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OR

Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

And in this Christian frame of mind Mademoiselle Gantier meets Miss Dornier, a pallid, red-eyed, woe-begone, poor old lady, wandering aimlessly about the house, carrying her spectacle-case and her knitting-basket in her hands, and occasionally searching vaguely for both those articles, until some one reminds her that she is in actual possession of them.

She is an excellent subject for the practice of Isabelle's new role, in which she is anxious to be perfect; and when, after a little soothing and sympathizing, the poor old lady poots out all her griefs and fears and woes, Isabelle comforts her with such sweetly wise and pious talk that Miss Dornier, before she is aware of it, has become a devoted friend of the young lady. "Dear mademoiselle," had "a beautiful mind," but now she is sure of it. Meanwhile Yolande is being comforted in another fashion, by Lady Pentreath, who is sorrowfully kind and gentle and friendly as Yolande has never seen her before; and she feels herself vaguely wondering if it can be possible that she has not known the countess for a very long time—if she is not an old acquaintance and a mutual friend. She seems able to talk to her so freely and confide in her so fully.

"You and your husband are quite reconciled—quite good friends," Yolande asks, earnestly, for the second or third time. "There are no misunderstandings, no divisions now between you, are there?" "Quite sure that we are reconciled and very good friends, at all events," Yolande answers, with a faint blush and a fainter smile. "But, as I said before, Lady Pentreath, this loss of fortune must make a great difference in our lives."

"It needs make no difference in your feelings toward each other if you are sincerely attached to each other," poor Maria, Lady Pentreath, says in her prim, formal way. In her chill existence "attachments" have been very slender ligaments indeed.



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Borden's ST. CHARLES MILK

good-by to you both to-morrow evening, in case I do not see you again, Yolande." With motherly gentleness she puts her arm around the girl-wife's slim, lissom form. "How are you going to receive him, Yolande, when I bring him back to you?" And Yolande clasps both her soft hands around poor Lady Pentreath's thin, skeleton-like figure and kisses her warmly.

"This way!" she replies, laughing and crying together. Early on the following afternoon Lady Pentreath's carriage draws up before the Baltimore Hotel, and the boy-in-buttons runs out, and the commissionaire opens the door, and the hall-porter stands at "attention" as two ladies descend and enter the hotel—two tall and stately ladies, the younger the richer dressed and far more elegant of the two—and inquire for "Mr. Dallas."

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" the hall porter repeats, bowing, but looking confounded; and, stepping back toward the office, he says in an undertone, Mr. Davison!

A tall, vulgar, showy, handsome man, exceedingly well dressed, and with fine, small diamonds flash on his white fat fingers, comes forward bowing and smiling. Through the glass panels of the door he sees the carriage and boys, and sees an earl's coronet shining in the sun.

"Dash the fellow! Half the British peerage will come inquiring for him!" he says, inwardly savage with petty spite, outwardly showing his teeth through his big, black glossy mustache, and smiling.

"Mr. Dallas, madam?" he says, dividing his bow equally between Lady Pentreath and mademoiselle; but, shrewdly guessing that the plain-looking lady is the granter of the two, he bows again to her. "Or Mr. Glyne, I believe I should say? I regret to say, madam, Mr. Glyne is not in the hotel at present."

"When do you expect him back?" Lady Pentreath asks, curtsy. She is feeling very ill to-day, and, besides, being a gentlewoman, every instinct makes Mr. Davison repellent to her. "My dear madam, Isabelle! Will you please give him that the moment he returns, and say I am waiting to see him?"

Mr. Davison reads, "The Countess of Pentreath," and bows until he shows the top of his head and his thick moist-looking black hair.

"I regret very much to have to tell your ladyship that I do not know when to expect Mr. Glyne back," he says, reluctantly, wishing heartily that he could concoct any likely falsehood which would detain the Countess of Pentreath in friendly conversation with him for a while longer. "The moment he comes back I will, of course, give him your ladyship's card; and any message your ladyship may intrust me with."

"Where has Captain Glyne gone?" interrupts the younger and laughter and more elegant lady very impudently.

(To be continued.)

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WHO FIRST FELT "LIKE A FIGHTING COCK"?



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Now he has brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, all over the world—all feeling "like a fighting cock!"

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It is now just 80 years since Beecham's Pills first began correcting every day's ailments and stirring sluggish livers and bowels to natural activity—and feeling "like a fighting cock!" associated as inseparably with Beecham's Pills, as the pills are with good health.

At All Druggists.

Just Folks.

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE CLIMBER.

Mrs. Merryweather's uncle, on her dear old mother's side. Kept a slaughter house in Pankville till the very day he died. And her father's younger brother dealt in hay and oats and seed. While her father as a butcher had a struggle to succeed.

Now, the daughter of a butcher can be just as sweet and fair and as charming as the daughter of a banker-millionaire; and May Liverwort was gracious till the morning she was wed. Then as Mrs. Merryweather she began to toss her head.

She knocked her dear old uncle from the ancient family tree. From the slaughter house in Pankville she was happy to be free. And she scorned her father's brother, for 'tis difficult indeed To get into society by taking oats and seed.

She forgot when people want you they'll come tapping at your door, That you cannot get to someone where you've never been before. And poor Henry Merryweather lived a most unhappy life. Because the social leaders wouldn't recognize his wife.

She scorned the friends in Pankville and the friendly folk nearby; when a smiling neighbor passed her, she tossed her head up high. And the upper class folk chuckled, and the Pankville folks agree. She has lost the gracious manner of the girl who used to be.

Woman Suffrage in Japan Gaining Ground.

Tokio.—Japanese women have initiated a campaign for the right to vote, and the movement has recently gained so much momentum that it is no longer regarded as a joke or as the creation of a handful of cranks. Not long ago the women of Japan, acting through the Women's Federation, won the right to attend political meetings, a privilege which had previously been withheld from them by police regulations. Having gained this point, the Women's Federation is going after the much more important objective—women's suffrage. In the opinion of Mrs. Shizuo Kodama, president of the Federation, women's right to vote is the shortest cut to rectification of the injustices to which Japanese women are at present subjected. She declares that the Federation seeks the privilege for all Japanese women of having an equal voice with men in the drafting of the country's laws in order that discrimination against the sex may be avoided.

Blame the Baby.

"I say, Tom, are you ever troubled with sleeplessness?" "I am. Some nights I don't sleep three hours," replied Tom. "I pity you, then," remarked Bill. "I've got it about twice. I've been afflicted now for about two years. The doctor calls it 'neurotic insomnia paralytica'."

Tom grunted and then said: "I've had it about six months, but we call it a baby."

LAYING THE BLAME.

Springfield Republican: Mr. Wilson said that "we must make the world safe for democracy"; and it was made safe. But democracy has thus far been unable to take suitable advantage of its own safety and profit by its new opportunities. This fact reflects upon democracy, not upon those who made it safe.

How the Oriental Rug Has Acquired its Value.

Heirloom Designs and a Lifetime of Patient Labor Produces a Rug That is a Work of Art—The Wear-Resisting Material and Unfading Coloring Constitute Their Value.

Where real Oriental rugs are beyond price limits the next best things in the way of rugs is the Wilton or the Axminster in Oriental design. But why should Oriental rugs cost so much, someone asks, saying "the pattern is not nearly so exact and the colors are so faded-like?"

Replying briefly, Oriental rugs are always made by hand and the beauty and art of the color lies in the subdued coloring, which the uninitiated calls "faded-like." An Oriental rug may take years to make and every thread that stands up in the surface and makes the "pile" is tied by hand. To be sure there is a loom and at this the oriental and his family sit and tie threads all their lives long, repeating the pattern throughout the rug as a rule, but sometimes the pattern falls to register and the inaccuracy occurs which stamps it at Oriental. Dealers in Oriental rugs will sometimes find one with two distinct patterns on it; one half one pattern and the other entirely different. This might be accounted for in different ways, but there is a story of a rug maker and his family who all died at the same time from drinking water from a poisoned well. The rug they were working on at the time was but half-finished. Presumably it was taken up by another family who finished it in their own way, which accounts for the two designs.

"Grand to Have Your Health."

says Mrs. Jenny Evans, of Detroit, Mich. Few of us appreciate our health until we lose it. Mrs. Evans worked in a factory, but owing to a weakness, and pains in her back she was forced to give up work. She says: "A friend recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me well. It is grand to have your health, to feel well all the time and to go around like other women without that awful torture of female troubles." Women who are suffering from such troubles should remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the tried and true medicine, now recognized everywhere as the standard remedy for female ills.

The Angel in the House.

IS COMPARED WITH THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

When Coventry Patmore wrote "The Angel in the House"—he was born a hundred years ago—there seems to have been no shortage either of angels or houses. To-day one is asked to believe that there is a shortage of both.

It is true that the Honorias and Mildreds and Marys of whom Patmore wrote were quite unlike the Bettys and Dorothys and Joans of 1923. Is the Victorian legend of domesticity and maiden modesty amounting almost to prudishness merely a myth, or is it at all founded on fact? It is true that the angel was more often a "success" than a "failure" in that life was slower, says A. J. Cooper, in a London paper. Coquet and cringing coquette in company—but the coquetted all right. The landau and the barouche and brougham were fox-trot contrivances and locomotion compared with even the humblest motor car, and the demure side-saddle had nothing in common with the mount of to-day, and courtship followed suit in the matter of pace.

Patmore describes the whole process of approach, siege, capitulation and occupation with the most meticulous exactness, with all its apurtenances of blue and flowers, and gloves, and waltzes, and whispered vows.

These things do not fit in very well with modern days. The girl who, on the tennis court, is killing a man's weak return from a hard drive on the back line cannot be whispered sweet nothings at the same time, and the girl who can jump a gate seldom need any help over a stile.

But the more human nature is different the more it is the same. The way to marriage is certainly not so formal as in Victorian days, and the Heavy Father is extinct, but it is possible that all the ceremonies of courtship, which Patmore describes, were never really necessary, and the greater freedom between the sexes, their easier association, their franker comradeship, has enabled claims to be "jumped," which at one time had very laboriously to be worked for.

But, after all, the difference between those days and these is largely a matter of clothes. Naturally when a man had to stand outside a singleness of steel and stretch two yards before he could begin to get his arm around a girl's waist it was not often done. Besides, a girl in a corset is almost obliged to assume a "you-may-kiss-my-hand" manner. But even the best of girls cannot feel formal and standoffish in a skimpy skirt and T-bloomer—still, she is possibly an angel all the same, though not necessarily "in the house."

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