

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RICH IN VITAMINES

MADE IN CANADA

The importance of Vitamins in food is being recognized at the present time to a greater extent than ever before. It has been conclusively demonstrated that yeast is rich in this all important element. Many people have received great benefit physically simply by taking one, two or three Royal Yeast Cakes a day. Send name and address for free copy "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXIII.
ROCKS AHEAD!

It was dusk that afternoon when Sydney, leaning in hand, came down from her own room, and heard herself softly called from the door of the study. Mr. Hurst had been there alone for the last hour. Now she found out what for.

"Have you a light?" he asked (those everyday admissions of his loss always smote her afresh with pain). "Then will you come here? Have I not been doing this for you? I caught my arm on the inkstand, and I expect I have undone my afternoon's labor."

True enough, an ink pool was spreading rapidly over the blotting pad, but, as yet, it was a good inch off the written page lying thereon. Sydney moved this hastily.

"Your letter is safe. The envelope—Oh! that you are holding. I can soon get the things straight and rub the ink-marks off this tablet."

"Has it hurt the carpet, or spoiled anything?" he asked, anxiously. "Clumsy that I am! I don't want to damage the least of my poor sister's household goods."

"You have done no harm, and there is not a speck on your letter. Here it is."

But he drew back as she approached. "Be careful, with a hesitation that she almost said: 'Will you look through for me? I am forced to go—your. It is my first production without help. Is it legible?'"

"Perfectly!" But the penmanship of such elaborate pains was so different

in its careful distances, and angles, from the freely written manuscripts of his days of light, that her one word betrayed commiseration. Mr. Hurst mistrusted her.

"If readable," he said, "will you let me hear it please? There is no secret in it."

So hidden she read:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW.—Best thanks for your note. As for the inquiry there, in your informant was right. We long ago parted with all interest in the common yard name. Unlucky for us we ever had any in it. Whatever you are after, I wish you prosperity. I am not such a curmudgeon as to grudge my old college mate good luck, though I seem out of the running. I should happily enjoy a chat with you, but just now a visit would not suit my excellent powers 'that be.' Therefore, I cannot say 'Come.' That I will do so, as soon as ever I can, you very well know. Till then, or till I manage my pen better in the dark, fare you well. Always, dear Drayton—"

"Drayton!" exclaimed Sydney, with a great start.

"Yes, Drayton. Have I not put it plain? Richard Drayton is the fellow who chummed with me at Wellborough and Oxford, and won many a rebuke, and for all that, the hearty good-looking of our dear old tutor Vaughan—Ah, me! but those were good times. Is the name right?"

"Yes, I—I see now. Shall I fold it for you?"

She put the missive in its cover, read the superscription to her last year's acquaintance, now no farther away than Worcester, checked 'all thanks, kept quite watch over Mr. Hurst, till very quietly out by the side entrance he went off with his letter—all this she did as if, awake, she were fulfilling a dream, completely for a space overcome by this strange coincidence of being sent by fate to minister to that sudden life she had felt so drawn forward, because described as "well-nigh helpless," well-nigh hopeless."

Pondering this added perplexity to her situation, mechanically she cleared away all signs of Mr. Hurst's disaster, replaced the blotting-paper from her store (she would not have him worried over that), and then went out into the soft twilight, to let a blustering south wind aid in clearing away the new complications.

At first it seemed great. Must she leave Wynstone for fear of Mr. Drayton's coming? Did her promise to her mother exact such extreme caution? Oh, surely not! Surely, as she was doing no harm she might stay. She ought. She would! A pain seemed lifted off her heart when she decided thus. For awhile, at any rate, she need not go. With a long, tremulous breath of relief, she looked up and smiled at the stars peeping down from behind the scurrying clouds, and then went back, gravely but gladly, into the house she was trying herself to by bonds beyond her present comprehension.

Mr. Hurst was at home, too, and in the front drawing-room, leaning on the back of his sister's chair.

"Where have you been?" Miss Hurst was saying. "Out? Oh, Gilbert, you know it frights me to have you on the road after dark."

"Why, Jean, it's the same as day to me."

"But not to other people. You might be hurt or run over. Don't you remember Cousin Priscilla's father got under a cart-wheel in the dusk, and had to be chloroformed and put out of the way, and how she fretted over it? I

TWO SISTERS GET HELP

Prize Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it did for them.

Hagerstown, Md.—"I was weak, overworked, and my periods stopped. My body was swollen and often had pains so I had to bed down. I was treated by physicians, but they did not seem to help me at all. My sister had taken your medicine with great results, as I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am able to work and feel like working. I have been recommending your medicine to my friends, and you are welcome to use my testimonial for I can never praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me."

—RHODA E. CARBAUGH, R. R. 1, Hagerstown, Md.

Women will tax their powers of endurance to the limit before they give up, and it is then some womanly ailment develops and they have to give up entirely. When a woman suffers from such symptoms as irregularities, headache, backache, bearing-down pains, inflammation, nervousness, and "the blues," it is time for her to profit by Mrs. Carbaugh's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

should fret a deal more over you, so don't go out in the gloaming, please."

"I'm a deal of trouble to you, Jean—letting his hand fall on her shoulder.

"Well, well! Who minds? I don't. You can't help it."

A few seconds' silence. Then, "What I can help, I will. You won't be put out by Drayton, Jean. I have stopped his coming."

"You have?" with animated relief.

"But," compunctiously sliding her fingers into his, "it vexes you to give him up? You are so dull here."

"No, Jean. Not dull, with you—"

The gratified sister broke in with a purr of contentment: "It is the greatest mercy left us, Gilbert, to think we are all in all to each other."

And, in her unbounded satisfaction at this view, Miss Hurst was for weeks more trying to demonstrate than ever, as caretaker, or indeed proprietor, of her disabled brother, vaunting their unanimity down to life's most minor details.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, coming laughing in one evening near Christmas-time, when Sydney was reading a resume of the past year's politics to Mr. Hurst, "did you hear me scolding Jimmy in the hall just now? The silly girl was creeping in from the orchard with a bunch of mistletoe to hang up in the kitchen. 'We're sorry,' said I, 'none of that nonsense, if you please! I cannot allow you any such tricks. Mr. Hurst and I never dream of such absurdities. Mistletoe, indeed!' Ah! Gilbert, we've forgotten such things, have we not?"

Her seniority might have prompted the speech; but it was an awkward one. Mr. Hurst took it in dead silence. Sydney, on whose lips, since her father died, nothing tender had lain than Mary Dacie's kiss, felt her cheeks suddenly flame, the more needlessly, these blushes, the more they burned. Happily they faded unmarked, while Miss Hurst hunted up her woe-work. But the vivid color would often now fly to Sydney's face, out of somewhat indignant sympathy. For poor Miss Jean's determination to level her brother to her own standard grew more and more aggressive. He must live and move according to her solicitous rule; he pleased with her great self-denying skill in providing him gentlemanly fare and habitments out of her narrow income; never feel or never exhibit other desire than to vegetate placidly under her sisterly code. And how such a man endured this life, Sydney, with eyes open to the capacities of each, marvelled more every day.

Marvelled! Till she recognized in this pathetic submission to the affectionate, fidgeting feminine despot the culture of something superior to intellect, and realized, each time she saw him harassed yet uncomplaining, wretched yet not outwardly wretched, that the deepest force of his strong manhood was under more powerful control than that of either mere moral or physical mastery. All of which knowledge carried her on to very dangerous regions.

(To be continued)

Fashions and Fads.

A dress of black wool rep is embroidered in steel and yellow Kashah wool.

Wide girdles of brocaded ribbon are used, as well as elaborate beaded belts.

Silver ribbon and roses make lace-work on the skirt of a blue tulle frock.

A black, satin gown is embroidered in squares with iridescent garnet beads.

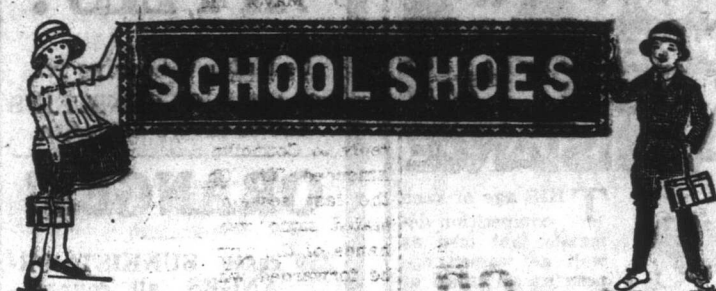
The décolleté may be deep and square at front and high and straight at back.

A turban of velvet and metal cloth is topped by a shower of dog feathers. The elaborately beaded and fringed tunic blouse is a favorite of the mode.

—Lambert's Friend.

Here's the Greatest Sale of SCHOOL BOOTS

Ever Offered the Buying Public



VACATION days are hard on Boots, and every Foot that goes to School will need a pair of New School Boots for the Fall term! We appreciate this fact and, as we have made splendid provision for our School Children Friends we are now going to hold a

SCHOOL BOOT SALE!

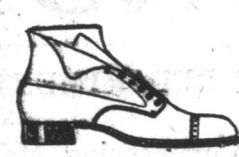
This sale will commence on Monday Morning and end Saturday night, Sept. 3rd. Our School Boots are made of the very best of leathers, and are of good style and correctly formed. Every feature, that could benefit the Boots, has been well looked after. They are School Boots of unusual goodness!

OUR OWN MAKE

ALL SOLID LEATHER

Tremendous Reductions in Prices

Below we give you an idea of what you may expect at this School Boot Sale. Bring in the Boys and Girls at once.



FOR BOYS—Sizes 1 to 5

Boys' Black Calf Boots at \$3.85

Our own make; all solid leather.

(Former price \$5.20.)

Boys' Black Kid School Boots at . . . \$3.50

Our own make.

(Former price \$4.80.)

Boys' Box Calf School Boots at . . . \$3.85

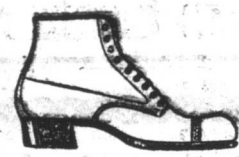
Our own make.

(Former price \$5.10.)

Boys' Gun Metal Blucher Boots at . . \$3.50

Goodyear Welt Soles; all solid leather.

(Former price \$5.00.)



For Boys—Sizes 9 to 13

Boys' Black Calf Blucher Boots at . . \$3.20

Our own make.

(Former price \$4.40.)

Boys' Black Kid Laced Boots at . . . \$3.00

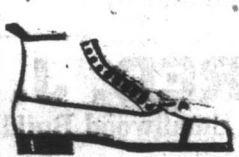
Our own make.

(Former price \$4.00.)

Boys' Box Calf Laced Boots at . . . \$3.20

Our own make.

(Former price \$4.60.)



All Solid Leather

Special attention given to Mail Orders.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.,

THE SHOE MEN



FOR GIRLS—Sizes 5 to 10

Black Kid Laced Boots \$2.25

(Former price \$3.00.)

Black Calf Laced Boots \$2.50

(Former price \$3.20.)

Black Kid Blucher Laced Boots . . . \$2.40

(Former price \$3.40.)

Black Kid Button Boots \$2.30

(Former price \$3.50.)

Black Calf Button Boots \$2.50

(Former price \$3.50.)

Black High Cut Button Boots . . . \$2.75

(Former price \$4.00.)

Black High Cut Laced Boots . . . \$2.50

(Former price \$3.50.)

OUR OWN MAKE.

For Girls—Sizes 11 to 2

Girls' Black Laced School Boots . . \$2.50

(Former price \$3.50.)

Girls' Black Calf Laced Boots . . . \$2.95

(Former price \$3.80.)

Girls' Black Kid Blucher Boots . . . \$2.75

(Former price \$4.55.)

Girls' Black Calf Blucher Boots . . . \$2.75

(Former price \$3.55.)

Girls' Black High Cut Laced Boots . . \$3.75

(Former price \$5.40.)

Girls' Black High Laced Boots . . . \$4.00

(Former price \$5.70.)

Girls' Black Calf High Laced Boots . . \$3.50

(Former price \$4.20.)

Girls' Black High Cut Button Boots . . \$4.00

(Former price \$5.70.)

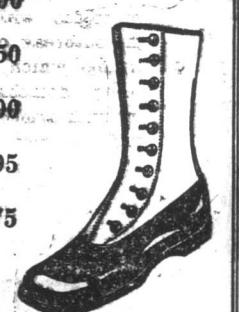
Girls' Tan Kid Button Boots \$2.95

(Former price \$4.30.)

Girls' Black Kid Button Boots . . . \$2.75

(Former price \$3.60.)

OUR OWN MAKE—ALL SOLID LEATHER.



COQUETRY is the spice of love, and when you obtain it by the simple, inexpensive means of a box of MOIR'S—why hesitate!

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE BEST CHANCELLORS VS. THE MILK PAID KICKERS.

There are some people who for every kind deed they do, for every gift they give, exact at least twice the pay they deserve in gratitude.

And at the other end of the scale are people who will accept service and gifts and kindness of every sort and then absolutely refuse to pay even a fair return in gratitude. They can always think of some reason why they do not need to be grateful. Sometimes they value some small service of their own at a ridiculously high value, sometimes they have some other method of discounting what they receive.

I wrote about the first class the other day when I likened them to the cow which gives a pail of rich milk

vice, or love, or help, do recognize and appreciate the gift and thank you for it.

I know a man whose wife helped establish him in business. He was a manufacturer in a small way and she took his men to board when he was getting started, looked after the accounts for him, gave him her savings to help along, and in every way helped give him a start.

He made a big success and she supposed of course he would give her credit for helping him get the start, but he never did. One day she asked him with this and asked him if she had not helped. "In some ways," he said, "but of course having a wife and children made it harder. And then you were always advising me to go slow. I might have gone much faster if you hadn't held me back."

How He Repaid His Debt.

Naturally, this view of it did not coincide with hers whereupon she tried to prove that she had helped. Thereupon he became indignant and accused her of always wanting gratitude and said he would know better than to let her do anything for him in the future since she exaggerated her help.

That last is the true trick of people who cannot bear to be grateful. If anyone asks for payment of the gratitude debt, they immediately repudiate the debt and seem to think they cannot it by saying they will never accept anything more. Usually the people they say it to are the kind who are constituted that they simply cannot help giving, so the others run no risk. They know they will keep on repaying and that they will have an end on the gratitude.

What Each Will Think.

Of course it is inevitable that of the milk-pail-kickers should think those who don't give them enough gratitude belong in the debt cancelling class, and that all the debt cancellers think those who want a little word of gratitude now and then belong in the milk kicking class.

I wonder if anyone will read this and examine not a neighbor (or a husband or a wife) but HIMSELF!

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO. LTD.—MONTREAL.

