

ROYAL YEAST
This yeast is made in a special way, and is the best for all bread-making purposes. It is made with the finest materials, and is the best for all bread-making purposes. It is made with the finest materials, and is the best for all bread-making purposes.

E.W. GILBERT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CANADA

Happiness Secured AT A Heavy Cost!

CHAPTER XXXVII. LESLEY'S SECRET.

"Half an hour later he opened his eyes and asked, 'Has Lesley Come?' On receiving a reply in the negative, he closed them again with one long, deep sigh, a gentle murmur of your name, and was gone."

That was all I ever heard of Robert Fuller's last moments; but it was enough.

The knowledge that he thought of me—that mine was the last name on his lips—will comfort me to the end of my life. The ring he wished me to have is still among my most cherished possessions; and not even my husband is jealous of my regard for it.

I took it from the poor dead hand myself, when a few hours later I crept into the darkened room, to look for the last time on the dear face that lay there so white and calm in its awful peace!

My eyes were hot and tearful; my aching heart seemed stilled in the solemn hush that lay on the whole house; and yet, as I closed the door behind me, and stood there in the silent room, looking down on the peaceful, smiling face, it seemed so hard to realize that he was dead—that he had crossed the dark river—and would never move nor speak again.

The touch of that cold hand, however, as I took it in my own, brought home the bitter truth to my soul; and with an awful sense of desolation, I sank on my knees by the side of the coffin; and then, unseen by mortal eye, pressed my own to those dear lips which in life I had never touched!

"Oh, my darling—my darling!" I cried, to the deaf ears of the dead, the bitter truth wrung from my lips by sheer anguish of soul; "I love you—I loved you as a woman only loves when she loves in vain!"

How long I knelt there in that silent presence, I never knew; nor was I aware that the door had opened and that a tall figure was standing beside me, until a strong arm was about my waist, and I found myself drawn up to the level of the heart that had so long been all my own, and that has borne with me so patiently and so well!

"My poor little love!" he whispered. "Oh, Lesley, is this your secret? Is there nothing I can do to comfort you!"

"Charley," I replied, "forgive me! I did not mean to deceive you—I did not know—"

"I am sure of that, dear. You did not understand your own heart. But I suspected it all along. I had always a suspicion that Robert Fuller was my rival."

"One of whom you surely need not be jealous," I returned, with a burst of tears, the first that had come to relieve my bursting heart since the dreadful tidings reached me. "Oh, Charley!" I added, when I had wept until I could weep no more, "think of all he has suffered—of his noble life—of his wasted talents and affections—and surely you need not envy him that has one true friend to weep his loss."

"Though that friend is my promised wife," he replies, with a look of suffering that goes to my heart. "Well, Lesley, he is dead; had he lived, I might have found it less easy to forgive him. You I do not blame. We cannot control the impulses of the heart. But one word, dear—did he ever tell you that he loved you?"

"Never! On the contrary, I almost thought he disliked me."

"That is enough. You did not willfully deceive me, and I am satisfied. I shall never refer to the subject again, Lesley; and, if your feelings

for Robert Fuller have ever aroused a jealous pang in my heart, it is past. Here in this solemn presence I promise to forget it—to bury its memory forever! And when one requiescat is pronounced over such a sorrow as this, it must have no resurrection."
(To be Continued.)

The Lost Will; LOVE TRIUMPHS AT LAST!

CHAPTER I.

JACK CHALFONTE came out of his bedroom glowing, bright-eyed, hungry. The sun was shining full into the sitting-room, which overlooked Pump Court. Its warm rays—what is the matter with the London sun, which people are always deriding?—made Jim, the fox-terrier, who had slept at the end of his master's bed and watched, with a familiar but shuddering horror, the process of the cold bath, blink, stretch himself, and sneeze. But Jack Chalfonte faced the effulgence unblinking with the clear eyes of youth and clean living, and he whistled cheerfully, though it must be admitted with little cause for his light-heartedness; for he had emptied his pockets before going to bed on the preceding night, and the extent of his worldly wealth, exactly one pound sixteen and ninepence, stood on the mantelshelf.

Beside the little pile of money were the few letters which the charwoman had placed there when she laid his breakfast. Jack glanced at them as they stood upright, but showed no great desire to make their acquaintance, for Jack's correspondents were most of them tradesmen, reminding him of their little accounts or recommending their various wares, or

WRIGLEYS' WHY it's a good friend:
Six reasons

- 1—Steadies nerves
- 2—Allays thirst
- 3—Aids appetite
- 4—Helps digestion
- 5—Keeps teeth clean
- 6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

Sealed tight—Kept right

MADE IN CANADA

Chew it after every meal

The Flavour Lasts!

Trace supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

strange irony, moneylenders, begging him by circular to accept loans of from £20 to £20,000, without any security. So he left the letters until he had eaten an honest breakfast of eggs and bacon and what Mrs. Wadden, the charwoman, called "coffee," and he glanced through the amazing ha'penny Daily Wire, to the sporting columns of which he turned first, as naturally as Jim would have turned to a juicy bone in preference to dry bread.

It was not until he went to the mantelshelf for his beloved pipe that he took up the letters, and opened them. Most of them were, as he had suspected, circulars and duns, but one of them astonished and puzzled him considerably. It was written on the thick, costly blue paper which old-fashioned solicitors and business men of high repute used to favour before the days of the typewriter. It was written by hand, and read "209, Copthall Buildings," and Jack knit his brows perplexedly as he read: "Dear Sir,—I am instructed by Mr. Chalfont to ask you if you will be kind enough to call on him at this office at your earliest convenience, between eleven and one."

"I am, yours faithfully,
"JONATHAN BROWN,
"Private Secretary."

At first Jack thought it was a new trick of some ingenious moneylender, or that it was a trap of one of the tradesmen for the convenient service of a writ; but there was something about the quality of the paper, the address, which Jack knew was eminently respectable, that made his suspicions untenable. He referred the matter to Jim, but Jim, after sniffing at the letter, said plainly enough that he could make nothing of it, and went back with marked indifference to his patch of sunshine on the warm carpet.

"Bit of a puzzler, isn't it, Jim, old man?" said Jack. "Suppose we get up old Jiggles?"

He stamped twice on the floor, and presently a shambling step was heard on the stairs, and in response to Jack's cheery "Come in!" a tall, thin, angular young man, with straight hair, and weak eyes hid behind huge spectacles, came in and stood regarding the erect, well-knit figure with a touch of impatience and envy. He blinked in the sunlight, and shrugged his shoulders as he remarked, with a kind of fretful and unwilling admiration:

"Oh, you're up, are you? Thought by the time you came in last night—or rather this morning—that you wouldn't disturb me until twelve, at any rate. I declare, when you walk across the floor, you make my room shake; and that howling of yours—I suppose you call it singing—comes down into my room like a—like a—I don't know what. And I imagine you have eaten a disgustingly heavy meal—the pieces roasts of eggs and bacon—and are quite fresh for any devilry that may offer itself this morning."

"Fresh as paint, thank goodness, Jiggles," responded Jack, with the buoyant cheerfulness which always irritated, and yet, somehow or other, encouraged the hardworking barrister, Mr. Francis Tradgate. "Yes, I was pretty late last night. We had quite a beam at the Sports Club, and I had a turn or two with the gloves. Fity you don't join us, old man, and pull yourself into something like form, instead of mugging away at your blessed capes. Oh, I know that you can't help it, that you're going to be, that you're already, that phenomenon, a rising young barrister, and that presently you'll be swaggering as leader in the court, and eventually find yourself on the bench or the Woolstack."

"You knocked, didn't you?" interrupted Jiggles, with a grunt. "What do you want? If it's a loan—"

"No, I don't want to touch you for money this morning, old chap; I've got an enormous amount of oof on the mantelshelf here. I want advice—"

"Oh, shut up, you old croaker!" said Jack, with a laugh. "Look here, Jiggles, cast your goggles on this blessed epistle which has just turned up, and tell me whether you can make anything of it, for I can't, nor can Jim here."

Jim wagged his tail slightly by way of acknowledging the reference to himself, and Jiggles, having read the short and formal letter, dropped it on the table and shrugged his shoulders. "No, I don't know what it means," he said. "Of course, I know the man." "Oh, you do, do you? That's something, anyhow. Who is he and what is he? Funnily enough, his name's like mine, barring the 'e.' Wonder if he's any relation? Not very likely, because there's precious few of us—don't say 'Thank goodness,' Jiggles; that isn't polite—and I think I know them all."

"Not, it's not very likely," Jiggles agreed. "I should have thought," complainingly, "that everybody knew this Chalfont. But, of course, you wouldn't. You know nothing except the latest racing odds and the favourite for the next prize fight."

"Don't be abusive, Jiggles, but uncork your phial of information and pour it out."

"Well, this Chalfont is one of the best-known men in the City, in London," said Jiggles, going to the window, and peering out unseeingly. "He is a director of ever so many companies, mostly mining, holds all sorts of foreign concessions, and is supposed to be a millionaire twice over. He came to England from one of the Colonies, I believe, some years ago, and he's said to have got the City at his feet. He's making his way everywhere. I suppose you didn't read the account of the big banquet they gave him one day last week? No, of course you didn't; it wasn't in the sporting papers."

"What did they give him a banquet for?" inquired Jack, ignoring the sarcasm.

"Over some kind of a big job he'd pulled off somewhere or other; South American Republic, Sandwich Islands—I forget. He's a fine speaker—I heard him once—in a rough and ready way that catches on with people who are tired to death of the usual cut and dried conventional speech. Yes, he's a very big man, and I'm hoping to goodness I'll have the luck to get a case connected with one of his companies."

"This touching, and romantic story is very interesting, and moves me to tears, Jiggles; but what I want to know, and what you haven't told me yet, is, why on earth this terrific personage should want to see the humble nonentity who stands before you. Tell us, O sagacious Jiggles, and relieve what Jim and I call our minds."
(To be Continued.)

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A Dainty and becoming negligee.



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