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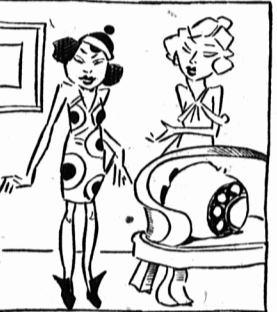
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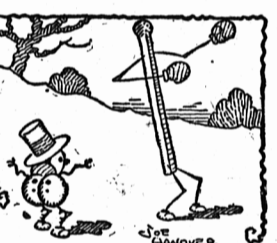
"If a girl isn't satisfied with the present, it's useless to mention the future."



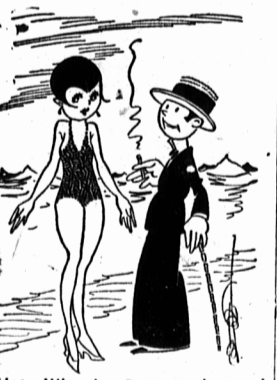
"Mayne thought she'd hooked that young geologist we know." "And hadn't, eh?" "No, when they met yesterday he gave her the stony stare."



"Why are you so anxious to have Arthur give you presents of diamonds?" "They're stepping stones to marriage, my dear."



Bug: Gosh, I've always wanted to see a boxing match!



He: Why do women make good detectives? She: Their intuition, I suppose. He: No. They're always uncovering something new.

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"I'm not going to give you up to this chap. You may be quite sure of that."
 CHAPTER 25
 THE OLD, OLD STORY

"Lila, sweetheart, why are you crying?" Farquhar implored. Lila's only answer was to weep more bitterly. They were no false tears; she wasn't thinking of herself now, as she had been, ever since the arrival of Farquhar's cable. She was thinking, instead of the immensity of the disaster for Farquhar, for Herbert, for everybody. Somebody had to be hurt, and desparately. Which one of them should it be?

For a moment she felt that Farquhar, after all his agony, should be spared. But her heart cried out to her to spare Herbert. Or was it to spare herself, because if she couldn't live without his love?

Even while she wept, she was reviewing the tangled situation, wondering how to cope with it. She couldn't marry Farquhar anyway, since she was already married to Herbert, so it was Farquhar who must be sacrificed.

She would have to tell him, have to destroy with her own words that dream he had worshipped through all his trouble and suffering. She opened her mouth to speak, her tears checked now.

But Farquhar, whose hands were again reaching out for hers, said suddenly, sharply:

"Lila, where's your ring?" She flushed crimson, thinking, for a moment, that he had caught sight of the ring she had slipped from her finger under the shelter of the table-cloth.

"Why—I—" "You don't wear it any longer?" His smile had vanished. He looked very stern.

"Not—not since—" she stammered and stopped.

Here was the time to speak. But Farquhar said:

"Please get it and put it on. We will need it this afternoon. I want it to be your wedding-ring, as I first intended."

Something in his voice frightened Lila. She saw him again as the determined young man who had wooed her so impetuously in those early days of the war, sweeping her off her feet by the very strength of his ardor.

She laughed a trifle shakily. "How stern you sound! You almost make me afraid of you, Jack."

His face softened. "You need never fear me, Lila, as long as you love only me and never give a thought to another man."

"Isn't that—isn't that rather threatening?" she faltered, trying to smile.

"Perhaps," he shrugged, "but it's the truth. I'd kill the man who tried to take you from me."

"Do I, sweetheart? But it only goes to prove how much I love you. Lila's heart was beating suffocatingly. She tried to laugh, as she clasped her hands together tightly, so that their trembling wouldn't be so evident.

"You're a splendid lover, Jack," she managed to say banteringly. "You always know how to say what a woman likes to hear."

After a minute, she added hesitantly: "But what would you have done, if you had returned and found me married to some one else?"

Her heart almost stopped, while she waited for his answer. "Done?" he echoed. "Why, simply have shot the chap and made off with you."

"Her cry of horror made him smile. "You've forgotten what a savage I am, haven't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Lila, faintly. She had, indeed, she stared at him, wondering how she had ever dared to love so ruthlessly a young man. Or was it his very ruthlessness that had attracted her? Was that why she had forgotten him, when she was no longer under the spell of his presence?

"It's getting late, Lila," Farquhar reminded her. "Can you forego coffee this once—in favor of matrimony?"



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Night came down quickly, and caught us two miles from camp. The trail led through a dense wood, safe enough in daylight, but full of dangers from fallen trees and holes after dark.

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already married, and have done with it!"

But she knew she couldn't. It was well for Lila that her wits had been working overtime in the past few months, for, quite suddenly, she had her excuse.

"Jack dear," she said, in her most coaxing tone, "you must listen to me and try to understand and not be angry. When you were given up for dead, I was really free again, in a way, wasn't I?"

His gray eyes narrowed dangerously. "There was my pledge, made in the presence of our comrades," he reminded her grimly.

"I know," she nodded, "but there were circumstances—My father—well, he brought pressure to bear upon me, because he was in business difficulties. There was a man who could help him, a very wealthy man—"

She stopped, terrified at Farquhar's expression as he leaned forward. But he only said quietly: "Go on."

"I had to become engaged to this man, or he would not have come to my father's rescue," she faltered.

"Yes, and then?" questioned Farquhar between his teeth. Lila abandoned any further effort.

"That is all," she said, with a helpless little gesture. "It's quite enough," remarked Farquhar grimly. "You will, of course, break this engagement at once."

"But I can't!" cried Lila feverishly. "My father is under financial obligations to my— to this man. He could ruin my father in a moment, if he wished."

"Then your father must take the consequences," announced Farquhar determinedly.

"But," protested Lila, searching desperately for another excuse—and, luckily, finding it, "Dad is ill—very ill. Any shock might be fatal. Oh, Jack, don't make me do something I'd regret all my life."

Her voice was so poignantly appealing and her eyes so beseeching that Jack Farquhar relented a trifle.

"I don't want to make you unhappy, Lila. I hope never to bring you anything but joy, because I love you. But isn't it a bit unfair to ask me to wait longer, after all these wasted years?"

"Yes, But Jack, how could I help? How could I guess that you were alive?"

"That's quite true," he conceded. "And, after all, this thing was not of your choosing." He failed to note that Lila winced. "It was to save your father. Quite the splendid thing that any one would guess you would want to do."

Lila turned her head away. She felt like a worm.

"What do you propose to do about all this?" Farquhar asked, after a moment. "I'm not going to give you up to this chap. You may be quite sure of that."

"Give me a little time," Lila pleaded. "When Dad is better, perhaps—I can free myself."

"Perhaps!" echoed Farquhar grimly. "You're darn well right you will. I'll see to that. I promise you." "But you won't do anything rash now?" pleaded Lila. "You will give me time?"

What she would do with time in this ghastly situation she had no idea. But anything was better postponed until the morrow. Dorothy could help her, somehow. "I'll give you a very little time, sweetheart," Farquhar told her. Don't expect me to be too patient. But, in view of the circumstances, I'll try to be fair. Only—you must let me see you every day. I can't do without that. And," his eyes darkened suddenly, "does he kiss you?"

"W—who?" faltered Lila. "N—no." "He'd better not," was Farquhar's grim reply. (To Be Continued.)

Young Ambassadors Of The Empire

PRESS SKETCHES OF PERSONNEL

FRANK LASCOT, O.B.E.—Director of the Empire Travel and Scholarship Scheme, who will personally supervise the party during its long journey is a prominent newspaper man in England, being affiliated with the Daily Dispatch and its allied newspapers.

LADY MARJORIE DALRYMPLE, O.B.E.—Assistant Director, is second sister of the Earl of Stair and has had wide experience in the management of girls. She has had considerable teaching experience at home and abroad, is a keen sports-woman, and well-known swimmer. She did splendid work with her mother, Lady Menzies, in France.

KENNETH LINDSAY, M.A.—Assistant Director, is an ex-president of the Oxford Union Society, and was leader of the first Oxford University debating team to visit the United States. A Soccer "Blue," he played for the Varsity on their tours in Denmark and Spain and has also played for the Corinthians and Casuals.

DAVID W. ADDISON—Jarrow-tyne County Durham, is the son of a ship's painter. He is a pupil at Jarroo County Secondary School, and has gained second class honors, with seven credits, in the Oxford Senior Local exams. His ambition is to qualify for a science degree. He is 16 years of age.

MARGARET ARCHER—aged 16, Wallasey, Cheshire, is the daughter of the headmaster of Oldershaw Secondary School, Wallasey, where she is a pupil, having gained distinction in geography, English and French, and a special prize for botany. She writes short stories and poems, and hopes to be a secondary school teacher.

MARY ARNOTT—aged 16, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the daughter of a salesman. She is employed as a saleswoman in a Newcastle firm, her ambition being to reach a responsible position in the firm.

GLYNNE AMOS—aged 18, Spennymoor, County Durham, is son of a mine deputy-overman, and is a pupil teacher at North-road School, Spennymoor. In September he is entering a training college and hopes to take the science degree.

GRACE B. ANDERSON—aged 20, Glasgow, is the daughter of a cabinet maker, and is engaged as a short hand typist with a civil engineering firm.

GEORGE BEATTE—aged 15, Glencraig, Fifeshire, is the son of a grocery manager, and hopes to become a Colonial Customs and Excise officer.

ETTA BUCHANAN—aged 17, Bridge-of-Allan, Stirlingshire, is the daughter of a clerk, and hopes to take a teaching diploma in textiles and stained glass.

EMILY BURNETT—aged 15, Durham, whose mother is a widow, is ambitious of taking the B.A. degree.

THOMAS C. HATTON—aged 17, Monkseaton, Northumberland, is the son of a foreman joiner, and hopes to become a school-master.

ELEANOR A. J. CHURCH—aged 17, Lavender Hill, London, daughter of a tailor, is planning to take the B.A. honours degree in geography and economics.

ALWYN L. CHINCHEN—aged 14, Brighton, Sussex, is the youngest member of the party. She is the daughter of a commercial traveller, and her ambition is "to fit myself to become an amanuensis to a writer, preferably one with historical learnings."

MURIEL E. DEAN—aged 20, Swadlowcote, Derbyshire, is the daughter of an engine-driver, and since 1925 has been an uncertified assistant teacher in York Road Infant's School, Church Gresley. She is fond of acting, and is a keen tennis player. She states her ambition is to be an "Ambassador of Empire."

JOHN D. C. DICK—aged 16, Cowdenbath, Fifeshire, is the son of a housekeeper, and an apprentice electrician. He is a member of an advertising bank of rise to the top of his profession.

JAMES P. DODDS—aged 15, Darlington, County Durham, is the son of a printer and stationer. He hopes to win a scholarship to Oxford or Cambridge, take a degree in history, and enter one of the higher branches of the Civil Service.

HYDA DRAKE—aged 19, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the daughter of a school-master and is a student at Armstrong College, Newcastle.

OLIVE EATON—aged 19, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire, is the daughter of an engineer's pattern maker, and is a junior secretary with a Manchester firm. Her ambition is to be a confidential secretary to a prominent person.

EMLYN H. EVANS—aged 17, Liangollen, Denbighshire, Wales, lost his father in the Great War. His mother is the proprietor of a drapery business. In October he is entering Aberystwyth University to take a degree course in Law. His ambition is to follow the foot-steps of his famous compatriot, David Lloyd George.

MARION A. GRIERSON—aged 20, Balerno, Midlothian, is the daughter of a teacher. She is a free-lance journalist, literary work being her ambition.

LAURENCE C. GILES—aged 18, Erdington, Birmingham, is the son of a brass-founder. His ambition is to do advanced work in Greek, Latin or history and literary work.

CHARLES A. HARGRAVES—aged 19, Newbury, Berkshire, is the son of a school-master. He is employed by the Westminster Bank at Hungerford, and his goal is the top of his profession.

JOHN E. HACKMAN—aged 19, Wandsworth Common, London, is the son of a Southern Railway parcels foreman. He is an undergraduate of London University, where he is studying the B.Sc. (Econ) degree, with a view of teaching economics.

MONA HUGHES—aged 20, Sheffield, is the daughter of a school-master, and is an under-graduate at Sheffield University. She was one of the best students at the Sheffield pupil teacher centre, and her ambition is to be a teacher.

MORGAN J. HEWITT—aged 15, Streatham, London, is the son of a senior science master. He hopes to obtain a history scholarship at a university.

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NORAH R. KERBY—aged 15, Liverpool, is the daughter of a school-master. At the age of 11 she gained a Liverpool City Scholarship entitling her to free education at Queen Mary High School, Liverpool. She is a talented musician, and an expert swimmer. She hopes to obtain a domestic science teacher's diploma.

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NORMAN MACDONALD—aged 16, Prestonpans, East Lothian, is the son of a housekeeper. His ambition is to be a surveyor, and he plans to write in his spare time.

THOMAS V. MATTHEW—aged 18, Glasgow, is the son of a widowed mother. He is an apprenticed draughtsman, and his ambition is to attain the highest point of efficiency in his vocation.

MARJORIE MAXWELL—aged 21, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is the daughter of an engine fitter, and is employed as a writing assistant, Inland Revenue Department. Her ambition is to obtain promotion in Inland Revenue, thereby making some return to her parents.

FREDERICK T. MACE—aged 19, London, is the son of a dining room proprietor. He is a junior clerk in a London firm and his ambition is to get on well so that his parents need not work any more.

GRACE W. MASON—aged 17, Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, is the daughter of a motor engineer. Her ambition is to learn about other peoples.

RUTH E. NEWBINGG—aged 17, West Kilbride, Ayrshire, is the daughter of a hydropathic manager. She is an undergraduate at Glasgow University. She hopes to become a member of the high Civil Service for a Parliamentary career or Government office.

MATTHEW A. NICHOLSON—aged 17, Bristol, whose father is now trainer of the Bristol City A. F. C., hopes to become a doctor.

DONALD S. POTT—aged 17, Manchester, is the son of a travelling agent. He is a member of an advertising staff of Manchester firm, of which he hopes to become advertising controller. He holds the elementary certificate of the Royal Life Saving Society.

PHYLLIS J. PRICE—aged 17, Swansea, acts as a bookkeeper for her father, who is a baker and grocer. Her ambition is to become a politician, but chiefly to do something worth while for the general good of her fellow men and women in the poor district in which she lives, and to return from Canada with a message of hope for the many unemployed workers of Swansea.

ROBERT W. RIDDIE—aged 21, Low Fell, County Durham, is the son of a civil engineer. He is a medical student at Newcastle College of Medicine, his ambition being to enter Durham University Medical College and become a qualified doctor.

ARTHUR RILEY—aged 16, Bradford, Yorkshire, is the son of an advertising inspector. He had a brilliant school career, and hopes to enter Cambridge University in 1929 for a course in science.

MOLLIE RUSHTON—aged 17, Great Harwood, Lancashire, is the daughter of a house furnisher. Her ambition is to win a B. Com. degree and become a private secretary.

THOMAS SADLER—aged 19, Wigan, Lancashire, is the son of a registered police inspector, and is employed by a timber merchant. His ambition is to take the London B. Com. degree.

STANLEY V. SHOULER—aged 20, London, is following in his father's footsteps, that of electrical engineering. His ambition is to become an eminent electrical engineer.

GEORGE P. SMITH—aged 18, Walshall, Staffordshire, is the son of a commercial traveller. His ambition is to undertake agricultural research work at home or in the Colonies.

JESSIE E. SMITH—aged 17, London, is the daughter of a pensioned police officer, and a telephonist in the London Telephone Service. Her ambition is to rise in the Civil Service.

MURIEL K. SMITH—aged 17, Buskell, Shropshire, is the daughter of a general storekeeper. Her ambition is to travel and win a University scholarship.

JOAN M. STURDEE—aged 18, is entering Girton College, Cambridge, in October to read for the geographical tripos. Her ambition being to travel widely and be a lecturer in geography.

ALEXANDER THOMSON—aged 20, Bathgate, Linlithgowshire, is the son of a friendly society secretary, and is a student at Edinburgh University. He hopes to graduate M.B., Ch.B., and supplement this later with the D. P. H.

PHYLLIS M. WARNER—aged 6840-8-2-30.

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There will be competitions in the three counties where there are five or more entries each for wheat, barley, oats, and for potatoes grown from certified seed.

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RULES AND REGULATIONS
 1. A field of oats shall consist of at least five acres, of wheat and barley three acres, of certified seed potatoes four acres.

2. An entry fee of \$1.00 shall be charged for the first, and fifty cents for each additional entry of grain, and \$1.00 for each entry of potatoes.

3. The entry fee shall accompany the application.
 4. Entries should be made to the Department of Agriculture not later than August 15th, 1928.

5. Competitors shall notify the Department of Agriculture at least one week previous to date on which harvesting shall begin.

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