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Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
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LOVES AWAKENING.

Continued From Last Issue.

with a spasmodic effort stood up on end resting his front paws on Royal's knee.

'Pug is as glad to see you Roy as I am,' said Aunt Ida, tears twinkling in her eyes as she spoke; then, with an evident wish to take refuge in common places, she drew his attention to the red glow of sunset through the trees. 'There's a bit for an artist now! Just look at that ruddy gold tint; you ought to have your palette here, sir.'

'So Royal is an artist,' thought I to myself, demurely taking in the artistic points of his costume. All the men that I had hitherto seen in London were given to tall hats and frock-coats; and I thought the dead-leaf colored velvet with a red rose in the button-hole, and the loosely knotted scarf, a picturesque and agreeable change.

'You and Miss Vansitart must come and have tea at my studio, Aunt Ida, and look at some bits that I picked up in Egypt and along the coast of North Africa. I've got one sunset that looks like—well, I hardly know like what, but certainly very unlike reality, and yet I rather under than overdid the vividness of the tints.'

'Don't look at Roy as if you thought he had dropped from the clouds, Nell! put in Aunt Ida, impatiently.

'Or as if I were a dog-stealer with a herring in each tail-pocket,' added the person in question, stroking his silky beard with a marvellously well-shaped hand whereon was one ring only, a crest cut in lapis lazuli.

Terence, coming in at this juncture with three tiny blue china cups and teapot to match, looked as if he were about to drop china, tray, and all; so in pity at the honest fellow's confusion, we said no more upon the subject of the supposed unprincipled one with baited pockets.

'Indeed, I have not dropped from the clouds, Miss Vansitart,' said Mr. Drew as I took my place at the round table by the hearth that was now filled with ferns; 'the fact is, I have been in disgrace haven't I, Aunt Ida?' and he bowed his handsome head as if his sins pressed heavily upon him.

'You are forgiven now Royal,' said the old lady with a tremble in her voice; then she held out to him a little black-mitted hand which he reverently and tenderly raised to his lips.

Chivalry in a man never fails to make him attractive in the eyes of a woman; and as I handed Royal his tea I felt that I was glad he was not only a penitent but a shriven one. I thought too how charming it would be to go and see that wonderful sunset of which he had told us.

I did not know it at the time, but I

GOT UP IN MORNING WITH HEADACHE AND SICK STOMACH.

Mr. P. M. Phelps, Stanbridge East, Que., writes:—"I have been taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills with such good results I thought I would write you. I had stomach and liver trouble, and would get up in the morning with a headache, stomach sick and feel dizzy. After taking two vials I was cured of these troubles, and constipation was well."

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was taking the first steps down a flower strewn way that it is given to most women to wander in once in their lives though oftentimes the flowers have thorns and the path is trodden at last with bleeding feet.

When Royal left the pug who persisted in standing whining at the gate with his snub nose dolorously elevated had to be fetched in by Terence who was far too subdued in spirit even to rebuke the perverse ness of the creature's conduct; indeed the beast might have been guilty of almost any enormities without fear of retribution for the rest of that day.

Leading off the hall in my new home was a tiny many-cornered room that Aunt Idumea called her 'snuggery.' The room that is often frequented by one person takes to itself an individuality suggestive of that person; and I really think that even as a stranger I could not have been five minutes on this snuggery without thinking of Aunt Idumea. It was certainly not meant for a large party to be snug in; indeed three friends filled it well and a partie carree would have been a tight fit. A lamp hung from the centre of the ceiling its light softened by a shade painted with Watteau groups in sylvan glades after the manner of that most graceful of masters; a low couch with double ends—a very valley of poppies—stood at one side of the low open fire-place and so placed as to be within reach of the occupant of the couch was an ebony bookstand wherein reposed plainly bound editions of Aunt Ida's favourite authors—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dryden, John Bunyan, De la Motte Fouquet and many others. There was a copy of Evangeline that had been a revelation to me. It suggested to you that some appreciative reader had been so vividly impressed that as he read here and there vignettes encircled with daintily etched flowers and foliage had sprung into life from his pencil and that inspired by the word-painting of the poet he had given shape and form to the visions called up in his own mind. Nor was there wanting among Aunt Ida's books that written friends' as she was wont to call them the book that written by the child of the wild Yorkshire moors made the world mad. The name of Charlotte Bronte was still unknown when from the pages of Jane Eyre I drank deep of the mental wine of analytic thought and gained a knowledge of passion's influence on a woman's heart and life. I should think few women are likely to forget their first perusal of Jane Eyre; assuredly I for one can never do so. Deep chords in my nature that had been untouched—that had never vibrated to the thought of how a woman may have to suffer for and through the love that is at once her crown and her martyrdom—how she must set herself to help not hinder the man she loves—now quivered beneath the touch of a master hand. I contrasted in my own mind the love that clung to Rochester blind and poor with a passion and tenderness unknown in brither days with the love that had died at the approach of selfish fear, the poor mean pitiful love that had left paa to die alone! True love I thought shines out brightest like a lamp in the dark; but false love flickers and fails as the shadows deepen.

But I am wandering very far from Aunt Idumea's snuggery and have forgotten to finish my description of its many delights. Vis-a-vis to the valley of poppies was a chair—such a chair! a perfect haven of rest wide and low and spreading outward at the sides without any definite arms yet yielding the most delicious support to the elbows. The room held no large table only a Chippendale or two tall

and slender; and on the walls were in ebony frames a few rare engravings; flowers on brackets three or four choicest blossoms in specimen glasses made the chamber fragrant tonight the night of the day on which Royal Drew came from wherever he had been while in disgrace. They grew out the scent of the more lavishly because the first fire of autumn glimmered on the hearth and its warmth drew out their sweetness.

'Doesn't the very first fire after the summer seem cosy?' I said to Aunt Ida as I cuddled up to the blaze and thought how pretty the dancing light made the snuggery look; 'after all there is no season so nice as autumn.'

Auntie made no answer; she was holding a screen of crimson feathers between her face and the fire and from the rapt expression of her face might have been reading her fortune in the gently stirring plumes.

At my side stood a work-stand; it was formed like a cup supported on a gripod filled with skeins of wool and last pet Tabitha a little puss as white as milk just come to that time of life when her tail was a puzzle to her. Now she sat a compact patch of white fur upon a bed of crimson wools evidently in a state of no small wonderment as to the fluffy tip that persisted in following her everywhere, now and then stirring itself gently as if to provoke her to make a dart at it with a venturesome paw.

'Isn't it a funny thing, pussy?' I said laughing; 'if I were you I'd bite it.' Auntie wouldn't talk to me, and I did want some one to chatter to; I could not have told anyone, not even myself, why I felt so light of heart. Suppose that in the midst of a dull grey day you were wandering through hill and vale, and all at once the sheen of the sunshine gladdened the world and you with it; would you not like to sing as you went on your way? Well, something bright had shone out for me—a smile like the one I had lost; a pair of blue eyes that told me they found me fair. So, in the gladness of my heart, as I had no one else to talk to, I talked to Miss Puss. Presently she clambered on to the edge of the work-basket, and gave a little piteous mew as it dawned upon her that beyond its limits were perils innumerable. I lifted her on to my knee, from which she slid, and took to wandering about the carpet; but in came Terence with the coffee, and in a moment pussy was on her back with four little white paws in air and claws extended, while Pug stood over her triumphantly, and Frizzele, danced round the two.

The din roused auntie from her fit of musing, and soon poor puss was bashed, and Pug was sat seep serenely basking in the luxury of the fire, his tongue out, looking defiantly at every now and then, as much as to say, 'I never did tolerate a cat in the house, and I'm not going to begin it now!'

'Well, child, and what do you think of R. Foy?'

The question made me start, for just at that moment I was thinking with all my mind of the individual in question, in fact, I was wondering when he would come again; if he would paint pussy's portrait for me with a blue ribbon round her neck; if he always wore a velvet coat with a rose in the button-hole, or if he attired himself upon occasion in the usual costume of the ordinary male mortal of western London, together with many other wonders of like kind.

Aunt Ida smiled at my confusion. 'Curious, my dear, like all our sex, I see,' she said, slowly waving the scarlet feathers to and fro; 'you've been puzzling your little head all day I suppose, about my adopted son who dropped from the clouds like a meteor?'

'I was a good deal surprised, Aunt Ida, because I didn't know there was such a person.'

'Quite so; well, you know it now, child; you'd have known more about your old auntie long since if she hadn't been such a quarrelsome old woman all her days.'

In a moment I had pushed Pug out of the way, and was down on the white furry rug with my arms on her knees and my hands holding hers.

'She's not a quarrelsome old woman; she is the dearest kindest, best!' I cried, kissing the little black mittens as tenderly as ever Royal himself could have done. 'God sent her to me comfort me when I lost all I had!—when I kissed papa's dead face, pray, in that God would let the same swift death take me away from the world that was so lonely without him!'

'My darling child!' she said, looking not one whit less dignified for the tears that chased each other down her cheeks. 'I am a silly old woman tonight instead of a quarrelsome one; the sight of Roy's blue eyes has set my thoughts running on the past. Nell—would you like to hear a love story?'

From the training that had been mine love was to me no vulgar jest, but a sacred mystery. From the day I had read Ivanhoe and suffered with the Jewish maiden as she bade farewell to Rowena, daring to say no parting word to the man both loved, to the day when the deeper pathos of Evangeline's patient, enderness and Jane Eyre's passionate devotion spoke yet more me a sacred thing; but these creations were, after all, but phantoms; now I was to hear the real love story of a real person—to be told of things, not that might have been, but that had

been.

'Whose love story, auntie, are you going to tell me?' I said, settling myself in a comfortable heap on the rug at her feet, while Pug, with his tail quite uncurred and limp crept dejectedly into the vacant corner that was left.

'Mine, child,' she answered, laying her hand upon my shoulder. Then she was silent again, watching as it seemed faces in the fire.

I stroked her hand gently by way of reminder that I was waiting for the promised story.

'Yes, yes, she said, smiling at my impatience; you know I must begin "properly at the beginning," as the children say, and I was searching for the end of the thread. Well, does it sound very conceited, I wonder, for an old woman to say she was once a beauty?'

I shook my head; but the word 'once' seemed out of place. I have never since seen such a beautiful lady as my Aunt Idumea; I hardly think there are such old ladies nowadays; lovely, with no futile striving after youth, but lovely with the loveliness of small high features, silver-white hair, and that exquisite grace of speech and manner that is to woman, be she old or young, what its perfume is to a flower.

'Yes, I was a beauty, Nell, and before I was as old as you are now number more than one aspirant in my train. I liked being admired—what woman, indeed, does not, save the one who, finding the grapes out of reach, says she knows them to be sour? I had the dire misfortune to lose my mother just when most I needed her, and it seemed to me as if God sent a friend across my path to soften the pain of my loss. This friend was a year or two older than myself, and—so the world said—not so handsome; but to me she was perfection. I could not be happy without Alice by my side, and my father ordered her a home with us. We had scarce a thought hidden from the other. There was a song I once heard you singing, Nell—one of Philippe Dumanoir's I think—that reminded me of those olden days.'

'I know,' I said turning my face towards the fire and away from auntie: 'Te souviens tu Marie De notre enfance aux champs?'

'Yes, yes,' she said, 'that's the one I mean. It has a sad little refrain: "Le temps que je regrette—"

"C'est le temps qui n'est plus"—I put in, finishing the stanza for her, and seeing the light of the fire all blurred and dimmed. 'Papa loved that song, Aunt Ida.'

I did not add that its pathetic words were twined about the memory of my girlish friendship, the love that had turned to dust and ashes in my mouth. Even a dead friendship has a sactity of its own. We would rather bury it away deep down out of sight and let the flowers grow over it, than set it up as a mark for the contempt of others.

Alice and I were very happy together, and gradually my sorrow for the dear mother I had lost became less passionate and more resigned. The old house at home was merry with our laughter and our songs. There is one window in a certain turret that to this day I cannot look up at without fancying I see a blonde head among the greenery, and a little hand flinging rose-leaves in a scented shower upon my lap as I sit reading in the garden; and 'Gather ye rose while ye may' sings the voice that is silent this may a long year. . . . I remember that one day so well, because, just as its light was dying a star or two had begun to shimmer in the soft summer sky, Royal Drew first became my father's guest.

'Royal Drew!' I said, under my breath.

'Yes, a Royal, blue-eyed and bonnie as the Roy you saw today; a Royal with the same sweet quick-coming smile, the same nameless charm in all

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he said and did.

Here auntie stopped a moment in her story, and I felt the hand that nestled in mine grow chill.

'In the days that followed I gathered the roses of life eagerly enough; but they were set thick with thorns, thorns, Nell, and the thorns tore my heart. It is not a very new story I have to tell you, child; the thing has happened often before, and will happen often again, that a woman should believe herself loved when all the time she is only trusted. I fancied I was the heroine of a romance, and I was only playing the role of confidante. . . . I have said that I was vain of my beauty, but love, if it "casteth out fear" also casts out vanity. I cared not to read in any other eyes than Roy's blue ones that I was fair, and shrank from the notice of others as something that desecrated the new sweetness that was shining for me all over the world.

. . . Alice and I were always together, always loving as of yore, but there was one name we seldom spoke—the name of Royal Drew. No woman can speak glibly of a man she is learning to love with her whole heart; for her the very walls have ears to catch the tremor of her voice as she speaks his name; the very daisies in the field are like a thousand eyes spying out her secret. I dreamt my dream; I strove to be worthy of the gift I fancied was my own; I read the books that Royal loved; I fought with the crazy German characters that I might study his favorite authors, Goethe and Schiller; no task seemed too hard if only I might render myself a fit companion for a highly cultured man. . . . The end came at last. Over there, under the trees with the soft May sunshine filtering through the tender green of the young leaves, Royal told me that he loved my friend. He said that he had seen my

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