llenho An Indispensible "Yes, for a while," Yolande says Favorite Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER VIII. "I mean that, having asked you be my wife, I would have fulfilled my engagement with you at any cost," he answers, and tries to steel himself to say it in a cool and businesslike fashion, and not to suffer the sight of the slender figure in the clinging velvet gown, with the white marble-like face and glittering woeful eyes, to overcome his resolution

"Thank you," she says, huskily. was not acting dishonorably then, take all and give nothing."

"Nothing?" he asks, haughtily. "Nothing-nothing!" she repeat wildly. "And I have given you every thing!'

"Really," Dallas Glynne says, frigid displeasure. a very disagreeable specimen of you temper. I am not aware of receiving anything unusual from you.

"I loved you." the poor girl say passing by all he had said besideslowly, gazing at his cold, handsome 'Miss Joyce Murray? Did she?" face and symmetrical figure-"I loved with wide-open 'I wish you would drop the subject. nothing for me-I thought you did. would not have married you for words better, for worse, and we must try 19 T had known what I heard this to make each other comfortable and morning!

"Oh nonsense!" cries Dallas Glyn ne irritably, affected by the heart affectionate. I can not say more. 'Oh, no," cries Yolande, looking at romantic girl and expect him with incredulous horror-'never! How could you imagine absurdities, We could never endure each other Can't you-can't we ever get woman I liked before I saw you? But, free from each other any more "

having met you and asked you to be "No-never!" Dallas answers grimmy wife." he continues in a more as-"We,re bound and tied and chain resuming com ed and locked to each other for life. ants out of every hole, posed manner, "I determined to be There is no use in repenting now, crack, or crevice before faithful and kind to you, to be a good killing them and not poimadam," he says, with a rather mockson food? husband to you, and make you happy ing smile. "You must put up with. and, but for that gossiping chatterbox That will kill bugs instantme, and I must put up with you. Come. ly and not leave 'an unof a woman and your own silly jeal-Yolande," he adds, smiling vexedlypleasant odor? "we had better stop playing a scene That will knock flies off the from a Porte-St.-Martin drama. Nothwall and not harm paint ing is in worse taste in real life than or paper? a disagreement between a bride and her bridegroom; come here to me, and That will keep the bedroom kitchen, or verandah clear of flies, mosquitoes, etc., for several hours aflet ue kiss and be friends." And he crosses the hearth-rug to her as he speaks, and holds out his arms. ter a few sprays? But Yolande rushes back from him That will take fleas off a to the other side of the room, with dog and not harm the hands thrust out in repulsion. dog? "No-no-never! You shall never insult me with your false kisses

again!" she cries, with dry, hoarse

sobs, her tearless eyes blasing de-

the light of the gaselier.

mpatiently

ort wild laugh; "but you can't preent from hateing and despising you! You can't prevent me from loathing our false, treacherous kisses-bought every one of them-on the very touch of your hand! He tightens his grasp of her arm at this fresh taunt. He is so taken by surprise, so hurt and enraged and disappointed, that a murderous passion takes possession of him. He has a

truggle with the demon within him ot to strike her to the ground, not o beat the life out of her-the pale slender girl who is in his power, and vet taunts and defles him.

slowly, gazing at him still in pitiful ent that there is no mercy tone, with all the icy contempt he can sed, and slowly in him for her anguish. "I should express. "I would as soon kiss have some on believing-I am so silly But I mean to insist on your and absurd, as you say-that you obeying me as far as the letter of the ouldn't have married me unless you

law goes. You can keep to yourself loved me. I should have gone on be lieving that for ever so long, perhaps. I am glad I found it out so soon. The Will you promise to behave lopger I believed and trusted you, and yourself according to the duties you, and lived with you, the your position as my wife before the it would have been for me. of the world, and not disgrace have been saved from that. I am glad

to sav! "Glad of what?" Dallas demands harply. "I wish you wouldn't make scene over discovering a private affair of mine which you have nothing whatever to do. I was deeply attached to Miss Murray, it is quite true: but, as I had no money and she had no money, she decided on marrying a

man who could give her wealth, and I thought I could not do better than follow her example! and, as I could not possibly support a wife on

'Yes; but she loved herself better.

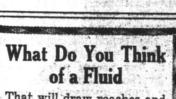
answers, sharply and angrily,

We have taken each other for

It is not a pleasant one to

her youth and helplessness and misupplement mine. Those are the 'ins and outs' of the whole story." he adds. ery thrills him through

"I had better ring for your maid and "Did she love you," Yolande asks, say good-night to you." he says, try any longer. But we unlerstand each other. That is the main be uncivil war?" Good-night," she responds faintly, steady steps; and Captain Glynne, left not miserable. If you will be dutiful all alone on the evening of his wedand affectionate, I will be faithful and ding day, looks about the deserted room, and thinks of all that has pas-



morning by the snowy-aproned garcon, and laid on the breakfast able at which Captain Glynne and his wife are seated. "Madam"-such a slender, nale sirl-

ejaculates

implest way to end a cor

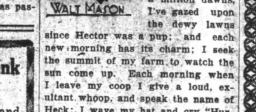
Bluejay

me among the gentlewomen of my ac-"madam!"- is pouring out her quaintance to whom I must introduce usband's coffee, and adding hot milk to the exact degree which she has you? Answer me!"learned suits his taste, while he helps' "Oh, yes!" Yolande replies very quietly, the pallor of her tortured face her to omelette, and butters the petits spreading to her lins. "I think I can Briefly, they are practising all peing. safely promise to behave myself as the amenities of a tete-a-tete break woll as the ladies of your acquaint- fast of a "respectable" married pair. They are not sitting side by side, ance, and not to disgrace you. Will but vis-a-vis, as "respectable" maryou let my arm go, please?" ried folks do-though it is only fifteen He sees plainly the mark where his mornings since they sat at their wedingers have crushed the velvet of her ding breakfast. There is but the of the oval table between them and passionate pity for her and apparently-in reality there is the width of the world.

(To be continued.)

LIFE IS GOOD.

Each morning when I leave my hive I render thanks that I'm alive, for life is surely sweet; and I enjoy each passing d a y, though I am fat and old and gray, and have pheumatic feet I've seen about a million dawns,









kill myself first! You can have my The money-all of it-to do what you Critical please with. Give me only what I al-Age all the rest, and go away out of my sight!" of growth From babyhood to adolescence

is the time of growth-the time when the body is being built. The food must be such as will build muscle, nerve tissue and bone.

Virol is a food specially designed by Medical and Food Experts to meet the needs of growth. It is used regularly in 3,000 Infant Clinics, and prescribed by many thousands of Medical Men, because it builds the tissues and increases the defensive powers of the body gainst disease.

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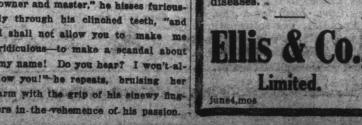


That will destroy chicken lice without any injury to your stock? That applied in small quant-

fance at him. "I told you I would ities to the exposed parts, of the body will insure you from Mosquito bites? ways had a hundred a year; I shall That as a general disinfectant is stronger than the not want a shilling more. Do-do take ordinary carbolic solu--MAN

"Does this piece of melodramatic THAT FLUID IS nonsense mean that you want, with SAN-O-SPRAY. your whims and tempers, to make me

ridiculous in the eyes of the world?" No insect can live where San-O-Spray is used. Yet San-O-Spray is non-poison-Captain Glynne demands fiercely, the



leck: I wave my hat and roo," and dance around among the dew, so glad I'm still on deck. This world is not a vale of tears, it is the choicest of the spheres, it's in a class alone; and I've but little use for gents who jar, the welkin with laments, who hand out sigh and groan. ments, who hand out sigh and groan. Each morning when I leave my shack, I say, "There's nothing out of shack, I say, "There's nothing out of whack; the world is fine and fair; it never seems to me a wreck, though I have boils upon my neck, and falling of the hair. If any man is prone to think that this bright world is on the blink he, ought to emigrate; he ought to chase himself to Mars or try to find some tinhorn stars that wel-

come such a skate. I sit in my emso long; its folks are worth their of a million a year. weight in gold, and hearts are warm sweet song.



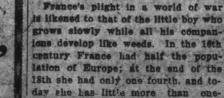
VITAL QUESTION IN FRANCE.

Paris .-- The peril of a greater, stronger Germany overwhelming a steadily weaker France by sheer force of numbers, looms increasingly large in the pessimism of French sociologists studying the shrinking Strasbourg, capital city of Alsacebirthrate of their country.

The increase of 160,000 in popula- Rhine port which is the chief comtion for 1920, small as it was, aroused mercial centre of Baden, both are the hope of the government and the suffering greatly to-day as a result public, for it was generally believed of the continued French occupation that the rush of war-tired soldiers of the Ruhr. Freights on the river and women, anxious to marry and es- are virtually at a standstill, and the tablish homes, was the turning point.

They have been disappointed. The net excess of births over deaths the following year was only 9,000, and the results of last year, still being tabulated, are rather dreaded by sociologists and economists. President Millerand not long ago

spoke of the birth rate question as "that of life itself for France." His forts, he said, were devoted to furhering the creation of homes and he rearing of children. - -



F. Smallwood THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES. 0 july27.tf Since 1871 deaths have exceeded tourist traffic of other days is no births, and only immigration has savmore. Hence docks are deserted and broidered robe, and I endorse this ed the race from rapid extinction by hotels empty. good old globe on which I've lived a loss that frequently was a quarter Strasbourg's factories are almost all closed down. The canal connect-Whatever the reasons for the half ing the city with the Rhine is filled though feet be cold, and life's a grand century of decreasing birthrate, the with idle ships. There is little acpresent shortage of living quarters, tivity in the railroad yards, and few

With French in Ruhr.

-1158

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MEN'S DARK TAN LACED BOOTS-

MEN'S FINE BLACK KID LACED BOOTS-

the vicissitudes of life, and the lowtrains cross the bridge. Tourists ered moral standards are blamed to- have turned to other routes, where day by students for the condition travel is easier and not subject to that persists in spite of a really namilitary interference, and the local tional campaign for more children. hotels and cafes are empty. With its 300,000 inhabitants, Strasbourg is in Rhine Cities Stagnate. a sad plight, and can be likened to a deserted orphan.

In Mannheim miles and miles of warehouses are closed and guarded Strasbourg, Germany, Aug. 1 .by French soldiers in helmets and khaki field uniforms. Hundreds of Lorraine, and Mannheim, the inland idle ships and barges line the canals and the banks of the huge inner harbor, while the extensive railroad yards are filled with dead locomotives and freight cars.

The streets of the city are relatively deserted. Hundreds of factories are working only on part time, and the owner of every good automobile has sent it away in fear of confiscation by the French. Mannheim, with its population of a quarter of a million, is listless and fearful of the future, and seems like a city that has gone to sleep.

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