

**Why Are Flour Milling Stocks So Popular With Investors?**

Because the Milling Industry in Canada is both basic and stable. Its earnings are consistent and well maintained even during periods of depression. The investment therefore, is safe and profitable.

**What Makes a Flour Mill Profitable?**

- A flour mill should be profitable.
- It is in modern construction.
- It is located so as to enjoy low freight rates on its principal grain.
- It is located to handle export business economically.
- It has an unlimited supply of grain.
- It is convenient to a large consuming population.
- It has an efficient, sane and sane management.
- It has a strong selling organization.

**Why Are Careful Investors Buying Copeland Flour Mills, Ltd.—**

8% Sinking Fund Cumulative Preference Shares at 100, with Bonus of 30% in Common Stock?

Because articles who are qualified to judge are frank to admit that the Copeland Flour Mills, Limited, has all of the above qualifications and is already strongly entrenched amongst the foremost Milling Companies in Canada.

The Mill is now running 24 hours per day and has orders in hand which, with new business being booked daily, should keep it busy throughout the season. Its future record will equal the best.

The Preferred Stock being the Senior Security of the Company, the investment is safe; and the Common Shares given as a bonus should become very valuable.

Write for Prospectus and full information.

**BANKERS BOND COMPANY LIMITED**

60 King Street West, Toronto.

**The Broken Circle!**

**CHAPTER I.**

"The summer wind came in at the open window, the birds were singing their even-song, the low chanting of the waves sounded musical in the distance. I could not rest, I rose, dressed myself, and stole quietly down the stairs and out into the garden and round among the trees, where I should be hidden from sight, and could enjoy the sweet evening air at my will. I was very weak, very ill. The fresh-scented air, for which I had longed so intensely, sent me to sleep. I do not know how long I slept there; but when I awoke the moon was shining, and I heard the sound of a woman's voice sobbing in great distress. I raised my head, and I saw a scene that has haunted me until the memory of it has driven me to write this. I did not listen purposely but I could not get away; it was to me as though I were present at a death-bed. The sobs were Hettie's and she was bidding farewell to your lover, Leah—Basil Carlton. She loved him—ah, me, how well! And he spoke up like the honest, frank, noble young fellow he is. He told her how he had drifted unconsciously into love for her, that he was bound in honour to marry some one else, and therefore he must go.

"Leah, give heed to my words. I do not know why Sir Basil asked you to marry him. I am sure that it was not because he loved you. I am sure, too, that he acted in all loyalty. He came down to Southwood and saw your sister quite accidentally; he fell in love with her without knowing it. Hettie loves him with her whole heart, and will love no one else while she lives. They parted in sorrow and tears, both loyal, both honest, both true. Whether they will meet again I know not—I leave that with you. The doctor has told me to-day that I have not many weeks to live, and that nothing can change my life. Leah, I cursed you; so this which I ask, and that curse will fall harmless to the ground. When I am dying, I shall send for you, and I may be able to tell you this. When I am dead, ask Sir Arthur Hatton to take Hettie home; it will be safer, far better for her; I can see it now. And, Leah, if you would be truly noble, truly generous, if you would make a glorious atonement for your

selfish choice, if you would rise far above the level of ordinary womanhood, if you would change a curse into a blessing, if you would do that which will bring music, and beauty, and brightness into two lives, give up your lover to Hettie, and let her wed him.

"Do not think I am heartless; but, when I look at Hettie, when I think of her devotion and love, when I think of her tenderness, and remember that those are qualities you can live without, I urge upon you to resign your lover, and let him marry Hettie.

"It—and my heart does not deceive me as to what you will do—if you decide upon this, you must act wisely; for, if either of them suspect, the suspecting one will not accept the sacrifice, however much you may desire to make it. Your desire in this world is to shine; you prefer brilliancy to love. Love counted as nothing to you when a stranger offered you wealth. Hettie would shun the brilliant glare of your life, and would care only for love. You will wonder, Leah, when you have read this, whether I have written it from motives of love or hate. From love! I always thought you had something of the heroine in your nature—now I give you a chance of revealing it. If I may map out your life, I should say, 'Marry for wealth and position, where your beauty and grace will be appreciated, where your pride will be looked on as an additional ornament. Do not even seek the sweeter, softer consolations of life; they will be of no use to you.'

She had reached the end of the letter, but her senses were confused. Her brain was dazed; she could not think or realize her position. Her whole soul was steeped in the horror of dull despair. Slowly she again turned to the letter and re-read it line by line, word by word. The fire-light, with its red, flickering flame, fell on the white pages as she did so, and on the desolate face of Gnome.

It was her sentence of death; it was the warrant that cut her off from all that was bright and beautiful in life. The two whom she had loved and trusted had betrayed her. Granted that Basil's betrayal had been unconscious—that he had fallen in love without knowing it—he should have told her. He should have trusted her, and have let her decide.

"I should have given him his freedom," she said, with a great tearful sob. "I should have set him free."

And Hettie, the fair young sister

whom she had nursed back from the very arms of death? Ah, well she could not say that Hettie had betrayed her, for she had learned to love him without the faintest suspicion as to who he was; but, when she saw him there, when she knew that it was Leah's lover for whom she had learned to care, she might surely have trusted her then! Lover and sister had betrayed her; lover and sister were both untrue to her. Her head drooped; the fire-flame died; the desolate face of Gnome faded. It seemed to Leah as though her soul was leaving her body; a cold chill and sense of darkness came over her.

"If it be death, welcome death!" she said as the shadows closed around her.

**CHAPTER II.**

It was not death that came to Leah Hatton, only a merciful insensibility. She woke to find all her nerves tingling with pain, to find the crumpled pages of her father's letter in her hand, the freight shining on her, and the face in the picture looking down upon her in its calm, grand despair. She woke with a pain worse than the thrust of a sharp dagger, with a low moan on her lips.

A faint glimpse of hope came to her. The story might not be true. Her father did not like her, and he had perhaps taken this method of punishing her. The very hope, faint as it was, seemed to gladden her and startle her into sudden brightness. The story might not be true. Let her think, let her go back in mind to the past, and see if anything in it bore out or contradicted it. She thought of Dene Abbey first, and she remembered the great green hill that rose between the estate and the town of Southwood. It was on the other side of the hill that her father and sister had lived. She could not find that the faintest notion of being near them had ever dawned upon her. No one had spoken in her presence of a worn-out political agitator who had come to Southwood to rest and die; but she remembered that Sir Basil had been very strange when at Dene. She thought of the long rambles, when, without seeming reason, he had left her alone. They had puzzled her at the time; she understood them now. He had spent those hours at the cottage with Hettie or with Martin Ray. She remembered, Sir Basil's abstraction, his gloom, and her anxiety about him.

It seemed to her as though her brain were reeling. Strange words rang through it, strange sounds came to her, and a voice deeper and sweeter than any she had known sang:

"Sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow, And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go."

There would be no sweet release of death for her. She would have to suffer through the long years alone.

The freight layed on the beautiful face of Gnome, whose sorrows she had sympathized with only yesterday. Now a whole age seemed to part her from that time. She tried to rise from the chair that she had drawn near the picture, but there was no strength in her limbs. She could not stand; she must wait until the first shock of her pain had passed. It seemed to her almost as though Gnome were living and was the only one who understood her trouble. Great Heaven, how hard it was to bear!

So, through all this time, Basil had never loved her! Why had he asked her to marry him? He had probably mistaken fancy for love, and only when he met Hettie knew what love was. She (Leah) had worshipped him; had made no secret of it; she had told him often, with blases and tears, that life held nothing for her but his love! Oh, bitter sorrow, bitter shame! He had kissed her, listened to her loving words, spoken to her of the future they should pass together. He had prepared his house to be her home; he had given her a wedding-ring; he had discussed his future with her; she had thought of herself as his wife. He had allowed her to tell him the deepest secrets of her heart; to make her life one with his; he had let her believe in his truth and his affection—and all this time he had no love for herself!

Hettie had won him—Hettie, with her fair face and wealth of golden hair, Hettie, whom years ago she had forsaken! It was Hettie whom he had loved, and not herself!

(To be continued.)

There many dress coats being worn which feature the fancy sleeve of Oriental cut.

**MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS!**



**Pretty Tea Aprons.**

Your guests will take more pleasure in the "friendly cup of tea" when their hostess wears one of these Tea Aprons. Of fine Lawn, simply trimmed with lace or embroidery.

Each, 59c.



**Baby's Bibs.**

Here is something every baby needs when she takes her meals; it saves her dresses, and costs only

Each, 19c.



**Ladies' Bathing Suits.**

Splendid value; made of a good Jersey Cloth; different colors.

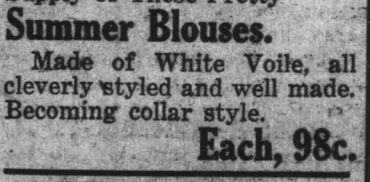
Each, \$1.79



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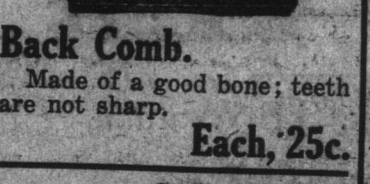
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Each, \$1.79

We start the month of June with the biggest surprises of the year in specials, at popular prices, covering all your most needed wants for the warm days to come. Bargains like these go fast.



**LADIES' HATS**

Have you bought one of our Summer Hats yet? If not, you had better come in now and get yours. We have sailors and turned up shapes, also many other becoming little shapes.

Each \$1.98 to \$6.98



**Children's Hats.**

In all shades and shapes; to fit all ages.

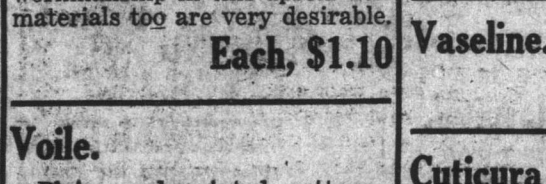
Each, \$1.98 to \$3.98



**Dutch Style Aprons.**

Very popular for doing household work. You'll like the style and workmanship in this apron. The materials too are very desirable.

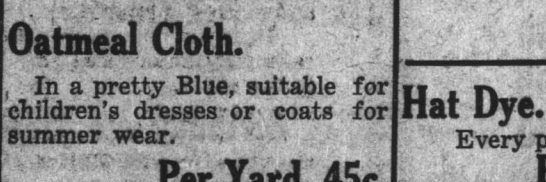
Each, \$1.10



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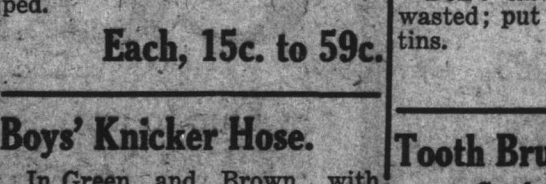
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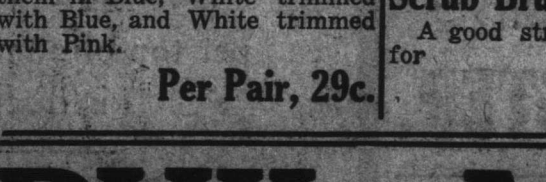
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**Men's Bathing Suits.**

Of Navy Blue Jersey Cloth; splendid value.

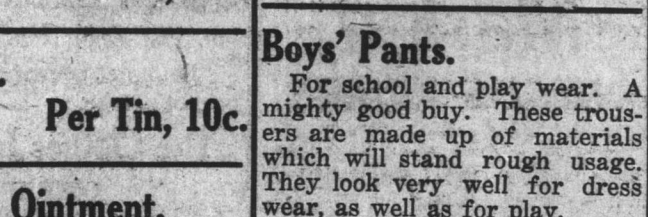
Each, \$1.79



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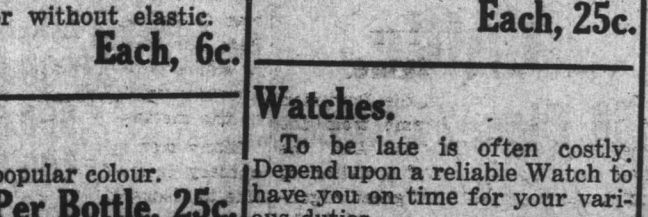
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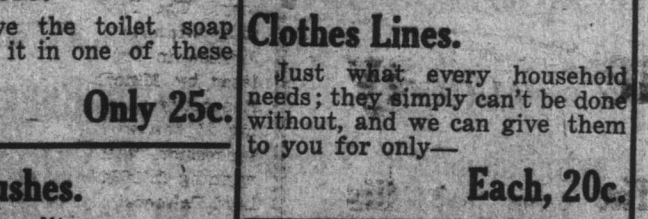
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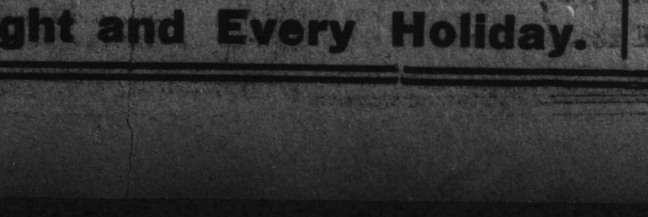
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Each, \$1.79



**Ladies' Fawn Silk Hats**

For Evening Wear. You'll take pleasure choosing these Silk Hats for party or evening wear; perfect fitting, full fashioned. Rose.

Per Pair, 69c. & 75c.



**Ladies' Vests.**

Summer wear, V neck strap shoulders.

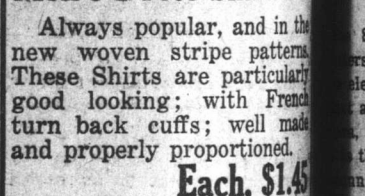
Each, 25c.



**Ladies' Vests.**

Summer wear, V neck strap shoulders.

Each, 25c.



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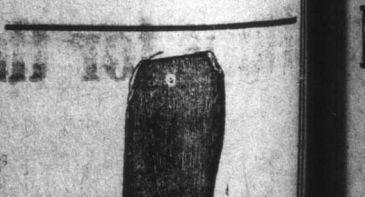
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Summer wear, V neck strap shoulders.

Each, 25c.

**Millinery Economy**

You can freshen up your Old Straw Hats, or take new ones, if they are not the color you desire, and recolor with "DY-O-LA STRAW HAT COLOR." Black, Blue, Navy Blue, Tan, Brown, Green, Cardinal Red, Pink, Purple and Redwood. Handy little brush with every bottle. Complete in 10c. Write to Ask your Druggist or Dealer for

**DY-O-LA Straw Hat Color**

**PHIL. MURPHY**

**317 WATER STREET.**

Store Open Every Night and Every Holiday.

**PURE RELIEF**

**DR. KNEE**

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