

**NOURISHING
APPETIZING**

Good home made bread is the most palatable, wholesome and nourishing food in the world. It is far more economical than any other staple food. If people would eat less meat and other heavy foods they would feel better and help to keep down the cost of living. Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes is more nourishing and appetizing than any other. Nothing healthier for children and grown ups.

Scientists have discovered that yeast possesses remarkable curative powers due to its richness in vitamins—enriched, and the restorative power of the body to disease greatly enhanced. Soak a cake of Royal Yeast for half an hour in a cup of luke-warm water with one teaspoon sugar. Then stir well and strain once or twice through muslin and drink the liquid. BETTER results will be obtained by allowing it to soak over night and drinking half an hour before breakfast. Repeat as often as desired. Send name and address for free booklet entitled "Royal Yeast for Better Health."

**E. W. Gillett Company Limited
Toronto, Canada**
Made in Canada

**THE
Phantom Lover.**

By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband."

CHAPTER VII.

June Mason was mixing perfume the following morning when a little knock came at her door. She looked up from her work and listened; after a second she resumed her occupation briskly. "Come in," she said. She did not raise her eyes when the door opened, though she knew quite well who had entered the room, and for a second Esther Shepton stood on the threshold hesitatingly, then she spoke. "May I come in?" June Mason looked up with an exaggerated start; she was a picturesque figure at that moment in a big white overall, and with a scarf of her favourite mauve tied over her dark head. She held a little phial in either hand, and there was a delicious faint smell of rose perfume in the room. "You!" she said. "Gracious! I thought you were dead and buried enough ago. Oh yes, come in. . . . You don't mind me going on with my work, do you? I'm up to my eyes in it. . . . Sit down." But Esther stood where she was, the eagerness died out of her pretty face. "I won't stay if you're busy," she said. "I'll come another time, but she hesitated. Across the room the eyes of the two girls met, and June Mason promptly put down the two little phials. "Come in and apologise, and so will I," she said heartily. "There!" She reached up—Esther was taller than she—and gave the younger girl a sounding kiss. "There! I don't often kiss people, so you can consider yourself flattered." She dragged forward a chair and pushed Esther into it. "Now, what do you want, and where's that Charlie? You've no idea how I've missed him. No—you stay there, and I'll go and fetch him up." She darted off, and returned a moment later with Charlie in her arms. There were yards of mauve ribbon lying on the table and she cut off a length and tied it in a bow round his neck; then she kissed his forehead and dropped him on to his cushion. "There! Now, we're quite at home again," she said. "And now, fire away and tell me why you're here." She packed all the dishes and boxes on a tray, put them out of sight behind a screen and came back to the fire. "Do you like this perfume? It's

something new! I'm trying to blend it with white rose. Isn't it gorgeous?" "Beautiful!" said Esther. She consented to have her chin dabbed. "What are you making now?" she asked. Miss Mason chuckled. "Oh, I'm only experimenting, as Mickey calls it," she said lightly. "We don't want to talk shop. You've got some news? I can see by your face that you have." Esther laughed and flushed. "Oh, I have," she said tremulously. "Such wonderful news!" "Humph!" said June drily. "From the young man, of course? Well, is he on his way home, and have you got to get a wedding dress in the next five minutes or something?" "Oh no, it isn't anything like that," said Esther. There was a shade of regret in her voice. "But he's in Paris—he says he's not staying there, but he had to pay a business call." June gave a rather un ladylike sniff, but Esther was too engrossed to notice. "He seems to have been very lucky," she went on. "He hadn't got very much money when he went away, but he's got some appointment now; he does not say what, and . . . she gave a little excited laugh—"The says that he's going to send me £3 a week for as long as he is away. . . . Isn't it wonderful good of him? I suppose I ought not to take it, but he says that if things had turned out as he hoped, we should have been married, and so you don't think it's wrong of me to take it, do you?" she asked anxiously. June rose to her feet. She looked chagrined; she had been so sure that this man was a rotter, that it was a bit of a setback to hear this news. "You take it, my dear, and don't be a goose," she said promptly. "As he says, if you were his wife you'd take it, and as you're going to be married, it's quite the right thing if he's well off that he should help you! I hope you won't let your silly pride make you send it back; you'd only hurt his feelings."

"I wouldn't do that for anything," Esther said quickly. "But it's such a lot of money."

"Rubbish!" said June. "Why Mickey Mellowes wouldn't even stop to pick it up if he dropped it in the road."

"We are not all millionaires like Mr. Mellowes," Esther said sharply. "And he ought to be ashamed of himself if he really wouldn't stop to pick it up."

June laughed. "Don't you take things so literally, my dear," she said. "I know you don't like Mickey, though you've never seen him, but I'm going to ask him here to tea one day, if he'll come."

"I don't suppose he will," said Esther. "Eighthstone Road wouldn't be good enough for him, would it?" June frowned. "I don't like to hear you talk like that about Mickey! It's not fair, when you don't know him. I tell you he's one of the best—and, anyway, as he's a friend of mine—"

Esther flushed. "I'm sorry—I'd no right to have said anything about him at all; please forgive me."

"Oh, it's all right," June said laconically. "But he isn't a bit of a snob; he'd do anything in the world for anybody."

Esther glanced up at his portrait on the shelf. She felt a trifle ashamed of what she had said; after all, Mickey had been good to her in his own way, even if his own way had been patronising.

"And so I shall stay on here," she said, after a moment. "And if you think you would still like me to share this room—"

June pounced upon her. "You darling! It's too good to be true. Of course, I should love it! I'll go and tell old Mother Elders straight away; it will put her in a good temper for a month."

"She's out," Esther said quickly. "I went to tell her myself as soon as I got my letter. . . . It only came this morning." She coloured sensitively beneath June's quizzical eyes.

"And of course you've been devouring it ever since," June said. "Well, and very nice too! There's nothing to be ashamed of. I'll admit that I didn't think somehow that he could be a very nice sort of person, this young man of yours. No, I don't know why I thought so—just an idea of mine. I get hold of ideas like that. But I've changed my mind now: I'm sure he's a dear, or you'd never look so happy."

"I should love you to see him," Esther said with enthusiasm. "I'm sure you would like him. I don't know his people, of course—I suppose if they thought he cared for me they'd be angry—but it doesn't really matter, and I know he doesn't care at all for his mother. . . ."

June looked up from stroking Charlie.

"Now, I wish you hadn't said that," she said frankly. "No man can be really nice who doesn't love his own mother."

Esther looked distressed. "But she's horrid!" she said eagerly. "He has told me now horrid she's his only son—"

"After all," she went on, "there's no law to make you like a woman just because you happen to be her son, is there?"

"It's unnatural not to," June answered shortly. "However, as neither of us know his mother, we'll give him the benefit of the doubt. She may be a perfect old cat. Some women are."

She wandered round the room to find a cigarette, and Esther sat looking into the fire.

She could not remember her own mother. But somehow she felt sure that had she been living, she would have adored her.

She had never heard Raymond say anything nice of Mrs. Ashton—he had always spoken about her in a bitter, half sneering way.

She looked across to June timidly. "Do you always judge people by what you call 'instinct'?" she asked. "When I first knew you you told me that you felt sure you would like me before ever you saw me, and—"

"And I was right," June said triumphantly. "I nearly always am right when I get an instinct about anything. Mickey says it's all rot!—there! I'm talking about him again—it's a habit, so don't notice it! But even he has to admit how often I am right; I could give you dozens of instances."

Esther did not pursue the subject; she was remembering how June had said that she had an "instinct" that Raymond was not nice. "I think you're the most original person I've ever met," she said with a little smile.

June laughed. "Eccentric, Mickey says I am—"

she answered, then broke off with a comical look of despair. "You really must excuse me for everlastingly dragging him in." She apologised. "As I said before, it's a habit—and there goes the dinner gong. Are we going to feed here to-day?"

Esther rose from the chair. "I am," she said. "And I'm hungry, so I do hope there's something nice."

They went down together.

"Curry," said June, sniffing the air critically. "The colonel will be pleased; he's always telling us how they used to make curry in India, poor old chap! Though I don't think any of us really believe that he's ever been there."

"But the colonel was not there. 'He's ill,' so young Harley told the two girls as they sat down at their table. 'I went up to see him this morning, and he really looks ill.'"

"You don't look in exactly rude health yourself," said June in her blunt fashion. She noticed that Harley looked at Esther a great deal, and she made up her mind to tell him at the earliest opportunity that Esther was engaged. June scented romance everywhere.

"They are the first violets I have seen this year," Esther was saying, looking at a little bunch the young man wore in his coat.

He took them out eagerly and laid them down beside her plate.



BABY COATES.

"Once Weak and Delicate."

63, Ellerslie Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

Dear Sirs,—At three months old our baby was weak and delicate, causing us a great deal of anxiety. We were advised to try "Virol," and did so, with the result that now at 11 months of age he is as bonny a baby as any mother could wish to have. He weighs 22 lbs. 2 ozs., is firm and well proportioned. We feel confident that this is due to the regular use of "Virol," and should advise all mothers to use it.

I am, yours truly,
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Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother herself, whilst for children it supplies those vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilized milk. It is a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. "Virol" babies have firm flesh, stout bones and clear colour.

VIROL

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BRITISH-MADE. BRITISH OWNED.

A Scrap of Paper.

ITS ROMANCE AND MARVELS.

Only a sheet of paper. Yet it embodies thousands of years of unsuspected romance. When our forefathers were gnawing bones in glacial caves, the so-called "heathen Chinese" was reading his books, printed on paper cunningly fashioned from the best of the mulberry-tree or of bamboo-sprouts, and three centuries before Christ was credited he had his factories for its manufacture from silk-waste. Julius Caesar was a comparatively recent memory when the Chinese statesman, Tsai Lun, became the pioneer maker of paper. The Egyptian was little behind the Chinaman with his paper made from the pith of the papyrus plant, moistened with water from the Nile, pressed and dried, and made smooth by rubbing with ivory. And where China and Egypt led the way, Persia followed. In the eighth century we saw a flourishing factory at Baghdad, turning out paper made from linen cloths; followed by rival works in Damascus and along the north coast of Africa.

Europe lagged far behind these pioneers of the East. It was the Moors who first introduced paper, in the twelfth century, into Spain, whence its manufacture spread to Italy, France and Germany. But it was not until the middle of the fifteenth century that we find a paper mill established at Stevengate, in Hertfordshire, followed a century later by another at Dartford.

Paper From Grass.

Paper can now be manufactured from hundreds of different materials. As long ago as 1889 one might have seen at the Paris Exhibition sixty rolls of paper, each made from a different vegetable fibre. Books, containing hundreds of pages, have been published, each leaf differing in its composition from every other—the materials used ranging from straw, jute, and bamboo, to esparto and maize-leaves.

Although the materials from which paper can be made are so numerous, only two—esparto and wood-pulp—are now used to any great extent; since rags are no longer available in sufficient quantities. It was in 1866 that Mr. T. Boutledge began to manufacture paper from esparto—a grass grown in the South of Europe, which yields excellent pulp. For a generation it was used to the extent of millions of tons, until a formidable rival appeared on the scene in the form of wood-pulp, which, when mixed with rags and some fibrous material, was found to make splendid paper at a smaller cost.

So popular did its use become that within twenty-five years hundreds of square miles of forests in Sweden, Norway, and Canada were being laid low to feed our presses; and the forests of Russia, Newfoundland, and Germany were soon called upon to yield their tribute. To-day wood-pulp contributes the bulk of the world's supply of paper. To what vast proportions the paper industry has grown is shown by the fact that today the world's paper-mills exceed 5,000, of which 300 are in the United Kingdom and over 1,000 in the United States. To the world's output America contributes thirty-three per cent and Great Britain eleven per cent.

Modest as this production of ours appears, it amounts in a normal year to 1,020,000 tons. So enormous is this twelve months' output of paper that all the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland could not raise it an inch from the ground. If you could put this mountain of paper into one pan of a levithian pair of scales and on the other "masses every man, woman, and child living to-day in Scotland and Ireland, Sweden, and Norway, Denmark and Holland, the 'human' pan would remain suspended in the air.

To transport it by road would be a sufficient task for half the horses in the United Kingdom, and the procession of nearly a million; and the procession of carts, each holding more than a ton, would be long enough to link Cape St. Vincent in Portugal, with the extreme northeast of Europe—Tit-Bits.

A Whisky "Corpse."

A heavily draped hearse containing whisky worth over £1000 instead of a coffin was stopped as it was leaving Staten Island, and the three "murderers" arrested (says a New York message). The spectators of a sergeant and patrolman had been aroused by the absence of a mourning procession, the heavy draperies of the hearse, and by the fact that the attendants seemed more cheerful than the occasion warranted. They therefore stopped the hearse and insisted on seeing the coffin. Inside the hearse they found 60 cases of Kentucky whisky. Seeing that the game was up, the attendants—a chauffeur and two other men—offered violence, but were overpowered and taken into custody. The whisky was "interred" in a cell at the police station.

Evangeline High Cut Boots. Low Shoes and Dainty Pumps at 25 PER CENT REDUCTION at SMALLWOOD'S Ladies Dept. mar28.11



Take It In Time!

Do you know that by far the larger number of the common ailments of women are not surgical ones; that they are not caused by any serious displacement, tumor, growth, or other marked change? Do you know that these common ailments reduce symptoms that are very much like those caused by the more serious surgical conditions? Do you know that many women and young girls suffer needlessly from such ailments? More than that, they endanger their health by allowing their ailments to continue and develop into something serious.

If treated early, that is, within a reasonable time after the first warning symptoms appear, serious conditions may often be averted. Therefore, at the first appearance of such symptoms as periodic pains, irregularities, irritability and nervousness, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound should be taken. It is prepared with accuracy and cleanliness from medicinal plants. It contains no narcotics nor poisonous drugs, and can be taken with perfect safety. The Vegetable Compound acts on the conditions which bring about these symptoms in a gentle and efficient manner. The persistent use of it shows itself in the disappearance, one after another, of the disagreeable symptoms. In a word, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound acts as a natural restorer, giving, relieving the present distress and preventing more serious trouble.

Why not give a fair trial to this medicine?

**Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound**
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

THE USUAL LUCK. In Kansas, where I lived for years, the winters were a coldest winter we have seen. These records have been smashed. "The north wind came and o'er the billows green in Noah's costume my ears lyark." And should I back to Kansas in my bed-sag, go where all the prospects please, at night. The clouds would dump six feet of snow and I would promptly freeze. Alas, this is the sort of thing that afflicted my heart ways has been mine, and get I'm happy as a king, so many things are murky heavens fine.

KEEPS MONEY Under Water. One of the most unusual methods taken by banks against theft is that used by the Bank of England in its bullion and specie departments. The bank has its own water supply, two 400-foot wells being sunk beneath the floors, and one of these wells is hooked up with a complicated machine so that at night, when the employees leave the bank the bullion is submerged in several feet of water. The thief who attempted to steal the gold or silver would have to add deep sea diving to his other arts to get the money. The coins are also protected in a similar way both day and night. The sovereigns are in piles of one thousand each. These rest on gauges so delicate that if a single coin is taken from one of the piles the entire pile sinks out of sight and in its place is a pool of water. The most careless glance of any of the many watchmen would instantly show that a theft had been committed. The wells were originally dug because of the high cost of water in London.

OXO CUBES
Get the OXO habit at lunch. A cup of hot OXO taken with a sandwich—is ready in a moment and sustains for hours.

used to weep twelve kinds of chilling rain. And so I said, "I'll seek a climate where winter isn't known, where there is neither snow nor rain, and blizzards do not groan." And so I pitched my moving tent upon a sunny shore, where weather prophets don't lament, and groundhogs weep no more. And, then the Kansas climate braced, and sprung a great reform; no blizzards o'er her prairies chased, the air was mild and warm. The sweetest winter ever seen," my correspondents say, "the skies are blue, the grass is green, the jaysbirds sing

Vaseline For Eruptions and Sores
Ointment
is a reliable, easily applied remedy for eruptions, sores, eczema, etc. It should be kept in every medicine chest—in the home, and on the vessel.

START A MEDICINE CHEST
with a liberal supply of Vaseline Oxide of Zinc Ointment and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

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Vaseline Petroleum Jelly
—for skin diseases, etc.
—skin antiseptic ointment.
—sunburn ointment.
—for colds, catarrhs, etc.
—for burns, scalds, etc.
—for chapped lips, etc.
—for chapped hands, etc.
—for dry skin, eczema, and painful conditions.

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name "California" on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best, and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."

"N" pen
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Rink Management
Editor Evening Tele...
Dear Sir,—Hockey regular this year. I u... twenty thousand pee... matches. Some of t... cents. If we av... thirty cents it means... dollars was paid to... the Hockey League... stance for about six... seven years. Say sixteen... were equally as popu... would mean nine... dollars had been paid... good and halving the... would mean about fifty... That is what I... the should be worth... expenses for cups, ... etc. At the very least... worth thirty or forty... I understand it... The rink proprietors... each of the four tee... two hundred dollars... this year put up fo... The Cup, which has... times before it is... that may take many... The Directors ought... winning teams with... souvenir, in years to... profess of their you... the hockey boys have... ly to swell the recip... were very grateful... the proprietors if t... players by giving the... would bring all the... and help them to p... evening playing eve... matches and showing... had they done differ... would have been ent... the Directors act on... I hope they will ask m... not play but I attend...