With an impudent smile and an indolent swagger he left the room. Adele excused herself and followed him, but returned shortly. Her face was a little flustered and she regarded Dale with a puzzled and disappointed expression.

"I wanted you two men to like each other," she said with a slight pout, "but instead you behaved as if it was a case of mutual dislike at first glance."

Dale's smiling gaze was a little rueful. She looked very attractive in her smart morning frock, and a trace of pallor only enhaced her charms. It had not been difficult to perceive the relationship between her and Ainsworth. With his good looks and his cynical and supercilious airs, Ainsworth was exactly the type that appealed to many women. He stifled a little sigh. He could foresee that Adele Castle's spirited nature and impulsive heart were leading her into a maze of difficulties.

"Oh, no it wasn't a case of dislike," he protested. "We were both in bad humor, one suffering from an enlarged jaw, the other from a diminished bank roll. What could you expect?"

She regarded him doubtfully. "Had you met Mr. Ainsworth previously?" she asked.

"I never saw his face until this morning," declared Dale truthfully.

She continued to search his face for a moment. Then she brightened a little. "Next time you meet, I want both of you to be more cordial. You see, Paul and I are to be married soon."

Dale bowed slightly. He felt a little wrench within him. Another young life headed straight for the cataracts of disillusionment and tragedy!

"It's a strange thing" she murmured. "Men don't generally like Paul until they have known him a long time. He seems insolent and supercilious, but it is all on the surface. I am sure you will like him very much when you know him better."

"I—I hope so," Dale murmured awkwardly. He was in no mood for insincere platitudes. "By the way, how much does Mr. Ainsworth know?"

"Nothing," she said simply, her face clouding. "It's really my duty to tell him, isn't it? I can't, though. I simply can't."

"Then I wouldn't tell him."

"But it doesn't seem right. Time after time I've tried to summon courage to tell Paul everything about my father and how Doctor Moffett is trying to blackmail him, but I simply can't. I feel beastly about it. I know it isn't fair to Paul. Since we are going to be married, I oughtn't to keep any secrets from him, ought I?"

Dale looked out the window. The bitter devastating irony of the situation was acutely depressing. If his surmises and suspicions were correct—and he feared they were—then she could tell Ainsworth nothing which he did not already know. Ainsworth was a scoundrel of the blackest dye, a blackmailer and perhaps a murderer.

"You reproach yourself too much," he said lightly, although his heart was heavy. "Nothing can go seriously wrong with a girl like you as long as she is true to herself and relies on her instincts. If your instincts tell you not to mention the matter to Paul, then don't mention it."

"I wonder if it is as simple as all that," she murmured doubtfully. "How can I know that my ilnstincts are right?"

"I would gamble on them," Dale assured her, reflecting that a woman's instincts were often truer than logic and reason. Perhaps they would save her in time. "Anyway, time will tell. This ugly business will probably blow over in a few days. Why not wait and see?"

She smiled vaguely. "Your advice is so pleasant to take that I am doubtful about it. You see, Paul suspects something is wrong, and that makes it all the harder. He has bullied and cajoled, tried in every way to make me tell what's worrying me, and I have kept assuring him it is nothing. We had a spat only this morning. That's why he was in such bad humor. I was only trying to gloss things over with a fib when I said he had received bad news from his broker."

A Jaw for a Jaw

Dale frowned into the sunlight outside the window, Ainsworth appeared to be playing his dastardly role with great adroitness, pretending he did not know what was troubling his fiancee.

"Oh," he murmured absently, "then he hasnt been bucking the stock market?"

"Just a little," she said vaguely. "It wasn't as bad a fib as it might have been. But he doesn't tell me much about it, and it wasn't the thing that upset him this morning. Now," and her face brightened again, "you must tell me about the pink elephants and the green dragons and what happened to your jaw."

Dale gave a concise account of the midnight occurrence, but he made no mention of the empty sleeve which he had caught for an instant. A faint hope entered his mind while he talked. Had he not jumped rather rashly to the conclusion that the prowler in his apartment had been Paul Ainsworth? The only tangible basis for that conclusion was Ainsworth's empty sleeve and the fact that his appearance tallied with Bilkins' general description of the man who had called earlier in the evening and then gone away without stating his errand. All this might have been only a striking case of coincidence. Perhaps Adele Castle's life was steering a straight and safe course, after all.

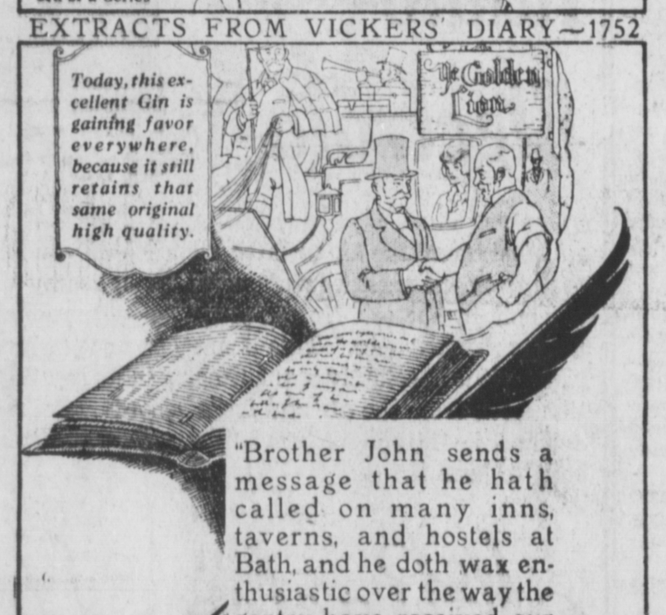
But Dale felt he was only deluding himself. In addition to the tangible items of evidence, there were the intangible ones—Ainsworth's sneering look of recognition when Dale was introduced, the pointed glance at his swollen jaw, the way he had reacted to Dale's unthinking allusion--all the little details of looks and manner and speech by which he had confirmed Dales' suspicions and which had been even more conclusive than the empty sleeve.

His heart sank again. He saw shoals ahead for the splendid, beautiful girl who was listening so intently to his recital.

He smiled faintly. They were practically strangers, their acquaintance dated only since yesterday. It was no vital concern of his if she was headed straight toward a heartbreaking adventure.

To Be Continued Tomorrow

3rd of a Series
EXTRACTS FROM VICKERS' DIARY—1752



"Brother John sends a message that he hath called on many inns, taverns, and hostels at Bath, and he doth wax enthusiastic over the way the gentry have received our worthy product.
This, he doth explain, is a true indication of the popularity and demand for Vickers' London Dry Gin."

VICKERS'
FINEST LONDON DRY
GIN
REPUTED QUART $3.25
ESTABLISHED BY
JOSEPH & JOHN VICKERS & CO., Ltd.
LONDON 1750 ENGLAND

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Sport Chat

At the time of this writing the possibility of a ball game being played tonight seems very remote, but 'tis a strange country this, and the sun may be shining brightly when 6:45 becomes a reality.

The Gyros and Elks are the performers for this evening, and a glance at the standing printed below will clearly show who needs the win most. If the Gyro Club can tuck this game into the win column, and then knock over the Sons they will be in a position to go some place towards the head of the league. If not, then the cellar will be their final resting place. Stan claims however, that his club is not dead yet by a long shot, so that it is a little early yet to start selecting the pall bearers.

The standing:

	W.	L.	Pct.
S. O. C.	5	4	.555
Elks	6	5	.545
Gyros	4	6	.400

What with all this talk about Babe Ruth being nearly finished following his recent injury, the "King of Swat" stepped out and established a new fungo record the other day at New York. The home run king broke the former record made by Big Ed. Walsh, one-time Chicago White Sox pitcher, in 1912 by driving a ball a distance of 447 feet with a fungo during batting practice. Walsh's record was 412 feet. That is not bad hitting for a fellow this is supposed to be nearly through his baseball days.

DOUBLE-HEADER BASEBALL GAME SPLIT YESTERDAY

NEW YORK, Aug. 9:—The Yanks shaved the lead of the Athletics to ten and a half games by defeating the league leaders after splitting yesterday's double header.

Washington cleaned up its two game series with the Red Sox winning again yesterday.

The White Sox went 11 innings with St. Louis winning by five to four in the first game, Thomas and Gray going the route for their respective teams. In the second game between these clubs, St. Louis failed also.

There was only one game in the National League, St. Louis falling before Pittsburgh, one run to five.

Scores for yesterday follow:

National League
St. Louis 1, Pittsburgh 5.

American League
New York 6, Philadelphia 4.
Washington 3, Boston 2.
Detroit 9, Cleveland 6.
St. Louis 4-2, Chicago 5-6.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GARDEN AND COMMISSION THOUGHT TO BE AT END

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—The announcement made yesterday that Jack Sharkey is to box Loughran instead of Schmeling on September 26 is taken to indicate that the difference between the management of the Madison Square Garden and the New York state boxing commission is at an end.

B.C. CRUSHED ALBERTA IN CRICKET GAME

REGINA, Aug. 9.—British Columbia crushed Alberta in western Canada cricket yesterday by 255 for seven wickets declared against 59 all out.

Saskatchewan defeated Manitoba 185 to 142.

BEAT RECORDS FOR HIGH SCHOOLS IN POLE VAULTING EX.

VANCOUVER, Aug. 9.—Cyril Nixon of South Vancouver high school cleared ten feet eight inches in a pole vault exhibition at the high school olympiad yesterday, beating the old high school mark by six inches.

MAY USE RESIN IN AMERICAN LEAGUE

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Next year the American League is planning to allow the use of resin by pitchers. It is allowed in the National League now.

BASEBALL

Tonight at 6:45, Gyros vs. Elks.

WHERE COAL IS PRODUCED

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and British Columbia produce bituminous coal only; Saskatchewan produces lignite, and Alberta produces bituminous, sub-bituminous and lignite coals.

Victor
Records
(V.E.) Orthophonic

Ben Pollack

Louise
from the motion picture "Innocents of Paris"
Vocal — Maurice Chevalier — 21918
Fox Trot — Ben Pollack and His Park Central Orchestra — 21941
Piano Solo — Harry Thomas — 216544

Breakaway
from the "Fox Movietone Follies"
Fox Trot — George Olsen and His Music — 21961

Broadway Baby Dolls
and
Wishing and Waiting For Love
from the motion picture "Broadway Babies"
Fox Trots — Nat Shilkret and The Victor Orchestra — 22019

Nat Shilkret

Johnny Marvin

To Be In Love
Fox Trot — Waring's Pennsylvanians — 22023
Vocal — Jack Smith — 21987

Finding the Long Way Home
Vocal — Johnny Marvin — 22022

S'posin'
Fox Trot — Rudy Vallée and His Connecticut Yankees — 21998

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HIS MASTER'S VOICE
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ORTHOPHONIC VICTROLAS AND RECORDS
McRae Bros.
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"TRY A NIP TONIGHT"

Grant's
BEST PROCURABLE
Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY
William Grant & Sons Ltd
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
TRADE MARK
DISTILLERIES
THE GLENFIDDICH AND BALVENIE-GLENLIVET DUFFTOWN SCOTLAND

The Original Label — look for it at the Vendor's and insist on GRANT'S "BEST PROCURABLE"

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Numbers made famous by Quality

1

No. 1 Hard Wheat is the world's standard. There is no "just as good" substitute. The superlative quality of this famous strain makes Canada's Golden West the world's most famous granary.

The Original
Seagram 83 RYE WHISKEY

Like "No. 1 Hard," Seagram's 83 has no "just as good" substitute.

Bottled from the oldest stocks of whiskey in Canada. The Government strip tells the story.

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a Purveyor of Health

DR. DANIEL R. HODGEN, an eminent physician, says that Beer is a valuable Food for Health, Strength and Vitality; because it is easily digested and assimilated. It nourishes and invigorates the system.

The use of Beer is to be encouraged, not only as an aid to digestion, because it tends to increase the flow of digestive fluids and because of its highly nourishing reaction without any deleterious effects upon the human system.

The undermentioned Beers are properly prepared. They are guaranteed to be absolutely pure. To safeguard the public they are constantly tested by Analytical Chemists employed by the B. C. Liquor Control Board.

For sale in all Government Liquor Stores and Beer Parlors.

PILSENER LAGER
PHOENIX EXPORT LAGER
BLUE RIBBON EXPORT

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