

Impossible For You to Get More
Tire Value—Needless to Get Less

**DUNLOP
TIRES**

Matchless
as a
Non-Skid



Supreme
in
Mileage

**Lady Wyvernes'
Daughter.**

"I will not keep you this evening," said Lady Lynne to her maid. "Fetch my writing-desk—there is something in it I have forgotten."

The maid soon returned, bearing with her the desk given by Lord Lynne to his wife.

"At last, my lady," she said, "as her mistress waver her hand in token of dismissal, let me remove your ornaments, and unfasten your hair."

Listlessly and silently Lady Lynne sat down in the easy-chair, drawn up to the toilet table, gazing steadfastly at the face reflected in the mirror.

One by one the skilful handmaid removed the jewels from the thick tresses of raven hair; then she unfasted it, and let it fall in all its rich luxuriance over her mistress's shoulders.

"No one ever had such hair as my lady," she murmured to herself, brushing it the while, and as proud of its glossy magnificence as though it were her own.

Very beautiful did Inez look then, with that wealth of hair flowing like a veil over her white shoulders. Steadfastly and silently she gazed at the wondrous loveliness in the mirror, the dark lustrous eyes with their jetty fringe, the rich red lips, the queenly brow, the exquisite cheeks. There were few such faces in the world.

"All in vain," she said, "all in vain." "Did my lady speak" asked Stephanie.

"No," replied Lady Lynne, wearily. "Bring me the little vial,—so that if I am in pain I need not call any one." Stephanie obeyed, and then went out, wondering why her mistress looked so long and so calmly in the mirror.

Then Inez remembered the note that had been pressed into her hand. It was in the pocket of her dress; she rose, and found it. Her hand did not tremble as she opened it, her lips never quivered as she read it, although the few lines it contained were her death-warrant.

"I shall call to-morrow at three," wrote Count Rinaldo; "I shall ask for a private interview with your sister, and make her an offer of marriage. If she accepts me, which she will do if you use your influence, all is well!"

**MOTHER OF
LARGE FAMILY**

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Hamford, N. S.—"I am the mother of four children and I was so weak after my last baby came that I could not do my work and suffered for months until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. (Since taking the Vegetable Compound my weakness has left me and the pain in my back has gone. I tell all my friends who are troubled with female weakness to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I think it is the best medicine ever sold. You may advertise my letter."—Mrs. GEORGE I. CHOUAS, Hamford, N. S.

My First Child
Glen Allen, Alabama.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimonial letter."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Alabama.

Women who suffer should write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Colburn, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private "Secret-Book" upon "Affections Peculiar to Women."

if she refuses me, I shall ask for Lord Lynne. I shall tell him all about what took place at Serrano, and claim you and your fortune by prior right. Nothing will move me from this purpose. Instead of wasting your time in useless appeals to me, spent it in persuading your sister to accept me."

"I am hunted down," cried the wretched girl, as the note fell from her nervous grasp. "I am hunted down! Ruin lies on all sides of me. To-morrow Phillip will ask Agatha what she meant by not understanding his allusion to the white hyacinth; to-morrow he will know that I lied and schemed, and betrayed my sister, to win his love; to-morrow he will know that I have deceived him—he will know all the wretched story of my folly and credulity, my sin and shame—will know that I am no wife for an honorable man. Oh, Heaven, can I bear it?"

She did not weep now as she had done months ago, when she wept for the love given to another. The time for tears was over with Inez Lynne. A pallor like that of death settled on her beautiful young face.

"It must be fate," she cried, as with quick step she paced up and down the room; "it must be fate. If one shame did not hang over me another would, and I can face neither. Oh, why have I wasted my youth, my beauty, my genius? Why have I sinned?"

This was the cry of the ruined soul in her hour of remorse. "Why have I sinned?"

"To-morrow men and women will shame me. My sister, whom I have learned to love so deeply, will pass by me. I betrayed her, and took her love from her."

No idle sophistries came in this hour to ease her conscience, or take away the sting of her sorrow. She no longer excused herself or saw things through a false medium. In the stillness and dead of night she stood to face with her sins; she saw herself clearly as she had never done before, with no veil of illusion hiding the reality from her.

"And I might have been happy?" she cried, passionately. "It is too late now. I am lost! My beauty, my genius, my talent, have brought me to this; and I might have been happy, and beloved."

She went to the window, and drawing aside the silken hangings, gazed out into the quiet, serene Italian night. The golden stars seemed to burn in the depths of the dark blue sky; a soft, sweet, silvery light lay on flower and tree and distant hill. She laid her hot, wearied head against the cool glass, and gazed watching this calm and beauty. Like great restless waves, there surged through her mind the memories of her life. She saw herself a disconsolate child in the gloomy house of Serrano. Instead of making the best of things, she had given way to anger against every one connected with her; instead of seeking refuge either in her duties or her studies, she had given herself up to dreams. She had lived in a world of her own—had made herself unfit for real life by constantly indulging in day-dreams. When her mind was weakened, her morbid imagination excited, the temptation had come, and found her unable to resist.

She remembered the first meeting with that ruthless man who tracked her to her doom. Ah, if she had been but open and honest, if she had but confessed to Madame Monteleone, if she had but told her she had seen him all would have been well. But she had met him over and over again; she had worked herself into believing that she loved him, and then came that crowning horror of her life, that

foolish, secret marriage. "Was I mad when I consented to it?" the poor girl asked herself; "would not a child have been wiser and more prudent?"

The crimson blood dyed her face when she remembered the dupe she had been, the grief and suspense, the sorrow she had felt for the man she now hated with so bitter a hatred—and that letter, which had killed her love and youth and faith at one blow.

Then came the remembrance of the father who had loved her, despite his neglect—if she had but told him all, surely he might have helped her. She remembered that calm, happy life at Lynnewoods when her beauty and grace won those cold English hearts, and she had learned to love her cousin with all the deep, wild force of her passionate nature.

She remembered a night, even such a one as this, when the silver moonlight had rested upon the trees, and she had sat out among the roses, happy in her passionate love.

Then came the temptation and the fall; she betrayed the gentle sister who had loved her, the kinsman who trusted her—she schemed, toiled, and lied to win his love—she was it, and now her sin had found her out.

"It has been all wrong," she cried; "wrong from the beginning—nothing could undo it. I cannot bear the shame and the exposure; there is but one escape. I have lived a coward's life—I must die a coward's death."

Then she left the window and opened the little writing-desk. A portrait of her husband, taken only a few days before, lay among the papers; she kissed it passionately, but no tear fell from her burning eyes upon the loved features.

She wrote rapidly, and her letter was to Agatha. She confessed all to her. She told her in minutest details the story of her life at Serrano, its living death, its unbearable monotony and gloom; of her fancied love, her folly and blindness, her rash hurried marriage, her brief dream of happiness, and her despairing awakening when she found the fatal letter; she concealed nothing. Then she told her of her journey home, and the anguish she had felt in bearing with her the burden of her secret.

Without praying for pardon she told the story of the white hyacinth, and owned how she had betrayed her sister and robbed her of the love and position that ought to have been hers. She told, too, how she had striven to win that love for herself, and had succeeded—how, in the very hour of her brightest triumph, her sin had found her out, and the man she believed dead had stood before her alive and well—how he had tortured her, and would only leave her in peace at the sacrifice of her sister's happiness.

"I could not betray you again, Agatha," she wrote. "I might have done so, for you love me very much, and perhaps had I tried to persuade you, you might have listened to the count. I could not betray you again; and when I saw you to-night so happy with your chosen lover, Allan Leigh, I resolved sooner to die than see you wronged."

(To be continued.)

Correct this sentence: "The girls decided to do without new hats in order that Mother might have a new suit this time."

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Wealth to B. C. Than
the Fisheries.**

THE REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW "INDUSTRY" THROUGH A PROGRESSIVE ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN IN THE UNITED STATES.

VANCOUVER.—At the annual meeting of the Vancouver Publicity Bureau the reports presented showed a remarkable growth in this new industry of the coast provinces. The money left in the city by tourists amounted to over \$20,000,000 which is in excess of the money brought in by the fishing industry, which yielded some \$16,000,000. The fishing industry is one of the oldest industries on the coast and has been a very profitable one for a generation. Its value has been realized for many years and it has received assistance from the Dominion and provincial governments, who have devoted the efforts of many technical men to the regulation, protection and increase of the yield from the waters.

It is hard for the business man to understand that the tourist business, with practically no government assistance, has already become one of greater revenue-producing value than the old one of fishing. Vancouver had last year some 700,000 visitors who came mainly from the Pacific Coast States, the prairie provinces and the Orient and the eastern Atlantic States of America. The number of motor-cars showed an increase of some 42 per cent. over 1922—some 80,000 American cars visiting the city.

The figures from various States are another demonstration of the power of community publicity, as the increase from California which had been the subject of a special campaign by the Bureau, was some 52 per cent. much higher than that from other States nearer at hand and greater, too, than the increase throughout the rest of the province.

This augmenting of the number of motor visitors has resulted in many preparations being made by the communities to take care of them. A new motor ferry has been launched by the Canadian Pacific Railway, additional tourist camps are being equipped, tea houses, new hotels, are under way, and special arrangements to handle the visitors have been instituted by the traffic department.

In speaking to the Financial Post, Mr. J. R. Dawson, manager of the Vancouver Publicity Bureau, who has directed the campaign for several years, says:—

"With assistance from the government, on the people, such as has been given to the motor industries of this province there is no reason why the tourist industry should not in ten years give us a greater revenue than the lumber industry which last year

**For the
HOT DAYS**

You will Surely Need Fruits and Fruit Juices for Hot Weather Drinks.

Roses Lime Juice and Cordial.	California Oranges.
Lemon Squash.	Valencia Oranges.
Limo Lemon is a delicious drink.	Tasmania Apples.
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Orange Wine.	Cucumbers.
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Bowring Brothers, Limited
JUN 26, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 1923.
GROCERY.

PURITY FLOUR!
"THE WORLD'S BEST."
More Bread and Better Bread.

ADVERTISE IN THE EVENING TELEGRAM.

The Lighter Side.

A scientist flips up fossils and calls them discoveries. A woman calls them husbands.

ed from Washington, D.C. to his home in Northampton, Mass., to continue his vacation.

A golf expert declares that a round a day keeps the doctor away. Yes, and the business man away, too, from his office.

The booster thinks of the number of people to the square mile; the critic thinks of the number of square people to the mile.

A wife can love a husband and still be secretly amused by the way the public honors him.

This is a strange world. While everybody praises economy they hate a tightwad.

Clothes don't make the man. If they did, many fond papas would buy clothing stores for their sons.

When a self-made man suffers from an inferiority complex, he can always get relief by scolding college professors.

French chalk applied on the wrong side of the goods, and allowed to remain on for several hours will absorb a grease spot from silk and will not destroy the surface of the fabric, nor leave any mark.

Hides and Furs Wanted.

50,000 Muskrat Skins; also Silver, Cross, White & Red Fox, Martin, Mink, Bear, Weasel and Lynx Skins, Cow Hides, Scrap Brass, Copper, Iron, Lead and Old Reids' Old Rubbers. Highest Market Prices.

North American Fur, Hide and Metal Co.
Phone 367. Office 17 Water St. West, next Reids' Electric Store.
Feb 16, 1923.

Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK.

4410 White voile embroidered in green and finished with bindings of green organza. Is here portrayed. This model is nice for the new summer silk; also for crepe, tulle,ingham and linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 48 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/2 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART SUIT STYLE.

4993-4618. This style owes its originality to the smart Eton pocket and the equally attractive wrap skirt. The vest may be omitted. Sports crepe was used in this instance. Linen, pongee, tulle or tulle would also be attractive.

The Jacket Pattern 4993, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The Skirt, 4618 in 7 Sizes: 14, 16 and 20 years for Misses, and 21, 23, 25 and 27 inches waist measure for Ladies. To make this suit for an 18 year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. To make vest and sleeve facings of contracting material requires 3/4 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 3 yards.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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