

**YOURS FOR BETTER BREAD**

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WINNIPEG TORONTO, CANADA, MONTREAL

**Sweet Eva!**

CHAPTER XLIV.

She was sleeping so peacefully. She still wore her big travelling coat, and from its big upstanding collar her dainty head and slender throat rose like some graceful flower. Her hat had fallen on to the floor beside her, and her hair was slightly ruffled by the cushions of the big chair.

Had she meant to come to him, even as Philip had said—in his heart he longed to know, and yet now he never would.

He wondered how he would have acted had she done such a thing—if he would have been man enough to send her away or if he would have taken advantage of her loneliness and unhappiness to bind her to him. It would not have meant happiness for either of them. He was wise enough to know that and to know also that she had never cared for anyone but Philip.

He stood in silence looking down at her, his heart in his sad eyes. It was the end of everything for him, and though he had always known how it must end, the knowledge had not served to soften the blow now it had fallen.

He bent over her, taking in every detail of her face—the delicate arch of her brows, the curve of her mouth and the childish way in which her hair broke into soft ringlets about her ears.

He longed to kiss her just once, but he knew that the right was not his even though he had loved her since the first moment of their meeting. It seemed strange that she should never have guessed it.

She stirred a little in her sleep and he held his breath thinking she would wake, but she only turned her face a little further from him as if in mute protest against the desire in his heart and then lay quiet once more.

"Somewhere, to someone, this is the golden hour—"

The words floated into his mind and he wondered idly where he had heard them.

He roused himself with a sigh. It

**FRIGHTENED!**

"Every morning I woke up, I felt that something terrible was going to happen."

Writes Mrs. M. and she goes on to say, "I wonder if any other woman ever had such fits of depression as I had for over a year. I was so utterly dependent that if it had not been for my children, I believe I would have put an end to my life. Every day and every night was a nightmare. I dreaded going to bed because I lay awake most of the night. When I did sleep, I had the most dreadful dreams. I couldn't eat. I was completely run down—nothing interested me, nothing appealed to me. I consulted several doctors. They prescribed different remedies to build me up but these preparations didn't do me any good. Doctors told me I had a nervous breakdown. I was tired all the time. I felt every day that my strength was gradually leaving me. The least little exertion left me thoroughly tired out. I knew I was gradually wasting away. I felt I was going to die and I was so thoroughly miserable that I did not care whether I lived or not. And then I heard about Carnol and what a fine tonic it was. At first I refused to take it as I was sure it wouldn't do me any good. Finally I did try it with the most wonderful results. I am well and happy every minute of the day now. I eat heartily and sleep soundly. My friends won't believe that Carnol alone has done this for me. I am never dependent now and every day is a day of joy. What Carnol has done for me it will do for you."

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 and he will refund your money.

was only his golden hour, anyway. He was only a trespasser here, a trespasser with tears in his honest eyes as he bent and laid his lips for a moment to her hair and then to the little limp hand which bore his friend's ring.

A thrill of gladness passed through his heart at the knowledge that he and Philip could still be friends; that no action of his had made it impossible to look Philip in the eyes again. Then with a murmured "God bless you" he went away without a backward glance.

He met Philip in the hall, a haggard Philip, whose tragic eyes told their own tale of suffering. He broke out incoherently as he saw Calligan: "I can't stop here—I can't rest—I'm going back to Apsley to see if she's there. You'll look after Peter. . . . I can't rest till I've found her. . . . I'll get off at once."

There was the faintest possible silence, when Calligan said slowly: "There's no need, she's here—in your room."

He caught Philip's elbow and steadied him. "She's all right," he said. "She's asleep."

He did not look at young Winterdick's face. He felt that the relief and joy which he knew he would read there would be more than he could stand just now. He waited a moment, then he turned away and Philip went on alone to the open door across the hall.

Eva was no longer sleeping. The voices of the two men outside had roused her, and she was sitting up with startled eyes and flushed cheeks.

She was not quite awake yet, and for a moment she looked at Philip almost without recognition, as he shut the door behind him and came over to where she sat in the big chair. He went down on his knees and put his arms round her, hiding his face in her lap.

"Forgive me—forgive me—forgive me!"

He hardly knew what he said; his arms clutched her desperately. Even now he could hardly believe that the long torture of the night was ended, and that she was here, safe in his arms.

She sat staring down at his bowed head with dazed eyes. The shock of waking to find him there kept her silent, then suddenly she gave a little shuddering cry, striving to free herself from his clasp.

(To be continued.)

**Anaemia**

Thin, watery blood is no more nourishing than thin, watery milk—skim milk.

But you can soon enrich this blood, overcome the anaemic condition and build up the whole system by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Mrs. F. G. Simmons, 42 Curtis St., Brantford, Ont., writes: "For about eight years I suffered from anaemia. My circulation was poor, my gums and lips were pale, and my hands and feet were always cold. I was nervous and unable to sleep well. I had frequent headaches, seemed restless and easily worried or irritated. There was a buzzing sound in my ears. Indigestion was also one of my complaints, and I often was attacked by weak spells. I went to a doctor, who told me I was anaemic, but as I did not get any better I decided to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and after the first box I felt brighter and my headaches completely disappeared. I continued using the Nerve Food for quite a while. I am quite well now, and cheerfully and gratefully recommend Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to people suffering as I did before I used this splendid medicine."

At All Dealers.

Distributor: **GERALD S. DOYLE.**

**The Broken Circle!**

CHAPTER II.

"Yes," he replied; "hundreds. As a rule, they choose the lover; but you ought to be an exception, Doris—you ought not to be of the common run of girls. I expect more from you. I will not take your answer yet; you must think it over. It is not for a few days or months that you have to decide, but for life, Doris. My dear, try to disabuse yourself of the notion that Martin Ray is a hero. He is nothing of the kind. He is a paltry, miserable schemer, who lives upon the hard earnings of the people he misleads."

"You cannot understand his aims, papa!" she cried despairingly.

"Nor do I wish to understand them. For the matter of that, you do not

Doris; neither does he himself. I could tell you what his aims are far better than he could. Think well, Doris, before you decide. You brother, Arthur, if I judge him rightly, will agree with me. You will give us both up for a stranger, a Radical, a demagogue! Bah! I have no patience to speak of it!"

This conversation took place on a bright June morning. The lawyer had written a brief, contemptuous reply to Martin Ray's letter requesting his daughter's hand, and then sent for Doris to his study. He had fancied it would be easy to influence her. He believed that he had only to refuse, and she would forget all about the proposal. He had found that he was mistaken. The new love was stronger than the old; hero-worship had a greater charm than mere obedience.

Amos Hatton gave his daughter a few days to decide upon her fate in life. She took the decision into her own hands, and married Martin Ray—but not with her father's consent or blessing. She stole from the house one sunny morning never to enter it again. She married the man whom she believed to be a hero, and reaped her reward.

There was some little surprise and consternation in Harbury when it was known that Doris Hatton had married the young demagogue, whose appearance had created a social whirlwind.

"What could she see in him, a pretty, sensible girl like Doris?" people asked each other.

Few understood the attraction that such a man would have for a romantic, sentimental girl. Doris thought no lot in the world one-half so brilliant as a hero.

Amos Hatton was a heart-broken man. He had but two children, and he had loved them with the deepest possible love. His son, Arthur, a handsome, spirited boy, eight year older than his sister, had chosen the army for a profession; and quite early in his career he had received an excellent military appointment in India, where he was rapidly accumulating fame and fortune. Doris, his fair daughter, was the very pride of his heart. For her the old lawyer had worked and toiled, only to see himself forsaken for a man whom he hated and despised. His heart was bitter, and his wrath was great. He wrote to his son in India, telling him what had happened, and bidding him to drive all memory of his sister from him for ever. Then Amos Hatton made another will, in which he left all his property to his son; and when he spoke of Doris it was as of one dead. Everything that had ever belonged to her—piano, books, pictures, clothes, ornaments—was sent after her. In the lawyer's pleasant, old-fashioned house in Harbury not a trace was left of the daughter once so beloved. He faded quickly after her.

(To be continued.)

**MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS!**



**Large Size Turkish Towels**  
The sort of Turkish towels that suggests the purchase of several while this price prevails. Neatly hemmed ends; heavy striped border.  
**69c**



**Silk Camisoles.**  
Camisole; trimmed all around top with wide Crochet Lace band, good quality; Pink Jap and Silk Ribbon, body of Silk.  
**Each, \$1.25**



**Cambrie Camisoles.**  
Trimmed all around top with Organdie Embroidery and two rows of lace; lace shoulder straps, elastic at waist.  
**Each, 98c.**



**Gent's Silk Mufflers.**  
In all the leading shades. Reg. \$3.98.  
**Now \$2.98**



**Dress Goods.**  
A splendid line of English Dress Goods, 40 inches wide, in Brown, Blue, Saxe, and Dark Grey; easily worth \$2.00 per yard. **Our price**  
**Per Yard, 90c.**



**Ladies' Lace Collars.**  
The collars are well made of beautiful Torjan Lace; different patterns.  
**Each, 49c. & 98c.**



**Ladies' Kimonos.**  
Flowered Serpentine Crepe, V-neck, trimmed with ribbon, wide Kimono sleeves and pocket to match.  
**Each, \$2.98 & \$3.98**



**Children's Waists.**  
Standard count Nainsook, corded back, 4 taped buttons on front, 8 on waists; to fit ages 2 to 10 years.  
**Each, 69c.**

**Arstyl Rope Silk.**  
In all the leading shades.  
**Per Slip, 8c.**

**Infants' Socks.**  
White, trimmed with Blue; White, trimmed with Pink, and White trimmed with Brown.  
**Per Pair, 29c.**



**Tea Aprons.**  
Ladies' Tea Aprons of White Lawn, trimmed with White Lace; others trimmed with a frill round.  
**Each, 29c.**



**Ladies' MIDDIES.**  
White Lonsdale Jean, large sailor collar of solid color galatea, trimmed with 8 rows narrow braid, with tie, double pointed yoke front, cut-in pocket, button to match collar, emblem on sleeve.  
**Each, \$2.49**



**Ladies' Vests.**  
Ladies' Fleece Vests, half sleeves; excellent value.  
**Each, \$1.25**



**Velvet.**  
A nice soft Velvet in Green, Red, Taupe, Blue, Purple, Brown and Black.  
**Per Yard, \$1.25**



**Sateens.**  
In all the popular shades, 27 inches wide. This Sateen is good reliable material.  
**Per Yard, \$1.25**



**Wall Mirrors.**  
White, with Oak frames; 6 x 8 inches.  
**Each, 59c.**



**Quilt Cotton.**  
Large pieces, suitable for many uses.  
**Per lb., 39c.**



**Men's Heavy Tweed Work Pants.**  
Made of good strong Dark Tweeds; suitable for rough, heavy work.  
**Per Pair, \$2.98**



**Twil Sheeting.**  
The best of Sheeting. Come and try it. You won't be disappointed; 54 inches wide.  
**Per Yard, \$1.10**



**Denim.**  
We have solved the problem of how to get cheap Overalls. Buy some of this Denim.  
**Per Yard, 44c.**



**Striped Flannelette.**  
Striped Flannelette in Dark and Light patterns; 27 inches wide.  
**Per Yard, 19c.**



**Ladies' Black Hose.**  
Per Pair, 19c.



**Corticelli Wools.**  
Per Ball, 25c.



**Ladies' Black Shoes.**  
Spring is here; you will need a pair of Shoes. Don't forget that we can offer you a splendid Shoe for  
**\$3.98**



**Men's Watches.**  
How often do you strike a bargain such as this—not often. This Watch will last for years.  
**Each, \$1.98**



**Men's Heavy Tweed Work Pants.**  
Per Pair, \$2.98



**Men's Collars.**  
In all sizes and styles; best of materials in them.  
**Each, 25c. & 39c.**



**Men's Socks.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Hose.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Watches.**  
Each, \$1.98



**Men's Collars.**  
Each, 25c. & 39c.



**Men's Socks.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Hose.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Watches.**  
Each, \$1.98



**Men's Collars.**  
Each, 25c. & 39c.



**Men's Socks.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Hose.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Watches.**  
Each, \$1.98



**Men's Collars.**  
Each, 25c. & 39c.



**Men's Socks.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Hose.**  
Per Pair, 49c. to 98c.



**Men's Watches.**  
Each, \$1.98

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