

### Try Bovril Bouillon Iced

A cup of Bovril iced makes the ideal cold consommé. Serve it as the first course at dinner. Try it when you come in thirsty and tired from a long summer outing. Iced Bovril does what other iced drinks fail to do. It satisfies, strengthens and nourishes.

### BOVRIL simplifies Summer Cooking

## THE Lady of the Night

### Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XLII.  
SIR JOSEPH'S DISCOMFORTURE.  
"I welcome you all in the name of the Directors, and I hope you will all go up to the Hall and get something to eat and drink and—enjoy yourselves on the auspicious occasion."  
Cheering vociferously, the crowd began to melt and stream out of the marquee in the direction of beer and beer. Sir Joseph shook hands with the friends who happened to be near him, and led the way in the direction of champagne and other delicacies.  
He had not caught sight of Stripleley or Elliot in the crowd, but he was not startled when Stripleley touched him on the arm. Habit is a wonderful thing; even at that moment he could not refrain from taking off his hat and shirking and bowing with humble deprecation.  
"A gentleman here wants a word with you, Sir Joseph," he said.  
"Oh, it's you, Stripleley, is it?" said Sir Joseph. "Wondered what brought you here. Something very important, I suppose? Where is the gentleman?"  
Stripleley waved his hand towards Elliot. "What, Elliot?" said Sir Joseph, frowning with surprise. "What is it? Won't it wait? I want to go up to the 'All with my party.'"  
"Better wait a minute or two, for your own sake, Sir Joseph," said Stripleley. "Mr. Graham wants to have a chat with you about the Wally Hollow estate," he added, nodding at Elliot.  
How, it has been stated several times in the course of this voracious history that Sir Joseph Ferrand was a clever man. Clever men do not start, utter exclamations of apprehension, throw up their hands or gesticulate in any way when they are confronted by a threatening danger; it is only on the stage that your villain thus gives himself away by these demonstrations; therefore, Sir Joseph, being really a clever

## "Flatterers"

### The Shadow of the Future.

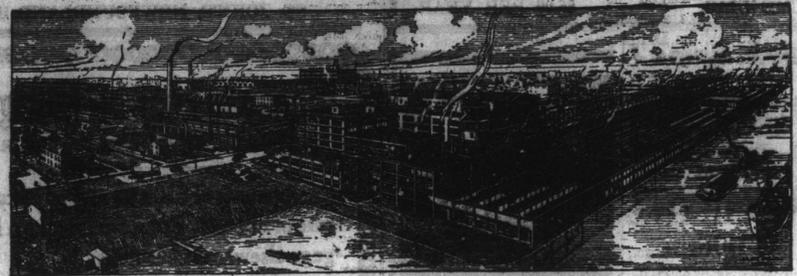
CHAPTER I.  
(Continued.)  
"STUARTS" AND ITS MASTER SHOWS HOW AN OLD BACHELOR MAY BECOME A NEW HUSBAND.  
Their coming and going was as natural now as the sound of the church-bells themselves. Shopkeepers, postmen, policemen, and habitues of the thoroughfare would have felt any day, begin awkwardly which had not brought the pair by to receive the well-differentiated bow and nod of greeting; and if the custom ever evoked question or smile, it was gravely explained as "Just one of Mr. Alwyn's pleasant bachelor ways, with which, of course, no fault could possibly be found."

Indeed, no one ever found fault with any of the worthy gentleman's ways, except that they were bachelor; and this fact had been a thorn in the flesh to, and somewhat of a stigma on, the ladies of those parts for the last thirty years.  
That a man so eligible, so wealthy, and so evidently born for domesticity, should have escaped the snares of matrimony laid incessantly with more or less craftiness in his path, was an enigma provoking to splinter minds—a standing vexation to many a would-be matron! But the gentleman was apparently invulnerable to female charms. By now, all hopes of his changing his condition were given up. "Confirmed old bachelor!" was the title freely applied to him; and people were beginning to wonder who, in the absence of near relatives, would be his heir, when at this precise juncture—so fatal for him and everybody's calculations in the most extraordinary manner. In plain English, he got married!

The precise steps of this rash and marvelous act were as follows:  
It has been said Mr. Alwyn never entertained; but one solemn annual festivity was the exception which proved this rule.  
In late June or early July, when the long, splendidly kept rows of strawberry beds in his big, south-sloping garden were in full luscious bearing; when after much nothing and tending, and watching from early dawn, to "keep the brutes of blackbirds off," Bond, their guardian, would pronounce them fit, and bid his master "hev 'em eat!" Then short-notice invitations went forth, scarcely ever to meet refusal, for every one was on the lookout for them. Mr. Alwyn's four old servants woke into unusual activity. The large, rarely-used dining and drawing rooms were set in company order, brocaded curtains were shaken out, dragon china was brought forth, such silver was so polished that the tables looked like an entanglement of sunbeams; and some four or five score guests made the most of their host's rare hospitality, ate his fruit, strolled about his broad paths, flanked by great bushes of yew, gaulther roses, and such out-of-date flower-bells, and wished that their chance of such treat came oftener.

It was at one of these strawberry gatherings that a stranger appeared. "An old schoolfellow of mine whom I'd not seen for years—not since she lost her husband; and she is only with me for a short time, so I ventured to bring her," explained Mrs. Morton, wife of the musical doctor; upon which Mrs. Villiers, a most distinctly handsome woman of perhaps five-and-thirty, drew near, made a very graceful bow, containing just enough familiarity to be appealing, and "did so hope she was not intruding!" and John Alwyn, in his courtliest manner, hastened to assure her he was only too much honored, and—two years short of sixty though he might be—certain it is that for the first time in his existence his fancy was caught, the heart that had resisted every species of maiden blandishment succumbed to the widow!

"What the lady knew of him and his position before her visit could not have been much, but she skillfully made the most of it on that June afternoon.  
"Had Mr. Alwyn always lived here?" she asked, as he gallantly accompanied the stranger of the party along the lime-tree walk. "Oh, what a pleasure to feel rooted to such a charming spot!" looking round with dark, liquid eyes. "Now, she had to live in London. Ah!"—with a shrug of her very handsome shoulders—"the dust, the noise, the unrest, were frightful. But"—with quite a touching sigh—"she supposed she was doomed to do it. Poor people such as herself had no choice. And were those trees actually planted just when Mr. Alwyn was born?" as her host pointed out the beauties of Stuart's. "Why, how fast they have grown, then! To a smother-dried moral like her"—with a becoming blush at the self-tittered slander, for her complexion was still brilliantly clear—"the place seemed a perfect paradise. But Mr. Alwyn was a very naughty, naughty man." "Why?" "Why, because," indicating the gay groups upon the lawn, "among so many charming friends he had chosen on Eve!"  
Perchance the bright audacity of the lady's manner took the lawyer a little off his head.  
(To be continued.)



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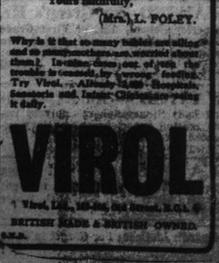
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Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) L. FOLEY.



### Britain and America.

If the spirit in which Mr. Lloyd George and Colonel Harvey, the new American Ambassador, spoke at the Pilgrims' Dinner—the spirit manifest in every utterance of Sir Auckland Geddes in America—were permitted to determine the relations of Great Britain and the United States, there would soon be an end to the activities of "the mischief-makers and scandal-mongers," eager only to keep the two nations apart. Mr. Lloyd George welcomed America's decision to resume her place among the Allies still engaged in the anxious task of rescuing Europe from the revived blood feuds to which centuries of repression and repose seem only to have imparted new strength. America will participate in the settlement, always provided she is not expected to join the League of Nations, against which a seven millions majority of her people recorded their vote. Colonel Harvey takes up his duties with

### TIMES IMPROVE.

The hammer rings throughout the land, they're building shacks on every hand, and normally returns; the honest workman sheds coat and builds a hammock or a boat, and blows in what he earns. The war is over, and at last we're cutting out the gritty past, of which we talked so long; the present is a bully time for buying lumber, lath and lime, and we are going strong. The Problems we were wont to ride now have a rest, we let them slide, until the Harvest Home; and now we spend our afternoons in planting peas and stringless peaches, and digging up the loam. The leaders do not thrash the street, emerging from their dark retreat in alley or in court, and



In my jaunts I do not rub against the Spitt and Argus Club, which used to hold the fort. The signs and tokens everywhere—a better state of things declare, and men are growing sane; less foolish clamors do they raise, and they forsake the dotty ways that gave the gods a pain. They are discordant notes, I know, and there are strains of strife and woe, by which the world is bored; but through the wall of grief and wrong you hear the grand triumphant song of industry restored.

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Hostilities r leader in Eas eral Merkulo vitional Gove are imminent. rova, near th to which city ing been r to Grodovka and it is said lovers, who Vladivostok ar arrested by th ment there.

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IRISH CON

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