

RICH IN VITAMINES



MAKE PERFECT BREAD

An Indispensible Favorite OR Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER I.

"My dear boy, we must have money! If we argued the question twenty and twice twenty times over," says Lady Glynn, fanning herself with languid grace, "it would come to the same thing in the end. Stern reality, Dallas, stern reality!"

Lady Nora Glynn—otherwise "Lady Nora" to her hundred and one bosom friends—was baptized "Honoria" about forty-seven years ago; but she does not look thirty, except on the morning after a ball, or when her creditors grow unmanageable, or when some promising admirer goes away to fresh woods and pastures new.

For Lady Nora is a pretty little widow, and has been a pretty little widow for fifteen years, in spite of the most brilliant and daring speculation in the marriage-market. Some small dividends her speculations certainly do return to her—jewelry, bric-a-brac, flowers, gloves, fans, opera and theatre boxes, and a few invitations for yachting parties, for autumn and Christmas parties, when there are going to be tableaux and theatricals. Lady Nora "makes up" exquisitely, and is the pretiest and prettiest of chambermaids.

But what is a feast of pralines, fondants, and Chinois glaces when one is hungering for satisfying meat and drink? Rahatta-Koum is a wretched substitute for roast beef. One generous lover indeed gave Lady Nora an etrenne one New Year's morning of a dozen pairs of gloves, with a ten-pound note slipped deftly between each exquisite little pearl-gray and tan Suede pair.

Lady Nora is not proud. She sighs when she remembers that etrenne, which has never had a successor of equal worth, though she has tried the same methods of extortion to wit, half-a-dozen bright tears glistening on her dark eyelashes, three or four heart-rending sighs, and a brief, fragmentary, artless confidence, from a full heart to the "dearest, kindest friend in the world," respecting some "horrid tradesman" and their "quite too abominably extortionate" charges.

But the giver of that charming box of gloves is the owner of twelve thou-

sand a year. So, after all, the ten-pound note was little more than a few pralines and fondants in place of the banquet which Lady Nora expected, and thought herself justified in expecting.

No; Lady Nora is not a proud woman by any means. She does many things at which a proud woman would blush—at which her son, Dallas Glynn, cannot help blushing, as brought up in the school in which he has been, his code of honor is elastic and shield of morality none of the brightest.

It is a cruel trial to maternal affection and ladylike amiability when a pretty woman who might very well pass for twenty-five,

"In the dusk, with the light behind her,"

has suddenly to acknowledge a big, broad-shouldered mustached son in the Guards. Still the fact is a stern reality, as she has just said to Dallas about money, or rather the dire want of it from which they are suffering. And Lady Nora, being really a fond mother, and loving her big son best of anything on earth, has resolved, at forty-seven, gracefully to accept the inevitable, and recognize the fact of her stalwart son being twenty-six, and be proud of him, and dote on him even more than she does on diamonds, admiration, or a partie carree after the opera.

And so she resolves to be a very good mother according to her lights—that is to say, she means to move heaven and earth, metaphorically, to scheme, plot, plan, cajole, condescend—do anything and everything for her son's advancement in life.

And there is only one way in which this is to be achieved—the easiest, quickest, most natural and reasonable way in which a handsome, well-bred, well-born young man can step from impecuniosity into prosperity—Dallas must marry money. There is no other hope for him or for her in this world, Lady Nora decides, and utters her decision.

She has worked hard—desperately hard—in every other direction, and failed—worked for the chances of a wealthy establishment for herself, worked for the chances of the favor of his uncle, the Earl of Pentreath; and now she is forty-seven and Dallas is twenty-six, and she has signally failed in her efforts.

The earl allows her son the same yearly sum that he allowed that son's father, the Honorable Percival Glynn—five hundred a year—no more, no less; and he refuses absolutely to pay any debts for mother or for son, or to afford his brother's widow any further advantage from her relationship to him.

"And I know whom I have to thank for that," Lady Glynn says, setting her teeth hard—"that mean hypocrite, his son, Lyulph Glynn, the man I detest most in the whole world!"

"He is a pale-faced smooth-voiced prig of a fellow," assents Dallas, carelessly. "But I shouldn't worry myself by hating him so actively, if I were you, mother; you'll certainly upset your digestion—and that will be no joke after that underdone chou-fleur au gratin at dinner!"

But Lady Nora beats her pretty foot restlessly on the carpet, while her breath comes fast; she has her own reasons for her vengeful impotent hatred of her nephew by marriage—Viscount Glynn, whom good old ladies call "a most excellent man." And yet she is in the main, a very good-natured, good-tempered, charming little woman, whom even her worst traducers cannot dislike.

So there is silence for a few minutes in the little salon, while Dallas smokes and stares sleepily at the carpet and the green, plush-covered furniture, and the short, snowy-white, crisp window-curtains, and the glistening, gilded frames of the oblong and oval mirrors, all in meretricious style of the worst French taste.

And then Lady Glynn answers him, as if her thoughts had dwelt all the time on the badly-cooked chou-fleur:

"Yes, horrid, wasn't it? And so was the soup, and so was the duck. But what can one expect at a place like this? Things are desperate with us, or we should not have come here, of course!"—with a glance of impatient contempt out at the Place, with its old church and its picturesque fruit stalls, with their piles of grapes and melons glistening faintly beneath the gas-lamps, and, overhead, the calm, soft blue of the evening—October, sky



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brightening in the west as the pale golden disc of the moon, nearly full, rises above the sea. "Unbearable plagues are among the commonest miseries of poverty," Lady Nora goes on, her pleasant, bird-like voice growing sharper and more peevish. "But here we are and here we must stay—at least, I must," Lady Nora says, beating her foot again on the carpet. She pauses for a moment, and then continues: "Glynn has taken that absurd wife of his to Trouville; and she knew I wanted to go horribly! It would just have suited me, for several reasons; but Lyulph Glynn would go out of his way to injure or disappoint me!" Nora declares, setting her teeth very hard.

There is another brief silence, which Dallas does not seem inclined to break.

"I really dare not encounter those dreadful tradespeople again until I can give them something to stop them from devouring me alive!" her ladyship says presently, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "I shan't soon forget that horrid Rundle's insolence about my last order. Actually took back the goods when the cook did not pay him! They have become so disagreeable since the 'Stores' came in to existence! Rundle said, 'Her ladyship can pay ready money at the 'Stores' for her groceries—let her pay me ready money for mine;' and the truth of it was, I hadn't five pounds in the world until I got fifty pounds from Salter—and he would not give me a penny more! I am so dreary of it all, Dallas!" Lady Nora concludes, with pretty pathos, sinking down on the carpet at her son's feet and curving her fair, round throat backward as she lays her head on his knee—a pretty pose, a charming and touching picture—the still young, graceful mother and her stalwart son.

"One of my lady's 'little ways'" he says to himself, contemptuously. But Dallas never betrays contempt for his mother in word or deed before the world, whatever he sees or hears. Indeed, her son's respectful affection for her is a sheet-anchor of respectability to poor Lady Nora in these latter days, when youth is waning, and hopes are waning, and she is growing desperate, and sometimes finds herself in very great straits indeed.

"So weary of it all, dear," she repeats, pathetically, "for you more than for myself!"

There is a pause. "We must do something, Dallas!" Lady Nora says, with some impatience in her voice, as her son offers no suggestion. "The idea of your spending your leave in this fifth-rate place, with its fifth-rate cookery and tenth-rate people!"

(To be continued.)

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Excellent timekeepers and very remarkable values.

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In the new Bertha and King Tut styles.
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In exclusive models, center straps with dainty cut-out effects Oxfords, with Black and Tan leather trimmings, rubber heel attached, sizes and widths complete for proper fitting.
Per Pair \$2.25-\$2.80

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Out-of-the suspenders are worn under the over-shirt and hold up the trousers perfectly. Will give service, comfort and freedom of motion.
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Men's and Boys' Balbrigan Underwear, per garment 79c.

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In silk mercerized and cotton.
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Of Pink and White Curtil, low bust, 4 suspenders attached.
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With sport collar and collar attached styles, short sleeves, in stripe percales.
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In plain White and stripe effects.
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Strong Fibre Suit Cases.

Bound corners, strong lock and grip.
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Celluloid Girdles.

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Excellent quality, Ginghams and Percales, in checks and plaids, pocket, sash back.
Each 98c. to \$1.98
Bathing Caps.
Each 20c.

Closed Season Fixed on Halibut.

U. S. and Canada Both Act to Preserve Fishery.

A closed season on halibut has been declared by Canada and the United States, to assure the preservation of the halibut fishery of the Northern Pacific, which is being rapidly depleted by over-fishing. The closed season of the halibut fishery is established from Nov. 15 to Feb. 15 of each year, and both countries have arranged to provide penalties for violations. The close season will continue from year to year until it is modified or suspended by joint agreement.

This treaty comes as the result of a resolution formally adopted by the executive of the Canadian Fisheries Association, which directed the attention of the government to the serious damage being wrought to Canada's halibut fishery in the North Pacific and suggested the only remedy possible. The treaty between the two countries followed, this being incidentally pointed out as the first occasion of direct diplomatic intercourse between the Dominion and the Republic, and probably creating a precedent, says a statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway, discussing the treaty.

The halibut is an important fish to Canada, it is pointed out, ranking fourth in value among all Canadian sea fish, according to the last season's catch. For years the catch has been increasing in volume, both on the part of American and Canadian fishermen. The Canadian catch in 1917 amounted to \$3,086,835; in 1918, \$5,460,226; in 1919, \$5,119,842; in 1920, \$4,535,158, and in 1921, \$4,113,942, while in 1922 this fish had a value of \$2,515,492.

"Both United States and Canada fishermen take their toll of the northern Pacific waters, where the halibut, once considered inexhaustible, is rapidly proving to be not so," continues the statement. "This fishing has, as a rule, continued every year during the spawning season, which corresponds with the period which is declared closed. Since the waters are international, being beyond the three mile limit, neither country can actually prohibit the fishing, but will achieve the same end by forbidding the landing during the closed period of halibut."

Youths' Rubber Sole Canvas Shoes; sizes 9 to 13. Brown, 75c. pair; Black 70c. pair. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street.—June 30, 22

Cruelty to Animals.

As might be expected in view of his record on the turf, Lord Queensborough has a rare fund of sporting stories.

One of the best refers to a young wife who told an afternoon caller that she had just finished writing a long letter to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"What ever for?" asked the visitor, greatly interested.

"Why," was the reply, "I am asking them if something cannot be done to prevent horses being scratched."

"Scratched my dear! Scratched! But surely that doesn't hurt them?"

"Oh, yes, it does," insisted the wife of the letter. "I feel sure it must cause the poor animals a great deal of suffering, because I heard my husband, who takes a lot of interest in them, groan in his sleep about a horse being scratched!"

YOUTH'S RUBBER SOLE CANVAS SHOES; sizes 9 to 13. BROWN, 75c. pair; BLACK 70c. pair. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street.—June 30, 22

Fashion Plate

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Book of our own cuts. These will be found useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK



4410 White voile embroidered green and finished with binding green organdy, is here portra. This model is nice for the new summer silk; also for crepe, tissue, ham and linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches measure. A 38 inch size requires yards of 40 inch material. Width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART SUIT STYLE.



4393-4418. This style owes its popularity to the smart Eton packet, the equally attractive wrap skirt. The vest may be omitted. Sports coat was used in this instance. Linen, pongee, ratine or twill would also be attractive.

The Jacket Pattern 4393, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Skirt 4418 in 7 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses, and 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure for Ladies. To make this suit for an 18 year girl will require 4 1/4 yards of 40 inch material. To make vest and sleeve 1/2 yard. The width of the skirt is 2 1/4 yards. Two separate patterns mailed any address on receipt of 10c. EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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