

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON.
Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

"Dear God, Make Me Brave!" Is Terry's Prayer Amid the Storm

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Teresa Desmond (Terry), lovely and unbelievably innocent, is impersonating her beautiful half-sister.

Juliet Divine—known as the Million Dollar Doll—whose sketchy career is unknown to Terry.

Miles Sheridan, Terry's "Dream Prince," furnished the money for her convent education when she was a child. His wife is making him wretched with her infidelity and in order to facilitate her obtaining a divorce, Miles offers the Million Dollar Doll \$20,000 to take a yacht trip with him. Juliet is unable to take the trip herself, but working on her little sister's gratitude to Miles, she persuades Terry, who is an exquisite counterpart of herself, to take her place.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is deeply in love with

Paul di Salzano, a handsome Italian.

Eustace Nazio, a wealthy Greek, who does not know Terry, is in love with the younger girl.

Mrs. Harkness, Miles' old servant, is Terry's maid on board the yacht. Her early disapproval of "The Million Dollar Doll" is swiftly disappearing under the influence of Terry's childlike charm. But Miles, "the Prince," is cold and hostile. He has no desire to be friendly with this notorious young person, in whom he does not recognize the little girl he befriended so long ago.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

Miles did hear of Miss Divine's double adventure, as it happened, from Captain Yale, a bluff old married man with a grown-up family.

From the bridge he had seen the girl overwhelmed by the wave, and inquiring from Mrs. Harkness when he went off watch if "Miss had got a scare," had been told of the sprained ankle.

"Guess that young lady has had a pretty good dose of the sea today," he said to his employer, "and I'm afraid she'll have a worse one before morning. We're in for a rip-saw-ride. Silverwood was a yacht of three thousand tons, but she was a cockleshell on the waves that night."

Captain Yale had to put her about, and run from the monstrous force of the head wind. Sea and sky were in a welter. All was black but the livid,

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clear white of the foam which hung over the ship like the top of a water-spout.

Terry had never dreamed of anything like this. Before the storm rose to its worst pitch, it had astonished and encouraged her to be summoned to dinner as usual.

She had not imagined that a meal could be served in such turmoil; but she was not ill, had not even a headache; and aware of the wild din and confusion of waters had made her forget the pain of her ankle.

When the summons came she had been expecting every moment that the yacht must turn turtle, so it was with joy that she snatched at an excuse to leave the cabin, and see a friendly face like Roberts'. The face was more friendly than it had ever been, and Mrs. Harkness had been in the act of coming to reassure her about the storm so there the two were, outside the cabin door.

Roberts explained that he was waiting to escort Miss Divine to the dining saloon, and Mrs. Harkness explained that she would have come before, but had been busy helping Mr. Miles.

A sailor had nearly gone overboard. Luckily Mr. Miles was close by and had caught him just in time; but the poor boy's arm was broken and Mr. Miles had set it.

The "diddles" were on the table, and Terry managed to eat a little food, though distant sounds of smash-china now and then made her nerves jump. Roberts, too, was a born sensationalist, a scaremonger.

He told tales of storms he had seen at sea; but this one tonight, he thought, was about "the limit" for such a small craft. He expected she'd weather it, but if things got worse, why, you couldn't tell!

To Terry it seemed as if things did get worse each minute. Not only did the yacht lie over on her side as though she could never right herself again, only to reel on to the other, but the whole sea seemed to lift itself and then pour down over the ship.

Yet even that was hardly the worst. Every board creaked and groaned with the repeated strain. The girl could scarcely believe that the yacht might fall to pieces at any instant, like a cracked egg.

She asked Roberts if she might continue to sit at the table after dinner was over. "I think I'd better not try to get to the saloon," she said, "and it isn't somehow as lonely here as in my own cabin."

The steward encouraged her to stay, and said that he wouldn't be far off if "anything happened."

"You're close to your own state-room, Miss," he added, "and you know where your life belt is, if you want it. Not that I really expect you will." And presently he returned, bringing with him a store of old magazines, including several police publications, to enliven her vigil.

But Terry could not read or look at pictures, the danger seemed too like a monstrous, living presence. She wondered if what she felt were fear; because people could surely not be afraid to die if they had no one who loved them to live for?

She believed in beautiful things beyond this life. Many of her sweetest dreams had been of another world than this. Yet, oh, she was very much afraid that she was afraid! She wanted to live on this earth long enough to learn all its sweetest secrets.

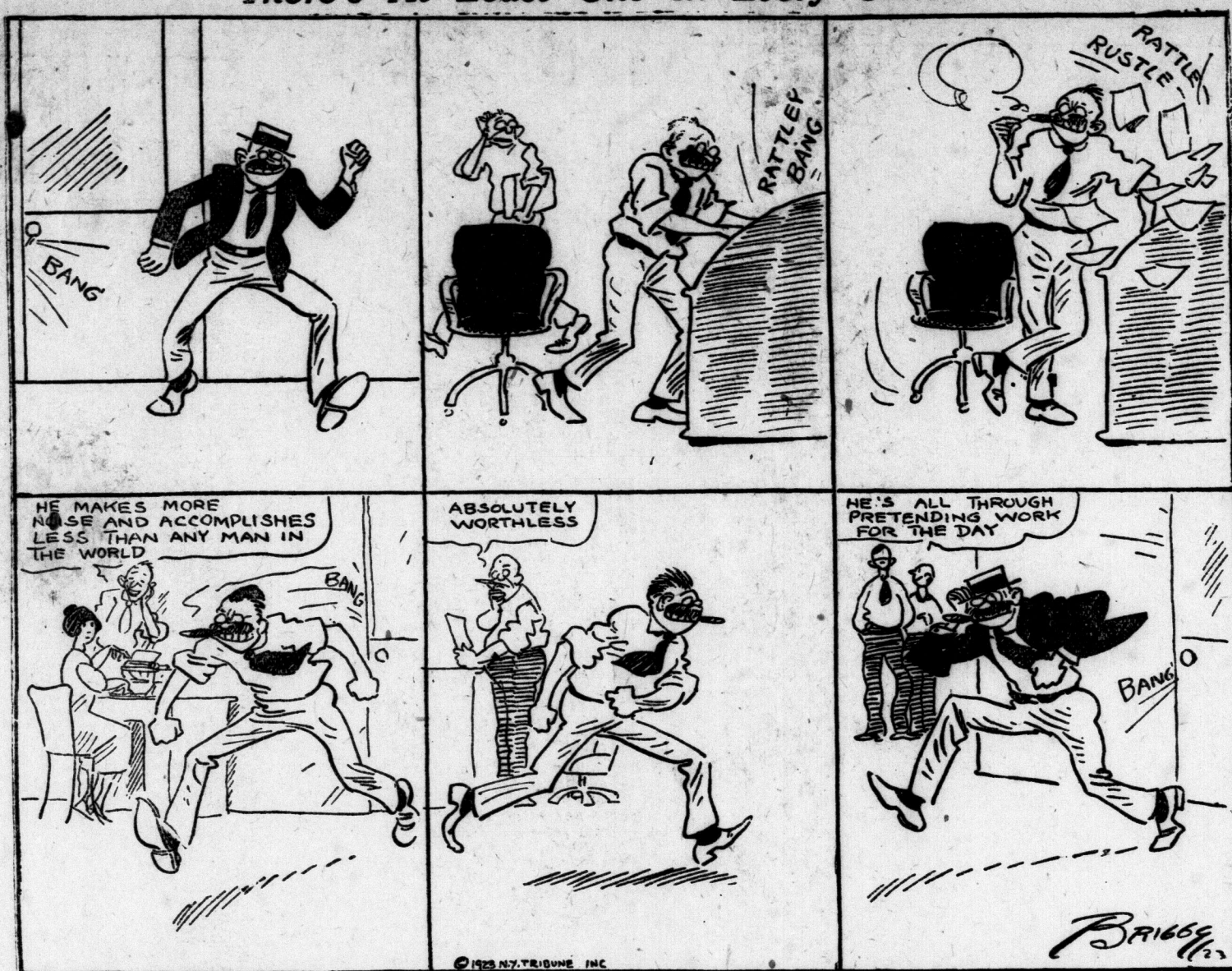
Besides, it would be terrible to be caught and swept away by that merciless, cold sea. Alone, too! If only her prince were not so cruel—if he were kind and would say, "If you go, I'll be with you," she wouldn't mind half as much. At least, she thought she wouldn't.

Then, crash came another wave and the yacht wallowed in a trough of the sea that was like a narrow valley between high mountains.

A verse she had learned at the convent rushed through Terry's brain:

"There is not much that a man may say

There's At Least One In Every Office.



Hambone's Meditations

By J. P. Alley.

DEYS A MICE GOT UP
MAH BRITCHES LAIG DIS
MAWNNIN' EN I JES' NACHLY
TAXI-CABBED HIM ALL
ROUN' OVER DIS PLACE!!



On the sands of life, in the straits of Time,
Who swims in sight of the Great Third Wave,
That never a swimmer shall cross or climb.

The Great Third Wave! Perhaps this was it, and all would end. "Dear God, do make me brave!" she prayed.

Then the door opened and Miles Sheridan appeared in oilskin and sou'wester.

Tomorrow's installment tells of a careless remark let fall by Terry.

"You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE d'ALROY.

WOMEN only run
When they are being CHASED;
But MEN run
ANY way.

Men LOVE the chase,
Yet fear to be CAUGHT.
Women ALSO love the chase,
BUT FEAR the opposite.

Man is continually running—
Either AFTER a woman
OR AWAY from a woman;
Sometimes BOTH.

SOME men run after
TWO women
At the same time—

The Young Chuck Scares Black Pussy Away By His Growling

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The eyes of Black Pussy the Cat disappeared from the hole through which the young Chuck had got under Farmer Brown's barn. The young Chuck waited a long time, but those eyes did not reappear. He decided that Black Pussy had gone away. He made up his mind that he, too, would go away. He didn't like that dark, dirty place. He wanted to be where he could sit in the warm, clean sunshine. He started toward that hole.

Has that Cat gone? asked a squeaky voice from somewhere in the darkness behind him, and there was fear in the very tone of that voice.

The young Chuck made no reply. He knew it was Robber the Rat who had spoken, and his lips curled scornfully. He poked his head out of the hole. Black Pussy was nowhere in sight. Neither was the big rooster who had chased him under the barn. He crawled out. My, how clean and sweet and fresh the air seemed. And how wonderful was the sunshine! The young Chuck drew a long breath. Then he started around the end of

Farmer Brown's barn. When he turned the corner he came face to face with Black Pussy!

Was the young Chuck scared? He was so scared he became cold all over. Black Pussy looked like a giant to him. There was no chance to run. There was no place to run to. Black Pussy crouched as if to spring. Her tail twitched with eagerness. Her eyes fairly glared. It looked as if the young Chuck as if this was to be the end of all his adventures.

But though he was so badly scared, and though he was sure that Black Pussy would kill him, he didn't intend to give up without fighting. With his back against the barn, he faced Black Pussy and every hair on him stood on end. He drew back his lips so as to show all his sharp teeth, and he snarled and growled. Once he had heard his father, Johnny Chuck, snarl and growl, he didn't mind these things as nearly like his father as he could.

Black Pussy hesitated. The young Chuck snarled and growled harder than ever and clashed his teeth. He saw a look of doubt grow in Black Pussy's eyes. He even made a short rush toward her, and Black Pussy backed away. The young Chuck worked himself into a greater rage. He was very much smaller than

Black Pussy, but he looked a great deal bigger than he was. And he certainly did growl fierce.

Black Pussy growled, but the young Chuck growled louder. Presently Black Pussy backed away a little further. In a few moments she turned and walked away. She pretended that she had nothing of interest to her there. The young Chuck continued to growl and snarl and clash his teeth. Black Pussy finally disappeared. Then the young Chuck knew that he had nothing more to fear from her.

It almost made him laugh. He had frightened Black Pussy when all the time he himself had been frightened half to death. He had pretended to be fierce and dangerous, and pretense of this kind is what is called bluff. He had bluff Black Pussy. (Copyright, 1922, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Blessed Old Stone Wall."

Dictation Dave
By C. I. Funnell.

If you was married to a woman that made you keep your coat on at dinner you might have some call to kick about the heat. Miss Hopper and take a letter to Mister Jasper Bristle, Lather Rapids, Iowa. Dear Mister Bristle.

Your earnest letter blaming us for the first three of the six tubes of super suds shaving cream you bought from us last night only a week ago, count of the label having printed on it words also wonderful as a luster making shampoo for ladies hair causing your wife and all their daughters to use it to wash their hair with squeezing every tube from the center instead of the end and informing us that when you wash shampoo cream to put luster on ladies hair you will ask for it and not shaving cream like you did has been duly noted period paragraph.

Well Mister Bristle it has always been the policy of the Supremacy Emporium the largest general merchandise store in this county to satisfy the important customers like yourself and we regret exceedingly that your super suds shaving cream should have that shampoo line on the label but Mr. Bristle your wife apostrophe a and all your three daughters' hair must have looked something grand after using we think you will admit and as Long-fellow so artfully puts it what sight so fair as lustrous hair on girls with soulful eyes besides being considerably cheaper than if they had gone to the hairdressers and next time we will send you shaving sticks and in order to protect the last three tubes of your shaving cream we are enclosing three handsome gummed labels reading in red ink the perfect tooth paste which we use to seal our mouth of pearls dentifrice and all you have to do is paste these labels on your shaving soap and the ladies will soon shun it like it was cotton stockings period.

Yours for lustre lacking labels, THE SUPREMACY EMPORIUM, Per. (North American Newspaper Alliance.)

Mothers and Their Children

Increasing His Vocabulary.

One Mother says:
I increase my child's vocabulary not only by telling him stories, but by patiently listening to him retell them to me. Also, whenever I recite short poems and Mother Goose rhymes to him it is with the idea that he is to learn them so he can "say them back to mother."

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BREAKS UP COUGHS

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

THE MEANING.

By ARCHIE CAMERON.

Clankety-clank, clank, clank! The mighty windlass chains clanked their loud greeting as the ferry slipped into its exact groove, then Mike Gegan, better known as the Fat Slob—straightened up, and out, and, wiping his wet and flabby cheeks on a grimy sleeve, thrust his bulk of authority in the path of the outrushing passengers.

"Hey, there, you!" he yelled, as a radiantly-alive and bareheaded girl slipped around him to the rim of the deck. "Whatcha tryin' to do—'mit suicide?"

Two flashing black eyes and the end of a shapely upturned nose faced him impudently.

"Not a chance," came the quick retort, in a mellow contralto. "With a lot of good laughs like you still around," she taunted him.

"I've told ye before I keep inside th' rail an' I mane it." The big fellow loomed in her way with a fierce scowl, as, with the rail lifted, a few important-looking officers and some ten or twelve other people stepped ashore on Ellis Island, with scarcely a glance at the by-play.

"What's yer graft anyhow, kid?" he demanded insolently, as she turned on him the full fire of her hot, angry eyes. Ignoring her resisting hand, he thrust aside the cover of the basket on her arm, then whistled. "Oh, peddlin' fruit again, eh? Business good, kid?"

She stamped her foot in a rage. "Lemme alone," she demanded, eyes like live coals. "I'm not sellin' 'em."

"Egosh an' it's sortin' ye must be carryin' yer lunch, yer not givin' 'em away to the immigrants." "I am so," she insisted. "I always give 'em away. Honest."

Mike stared at her incredulously. Her father, an Italian fruit vendor, was considered wealthy along the docks—the same docks where, ten years before, he stopped ashore, with the same pretty Rosie, then a gawky child of twelve, herded with one-laden arm, a large wooden box under another, and but two English words on his tongue, "Merica" and "dollar." Ten years had made little change, except financially, in old Bucciari but had, through tedious but sure schooling, startlingly Americanized Rosie.

"Watcha givin' me?" he snorted. "Nolthin'," she snapped back, "but this whole basketful goes to th' poor fish over there," pointing to the detention house. She knew Mike Gegan was surprised at the change in his usual boisterous good humor.

"What's th' matter, Mike?" "Tell me," she ignored her question, still gazing her amazingly, "what's th' idea? An' what're ye doin' it fer?"

"Love. And pity," came her brief reply, and then her eyes lighted up like a votary. "Love for America—my America—and pity for them as can't get in. She cupped her chin in her hands and, leaning on the rail, stared into vacancy. "I've been where they are, Mike. I remember it. I know how they feel. So alone—so strange—but, oh, so hopeful. Oh, what America means to them! Hope—like a new chance. Oh, how I love it! How great it feels just to know I'm here—part of that, and, hazedly, she swept her hands toward the crowded New York skyline. "I'm here—happy—free—American—oh!"

And the reverent look of a worshiper intensified as she gazed at the flag streaming proudly fifty feet away. Quickly, her eyes softened. "Mike, tell me—what's wrong with you today?"

"It means—she's an American now—or will be," volunteered Rosie, happily. "I know hell love it. I hope hell love us, too." And the rose tint of her cheeks brightened to a crimson red.

"It mean," granted Tony contentedly. "It mean maybe she'll stay home more now. I'll save lots of dollars."

And Tim, too, moved for words answered with a face divided between the marvels of the strange new skyline and Rosie.

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"Nothin' ye can help," gruffly.

"Please—tell me."

"I jes' told ye," he growled, then he blurted out: "See that mob over there. Me cousin's in that bunch, an' he'll be goin' back to County Belfast, so he will." Rosie was now eyeing him fixedly. "Got a fool notion he cud play th' violin. At's all he has got—squaky fiddle, a fool notion he kin make a hit here, an' about ten cents in republican money. So they won't let him come in. Shame, too?" A lone lad, Tim Shane, gave up a good job in th' city to help his old mother 'find t' th' pigs, nursed her through eight years' sickness, an' raised three little sisters till some aunt tuk 'em away, an' all his money in th' clothes on their backs. An' they let in some o' these Bull-shakevies!

"If he's so fine," demanded Rosie, "why don't you help 'im t' get in?" "I wud, but with what, I'm askin' ye?" snorted Mike. "A ferryhand's wages?" He darted a look, almost of contempt, at the oranges in her basket. "Little good them oranges will do the likes o' Tim. An' say, I'll bet yer old man wouldn't be lettin' ye bring them over here if he knew it."

"In America," came Rosie's proud retort, over her shoulder, as she darted toward the detention house. "A girl has some say."

Mike Gegan had three causes of wonder that day and the next two. The first was Rosie's remark on her return trip from the island as she drifted abstractedly past him with an empty basket. "Tim fella, Tim," she confided, dreamily-eyed, "and, oh, how he can play."

The next day Mike wondered again as Rosie, strangely silent, carried the island another full basket of oranges—and some cigarettes in her hand. And she repeated this on the third day.

On the third time Mike wondered, as a few hours later that day, Tony Bucciari, accompanied by an official, stepped off the ferry to the island. Mike overheard his excited tones.

"What I care for da mon? Rosie say 'sure.' She knows. Dass enough th'ir."

Two hours later Mike started in amazement as Rosie Bucciari, a violin case on one arm and with the other and two flashing eyes glued tightly on one Timothy Shane, who returned her impassioned gaze with compound interest, stepped aboard the ferry, followed meekly by Tony, bearing a foreign-looking bag.

"What's it mean?" demanded the amazed Mike, as he confronted the strange group.

"It means—she's an American now—or will be," volunteered Rosie, happily. "I know hell love it. I hope hell love us, too." And the rose tint of her cheeks brightened to a crimson red.

"It mean," granted Tony contentedly. "It mean maybe she'll stay home more now. I'll save lots of dollars."

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