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E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO, CANADA  
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## Lord Cecil's Dilemma

—OR—  
The Picnic

—IN—  
Woodal Forest

CHAPTER XLVII.

The morning after Christmas Day, Lady Gladys Howard heard from her father—he had written a long, happy letter—a letter that breathed hope and joy, and told her that he was coming to the abbey—that he would be with her before noon.

"Be of good cheer, my darling," he wrote. "God has been good to us, and the mists are rolling away under the touch of angel fingers. The future is fairer than Eden, and through golden vistas we will catch a glimpse of heaven!"

In all his letter, which covered many pages, there was the same glad tune, but there was nothing more explicit; he only told of joy to come, but he did not explain why or how.

She read portions of it to Lady Marcia, who listened with kindling eyes. "I have never lost my faith in God's mercies," she replied. "No one has ever heard me complain, or doubt that all would be put straight in His own good time."

"Dear auntie! Without you I could never have borne up. And papa seems now more resigned to his fate! he said yesterday that he preferred to face the worst at once. He sinned, and he is ready to suffer."

Until now the garish sunshine of the bright winter's morning had seemed to mock at her, for the Christmas had been a wretched one, and never had the old abbey been wrapped in such solemnity and gloom.

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At a hour later Lord Cecil rode up the avenue. He spent most of the time at the Abbey now. He could not rest at his own home, and he and Lady Stanhope had quarreled outright.

"I hear that Mr. Gardner and Sir Charles are coming to-day," Gardner wrote to me, and asked me to be here. His face was very pale, and there was a hunted, wild look in his eyes. He spent some time with the earl, who was fast recovering from his shock, and then wandered from room to room like a man distraught.

Later my lord sent for Lady Marcia and Gladys. He sent for them to prepare for the worst.

The steward had declared that he intended to denounce the earl and Lord Cecil that very day. He saw no reason for waiting. He did not press the marriage. He cared nothing for it now. All he desired was a large sum of money from both.

"I have no further interest in you," he wrote to his unhappy son; "miserable coward and unattractive villain you are. For you I have imperiled my very life, I have had but one dream, and that has been that you might be among the highest and the proudest in the land. My disappointment is keen, and I hate you for it. But I mean to make some use of you. I must have money. I must have a large sum in cash, while you have the power to use the funds of the Stanhopes. I must have it at once. Take a similar message to your friend, the earl, the murderer, or you shall both see the inside of a jail this day! Curse you both."

"I believe that he will act," said my lord, "because this letter shows a touch of insanity. His disappointment has affected his brain, but I am prepared to face anything now."

Gladys whispered words of comfort in his ear, but he sternly shook his head.

"No, there is nothing for it, but to face judge and jury," he said. "I have only the cowardice of twenty years since to thank for this. The day of retribution always comes—sooner or later."

Then Gladys went to an upper window that commanded a view of the sweeping avenue. There was a flush in her pale cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes. She was watching for her lover! The carriage had been sent to meet the train that reached Swinford at half-past eleven. It was now almost twelve, and her heart palpitated madly, when the ring of horses' hoofs beat with rhythmic music on the frost-brown earth.

The carriage swept into view, the horses snorting foam as they stepped, proudly along. They seemed to know that they were freighted with joy—that their burden was one of peace.

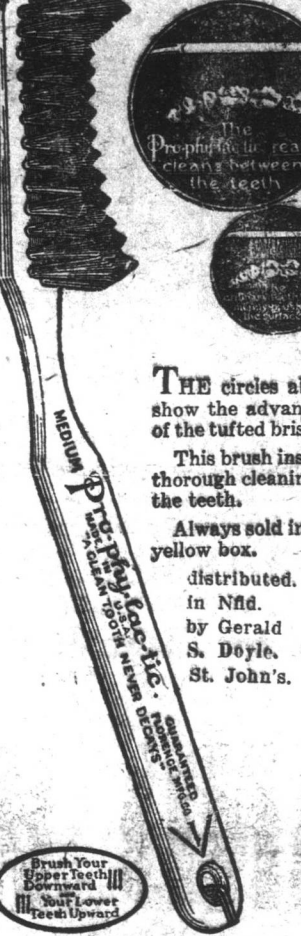
Gladys ran downstairs, out into the hall, and found herself clasped in her lover's arms. She forgot the servants, the world—there was nothing but him!

Herbert Gardner led Lady Marcia away, and then Edgar Emden, looking pale, but happy, stepped from the carriage and followed Sir Charles to the earl's chamber.

It was difficult, this breaking the news, but where was the use of delay? Joy seldom kills, and sorrow had been master for so long that a grand plan of a simultaneous dispersal had been arranged.

## Prophy-lac-tic

### Tooth Brush



THE circles above show the advantage of the tufted bristles. This brush insures thorough cleaning of the teeth.

Always sold in the yellow box, distributed in Nfld. by Gerald S. Doyle, St. John's.

## LADY IRIS' MISTAKE; Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER V.

He thought once that he might venture to ask Lady Iris if she liked drawing, but then he fancied it would seem as though the whole family had resolved on discovering the extent of her accomplishments; so he, usually dauntless, could only sit looking at her, and wish with an impotent rage that he had the face and the polished elegance that seemed to come naturally to men of good birth. Finding that he had nothing more to say, that idea which came to him was more or less absurd, he thought it best to make some move toward departure.

He rose from his chair, and the earl, remembering that he had hardly exchanged a word with the heir of Hyne Court, addressed some observations to him. That gave him time to recover himself. He stood talking to Lord Caledon, glancing occasionally toward Lady Iris. He bit his lip as he noticed the difference between his mother, his sister, and this daughter of a noble house. Money had purchased everything else for him and his; but it could not buy that intangible high-bred grace, that easy dignity. He sighed deeply, and came back from his reverie to find that the earl was looking at him curiously, and that a dead silence reigned in the room.

"We are waiting for you, John," said the calm voice of Marie Bardon.

He stammered something like an apology, and they began to say "farewell." Marie was quiet and collected; but John Bardon was dazed and bewildered with the loveliness of the earl's fair daughter.

"Hold with honor," He could not help repeating the words to himself, as he watched. She would hold any man's heart, love and life, with honor. "She shall so hold mine," he said to himself.

himself. "I swear it! The day shall come when she, with her peerless beauty and her noble name, shall be mine. I swear it! And let the man who comes between us look to himself!"

"Good morning, Mr. Bardon," a sweet voice was saying to him; and again it seemed as though he had returned from another world. Lady Iris was looking at him with a smile, and that smile sent the blood coursing through his veins.

Love came that same morning to Sir John Bardon as a beautiful dreamy revelation of poetry and romance. It came to John Bardon as a burning fever. He had not been many minutes in Lady Iris' presence, before he felt that he would rather kill her with his own hand than see her married to any other man.

John Bardon did not seem to recover himself until he was once more seated in the magnificent carriage which was one of the millionaire's boasts; and then, just as Lady Iris had turned to her son, Mrs. Bardon turned now to hers.

"John," she said, "the very desire of my heart is that you should marry Lady Iris."

"Is it, mother? I'm afraid it will be like many other desires—quite vain."

"Don't you like her, John?" asked his father bluntly.

"Yes, I like her," he answered, wondering that he had the power so to control himself and his words. "No one could help liking her."

"You should have a little more spirit, John," observed Mr. Bardon, senior. "Women like flattery and compliments and all that kind of thing. I used to flatter your mother here by the hour together. You saw how pleased Lady Iris was with my little compliment. Why did you not try something of that kind yourself?"

John turned away with a groan. How was it possible to make his parents understand?

"Marie," he said, a few hours afterwards, as he sat with his sister in the gorgeous dining-room at Hyne Court, "women are quicker at taking notice than men. What do you think of Lady Iris?"

"That she is the most beautiful and graceful girl I have ever seen, John, but, at the same time, one of the proudest."

(To be continued.)

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

### GETTING ON WITH MYSELF.

Getting on with myself is easy enough, getting on with myself is the bother. I want to neglect the grim tasks I must do, for the pleasant tasks I would rather; I can live by my neighbor year in and year out with never occasion to grumble.

But I have to give battle each day to myself to force him to tasks that are numbing.

My neighbor is perfectly willing to do what is right without word or dissension. I'm never compelled to force him to be fair or to be little shortcoming to me.

But time after time I must fight with myself, as hard as an enemy could do.

To make myself see what is proper for me and make myself do what I should do.

There are duties unpleasant which ought to be done, but unless I am driven I spare them; I am eager for ease and the pleasures of life, but I find I'm not eager to earn them.

My neighbor with me is as fair as can be, with him it's jolly to be living. But the thought often comes as I think of myself that I'm taking far more than I'm giving.

Getting on with my neighbor's no trouble to me. He is friendly and cheerful and kind. It's my ways which give me the greatest concern, my habits of doing it badly.

My neighbor and I have no troubles at all, his faults I give never a thought to. But day after day it's a struggle with me to make myself do as I ought to.

### At Gordon's Olympia.

Carter de Haven, producer of "My Lady Friends," is the owner of the smallest theatre on the Pacific coast. It seats just 34 people. Recently a young man, evidently of the West Coast jennies, approached a Western official of Associated First National Pictures.

"I am considering buying a motion picture theatre," he said, "and understand that Carter de Haven has one to sell."

The executive gently explained that Mr. de Haven's theatre was not for sale. "My Lady Friends" will be shown at Gordon's Olympia Theatre this week.

# Murphy's Good Things!

**London Smoke.**  
You will buy flannelette here after you've compared prices. We have London Smoke in Pink and Gray.  
**Per Yard 29c.**

**Rompers for the Little Fellow.**  
Of Blue and White striped gingham, trimmed with Blue gingham.  
**Each 98c.**

**Hand Bags.**  
Of white silk, nicely embroidered.  
**Each 19c.**

**Cotton Tweed.**  
Of a splendid weave and quality.  
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**Pocket Combs.**  
For Gent's  
**Each 6c.**

**Brush and Comb Set.**  
Of White Ivory, nicely packed in card board box.  
**Per Set 39c.**



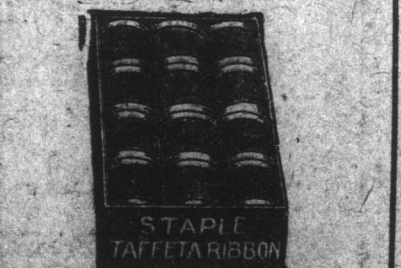
**Gent's Watches.**  
Strict time-keepers, no need to be late for work if you have one of these.  
**Only \$1.98.**



**Ladies' Cotton Hose.**  
In Black, Brown and White.  
**3 Pairs For 49c.**



**School Hose.**  
Children's Brown, ribbed Hose.  
**Per Pair 25c.**



**Ribbons.**  
In all shades and widths from baby ribbon to camisole ribbon.  
**Per Yard 7c. to 75c.**

**Children's White Socks.**  
**Per Pair 25c.**



We would like to show you our New Fall and Winter Dress Goods. We enjoy our business. That's why we are successful.

You need not buy—just "look." This will make you want to buy our Goods when you are ready.

We like for "judges" of Goods to see our things: they are our best customers, because they know good things and low prices when they see them.



**Ladies' White and Pink Camisoles.**  
In Silk, Satteen and Longcloth.  
**Each 59c. to \$1.50.**



**Ladies' White Night Dresses.**  
Short Sleeves, Regular \$2.50.  
**Now on Sale For \$1.49**

**Ladies' Velvet Dresses.**  
In Navy Blue, Saxe Blue, Green and Black. Sizes 36 to 44. Some have leather belts, some are the smock effect. Come in and see them. Reg. \$15.00.  
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"Slumber Stopper." Loud ringing alarm, concealed bell, white dial; has silent switch on top for use when alarm is not desired.  
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**Dressed Dolls.**  
Real beauties, with light hair.  
**Each 35c.**

**Men's Combinations Overalls.**  
Splendidly made of Blue and White Denim. Real bargains.  
**Each \$3.98.**

**Men's Linen and Soft Collars.**  
**Each 19c.**

**Maid's Apron.**  
Of splendid white longcloth with deep hem and a bib with straps attached, waist line at the back.  
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Made of a splendid rubber with elastic at knees and waist.  
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These are nice and soft, they will not hurt the skin.  
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They're just the thing to decorate your new dress or blouse. We have all the popular shades.  
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Splendid for trimming gingham dresses or aprons.  
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**Smart Sweaters.**  
FOR MISSES' AND WOMEN. Very attractive are these all-wool Tuxedo Sweater, knit with good quality of all-wool worsted yarns. We have them in the following colors: Peacock and Camel, Turquoise and Camel, Peacock and Pearl, Tan and Camel, Coralette and Camel, Mauve and Pearl, Rose and Pearl, Navy and Pearl, Emerald and Camel, Peacock and White, Turquoise and Camel.  
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**Ladies' Jersey Smocks.**  
Nicely trimmed with buttons and cords. Come quickly while you have the choice of so many splendid colors! Mauve and Black, Pink and Black, Turquoise and Black, Camel and Black, Peacock and Jade.  
**Each \$2.98.**



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Of dove-tail, in Blue, White and Blue, Red and Brown.  
**Each \$2.49.**

**Scribblers.**  
Of very nice pencil paper.  
**From 5c. to 19c.**

**The Very Latest in Necklaces.**  
Long Glass Beads in every popular color.  
**Each 49c.**