The Days of Real Sport

# The Million Dollar Doll

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

### Miles Meets Nazlo-Gives Him Startling Information Regarding Terry

WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Juliet Divine, a beautiful show girl, and slowed down. known as the Million Dollar Doll. "Yes, that's the In reality, however, he is not with

believably innocent half-sister, whom the Doll sent to masquerade as herself. Ever since a kindness, her in her childhood, her childhood, her in her childhood, he Teresa Desmond (Terry), Juliet's unprince, and they are now madly in love with each other, although he does not recognize in her whom he knows as Juliet Divine, the little Carlo. knows as Juliet Divine, the little Carlo. girl he befriended so long ago.

Betty Sheridan, Miles' wife, is in love Paul di Salvano, a handsome Italian fortune-hunter, who has deserted

Eustace Nazlo, a wealthy Greek, Betty in Algiers, and had taken it meeting Miles and the "Doll" at pretty well for granted that her mond, who New York.

Miss Caroline Sheridan, Miles' aunt, also writes to Betty about. Terry's about his being in Bousaada, that was beauty and charm.

As for how Nazlo had found out about his being in Bousaada, that was beauty and charm. CHAPTER' LXXI.

Rivals. at his back, when a tire punctured matic tore before the chauffeur could

Sheridan foresaw three-quarters of He offered help, but the chauffeur politely refused, and Miles walked restlessly about, picking up desert crystals of odd shapes here and there to take back to Terry (she would like them), examining without much

interest the low-growing wild flowers, and glancing at his watch. He never went out of sight from the car, as he did not wish to waste a needless moment. But half an hour passed and the chauffeur was still frantically at work, dripping sweat in the afternoon heat. It had oc-curred to Miles to offer aid again, when another motor came bumping over the stony desert with its little patches of rough grass.



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WHO'S WHO IN THE STORY.

Miles Sheridan is facilitating his wife's obtaining a divorce by creating a scandal about himself. He is taking a yacht trip, supposedly with

"Yes, that's the one I saw," Sheri-dan decided. "I suppose the chauffeur recognizes my Itala, and

Last night he had been ready to believe that this man had sent him Yale, saying that Betty was on board "Silverwood."

young heiress, now traveling in the message had come from Yale; yet it was possible that Nazlo had met Monte Carlo, recognizes Terry Des-mond, whom he knew and loved in from Bousaada to see what she was doing there.

in suspecting the origin of the tele-gram. Learning that the owner of 'Silverwood," his companion and the Miles had traveled only far enough maid, had gone off the yacht and left to have the strange, table mountain Algiers by motor, Nazlo would only have had to visit one of two garages to learn the car's destination. Then in the hot sand. The car had been it would be like him to think of comgoing at such a pace that the pneuing down and catching Juliet alone!
Nazlo spoke a word to his chauf-

feur. The red car drew up sharply, and the Shoe King sprang out.
"How do you do, Mr. Sheridan?" he said, in the civil yet reserved tone pull up. There was no stepney, and one uses to a distant acquaintance "I thought it possible we might meet somewhere along the route between Algiers and Bousaada, but I'm sorry to see your auto's in trouble. Can we be of any assistance?"

"No, thanks," Miles answered, gruffly. His mind was working fast. saada, but it was difficult to see just how to stop him without a quarrel. The possibility of a fight suggested itself to Sheridan; but he had that sharp sense of humor which madden-

ingly interferes with violence saw with his mental eyes a ridiculous, brutal picture of himself pummelling an older man with his fists, while two chauffeurs looked on, grinning, storing up stories to tall in Algiers-No. He must try some other

"I'm not surprised to see you, as it nappens. Under the circumstances, it's about what I might expect.' "What circumstances?" Nazlo inquired, with a cool politeness that made Miles long to strike the dark face. "I don't know that I quite un-derstand what you mean, Mr. Sheri-

"Don't you?" asked Miles. "If you'll take a short stroll with me I'll tell you what I mean." "With pleasure," Nazlo civilly re-

Sheridan's hands tingled. But he hoked his temper down, and the two walked out of earshot from both cars, chauffeurs at once joined

As he spoke, his eyes, under frowning brows, dared Nazlo's to meet them. And Nazlo's did meet them with an infuriting ealmost and infuriting ealmost contained to the meet them as you know, isn't Juliet Divine." them. And Nazlo's did meet them with an infuriating calmness and benevolence.
"Mr. Sheridan," Nazlo said (he had revelation to Miles.

Hambone's Meditations By J. P. Alley.

TAIN' NO FUN RIDIN' ROUN' IN A BUGGY NO MO'; DESE HEAH LIL OLE TIN LIZZIES NEAH BOUT RAKES YOU OFFEN DE SEAT!



irritating trick of repeating "You've been following me about name), "I do not follow you. Why for some time," Miles began, "and guessing I was likely to leave Miss Divine in Bousaada, because of busi-Bousaada, because of busi-ligiers, perhaps you thought you. I tell you that frankly. But Divine in Bousaada, because of business in Algiers, perhaps you thought you'd run down and thrust yourself upon her when she had no protected. I want to offer her protected. I want to offer her protected. I want to offer her protected. There was no doubt about that the protection of a husband.

Tomorrow's installment brings

## You Said It, Marceline!"

By MARCELINE CALROY.

And SHE says:

And when a fat lady,

Big enough for two,

People say: "CAN'T

She spoils the view!"

Talking SO, it's all

Peter Rabbit Plays a Clever Trick On

the Strange Dog

more excited as he looked down on and no Peter was in sight. The dog the race between Peter Rabbit and a looked up along the hedge, he looked

When you hear women

A matter of FORM, you know!

other side. He was sure that he had

planned his jump so that he could not fail. But he hadn't landed on Peter

twice as fast as he had run with the dog behind him. By the time the dog

had recovered his wits and jumped back over the hadge Peter had reached the end of it and was back

on Farmer Brown's land. In fact, he was safely in an old hole once dug by Johnny Chuck.

"Caw, caw, caw!" shrieked Blacky the Crow, delightedly. "Peter is smarter than I thought. Yes, sir, he is smarter than I thought." (Copyright, 1923, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Old Friends Talk

Somebody DROWN her?

Bathes in public-

Just as well go

WITHOUT!"

"Well, the way SOME girls

Go about, why, they might

ON A MATTER OF "FORM" On the BEACH A parasol-for effect,

Have you noticed How some girls "GO ON," But seldom "GO IN?"

MUMBLY- PEG

And oh! How they ALL talk! For instance, if a girl Has a LOVELY figure She wears-very LITTLE.

And says, quite innocently-"THIS is the only suit In which I can swim!" But if a girl is TOO thin

Blacky the Crow grew more and

along just in front of the nose of that

Blacky the Crow began to feei

yelping dog. . . There is little that the sharp eyes.

SHE wears a skirt, Stockings and a cane. And probably carries Their Children

saged disaster; a ghost which accom-panied them to the drug store where A Saturday Task.
I have taught my children to wash he bought her ice cream soda and sat their own brushes and combs, set-ting Saturday morning after, breakfast aside for the task, and allowing

Overworked Mothers

We all know them. Mothers who in their anxiety to keep their homes neat and attractive, and their little to get money to spend on clothes. mendation continually being published in this paper. For nearly fifty years this old-fashioned root and herb medicine has been restoring ailing women to health and strength.

—Advt.

Tused his invitation with acceptive fused his invitation with a All the time Peter had been run-ning as fast as his long legs could take him. He had been running

Wonder what an

idle Telephone thinks about &

Mothers and



beside them in the darkened halls of the moving picture theatres. Therefore when Rosalie Carden came into the drama, things began to the child who washes his best to choose the Sunday dessert. This weekly chore not only helps me, but also impresses on them the value of cleanliness in care of the hair.

(Copyright, 1923, Associated Editors.) could not be avoided. Mary intro-duced her to Dan. Rosalie was at once taken with the stalwart youth and made a "dead set" at him.

Now Miss Carden was blond, light

Dan, I am so glad you like them. Wait until you see the lovely gown I

am going to have next month." Whereupon Dan would retreat into himself, sigh and change the sub-

To tell the truth, Mary often won-

dered why Dan did not propose. He came so near it so often and then,

for some unaccountable reason, shied off—though goodness knows she tried to make it easy for him—that at last

she began to think that his hesi-tancy was caused by a growing fond-

ness for "another"-and this thought

She hinted her suspicion to Dan

and his earnest disclaimer partially reassured her. Then she began to

vonder if he had some dark secret in

nis life. Perhaps, thought she, he was

married already, secretly, to an "un-worthy one" from whom he had part-ed. An impalpable something began

to form between them, a separating

psychic force to operate which pre-

nade her very miserable.

ones as well dressed as their play-mates, toil on day in and day out, sweeping, dusting, mending and cook-ing, often suffering from backache, often suffering from backache, at her. That was Rosallie's misterand no Peter was in sight. The dog looked up along the hedge, he looked down along the hedge. There wasn't a little way up along the hedge with his nose to the ground. Then he turned and ran down a little way with his nose to the ground. There was no scent of Peter Rabbit.

All the time Peter had been run-

surprise found himself wheedled into taking his companion to a rather ex-pensive restaurant for a "little sup-per," which under Rosalie's ordering

Dan was chauffeur for the Van-derberg Griffins and Mary worked in department store. Dan was in love

THE DAILY SHORT STORY

SARTORIAL EFFECTS. By H. IRVING KING.

Dan was chauffeur for the Vanderberg Griffins and Mary worked in a department store. Dan was in love with Mary. Mary was in love with Dan, and they were both of a marriageable age. Well, then, you will say, why wasn't the marriage license taken out and the clergyman engaged? The answer is because Mary dressed too well. She was as modest and pretty as a moss rosebud in June, but when it came to dress Mrs. Vanderberg Griffin herself did not wear quieter and more expensive-looking gowns than Mary McMahon, and Mrs. Vanderberg Griffin's clothes were the envy and admiration of her high and exclusive circle.

Dan Cassidy could not be chauffeur to Mrs. Vanderberg Griffin for five years and hear all the gossip of the servants' hall without having an inking of what that lady disbursed for clothes in the course of a year.

Of course he knew that Mary McMahon could not, in the nature of things, spend a fraction of the money which Mrs. Vanderberg Griffin's clothes in the course of a year.

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Of course he knew that Mary McMahon could not, in the nature of things, spend a fraction of the money which we we constant regreated to go over all the visible articles of her costume and affix price tags to them which caused ban's eyes to pop with astonishment. "I aln't like your friend, Mary." went on Rosalie. "She don't spend nothing at all on clothes. She buys remains at half met him at the corner of Thirty-third street and Fifth avenue, from which trysting place he was to take her to the movies, and he saw her dressed in a costume to all appearances a replica of the one which his employer had whorn that afternoon, his heart, pocketbook and savings bank account all experienced a sinking sensation.

For some time now he had longed to speak the fateful words to the object of his adoration, but sartorial

ject of his adoration, but sartorial months. considerations had held him tongue-tied. How after marriage could he ever afford to dress her in the man-without a struggle, consented to meet ner in which she was accustomed? him at their old trysting place. She And his love for her was such that appeared as usual, looking as if just he hesitated to ask her to make the turned out by a Fifth avenue dress-

affection drew him toward the marriage altar and at the same time warned him away from it. Once or twice he had come near to making the plunge by telling Mary just how the matter stood. But when he had got as far as "Mary, your clothes always look as if you were worth a million," and hestitated a little at going on, Mary, lelighted at the appreciation of the same time. The same time after their was some time after their was the same time after their was the same time. itated a little at going on, Mary delighted at the appreciation of her costumes, interrupted with, "Oh, part of the Greek god Hymen

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## Dictation Dave By C. L. Funnell.

Why yes Miss Hopper I think that dress does make you look slender and delicate I hope this letter won't tire you all out and take a note to Special Officer Weasel, Police Headquarters, City. Dear Mister Weasel on paragraph.

colon paragraph.
It is just as well that you have decided not to pinch me for speeding last Saturday night but just warn me like you say in your letter where you tell about Old Ed Burling spreading the page all your the Pour Colon ing the news all over the Four Cor-ners Hotel how I drove him sixty miles an hour not only because it is not good politics for you to get in bad with a leading local business-man like me, but also because I was only going 13 miles an hour paragraph. What really happened is this colon

of course, Blacky expected to see last Saturday night when I was get-Peter dive through that little hole. But he saw nothing of the kind. No, sir, he saw nothing of the kind.

Better dive through that little hole. But he saw nothing of the kind. So home here came Old Ed Burling with a pair of eyes on him like two But he saw nothing of the kind. No, sir, he saw nothing of the kind.

Peter reached that hole hardly half a jump ahead of that dog. But, instead of diving through that hole, Peter made one of those quick turns for which he is famous. It was done so quickly that the dog didn't even see him do it. The dog had seen that hole in the hedge and expected Peter to dive through it. He had a plan of his own, had that dog. Just at the instant that he expected Peter to dive through that hole he himself jumped over the hedge. Of course, he lifted his eyes to do this. He expected to land on Peter when he came out on the other side. So, having lifted his eyes in order to see where he was jumping, he didn't see Peter make that quick turn.

Never was there a more surprised dog than was that one when he landed on the ground on the other side of that hedge and saw nothing of Peter Rabbit. He didn't know what to make of it at all. He was sure that Peter had dived through that hole he had expected to land on Peter when he came out on the They were almost to the edge, and

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C. H. BEARD, Manager.