

## Home Made Bread

Home made bread is without doubt the cheapest and most healthful food that can be produced for human consumption. It is the most completely digested solid food in the world, over 90% of it being transformed into health and strength. It yields nearly twice as much nourishment as rice or potatoes, and is ten times as nourishing as an equal value of meat. No bread is more truly wholesome or more perfectly satisfactory than that baked at home in which Royal Yeast Cakes are used.

## ROYAL YEAST CAKES

It was known many years ago that yeast is an excellent thing for constipation, anemia, boils and pimples. Lately eminent scientists have been investigating the matter thoroughly and their conclusions point to the fact that the beneficial effect of yeast has not been overrated. The yeast treatment is very simple and economical—and altogether harmless.

Before each meal eat a Royal Yeast Cake, or take a cake dissolved in water or fruit juices. The scientific investigators say that the curative elements in yeast are the vitamins and nuclein which it contains. It is certainly well worth a fair trial by those who suffer from any of the ailments mentioned above.

Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

E. W. Gillett Company Limited  
Winnipeg Toronto, Canada Montreal

Made in Canada

## "Flatterers"

### OR— The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER IV.

#### MORE FAREWELLS THAN ONE.

In a few short weeks he appeared to have sunk from an important social factor into a mere nonentity. To be sure he had his food, his room, his clothing; and as his position increased upon him, a decent body, mother of the young gardener at "The Dale," came daily to and fro as partial nurse. But Mrs. Alwyn never altered one single line of her new life to cheer or console the waning hours of her husband's. The appliances his ever-falling state demanded were allowed so grudgingly as to turn their bestowal into perfect pain, and the sole bit of brightness yet spared to the old lawyer's existence was his child.

That, as he unweariedly thanked Heaven, never failed him. Whatever slight misfortune put upon him her young presence softened their keenest edge. With her happy, unsuspecting nature to lean on—lean on! It had come to that—as a coxswain out of his clouded retrospect of pain into almost cheerfulness, and could bear the chill indifference of others with full patience.

With too much patience, it seemed to Sydney, who, during the months they were getting settled at the Dale, pondered over and grew utterly puzzled by this state of things.

Why was her father so little considered now in the household, so all but deserted, while her mother glided by degrees into a circle of acquaintances and occasional visits, and Leonard's fancies were humored to the full? Why was their house, smaller by far but just as well arranged as Guywick, furnished, as time went on, with continually fresh bits of luxurious prettiness, while that cheerless north room up-stairs, which Mr. Alwyn rarely quitted, had such a meager allowance of even comforts? And why, again, later on, was the basket-carriage, purchased in their third summer at St. Clair's, appropriated solely to Mrs. Alwyn's daily drives and calls, never to her father's more obvious needs?

These and such things past count struck Sydney's childish judgment as marked injustices, and once upon a time, when she had borne with and meditated long upon them, out of the rebellious fulness of her heart she ventured to speak.

"Mamma, may papa and I change rooms?"

"What for, Sydney?"  
"So that he may sit by the window and look over the garden into the fields, mamma. Now he can only see just the bank of laurels and the wooden fence."

"I don't imagine your father would care for gazing out of the window at any view, Sydney. He is best quite quiet, and in the room I chose for him."

"But Dr. Dacie" (the village doctor, who paid, not oftener than once a month, a formal call) "said yesterday he might be better if he had a more cheerful outlook, mamma."

"You had no right to be up-stairs when Dr. Dacie called," said Sydney's mother, sharply. "Why were you not at lesson?"

"Because Miss Stevens" (Miss Foster's less costly successor) "said she had no time to hear me yesterday, she was so busy with Leonard. But may papa have my room, mamma?"

Honestly, there was no reason why he should not. But Mrs. Alwyn's nature was hard to cruelty. Not even helplessness, that stirs the depths of most true womanhood, touched her. In a fit of bitter, petty retaliation on her husband for certain ills she was compelled to share with him, she had located him in the dreary north room, and no softening of mood prompted her to permit a change.

"I would rather you both stayed, as you are, Sydney," she answered; "altering would put me to some trouble, and—and"—under her little daughter's clear, astonished glance the lame excuse halted in utterance—"to a—to an—well," impatiently, "to some expense."

"But mamma," with eyes opening extremely wide, "would a little money be of any consequence? I always thought papa had—oh, plenty!"  
"Had, Sydney, but not has," was the emphatic reply, "for—shut the door and then come here by me, and this being done—for now you are clever and old enough to understand things, I may as well tell you why we left Guywick. Your father had the fo—" Mrs. Alwyn stopped and substituted a second word for the one half spoken—"the misfortune to lose all his money, and now he has actually nothing whatever of his own."

"Nothing! So now you comprehend why I have to be careful of expenses." This was odd news to the child—at first bewildering. It came like a chill wind on her hopeful design, and for a minute she lost heart. Presently a side-eyed, an upwinking of observant common sense, brought consolation.

"But, mamma, we must have some money," she urged; "rather a good deal, too, for our house is so pretty—the prettiest in St. Clair's, Dr. Dacie

said yesterday; and everything is just as nice as it used to be at Guywick."  
"Nonsense, child! you can't remember. That was ten times the place this is. We had a dozen servants there, and only three here!"

"But we must have some money to keep three, mamma! And isn't it papa's?"

"I have told you so, Sydney. All that we have to live on—and it's little enough" (the lady spoke conscientiously, for seven hundred a year after her delicious experience of as many thousands seemed a dismal downfall)—"is for the present, mine."

The word shot out like a bolt to the pocket. Somehow Sydney did not require the reasoning even of her eleven years to point out that the syllable cut off all prospect of outlay for her father's benefit. Instinct told her that. And instinct, which after this revelation bound her still more closely to his side, made her now say very wistfully: "Then he and I" curious conjunction, as if both were alien to her mother, "have to live off your money and Leonard's! So, of course—I see—we ought not to use it. Did Leonard's father give it all to you, mamma?"

"Here was a home-trust, uttered in all innocence, as keen as any age or ability could have contrived. Mrs. Alwyn colored under the steady, waiting gaze, and was angry with herself for so doing—angry with Sydney for causing her confusion.

But however oblique her notions of honor, she was not going to commit herself to a direct falsehood; one, moreover, which would infallibly be found out by and by. So she answered shortly:

"No, Mr. Villiers did not give it to me. I had it from your father when I married him—entirely for myself, though; to use as I pleased. Now, instead of that, I have to keep the whole of you, house and everything, off it. And that is all you need know or I shall tell you, Sydney. Remember you are to repeat nothing of all this to any one. Never mention your father losing his property. It is no concern of any one but ourselves. Run away now, to your father, if you like; Miss Stevens is driving Leonard to Hedygarnham for her painting lesson."

But Sydney was tenacious of purpose. Instead of going, she stood, tracing the pattern of the table-cover with one forefinger, revolving all this information, not seeing her way past it—till suddenly a happy thought flashed out of the confusion.

"Mamma!" excitedly.

"Well?" impatiently.

"In the desk that I have had since I was quite little, there is some money. I don't know who gave it to me, but it's my own. May I change papa's room with it?"

"You are obstinate, Sydney," said Mrs. Alwyn, frigidly.

"But may I? Then papa will get the last of the sunshine always. Oh, mother, do say yes!"

Something in the imploring tone, the anxious expectancy of attitude, a tiptoe, with two hands half opened, waiting to seize consent, caught Mrs. Alwyn's fancy. It is hard to rebuff a young voice that says "Oh, mother!" as Sydney said it. A most rare weakness overcame her, and, as much to her surprise as Sydney's, she yielded.

"As you like, then," she said; and the contest was closed by the victor's ruffling the platted lace upon her mother's neck with a fervent, impulsive kiss.

So up-stairs the alteration was effected, swiftly and cheerily. It needed no vast doucer from Sydney's slender fund to secure the co-operation of Mr. Alwyn's attendant, now with him every day; and Maria, an active housemaid, entered zealously into the few hours' extra work, for the housemistress was no favorite with her servants. "And," said this one to her kitchen confidants, "I'm right, right glad Miss Sydney's got her way, that am. I heard 'em arguing about it till madam bid her to shut the door, and I was mortal afraid she'd only get herself sat on like the rest of us. Her ma seems to think she can harrow rough-shod over every one's head, like she do over the poor old gentlemen's, and it's time she was learned different, I says."

By a wide, west, rose-shadowed window the old lawyer sat now, day after day, delighting childishly in the change; and, as kind Dr. Dacie commented approvingly, Sydney had made his evenings brighter by half than they used to be; the plan was capital.

"Type of herself, sir, of herself," said the father, his hand fondly upon her head, and the words emerged long after from memory, helping her along a path by no means smooth.

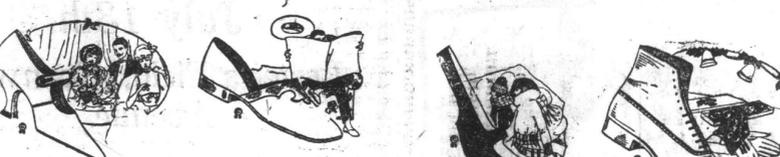
There was one other episode that summer wherein her mother's will and Sydney's had a smart tussle, and again the child scored a victory.

People began coming to the Dale for afternoons of tennis or of music, for Leonard was eighteen now, and variety was as the very salt of the young lady's existence. The mirth of many voices would often float upward to the west window, where Sydney was mostly with her father, and though he rarely asked about these gatherings, they always seemed to bring an extra sadness to his deeply lined face. With so many to and fro, perchance the neglect came home to him that the throng never spared him a half-hour's guest. So Sydney interpreted his sigh one day, and, with her little, warm hand stroking his white hair, asked:

(To be continued.)

# SUMMER FOOTWEAR

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## The Canadians and the Ostriches.

In that part of Africa that was the seat of the war between the British and the Boers there are now many ostrich farms. It was at the time of the war a thinly settled country, for

## ACUTE ECZEMA ON BABY'S HEAD

Face, Neck, Arms. Terrible Slight, Itched And Burned. Cuticura Heals.

"Baby was two months old when I noticed little pimples on her head. They kept getting worse and spread till her head, face, neck and arms were one mass of eruptions, burning, itching, and bleeding. I was told it was eczema. I had to see up her arms and legs in flannel. She was a terrible sight. For one year I had no rest night or day."

"We got Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In less than two weeks she began to mend and in a few months she was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Florence, 243 McDermott St., Peterboro, Ont., April 19, 1919.

Stop the use of all doubtful soaps. Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. See the Ointment. It had 50¢. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot, Lorne, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. 50¢ Cuticura Soap shows without stain.

the most part bare and comparatively unproductive.

As the ostrich farmers often left their flocks to subsist on whatever they could pick up, and as an ostrich will pick up anything that is not too large for it to swallow, the advent of the British and Boer forces, with the chance that it gave at the levings of the camps, was a great boon to the ostrich.

At Belmont a flock of ostriches came roaming into the British camp. The Canadians had never before seen these birds on their native heath. They were tame, and much on the lookout for rations. The Canadians had heard of the "digestion of an ostrich," and were resolved to test it.

One of the men threw the foremost ostrich a bar of soap. The ostrich swallowed it and, looked for more.

Another man tossed out a matchbox. The ostrich swallowed that, and looked pleased. An empty jam-can followed, and the bird ate that.

"I wonder if he would eat cartridges?" said an Irish member of the regiment.

Held on the Cartridges.

No one ventured to violate regulations or waste ammunition by trying the experiment, but suddenly an outcry was raised among the soldiers near. While the attention of the men had been centred on the bird that was swallowing matchboxes, soap and jam-cans, another hungry bird had entered a tent and was actually engaged

in eating brass-headed cartridges out of the bandoleers!

All the ostriches had particularly long and naked necks. The soldier-wanderers from the Far North noticed that any bulky object which an ostrich swallowed went down his throat so near to the skin that its descent could be plainly seen all the way.

So the soldiers stood in a group, throwing bits of all kinds of refuse to a particularly long-necked ostrich. He swallowed one bit after another with lightning speed and then stood upright, while the soldiers laughed till they could hardly breathe to see the objects chase one another down four feet of neck.

As the ostriches helped themselves to many useful and needed articles the soldiers found it necessary to refuse

them admission to the camp.

But before they were banished an unfortunate accident—for the ostriches are only—deprived two of the big legs of life. They were cut up and sent by the Canadians, who found them very good, the flesh resembling both in appearance and taste.

## 5 1-2 per cent

FOR YOUR SAVINGS.

You should make your savings 5 1/2 per cent for every day.

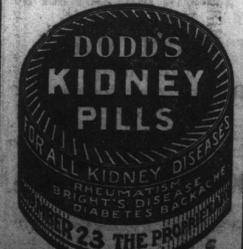
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