

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Canadian Made
As a health builder, Royal Yeast is gaining in popularity every day. It is a food - not a medicine. It supplies the vitamins which the diet may lack. Royal Yeast is highly beneficial in cases where the system seems "run down". Royal Yeast is the richest known source of vitamins, and when taken into the system acts as a corrective agent. Royal Yeast Cakes are recommended for their purity and wholesomeness. It is the purest, the most convenient and economical yeast on the market.

Two to four Royal Yeast Cakes a day will work wonders. A full day's supply can easily be prepared at one time by using one glass lukewarm water and teaspoon sugar to each yeast cake. Allow to stand over night in a moderately warm room. In the morning stir well and pour off liquid. Place in refrigerator or other cool place and drink at intervals as desired throughout the day.

Send name and address for free booklet "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health."

EW. GILLETTE COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO CANADA MONTREAL

The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XI.

The Duchess of Rosedene was fastidious even to a fault. Public opinion was often led by her. If she approved of anything, it was sure to be perfection; if she disapproved, it was generally found that she was right. To know her was to have the right of entree into the most exclusive circles; not to know her was in itself a confession of inferiority. To be on her visiting-list, to attend her "at homes," to be asked to her balls—the best given in London—were honors for which every belle, every fashionable woman sighed. She was the only child and wealthy heiress of an earl, and her marriage with the Duke of Rosedene had been dictated by pure affection alone.

They were exceedingly happy; but there was one cause for disappointment—they had no children. This was the one cloud in their bright sky. At the duke's death his estate and titles must pass into strange hands. It was a grievous trouble to them. In order to forget it, the duke flung himself into the whirl of politics and the duchess into all the gaieties of the world. She was one of the most popular and most highly esteemed women in England. Her name figured everywhere—in lists of charities, in every work of benevolence. She was the patroness of innumerable bazars, fancy fairs, and other fashionable methods of doing good. To be chaperoned by the Duchess of Rosedene was a guarantee of success. But she was fastidious, and not easily pleased. She had given a promise, charmed by the simple

SHE DIDN'T WANT TO LIVE

"I felt so ill and wretched that I didn't care whether I lived or not."

This was Mrs. W.'s experience. If you are not feeling well you should read every word of her story. She says, "Unless you have actually experienced what it means to be ill, really ill, you don't know what suffering is. I felt so ill and miserable that I didn't care whether I lived or not. I am naturally of an active temperament and as a result I must have overworked myself, because I began to feel tired and weak after the least exertion. At times my face took on a deathly pallor. I was sore all over. I was troubled with dull pains which at times produced nausea. My body felt as if somebody had been pounding it—every bit of it pained. When I laid down at night I could not get into a comfortable position and the consequence was I got very little sleep. The pains, which followed sleeping in one position for any length of time, gave me frightful dreams from which I awoke weak and perspiring. I consulted doctors and they told me that I was completely run down and needed something to build me up. Their prescriptions only helped me for a while. One day I found a circular about Carnol and the statements in it sounded so honest and true and free from any exaggeration that I decided to try it. In six weeks after taking the first bottle I was as well as ever. If any one had told me that Carnol would do what it did for me I wouldn't have believed them."

Carnol is sold by your druggist, and if you can conscientiously say, after you have tried it, that it hasn't done you any good, return the empty bottle to him and he will refund your money. 7-122

earnestness of the general; but she wondered if she had done a wise thing. With an anxious face she went to her husband.

"The Hattons are a good family, are they not?" she asked.

"One of the oldest and best in England," replied the duke. "Greatly fallen off, I believe; but one may still be proud of knowing them."

"I wish," said the duchess, "that I had seen the girl before I made the promise."

"I am quite sure you need not fear," rejoined the duke. "If she is like the rest of the Hattons, she will be all right."

But the duchess declared that she was a little nervous.

"I would do anything," she said, "for your friend. I like him immensely. But I have promised so much for the girl—to chaperon her, to present her; and, if she should not be just what I like, it will be awkward."

The duke assured her that she might rest content.

The next day she went over to Brentwood. Any fear she might have had was dissipated by the sight of the face and figure of Leah. Her manner was simply perfection. She showed no over delight, yet she was most attentive and polite to the duchess. She allowed her to see that she felt her visit to be a great honor, yet that, while she acknowledged it, she was in no way unduly elated over it. The duchess was charmed with her. She thought Leah one of the most beautiful and graceful girls she had ever seen. She was struck by her face. There was more than mere beauty; passion, poetry, and eloquence were in it. She marvelled at Leah's grace, her good breeding, her accomplishments, and her refined education. She felt there was none more fair, graceful, or better fitted to take a high position in society. "I shall be proud of her," thought the duchess; "it will be difficult to surpass her." It was not often that her Grace of Rosedene deigned to chaperon any young lady; but when she did it was done effectually.

She watched Leah with keen eyes. Every gesture, every pose, every word pleased her. "She should marry well," thought the duchess. "There will not be another face like hers next season." Yet, beautiful as it was, there was something in its expression which the duchess did not quite understand—the dawn of restless passion, the longing that could never be gratified, the story that could never be told. "She is not like other girls," thought her grace; "what satisfies them will never content her. There is something like a longing for the infinite in those dark eyes of hers." And in that moment, seated in Sir Arthur's luxurious drawing-room, surrounded by everything most costly and lovely, looking into the fair, fond face of Leah Hutton, there came to the duchess a foreboding that made her grow faint and pale with fear.

They were delighted with each other. The duchess pressed Leah to go over to Craig on the following day.

"I am sorry," she remarked, "that we are not remaining longer in the neighborhood; but, go where we will, you must remember our compact. We are to be friends always. Do not forget that I am to be your 'social god-mother'; and that next season I am to present you. I predict for you a grand success."

The duchess added how delighted she would be if, in the winter months, Leah could join them in a trip she and her husband intended taking to Rome.

"My dear Muriel," said the duke, "you are surely not growing romantic?"

"No, I am not; but there is something in the expression of the girl's eyes—a passionate longing; I wonder for what—whether for happiness, for wealth, for honors, or for love?"

"Do you not class happiness and love together?" asked the duke.

"Not in her case, I'm sure!" cried the duchess. "If ever that girl loves, it will be with her whole heart; and you know my belief on that point—any woman who loves with her whole heart suffers the direct pain with the most exquisite bliss. To be really comfortable in this life, there must be no grand passions."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the duke. "For steady wear in the long run, ours was the best kind of love, Muriel."

"I am sure of it," she answered. "A grand passion would have killed me."

"Yet you love me with all your heart, Muriel!"

"With all my heart," she replied. "There are women and women, loves and loves. That girl, depend upon it, Harry, has a power of loving to which I am thankful to say, most women are strangers."

"Yet her face is not at all expressive of tenderness," said the duke; "it tells rather of pride."

"It is proud, but there is concentration in it. She will love but few; and those few she will love well. I feel as though I had been looking at the picture of some beautiful queen of tragedy, some heroine of a grand poem; I cannot shake off the impression that her face has made upon me. But she is coming over to-morrow, and then I can study her at my ease."

The duke smiled to himself; it was some time since he had seen his stately wife so deeply impressed.

"Was her mother a lady?" asked the duchess, suddenly.

(To be continued.)

The same evening the duke, entering his wife's boudoir, found her standing against the window, looking thoughtfully out on the tall, spreading trees. She did not see him or hear him, and started violently when he laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"What are you thinking about, Muriel?" he asked. "I do not often find you meditating."

"I am thinking," she said, "about Leah Hutton's eyes."

"What is the matter with them?" he asked, laughing. "I saw nothing wrong."

"There is nothing wrong," she replied. "They are the most beautiful eyes I have ever seen. Do you remember that superb heartsease of which Hawkins, the gardener, was so proud? It was not black, but rather a rich dark purple with a gleam of gold in it. Her eyes are of just such a color. I thought of the heartsease the moment I saw them. Yet it was not the color, rare and perfect through it be, that struck me the most; it was the expression. I am quite sure, Harry, that she will have no common fate."

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MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS!



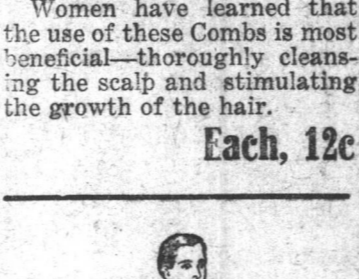
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Good strong Trunks, will stand the usage that a trunk will get in both steamer and train; many different sizes; all have strong locks.
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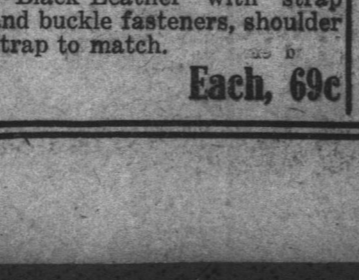
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Women have learned that the use of these Combs is most beneficial—thoroughly cleansing the scalp and stimulating the growth of the hair.
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Men's Lisle Hose, of a good quality, in Black, Navy and Grey. Just the thing for Spring wear.
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Black Leather with strap and buckle fasteners, shoulder strap to match.
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Choosing the new Spring Hat is an important matter. You'll find it pleasant, selecting from our new display; smart shapes and straw weaves—clever trimming effects; all colors.
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A good quality Twill Sheeting, 69 inches wide.
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Here are popular and serviceable Scrims which make the right selection easy and inexpensive. Many different patterns, some flowered; others plain.
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Colored Cotton, suitable for making Children's Aprons.
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In Plaids and Novelty patterns, suitable for the simplest to the most elaborate of Wash Dresses and porch dresses.
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Of Pineapple Straw; Navy, Cerise, Brown and Black.
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Brown finish, steel frame. These Suit Cases are a hand size and very useful; strong grip and lock. A big value here for only
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For Dress wear or every-day service—both—these suspenders meet the test; in neat looking patterns; extra well braced—they'll stand wear and strain leather tip buckles.
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Men's Hose
Men's Cotton Hose for Spring wear, spliced heel, looped on elastic ribbed top; Black, Brown, Grey, Navy, White and Green.
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Made of Aluminum; self-irrigating.
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Dust Pans
Heavy tin, well japanned, fluted; patent riveted handles.
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The latest cyclone celebrated Egg Beater and Cream Whipper.
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14 inch scoop; japanned.
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Children's Brown Hose
A good strong, ribbed, School Hose; splendid value.
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Just a few Dresses of Navy Blue Serge, with sailor collar and belt; to fit age 5. These are greatly reduced.
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Ladies' Tricolette and Silk Georgette Blouses
In many different styles and colors.
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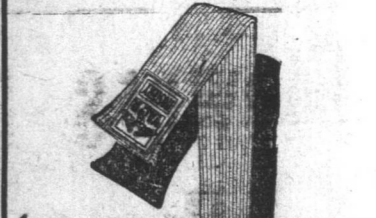
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Stylish Caps of high grade materials; nice hat caps for Spring and Summer wear.
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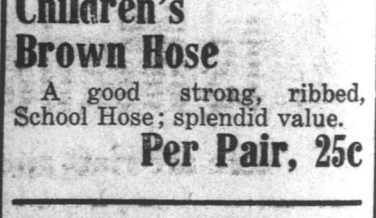
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A good quality Black Hose. Regular 80c.
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Children's Brown Hose
A good strong, ribbed, School Hose; splendid value.
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Children's Brown Hose
A good strong, ribbed, School Hose; splendid value.
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