

The Million Dollar Doll

By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

"Yes, I just told you that you're certain to find out. This isn't the time to enter into explanations."

"Ah!" Miss Sheridan sharply cut him short. "I see—I fear that I begin to see. I have heard rumors. I hope they're not true—that you and Betty have quarrelled? You would not have introduced persons on board whom she could not know? But I won't force you to discuss these private affairs before a young girl like Miss Divine. We must have a talk later." She turned to Terry. "Forgive me, my dear," she said. "I fear I forgot your presence for a moment. Are your parents with you at Monte Carlo?"

"No," said Terry.

"We must go. Aunt Caroline, Miles broke in."

"In a minute—if you must. Do let me have a few words with you, Miss Divine! I should like you to tell me where you're staying with your people, my dear. It would be pleasant to meet you again."

"I—none of my people are with me," Terry stammered.

Miss Sheridan opened her near-sighted blue eyes. "Your people—no with you? But you're so young! You aren't travelling alone?"

"No—no," said the girl.

"Then who is your chaperon, my dear child? I may know—"

Terry glanced up at Miles. Desperation was in his eyes, and a hint of trouble which, if he'd been a woman, she would have thought hysterical. It was the look which a woman has when she knows not whether to laugh or cry. He shrugged his shoulders in response to the question in her glance, and Terry guessed what that shrug meant.

"Mr. Sheridan is my chaperon," she answered.

The effect was electrical. "What?" shrieked the lady, starting back. "You don't mean—no, no, you can't mean—you're not on his yacht with him—alone?"

"Yes," the girl said. "Except for Mrs. Harkness, and the Captain. And the crew."

Miss Sheridan's face became very red, then pale, all but the fatal point of the nose. "This is terrible—terrible news for me," she gasped. "I—don't know what to do about it."

"There's nothing to do about it," said Miles. "You would have it, you know!"

"My poor dear brother, and sweet dead sister-in-law!" Miss Sheridan moaned. "And your unhappy wife! Something must be done. 'Oh!' and she looked at Terry. "My poor, misguided girl! You must be rescued. My nephew must be rescued. You must be saved from each other."

"I don't think we can be," said Miles. "It's too late. You must let us go our way, and forget us."

"That I will not do," answered Miss Sheridan, and without another word of farewell, she walked back to her table and her half-drunk mineral water, a look of exalted resolution on her face.

"That was rather a sickener," the girl heard her companion mutter.

"I—perhaps I ought to tell you, Mrs. Harkness means to go to Mentone, to call on Miss Sheridan this afternoon," Terry ventured, timidly.

"A pity she couldn't have seen my aunt before my aunt saw us," Miles growled. "It would have spared you as well as me a disagreeable quarter hour. We'd better slip into the Casino, I think. We can't go on walking up and down the terrace, passing her each time. I'd rather see her once than a dozen times." Terry did not reply. She shrank back then, half stopped, and instinctively laid her hand on Sheridan's arm.

Miles was astonished. A glance at the girl showed him that her sudden emotion was not from illness, or a stumble that had hurt; she had seen a face that startled her.

A tall, dark man was strolling towards them. Sheridan recognized the face. It was that of Eustace Nazio, known as the "Shoe King."

AN S.O.S. SIGNAL

It wasn't surprising that Juliet Divine should know Eustace Nazio. She was, Sheridan had sharply reminded himself, the sort of girl that would know that sort of man. But a wave of resentment swept over him. He wondered if before leaving New York, she had made an appointment with Nazio at Monte Carlo, and realized that it was probable.

His nerves, rasped by the scene with his aunt, were on edge. The girl had no right to arrange flirtations for this trip, and he'd warn her that he would not stand for it!

"You know that man?" his tone made the question an accusation.

"I've met him," Terry answered. She was frightened, more for Julia than for herself. After an instant of shocked surprise, she realized informally that she recognized Juliet Divine, who had never met him, but Theresa Desmond, who had. And if he guessed, or even suspected there would be trouble.

The fear was not unjustified. Nazio had walked on a few steps for a moment, and sprang into Terry's herd, developed more slowly in his.

Seeing the tall, beautiful young woman strolling with Miles Sheridan (whom he knew by sight) Nazio took it for granted at a distance that the man's companion was the "Million Dollar Doll."

His nearest glimpse of Juliet Divine had been from a stage box, or at a night cafe, craning his neck from one table for a sight of a profile at another.

Gossip about women of her world came to him, however, and he knew of Juliet's most conspicuous adventures. Here was one, which he hadn't heard about! Mrs. Miles Sheridan had been talk of Mrs. Miles Sheridan and an Italian prince. Nazio decided, as he approached the pair, that this escapade was fit for talk on Sheridan's part. He heard himself telling men at his clubs when he went back to New York: "By the way, whom do you think I met at Monte?"

As he drew nearer to the couple, he was struck anew by the resemblance between the Million Dollar Doll and the convent girl who had "turned him down." Dress that child in clothes like these instead of her country-made black, and she'd be just as handsome, just as stunning!

He was sharply pricked by the remembrance of his failure. He hated to fail. He often boasted to himself that he was too intelligent to boast to others that he had never failed in love or business. The thwarted affair with Terry Desmond had left a sore spot.

Coming closer, the youthfulness of the girl's face impressed him. She looked like a sad and lovely child, detached from home surroundings. Could Juliet Divine look like that?

Of course Juliet had a spurious air of girlishness, and might be taken for twenty instead of twenty-seven. But if her beauty had a defect, it was a certain bright hardness. Her youth wasn't this virginal youth. It was a youth of bold, pioneering experience.

Just as Nazio's mind touched this conclusion, the tall girl in white saw him, started, and shrank against her companion's shoulder.

"She isn't Juliet Divine. She's Theresa Desmond!"

The conviction shot through Nazio's brain. He walked on, turning it over and decided that he had hit the amazing truth. The instant he was sure, he wheeled and in an instant had joined the couple.

"How do you do, Miss Desmond?" he said, hat in hand. "This is a surprise, seeing you here?"

Sheridan had braced himself for this. But he was puzzled by Nazio's way of address. What did the fellow mean by calling the girl "Miss Desmond?" It must be a slip of the tongue, or else there'd been some adventure under the surface, here; but Miles was surprised at the sense of relief, and the cooling of his anger against the girl. Taking all things together, it began to look as if there'd been no appointment!

He had another surprise also: his sudden wish to shield her.

Terry's quick wit was baffled by lack of experience and her training to be truthful.

"Juliet will be so angry if Mr. Sheridan finds out," she thought.

"She looked at Sheridan and met his eyes. It seemed to him that he caught an S.O.S. signal, and he responded promptly.

"You are Mr. Nazio, I think?" he said with cool politeness. "I've seen you now and then in New York. But you have made a mistake. This lady is not Miss Desmond. She doesn't know you."

Nazio was a man of the world and his great aim was to reach social heights, climbing on his millions. "I'm sorry," he said civilly. "I must have been deceived by the great likeness between her and a friend of mine—a friend I've lost sight of, but hope to find again. I know I shall see you, and I thought this was the day!"

He lingered, expecting a move on the girl's part, if only a gesture or a faint exclamation, or—almost equally welcome—a sign from Sheridan that a chat with a fellow New Yorker would be acceptable. But the white sunshine screened Theresa Desmond's face, and Sheridan was irresponsive.

Unless Nazio were ready to risk a snub in public, from one or the other there was nothing to do except to take himself off. But he could see what use to make of the situation (he would make use of it!) he didn't want a row with the man or girl.

"Again I beg pardon," he excused himself, and lifting his hat once more turned back in the direction whence he came.

(To Be Continued)

SUNGLO

FALL-FURRING FOX RATION NO. 1

At your nearest dealer.

The schoolmasters whom destiny used to direct our youthful steps had a more restricted field. The nearest village—half a mile from the school—was only a small place, most of whose inhabitants were miners. Money was scarce, and education "frills" were out of the question. In other respects the village schoolmasters were popular men, always ready to take the initiative in anything for the good of the people amongst whom they labored, and especially for the benefit of the children. The old thought that the schoolmaster was "good for nothing else" was dead.

NOTES ON SWEET PEAS

Of all the climbers Sweet Peas are the most desirable, and the soil must be mixed with a proportion of lime. It is claimed that if the trench is prepared in the Fall, and the seeds sown right away, they will germinate in the Spring, and do better and bloom earlier.

Personally I raise the seeds in flats indoors early in the Spring as I can, when the night temperature is not likely to fall below 55 degrees; planting the seedlings outdoors when the season is sufficiently advanced. Others prefer to sow the seed directly over the trench, in which, by the way, should run north and south—as soon as the frost is out of the ground, for Sweet Peas are very hardy and do not mind a frost which would be fatal to beans. When the plants are four to six inches apart, to produce plants. Very netting makes an excellent and neat support for the peas, which may be used as a background for perennial borders or as screen for other objects, but this netting should be made of a material that is not likely to rot, and is not likely to be damaged by the sun. As the season advances the roots will reach down to the water table, but in prolonged dry weather copious watering is necessary to successful growth. When the plants reach the blooming stage a dose of weak liquid manure will prove an excellent stimulant. Picking off the pods as they form will prolong the season of flowering.

For cut flowers, cut when the color begins to show in what is called the "light bud" stage. Mature flowers are apt to be faded by our bright sun, but this reason, too, flowers in the open, intended for exhibition purposes are best shaded by cheesecloth. Cut flowers last longer if an aspirin tablet is dissolved in the water in which they stand. The water should be changed every day, and a short section of the stalk cut off before replacing. Cut blooms carry best in a roomy, well-ventilated cardboard box, the ends of the stems being wrapped in moistened cotton-battings covered with waxed paper.

Green-fly or aphids are sometimes troublesome on Sweet Peas; spray with soap-suds, tobacco-spray, or even kerosene, but the latter must be applied very forcibly.

NEWSY NOTES

(Continued from page 11)

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FUR FARMING

(Continued from page 11)

When the pups are about three weeks old they will have their eyes open and have started to crawl around quite a bit. This is the time to look them over and see how they are coming along and see how they are looking strong and healthy, close the nest box without touching the pups and do not give them a worm tablet until they are four weeks of age, but if they are thin and scrawny, take them out at once and treat them for worms. This should be done in the following manner. Remove the pups from the nest box and put them in a basket or box that has the bottom covered with a warm cloth.

Carry them to the ranch house or any place where it is not too cold, take the pup by the neck with the left hand and with the right hand force open the jaws wide enough to insert the pill, drop the pill in the mouth and force it over the base of the tongue with a small, smooth stick or pencil or with the little finger. Be sure that the pup has swallowed the pill. Worming the pup requires two persons, one to hold the pup and one to give the pill. After they have been wormed place each pup in a separate compartment that has been prepared for them. The pill should take effect in about two hours after worming and if they pass worms they should be treated again in about ten days, but not do not worm them again as long as they are thrifty and well.

At four weeks of age the pups start to eat, and they may be fed either inside the den house or outside in the pen. I feed whole wheat bread and milk in the morning and meat in chunks at night, but many ranchers claim that meat is not good for pups at this age. I have seen good results in feeding meat and you can continue to do so. By feeding meat in chunks the pups are forced to chew off what they eat and as they cannot chew off much they do not get enough to harm them. If meat is not fed to pups, the vixen does not get any good, and has to produce milk from soft, bulky feed, and she is not accustomed to so I believe that meat feeding is the best plan of the two. In feeding bread and milk it is best not to make the feed too sloppy or to feed too much, as over feeding of soft food will cause the pups to be pot bellied and often cause crooked legs or rickets. To prevent rickets use cod liver oil and calcium-phosphate. One teaspoonful of cod liver oil is enough for a pup and should be given about three times a week. A teaspoonful of calcium phosphate for each pup is given four times a week, and both cod-liver oil and calcium phosphate are fed with the bread and milk using one, one day and the other the next. One day is fine for the pups, but they will not eat it unless the pups are fed good feed, and also helps the pups to shed their baby teeth. The pups are kept thin and rangy until they are about three months old when the feed is gradually increased until they are getting as much or more than the adult fox. Keep the pens, dens and dishes as clean as possible and provide enough shade so that the fox can get out of the sun if they care to do so. Too much shade is not desirable as during the wet weather the pens are soaked thoroughly and will not dry out very fast if the sun cannot shine in them. Sunshine is one of the best disinfectants and should reach all parts of the fox pen.

The male may be left with the vixen as long as he does not molest the pups and hog more than his share of the feed. If he fights the female and is rough with the pups he should be removed and placed in another pen. Most males are very good to the vixen and will give up most of the feed to them. Many ranchers leave the male in with the vixen and pups until the pups are five months old and not a bit of trouble occurred. The vixen seems more content when the male is in the pen with her and always seems restless when he is taken out. However, it is best to take out the male when the pups are about eight weeks old if possible and to keep him out sooner if he is inclined to be rough or scraggy.

The pups should be treated for ear mites when they are weaned. Ear mites look like a yellowish dandruff in the ear, but when examined under a glass they are found to be very much alive and are fatal to pups and to adult foxes unless they are removed. They are easily killed by several remedies, but if nothing else can be obtained, equal parts of kerosene and lard make a good homemade remedy. Use a small camel hair brush and swab out the ear thoroughly after removing all the mites you can. Put some dip powder on the pup and dip the end of the tail in a creolin solution (sheep dip) and there is not much more that can be done for him. Dipping the end of the tail may save that nice white tip that you like to see on foxes.

After a pup reaches four weeks of age it is a real husky and about as hard to kill as any tough animal. Keep it free from worms, ear mites and fleas, give it enough of the right kind of food and it will grow so fast it will surprise you.

There is still much to be learned about feeding fox and fox puppies but I believe that in a few more years by proper feed and selection of breeders we will be able to produce better foxes and more of them. Very few ranches feed the same kind or amount of feed, and it will take quite awhile to determine what and how much to feed.

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A Brand New SEASON

SEPTEMBER marks the opening of a brand-new season in this business of running one's life. Back home—back to work—back to school. Time to take stock of most everything, isn't it? What's needed for the house, for the children, for yourself . . . At least a dozen spending decisions to be made very soon.

How about choosing a school for the youngsters? (It's not too late even now.) And school equipment, too—pen-and-pencil set, typewriter? Then don't forget new linens and towels for the house—and bathroom supplies, of course. Perhaps the pantry wants restocking. And you are going to redecorate at least one room, aren't you?

Whatever your needs, the advertising pages of this newspaper will help you decide wisely and spend wisely. You can depend on advertised goods and services . . . for if they didn't represent pretty worth-while values, the sponsors couldn't keep on advertising and selling! Read all the sales messages in this newspaper. They have something worth-while to say to you.

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PAUL'S WHARVES

AR. TUFT'S NEW BOOK

Last Saturday, to my delight, the small brought me a copy of "Some Common Birds of Nova Scotia" by Mr. Robert W. Tuft, Chief Migratory Bird Officer. This attractively-bound volume of ninety pages is in size what I believe printers call Royal Octavo (6-1/2 by 10 inches), so that the colored plates of birds with which the pages are so cleverly and artistically illustrated are quite large. Though the title seems to confine the subject matter to our sister province, each and all of the fifty birds treated of are common here also, and the book would be a valuable addition to the library of every bird-lover. To those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Tuft in his lecture tours, no words of mine are necessary to emphasize the informative and entertaining character of the lectures. To those who have not had that privilege I recommend the work as a concise account of the appearance and habits of our feathered visitors, told with the skill and knowledge acquired during thirty-five years of first-hand experience.

The "Starling" was the first bird that appeared in N.S. in 1916, and this was the first record in Canada. It was first noticed here in 1931, and Mr. Tuft tells us what to expect when these birds become numerous. "They travel in great flocks, and in a few months will totally destroy an entire crop of raspberries, strawberries, and similar fruits." An excellent picture shows this coming pest in various positions, and in Fall and Spring plumage.

Among the many singular habits of birds with which we are made acquainted in this fascinating work, the oddest is the habit of smearing fir balsam or pitch "gum" at the youngsters at night round the entrance to its nest in a rotten stump. This is a trick of the Red-breasted Nuthatch, and is thought to deter the wood mice from entering to destroy the eggs or young.

The book appropriately concludes with a chapter on bird-houses, bird-baths and feeding-stations.

I must call the attention of our young folk to the last sentence:—"but the chief thing of importance is to keep the supply of food constant, since in severe weather the birds soon come to depend upon it."

The price of the book, strongly bound in blue cloth, is \$1.25, and

See Well To Drive Your Car

Are you as well equipped to see to drive your car as IT IS to carry you safely? It is the conviction of those competent to judge that the number of accidents would be greatly reduced if drivers were as careful of their vision as of the condition of their cars. A thorough examination of the eyes should PRECEDE the issuing of a driver's license.

G. F. HUTCHESON

OPTOMETRIST

EGGS AND MOLASSES

Question:—Would you advise feeding spoiled eggs to foxes? Is molasses valuable as an adjunct to the ration of foxes at this season?

Answer:—Spoiled eggs should not be fed to ranch raised foxes. They can cause serious gastric intestinal disturbances and the food value is slight. Molasses has been used by a good many fox breeders, supposing it might be of value in adding gloss to the fur. The general impression is that benefits from its use are only slight, if any. One-half teaspoonful given once a day is the right amount to use. It is readily taken by itself or it can be mixed with the food.

POST MORTEM EXAMINATION

Subject:—A male fox six years old.

This fox had appeared to be in a normal condition previous to November 5th. On the morning of that date, he was breathing rapidly and the abdomen appeared to be considerably distended. He had vomited and the bowel movements were watery. This fox was taken from his pen and put in comfortable smaller quarters. He was found dead on the morning of November 6th.

The autopsy revealed an unusual condition. The spleen was tremendously enlarged and weighed nearly two pounds. The liver was in a marked stage of enlargement, but there was abdominal dropsy. The intestines and stomach were filled with gas. What should cause this enlargement of the spleen, it is impossible to say and it is hard to understand why this fox did not show symptoms of discomfort before he died. Death was due to heart failure caused by the great pressure on the diaphragm.

THE BIGGEST FAIR IN THE EAST

10 FREE ACTS

SAINT JOHN EXHIBITION 1934

LABOR DAY WEEK SEP 1-3

EDUCATION AGRICULTURE AMUSEMENT FUN & THRILLS

BEAUTIFUL ISLAND CLYDESDALE I

This purebred Clydesdale Stallion, Kings Favourite, is owned by George A. Kilson, Hampshire, Prince Edward Island. The picture was "snapped" by Mrs. Kilson with little Freddie Kilson three years of age enjoying a horse back ride and the films were mailed to The Field Studio, Moncton, N. B., for developing and printing. Mail your films to Reid's and ask to have your best "Snaps" published in the Guardian.

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