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TO DRINK**

The almost unceasing activity with which children work off their surplus energy makes good and nutritious food a continual necessity. Of all the food drinks Baker's Cocoa is the most perfect, supplying as it does much valuable material for the upbuilding of their growing bodies. Just as good for older people. It is delicious, too, of fine flavor and aroma.

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The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER VII.

"You need say no more!" cried Martin Ray. "Have we not heard how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child? I have no son, and I rested my pride, my hopes, my ambition on you; and you have heartlessly deserted me for a stranger who despises me."

"I cannot believe as you believe, father, or think as you think. We must have parted sooner or later; I could not have borne my lot, now that I am beginning to understand you."

Hettie's arms clasped him even more tightly.

"Never mind, father. I will make it all up to you. I will die to save you from pain. She will tire soon, and come back to you."

"Never!" he cried, his face aflame with anger. "Stand away from me, Hettie! Let me see the child so ready to leave me and give up the love of years at the bidding of a stranger!"

Hettie drew back, and at that moment she knew in her heart that his best and dearest love had been given to the daughter who had deserted him.

"Let me look at her!" he cried. "She has deserted me and gone over to my enemies!"

"I have simply given up a life which has never been tolerable to me, and which grows more unbearable every day. I shall love you always, father; but I shall never share your principles."

His face paled with anger.

"You speak bravely enough now that you know your words give me no concern. I am justly punished, for in my blindness I confess that I loved you best. You must forgive me, Hettie. I shall love but one daughter now."

"I have nothing to forgive; it was natural that you should love Leah best. Do not be angry with her. She told me she did not care about the life you wanted her to lead. Leah loves everything beautiful, and she wants to be loved. She does not care for lectures and politics."

The simple words almost made the general smile; but there was no smile on the lips of Martin Ray, as he turned to his elder child.

"Look at me," he said, "and tell me to my face that you are going to leave me."



MEN'S SHAVING CREAM

Gives you a smooth, smart-free shave.
Saves your face, and spares its feelings.

and taught my life long! That I should have a daughter among the wealthy and the aristocracy of the land is to me a shame and disgrace. There is yet time to make your final decision, Leah. I will believe that you were over-tempted by the man who has bribed you; I will believe that you repent of your momentary desertion; I will believe anything and everything if you will only come back to me, Leah, child of my heart!"

General Hatton stood by and said nothing. He would not influence the girl; her heart should decide. He could not help thinking what a beautiful picture of pathetic determination she made, standing with her eyes wistfully seeking her father's face, her hands clasped.

"I could never be what you want me to be, father," she said; "and you would dislike me, hate me, when I refused. It is better that I should accept my uncle's offer."

"You refuse then, decidedly, once and forever, Leah, to carry out my wishes?"

"I do refuse," she replied, calmly. "I could not act as you wish. I do not believe in that which you would have me teach."

"Say no more," he cried, holding up his hand as though he would ward off a blow—"no more! I have heard from your own lips your decision. You choose to make your home with this stranger—for stranger he is, no matter how closely he may be related to you—you would rather live with him than with me?"

"It is not my fault," she said humbly. "You would have made my life intolerable to me."

"You renounce me—give me up entirely for him?" continued Martin.

"You cast me out of your life, and choose to cling to him? Do not be afraid to speak out plainly."

"I am not afraid," she replied, calmly. "I do prefer to go to my mother's brother."

"Well and good," said Martin Ray, with a white face—"well and good. You have made your choice; you must abide by it. Nothing can ever alter it in this world. Some fathers would have cursed you. I will not; but I tell you, as much I sorrow as in anger, that punishment will fall upon you. I may not have been perhaps the best of fathers, but I am your father, and to give up my love and protection for that of another is, I say, a sin that cries to Heaven for vengeance. You hear me, Leah? I say it to warn you. The time will come when, with unutterable regret, you will remember this hour and this deed. The time will come when the anger of Heaven will fall upon you—when, in your turn, your heart will be torn with anguish, and you will say to yourself: 'This is the punishment that my father prophesied for me.' I do not curse you, Leah; I leave you to the Power that never fails to punish or reward."

"Do not be so angry with her, father," said a loving voice; and again Hettie's arms clung to him tenderly.

The general, seeing that Leah had hardly strength to stand, drew her nearer to him.

"There is one thing I must do before you go," said Martin Ray. "I will not say that I have studied my Bible much; but I have made a family register of it."

He unclasped Hettie's arms, and placed her in a chair, then he went to the bookshelf, took from it a large Bible, opened it, and laid it upon the table before the general. There was about his action that dignity that comes from great sorrow.

"Look!" he said, pointing with his finger. "There is the entry of my marriage with Doris Hatton. Here is the birth of Hettie, fifteen years ago. Now see. My eldest child is dead to me; she died to-day. I have but one daughter living."

He took a pen and dipped it in ink, and through the name of Leah Ray he drew a thick black line with steady fingers. He wrote opposite to it, "Dead to me." Then he closed the book, and replaced it on the shelf.

"There is no more to be either said or done," he continued. "You have taken my child from me, General Hatton. She goes readily—let her go. I do not mean to complain; but, when she passes over the threshold of the house, she passes over my heart."

General Hatton bent down, and looked into the beautiful face so white and still.

"Leah," he said, gently, "I would not over-persuade you—and the choice is for life. Will you take time to think over it?"

(To be continued)

MOTHER!

Move Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Even a sick child loves the "fruit" taste of "California Fig Syrup." If the little tongue is coated, or if your child is listless, cross, feverish, full of cold, or has cold, a teaspoonful will never fail to open the bowels. In a few hours you can see for yourself how thoroughly it works all the constipation poison, sour bile and waste from the tender, little bowels and gives you a well, playful child again.

Millions of mothers keep "California Fig Syrup" handy. They know a teaspoonful to-day saves a sick child to-morrow. Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

Royal Wedding Cake.

SOME FAMOUS EXAMPLES.

Princess Mary's own wedding cake has, we all know, been made in Edinburgh by the same firm that was responsible for the cake used at the marriage of the King and Queen, and is to be on much the same elaborate scale.

That magnificent cake was built on a silver dais, surmounted by bronze figures of exquisite beauty. On it was a sugar arch, in the centre of which was a vase, whereon six doves were perched, while the pillars culminated in smaller vases of orange blossoms.

Above the arch stood four figures of girls in Grecian costumes, holding over their heads a gigantic sugar vase, from which roses and creepers hung, and round the cake were shields on which the Imperial monograms and national crests were engraved.

A cake very similar in design, but not quite so elaborate, was the one made for the wedding of the Duke of Connaught.

Princess Beatrice had a magnificent piece of confectionery for her wedding, and it is said that the sugar work alone took three months to complete.

The entire cake was a mass of lace-work, and there were as many as twenty figures on it, while here and there baskets of delicate sugar lace held clusters of orange blossom.

Queen Maud of Norway had another ornate cake, designed expressly to commemorate the nautical experiences of the bridegroom, the Danish Prince who is now King Haakon.

The cake was made up of four smaller ones, supported by a number of sugar lighthouses, and at the base of each reclined a figure of Britannia, while surrounding the largest cake were the arms of Britain and Denmark.

Perhaps the most beautiful feature of this novel cake was the icicles, made of silver, which fell amid a profusion of orange blossom from a vase at the top.

The late ill-fated Czar of Russia holds the record, however, for costly and sumptuous wedding cakes.

It was studded with jewels said to be worth at least \$8,000, which encircled the cake, and the dais was a sheet of solid gold. Altogether its cost was about \$21,000, an extravagance that was never before reached in the production of a Royal wedding cake.

Stafford's Liniment, best for Aches and Pains. For sale everywhere.—mar.22



BEAUTY OF THE SKIN

is the natural desire of every woman, and is obtainable by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Pimples, blackheads, roughness, and eczema disappear with this soft, smooth and "velvety" Liniment. Toronto, James G. Co., Limited. Toronto. Sample free if you enclose this paper.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

HER NEED OF MONEY.

The world is too much with us late and soon
Getting and spending we lay waste
our powers."
—Wordsworth.

One day in the beautiful dining room of an acquaintance's home I admired the handsome pieces of lace that covered the top of the serving table and the buffet.

"Oh those old things," she said, "you don't really like them do you? I'm ashamed of them. I've had them for years. I'm going to get some new ones just as soon as I can get the money out of Harry."

Unappreciated.

The lace really was beautiful although of a kind which has been "the thing" for several years and is now becoming too common to suit those who care for beautiful things—not because they are beautiful but because they are new and too expensive for everyone to have.

Consequently the lady of the house plans to supplant them with whatever the newest thing is "as soon as she can get the money out of Harry."

"I wonder how many women folk will think me a traitor to my sex when I say that I pity Harry. And also all those who like him are kept forever grinding to give some woman the chance to buy and discard and buy and discard, and buy again."

Money and Life.

The money that would replace those lace scarfs with some newer kind of lace will cost just so much of Harry's life, just so many hours of all the time he has on earth. You have often heard the saying, "time is money." Well, it is just as true that money is time. Count out the few of us who live on inherited incomes and to the rest every dollar of money means just so much of life. When we spend money we spend life.

Of course one cannot live without spending money but one can live without spending it in unjustifiable or foolish ways.

Every man wants as comfortable and beautiful a home as his means will allow but there is a medium between letting the home go unadorned and wanting to change the adornments every little while at the behest of fashion.

Every man wants his wife to look as well dressed as his means will allow but there is a medium between having her make a wise choice of attractive becoming clothes and having her constantly making foolish casual purchases discarding and buying again.

Spending Her Husband's Life.

I have heard it said that there is more matrimonial trouble over money matters than over any other subject. Men resent having their money spent foolishly more than they do almost anything else. If women realized that it was their husband's lives they were spending I wonder if they would not sometimes be a little more careful to spend so as to get the most happiness and comfort for everyone concerned.

Best Results IN DYEING or TINTING use DY-O-LA DYES

The kind of dye Professional Dyers use.

THE STREET.

My room is near the village street too close to traffic maddening, and all night long I hear the feet of foolish people gadding. Hour after hour I hear their tread, their midnight vigils keeping, how people hate to go to bed and do some useful sleeping! I hear the thuds climb the hill, a-honking and a-horning, and flappers' voices rising shrill, at 2.10 in the morning. We used to have our fun by day, by day we did our choring; when evening came we hit the hay and did some fancy snoring. If any man sent up a yawp that sleepers found disturbing, he'd run against the village cop, who'd slam him through the curbing. But weary people have no rights in this gray world of sorrow; they lie in bed awake o' nights, and long to greet the morrow. The young folks whoop beneath the stars, and yell and sing and clamor, and poisoned pups and henny cars all help to swell the clamor. The midnight hour no comfort has, there's little chance for dreaming, for all the night is full of jazz and yips and flappers' screaming. And so the old folks yearn and weep for sanity nights departed, when they could lay them down and sleep, and get up cheery hearted.

Death of "Our Only General."

Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, the man who fought in many wars, and was known as "Our only General," died at Mentone on March 25, 1913, his eightieth year. He was the eldest son of Major G. L. Wolseley, and was born in Dublin. Gasetted as an ensign in the 12th Regiment of Foot before he was nineteen, he was soon afterwards transferred to the 80th Regiment, with which he served in the Burmese war, where he was severely wounded and invalided home. After his recovery he was promoted to lieutenant in the 90th Light Infantry, with which he served in nearly all the fighting outside Sebastopol and was wounded in the sortie in one eye. On the way to India he was shipwrecked in the Straits of Malacca, but arrived in time to be present at the attack on Lucknow, and at the end of the Mutiny he was a Lieutenant-Colonel. He took part in the capture of the Taku Forts, and in 1861, when war was anticipated with the United States, Wolseley was sent, with other officers, to organize the local forces in Canada, where he remained for ten years; during which time he conducted the Red River Expedition against Louis Rell, the half-breed. After serving at the War Office as Assistant Adjutant-General, he in 1875, was sent to command the expedition to Ashanti, and for his success there he received the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000, the Freedom of the City of London, and was promoted to Major-General. In 1876, he went to Natal on a political mission, and in 1878 he was made High Commissioner of Cyprus; in the following year he brought the Zulu War to a conclusion. He then became successively Quartermaster-General and Adjutant-General. In 1882 he commanded in the Egyptian expedition against Arabi Pasha, and for his success was created Baron Wolseley of Cairo, and promoted General. His last active service was in command of the Nile Expedition 1884-5, for the relief of General Gordon at Khartoum. In 1894 he was promoted to Field-Marshal, and in the following year he became Commander-in-Chief, a post which he retired in 1900, when his public life came to an end. His career was so phenomenally successful, and he was so continually in the public eye, that he came to be known as "Our only general"—his Christian name being adopted for a slang phrase—"all Sir Garnet."

First Doctors—Then a Skin Specialist—Then a Bottle of D.D.D.

I will consider it a favor if you will allow me to add my testimonial to the many hundreds you no doubt have in praise of the great results effected by the D.D.D. Prescription. I was a sufferer for two years with eczema on my legs and ankles. I tried three or four different doctors and none of them did me any good. I got tired of trying their remedies, I then went to a skin specialist but he was no better than the others. I was reading the Sunday paper and happened to see your ad. I am very glad that I did. I secured a trial bottle of D.D.D. and it did me so much good that I sent for a dollar bottle, also a cake of soap. That is all I used, and I am perfectly well. I have advised several others to use it and the results have been the same. You are at liberty to use my name for I consider D.D.D. the best remedy in use.

J. W. CORNELL,
33 Melbourne Ave., Toronto, Ont., Can.

Anyone suffering from skin trouble—mild or severe—should investigate at once the merits of D.D.D. Try it to-day. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves you. Ask your druggist.

D.D.D. THE Lotion for Skin Disease

Household Notes.

If you use whole spices tied in a bag to flavor your catsup, it will be bright and clear in color.

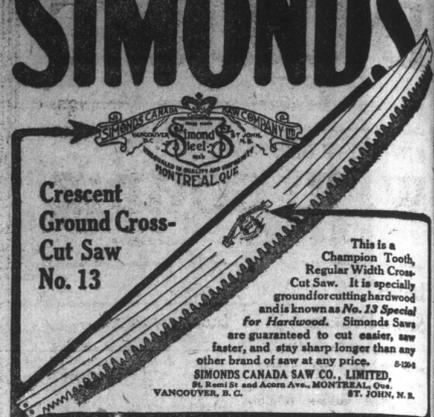
A toy funnel is a great help in filling such things as vinegar cruet, salt pepper shakers, etc.

Soft and melted fats and vegetable oils make tender, crumbly pie crust, but do not make crust flaky.

When preparing eggs on toast for the invalid cut—toast into small squares before placing egg on top.

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This is a Champion Tooth, Regular Width Cross-Cut Saw. It is specially ground for cutting hardwood and is known as No. 13 Special for Hardwood. Simonds Saws are guaranteed to cut easier, saw faster, and stay sharp longer than any other brand of saw at any price. \$2.25

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Just Folks

Roast Beef of Old England

NOW COMES FROM FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

London (Associated Press)—A meat that was very popular in London music halls years ago extolled the virtues of the "Roast Beef of Old England," and vigorously declared that it accounts for the freedom that was in the blood of the Englishman. It is generally believed that quite a much of the rich, red blood of freemen runs in his veins as in the good days of old, but it can no longer be said that it is the "Roast beef of old England" that accounts for its presence there. In fact many Englishmen, and more especially Londoners, eat much less of English beef than they do of beef that comes from other countries that are far distant, and which is brought to England frozen in refrigerators. A report of the "meat trade" which has just been published, says importations in the last ed Kingdom in 1921 exceeded all previous records with a total of 514,414 tons of beef, mutton and lamb. The home product was estimated at 1,056,400 tons. In London district 85 per cent of the meat marketed came from overseas. Only one Londoner out of seven can reckon upon having British-fed meat to eat.

Armenians Lament Bryce

Constantinople.—The Armenian community here held an imposing memorial service for the late Viscount James Bryce, British statesman and Ambassador to the United States. Tributes of affection were paid to his memory by the Patriarch, Monsignor Zaven, who officiated and who declared that Lord Bryce had been to Armenians a wise counsellor and a guide, a most devoted and unflinching friend. He declared that Armenian Pacific fishing trade must land their fish at Ketchikan instead of at Prince Rupert, as is now the custom.

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