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**An Indispensable
Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty
at Stake!**

CHAPTER XXVI.
"Have you read the letter, Lady Glayne?" demands the cold, passionless voice; and Lady Nora, with a quick, uneasy glance at her son's wife, gives up the letter with a deep, mournful sigh.
"It is well to know he is living, at least," she moans, softly. "Oh, my poor boy! His blighted career—his blighted hopes!"
Yolande laughs a sharp, mirthless, broken laugh.
"It is truly lamentable," she says, with icy contempt. "It does remind one so of the poor dot that snapped at the reflection of his nose, and thereby lost the meat!"
"Is that the manner in which you speak of your husband, Yolande?" Lady Nora demands, haughtily.
Yolande raises her brows in cold surprise, and laughs again that short, bitter, convulsive laugh through coffee-stains, dry lips.
"That is the manner in which I speak of Captain Glayne," she answers, in a harsh, altered voice, laughing still. "It is the result of the opinions I have formed, you see, through my brief and unpleasant acquaintance with him, which ends from this moment," and she takes the folded letter and deliberately tears it across and across into four pieces, and, stepping to the fire, throws the fragments into it; then tears up the envelope and throws it after them.
They blow up and are gone, and when Yolande looks round at her mother-in-law, laughing still—a laugh worse to hear than sobs and moans.
"How shocked you look," she says, scoffingly; "and yet you ridicule sentimentality so much! Well, I'm going to get rid of all sentimentality and romance forevermore—burn it, in fact."
She goes over to her writing table, and takes her pile of neatly written and fastened manuscript, and tears it across and throws it into the fire after her husband's letter.
"Making a clean sweep of it, Lady Nora!" she says, with a wild gasp, her eyes gleaming, her cheeks flaming. "Now I'm going to begin to enjoy myself, as you always want me to do," she adds, imperiously. "We won't play down here in this dull place any longer. We will go up to London at once, as far as my money will take us. I shall spend every shilling of it how," Yolande declares, feverishly herry. "Your Madam Celestine must make me some pretty costumes, and your tailor some nice traveling and hunting gowns; and we will go everywhere and do everything, and know everybody we can, and be as jolly and gay as possible, Lady Nora. We will—we will! We shall enjoy ourselves so much. I will enjoy myself for the future, and not worry, or fret, or grieve, or hope any more. That is just what I ought to do, Lady Nora, isn't it? You tell me so always, you know."
And Lady Nora's acquiescence half hushes, half frightens, not more than half comprehending her.
In an hour it is all arranged. Mrs. Davisor has sent invitations both to Lady Nora and Mrs. Dallas Glayne to join her party for Goodwood, and then to go on with them in the evening to the house of a friend of Mrs. Davisor's which is, in fact, the palace of a city millionaire, to see theatricals and to wind up a splendid early supper and dancing.

Lady Nora Nora is delighted. Yolande professes to be delighted, too, and, with an assumption of great gaiety and eagerness, discusses everything with Lady Nora.
And yet in her own room that same night, which is to inaugurate a new career, as she tells herself in the frenzy of the pain of her bruised and breaking heart, poor Yolande Glayne picks up a few spoiled, half-written sheets of her pretty little woe-ful romantic story, and weeps over them until she is blind and stupid with exhaustion.
The next day Eastbourne is left behind, and London is reached; and Yolande Glayne quits the old paths of her life, and begins zealously hard to live Lady Nora's life—empty, mercenary, feverish, joyless, as she knows already it will be.
She lives through it, though hating it and trying to fly from it, despising it, yet following it, loathing it as the wretched substitute for the joys of earth's best happiness—love and fellowship—yet clinging to it in her miserable loneliness of body and mind through long, dragging weeks and months until another year has nearly run its course.
And in the June following Yolande Glayne and her mother-in-law are at home at No. 9 Rutland Gardens, once more.

The Pacific Salvage Company has burst, and swallowed up thousands of Mr. Silas Dormer's money. Some other speculations have turned out very unsatisfactorily, and business men remarked shrewdly to each other that "Dormer has burned his fingers badly;" but Yolande has never known her uncle so averse to money saving, so determined on money spending, as he has been this summer. He is keeping up the two establishments at Fair View and in town; he gives dinner parties and evening parties this season; he has bought a very handsome carriage, and exchanged his pair of quiet bays for very showy, high-stepping chestnuts.
Lady Nora and he are the best of friends, and her ladyship sometimes thinks with positive satisfaction how wonderfully well the erratic, obstinate conduct of poor Dallas has turned out to her advantage. To all intents and purposes, she is now the mistress of a fine house, with carriages and servants at command, and ample resources.
Poor old Miss Dormer stays at Fair View for the most part, and Lady Nora plays the brilliant hostess at Mrs. Dormer's entertainments.

Her daughter-in-law never interferes, never outshines her; people come and go at Lady Nora's afternoon teas, and join Lady Nora's supper parties after the opera, and ask other people afterward. "Was that Mrs. Glayne, that tall, slender, quiet girl?" They mistake her sometimes for a paid companion or poor relation of the brilliant little hostess, with her radiant toilets and flashing jewels.
But, as the human heart—at least, the heart of a Lady Nora—is not easily satisfied with "gold and gear," so her ladyship is not contented with even her present prosperity, so long as she feels that she is "shut out from association with my order," she says, with patrician disdain for all the rich city people and professional people and "upper middle-class folk" who gratefully court her notice, and accept her invitations, and crowd after her whenever she pleases to beckon them, because she is an earl's daughter and the widow of an earl's son.
So she begins to look and hanker in restless dissatisfaction after the notice of the Pentreath family once more, though she hates Pentreath and his host and hostess, and has good reason to know that no invitation is likely ever to be extended to her to visit the place.

But a visit to the gloomy old house in Wales for a few weeks in the shooting season will mean "open season" to half a dozen other houses which are closed to her now; and Lady Nora not being a proud woman, determines to achieve her object, no matter how or by whom it is accomplished.
(To be continued.)

**PIMPLES ON FACE
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Hard, Large and Scaled Over,
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"My trouble began with a breaking out of pimples on my face which soon spread up into my hair. Some of the pimples were hard and large and scaled over. They caused much itching and burning, and my face was sore and red."
"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in six weeks was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Flora Notebook, Box 52, Fairview, Mont., Feb. 7, 1922.
Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all itches, rashes, eczema, etc. Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, dust with Talcum.
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**The Tragedy of
the Humorist Who
Would be Serious**

ROBERT HALE
Wants to be a Harlequin.
Years ago the ambition of most actors was to play Hamlet. Some of them had the chance—and ruined themselves. I would like to play Hamlet, too, but am not looking for trouble.
Still, there are many parts that I have enjoyed playing more than that of a comedian. Good old melodramas always attracted me, and I played in several such plays as The Lights of London, Hands Across the Sea, and The Silver King.
In those days the audience took plays very seriously, and when the harsh landlord turned the starving family out of their home the cries of the anguished mother often drew sobs from the people in front.
But the part of Harlequin has always appealed to me more than any other. I love the make-up and the dress. There is nothing on the stage so artistic as a real Harlequinade.
Between you and me, I have played Harlequin many times, and I am looking forward to the day when a revival of the old-fashioned entertainment will give me a chance to play the part again.

JACK PLEASANTS
Has Given up all Hopes of Being Taken Seriously.
I have given up all hope of being taken seriously by anyone—except my small son. People even laugh at me in the street.
The other day I was in a tram when the lady sitting on my left whispered to her companion: "Why, it's Jack Pleasants!" Soon all my fellow passengers were grinning expectantly at me, as if they imagined that I might get up and do a turn on the spot!

Sometimes, usually in pantomime, I get a pathetic line to speak, and when I do I try to put as much soul into it as I can. But although I strike my best acting attitude, and my voice breaks with emotion, I never succeed in drawing tears.
At one theatre, where I was playing in Cinderella, I was rejected by the fair damsel, and exclaimed dramatically as I smote my chest: "Ah, well, a man's a man for a that!"
Judging by the howls of laughter that followed, I had made the funniest remark of the evening, though I saw no humor in it myself.

LESLIE HENSON
Finds Humor and Headache Don't go Together.
I wanted to play character parts and had no thought of becoming a comedian. It's all very well being funny on the stage, but when you are required to live up to your reputation between the acts, so to speak, it is inclined to become monotonous.

Putting joking aside—here, for once I can be serious—I wish I could get out of being funny when I don't feel like it. Imagine yourself obliged to crack jokes and do insane things with a splitting headache—I don't mean you do tricks with a headache—you have the headache while doing the tricks—and a throat as raw as a bit of "home-willed!"
I have had this experience more than once, and I can tell you that it is about as hard to be humorous in these circumstances as it is for a convict in Dartmoor to sing psalms of praise for being shut up in a cell.

W. E. BERRY
Had no Idea of Becoming Funny.
Yes, there are moments when I would like to play a really serious part. Tears are closely akin to laughter, and perhaps that is the reason why I would like to give laughter-making a rest sometimes and play something between the two.
I certainly had no definite idea of becoming a funny man when I went on the stage.

That epoch-making event came about in this way. I was a clerk in an electric light works and was invited one night to sing in the piece of another artiste at a concert got up by the employees.
For fifteen years I sang at concerts and similar functions, and then I had the good luck to be "discovered" by representatives of the late George Edwards. I have now been on the stage eighteen years and, so far as I can foresee, I am doomed to be funny for another eighty!

**Salt Island
of the Bahamas.**

The Bahamas, the little group of islands known as the British West Indies, stretch lastly out of the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea under a still blue sky.
The very last of this group, so small as to look like a pin point on the map, is Turks Islands, of which Grand Turk is the largest. Ten miles away is Salt Cay, a little strip three miles long and about only three-quarters wide. Here is a salt industry which has been in the possession of an American family for many years.
The present ruler of this diminutive self domain is W. B. Harriot; he and his family are the only white people on the island. It is like a feudal estate whose serfs are blacks. These three hundred and more inhabitants are all engaged in shipping salt for export trade.
The island is shaped like a shallow bowl. Huge pumps force sea water into the interior, where the sun evaporates the water and leaves a residue of salt. This is then collected, ground and shipped. Men and boys use varying shaped ponds to collect the salt from these ponds and load it into carts, when it is taken to the beach and deposited in pyramidal piles. After exposure the salt soon gets very hard and the men use pickaxes to break it up so that the women can fill the bags. These bags are then placed in carts and carried to the lighters and taken out to the ship; for, since even the beach is salt instead of sand, all vessels lie almost a mile from land. Each bag holds half a bushel and these are emptied and brought back for refilling, the salt being shipped in bulk.
The architecture of this salt island is unique. A two-story bungalow has its upper story made entirely of open shutters, while the entire first floor is filled with salt. The curious reason

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For this is that the salt serves as ballast and often keeps the whole house from blowing away in a sudden hurricane, which in these tropical islands happens along with the fierceness of an April shower.
The salt is shaped like a shallow bowl. Huge pumps force sea water into the interior, where the sun evaporates the water and leaves a residue of salt. This is then collected, ground and shipped. Men and boys use varying shaped ponds to collect the salt from these ponds and load it into carts, when it is taken to the beach and deposited in pyramidal piles. After exposure the salt soon gets very hard and the men use pickaxes to break it up so that the women can fill the bags. These bags are then placed in carts and carried to the lighters and taken out to the ship; for, since even the beach is salt instead of sand, all vessels lie almost a mile from land. Each bag holds half a bushel and these are emptied and brought back for refilling, the salt being shipped in bulk.
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Telegram Fashion Plates

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



4426 4004 4268

A POPULAR HOUSE DRESS MODEL (WITH INSERTED POCKETS).
4426. The slenderizing features of this style will appeal to the stout woman, while the practical points will make the style attractive to all figures. Figured percale with trimming of mercerized poplin is here shown. Gingham, with an edging of rick rack would be good—or, damask, with organdy for collar and cuffs.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5 yards of 38 inch material. To trim with contrasting material as illustrated requires 4/8 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is 3 1/2 yards.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL APRON MODEL.
4268. Gingham was selected for this design, with white bias band for a finish. Satene, cretonne, or crepe could be used with starch or braid for trimming.
Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48; Bust measure.
A Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A NEW VERSION OF A POPULAR STYLE.
4004. Smart-plats lend graceful fullness to this charming "one piece" model. It will develop well in taffeta, linen, crepe, ratine, or sateen. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.
The pattern is cut in 8 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60 inches bust measure. A 36 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot with plain tending is about 3 1/2 yards. An illustrated white flannel was made with embroidery in yellow yarn. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.



4295 4441 4149

A CHIC FROCK FOR THE GROWING GIRL.
4295. Here is a very charming model suitable for any of the pretty materials now in vogue. One may have the dress with or without the puff sleeves. Dotted net with ruffles of satin ribbon is here shown. Crepe and crepe de chine also figured voile and batiste are good for this design.
The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY UNDERGARMENT.
4441. Nainsook, cambric or crepe may be used for this style. The skirt portion could be made of flouncing, or embroidered muslin, or flannel and the waist portions of cambric.
The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 10 year size requires 1 1/2 yard of 36 inch material.
Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1,500 Miles on an Ice Floe.
The experiences of the batch of Norwegian sealers who drifted to Spitzbergen on an ice floe after their ship had been sunk far out of sight of land to the northward, is by no means unimportant, says a writer in a London paper. Several extraordinary escapes at-
tected by these men are recorded in the "Illustrated London News." Perhaps the most marvellous of them all concerns the case of the whaling ship Polar, lost in the Arctic Ocean.
The survivors, 19 people in all, actually drifted on the ice for 1,500 miles in 196 days before being seen and rescued by the British sealer Thule. The castaways were then only 100 miles north of Newfoundland.

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