

MADE IN CANADA

Royal Yeast Cakes reach the user in sealed air-tight waxed paper wrappers, each cake being wrapped by machinery, not by hand so that even after package has been opened, the cakes are protected from dust and other harmful contamination.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

RICH IN VITAMINES

An Indispensible Favorite
OR
Wealth and Beauty at Stake!

CHAPTER XXVI
"Now will that do?" Lady Nora says, smiling, graciously. "I have thought of you first, Moodie, though there are a score of other people bothering me for money."

"Thank you very much, my lady," Moodie says, clutching this long overdue instalment of her wages. "There are six pounds more, you know, my lady; but that doesn't matter just now."

"Oh, very well! I'll pay you some more next week," Lady Nora replies, sharply. "Please don't worry me any more! You must go up to town in the morning, and take my luggage to Victoria Station. Mrs. Glynn and I are going to Eastbourne."

Lady Nora, by dint of her smiles and her sweetness and her high-mindedness and adroitness, has smoothed away every obstacle in her path at present. She is "taking the dear child away for change of air and scene, lest she should grieve or mope after her husband," she says, assuming her sweetest maternal manner. "My boy has erred—concessed itself against his little wife and myself in so determinedly following the dictates of his own independent spirit," she admits to Mr. Dormer, with patient dignity that rather overcomes his angry mood.

WEAK, RUN DOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed

Fort Mann, B. C.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was worried for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my household work. I am willing for you to use these facts as testimonials."—Mrs. V. C. GILLESPIE, Fort Mann, B. C.

Feel New Life and Strength
Keene, N. H.—"I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it."—Mrs. A. F. HAMMOND, 77 Carpenter Street, Keene, N. H.

"Six and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"What he going to do abroad, then?" Mr. Dormer demands, irately. "He've not treated our Yolande well, nor none of us well, my lady, whatever 'ee please to say! He should have come to me, and told me his circumstances, (and not bolt off without so much as sayin' good-by!"

"He could not have endured to tell Yolande he was going from her. My dear son has deep feelings," Lady Nora says, with her handkerchief to her eyes.

Mr. Dormer growls, unconvinced but Miss Keren intercedes. She is more than ever convinced that Lady Nora has "a nice m-end." She begins therefore to take Lady Nora's part and her son's part, and into her sympathizing ears Lady Nora pours the woes of her motherly heart and the details of Dallas' departure, inventing touching speeches of farewell, in which he has mentioned all his wife's relatives by name and sent them his love.

"I know I am leaving my poor darling wife in good tender care and keeping, mother," he said, says Lady Nora, with a choking little sob or two. "Her aunt is like one of the best of mothers to her, and her dear uncle like a father, so I shall have the comfort of knowing my Yolande is safe and in a happy home when I am far away." He forgot, Lady Nora adds, with sweet pathos, "that we who love him—and I—cannot be really happy while he is far from us! But we must try to cheer each other up until the happy day when he returns," her ladyship continues; "and so I am going to take my little daughter away from you, dear Miss Dormer, to have her all to myself for a while. Besides," she adds, in a lower tone, "it looks better for the dear child to be with me during her husband's absence. The censorious world, you know, dear Miss Dormer, is so apt to put cruel constructions on things."

"Yes; it's better, since the fellows ran away from her, that she should be with her mother-in-law," Mr. Dormer says, gruffly, to his sister. "I wish we never say none of them, for my part!"

And indeed Mr. Dormer has ten thousand good reasons for saying so, since he has sunk that number of sovereigns in the Pacific Salvage Company and in some Welsh quarries by the advice and through the influence of Lord Glynn, now Earl of Pen-breath, and has but very faint hopes of seeing a shilling of his ten thousand pounds again. Be that as it may, he consents willingly enough to Yolande's departure with her mother-in-law on the following day; and the initial step in the mutual "cheering up" which Lady Nora and Yolande are to yield each other is that some of Lady Nora's lost clamorous creditors are appeased, and her son's wife gives her a hundred and fifty pounds, and pays all her expenses.

It is a gloomy day at Eastbourne, and Lady Nora is in a very gloomy temper.

She is deep in the third volume of a present-day romance, and Yolande is writing at a table in the window—she is always writing, Lady Nora declares, pettishly.

"Writing a novel, dear, are you—some sweet little tale of love and sorrow?" she queries, when the sound of the steadily travelling pan-hour after hour irritates her with sarcasm.

"I am trying! If I can write anything for the press," Yolande answers, simply and honestly, with a quick flush. "But please don't ask me anything about it, Lady Nora. It is a poor little first effort, and I am quite sure no editor will care for it."

"Thank Heaven," Lady Nora exclaims suddenly, with unaffected gratitude for once, "here is the post, and a lot of letters!"

It is three weeks since Yolande knew that her husband had gone from her; and though her lips will not part to ask a question concerning him, though she refuses with strange, cold dignity to listen to his mother when she speaks of him, yet there is not one waking hour, scarcely one sleeping hour, in which restless thoughts of him and fabled longings to know what has become of him do not burn like a slow fire in her breast. Every post that arrives, every knock at the door of their rooms, rouses this smothered, hidden, half-demented suffering into throbbing torture.

Lady Nora has asked all the letters on the salver, as usual, and Yolande sits, with her pen held tightly in her fingers, mutely watching her sorting them.

"Three-four-five for me," Lady Nora says, brightening up at once, "and one from Lillian Vawson! Oh, here are your letters, Yolande, dearest! One—two—three—Oh, it's from Dallas! Oh, Yolande, it is from my boy, who has not written me one word, and with a distracting display of excitement and emotion, she rushes across with the letter to her daughter-in-law. "Oh, Yolande, dearest, tell me, tell me—is he well—is he well?" she sobs, before Yolande has a chance even of opening the letter. "Oh, my boy! So cruel not to write to me—his mother. My darling boy!"

Yolande does not look at her, does not answer her, but slowly opens the letter, unfolds it, and reads it; her two hands mechanically clutching the paper. It is short—ends on the third page—and is loosely and hastily written.

One full minute after she has read it she gasps, breathless, at the cold, cruel words which seem to glare at her from the large sheet of white foreign paper, and then she hands the letter, without comment, to Lady Nora; and without a response she listens to her ladyship's comments on the letter.

"In New York! Actually in New York!" she exclaims, as if she had not known perfectly well that her son had every intention of going to New York; and then she reads the letter in a half-audible voice.

"DEAR YOLANDE:—Of course you have heard long since from my mother how I decided to leave England, as the only course open to me in the circumstances in which I was placed. I hope I may do better out of England, and having broken with old associations will make it easier for me to work at any honest employment that may turn up. I have written to your uncle, Mr. Dormer, telling him of my future plans as far as I can say at present. I hope you are well, and enjoy yourself during the season; and I trust you did not think I acted unkindly in leaving London without seeing you; but leave-takings are only dreary things unless cheered by the hope of happy reunion—and this I know I could not offer you.

"I am at least glad, for your sake, to think that my absence will not sadden you; yet believe me,

"Always yours faithfully,

DALLAS GLYNNE.

"The idea of his going to New York!" Lady Nora says, biting her lip and glancing nervously at her daughter-in-law, who is looking out of the window seaward, with a blank, fixed gaze. "It is perfectly dreadful! I suppose he thinks of going to Texas, or Manitoba, or some place like that, out in those Far West wild countries."

(To be continued.)

Boll finely shredded cabbage in slightly salted water, season and pour over it melted butter.

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Try this recipe for Mrs. Brown's "quick layer cake"

1 cup sugar
2 cups flour
Yolks 3 eggs and whites of 2
1/2 cup Libby's Milk
2 tablespoons water
1/4 scant cup butter melted (or other shortening)
2 teaspoons baking powder
Salt
Vanilla

Beat the yolks and whites of eggs together, add sugar and beat till very light and bubbly. Stir flour well, add half of it to egg and stir in the milk, then rest of flour. Stir in the melted butter and add baking powder, salt and vanilla last.

Mrs. Brown says Libby's Milk makes her "quick cake" richer

AS fine and rich a cake as you would care to taste—made quick! Among the many delightful things that Mrs. W. N. Brown of Danville, Va., makes, this cake is a great favorite with her family and friends.

The thing about it that appeals especially is that it is so quick and easy to make and yet has all the richness of a more elaborate cake.

Mrs. Brown gets this special richness in just one way—by using Libby's Milk instead of ordinary milk. For Libby's is very rich in butter fat—there are 7 1/2 teaspoons in every 16 oz. can!

"The milk that good cooks use."

Like Mrs. Brown, good cooks everywhere are using this milk. So many of them, in fact, that in certain localities nearly everyone calls it "the milk that good cooks use."

It isn't ordinary canned milk, of course, nor is it milk from ordinary cows.

There are, as you know, certain sections of this country which are famous for their dairy products, pasture lands where grass grows thick and green in watered valleys and wooded hills give grateful shade.

Cows naturally produce their richest milk where nature and man combine to help them, as in these favored sections.

And you know, too, that certain kinds of cows give richer milk than sterilize it so you can get it fresh and pure no matter where you live.

Richer milk means richer cooking. Order a can of Libby's Milk from your grocer today. Try it in soups and sauces, in cakes, breadstuffs and desserts—in anything you've been making with other milk. See what new richness, what delightful flavor it gives to all your cooking. Like thousands of other women you'll make Libby's your regular cooking milk when once you have seen what a difference it makes.

Write for free recipe folder

Many exceptionally fine recipes have been sent us by good cooks who use Libby's Milk. Some of them have been printed in a convenient folder, a copy of which we'll be glad to send you free. Write today.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
128 Duane Street, St. John's, N. F.

Libby's MILK

The milk that good cooks use

Runs That Ruin.

"MY LUCK IS BOUND TO TURN," SAYS THE GAMBLER, AFTER A SPELL OF BAD FORTUNE.

One of the pet theories of the average gambler concerns what may be termed the "Law of Luck." He thinks that luck runs in streaks, and that, after he has lost for a certain period, the time will arrive when he must win.

This imaginary Law of Luck is responsible for the ruin of thousands of gamblers every year. It has been expressed by one writer as follows:

"In a game of chance, the oftener the same combination has occurred in succession, the nearer are we to the certainty that it will not recur at the next cast or turn-up. This is the most elementary of the theories on probabilities; it is termed the maturity of win."

Now, if this were really true, gambling would be an exact science, and all gamblers would become rich men. But the theory is a theory only. There are no definite laws of probability at all.

In contradicting the theory above, Richard A. Proctor quotes a very interesting test to which he submitted it.

No "Hust" About Clance.

The test was made by tossing a coin, and the coin was tossed not fewer than 16,317 times, the idea being to find out whether the turning up of a great number of heads or tails in succession affects the average of heads or tails immediately following such a run.

After 271 cases in which tails showed five times running, the next tossings gave on an average, 133 heads and 138 tails.

This helps to prove that there is no rule governing "a run of luck." Therefore, the gambler who, after a run of bad luck, goes on gambling under the impression that his luck must turn, is a fool. There is no "must" about chance.

At present, when the whole question of betting is under review, it is interesting to recall an opinion expressed by Lord Chief Justice Cockburn on the subject of gambling.

"The pernicious and fatal habits," said his lordship, "is so demoralizing and degrading that, like some foul leprosy, it will eat away the conscience, until a man comes to think that it is his duty to himself to do his neighbour as his neighbour would do him."

Of course, there are gamblers and gamblers. The man who risks an occasional trifle can hardly be classed with the man who ruins himself and then robs his employer's till.

Giant Bomber is Marked Success.

English-designed "Plane Makes Maiden Flight at Dayton, Ohio."

DAYTON, Ohio, August 23.—(Associated Press)—Surpassing even the wildest dreams of its designer and United States air service officials, the Baring bomber, said to be the world's largest airplane, completed its maiden flight at "Wright Field" last evening.

Ease with which the giant dreadnought of the air was manoeuvred, both on the ground and in flight, and the slow take-off and landing speeds,

was the chief features. The plane was in the air 23 minutes.

Before it rose, Walter Baring, the Englishman who designed it, expressed confidence in his handiwork, but his shaking and his nervousness otherwise was apparent as he climbed through the small "trap-door" into the fuselage. Lieut. Harold Harris, the pilot, and two of a crew followed him.

Suddenly came a deafening roar as the six Liberty motors were speeded up preparatory to the take-off. An instant later the ship was seen to move across the field.

In nine seconds, and after a run of 120 yards, as Lieutenant Harris "kissed the gun," the ship was "off the ground, leaving the ground at a speed of about 50 miles an hour.

The altitude was 2500 feet and about 25 miles were covered.

The landing speed was about 60 miles and hour, whereas the craft attained a maximum of 80 miles an hour in flight.

The ship has a wing spread of 120 feet, has six 450 horse power Liberty motors and weighs 40,000 pounds. The fuel tanks, in the fore-part of the fuselage, have a capacity of 2,120 gallons.

The plane carries seven machine guns and bombs totalling in weight 12,000 pounds. Operating plans call for a crew of six men—two pilots, one observer, one navigator and two gunners. It is the first plane driven by six Liberty engines.

What's the matter captain.

The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water, you know; and it is not likely that people will notice it.

Women in Egypt are appealing for a law to be passed raising the marriage age to sixteen.

indicate that there is no plus of Anthracite Coal in the U.S. The shortage caused by the strike of Anthracite Miners last year has been made up, and American hard coal will, in all probability, be hard to get and priced. Coke is an excellent substitute for hard coal, and we have on hand a stock same that will soon be disposed of, because a shortage of hard coal invariably creates an increased demand for our product.

We advise our customers to book their requirements as soon as possible.

ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT COMPANY
PHONE 81.

The Real Reason for A Pretty Skin

Why is it that one girl has a fresh smooth complexion and another a skin which is lifeless, dull and sallow? Is it a gift of nature or some guarded beauty secret?

It is a secret, but an open one in which every woman may share. It consists in knowledge of the care which keeps the skin free from clogging, poisonous accumulations. In the removal every day of all dirt, oil secretions, excess cold cream, powder and rouge.

To do this, use mild soap, massage it thoroughly into your skin and remove with many rinsings. The milder soap you can choose for this purpose is Palmolive. It contains Palm and Olive oils. These rare oils are the mildest cleansers nature ever produced. They are the oils used by Cleopatra thousands of years ago.

Their combination in Palmolive produces a profuse, creamy lather which penetrates every tiny pore, removes every trace of dirt, oil, rouge and powder and leaves the skin smooth and fresh as a rose.

You can buy Palmolive Soap at all first-class dealers.

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The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. The corn-bubbles and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.

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Candle Effects in electric light fixtures are very attractive

certain rooms, under certain conditions, we have quite a display in this line. In fact, our line embraces a wide range of ceiling, wall table and floor fixtures suitable for any purpose.

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We advise our customers to book their requirements as soon as possible.

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