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**The Vital Flame**  
A Stirring Serial  
of Primitive Passions  
by May Christie

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
But Miles' tone was after all frankly platonic and Leonie felt daunted for a moment. The friendlier Miles was, the farther off did marriage seem!  
"If he would only quarrel with me, I could put in good work in the reconciliation line! Or if I could only make him lose his head and kiss me, then I could do the 'jeune fille' stunt of newly-awakened passion and swoon into his arms like a Victorian maid! It would be all up with him, then, for he's so quizzical that he'd feel he must propose—"  
Thus mused the artless girl.  
Never had it dawned on her that the field was not entirely hers for the manipulating.  
Miles, naturally, had been fated. But—thank heaven!—he still remained unspoil.  
"I'll have sole with champagne sauce, please. Capon to follow. And I think—" her eye ran down the wine-list, "I think we might celebrate your American successes in a bottle of sparkling muscatel? What do you say?"  
Good wine loosened tongues and freed the emotions quite a little. "Number 371" was very potent, that she knew. Miles was rather abstemious for an artist. His reactions would be all the quicker.  
"Anything you choose," he replied nonchalantly. Then, to a waiter—  
"A bottle of '371' please. And wait—"  
His densesness needed a crude stimulant, she told herself.  
Miles was embarrassed. What was she driving at? Why did she practise coquetry on him?  
"You always look all right," was his lame rejoinder. He was relieved when a waiter bustled forward to lay hor-d'oeuvres upon the table, thus creating a diversion.  
Leonie could have slapped the obtuse creature. That anyone so goodlooking as he was could be so ignorant of how to please a woman, was incredible! Once they were married, she would make him toe the line!  
She suppressed her wrath, however, and nibbled daintily at egg mayonnaise and lettuce. She wasn't supposed to swell the ranks of foolish maids who nipped romances in the bud by yielding to the snubbing

impulse. That was the one sure way to lose a man.  
But how snoring that he didn't think she was as pretty as a lover ought to think! My goodness! there would be some reason, had he seen her in the calico house of early morning in her kimono, and without her war-paint on. Leonie had lost two lovers by an unexpected 'recontre' of that sort. But Miles, thank heaven! had only viewed the little lady at her very best.  
It was unflattering to see how far away his thoughts were. After the smile of the robin, she wasn't going to offer him another penny. . . . but she wondered, all the same.  
Did she but know it, they had winged across the Channel to a very different type of girl. He was cursing the business energy of his manager who had arranged the Paris exhibition to follow on the heels of the New York triumph, and who had wired him to come on at once. Why! he hadn't even had the time to telegraph Marcella, but had had to leave that to a servant, thrusting her address into the man's hands just as the train was leaving.  
It was the deuce and all, too, that now, without the memorandum of it, he wasn't positive of her address! Had the long, ardent letter he had penned her on the boat-train and on the Channel crossing ever reached her? There was barely time for a reply. . . . and yet, she might have wired!

What about the radiogram that had so confused her? Treman was the name. There was a big city fellow by the name of Treman. . . . Leonie's tones—metallic, with an edge to them—cut into his worrying thoughts.  
"Since you decline to 'drink to me only with thine eyes' and yet refuse to see the wine that's been standing in the pall of ice at your elbow for the last five minutes, I suppose I shall have to open it myself," she said, complacently.  
He started and a streak of red crept into his bronzed cheeks.  
"I'm awfully sorry," he apologized. "Here, waiter, uncork this bottle." Then, as he himself poured the golden liquid into her glass: "Forgive me. I was dreaming."  
(To Be Continued).

**GIRLHOOD DANGERS**

Come Through a Weakening of the Blood—A Tonic is Needed.  
In their early teens it is quite common for girls to outgrow their strength, and mothers should carefully watch the health of their daughters at this time. It is when the strength is sapped by rapid growth that anæmia develops. The first signs may be noticed by peevishness, languor and headaches. The face grows pale, breathlessness and palpitation become apparent, with low spirits and depression.  
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In all troubles due to weak, watery blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be found a reliable remedy. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**WAS MUCH APPRECIATED.**

A Whig Editorial Brought Back a Gracious Reply.  
Dr. Richard E. Sykes, president of St. Lawrence University, Canton, N.Y., in acknowledging a copy of The British Whig, of July 5th, expressed appreciation of "your fine editorial, 'A New Epoch at St. Lawrence University,'" and added: "It was most gracious of you to speak so highly of our college and I hasten to assure you of my own and the appreciation of our faculty and board of Trustees. I am especially appreciative since it comes from our neighbors just across the river who themselves reside in a college town. I cherish the same feelings in my heart for your own college which I know is of high standing, and desire to co-operate in every way possible in advancing educational interests of the people in Canada as well as in our own state. I am always interested in everything that promotes good feeling between the two countries. Again thanking you for your able and gracious editorial, etc."

**No Object But One.**  
London Advertiser: The Conservative party, which has been making the air ring with charges of a bargain between Liberals and Progressives, will now apparently obtain office through the kind of alliance which is denounced. But unlike the Liberal alliance with the Progressives, it is an unnatural combination of two groups holding diametrically opposite views—a purely office-holding union.  
A wonderful concrete town, exclusively for the occupation of the natives, is springing up near Lagos, capital of Nigeria.  
The Saxons name for March was the "lenet month," or length month, signifying the lengthening of the days.

A giant lizard of Zululand, a lizard said to have a snake's head and to be six feet in height, has been described by King Lewanika in an official letter to the British Resident.  
In the Amazon and its tributaries lives the pirai, a comparatively small fish which goes in shoals and attacks bathers. Its teeth are razor-like.  
The Negroes of the West Indies are more afraid of the barracuda than of the shark. The barracuda grows six feet long and has terrific jaws.  
Von Hindenburg's salary as president is about \$12,500 a year.

**ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS**  
by Olive Roberts Barton

**Queer Happenings on the Moon.**  
It was all very queer about the Twins. They weren't Twins at all any more, but just great flat splash-ers on the ground like paint. You could see their heads and faces and hands and feet and clothes, but they looked exactly like pictures someone had painted on the ground. It must have been because they fell such a distance from the giant boy's hand, that they smashed so flat.  
But it hadn't hurt a bit! It felt just as though they had fallen on elderdown pillows.  
"We're in a nice fix now!" said Nick, trying to look at Nancy.  
"I should say so," said Nancy. "If someone could scrape us up, maybe we could roll down a hill and get all right again."  
At that minute a man rushed out from a restaurant across the street where he had been baking wheat cakes in a window. His cake turner looked as big as a snow shovel.  
"Don't move and I'll fix you," he shouted. "Just a minute."  
With that he deftly slid his cake turner under Nancy and scraped her up. Then he slid the cake turner under Nick and scraped him up.  
"Now if you'll just roll down this hill," he remarked, "I think you'll be as fit as fiddle again. I'll turn you both up like hoops and give you a start."  
Which he did.  
Nancy rolled and Nick rolled, and the farther they rolled the more round they became. At last they reached the bottom of the hill and both of them hit a fire-ping or whatever it is they have on the moon in case of fire.  
That sent them spinning around on their feet, and in three minutes the Twins were back to their own forms and their own size exactly as though nothing had happened.  
Both of them began to laugh.

"This is a queer place all right," said Nick. "The funny part of it is that no matter what happens to you, nothing hurts."  
"Oh, look!" said Nancy suddenly, pointing to a woman across the street.  
"What?" said Nick.  
But he could see for himself what Nancy meant. For while he looked, the woman changed into two women and then into three women and then into four, five, six, seven women all exactly like the first one. All with umbrellas in their right hand and baskets in their left hands.  
"It must be the seven wives going to St. Ives," said Nancy. "Oh, look, look! Now there are only five—no three! Why, they've all gone but one."  
But in another minute there were seven again. And so it went—the woman turning into seven women and then back into one, like rain-drops melting together.  
"Everybody is doing the same thing," said Nick pointing down the street. And even the dogs and cats! For goodness sake, just look, Nancy.  
Sure enough, men and women and boys and girls and cats and dogs were all turning into threes and fours and sevens and then back into ones again.  
"Maybe there is something wrong with our eyes, Nick," said Nancy. "Perhaps we are just seeing things!"  
"No," said the pink ticket, jumping out of Nick's pocket. "It's all true! The city of 'Any Place At All' is the oddest city on the moon. Do you wish to go or stay. I can take you away if you wish."  
"We'd better ask somebody here if Inco and Flops passed this way, first," said Nick.  
"Very well," said the ticket. "Suit yourself."

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**CROSS-WORD PUZZLE**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12										
15										
23	24									
30	31									
35	36									
40	41	42	43							
46										
49										
54										

- Horizontal.**
- Act of composing music extemporaneously.
  - Call of a dove.
  - Leases.
  - To bring legal proceeding.
  - Stop!
  - To participate.
  - Second note in the scale.
  - Dad.
  - Male child.
  - Sun god.
  - Lustrously.
  - Three-toed sloth.
  - You and I.
  - To hit with the palm.
  - For fear that.
  - Alleged force producing hypnotism.
  - More uncommon.
  - Beside.
  - Vallant man.
  - Mesh of lace.
  - Hairless.
- Vertical.**
- Thin water matter (from an ulcer).
  - Low of a cow.
  - Italian river.
  - English coin.
  - Stanzas.
  - To chant.
  - To rest upon one's feet.
  - To question.
  - Exists.
  - Possessive pronoun.
  - Indigent.
  - Pertaining to the pope.
  - Sea eagles.
  - Levels.
  - Pertaining to the poles.
  - To tear.
  - To rent.
  - Age.
  - Deity.
  - Clerks on board ship.
  - Half an em.
  - Having finger.
  - Post script (abbrev.).
  - Preposition of place.
  - Printer's measure.
  - Preparator.
  - Pitcher.
  - Behold.
  - Sticks together.
  - Cooking utensil.
  - To permit.
  - Water plug.
  - Spirit of evil.
  - Meal.
  - Harsh noise of a trumpet.
  - Corded-cloth.
  - Upon.
  - Exclamation used to frighten.
  - Beer.
  - To hit with a black-jack.
  - Officious.
  - Silk worm.
  - Ocean.
  - S. 1416.
  - Point of compass.

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**STRING STARTS COAT LAY SOAP RET ROWAN TIE US REBATED LA F DO ERE EL R FERAL E STARS RESIN TEASE GRATE H WISDS R ME SOS LO I OF POTATES TO ALD SIREN CAR NEAT LVE FAME SATIRE DRAPED**  
7-3  
Answer to Saturday's Crossword Puzzle.

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**FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS**

ANY LITTLE BOY—WHERE WERE IS HE?  
ALB'S ANSWER IS NEARBY—BODIES FOUND ON HIS DISAPPEARING FROM AGAIN AND FRIENDS

**A CLEW!**

REDS A NOTE I JUST FOUND UP IN HIS ROOM ON THE FLOOR BACK OF HIS DRESSER.  
TO HIS MAMA—TO HIS MAMA—OK—MY DEAR BOY!  
WELL—HURRY UP AND READ WHAT THE DOOR BOY HAD TO SAY!  
YOU'RE SO BRAVE—YOU READ IT!

**By Blosser**

WHAT HAS ALEK WRITTEN IN THE NOTE HE HAS LEFT BEHIND?