



ROYAL YEAST

Has been Canada's favorite yeast for over a quarter of a century. Bread baked with Royal Yeast will keep fresh and moist longer than that made with any other, so that a full week's supply can easily be made at one baking, and the loaf will be just as good as the first.

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E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER VII.

He stood behind some bales on the quay and watched Josiah go on board and saw that he was presently joined by a tall, stalwart man with a big watch-chain and a diamond scarf-pin—Gilmore. Then the vessel got under way, Josiah waving his handkerchief till quite the last moment. Carrington waved his until Josiah was out of sight; then he sank on to a bale and mopped his forehead. He was trembling in every limb. He felt weak almost to faintness—for the reaction of the strain of the last forty-eight hours promptly set in. He got back to his office at last, took the shares from the safe, and sinking into a chair stared at them in a kind of stupor. He wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a dream, and that he shouldn't wake presently to find himself surrounded by all his old difficulties. Presently he got up, and, walking as if he were stiff with weariness, went down to his stock-brokers', and cautiously introduced the subject of the Roaring Jane. Of course they had heard of the mine; everyone was talking about it; everyone was still higher, and no one knew where they were.

"I've got some," said Carrington, in a matter-of-fact way. "In fact, I've got a great many."

The stock-brokers were amazed, and congratulated him, and he gave them instructions to sell a few—only a few; but they represented a large sum of money.

He hovered about the city, feeling

as if it belonged to him, as if he had bought it, then forced himself to go home. He took a bus as usual; habit is strong. Besides, the man was far away from realising the great change that had come to his fortunes, and in addition he had an idea that it would be well to be cautious. As he climbed the stairs, holding on to the balustrade, he tried to pull himself together for he felt dazed and confused, and he had a suspicion that he was looking ill and strange.

CHAPTER VIII.

Maida was at the piano; she was not singing, even in the low monotone in which she practised and rehearsed, for she had caught a cold on the preceding night and it had affected her voice. She was very strong; but her throat like that of most speakers and singers, was sensitive and now and again was attacked by a chill. Whenever this was the case she was nervous—for to her, her voice was her fortune; not only hers, but Carrie's and her father's. She had a suspicion that things were not going well with Mr. Carrington, and she felt that all the family depended on her. There was a little sad and anxious look in her eyes as she sat at the piano.

Carrie was making the tea. Whenever Maida was visited by what Carrie called "artistic depression," Carrie compelled herself to be more than usually cheerful; and this afternoon she had been amusing Maida by mimicking some of the persons she had seen at Lady Dorrington's, but she broke off in the middle of a sentence as Mr. Carrington entered, and she involuntarily exclaimed:

"Why, father, what is the matter? How ill you look!"

He sank into a chair, and tried to smile; but actually his great fortune weighed upon him more heavily than

his threatened ruin had done.

"I'm not very well, and I'm very tired," he said. "I had to go into the country with a friend—on business."

"I hope it was 'good business,' as Ricky would say," Carrie said, as she took his hat and bag. "Have your tea before you go upstairs, father."

He shook his head dolefully and glanced at her furtively.

"I'm—I'm afraid not. Can't tell yet. It may be good; on the other hand—or it mayn't. It's very important business, and it may make me or mar me. I shall be a man or a mouse. What would you girls do if I—I if I lost all my money and were ruined?" he asked, looking, in the same furtive way, from one to the other.

Maida turned round on the music-stool and her hand instinctively went to her throat.

"We should do as you sometimes do on the Stock Exchange, father—bear it," said Carrie, promptly, with a light-hearted laugh. "That's almost bad enough for Ricky. Why, father, what do you think we should do, sit down and cry? I should open a milliner's shop on the front first-floor-room—what lovely bonnets I could make! There'd be a mob of women outside all day, and strings of carriages. And then there's Maida here; she is going to make a large fortune, going to be a celebrity. Be ruined, if you like, father; it might amuse you and it wouldn't hurt us."

She spoke with all her usual audacity, but she stroked his hair soothingly as she brought him his cup of tea.

"What would you do if I were rich, very rich?" he asked, stirring his tea noisily and glancing at them in the same covert way.

"I should buy you a new hat," she replied, promptly. "This one is shockingly shabby."

He forced a sigh and shook his head.

It will have to do for the present. We must wait for better times," he said, dolefully, but with an insane desire to shout out aloud and toss the old hat up to the ceiling.

The door opened and Ricky entered—he generally dropped in about tea-time, on his way from the office.

"Good-evening, Mr. Carrington. Good-evening, girls. Thank you, Carrie; I think I will sit down and take a cup of tea."

"You might wait till you are asked," retorted Carrie.

"I think not. I have always regarded the waiter with a kind of good-natured contempt. Just come back from the city, Mr. Carrington. Don't often go there, but had business to do for the gov'nor. Nice state of excitement it's in over this new boom, isn't it? People seemed half-mad at the office I went to."

"You must have found yourself in congenial company, then," remarked Carrie.

"I wonder whether it will last," continued Ricky, pointedly ignoring Carrie's taunt. "I'm always suspicious about mines; they're up to-day and down to-morrow."

"Strange mines!" commented Carrie. "Those I've heard about are generally down all the time—under the earth."

"Carrie, don't be frivolous when two gentlemen are talking business," adured Ricky, severely. "I suppose you've heard about it, Mr. Carrington? They say it's the biggest thing they've had for years."

Carrington's face had grown pale, and he was regarding the lad with an almost savage glare which rather puzzled Ricky.

"I mean this mine in Klondike, the Roaring Jane," he went on. "They say she is running over with gold—"

Mr. Carrington rose and grabbed at his hat.

"It's a pity you're not running over with sense," he snapped, savagely. "What do you know about the Roaring Jane? Why don't you attend to your own business instead of bothering yourself and worrying other people with stupid rumours about things you don't understand. You ought to have more sense."

With something like a snarl and an angry glance at the lad, he flung himself out of the room.

Ricky looked from one girl to the other aghast.

"What have I said, what have I done?" he demanded in a hushed

Drinking Tea Upset Nerves

Mr. Burroughs Compares Canadian Customs With Those in Old Land, and Tells How Nerves Were Set Right.

Orillia, Ont., June 14th.—"How to be well and strong?" is the question many are asking at this time of year, and in this letter you will find the answer.

It tells something of the blood-forming, nerve-invigorating influence of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative which is causing so much talk here just now.

Nature's way of curing disease is by building up the vitality of the body, and this is exactly what Dr. Chase's Nerve Food does. The blood is made rich and red, and it nourishes the exhausted nerves back to health and vigor.

The experience of Mr. Burroughs as described in this letter is similar to that of hundreds of others in this country who have recently put this well-known food cure to the test.

Mr. George Burroughs, 23 Peter street, Orillia, Ont., writes: "A few years ago, after coming out to this country from England, the change of customs seemed to have some effect on me. In the old country the habit of drinking strong tea was prevalent, and after arriving here I suffered very much from nervousness. If I put my arm down on the table it would shake very noticeably, and while performing my work I would easily tire, and want to sit down and rest. A friend recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so I secured some and took a treatment. It built me up and made me strong and healthy. I have not had a trace of the nervousness since. I have used Dr. Chase's Ointment also, and find that it heals the skin very quickly. In fact I find all of Dr. Chase's medicines good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

voice. "What did I say to make Mr. Carrington lose his hair? I don't know; do either of you? I only told him about this new boom. Oh, I say! I'd better go out and drown myself in the nearest water-but. Just say I'm sorry, will you, and that I won't do it again if he'll tell me what it was."

Carrie forced him down and thrust a piece of bread and butter into his hand.

"You just sit down and take your tea quietly," she commanded. "Father didn't mean anything. He's not well, and he's worried and anxious. He didn't want to talk business."

"So I've gleaned," said Ricky. "Well, it's the last time I shall venture a remark on stocks and shares in this room. 'The rest is silence,' as Hamlet says. But, oh, girls, don't you wish you'd a few shares in the Roaring Jane?"

Carrington spent a restless night and went down to his office early the next morning. The shares were still rising; his stock-brokers were full of the Roaring Jane, wanted to know how many he had, advised him to keep them. Their reports were eminently satisfactory; the thing promised to be a lasting, solid thing. But Carrington was nervous. He could not realise, could not believe in his stupendous good fortune. He sold some more shares and paid the cheque in his bank. The bank-manager received him, not with effusion, because bank-managers are never effusive, but in a very different manner to that with which he received him a couple of days ago—for the sum which Carrington was placing at deposit was a very large one. He drew a cheque on account, put the notes in his trousers-pocket, and walked about the city holding his hand over them, as he stopped at the jewellers, and started absently at the glittering gems which were displayed in their windows. After awhile he went into one shop and made some purchases, and put the cases in his pocket, holding his hand over them as he held it over the notes. And all the time he was trying to realize that he was a millionaire—more than a millionaire! (To be Continued.)

2086—This design is simple and charming. The waist is in Empire fashion and finished with tab extensions which may serve to hold a smart sash or girde. The round neck edge is outlined by trimming bands. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Challie, lawn, organdie, gingham, voile, repp or silk may be used for this model.

Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl.



The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART STYLE GOOD FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



2093—Figured foulard was used for this model with Georgette crepe for trimming. One could make this model up in printed voile, challie, embroidered batiste, shantung, linen or tub silk.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. Skirt measures 3 yards at its lower edge.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

BOY FELL OVERBOARD.—Yesterday afternoon a boy, while playing in a dory at the side of the schooner Ethel Collett, now at Baine Johnstone's wharf, fell overboard, but was quickly rescued by the cook of the schooner who heard his cries.

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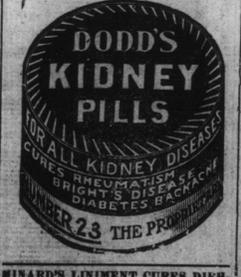
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Grand Headquarters of
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