

ASK FOR ALVINA

The Improved
Fountain Preparation of an Extract
of Cod Liver Oil

Persistently Recommended for
**Persistent Coughs,
Bronchitis,
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Prepared by
MORRIS & LAZARUS CO.,
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**An Indispensible
Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty
at Stake!**

CHAPTER XX.

"Oh, Dallas, what is that?" she asks, with open-eyed amazement. "A diamond ring! Oh, it is a splendid one. I know! Do let me see it, dear! It's yours, isn't it?"

"No—that is—it isn't mine—it's only a friend's—lent it to me—at least, to take to the jeweller's when I go up to town. Something's the matter with the setting of one of the stones." Dallas stammers confusedly, as he starts up and walks over to his dressing-case.

"Even so, why may I not look at it for a moment?" Yolande asks very quietly, a strange benumbed feeling creeping over her.

For, as by a lightning-flash, all is revealed to her; as she stands there, her angered spirit clearly perceives what her husband is trying to conceal from her. An icy shudder of wrath and excitement shakes her from head to foot.

"You might let me see it?" she persists in a cold, quiet voice, following him.

"Well, there!" he says, handing it to her in sullen desperation; and Yolande examines the ring attentively in silence.

"It is a beautiful ring," she remarks at length, handing it back to him—"a beautiful ring, and I should think a valuable one. You got that to-day in exchange for yours. I saw your red cameo ring on at breakfast-time. This is a pledge of future fidelity from your ladylove, I suppose?"

There is not a trace of anger or excitement in her voice; she even laughs—a cold, mirthless laugh—though a grayish pallor like that of death overspreads her face to the very lips.

Dallas, in his mortification and regret, cannot find a word to say. He is ashamed of himself, angry with Yolande, and humbled, before her, who has trusted and loved him only too well.

And Yolande, seeing that he has not a word to say in his own defense, turns away, with a disdainful smile and shrug of the shoulders.

"Rather a hopeless thing for poor Mrs. Murray, if she is waiting for my death!" she says, deliberately. "We are both rather young, you see, and she is five years older than I. Thank you for a pleasant visit!"

She laughs as she turns the handle of the door of her room; and Dallas, who has been standing stock-still, now starts forward, panting with excitement.

"Come back!" he cries, hurriedly. "Yolande, do you hear me? Come back. I tell you!"

"No thank you," she replies, with a slight, scornful laugh, closing the door. But the next moment it is snatched back from her hand, and her husband stands in the doorway, his eyes lurid with rage and excitement.

"Yolande," he says, slowly, "if you leave me now in anger and jealousy, refusing any explanation or any apology for—what has annoyed you, and attributing the worst motives to me, I tell you once and for all it is the last time that you and I shall be more than strangers to each other! You have had your warnings and have treated me with unwisely disobedience and injustice since the day we were married—"

It is my turn now! I have pleaded with you for your affection and for forgiveness for the trouble I caused you; now I tell you I will put up with your disdain and coldness, your airs and tempers, no longer—I am tired of them!"

"And I am tired of putting up with your neglect and unkindness, and your insulting admiration and preference for another woman—vanted before my face, and carried to the utmost lengths behind my back!" retorts Yolande, reckless and desperate. Dallas bites his lip to prevent his uttering stronger words than hers.

"You have heard what I said, Yolande," he says, speaking quietly, but with difficulty. "If you leave my room now, you shall never enter it again with my permission; you and I shall be strangers to the end of our lives, unless you come back to me now as my submissive wife!"

"I am to be your 'submissive wife' and Joyce Murray your beloved sweetheart!" Yolande sneers, though it appears to her she is thrusting a knife into her own heart as she utters the taunting words. "No, not if you went down on your knees to me!"

Dallas rejoins. "This is final, then. Good-night, and—good-by."

"Good-by!" Yolande says, very bravely, shutting the door and locking it with a decisive click.

CHAPTER XXI.

Yolande shuts the door between her husband and herself, and stands defiant, palpitating, smiling, flushed from her miserable victory, for the space of five minutes. Then she shivers as she looks all around the big, cold, gloomy room—her "mausoleum," as Dallas called it—and sighs—a weary, despairing sigh that is almost a moan.

"I am so wretched!" she murmurs, and bursts into tears.

She is standing close to the door still, and, laying her head against the wall, she sobs aloud. Dallas is sure to hear her, and sure, of course, to knock at the door to ask her what is the matter.

Five minutes later, Yolande is exhausted by her fit of weeping, and is shivering violently; but no notice is taken of her misery. Then she sits down and listens for a time. She can hear Captain Glynn moving about his room; by and by there is silence, and she can see the warm glow of the firelight through the key-

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Detroit, Michigan.—"I had female weakness with pains in my back, and I could not stand on my feet for any length of time. I was working in a factory but had to quit as I was too much on my feet. A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me, and I can hardly believe it myself that I am well. Oh, it is a grand thing to have your health! I feel well all the time and can go out like other women and not feel that awful torture. When I took your medicine first I thought it should cure after the first bottle, but I am glad my husband kept me at it. I have had nine bottles and now I am well."—Mrs. JANE EVANS, 124 La Fayette Blvd., Detroit, Michigan.

If you are suffering from displacements, irregularities, backache, nervousness or other forms of female weakness, you should take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The reason is given in letters like these, and we have published thousands of them. You may expect that a medicine that has helped other women will help you. Try it.

hole and beneath the door. He is in bed and sleeping comfortably; and every one in the house has retired, for it is close upon midnight, and there is not a sound to be heard but the mournful wailing of the wind and the passionate beat of the rain in gusts against the windows, while in a distant stable yard a house-dog howls loud and long.

Yolande begins to think of the old earl on his deathbed, and to wonder whether the fading life will flicker out before the dawning of the next day, and how he will look when he is dead and lying in solemn state in his coffin, until superstitious terrors begin to creep over her, and the shadowy corners of her large room seemed filled with misty shapes of horror.

Oh, to see Dallas now! Oh to hear his voice and feel the warm clasp of his dear hand! He is her wedded husband, her very own, and not Joyce Murray's, and she will seek him humbly, meekly, dutifully—his "submissive wife"—as he has told her she shall be.

(To be continued.)

The Lighter Side.

Why don't some one start long distant dish-washing contests?

Two boys saw a Bishop in the street of a town where a regiment of killed soldiers was quartered. One of them said, "That's a Bishop."

The other, retorted, "It ain't a Bishop; it's a Gordon Highlander going to a funeral."

"My chief trouble, doctor, is my breathing."

"Well soon put a stop to that, my man."

The fellow who struts with the waitress may not be untrue to his wife. He may merely be playing for larger stakes.

NOTICE.—Lost, a gentleman's gold watch; \$25 reward and no questions asked—unless my wife answers the door.

When it comes to bills—we give the Stork credit for having the longest.

There was an old man with a tooth, which ached till he said, "It's the truth. I neglected 'em young. And now I am stung. How I wish I had brushed 'em in youth!"

STRANGE BUT TRUE.

"This paper has a most remarkable picture of a woman swimmer."

"What's so strange about it?"

"It shows her actually in the water."

The laziest man in the village was running hard. On he ran, until—crash!—he went round the corner, nearly knocking the vicar over.

"What—what is the matter?" gasped the reverend gentleman, in astonishment.

"Can't stop, sir," came the hurried reply. "I've just 'eard of some work."

"And have you got the job?" asked the vicar.

"Don't know, sir; just goin' to see."

"What is it?" asked the vicar.

"Some washin' for my wife."

**Keeps Baby's Skin Healthy
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GERALD S. DOYLE, DISTRIBUTOR.

Of Course.

Miss Edna Best—who is really, of course, Mrs. Seymour Beard, and the proud mother of twins—tells a delightful little story of a young matron and her first baby.

A local welfare worker had called to see the new arrival, and after it had been duly admired the mother started to entertain her visitor with bits of local gossip.

"Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown," she began, "don't speak now. Each claimed that hers was the finest baby in the town."

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "And which was right?"

The young mother gazed at the questioner in mild surprise.

"Which was right?" she ejaculated. "Why, neither, of course. My baby is."

An Extravagant Princess

The most extravagant modern woman would have gaped at the clothes of Beatrice d'Este, the famous Italian Princess who was at the height of her career in Milan about the time that Columbus was discovering America.

Eighty costumes went with the Princess on her diplomatic visits to Venice, and in addition to the pearls and diamonds that were embroidered on her clothing, she wore "The Ear of Corn," a ruby valued at \$400,000, and "The Wolf," a decoration of three large diamonds and three large pearls, valued at \$240,000.

Not Billiards.

I thought I knew all the two million or so golf stories floating about, but here is one that is new to me.

It was told recently by Lord Tweedmouth, whose devotion to the "royal and ancient" game is well known.

A clergyman was playing a round of golf with a very strenuous but bad player, who was an actor. Presently his opponent fired off a round of lurid language.

"Look here," said the clergyman, "even if you don't respect me you might respect the cloth."

"Hang it all," said the actor, "we're not playing billiards, are we?"

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