, however, when the confession to pop had been made (by her, not Paolo), and she ad seen how he took it.

As she explained to Salvano aftervards, pop behaved more like a mad bull than anyone's kind old pa. He roared home truths about the prince's morals, and said he'd break the marriage, which wasn't a marriage, anyhow, by Gad!

Rose cried so much, however, that twentually Callahan relented. He talked with the bridegroom, and put him on probation. Salvano wasn't to consider Rose his wife, and must prevent the truth about the secret marriage from leaking out. The pair

would be permitted to call themselves engaged, and Salvano might follow the father and daughter abroad, where Callahan had already planned to travel. If the prince behaved himself for six months, and if meanwhile Callahan heard no worse tales than he had heard already, there might be a real wedding — in Rome, perhaps, after a meeting with Paolo's parents.

ats, his position would star with his title, had taken the precaution of making inquiries before allowing things to go too far. He had expected debts, but not disgraceful debts, and the affair with Mrs. Sheridan was not the only one that had started scandal.

The old man would have liked to the control of the family—his most pressing debts should be paid immediately. Also Callahan was willing to advance money for Salvano's traveling and money for Salvano's traveli

debts should be paid immediately. Also Callahan was willing to advance money for Salvano's traveling and other expenses.

The arrangement was humiliating; but there were plenty of better princes where Salvano came from, and in various other countries. Callahan resolved to take Rose where these princes were and where Prince Paul di Salvano was not. But he made one error of judgment. He let Rose and Salvano see too clearly and too on what was in his mind.

Rose knew her father well. She had been in love before—though not like this—and pop hadn't "cottoned" to the rien. He had been right in those cases, because they weren't was. She adored Paolo, and meant to have him. It was she, therefore, who warned Salvano of danger, and suggested a secret marriage, because "pop would have to come round in the end."

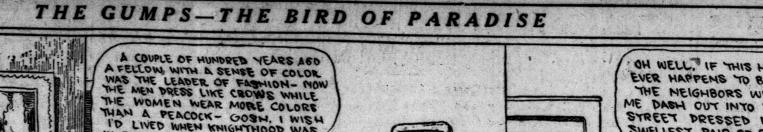
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The arrangement was humiliating; but Callahan was a millionaire several times over. If Paolo could "keep on pop's good side," as Rose pointed out, all disagreeables would soon be forgotten. Pop was like that! He couldn't bear malice. Consequently Salvano was at present extremely busy in keeping on that good side. He hoped sometimes that he was succeeding, though Callahan remained gloomy and morose, suspicious every time that his son-in-law looked at any women except Rose, or accepted an invitation to play bridge.

Betty Sheridan's letter had been almost a death sentence. Salvano had glanced it through, crumpled it and the envelope into his pocket, and, thinking quickly, had walked in the wake of the Callahans on to the terrace. He shuffled his thoughts like a pack of cards, and as a result allowed Rose to sit facing Mrs. Sherida

through the doorway.

It would be useless, he knew, to try to prevent the girl or her father from seeing the newcomer. Such an attempt would fail, and excite the suspicions of both, though Salvano had long ago "had it out" with Rose about Betty. He'd explained that the affair had been the merest flirtation, that Mrs. Sheridan hadn't been precisely backward; and that their position in society had led to exaggera-





BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Takes Back His Cruel Words,

BY BILLY DE BECK







DOG ?



MUTT AND JEFF

movies

WITH ME

THIS, M'LADS, IS THE

COLLECTION I WAS TELLING

YOU ABOUT - I HAVE A

ON THIS TABLE ARE EGG

CUPS THAT HAVE SEEN THE

REVELAY OF POMPEIL - THE

FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE ...

THE TABLES OF NOBILITY OF

EVERY KINGDOM --- THE

SHAKESPEARE, NAPOLEON.

BEETHOVEN, AND

MANY OTHER NOTED

EGG CUPS THAT HAVE GRACED

PERSONAL EGG CUP OF COLUMBUS

HOBBY OF COLLECTING

EGG CUPS! .

You Can't Tell-Aspirin Might Win At That.

BY BUD FISHER







Reddy Fox Rages When He Cannot Get At Little Bob White

THORNTON W. BURGESS. Reddy Fox soon picked up the trail of Mrs. Bob White and the wounded young Bob White, and so at length he came to the fallen, hollow fence post. His sharp nose told him at once that that wounded young Bob White was inside. Such a disappointment! It filled Reddy with rage. He hated that fence post, which, of course, was a very foolish thing to do. He took a long sniff, and his mouth watered as the scent of that young Bob White just beyond his reach tickled his nose. He snarled as he dug at the end of that old fence post with his claws. But that was quite useless and he knew it. The outside of that old fence post was solid. It was only the heart of it that had rotted away. Reddy ran around to the other end. That was closed. Then carefully he examined the whole length of that examined the whole length of that old fence post. You see, he hoped there might be a thin, rotted place which he could dig open. But there wasn't. He tried reaching in with a paw as far as he could. He couldn't reach quite far enough. That young Bob White was as safe from him as



Presently Reddy realized how foolish his rage was. He sat down to think things over. He knew that

to himself. "is to hide close by. Mrs Bob White won't be able to stay away from that wounded youngster very long. Perhaps that youngster himself will come and look for himself will be able to get that Bob White dinner I was so sure of a few minutes ago."

ago."

So Reddy flattened himself on the ground in the blackest of the Black Shadows close to the old fallen fence post and prepared to wait patiently. The stars came out and sprinkled the sky with little points of light. By and by gentle Mistress Moon came creeping up from behind the Green forest and flooded the Green Meadows with soft, silvery light. There never was a more peaceful scene. It didn't seem as if there could possibly be anything but happiness and restful peace there. Yet inside that hollow fence post a young Bob White crouched, suffering from wounds and from terrible fright. Outside in the blackest shadow crouched Reddy Fox. patiently waiting for a Bob White dinner. And a little way off a little brown mother. Mrs. Bob White watched and listened and waited, too. And with every moment she grew more anxious.

Time slipped away. Mrs. Bob White



OF ALL TH'

DAFFY

COLLECTIONS,

THAT ONE

GETS TH'

KNITTED

CAKE !

TH' NEXT

THING TO

THAT, 15

COLLECTING

ASHES!

EGG CUPS?

ANY OF EM

SURE

CRACKED,

ARE!

THE MAJOR SHOWS PARTOF HIS UNIQUE COLLECTION -

WELL SAY, --WELL SAY, ---





OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

And with every moment she grew more anxious.

Time slipped away. Mrs. Bob White, wise in the ways of Reddy Fox, did not go to the suffering young Bob White despite the longing in her heart. The wounded young Bob White remained right where he was. He knew that he was safe. Reddy Fox grew hungrier and hungrier. At last he made up his mind that he was simply wasting time. If he were to have a dinner that night he must look for it elsewhere. He got to his feet and stole away softly. But he didn't go so softly that Mrs. Bob White did not know it when he went.

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

MAJOR, - I AM "You Said It, Marceline!" INCLINED TO BELIEVE TH'

BY AHERN.

BREAK LINING

IN YOUR HEAD

15 SLIPPING !

YOU WON'T EVEN

BE ABLE TO

COLLECT YOUR

THOUGHTS!

By MARCELINE CALROY On Man as a Career. MAN used to be Woman's great CAREER! Why is he so no longer? Is it that he does not show Enough INTEREST, or is it Lack of PRINCIPLE? Are husbands too much work Or teo LITTLE? Or are the RETURNS Not great enough? Men used to be very Engrossing-and to Achieve matrimony was Quite a BUSINESS:

For one's SPARE time. And men are no longer Absorbing-but absorbed By their business. Men USED to be able To keep a woman busy, Now they can't even Keep her QUIET. To the modern woman The modern man is Not a CAREER, he's A CATERER-

A source of materail supply; And Woman, who needs more, Is getting FED-UP!

VELVETEX — VELVETEX — VELVETEX — VELVETEX DON'T THROW YOUR OLD CARPETS AWAY.

> 'VELVETEX" RUGS. CANADA RUG COMPANY.

Hambone's

Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

MAH MOTHER WUZ A WIDDER,

SHE WEARED BLUE JEANS;

MAH FATHER WUZ A GAMBLER

HE DIED IN NEW LEANS!"

No matter how old, how dirty how dilapi-ated (we sterilize them), have them made into

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## The Fall Weather Hardon Little Ones

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day is warm and bright, and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers, or by mail, at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets, Stomach Feels Fine!





were a mile away. ish his rage was. He sat down to think things over. He knew that somewhere near was Mrs. Bob White But he knew that it was quite useles to try to find her and catch her. He gritted his teeth as he thought of how she had fooled him by pretending to be wounded. Then he tried to think of some plan for catching either that young Bob White or his mother Reddy knows all about mother love Many times has he seen mothers risk their lives for their children. "The thing for me to do." said he to himself, "is to hide close by. Mrs Bob White won't be able to stay away from them.

The next story: "The Bob Whites