

The Most Wonderful Week In 10 Years!



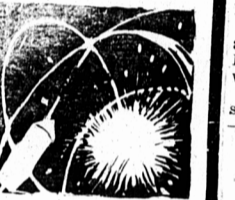
Not in a decade has there been a week so packed with interest, entertainment, excitement, as the big week that is coming—August 28-Sept. 4.



For the first time in ten years a Nova Scotia Provincial Exhibition.



For the first time on record held in Amherst, which has laid itself out to make it a spectacular success.



\$18,500 in prizes have secured unparalleled attractions and competitions.



There will be something doing every second you spend in Amherst. Horse races, Aerial stunts, Daylight and night fireworks, Big Time Vaudeville.



and Circus Stars. 500 foot Midway. Massed Choir 140 voices. Sacred Concert Sunday night. August 29th. The pick of the products of Canada's factories, farms and homes on display.



In fact everything to amuse and enlighten. Crank your car or catch a train and come—All Amherst will be there to welcome you!

NOVA SCOTIA PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION

Amherst—It's Yours Aug. 28—Sept. 4. Excursion Rates

"These Women"

BY MALCOLM DUART

CHAPTER XLVIII

With an exclamation of dismay, Morton ran down the stairs, lifting his robe so it would not catch his feet.

"In Heaven's name, Nona!" he cried.

Lifting her wounded arm, he made a hasty inspection of the jagged gash that ran from elbow to wrist. It was bleeding profusely, but was not deep.

"What happened?" he asked.

Without waiting for an answer, he turned to the butler, who stood uncertainly on the bottom step.

"Bring hot water, some sterilized cotton, and that bottle of antiseptic on the shelf in my bathroom," he ordered, sharply.

The man hastened away. Nona's head was sinking. Morton lifted her from the chair, and laid her on the floor. Then he ran to the kitchen, and returning with a moment later, the cook following him, he bore a towel, dripping with cold water, and with this he bathed the girl's face and throat.

"I was starting to faint," she said, feebly.

She stirred, in an effort to get up.

"Stay where you are, a moment, he said.

The butler came with a pitcher of steaming water, and with the cotton and antiseptic liquid that Morton had asked for. With gentle fingers Morton bathed the cut in Nona's arm, washing away the blood that had hardened, and staunching the flow from the broken flesh.

"Don't talk," he said.

With dampened cotton laid loosely on her arm, she lay still while he bathed her face. There was a bruise on her forehead, and a long scratch that extended from her ear across her throat and down to her bosom. The upper part of her silk dress was in rags.

Picking her up as he would lift a child, he turned to the stairs and carried her to the guest chamber that lay beyond Audrey's room.

"Tell Miss Morton to come as soon as she can," he told the butler.

"Call her maid to come here right away."

He laid Nona on the bed. When the maid appeared, he directed her to undress the injured girl, and to get her comfortably under the covers.

"Call me as soon as she's ready," he said.

He went back to his own room and hurriedly donned his clothes. By the time he came out, the maid was outside his door.

"She is all right, sir," the servant said. "Miss Morton is in there with

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AUCTION SALE

Motor boat for sale by public auction on Pickard's Wharf, this (Friday) evening at 7 o'clock. Houseboat 15 H. P. engine. J. A. MacDONALD, Auctioneer.

AUCTION SALE

Auction Sale at Bethel on Monday 16th, at 3 o'clock sharp on the property of Henry Weatherbie. All standing hay, 4 acres of oats, all other vegetables, implements, house hold furniture, etc., 1 fat cow, hens, other articles and animals. Terms at sale. GEO. W. WOOD, Guardian Henry Weatherbie. J. A. MacDONALD Auctioneer. 1263-8-13-31

COTTAGE FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for private sale property situated 123 Dorchester Street, consisting of 8 rooms with hot air furnace, also large barn and building lot. Inspection evening 7 to 8. MARY STEWART, 123 Dorchester Street. 1267-8-13-12L

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her now."

Without knocking, Morton re-entered the room where Nona lay. Audrey was sitting beside the bed, her loose boudoir gown open, her hair still uncombed after her bath. Nona smiled as Morton came in.

"I almost flogged," she said.

Pushing back her hair, she raised herself to a sitting position. The maid had put one of Audrey's night dresses on her. The wounded arm, still with its heap of soft cotton, lay outside the coverlet.

"I'll tell me about it," said Morton, pulling up a chair.

"It was Joe—Joe and that little thin girl!" she said.

"The man that tried to get money from me?" gasped Audrey.

Nona assented. "And the girl that tried to get money from Harry."

"They came in before I was up this morning. They got my diamond bar pin and all my rings, and everything! And look what they did to me!"

As Morton listened, sternly impassive, and to the accompaniment of interested, sympathetic gasps from Audrey, Nona told her story.

She had been aroused by a pounding at her door. She had called to her visitor to wait, outside, and had hurriedly dressed herself. She was expecting Abe Sunshine to call early, with some music. When she opened the door, the girl was waiting outside. The girl came in, and holding the door ajar, called: "Joe!"

The large young man, her dancing partner, ran in and slammed the door behind him. Without a word he threw one arm about Nona's neck, and held her mouth shut with his other hand. She struggled. She could see the girl entering the bed-chamber. Joe threw Nona to the floor, and placed his knee on her chest, still holding her mouth.

She bit him on the arm. With a curse, he struck her in the temple. Dimly, she remembered keeping on with the struggle.

She believed they still were there, when her eyes opened. She moved and tried to scream, but she was too weak. Looking around, she found that they were gone. Her arm was bleeding from a long gash. Her head throbbed, and her clothing was torn about the shoulders, evidently in the fight with Joe upon the floor.

When at last she was able to totter to her feet, she went to her dressing table. The bar pin, and her pearl necklace, and her rings were gone.

She went to the telephone, and called Morton's apartment, in the faint hope that he might be back in Toronto. The butler told her that Morton and Audrey had just arrived.

"So I came, just this way, in a taxi," she smiled, "and almost fainted on your hands. The elevator man at my apartment paid my fare. And everybody stared at me so!"

"She lay back."

"We'll call the police right away, daddy," proposed Audrey.

Morton was wrapped in thought and did not reply.

"That girl always hated me, from the time she tried the 'badger game' on you," Nona told Morton.

"And she lost her job in the show, and I think they were desperate for money."

"We'll not call the police," said Morton, with decision. "There'll

be no reports of 'Butterfly Robbed of Gems.' Do you know what I think?"

The girls looked at him expectantly.

"I think we're rid of those people," he said. "They'll have two or three thousand dollars, even from a thieves' broker, for that jewelry. And they'll run away, and they won't come back. If we have them arrested, they'll be out of the penitentiary in a year or two, and there's no forecasting what they'll do next."

"This way, they're gone, and I think they're gone for good."

He arose, and with his hands in his pockets, strode up and down the room.

"You stay here," he said to Nona, "until you're well again. I'll telephone Abe Sunshine and your producer that you're ill for a few days. Audrey, you and I will dress that cut in her arm. We won't need a doctor, and a rest will do you good, Nona."

She beamed at him gratefully.

"You're the best man, and the smartest man, in the world," she told him.

It was nearly a week before Nona was able to be abroad again. Her torn arm healed quickly, but the great purple lump on her forehead, placed there by her assailant's fist, took its own time in disappearing.

She stayed in her room, and Audrey, and cautious, restored the suppleness of her bruised muscles.

"Are you going to start in again on your stage career?" she asked Audrey.

The younger girl smiled. "That was a piece of nonsense, wasn't it? You know why I started, don't you?"

"I had an idea," acknowledged Nona.

"Mr. Morton liked to be with you so much, and with some of the other stage girls, that I was going to find out how they managed to fascinate him so," Audrey said.

"Did you learn?" Nona was idly strumming at the organ.

"In a way, yes," said Audrey, thoughtfully.

Nona swung around to face her, and waited.

"You, and those girls in the chorus, are natural," Audrey continued.

"You do whatever you think of doing, without worrying what people will say. Most women are stiff. They follow a set of rules that they've laid down for themselves, or that have been laid down for them by their friends, and so they're unnatural."

"They mustn't say or do this, and they must always do so-and-so because it's correct. No wonder Mr. Morton likes to be with women who laugh naturally, and cut up when they feel like it, and say whatever pops into their heads."

Nona considered.

"Some of the girls are pretty good," she commented.

"I don't think I like that," Audrey surmised. "But I think he'd rather have them natural, and coarse, than pretending all the time."

Nona turned to an aspect of the subject that was more important to her.

"You don't suppose he's interested in some girl, do you?" she inquired.

Audrey shook her head. "He's awfully impersonal. He likes you, and me—but he always thinks of me just as a little girl in pinafores."

Nona, I've actually proposed to him four or five times, and he simply will not listen!"

She laughed a little. "On the train last night, when we were waiting for my room and his berth to be made up, a woman asked him to read her palm. A woman he never had seen before!"

"Old stuff," observed Nona. "Anything to hold hands."

She returned to the organ, and abstractedly fingered the keys.

The first day she ventured abroad, Morton and Audrey took her driving, through the park, and out into the country. She breathed deeply of the sweet summer air. The machine, heavy-sprung, silken, powerful, glided along the highway without a jar.

"Life like none the better than life like mine," Nona said to Comfort, folks to love you, peace!"

She sighed.

"Don't know that I've had much peace in a good while," said Morton.

"But you know where your next meal is coming from, Nona told him, "and you don't have to worry about getting clothes, and stage managers don't swear at you."

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He patted her hand. "Don't be blue. Is the glitter of your career wearing off?"

"My career isn't due to start until next week," she said. "No, the glitter isn't wearing off. I want to go ahead with it. You want me to, don't you?"

Audrey, at Morton's other side, cast a quick glance at Nona.

"Are you doing it for him?" she asked.

"Of course," Nona told her. Morton leaned forward to give a direction to the chauffeur. As he sank back, he felt in his pocket, and produced a scrap of paper. It was a pencilled line in the close handwriting of John Parrish.

"See that?" he asked. The girls craned their heads to look.

"Third time in a week that Parrish has left a note for me that he would be late to work in the morning."

He restored the paper to his pocket.

"You've noticed that he hasn't been at our apartment since we came back to Toronto?"

"I noticed," Audrey said.

"Well, there's a reason. I've been looking after the young man a bit in the last week, and he's getting into trouble, fast."

(To Be Continued)

Not An Ultimatum

SOFIA, Bulgaria, Aug. 11.—The diplomatic representatives of Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Greece today handed a collective note to the Bulgarian Foreign Minister regarding the activities of the Bulgarian Comitatdji, or irregulars. The stance of the note was withheld but it is known that it is not in the nature of an ultimatum.

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