### Try Bovril **Bouillon Iced**

A cup of Bovril iced makes the ideal cold consommé. Serve it as the first course at dinner. Try it when you come in thirsty and tired from a long summer outing. Iced Bovril does what other iced drinks fail to do. It satisfies, strengthens and nourishes.

## **BOVRIL** simplifies **Summer Cooking**

#### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XVIII. "COURAGE MOUNTETH WITH OC-CASION."

He was pacing to and fro on the asphalted path bounding the garden, which sloped from house to river, his well-knit frame more upright than the night before, seemingly freer alone than when under the cumbrous care of his sister. To the gate of an orchard one way, ot a hawthorn hedge the other, he passed and repassed, turning with a certainly that told the way familiar. The sunshine, glinting through lilacs and acacias, fell on a lace so full of resolute endurance that Sydney took shame to herself for having for a moment shrunk at the idea of serving him by any effort she could command. No, she thought, with a generous commiseration, if it came within her scope to soften the angles of his sister's "excellences," to ward off some of the blows by which affection buffeted him, why, hers be the task right willingly. Smoothing his obvious troubles might deaden her hidden ones. 'Ah!" Her thoughts were traveling Rapert-ward when she dispelled them with the frightened exclamation. Mr. Hurst had gone through the orchard, traversed the sloping meadow beyond and now stood on the very brink of the hurrying river, that gleamed sparkling and shimmering over pools and shallows, between this lower and the westward bank. Surely he must be in danger. Sydney flung up her window hastfly but might have spared herself alarm. Gilbert Hurst knew every inch of Wynstone, and, before her rising cry took note, had turned from the seeming peril and thrown himself on a rough bench among the tall grass, in an attitude that he must have assumed in her dreams, so certain she felt of having seen him thus before.

Ere she could trace this fancy, or half take in the fair scene of rising



"Virol put new life into him."

Enclosed you will find photo of our baby boy. When 34 months old he bades, very severe illness which left nimenothing but skin and hone. My mends said I should never reaching then some advised ment by Virel, and keeps and it seemed to try Virel, and keeps are an it seemed to try Virel, and keeps are an it seemed to try Virel, and keeps are an it is seemed to try Virel.

(Sg.) Mrs. C. SMITH

Virol, Ltd., 148-106, Old St., Landon, E.G.1 BRITISH MADE, BRITISH OWNED.

tree-clad hills, basking in pure morning light, undulating just enough to not very much for two, but you shall give a glimpse of blue Welsh mountain-tops miles away, Miss Hurst was ished Miss Hurst, wiping away the heard below summoning her brother to moisture that suffused her mild, light breakfast, her voice keeping up a disjointed monologue about as apropos as all this, Miss Grey, so you may underher speeches of the night previous.

"Come along, Gilbert, I want you in. It's nice, isn't it," going to meet him, "if you are settled in your place before a stranger comes down? Let me open the gate. She'll soon be used to you, and will not notice anything much. I think you wonderfully handy, considering! Mind this corner. Jones put some pansies here and charged me a shilling. You wouldn't like to walk on them, so I warn you. My poor geranium, that you tumbled off the windowledge, has not received yet. But you couldn't help it, so we'll forget about it, won't we?" She had got him by the shoulder now, and was trotting awkwardly beside him. "Don't you think, Gilbert, you might take your other tweed coat into wear for mornings? This is fraying at the cuff. and I put an odd button on. By ourselves it didn't signify. But really it's only fit to give to Jones. I'l' find the money for a new suit soon. You must be properly dressed before a third party. Perhaps you'd better change now. Oh, it's too late. Here she comes! Good-morning, Miss no consequence till to-morrow. I trust ever so many words. And I'd spelled architecture with a k, and somehow heard him stumble on the stairs.

was afraid he might disturb you." "But he had not the least," Sydney nastened to assure them. "She had slept quiet enough, and"-putting off embarrassing topics-"what a prospect there was from her window! The woods and the river made a perfect pic-

But at this innocent remark Miss Hurst, with nods and signs that infinitely perplexed Sydney, made answer, "Oh! the place was pretty enough. New-comers thought much of . Those who were used to it scarcely gave it a thought, though. She didn't! And now, would Miss Grey get a good breakfast, then she would like to unpack, and then"-more significant gestures-"they could have a talk up-

stairs." Which took place about an hour latr, when Sydney had disposed of some of her belongings about the exquisitely next, prim little room allotted her, and then she learned not only some of her new duties, but much of delicate rules of conversation and behavior laid down by Miss Hurst for her brother's behoof.

"For," said the lady, taking an easychair herself, and motioning Sydney to be seated, "I look at things in this light. I say, 'Here is my poor brother who has lost the power of enjoying fine scenes, and, of course, every time these things are talked about he feels the deprivation more.' So I make a point of never speaking of them, or make believe I don't care about them. If he asks about the woods, I answer, off-hand, 'Oh, they're much as usual green; or if he talks of-well, sunrises or sunsets-he used to watch things of that sort-I say I haven't any time to look at them, So I draw him off from enjoyments he cannot

share. You perceive?" Sydney bent her head silently. It was not a plan that commended itself particularly to her taste, but she must follow it, unless she found a better. "It is intensely sad to think of what Mr. Hurst has to bear, she said, "and difficult to realize. He looks only short-sighted."

"No. Which is a mercy," Miss Hurst agreed. "I often tell him he has much to be thankful for. I say, 'You don't look the least unpleasant, Gilbert. Some people afflicted in this way I couldn't sit down to table with. They seem to glare at one, or their eyes look cats' eyes just as they're going to sleep; most disagreeable. But you,' I say, 'are precisely the same goodlooking man you always were. He eally is nice-looking, Miss Grey."

"Very," Sydney acquiesced. "So I cheer him up in a sort playful way, which you'll hardly be able to imitate at present, but, no doubt, you'll help me somehow."

out. He paid most of his way at college with coaching other undergraduates and getting prizes. I expect, poor boy-he's five years younger than I, Miss Grey-he worked too hard. But necessity knows no law, though I need not enter into that now. He was to have been a barrister, but it became needful for him to earn his living without loss of time, so he did any thing that brought in an income. He never grudged his earnings to his poor father when he was living, or to me, so I willingly share everything with him now. He was tutor at a publicschool, and worked half the nights through at some book he meant to write. That helped the mischief with his eyes. Then, through a college friend, the Geographical Society sent him to Egypt. I can't explain what. but it brought traveling through all seasons, and more writing. He never should have gone, but poor papa had to resign his living, and depended on Gilbert. So he kept abroad till paps died, and then came back with his sight ruined. A cousin of ours had just left me this little place, and I said to poor Gilbert, 'Come to Wynstone directly. Cousin Priscilla's money is have half and welcome.' And so," finstand why I'm economical, and can't offer you much."

"Oh, please don't mention that," said Sydney, unbusiness-like enough to wish she could have declined all payment. "Thank you for telling me, and let me begin whatever I am to do." "Then come down-stairs, Miss Grey

and we'll hear what my brother wishes. It's a great thing that you like reading. I don't. I like everything domestic, and I assure you it was no joke to be bound down to clever books that I didn't understand, when cooking was going on, and perhaps I could hear my maids gossiping, and smell my cakes burning, and my heart was in the oven, so to speak! Oh, it was trying!' "That I can relieve you of." said

"And I shall certainly let you. Will you excuse my asking, but can you

"Another advantage! I can't. I mean anything out of the common. I wrote a little paper out for Gilbert once, for Grey. My brother intends to honor you I do believe all because of my spelling. with a better coat. But I tell him it's There were marks penciled under mine has a bad habit of sitting up after every one else" ("lamp out, of course!" in over-distinct aside), "and course!" in over-distinct aside), "and one. I dare say he wouldn't blame me. Still, I'm glad you can spell."

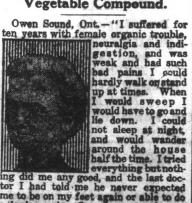
For some time, however, this educational power was not called into play Miss Hurst informed her brother. privately, that the useful person was prepared to act as amanuersis, but he was too reticent or too shy to give her early opportunity of doing so.

From a pile of quarterlies Sydney read aloud each morning in the study, parted from the dining-room by passage running to domestic regions while in and out at the door or garden window, Miss Hurst would bustle dozen times an hour, vastly enjoying immunity from literary drudgery and liberty to superintend a slow cook and a housemaid suspected of being flighty. Each afternoon another volume would be chosen. "Shall Miss Grey begin where I left off. Gilbert! Miss Hurst questioned, handing down a stiff work on Coptic records, with a grimace expressive of distaste for its contents. "I've lost the marker, and don't remember where we were. I think about 170 B.C. No-I mean A.D. I get so mixed."

Mr. Hurst, however, thoroughly re ishing his new reader's style, elected to begin afresh, listening with a close attention that inspired Sydney to throw more life into her labor day by day. (To be continued)

# MISERY TO HER

Says this Woman Until Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.





For Warm Summer Weather

For young and old alike Milk is the ideal beverage for summer.

You'll like to use Carnation Milk-for two reasons.

You can keep an ample supply of milk in the house—for any need. Pure and fresh, evaporated, sealed and sterilized, Carnation Milk stays sweet indefinitely.

Then, even when the can is opened, Carnation Milk does not "turn" so readily as ordinary

Carnation Milk has other advantages, too. You can serve it as cream for fresh fruits. It is ideal for taking to camp or on picnics. And it is certainly the safe milk for babies and growing

The fresh milk is received at the Carnation Condenseries in Canada's finest dairy counties, part of the water is removed by evaporation, and the milk of uniform creamy richness is sealed in air-tight containers.

Rigidly tested, its purity is made doubly sure by sterilization.

To restore Carnation Milk to the natural consistency you add water—at least an equal quantity.

Keep safely on your pantry shelves—proof against summer weather. Bought ahead—when you buy

your groceries! Order three or four cans, tall (16 oz.) size, or a case of 48 cans,

from your grocer—the Carnation Milkman. Made in Canada by

FREE Carnation Milk adds



Carnation Milk Products Co., Limited Aylmer - Ontario Condenseries at Aylmer and Springfield, Ont.

## Carnation Milk From Contented Cows" "At Your Grocer's

ROBBERY UNDER ARMS. Time was when



robbers robbed politely, a n d shooting was a last resort, and then we viewed lightly, a harm-

and would wander around the house half the time. I tried everything burnoth to it in gdid me any good, and the last doctor for I had tald me he never expected me to be on my feet again or able to do a day's work. One day one of your little books was left at my door and my husband said I should try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I thank God I did, for it relieved me, and I am now well and strong. I think there is no remedy like the Vegetable Compound for anyone who has my troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors. You can publish my letter for the benefit of those I can't reach."

— Mrs. Henry A. Mitchell. 1767 7th OAve., East, Owen Sound, Ont.

If you have any symptom about which you would like to know write to the Lydis E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass, for helpful advice given free of charge. thing recent, discrediting the rob-ber's trade. the rob-attended. Kiff declared that when he

Left Alone to Die.

CALLOUS BEHAVIOUR AFTER SHOOTING TRAGEDY.

If ever there was a case in which t h e hold-up three men acted in a most callous and unfortunate way, this was one, reless kind of out- marked the Coroner at St. Alban's, at door sport. "Now an inquest on Quartermaster-Sergeant stand," they'd Robert R. Asbury, 42, whose home is tell me, "and de- at Angell-road, Brixton. The evidence liver," and from showed that Asbury, who was for 21 my rags my roll years in the R.G.A., was accidentally half a century the postcard has been they'd shake, and I would stand with- killed by a revolver shot at the St. Al- a popular institution, and its popuout a quiver, because my life was not bans Riding School of the Herts (Ter- larity has consistently increased. In Made Bread.—apr18,6mo at stake. No tremors shook my sys- ritorial) R.F.A. - Charles S. Kiff and tem bony, no palsy did my spirit Thomas May, of St. Albans, and Fredknow; I knew that all my bills were erick Ward, sailor in the Royal Navy, phony, and I was glad to see them stated that whilst they were in the go. But now the thieves come cally- canteen at the school Kiff got in conhooting, in murderous, bloodthirsty versation with deceased about revolver bands, and they begin their ribald shooting. Asbury threw out a chalshooting before I've time to raise my lenge and bet that he would shoot with hands. They spring upon me from anyone for a shilling. He thereupon an alley, they come with silent, tiger obtained a revolver from the stores, tread, and while one murderer keeps and proceeded to the yard with the

just breathing. Postcards Came in 1869.

but when they left him he was only posted in 1892. By had reached 419 millions, whi 1906 the 800 million mark was rea ed. When the letter rate was re some time ago the postcard Postcards were introduced in the again, but now that the postcard first place in Austria in 1869. A year is to be increased there will be later they were used in England. For left of that particular economy.

drop from his hands and then went. tion into England, no fewer

what he was doing. He did not at- figure had increased to 135

tempt to render any aid to deceased, Almost double that quantit

He was so astounded that all his million post cards p

senses left him, and he did not know post. Ten years later

Eat MRS. STEWART'S HO

## Freeman's Jelly Crystals.

A Jelly that adds "sparkle" to the Table, and secures an additional touch of pleasure for your repast. There is no sediment or "slabbiness" about a Freeman's Jelly-it is all the same, delightfully light and shimmery texture throughout. The flavours, too, are most delicate and

One of

FREEMAN'S ENGLISH FOODS

Unu Res

x-Austi tions -Been Discus

KEMALISTS

ccording to re co-Turkish front, kish Nationalists ce is becoming se nge Telegraph o entinople to-day. from the Cau KARL'S BIG

ris-Hungary and E be permitted to rema the end of Oc ement reached other country ha willingness to recei ex-Emperor, the pre-just lost the greater wns he had on dep k, which has gone ile his brother, th an, lost the equiv marks. According to view, this money w the border wealthy Spar tas in order to chateau near Luc

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