

The Mount Royal Hotel Co., Limited

The ordinary tourist and transient traffic to Montreal will keep "The Mount Royal Hotel" filled to capacity for at least six months each year.

The United Hotels Company of America Convention Bureau will, it is expected, place at least 40 conventions per annum in Montreal. The Mount Royal Hotel Co., Limited, will operate at capacity for practically 12 months each year.

We are offering the 8% convertible debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Co., Limited, carrying a bonus of 30% in common stock.

Descriptive circular on request. Write, call or phone.

To W. A. Mackenzie & Co., Ltd.

38 King Street West, Toronto.

Dear Sir: Please send me a copy of the circular describing the 8% Convertible Debentures of The Mount Royal Hotel Company, Limited, and oblige.

Name in full

Full address

Please write clearly.

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER XLIV.

He felt her tremble in his arms, but she did not speak, and he went on again: "Do you think—perhaps—some day . . . you might get to care for me again? I'll be so patient . . . I know you must have the sight of me now—but . . . perhaps . . . some day . . ."

She raised herself then, turning a little from him.

"If I could only just forget it all—"

she said brokenly. "You don't know what it's been—how I've been hurt . . . Last night—I meant to have left you—last night . . ."

The hot colour flamed in her face. "That's what I've come to," she said defiantly.

"It's what I've driven you to . . . My God, if I'd only known . . ."

Her tears began to fall again. "I did love you—oh, I did love you," she said brokenly.

"I know—"

Philip could not go on. He laid her gently down and got up, walking away to the window.

"But it's not too late yet," he said presently, trying to steady his voice. "I'll teach you to care again—I can—I know I can." He waited a moment, then came back to her. He bent over her, trying to smile.

"You're such a kid, after all," he said huskily. "Why, I could pick you up and run away with you if I chose. And to think you're a married woman! To think you're my wife." He turned his face sharply away, and for a moment there was silence. He kept her hand in his, and presently asked:

"You said something to me—about a note . . . when we were down at Aspley . . . When was it? . . . He passed a hand over his eyes, trying to

remember. "It seems so long ago . . . what note did you mean, Eva? Oh, don't let there be any more misunderstandings between us," he broke out as she shook her head. "I want to know it all—everything, and I want to tell you everything, too—but I can't seem to remember."

She turned her face against the cushions so he could not see her eyes. "I wrote you a note—the last night before we came up to town; I—I—oh, I wanted to be friends with you," she added piteously.

Philip tried to laugh. "Friends!" he said brokenly. "I left it for you—downstairs . . . close to your slippers—I was so sure you would see it. I asked you to come and speak to me, but . . . but you didn't, and so . . ."

"You thought I had it! Eva, I swear to you . . . His voice rose excitedly and he felt her fingers quiver in his. He sat down beside her again.

"I never had the note . . . If I had . . . but it's too late to think of that now. Thank God, we can understand one another before it's too late . . ."

She looked away from his impassioned eyes.

"But you didn't love me . . ."

she said tremblingly. "You didn't love me . . ."

Philip slipped an arm beneath her head, bending over her.

"I began to love you from the day I asked you to marry me," he said. "The night of that infernal dinner party, when Kitty Arlington fainted . . . Yes, you've got to hear it all," he insisted as she winced. "She's nothing to me—I can see now that I owe her a sort of gratitude for letting me find out that it was you all the time I cared for . . . I knew it that night. I wish to heaven I had told you; but . . . I suppose I was afraid . . . I put it off to tell you when we were married, and then . . ."

He paused. "Before I could speak or say a word you . . . you . . ."

he clenched his hand.

Eva freed herself from his arm. There was a fiery spot of colour in either cheek.

"It was because I knew the truth. I knew why you'd married me . . . I knew you didn't care—that it was just to save your people. Oh, can't you imagine how I felt? Can't you realise what it was like to be told—on my wedding day?"

Philip put his hands on her shoulders turning her to him.

"When did you know? Who told you?" he asked.

Her eyes fell. A little quiver of anguish crossed her face.

"Father told me . . . when—when I was changing my dress—to go away with you . . ."

"Eva!" His voice was full of shame and anger.

"Oh, you mustn't blame him. I don't! I think I've always been glad that I knew . . . I might have gone on loving you, believing that you loved me, if I hadn't known—but as it is . . ."

She broke off with a long, quivering sigh.

(To be continued)

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER III.

Those were the palm days of West-end apartments and first-class music-masters. Then "the Voices of the People" lectured good broadcloth, wearing a gold watch and chain; and the patient, oppressed, toiling multitude gave their pence cheerfully, and never

thought of the incongruity. When riot and anarchy reigned, when sullen hate grew into fierce vengeance, when man pursued master with dogged desire for ruin—then Martin Ray flourished, and his beautiful little daughters wore fine clothes and ate good food. But, when the loyal good sense of the people prevailed, when submission to lawful authority reigned, when the fire of discontent was extinguished—then doleful days set in for Martin. For, instead of paying the agitators who avoided all danger while they led others into it, the workmen kept their money.

Martin Ray was often at a loss to know where his dinner or his children's clothes were to come from. Yet, in spite of all drawbacks, the girls grew up beautiful and intelligent. Wherever Martin Ray went, he took them with him; and they learned much that was useful, with much that was the reverse. They had no friends; it was impossible to form even acquaintances living as they did, alternately in luxury and poverty, in great cities and remote villages. The men with whom their father associated were almost unknown to them, and never brought wife or sister to see them. They were lonely and friendless. Then came a time of great trouble of which they fortunately knew not. Little Leah was eleven and Hettie ten. Martin Ray, rendered desperate by what seemed to him long-continued peace and order, made a speech which brought him under the iron grip of the law. He was tried, and sentenced to three years imprisonment; and, in spite of all that friends could do, of petitions, and of an agitation which spread all over the country, the sentence was carried out.

Martin Ray, who had not scrupled to use the most offensive language with regard to his sovereign, who had not hesitated to incite his people to sedition and rebellion, found his punishment in the ignominy and solitude of a prison.

An old patron took pity on his youthful children. Sir John Falkner, a leading Radical, came to the rescue. He sent the children to a boarding-school kept by a poor relative of his own—a Miss Fairfax—who resided at Kew. He forbade any mention of their father's imprisonment; and the children were told that he was away from home, absent on special business, and would not return for a few years. They believed it implicitly. They had some kind of idea that their father was a great statesman, born to set the wrongs of the world right. If they had been told that he had gone to de throne the Czar of all the Russias, they would have believed it just as implicitly.

They spent three years with Miss Fairfax—and very happy years they were.

"Let them learn everything," Sir John had said. "The chances are that Martin Ray will never be out of mischief again, and they may have to work for their living."

(To be continued)

LIBERTY OF INDIVIDUAL RE-
PRESSED.

They asserted that "it is probable that never in the history of this country has the liberty of the individual been more subject to rigorous limitations than at present." "London has flourished and become famous largely because of the attractive features which it has presented to the travelling public, but the ever-tightening grip of control is changing all this." The Association contends that much of the blame for the present unhappy condition of trade and commerce should be apportioned to the restrictions and limitations imposed upon business and individuals by authorities.

The writers assert that these restrictions result in the establishment of an arbitrary and bureaucratic authority, and the limitation of the right of the citizen to conduct himself with that freedom which is an essential part of the character of a free citizen.

GOING TO PIECES.

My years are ten and fifty, and when I meet my friends, I say I'm feeling nifty, my cheerful spirit ascends. I cry, "Ach, donner-wetter, life's autumn is good fun! I wasn't feeling better when I was twenty-one!"

I bravely make a showing of being free from care; but I am always going to some one for repairs. My molars drive me nutty, and need the dentist's skill; he plugs them up with putty, and jars me with his bill. I'm sighing and dodgating when I am all alone, for I must buy a casting to fix my collar bone; as daily I grow older, some grievous want appears; I need a wooden shoulder, I need some new ears.

The surgeon long has beckoned, the druggist brings his pill, and I must go in second when I would climb a hill. Yet cheerfully I canter along the village street, and blithely josh and banter the delegates I meet. "I never stacked up greater," I cry, in hollow glee; "I'd whip an alligator, and make a bobcat flee!" Some men may say I'm dotty as on my way I wend, may even say I'm naughty to four-flush and pretend; but I believe it's better to spring a cheerful where than talk of gout and tetter and foot-and-mouth disease.

At All Dealers

Distributor:

GERALD S. DOYLE.

Stafford's Liniment for all Aches and Pains, only 20c. per bottle.—mar21

I'm So Tired

Fatigue is the result of poisons in the blood. So when the kidneys fail to purify the blood one of the first indications is unusual and persistent tired feelings and pains in the back.

Neglected kidney troubles lead to years of suffering from rheumatism or develop into such fatal ailments as Bright's disease.

The kidney action is promptly corrected by use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—the best known regulator of kidneys, liver and bowels.

Mrs. John Ireland, R.R. No. 2, King, Ont., writes:

"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

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GERALD S. DOYLE.

Household Necessity

Make Gillett's Lye your household assistant. Use it for making soap for washing dishes for cleaning sinks for washing greasy pots and pans. It cleans and disinfects.

Gillett's Lye Eats Dirt

Made in Canada

London Business Hampered.

BY BUREAUCRATIC RESTRICTIONS.

LONDON, (Associated Press)—Governmental restrictions are blamed in part for the business depression in London in a letter which the Imperial Commercial Association has sent to the liquor licensing justices. Its signers predict that disastrous results will follow the closing of public houses at 10 o'clock as foreshadowed. The letter is signed by Baron Incheape, one of the leading shipping men of Great Britain; Baron Swaythling, banker; Baron Ritchie, vice-chairman of the Port of London Authority; Lord Balfour of Burleigh, former Parliament Secretary of the Board of Trade; Baron Ashfield, managing director of the underground railways; Baron Faringdon, chairman of the Great Central Railway; Viscount Devonport, chairman of the Port of London Authority and former food controller, and Sir J. P. Hewitt.

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Secrets of the Scaffold.

REVELATIONS OF A PRISON OFFICIAL.

It ever a man deserved the hangman's rope, it was certainly Joseph Heffernan, for he brutally did to death a girl whose only crime was that she had befriended him in his need. Coward to the end, he passed from life in a scene as dramatic and sensational as any ever seen on the scaffold.

A dozen years ago there was no more popular girl in West Meath than Mary Walker, telegraphist at a local post-office. She was not only pretty; she had a sweetness of disposition and a goodness of heart that made her beloved by all who knew her. And it was with a sensation of horror and anger that one day it was learned that Mary's body had been found on the canal bank in a condition which pointed conclusively to murder.

At two o'clock on the previous afternoon she had left the post-office to return to her lodgings for dinner. As she was not due for duty again until 7.35 in the evening, she had gone for a solitary stroll after her meal, along the canal embankment, promising to be back for tea at five o'clock.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Hour after hour passed and Mary did not return. When darkness fell her landlady grew alarmed and sent her son in search of the missing girl. Four hours later he came back with the terrible news that he had found her dead body on the bank of the canal, with a deep gash in her throat. It was clear that she had been done to death and that she had made a brave fight for her life was proved by the signs of a fierce struggle.

Who could have done this foul deed? It was not long before light was thrown on this terrible mystery, for a boy who had been exercising a horse in a field near the scene of the tragedy informed the police that, about five o'clock on the fatal day, he had seen a woman running along the side of the canal, pursued by a man who had caught her and pushed her down the bank. He thought they were "sky-larking," and had paid no more attention to them.

About the same time a girl living near the scene had heard screams proceeding from the same spot, and later had seen a man washing his hands in the canal and rubbing his boots with grass.

Further evidence was soon forthcoming from a woman, who said that her lodger, Joseph Heffernan, a labourer, had returned at ten o'clock on the night of the murder with the strange story that he was at the canal when a girl had been murdered and that he had helped to dispose of the body.

SHOULD HE CONFESS?

The first suspicions were later confirmed. Heffernan was identified as the man who had been seen first chasing a woman along the canal-bank and then washing his hands at the scene of the crime. In the afternoon he had been seen walking in the direction of the canal. He was recognized also by a young girl as the man who, late on the night of the murder, had presented himself at her house and demanded a drink.

When arrested, Heffernan declared that he did not know the girl. On the day of the tragedy, he said, he had been working on a farm until late in the evening—a statement which farmer denied, declaring that the man had left off work at noon, and had not returned to it.

Seeing that he was not believed, Heffernan said: "I am afraid they will swear my life away. Do you think, if I admitted it and said I was mad with drink, I would get off with a couple of years?"

Seldom has evidence of guilt gained a man charged with murder been more conclusive, and never has there been a more entire lack of motive to explain the crime. Indeed, so far from having done anything to incur her murderer's enmity, Mary Walker had befriended him by getting him em-

ployed at the time when he was starving. When, at the trial, the death penalty was passed everyone agreed it was a just sentence.

One of the men present claimed that this was a self-deception that women always practised when they wanted to spend an unduly large portion of the family income on their clothes—whereupon a lively argument arose.

The misogynist who accused other men of self-deception declared that women really dressed to please other men than their husbands. Not to please any particular man necessarily, but simply the generic male eye.

"If women dress to please their husbands," he triumphantly asked, "why do women wear all their clothes around the house and dress only when they go out?" (Silly thing, the man would want his wife to look the process and go shabby for his company. And how many men are provided enough clothes so that the woman may keep dressed up all the time. And how many women wouldn't be glad to wear nice things all the time if they could afford it?)

To Make Other Women's Eyes Stick Out.

A woman who objected to the

Most Authors Have Hobbies.

Authors have their hobbies as well as their particular style of writing. Dr. Phillips Oppenheim is an enthusiastic golfer; Marie Corelli is devoted to music, and plays several instruments. Israel Zangwill is an expert chess player. Cricket appeals to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir J. M. Barrie, while yachting is the favourite pastime of "Q." (Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch).

Work and play are combined by Sir Rider Haggard. He enjoys travelling in strange lands, and his adventures have been as thrilling as his romances.

His game hunting and travelling are the principal pastimes of Clive Hume, the creator of "Captain Kettle." Max Pemberton used to be devoted to cycling, but, like many another, he has fallen victim to the little white ball, and now devotes most of his spare time to golf. Arnold Bennett is a devotee of art, and has a collection of modern paintings.

Ingenuous.

A toy company was giving away toy balloons to children.

They were beautifully coloured balloons, and caught the children's fancy. One little fellow asked if he might have two.

"Sorry," said the man in charge, "but we only give one balloon to each boy. Have you a brother at home?"

The youngster was truthful, but he did want a balloon.

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First Aid

A medicine chest containing "Vaseline" preparations for the relief of accident cases is indispensable in emergencies. Every home and every vessel should have one.

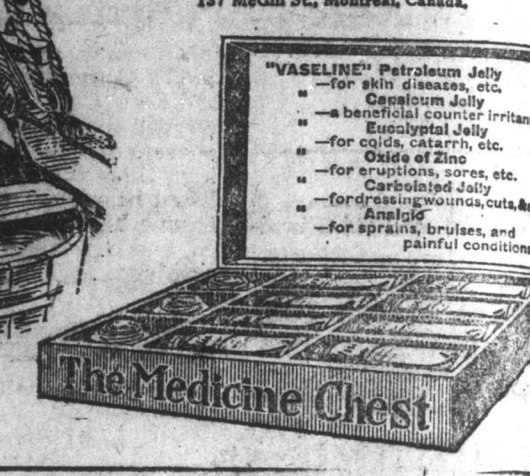
Vaseline

Carbolated Petroleum Jelly

is the best dressing for cuts, wounds, abrasions, etc. It cuts the pain out of cuts, is a valuable antiseptic, and heals quickly.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Carbolated Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest. Sold at all drug and general stores.

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SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

WHOM DO WOMEN DRESS TO PLEASE?

Whom do women buy their clothes to make an impression on? Their husbands? Other women? Other men?

This question arose the other day when a friend of mine, who was considering the purchase of a garment that she knew would be very becoming, but also knew cost more than she ought to spend, justified herself by saying that she wanted it to make herself look attractive in her husband's eyes, and give him reason to feel proud of her.

He says to please other men. One of the men present claimed that this was a self-deception that women always practised when they wanted to spend an unduly large portion of the family income on their clothes—whereupon a lively argument arose.

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